

BEHIND THE SCENES;

OR,

Life in an Insane Asylum.

BY

LYDIA A. SMITH.

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Lydia A. Smith

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
For the everlasting hills are her's ;
Yes, rise "above man's sinful aim,
And prove thyself more than conqueror."

P R E F A C E .

THE design of this work is to awaken an interest in the public mind in behalf of the insane, how they are treated, and what AMENDMENTS are NECESSARY to SECURE SAFETY from FRAUD and a thorough reformation in this department of State work. It is the author's design to call attention to this subject for the benefit of the really insane who are not capable of self defence, and who have none of the privileges granted to a free and enlightened people, but are cruelly and inhumanely treated under the ordinary asylum usages.

It is the author's design also to call attention to another class who are more unfavorably situated. if possible, than the really insane. It is those who are not insane, and who are kept confined in an asylum either from a false belief in regard to their condition on the part of their friends, or from a desire on their part to keep them thus confined. It is high time the public was awake to the uses and abuses of an asylum management.

The author elicits the interest of the public, and invites and DEMANDS an investigation.

Jonesville, Feb. 22, 1879.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN:
BRANCH COUNTY, SS

LYDIA A SMITH

being duly sworn, deposes and says that the contents and statements contained in this book are true in substance and in fact.

LYDIA A SMITH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me M.D.
WOOLF, a notary public in and for the County
of Branch. this 17th day of February A.D.
1879.

M.D. WOOLF, Notary Public.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The experience of Mrs. Lydia A. Button while at the insane asylum, also an interesting account of her almost miraculous escape and return home to her friends. She was taken to the asylum by the unmitigated villany of her husband and a woman, his accomplice. No greater outrage has ever been committed in any community than was practiced against this unoffending woman, as can be proven by countless numbers of people, and all the best citizens of her native place.

Mrs. Button was a resident of Jonesville, Hillsdale Co., Michigan, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church; she was a lady of prepossessing appearance and possessed an amiable disposition combined with exalted christian principles. She was known for her piety and zeal in the church and in the cause of Christ. Her husband not being a professor of religion, she conducted the family worship herself, and educated her children in the love and fear of GOD.

She has many warm friends, and those who know her best love her most. She was taken from her home in Jonesville, August 12th, 1866, escaped from the insane asylum and returned to her home, Feb. 1872.

REFERENCES.— Rev. Levi Corson, Jonesville, Mich; G. C. Monroe and family; Dr. Wisner and family; J. B. Graham and family; Dr. Chaddock and family; Dr. W. A. S. Williams and family, Baldwin's Mills, Mich.

BIRTH and PARENTAGE of the AUTHOR.

LYDIA ADELINE JACKSON, was born Dec. 31st., in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred thirty-five. There has been some little dispute with regard to her birth place; her brother affirms she was born in Kent Co. Pa., but according to her view, from information recieved from her parents, she was born in Chatauqua Co., N. Y. The author is a descendant of one of the oldest and best established families in England. (The Shrewsbury family.) Her father's father being an officer in the regular established army in his majesty's service, King George the Third, at which time he became acquainted with and married the beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Shrewsbury, after which he emigrated to the States or Colonies, and purchased him a residence in N. J., naming his county seat Shrewsbury Lodge, in honor of his wife for whom he cherished great respect and devout attachment. This beautiful and accomplished lady died when the father of this present author was an infant, nine weeks old. Mr. Jackson remained a widower two years after which he married a quakeress and himself joined the Society of Friends.

Peter Jackson, Jr. was bound out to the hatter trade at the age of ten years; at twenty-two he married miss Phebe Mills, of Lyons, N. Y. Nine children were added to their union, Lydia being the

eight in number. Her parents emigrated to Michigan in the year 1856 and located west of Adrian, near Bean Creek, after which they moved to Moscow, Hillsdale Co. Lydia knew what it was to suffer from poverty and [sic] adversments in her early life, which fact no doubt went so far to strengthen sympathies for the afflicted. It was while in her prime of life she was called to pass through all this trying and heartrending scenes, and [sic] she is today a living witness of the statements she makes and the principles of truth she advances. She is a woman possessed with great strength of character and strong principles of right. She contends for the right and demands justice.

Oh Man! created in the likeness
of the one
True God, who gave thee birth.
Jehovah God,
Who reigneth in the Heavens. Whose
footstool
Is the Earth. Oh Man! What work
of wonder
And of might canst thou perform.
Guided by the Divine hand,
To what great attainments thou
canst aspire;
The earth doth bow to thee! thou
canst command
And be obeyed; when noble aspira-
tions fire
Thy human breast - 'tis well for thee
And thou canst light the torch of fame
And gild for thee a glorious name,
And thou canst hold communion sweet
with Deity,

And gather inspiration from the master
mind of thought.
Tis well for thee if thou dost heed the
council given,
And art led by that Hand which leadeth
to a seat in heaven,
Where honor dwelleth.
But Oh! how changed the work and end
of man
When governed by the passions wild,
which doth destroy.
Satan doth fire thy maddened brain to
darker deeds
Then thou hadst thought wouldst stain
thy hand.
Oh man! when thou becomest the slave
of these dark passions,
How greatly thou hast fallen from thy
first estate,
And in the fall - thy loss how great.

CHAPTER I.

DRUGGED AND PUT INTO AN INSANE ASYLUM— TREATMENT WHILE THERE.

I was taken from my residence in Jonesville, Michigan, August 18, 1865, to Canandaigua, New York, where I remained one year and seven months, when I was removed to the State Asylum at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Here I was "imprisoned" four years. I can call it nothing but a prison, but it was worse than that to me. Picture to yourself, a woman in the prime of life, torn from her home and children, and they at that tender age, when most in need of a mother's care and influence; chloroformed, thrust into an insane asylum, and put into one of the halls set apart for the most violent patients, and treated as such.

The superintendent was absent at the time of my arrival, and I was placed in charge of an attendant. Miss Sophia Peabody, a large, coarse, masculine woman. I can find no words in the English language to express all I endured while here, or even do the subject justice, but will give as clear an idea as possible.

I was taken in charge by this heartless attendant, and put through the usual course of treatment given to patients, to break the will and make them obedient. They commence a course of treatment at first to keep them in subjection, and for fear they may need it. The attendants are afraid the patients may sometime get the upper hand of them, and, to intimidate and make them submissive, use these harsh and cruel modes of punishment as soon as the patient is brought to the asylum. But they did not succeed in making me afraid. I know not why, but I did not experience any fear; neither did I feel the least angry. I was grieved, crushed, and heart-broken. I did not make any resistance, nor utter any complaint, knowing discretion to be the better part of valor.

On the patient's arrival at the asylum they are first put into a bath. This is necessary and perfectly right, if done in a proper way. In a most inhuman manner I was plunged into a bath, the water of which was not quite boiling hot, and held down by a strong grip on my throat, until I felt a strange sensation, and everything began to turn black. Just at this time I heard a person say to the unnatural brute who was acting as attendant: "Oh, my! Let her up, quick; she is black in the face." (The person who made this remark, I afterwards learned was the matron of the institution.) When I became conscious I found myself being jerked from one side to the other, with my hands confined

in the stocks, or "muff," as it is termed at the asylum, and a stout leather belt attached to an iron buckle, was around me. This belt is sufficiently long to fasten at the back, so as to let the patient walk, but closely confined; or to fasten to a seat, or bench, thus keeping the patient in a sitting position, which is very tiresome, especially when one is obliged to remain in that position any length of time. At this particular time I was not fastened in a seat, but was taken (or rather jerked) into a small division off from the main hall, and thrown into a "crib." This is a square box, on which is a cover, made to close and lock, and has huge round posts, separated so as to leave a small space between for ventilation. The strap attached to the "muff" was fastened to the "crib" in such a manner as to tighten around my waist, and across the pit of my stomach, with such a pressure that it actually seemed to me that I could not breathe. My feet were fastened to the foot of the "crib" so tight, and remained there so long, that when they did unfasten them they were swollen so that it was impossible for me to stand upon them. A short time after I was placed in this "delightful" position, this same inhuman monster (the attendant) came to me with a cup in one hand and a wedge in the other. This wedge was five or six inches long, one inch thick at one end, and tapered down to an eighth of an inch in thickness, and was used to force the mouth open, so that medicine, etc., could be poured down the throat of

the patient. I soon felt the weight of the attendant on me, with one knee pressing directly on my stomach, and one hand, like the grip of a tiger, on my head. The wedge was then forced into one side of my mouth, crowding out a tooth in its progress—a tooth which had been filled not long before—causing the most excruciating pain. I cannot tell why, unless it was convulsions, caused by the great pressure on my stomach, but my teeth were set, my lips seemed glued together, and I could not have opened my mouth, even had I known what they wanted me to do. Crash! crash! went another of my teeth, and another, until five were either knocked out or broken off. I lay in a pool of blood that night. Not content with knocking my teeth out and forcing the medicine down me, which I would have willingly taken had I known what they wanted me to do, the attendant, after giving me the medicine, which was all that was required of her, clinched my throat, while her teeth grated together with rage for the trouble I had given her. The grip on my throat was not a gentle touch by any means, neither were the raps which came thick and fast on both sides of my head and face, meant for tokens of love. The cover of the “crib” was then shut down with a slam, and this unnatural specimen of humanity flouted herself out of the narrow space, locked the door, and I was left alone in this awful condition.

This was my first experience in an insane asylum.

I did not know where I was, and thought it must be some horrible den of iniquity. My imagination framed the most horrible pictures. I thought it must be that I was brought to this place to die, and if I were not murdered outright, such usage would soon put an end to my existence. How long I remained in this "crib" I could give no idea from my own feelings; but it seemed to me countless ages of eternity. What I suffered in mind no language could express. Away from home and friends; no one whom I had ever seen, or to whom I could appeal for assistance; no one but this beastly attendant, with her forbidding looks. If I could have discovered one redeeming quality in her, I should have had hopes of something better; but as it was, I suffered untold agonies, both of mind and body. I was cramped into the "crib" in a very uncomfortable manner; for it did not seem long enough for me, and my head was lower than my feet. I was restrained so tight that it seemed to me my eyes were bursting from their sockets; and have no doubt the choking she gave me helped to bring about this state of feeling. As near as I can ascertain, I must have remained in this condition from one to three weeks, being taken out occasionally for change of bed. For some reason I could not speak aloud, nor even whisper; I could not articulate a syllable. Whether it was from the effects of the chloroform that had been given me, or some other cause, I know not; but I had good reasons to suppose it was the

chloroform, for it affected my lungs to such an extent that I did not entirely recover from it in over two year. This chloroform was given me previous to my being taken to the asylum, and on the way there I was kept under its influence all the time. Some blame the person who took me there, and think he was bribed or hired to do it; but I had been drugged with belladonna and chloroform to such an extent that I had the appearance of being crazy at the time I was taken there.

When Dr. Cook, the superintendent, came home, he came into the cell where I was confined, and asked the attendant some questions with regard to me, and coming nearer, bent down over the "crib" a little, looking intently with such a mild, pleasant countenance, that if I could have spoken I should begged of him to have me taken away from there. After looking at me a few moments, he turned to the attendant and asked a few questions; then, turning toward me again, he said: "Seems to me this is hardly necessary, (meaning the restraint, I suppose,) she looks as though she might do some good in the world." After they left the cell, I thought to myself, if that man ever came where I was again, I would find some means to express my desire to be removed, and try and have him understand how I was situated; not knowing at the time he was superintendent of the institution. But I had no need to explain matters to him; he saw for himself, and sent another attendant on that hall to look

after me. This attendant cared for me so kindly that she won upon my regards, and not only that, but brought light and comfort with her. I shall never forget the revolution in my feelings when she tucked the clothes around me so nicely, and kissed me good night. What is there like kindness? What is there that will reach down into the heart and melt the stony feelings, if it is not kindness? Coming from a bright, cheerful countenance, it is like the warm, genial rays of the sun, and the refreshing dew on a crushed and withered plant. How much better to govern with love, if govern at all. The insane should receive the most kindly treatment at the hands of those employed to take care of them. Carrie only remained in this ward a short time. As soon as I was able to be brought out in the hall, she was sent to the ward with the matron, and I was left with my first attendant. I presume the superintendent thought I was well enough to get along without any trouble. Of course, as I was an entire stranger to him, and he did not know the state of my health previous to my being taken there, he probably thought Miss Peabody would do better by me; or perhaps he did not know her disposition; if so, I wonder at his keeping her.

'Tis true, it is difficult to get such help as they would like. The attendants work mostly for the pay, and it is not a very desirable position to hold. If an attendant discharges her duties faithfully, she well earns her money. There are many unpleasant

things to be endured by them; but they should expect this and not allow their temper to get the better of them and their duty. For instance, I have seen attendants get vexed at a patient, fly at them, and give them a general floundering, such as pulling their hair, jamming the keys against their sides, knocking their heads against the wall, throwing them down and knocking their heads against the hard floor, sitting on their knees, thus holding them down, while they choked them, bending their thumbs and wrists back, until it seemed they would break them off before they let the patient go. Whenever a patient is so badly bruised as to leave the marks visible, they are kept out of sight for a time with an excuse that they are not in a condition to be seen, as they will not keep their clothing on. This is the general excuse, and it is perfectly astonishing how smooth and nice the attendants will be when the doctor comes in the hall. All radiant with smiles, they will tell how their pets (meaning the patients) are improving under their care; or what trouble they have had with such a one. If the attendant owes the patient a grudge, a report of this kind will keep the patient from enjoying the privilege which the institution affords, and which the more favored of the patients receive—such as going into the dining hall to eat, and taking an out-door walk.

The first time I was “let out to grass,” as they term it—and it seemed more like driving a lot of cattle or sheep out to feed, than anything else—

they seemed to think me one of the unruly ones, and left the restraint on me. I was very weak, and still lame and bruised from the injuries received, and in attempting to climb the stairs on going back to the hall, I found myself unequal to the task. On seeing this, Miss Peabody came down, with blood in her eyes—being vexed at me for the delay I had caused—and clutching my hair, must have got a pretty good hold, as she dragged me up stairs into the hall and down on the floor, choking and pounding me in the most brutal manner. One of the patients, a Mrs. Koon, from Glens Falls, N. Y., became very much excited at the scene, and flew at the attendant with such a storm of words that she released her hold of me, and pushed her into the cell and locked the door; after which she returned to look after my case. Finding me docile, she pushed me into the seat, belting me down. Then she brought Mrs. Koon out, and of all the diabolical proceedings, I never, never imagined anything half so bad. She choked her until it seemed to me her eyes would burst from their sockets; she wrung her nose until the blood spurted all over both of them; she pinched her mouth and twisted that in such a way as to make it bleed; she knocked her with her fists in the sides and on the back, and on both sides of her head; after which she put a sheet over her head, twisting it tight at the back making her run up and down the hall, while she laughed with fiendish delight to witness the agony and effort to get

away. This was more than I could see without an exclamation of horror, at which she turned to me with a vile expression, and said she would attend to my case directly. After putting Mrs Koon to bed, which took her some time, as it seemed she had some trouble in getting her quieted after what had transpired, she came back to me, saying: "I'll wring your neck for you, you good-for-nothing minx, you! I'll learn you to interfere when I'm doing anything; and if you tell the doctor, either of them, I'll fix you so you'll never tell on me again, you sap-gag, you!" She unbelted me, pulled me up with a jerk, threw the sheet over my head, and commenced the same tirade with me. I thought I should surely die, it was so suffocating. I could not breathe, and wondered how poor Mrs. Koon had stood it so long without breathing, although she screamed and I did not. I verily believe I would have strangled to death if it had not been that some one came to the door; I think it was either the matron or her sister. At any rate, she let me into my room, (as I had been removed from the cell where the "crib" was, and now occupied a bed,) with the injunction to "get into bed short-metre, or she would short-metre me." I was surprised that Dr. Cook should keep such beastly attendants in the institution; but was convinced he knew little or nothing of her cruelty to the patients, as she was very pleasant and agreeable whenever he came on the hall. But I made up my mind I should tell him the very first chance I got.

The opportunity did not occur, however, for me to speak with him without being overheard.

I think she finally became ashamed of her treatment toward me, for she became very good, bringing me sweet-meats, and calling me her "pet." But it didn't work with me. I could never like her after I had witnessed her treatment of the other patients; perhaps I should have overlooked it if she had not treated them so, particularly poor Mrs. Koon, who won upon my regard and affections more and more as I became acquainted with her. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, both in personal attractions and beauty of character; she was intelligent, refined, and amiable. But the treatment she received at the hands of this beastly attendant was enough to transform an angel of light into a fiend of darkness; or, at least call forth all the fire and indignation of a Christian character. There were but two patients on this hall besides myself, (it being a short hall,) Mrs. Koon, and an old lady seriously afflicted with sores. Her head had to be washed every day and the sores dressed. Sometimes Miss Peabody would be very kind to this old lady; then again she would beat her in the most cruel manner, particularly when she put her in her cell and restrained her on her bunk, (for it was neither a crib nor a bed, but bore a resemblance to what is called a bunk,) then I could hear the blows from a leather strap fall thick and fast upon her poor, defenseless form, and hear her screams and cries,

which was enough to call forth indignation and pity from any human being. This poor old woman, suffering the pangs of a loathsome disease, ought to elicit the sympathy of any human person. She died while I was there.

Thanks to a kind Providence, I did not have to remain long on this hall, but was soon after removed to the convalescent ward of which the matron and the youngest Miss Peabody had charge. They were both excellent women. I never saw a greater difference between sisters than there was between these two. Carrie, much the youngest, was always kind and pleasant; and it is to her I am indebted for the first word that gave me hope. Thanks, Carrie; I shall always remember them, and hope you may never become as hardened and cruel as your sister. If you are always as kind to the afflicted as you were to me, you will certainly do a great deal of good. Do not weary in well doing, and you will reap a rich reward.

After my removal into the convalescent ward, I had many more privileges than is generally granted to the insane; and much was done for my comfort and happiness. If I could have been happy away from my home and children, I should certainly have been while on this ward. They gave me a pleasant room, where I had a view of the lake and surrounding scenery, which was truly very beautiful. From my window I also had a view of the flower garden, which added much to the beauty of the place. The

grounds were nicely laid out; a beautiful grove, with rustic seats interspersed here and there for the convenience of the patients. I could wander around here at my leisure, and felt quite at home, but troubled on account of being away from my children, not knowing who had charge of them; my mind was constantly harrassed on this account. But notwithstanding all this, I gained so much in less than two months, that it was not thought best for me to remain there any longer; and the superintendent said to me: "Mrs. B——, I have written to your husband to come for you. We are surprised that he should send you here in the first place. It is not at all necessary for you to be in a place of this kind, and we shall expect your husband to come for you in a few days."

I felt grateful, sincerely so, for these words of encouragement. But I know this kindly disposed and generous man knew nothing of the unpleasant circumstances which brought me there; and yet I did not know but my husband might repent and come for me.

As time passed and he did not come, the superintendent seemed very much troubled. He came on the hall one day and asked me if I was sure my husband was still living in Jonesville—if he had not talked of moving some where else. I told him that Jonesville was his place of business, and our residence was there; but that it might be possible that he had gone away. He then asked me if there were

no other friends to whom he could write. I did not want my own relatives to know how I was situated, if I could possibly avoid it, so I gave him the name of my husband's brother. I did not know at that time that this same brother had possession of all the property my husband owned in Jonesville; that he had dealings with my husband, who was forced to leave the place on account of the sentiment against him, and had given this brother a quit-claim deed of all his property, so that he might dispose of it for him. Letters were written to this brother, but no answers returned to the asylum, only the money to pay the dues was promptly sent, but no line or word was received to explain why they did not come for me. (After I had returned home, this brother said the reason he did not write, was because he did not know where my husband was. Be that as it may, my opinion is, that he had to write to him to know what to do with me, and if I was still living, and not insane, after all, what was they to do about it. And I will say here, that I think my husband would have come back and lived in Jonesville if it had not been for the sentiment against him there. He wrote to his youngest brother to that effect, but he told him not to think of such a thing; that he could not live there on account of the feeling against him; and yet the question here arises why did he not send and bring me away from the asylum. I conclude he was short of means for some time. I have heard the children say they lived very poorly for a long

time. Our expenses had been great, and it seems he could not realize anything from the rents or the debts standing out; and when he did realize anything in this way, the old cause came up to prevent—a woman, or rather a fiend; his fear of her being greater than his sense of duty. I do believe there were times when from his heart he desired to return and live a better life; but the fates were against him. If some one had taken him by the hand, and encouraged him in taking this step, and given him assurance of their support, I think it would have made a vast difference with him. If he had taken me from the asylum, and shown a disposition to reform, I for one would have sustained him in the effort, and stood by him through all the unpleasantness that might have arisen. But he did not do this.)

The superintendent seemed anxious and troubled by not receiving an answer to his letter, and sent a telegram; but still no answer came. The matron came to me one day with pencil and paper, and requested me to write home for clothing, suitable to wear, so that I could come down in the center building and remain with them (the doctor's family), saying to me "the doctor don't want you to remain on the halls with the insane;" that I was weak yet, and he feared the effect it might have on my mind, and they wanted me to come in the center building with them. I wrote for the clothing; but, not getting it, was obliged to remain on that hall, as I could

not go in the building with the doctor's family with such articles of clothing as I had. I shall always think of this excellent Christian doctor and his wife with respect and gratitude, and always intended to pay them a visit and explain many things to them which I could not do while a patient. The doctor has since passed beyond the shores of time into eternity, slain by the hand of a madman—a death too sad to think of.

As he was passing through the hall a patient, who had concealed a knife, sprang upon the doctor, inflicting injuries from which he soon died, and thus another witness (whom I had intended to secure in my behalf,) has passed away—a wise and good man, whose testimony no court could impeach. Honor be to his memory.

For one year and seven months I was an inmate of Dr. Cook's private institution—one year and five months after had written to those who should have been interested in my removal from the asylum. Mr. J. B——, (my husband's brother.)—— came for me with the understanding that I was to return to my home in Jonesville. Mrs. Cook was at the depot to see me away. Taking both my hands, she said: "I hope you have not met with any unkindness while you have been with us. We do not always know what is passing on the halls; and sometimes unpleasant things occur, unbeknown to us—things we would not approve." She requested me to write to her just as soon as I had arrived at home

and was rested; saying she should feel anxious to to hear from me. Both the doctor and his estimable wife possessed many excellent traits of character, combined with exalted christian principles—the doctor being just such a man as we need at the head of every institution of the kind. He worked for the good of his patients, and tried to benefit them. Thanks, many thanks, for his efforts to do me good. I did not express as much, thinking I should see him again under more favorable circumstances, but did not only for a moment just before leaving, and had no time to inform him of the cruelty of Miss Peabody. Neither had I time to say anything to Mrs. Cook in regard to this, for the cars came in before she had finished speaking with me, and I was hurried on board the train with a hasty good-bye.

The next chapter will give an account of the deception practiced by my amiable brother-in-law, in getting me removed to the Kalamazoo Asylum.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER we were fairly seated in the cars, I inquired after my family; and J. W. B—— told me they were well and were living in the brick house on the hill; and that Jessie was keeping house for her father. This was as I had hoped it might be—not knowing he was telling me a base falsehood; that my husband had fled the same night after sending me away, and Jessie had come and taken the children to a far-off western home. I supposed I was going directly home, and in my ignorance was happy. I did not even mistrust anything wrong until we had passed the Grand Trunk Junction, this side of Detroit, when I saw we were on the Central Railroad. My excellent brother-in-law sat bolt upright, head thrown back, mouth wide open and fast asleep. If I had known the game he was playing I should have taken a very different course from what I did—but was entirely ignorant of his designs. I shook him, trying to awaken him, which I had some trouble in doing, telling him he had made a mistake and taken the wrong road. He tried at first to make me believe he had not, and that we were all right. I told

him I knew better. He saw he could not pacify me, and owned up that he had made a mistake, but said it would make no difference as there was a new road cut through from Jackson to Jonesville, and it would be just as cheap to go that way. I then asked about the fare, but could get no satisfactory answer from him. I now became very uneasy and kept getting up and looking out of the windows. I would have spoken to the conductor or some of the passengers, but I wished to avoid a scene which I knew would occur if I did. Well, we changed cars at Jackson, as I supposed for Jonesville, and was eager and on the lookout for familiar scenes until the next station was called, which undeceived me. I turned to him again, and this time he was more watchful. I asked him what he meant by telling me such falsehoods; and why we were still on the Central Road. He replied that he had some business on this road, and thought he might just as well attend to it now, as it would save another trip; adding, "Oh, by the way, you have'nt heard, perhaps, that there's a new road opened through from Kalamazoo to Coldwater, and it don't cost but about a dollar difference, and I thought we would go around that way." I was fearfully out of patience, but could do no better than to wait. I did not even mistrust that the puppet was taking me to another asylum.

He always was a strange person—no one knowing what he was going to do next. We finally arrived at Kalamazoo. My most excellent brother-in-law

requested me to wait a minute until he could procure a hack to take us to another depot. I looked around me and felt very much like taking the wings of the morning and flying away, but had no time for action, as I was touched on the shoulder and requested to get into the hack, which I did. We were driven some distance until we came in view of the asylum. I gave J. W. B—— one searching look, and asked him if he intended to put me in a convent. He took both my hands, fearing I would try and get away, and said: “No, Lydia, I would’nt do that; but I will be frank with you and tell you all about it now. I feared you would make me trouble on the way, and for that reason did’nt want you to know what we had thought of doing. We all feel deeply interested in you, and we have talked the matter over and concluded that the best thing we could do for you was to bring you over here and leave you for a few days. We want Dr. Vandusen’s opinion. We want you to stay here just a short time. E. O. Grosvenor and Mr. Baxter think ’tis the best thing we can do, so that the doctor here can treat you. You know you are not well, and we all feel very anxious to have you get perfectly well. After the doctor has studied your case up, so as to know what to do for you, he will write to H——, or me, and one of us will come for you.” This was all very fair talk, but could I believe him after his deception and falsehood all along the road? He seemed candid enough now; but I did not feel that

confidence in what he said that I would if he had not told me so many different stories, deceiving me thus far. Yet I dared not make any trouble, for if I did I knew full well it would not be as well for me. I dreaded a bad hall, and knew I could not get away from him without being overtaken and carried back. The better way for me then, was to be perfectly quiet; not making any trouble. By so doing I could have the privilege of being put on a convalescent ward, instead of one of the worst halls in the institution. A thousand thoughts flashed thick and fast through my mind. I was near my home—only 60 miles. Oh, so near; home seemed in sight. Soon I would see my children; soon hear their sweet, sweet voices, and soon clasp their dear, dear forms to my heart. It could not be long at the farthest; I could soon walk 60 miles. I would wait a few days, and if no one came for me according to promise, I would quietly walk away. I did not anticipate any trouble in so doing. I had so much liberty at Canandaigua that I did not know what restrictions I should meet with here, and had faith to believe they were as represented to me. But, oh, faithless delusion; I did not know what awaited me within—inside those asylum walls. I was quietly conducted into the reception room, from thence up stairs and into hall No. 1—the best hall in the asylum at the time. I did not scream and attempt to get away as most insane people do. I am told, and believe it to be true, that there are not many sane

persons who would not make an effort for freedom under similar circumstances. But I knew it would be useless, and dreaded a scene. I had passed through a number and dreaded scenes of this kind, not doubting but that I could make my escape (if no one came for me). With a full determination so to do, I quietly and voluntarily went through the hall in the main building and up stairs—where I could only see the outer world through grated windows. Would that I could draw a veil over the fearful horrors I experienced while in this asylum.

J. W. B—— came and bade me good-bye, saying: “Don’t you think this is a pleasant place? I am sure you ought to be happy here.” Happy, oh, foolish man. If a soul could be happy in purgatory with the damned, then I could be happy there. A weight settled down upon my heart. A dark cloud enshrouded me, through which I did not penetrate until I had made my escape. The disappointment at not going home, and the excitement, threw me into a relapse; and it was a long time before I was anywhere near well again—at least a number of months. I conclude, nearly eight months passed before I was able to go with the companies when they went for a walk, and then only a short distance at a time. It tired me so to go up and down stairs. I saw how necessary it was that I should husband my strength, and that I might gain strength faster. I helped do work on the hall and in the dining room, being careful not to overdo, and thereby put me

back. Time passed in this way until I had been there about a year. During all this time I had seen nothing to disapprove; and if I had gone away from the asylum at that time, I should always have had a favorable opinion of the institution. I was getting so strong now that I thought as soon as the snow was off the ground, so they could not track me, I could with safety make my escape. But I did not have the privilege of rambling around at my leisure as I had when at Canandaigua. I was never allowed to go out alone as I did there; and then there was always so many working men in sight and so near that it did not seem safe nor prudent to attempt an escape; although I did not despair, thinking the time would come when I could with safety attempt it. It seemed to be impressed upon my mind from the first that this was the only way I would get out of this institution alive; and I was always on the watch. I knew every tree and shrub, and marked every place where there seemed a possible chance of dodging out of sight. From all the knowledge I had of their doings inside these asylum walls, I had no reason to fear anything from them, until I had been there a little more than a year; so that my anxiety to escape up to this time seemed only a natural desire to see my children more than anything else. And yet there seemed to be something pressing me onward and urging the necessity upon me of making my escape. I would lay awake at night and ponder upon it, and plan. During the

day that followed I would try and be cheerful and help those around me, trying to comfort and cheer them, at the same time inquiring into the cause of their disease—comparing their symptoms with mine; for I would sometimes think that perhaps I was mentally afflicted. I had been an invalid so long, and thought, perhaps, after all, my husband was sincere in keeping me there; thinking it for the best and hoping I would be fully restored—knowing the danger of a half cure. I would sometimes quietly make up my mind to be content until such a time as Providence saw fit to restore me fully. But something within me would arise and rebuke me and urge me with a constant pressure homeward. “Escape! escape!” was the prompter’s cry. “There is no safety for you here. Awake; be up and doing! Shake off your doubts and fears! Make your escape; make your escape!” Still I worked on from day to day, helping those who needed help; watching the symptoms of those who were really insane, as well as those who were partially so; endeavoring to gain some knowledge of myself; comparing my own symptoms and feelings with their’s. But I could come to no definite conclusion, until more than a year had passed away—a year that taught me many lessons of patience and self-sacrifice. I had not suffered any unpleasantness from the attendants as yet. They had been very kind to me, and all the time I was in the institution I received the kindest treatment at their hands, with but one ex-

ception, and this I will relate as it occurred. This was the person that received me when I was first taken there—the person I felt such a shrinking away from when in her presence; and yet I could not tell why; others seemed to like her, still I dreaded her presence; it was a terror to me. And now, I will in the next chapter relate the circumstance which first led to the unpleasantness, or, more properly speaking, the diabolical proceedings against myself.

A young girl, by the name of Hattie Russell, was brought to the asylum very soon after I came there. She told me that her mother lived in Detroit, and that her mother's maiden name was Champas. It will be remembered that the Champas' were of French descent, and among the first settlers of Detroit. Hattie told me she had an attack of brain fever, and Dr. Pitcher persuaded her mother to send her to the asylum for treatment—he had such unlimited confidence in Dr. Vandusen's ability. And so Hattie was brought from her mother's home in Detroit to the Kalamazoo Asylum for medical treatment. How many are dragged from their homes in this way for treatment; honestly enough, too, on the part of their friends, who desire to do all in their power for their recovery, and are convinced that this is the best course to pursue. The quiet of a domestic home, with proper treatment and care, will restore the patient to health much sooner than at an institution of this kind. There are a class of patients,

however, that would be dangerous to keep in our private families; and our institutions are built for just such a class of patients. And yet they have been denied a place in the asylum at Kalamazoo, while others have been received and kept there who had no need of an asylum treatment. Before telling you of what I know of Hattie Russell, and what became of her, I will draw a few illustrations of man's character, showing you that evil is not extinct in the heart of man to-day; and that he is just as capable of committing crime now as he was eighteen hundred years ago. Human nature is the same in all ages of the world. Bible history does not cover up the sins of its great men; but points them out. King David was a murderer in heart and in deed. Too cowardly to commit the horrible crime himself, on account of his kingly office, he planned the murder, and tearing his guilt would be known, an innocent man came to an untimely death. King David, to gratify the baser part of his nature, brought upon himself the vengeance of an offended God. There are various other instances to which I might draw your attention both in sacred and profane history, but do not think it necessary, when every paper published throughout our land is filled with records of crime and rapine.

Before proceeding with the events I am about to narrate, I find it necessary to give you a description of some of the employees at the asylum, commencing with the superintendent.

Dr. Vandusen is a man of small proportion physically; rather below the medium height, light complexion, brown hair, grey eyes, sharp features, and a little lame in one hip. He always wore a nice suit of black, and a "stove-pipe" hat. Whenever he came on the hall he reminded me of Herod, who arrayed himself gorgeously to be admired of men. But there were no men on our hall—only women. He always came highly perfumed with musk—once or twice I smelled something besides musk! The ladies said they could tell when Dr. Vandusen was coming, for they could smell him. I never saw him on the hall during the day-time, unless he was on dress-parade, but once. I was surprised this time; his hair was uncombed, and I smelled the fumes of tobacco, and, shall I tell you, yes—whiskey. He had the name of being a strictly temperate man. I can tell you something to the contrary, however. Notwithstanding this, there are some people in the State who think him incapable of doing a wrong act. Let such persons remember the thousands of like instances; and then look at what is transpiring every day over our land. As I said, the evil in the heart of man is not extinct. It only wants time to develop its growth; and certain ages of the world has brought forth the fruit which has long been ripening. And will not the present day fill its record of crime in history? Look at the men of to-day. Men who rob the government; rob the state; rob the people; rob the poor laborer of his

hire; professional gamblers; professional liars; professional thieves. Does not time develop the natural growth of evil in the heart of man? Do you not see the fruit? Then will you say that man is incapable of doing a wrong act? Would that all who think thus—and of this man especially—had been with me behind the scene on hall No. 1, from the year of 1869 to 1872. Your hair would turn gray in one night; your very soul would recoil with horror. But wait, I must return.

There were two assistant physicians at the asylum at the time. Dr. Palmer, now assistant superintendent, was a tall, heavy man, with black hair and black eyes; rather fine looking, and, under favorable circumstances, would have been a useful man; but he had received his education too much from Dr. Vandusen.

Next came Dr. Marshall—a vivid contrast to the other two. A man of medium size, brown hair, and blue eyes; who brought light and sunshine with him whenever he came on the halls. He was a churchman and a christian. He had not been there long, and went from there to a Wisconsin asylum, where he died.

The matron was an excellent person. The house-keeper and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Little—I thought a great deal of; and many of the attendants I became very much attached to. It is for their interest to keep a good class of attendants. A few tools will answer their purpose. A Roman Catholic girl

—if one of her years could be called a girl—was their cat's-paw at that time. She had probably taken her first lessons before coming there. She carried out their orders as though her life depended on so doing. She had been there some time. When I went there she was supervisor on the hall where I was. As though told by inspiration, I had a natural dread of her. I read her character from instinct—and yet not in full. I never had an idea that she could lend a hand in such diabolical schemes as was shown me afterwards. I had read of convents and nunneries, but did not realize the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction," until my own eyes beheld, and my own ears heard, and my own person suffered during those awful nights of terror, such untold agonies of mind and body. Well might the Angels veil their faces and flee away from earth on witnessing the horrid scenes that were enacted in this great and glorious institution. Would that I could write with the pen of an Arch Angel, in flames of fire, which would reach down into the hearts of those guilty parties, that it might consume the evil therein, or bring their deeds to light. God has promised that the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light. A woman who had been a patient there, told me she had prayed for years that the iniquity practiced in that institution might be brought to light. I could tell you many things which I have heard—said to have transpired within those walls; but I shall tell the reader nothing but what actually transpired

under my own observation, and to which I will testify any time I am called upon to do so. A lady patient said to me while there, "If I can get out of here alive, you better believe I'll keep out. I wouldn't dare say anything about what I know. If I did they wouldn't believe me; they would say I was insane, and bring me back." I find there is a great deal of this same fear. But I said to myself, if I ever get out of here alive I shall dare to tell the truth. I would be unworthy the name of a woman if I let such things pass unnoticed. And it is a duty I owe to my own sex, as well as to my God and humanity. I made a vow in my heart to Almighty God, and shall I not fulfill my vow? He sent His Angel to deliver me in the hour of danger, and saved me, and brought me out of the hands of the spoiler and the cruel. All honor and glory be unto Him who hath redeemed me. It is not my design or wish to injure any one person or any number of persons, only that the truth may be made known for the good of others; for a reformation is needed in most institutions of this kind. God grant that the day is not far distant when these institutions shall be turned and overturned for the good of those who inhabit them. It is with a prayerful consideration that I lay these facts before the people. And I am here before you, a living witness of the truths which I relate. God grant I may do injustice to no one; but that His truth abound to the good of

all, and the overthrow of crime and vice, and the establishment of Justice, Mercy, and Fair Dealings in every institution of this kind.

CHAPTER III.

A SHORT SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF HATTIE RUSSELL, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

HATTIE was in the habit of coming into my room whenever she got lonesome. When she first came there I used to try and comfort her as best I could by telling her she would soon be well and go home. I would coax her to take her medicine, telling her she would get well so much sooner. Well, she did get well, perfectly well, for ought I could see. She took part in all the entertainments; used to sing, and dance the Highland Fling, and seemed real happy for a time. One day she came into my room with tears in her eyes. She threw her arms around my neck, saying: "Oh, how I wish I could see my mother; you have always been a mother to me since I have been here; how I wish I could tell you all." I asked her what it was that troubled her, supposing it to be some trifling, girlish grief, which would soon pass away. She said, "Oh, you don't know, nor I can't tell you. I dare not tell you. Oh, if I only dare tell you all, you could not, you would not believe me. You have such a good opinion of

Dr. Vandusen you would not believe me if I told you one-half I know." I begged her to be quiet and not cry. She seemed very much agitated. I told her to tell me if there was anything that troubled her very much, and perhaps I could help her. She looked up with a quick, hopeful look, and taking both my hands, said: Oh, if you only could. Will you? will you?" I could not account for her agitation. I told her, if there was anything in my power that I could do for her I would willingly do it. She said, "I know you would; I know you would; but you can't help me any." I told her there was one who could help her, and that was Jesus. She said, "I know He could; but I am so wicked. He can't help me now." I still tried to comfort her with the promises of the Gospel and offers of salvation; but she said: "No, no; it won't do; it can't help me any now; but if you will only promise me you will do as I say, you may help me; will you promise?" I told her I would do anything consistent. She said, "'Tis not much for you to do; but it may be everything to me. If you will only do just as I tell you, and not say a word to Miss — (the attendant), nor Dr. Vandusen; but when Dr. Palmer comes on the hall, find a chance to speak to him without Miss — (the attendant) hearing you. He (meaning Dr. Palmer) don't know anything about it; and, oh, he thinks so much of you, he will do anything you ask him to." I was surprised at this, but she was very earnest, and insisted

upon my speaking to Dr. Palmer, charging me over and over again not to tell Miss —— (the attendant) what she had told me, nor let her know she had even talked with me about it. She seemed frightened at the thought of the attendant or Dr. Vandusen knowing she had mentioned this to me. She wanted me to ask Dr. Palmer for something to take. The last thing she said to me as she got up to go from my room, was: "Be sure and tell Dr. Palmer; tell him I have taken cold; but don't let him know I asked you for the medicine. You can tell it in a way so he will do what you ask him to," putting her finger to her lips with the injunction, "now remember." I was not a little puzzled at the strangeness of the request. I did not like to make any such request of Dr. Palmer, knowing it to be the duty of the attendants to make all reports of this kind. When the doctor made his usual round of visits, Dr. Vandusen was on the hall, and I did not have the opportunity to speak to him, as Hattie had requested; but I afterwards spoke to the attendant, telling her Hattie had taken a bad cold and wanted something to take. The attendant looked sharp and hard at me, and in a quick and nervous way, asked: "Did Hattie tell you so?" I made no immediate reply. In an imperative manner she again asked the same question. I feared to bring Hattie into trouble, and yet could not make up my mind just what to say. I could not see why Hattie's taking cold, and wanting something to take for it, could make such

a strange difference in her manner. She seemed angry at my not giving her an answer immediately, and she hastily went out of the room, and I heard her go directly down stairs. I was troubled, for I knew there must be something wrong or she would not go and report to the doctor. I could not solve the mystery. Oh, Hattie; would I had heeded your admonition; little did I know the awful trouble that awaited you; little did Dr. Pitcher, when he advised your mother to send you there, know of the awful doom that awaited you. Parents, can you trust your daughters to the care of an entire stranger, not knowing what treatment they may receive? Should not parents see their children and know how they are treated? Poor, unfortunate Hattie. Sad, sad would that mother's heart have been, could she have heard the cry that went up from an agonized heart. Hattie came and kissed me good-night, saying, "I wanted to come and kiss you good-night because I couldn't see my own dear mother and kiss her good-night. I have been praying and am feeling happier than I did." Poor, dear Hattie; I never saw her but once after that. That night I heard an unusual noise. Hattie's room was next to mine. I listened; a smothered cry, as of some one being gagged, and then a tussel, as of some one trying to get away. I heard something being dragged along the floor, through the hall and down stairs. I could not imagine what it was, but the next morning Hattie Russell was missing. Inquiries were made with

regard to what had become of her, by all the patients on the hall but me; I dared not ask any questions about her. It was understood that she had been removed to another hall, and this was confirmed a few days afterwards by one of the attendants from another hall (the hall where Hattie had been removed to). It was her wont to speak with the lady patients. Not seeing me on the hall, she stepped into my room, saying, "good-morning Mrs. B—; don't you feel sorry for poor Hattie; did you hear her screams and cries last night? Hattie is very sick." Three weeks afterwards I saw her at a window on one of the upper halls, but oh, so changed. She never got well, but was sent away from there to the Wayne County Asylum, where she died soon after. Oh, Hattie, would that your shadow could rest like an accusing Angel over the heads of your murderers.

Since leaving the asylum, I have seen a number of the attendants who were there at that time, and one of them told me if she was called upon to testify to what she knew about that institution, "she should tell the truth, particularly with regard to Hattie;" and she gave me the names of others, whom she told me I could depend upon as witnesses, adding, "I was never so glad in my life as I was when I heard you had escaped from that asylum; we attendants used to talk the matter over among ourselves a great deal. We knew there was something wrong somewhere, and if we had only known the truth,

and just how you were situated, we would have helped you away in a minute. I shall never be an attendant there again. I know some awful things have been done there, and if you commence suit against them I do hope you will succeed; but it will be up-hill work, for Dr. Vandusen has left no stone unturned to gain the favor of the trustees and state officers" (I know this to be a fact). He would do more every day of his life to keep these unpleasant facts from getting circulated or known outside the asylum than he would for the good of every soul and body in that institution. (I know this to be a fact also.) When the trustees came it was always at a stated time, and they knew when to expect them. They were shown through the best part of the institution, and everything was presented in its most favorable light. They were flatteringly entertained, and consequently went away with a favorable impression of how the institution was conducted, and were particularly pleased with Dr. Vandusen. He was such a gentleman! So courteous and attentive, and, above all, doing so much for the good of the state. (In our general remarks we will try and tell you how much good he has done for the state.) When any person came there whose favor he desired to gain, he would exert himself to the utmost to secure their good opinion. But if a person came there in plain apparel, a person whose influence he thought could not amount to anything, they were kept waiting perhaps a half day or longer,

as I have known, and then had to go away without accomplishing the business they came to do, and had to make a number of fruitless journeys—the superintendent was so very busy he couldn't attend to them! At the same time I have known the superintendent to be in his smoking-room, which joined, next to the hall, where I was. From one of the windows we could see his shadow through the screen, and smell the fumes of tobacco. The man in plain clothes had perhaps left his farm or workshop, thereby losing his time by these fruitless journeys. Many and many a time I have known the superintendent to remain out of sight for days at a time, while it was reported he was in Lansing, Detroit, or Chicago. I learned to dread these times, for I knew there was something unusual being planned. Once while out in company for a walk, as we were nearing the asylum, we heard a shrill whistle. Looking quickly up, I caught a glimpse of a man in a dressing gown. It was Dr. Vandusen, who was reported to be in Chicago. The attendant gave me a quick, searching look. Turning her eyes in the direction of the window and then back to me, she said: "Did you see any one at the window?" I did not wish to answer her directly, but said, "do you mean Dr. Palmer, who was in the doctor's office?" She said, "Oh, you are too cunning for this place. Didn't you see Dr. Vandusen at the window above?" "What, not Dr. Vandusen?" said I; "I thought he was in Chicago." She gave me a

knowing look, saying, "I think he goes to Chicago pretty often. Between you and I, Mrs. B——, there are some strange things occurig here. I shall not remain here much longer, and would that I could take you away with me." I thought I would tell her how I was situated, and see if she wouldn't help me get away; but I had once appealed to a person there in like manner, and was reported to the superintendent, and I dared not speak to her on the subject. I could not tell who to trust, and so kept the awful secret in my own heart, not daring to appeal to any one for help, not knowing who to confide in, or who would be willing to aid me. Knowing discretion to be the better part of valor, and that a wise head keeps its own counsel, I found it necessary to be discreet, and dared not counsel with those in the enemies' employ, although I esteemed some of them very highly; yet I dared not speak to them of these things.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE day after Hattie was removed from hall No. I, the attendant came into my room, which was something unusual for her, as our dislike seemed mutual. She chatted a few moments, and then abruptly asked if I knew that Dr. Vandusen had gone to Chicago? I replied that I did not. I wondered why she should take so much trouble to tell me that; what was it to me, and what did I care where Dr. Vandusen should go. But I too soon had cause to care; the darkness of night brought with it the reason. It was customary for all the patients to be in bed at the ringing of the last bell. The attendants always locked the doors—it being strictly against the rules to leave a patient's door unlocked. This evening I had waited some time for the attendants to come and lock my door. I had time to kneel and offer my devotion to my Heavenly Father without being jerked up and told to get into bed. I sat thinking and meditating a long time, until I came to the conclusion that the attendant had forgotten to lock my door. I started to go to

the door to speak to her about it, when I heard a step on the stairs, which communicated with our hall. This was nothing unusual—we could hear steps almost any time of night. But this step was none other than Dr. Vandusen's, and I knew it to be him, although the attendant had told me he was in Chicago. I could always tell his step from all the others. Dr. Marshall had a light, quick, elastic step; Dr. Palmer, a heavy, sluggish tread, and Dr. Vandusen limped a little, dragging one foot. This was the limp-step. My curiosity was excited, and I very quietly went to the door and nearly closed it, leaving a space open, just large enough to see through. The recess was directly opposite my room; the attendant's room next but one to the recess. My door swung so that I had a full view of the attendant's door. Nearer and nearer came the limp-step. Could I believe my eyes? Yes, it was actually Dr. Vandusen! He went straight to the attendant's door, but did not go in. He handed her a bottle (the bottle would hold about a pint), telling her to wet a cloth with the contents and flit through the ventilator over Mrs. B——'s door once every hour until he came up, saying: "It will not do for Mrs. B—— to leave this institution alive; for if she does, she will be telling these things all around." I was the only person in the institution by the name of Mrs. B——. I was dumbfounded. Could they mean to kill me; and what things was he afraid I would tell "all around?" Surely I knew nothing

worthy of death. What could he mean? A shrill scream from one of the halls brought Hattie Russell to my mind. It must be her. Yes, this must be what he meant; believing, no doubt, that Hattie had confided in me, telling me the whole of her secret. In this he was mistaken. And yet my mind grasped enough to convince me that there must be a great crime connected with Hattie's life at the asylum. Oh, Hattie, who will avenge thy wrongs? Silence now reigns over the grave where thou dost sleep. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord. And if the Lord has chosen me as an instrument in His hands to be thy avenger, I shall not refuse to be used. But to return. 'Tis strange that hundreds of people surrounded me, and yet there was not one I could appeal to for assistance. The pall of night encircles the earth, and a darker pall rests upon me. What am I to do? Can I escape from these prison walls? I try to think. The outer door is fastened; also the hall door, where alone I could make my escape. My door was not yet fastened. Oh, how precious life seemed. I went to the window and pressed with all my might against the iron bars; no, they would not give way—they were made secure. I dressed myself hastily, thinking I might possibly get the keys away from the attendant and get out of the hall; but, on second thought, I knew her keys would only open the one door. How could I reach the outside world? Perhaps I should run against the very one I most dreaded. I

had nothing to defend myself with. What must I do? I must not hesitate long. I heard some one on the stairs. I hastily took the stand, and as quietly as possible put it against the door. I took out the bureau drawers and put them on the stand; then, putting my hands through the space where I took the top drawer from, I lifted the bureau back against the stand, then taking my water-proof cloak and an old dress and flannel skirt, I rolled them tight together and wedged them in the ventilator. I then got down and carefully lifted the head of the bed against the bureau, being careful not to make a noise. I listened, and ascertained that the attendant was busy with a young girl patient who sometimes made her a good deal of trouble. The patient was Lizzie Airs. She would cry and scream if the attendant went to leave her alone. She could not bear to be left alone, and the attendant usually remained with her until she went to sleep, indulging her in this way more than was her custom. I therefore finished the "fort," as I called it, by carefully placing the wardrobe so as to put the foot of the bed against it, thereby preventing any possible chance of egress. By the dim light of the stars I surveyed the "ground," and felt secure for one night. But what was I to do when the morrow came, and the days and nights that would follow? Thoughts came into my mind thick and fast. What did they intend to do with me?—strangle me with the chloroform until I died, or only stupify me and then

make way with me in some other manner. All the horrid things I had ever read crowded into my mind. The assassinations of the old aristocracies, among the crowned heads of the old world, and, in still later ages, all the fearful crimes and atrocities and the awful, abominable wickedness, iniquity, an evil man was capable of committing, aided by an evil woman. Life had never seemed so sweet to me before, nor death so fearful. Oh, if I could only see a chance of escape. But no; I was hemmed in on every side, while they had every advantage over me. I was alone and in the power of these unprincipled people, with no weapon of defence. I bethought me of the promises, and that the sword of the spirit would defend me, and the helmet of salvation shield me; and if I stood upon the rock that was higher than I: I need not fear what man could do unto me. I again kneeled down, asking my Heavenly Father to take care of me. My prayer was after this manner:

“My Father in Heaven, thou knowest that it is in the heart of man to do me evil. Thou art all powerful. Thou canst send thine aid. Thy power is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Have I not believed in thy name? Have I not trusted in thy mercy? Thy goodness has been shown to me of old. When disease had wasted my physical form thou didst restore me to health. And now, oh, Father, wilt thou not deliver me from the hands of him who would slay me? Thou didst deliver thy

saints of old; and is thy hand withholden to-day that thou wilt not hear the cry of thy servant? Lord, if thou wilt hear and deliver me, I will be thy servant forever; and whatever thou askest me to do, that will I do. Thou knowest I am weak and helpless, and very sinful; but thou art allwise and powerful to save to the uttermost all who come unto thee truly believing. Lord, I do believe thou art able to overthrow my enemies and bring them to confusion. I have always believed in thy holy name. My father and my mother taught me of thy wisdom and goodness and thy power to save; and I have never doubted unto this day. And now, Lord, let me know of thy willingness to save me and bring to nought the device of the wicked. Lord, if thou wilt do this, I will speak of thy goodness to all the listening world; and I will make a vow to thee that I will, for the good of thy poor, suffering people here in this institution, who are so sorely afflicted, not keep silent with regard to this great evil, but will let it be known, that others of thy children may not suffer in like manner."

These and like sentences were constantly on my lips from that time forth. I arose from my knees strengthened and refreshed. Taking a blanket from my bed, I wrapped it around me and sat down to await events. I had scarcely seated myself when I heard a quick step, in the short hall, toward my door. The attendant had gone to the closet and got the step-ladder, which she brought and put

down in front of my door, and then put her head down to the key-hole. I could hear her stifled breathing as she sat there listening. The injunction from the superintendent had been for her not to commence operations until she was sure I was asleep. After listening a few moments, she commenced climbing the step-ladder. I as quietly began mounting my breastworks, thinking, when she got to the top of the ladder and began taking the things out of the ventilator, that I should prevent her, and intended to give her some counsel, and advise her what I thought would be best for her to do. I had no words framed to say; but as I was never at a loss for something to say, I gave myself no uneasiness about that. I was somewhat disappointed, however, when, instead of her coming to the top of the ladder, as I had expected, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and hastily retraced her steps, going directly down stairs. I knew too well what this meant. What the next stratagem of the enemy would be, I could not tell. I had not long to remain in suspense, for she soon returned, but not alone; the limp-step was coming too. I had very carefully pulled one end of the "chinking" out a little, so I could see and hear, and also be heard if necessary. They came near my door, as if putting their ears to the key-hole. My heart seemed to cease beating, so deadly still was it. I had not thought of such a thing as their squirting chloroform through the key-hole; but soon was horrified at the rapidity with

which the room was filled with a horrid smell. I as quickly as possible (and quietly, for fear of their mistrusting my maneuvers, in putting the furniture at the door, and remove it from my room the next day, thereby leaving me nothing to barricade my door) got down and opened the window, at which I heard an exclamation of surprise and a muttered curse. I then took a piece of paper and twisted it tight, and crowded it into the key-hole; and, oh, horror! how the doctor did swear! Without waiting to consider the consequences, I hastily mounted my rostrum again, and delivered a speech through the ventilator. I cannot remember it all, but here is a part: "Oh, ye citizens of America! Look, behold, and wonder! Here stands the head of this great and glorious institution; what a magnificent specimen of nobility! Ye mighty men of the earth, behold and wonder!" And then addressing him personally, I said: "Dr. Vandusen, what do you think the trustees and state officers would do if they could see you now, and know your intentions? They shall know. Perhaps you think I am helpless; but, sir, you will find I have a host to aid me. In the name of God, I command you to leave the hall; you have no right to be around here this time of night. What is your business here at this unseasonable hour? What a brave, noble, generous man! to try and take advantage of a poor, frail, weak woman, because she has been placed under your care, and you think her in your power, where she

can't help herself. You are grandly mistaken, sir; and if you make another attempt in this direction, I will report you to the proper authorities." Thinking, perhaps, I had said too much, I thought I would turn it off as best I could, tearing what might follow in the days that were to come, ere I could find a way to escape, and being afraid of Dr. Vandusen. Believing Dr. Palmer knew nothing of their doings, I didn't fear him, but thought on the morrow I would appeal to him, informing him of all that had transpired; but, from after considerations, concluded not to. Would he believe me? No; they would say I had had a disturbed spell, and would put me back on a bad hall, and in all probability in a cell; and I knew too well what next. Dr. Vandusen was a very vain man; he was very proud of praise and admiration. Could I flatter his vanity and thus save myself? I would try it. And so I continued, as though talking to myself: "Well, I declare, that ain't Dr. Vandusen down there, after all; he is in Chicago. It must be Dr. Palmer. Well, I thought Dr. Vandusen would not do such a mean thing; he is such a nice man, and so good and kind, too." And then, calling as though I was speaking to Dr. Palmer, I said: "Now, Dr. Palmer, I should think you would be ashamed, up around here this time of night, keeping honest folks awake. Now, if you don't go right straight to bed I'll tell Dr. Vandusen when he comes home." I listened a minute, and heard them snicker and laugh. I then said, in

a sarcastic manner: "Come, bub, go to your little trundle bed; that's a good boy; and the first penny I get I'll buy you a stick of gum." I heard them laugh again, and after a little they went to the recess and turned the light down, and a long consultation was held. I finally concluded I would rest awhile, and got down and laid across the bed, not daring to go to sleep, and too much agitated to do so if I had desired to ever so much. I occasionally heard a whisper or laugh from the recess. After a while they went away, Dr. Vandusen down stairs, and the attendant to her room. I thought I would then go to sleep. I had labored under too much excitement for that; and I thought and planned till the dawn of the early morning warned me to be up and doing. I dressed myself with more care than usual, and then moved the furniture back to its place, took the paper from the key-hole, and tore some more strips from the paper I had spread on the bureau, and hid them for further use, should I need them. I didn't remove the wedge from the ventilator, and it remained there for five days and nights, a wonder and mystery to all on the hall. It was told that I had had a bad spell, and that was put there to keep me from disturbing the other patients with my screams. Such misrepresentations were not uncommon with them. But the reader will be anxious to know how I succeeded in living through those nights of terror, and the time intervening between that time and the time I made my

escape. It would be a long story if I told the whole. I could write volumes, and yet the half would not be told.

I remained on the hall five days and nights. After this, every night I barricaded my door, and during the day rested. I was very careful not to show from my looks, my appearance, or my conversation, that anything unusual was passing on the hall. I think the two guilty parties were puzzled to know what to make of me. My calm exterior bid defiance to all their scrutiny. I spoke very highly of Dr. Vandusen and the attendants to all the ladies on the hall. Dr. Vandusen did not show himself very often during the daytime. Whenever I heard his step, and the click of his key in the door, a sharp, keen pain, like the piercing of a dagger, would rend my heart. His sharp glance was like the fires of hell flashing over me. But I remained calm and unmoved, without manifesting the least degree of fear or agitation. I had a double purpose in view; I knew they were fearfully ashamed of themselves; and I hoped the spirit of the Lord would convict them of sin. Another reason was, I didn't mean to give them any excuse to remove me into a worse hall. But, alas! the wickedness of their hearts, and the fear of detection outweighed all other considerations. Two days and nights passed without anything unusual transpiring, with the exception of once, about two o'clock at night, when some one came to my door and listened—always the same

ones, the attendant and Dr. Vandusen. I made some noise to let them know I was awake, and they would go away. I had my door barricaded the same as the first night. I knew they could not get in; yet I dared not go to sleep. I had succeeded in spitting out all the drugs sent me so far. I had to be very careful about this. I dared not let the attendant see me spit it out. I would take it in my mouth and let it run down by the side of my tongue, press my tongue against the roof of my mouth, so none of it could run down my throat, and pretend to swallow—the attendant watching me until she saw me swallow, as she supposed. In this way I succeeded in getting along without any serious results, until the fifth night, of which I shall relate presently. Through all these trying events the Lord sustained and strengthened me. Only for this I would have sunk beneath all this weight of woe and wretchedness, caused by the evil heart of man.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH NIGHT OF TERROR.

Exhausted by the long watching, the fourth night I lay my weary frame down to rest. Being so very weary and worn with these harrassing thoughts and the want of sleep, I unconsciously passed away into that dreamland where the angels were watching over me in their beautiful robes of light; one with his iron-clad armor, with his sword and spear; another extending towards me an anchor, with the seal and sign of the cross; and still another with the palm of peace; and another with "seven vials full of wrath," pouring and flashing it out like great coils of lightning, hissing and causing such a dense smoke as to hide me from their view (Vandusen and his accomplice). Yes, this beautiful and terrible army was sent to watch over and protect me. This seemed so real that I felt it must be true. Some time during the night I was awakened by a piercing shriek, an unearthly, long trumpet-sound—a terror-stricken scream! Was I mistaken? Could it be possible that it proceeded from my own lips? The stillness of death reigned. Not a sound for a moment through

that vast edifice. My mind turned to the outside door the first thing; not a sound greeted my ears. This awful stillness awed me. What made me scream? I must have had what is called the nightmare; but why couldn't I stop screaming when I first awoke? I raised my head and rested it on my hand, in a listening attitude. Yes, they were at my door again. I heard the click of a spring dagger; and immediately I heard Dr. Vandusen's voice. "Damn her. I've given her enough to kill forty such women. I'd like to know what in h—l she is made of. Are you sure she swallows what I sent her in the medicine cup?" Attendant—"Yes, I know she does, for I watch her until she swallows it, as you told me to." Dr. Vandusen—"By G—d, I'll fix her to-morrow night!" And with this curse on his lips he left the hall. Yes, he meant to kill me; this was evident. Well, if I was to die, I would die like a martyr. But I would not die without an effort to save myself. When Dr. Palmer came on the hall the next morning, I asked him if I could go with the company for a walk. He said I could, and I concluded from his appearance he knew nothing of their nightly visits at my bedroom door. I got ready for the walk, not saying anything to the attendant about it. I had reached the door, being careful not to be seen by her; I thought I could slip out with the others without being noticed by her, as I had borrowed a shawl, hat, and veil of one of the ladies. I kept my head turned so she

could not see my face, slying carefully along until we had reached the door. She was unlocking the door, with her back toward us. I stood just back of two ladies, keeping hid from her as much as I could. Some of the ladies had passed out; I keeping close behind the two, going along sideways, felt sure of getting past without being noticed by her; but no; she saw me, and, like a wild cat, sprang against me in such a manner that I slipped and fell, while she hastily pushed the two ladies who had not already passed out through the door, and quickly locked it. Well, well! now I had done it sure. What was my next best move? I went back to my room with a very heavy heart. Oh, the horrid, horrid cup of death now being prepared for me. I had hardly reached my room when a lady patient came in like an angel of light. She had a pencil. I asked her if she had been writing. She said, "No, I've only been marking a little. Wouldn't you like to take my pencil to write with?" I said, "Yes, if you please; but I've no paper to write on." She said, "Oh, well, I'll see about that. I've got some, and I'll go and get you some." She soon returned with some writing paper. After thanking her for it, I sat down to write. What should I write? Well, I concluded I would let them know I knew of their designing, and warn them to beware how they incurred the vengeance of a just God. I might just as well have appealed to the fiends in the bottomless pit. I quoted passages from the Bible

as missiles to hit them. I thought I would make them afraid to kill me. I told them if they would let me go my way, and cease their evil doings, all would be well; but if they did not, and persisted in their evil course, the judgments of Almighty God would follow them. All that day and the next I kept writing these missives on scraps of paper torn from the margin of newspapers and fly-leaves, and sent them down on the medicine tray.

THE FIFTH NIGHT OF TERROR.

This night, when the attendants came around with the medicine tray, they did not stop to give me any. After the doors had all been locked but mine, four strong attendants came in. One of the attendants who carried the medicine tray spoke to me very kindly, saying: "Mrs. B., please take your medicine for me, won't you? That's a dear good woman. You know I have always thought a good deal of you. Don't you remember how I used to come and see you, and bring my sewing and sit with you? I am sorry you are not as well as usual. Now do please take the medicine; that's a dear good woman. Please take it just to please me. I don't like to use the wedge. I don't like to use it, but 'tis the doctor's order." I asked which doctor. She said, "Dr. Vandusen." I said to her: "Did Dr. Vandusen tell you to use the wedge if I didn't take this?"—taking the cup and looking at it. She said, "Yes."

She was a good girl, and used to come into my room and sit with me an hour or so (she had charge of another hall). The other two attendants I didn't know; but the one on our hall I knew too well. She stood near the window, as though to prevent my throwing the contents of the cup out. My whole life passed before me in the twinkling of an eye. I knew this contest could not last much longer. I would not be forced to swallow the contents of that cup. Knowing full well if I threw that away and did not take it, another, and perhaps a worse one, would be sent, and I be given no chance, but be forced to swallow it. I will give you some idea, my patient reader, a "faint idea," how the drugs are forced down a patient. One attendant clinches the patient's hair, jerking her suddenly backward on the floor; another plants her knees directly on the pit of the patient's stomach, while another sits on their knees, holding them down; and the fourth one pries the mouth open with the wedge; and, with the assistance of the attendant who has hold the patient's hair, succeeds in getting the contents of the cup down the patient's throat by pinching their nose and choking them, nearly strangling them. Death was in the cup for me, at any rate. With a silent prayer I commended my soul to God. The attendants seemed impatient, and again requested me to take the contents of the cup. Looking at her I said: "God forgive you; you know not what you do. I will meet you in the resurrection morning. Tell Dr.

Vandusen I will also meet him at the judgment day, when all things shall be made known." Saying this, I swallowed the contents of the cup. The attendants left the room. I felt an awful cramping in my stomach. A minute after the four attendants had left, the dining-room girl came in. I think she must have witnessed what had happened, although she said nothing about it, but asked me very kindly if there was any thing I wanted;—she had been on the hall only a few days, and was not much acquainted with the rules of the institution. I told her I wished she would bring me some warm water and mustard. I thought it would help my stomach. I told her where she could find the mustard, in the dining-room cupboard. I knew where it was, for I used to help fill the mustard cups. She brought me a nice large bowl of warm water, and a teacup full of mustard. I could have embraced this kind-hearted girl, but time allowed of no delay. I hastily put the mustard in the bowl, while she brought me some cloths. Seeing the other attendants coming, she went away. I stirred the mustard in the water quick with my hand, let it stand a few moments, then drank it nearly all. I was in terrible agony before taking the mustard. I dared not lie down, but kept in constant motion. Every step I took my feet seemed glued to the floor; they would cramp and draw up in the hollow of my feet, the toes cramping and drawing downwards. Hot flashes of heat, like the burning of a brush-heap, seemed to

start up from my head. My hair seemed to crisp and burn. I was in awful, awful agony! It seemed to me that I must have swallowed a "dog-button!" I once saw a dog that some cruel boy had given a dog-button and it seemed to me I felt just as that dog acted. Oh, the awful agony of that night! It is not possible for me to transcribe to paper the terrible suffering and agony I endured. I kept in constant motion, rubbing myself with all my might wherever the cramp took me the worst. I took the warm water and mustard, hoping that it would act as an emetic, and thereby stop the cramping in my stomach. After some time, I could not tell just how long, not giving much note to time, after much rubbing and constant effort, and a good deal of exertion on my part, I succeeded in accomplishing my object; after which I did not cease my efforts to recover from the effects of whatever it was I had taken, that had produced such uncalled-for misery. I took a piece of cloth and wet it in some of the mustard water and rubbed myself briskly with it. The cramping had not entirely ceased, nor the hot flashes from my head. I swallowed the remainder of the mustard, thanks be to the girl who brought it to me. I had not ceased my efforts for one second all this time. Not long after I had taken the last of the mustard, I heard some one coming up the stairs; 'twas the limp step! What was I to do? I had not barricaded my door as usual, only put a stand against it, and the few chairs that were

in the room. Oh, if I only had some weapon of defense! If I only had a dagger, or even an old iron candlestick, I would fight my way through to the death; but no, there was no possibility of my procuring anything of this kind. Alone, that awful night of terror; suffering the horrid agony and dread fear of the contents of that accursed cup, and the fear of him who sent it, my feelings and sufferings, and the situation I was placed in, beggars all description. I offered a quick, short, fervent prayer for protection, while the council was being held at the attendant's room. I bethought me of the only means of defense I had. It was—shall I tell you, modest reader? Yes. Well, then, it was the “chamber-mug” with its contents! Yes, I would give him the full benefit of his own drugs if he ventured to come in my room. I would wait until he had just got far enough into the room, and then I would throw this full into his face and eyes. I drew it around where I could reach it easily, and waited. I had not long to wait. Stealthy steps were heard approaching; they came near the door again and listened. I kept very quiet. Soon they put the key in the door and turned the lock; then a pressure against the door. Slowly and carefully the door moved backwards until it moved the things I had against it back toward where I was. How was I to reach so far, and make sure of covering his face and eyes full of his own composition? I saw one hand through the doorway, and the side view of a

man. Yes, 'twas Dr. Vandusen. I took the mug carefully, so as not to make any noise, and slipped a little nearer; the chairs were in the way; I carefully moved one back, leaving one for further use in case I should need it. Gradually the door opened a little more, and a man's head—yes, Dr. Vandusen's head, instead of being in Chicago—was between the door and the casing. Oh, how I would like to jam the door against it and hold him tight there, and flatten his head to atoms. Yes, murder was in my heart, but it did not seem like murder to me then; yes, I could kill him in a minute. Oh, how I would like to do it; but it was only in self-defense; if I killed him I would be safe from any further interference, and then how easy I could get home to my children. For a second the faces of my beautiful children were before me, with an expectant, pleading appeal, while the head of that man was there listening, probably thinking I must be dead by that time. He crowded carefully and slowly forward, peering toward the bed, like a guilty culprit; stealing in toward the bed of death, as he supposed. I quickly took the cover from the mug, and stepped around in full sight, with the mug at arm's length, ready to throw. So quick did he start back and shut the door that I failed to accomplish what I hoped to. I waited some little time, all the fires of my Jackson blood kindled to a flame of indignation. I grew immensely tall, and I arose like a mighty conqueror over death and fear. I seemed endowed with a strength beyond my own.

What! that little insignificant whiffet and his tool of an attendant conquer me! No, never! I would kill them both. I could kill them just as easy as anything. They seemed in my estimation about as great as a fly or a toad. I took the stand from the door and said: "Now, if you want to come in, sir, come! The way is clear—walk right in, sir! There is a chair for you, sir! Come in, come in, sir! What, sir, afraid of a woman? For shame, for shame. Walk in, and bring your tool of an attendant right along with you, sir! I am not afraid of either of you. I will wring the heads off both of you in just one minute." He was standing near the door. I didn't wish to go out into the hall, not knowing what I might meet with; but let them come into my room and I could handle them both. Yes, I would wring both their necks; and if they had come in I verily believe I could, feeling as I did then. If they would only come into the room I would rid myself of their troublesome presence forever. I knew they could do nothing with an insane woman, and I would be justified, for I was acting in self-defense. But no, the cowardly sneak didn't even dare come into my room, although I was alone and unarmed and unprotected; but he slyly drew the door together and locked it. This angered me more than ever. What, this great, wise and good man (?) dare to sneak around my door at dead of night, but dare not come in when I was alive and awake. Brave man! He had dared to drug me;

had dared to try and chloroform me, and thus take advantage of me in my helpless condition. And although alone and completely in his power, he dared not venture into my room. This enraged me beyond all endurance. I set the stand back against the door, took one of the bureau drawers and placed upon it, and got upon the old platform. I drew one end of the wedge out from the ventilator, and delivered another address to them. I called down the vengeance of Almighty God upon their heads, and warned them of the awful and certain doom of all such as they, who were doing Satan's work. I talked until I was hoarse, and wondered that they would stand there and hear it. I was just as abusive as I knew how to be. I could not find words enough in the English language to hurl at them ; I used one of their own fire-brands for a weapon, scorching and searing them with that. Well, I talked until I could scarcely speak aloud. I then got down, and heard them very soon after go into the recess and whisper awhile, after which they went out. They were gone perhaps an hour or so, when they returned and listened at my door. I kept still as death, pressing my hands hard against my trembling heart. The excitement had been intense all this time. I seemed to have had so much unnatural strength, and the strain on my nerves had been so great, I knew a reaction would take place ; but oh, for strength for this one night ; to-morrow I could rest. Yes, they were unlocking the door again. I did not

feel as strong as I had before, and fearing they would both come in at the same time, I thought I would crowd or slam the door against the first who attempted to come in. Slowly, and stopping to listen, he began to open the door. I stood just back of it, holding my breath so as not to be heard by them. He listened for a few minutes, which seemed an age to me, then said: "Well, I guess she has kicked the bucket at last; I knew that last dose would fix her. We will go in now." As he put his hand part way in, taking hold of the door, I sprang with all my strength, and all the force I could muster, against the door, hoping to catch his hand fast, and break his fingers so bad he would leave; but he was too quick for me, and took his hand away so lively that I failed to jam it in the door. I heard some fearful oaths, such as, "By G—d, that's d—d smart! What in h—l is that woman made of? The d—l himself couldn't kill her! H—l, how am I to manage? It has got to be done to-night. Dr. Marshall will be back, and then the d—l will be to pay. What I sent her would have settled a dozen women. What in h—l can she be made of?" I put my mouth to the key-hole and whistled so as to gain their attention. An exclamation of surprise escaped from his lips; and then the stillness of death again reigned throughout the building. I was the first to break the silence. "No, sir, you can't kill me; do your worst. God is mightier than thou art, and He will defend me. He is able to strike you dead this in-

instant. He will not let you kill me. Your evil deeds will certainly fall upon your own head; and if you send me poison to drink it shall not harm me. If you prepare any sharp instrument it shall not hurt me, for the Lord has promised to defend me and espouse my cause, because I have trusted in Him and believe in His name. And though I should tread upon the adder and the wasp, they could not hurt me, nor the scorpion, nor anything that is made upon the face of the earth. Oh, man! dost thou think thy puny hand could smite me with death when God wills that I should live? Yes, live to bring you to justice. Then beware how thou dost bring down the wrath of God upon thine own head. Oh, wicked man, fear and tremble; well thou mightest. Now, again I say, beware! The sword of an avenging God is raised above thy head. Look! dost thou see the avenger? He is ready to strike. Oh, vain, conceited man, again I warn thee to beware!" Thus saying, I went away from the door and sat down. The strength I had been endowed with seemed giving way. I began to feel weak and faint, but knew it would not do to lie down on the bed. I drew a chair up by the window, and leaned my weary, throbbing, burning head against the window-sill. Shortly afterward I heard them going down stairs. I put the stand back against the door again so they could not get in without my hearing them, and then tried to rest a little with my head against the window. I could

not sleep, but wanted to rest. I had not sat there long when I saw a light passing down through the laundry building, and on toward the engine room. Some one was up, and if they came back I thought I would call to the person with the lantern. Some time elapsed, and then I saw by the faint starlight that something was being carried back of the asylum toward the engine room; something as large as a human form; and in less than ten minutes I saw another such looking form carried out. What could it mean? My thoughts began to turn from self to out-door objects. Was anyone dead? If so, why did they carry them out that way? And how strange that two should die just at the same time. Who could it be? I had not heard of any one being sick but Hattie. Could it be her; and if so who was the other victim? Thoughts like these filled my mind, until I saw huge puffs of smoke, as though laboring hard to crowd each other out of the tall engine chimney or flue at the top. What had they built a fire for? Surely 'twas not morning yet. At least it was not the usual hour for building a fire in the furnace—the usual hour being about 4 o'clock. It could not be more than one o'clock, or between one and two. At this time there seemed to be an unusual need of a fire, for the smoke puffed out like some powerful agent of darkness, eager ere the morning's awaking to haste with its freighted load of human woe to regions of eternal darkness. I had often, previous to this, watched the smoke from

this chimney, as it would rise and waft away, taking different shapes, and wish that I could rise as far and fly as soon away. But to-night a feeling of terror awed me as I watched the smoke, black and thick, puff, puff, puff out as though wrangling, crowding and quarreling with some terrible foe or powerful adversary; and as I watched these angry puffs, which seemed to escape like huge, angry demons, sending back a wail and screeching defiance, I thought of the infernal regions of darkness; and thought of Hattie. Oh, where was she? Could it be? No, I would not think of it! I would not allow myself to think of anything so heathenish, so abominable and horrifying as putting Hattie, or any one else, in that furnace, and burning their remains, thereby putting them beyond the reach of discovery. And yet, when I thought of myself, what wouldn't they do if they could put me out of the way, to cover up their own damnable works, for fear I might possibly get away and tell of this (Hattie's) trouble. What wouldn't they do? Oh, how awful! I covered my face with both hands to shut out the horrid sight. Hark! What was that? Something had been overcharged with heat. A tremendous explosion! What could it be? Did they intend to burn the whole asylum to get me out of their way? Could it be they would sacrifice the whole building with its inmates just to get rid of one troublesome patient? Another awful noise! Cinders flying; steam, smoke and confusion reigned for

a time. The smoke sent up a sickening odor; the stench became intolerable. I was obliged to close my window. Oh, the horrid, sickening smell! What could it be? I saw one of the gentlemen attendants running in the direction of the laundry. There was a commotion as of a silent, fearful battle. (There are some things in connection with this that I will explain if I am ever called upon to do so.) The shock and noise was as of some huge machinery bursting. It awoke nearly all throughout that great building; attendants hurrying to dress; patients getting up to look out of their windows; all was suspense and anxiety until the bell rung the hour to arise, and our doors were unlocked. When the attendant came to my room she stopped and listened; it was the first door she came to. She carefully and cautiously looked in as though afraid of something. I had not laid down, but still sat near the window. I turned and greeted her with a look which I intended should terrify her. She very quickly shut the door and left. As I got up I turned and glanced into the looking glass; what a sight met my eyes! Was it possible that was me? An old, haggard woman, the picture of misery and suffering! I turned and looked behind me, expecting to see some one standing there. But no; it was myself. How I had changed in one single night! All the care I had taken to build myself up, to look as well as possible, was thrown away by that one night of awful terror and suffering. I bathed my face and

eyes. My hair would crisp and break off. My breath came hot and unnatural; my lips drew across my teeth like the lips of a corpse. Oh, my soul, what an agony I had suffered! I thought of Marie Antoinette, whose hair turned white in one night. Why was mine not white, instead of black as coal, burnt and crisped, and all breaking off? I thought of all the martyrs of old who had suffered; and later of Madame Rolland and those who had suffered with her. All these had suffered and died for some special cause. But what was the cause of all my suffering? The evil deeds of man; yes, I must suffer—the innocent for the guilty—and perhaps die a horrid death, and no one know what ever became of me. It would be some consolation to know that I was suffering to some purpose—in the cause of right defending the right; or for Christianity. Then I could commend my soul to my Maker and resign myself to death. But could I do that now under these circumstances? No, never. I would save myself if possible; and I would not be killed by them. Yes, I would live and bring them to justice. They should no longer carry on their iniquity with such a high hand. I would defend the right of those unfortunate people who were put there. I would be the instrument in the hand of Almighty God to bring them to punishment. This morning an attendant brought me in some breakfast, but I could not eat. When Dr. Palmer came on the hall he saw the tray with the breakfast on it untouched.

He gave me a searching look, and with a sternness I had not noticed in him before, he commanded me to eat. He glanced about the room with a savage look, that told me too plainly I need expect no mercy from him. No, I could not appeal to him for help. Was there one in all that institution that I could appeal to for assistance? I had intended to appeal to Dr. Palmer, but his manner was so forbidding this morning that I dared not do so. He gave me such a keen, searching look, and bent down so near me with a savage scowl, and his bearing was such as to forbid my speaking to him. His tread was heavier than usual this morning, and from his manner I could see that something more than usual was on his mind. One of the patients came up to him and smelled of his clothes, saying: "Oh, Dr. Palmer, you smell like a corpse!" I had noticed a strange smell about when he came in, and attributed it to the smoke; but his peculiar look as the patient said this, and his strange manner, assured me there was something wrong. Could it be that this man, too, was in league with those who were engaged in this awful work of crime? Another one of the patients came up with her handkerchief to her face, saying: "Oh, Dr. Palmer, what a smell there has been on the hall this morning; there must be something dead around here somewhere." He gave a sudden start, and looked around uneasily. After the doctor had passed through the hall, the attendant came back to my room, and with a rapid and search-

ing glance at me, she asked me if the smoke was offensive to me. I replied, "Not as offensive as some other things." She did not give me time to say more, but hastily left the room. Why did she ask me this? So as to report my answer to Dr. Vandusen? I could not make up my mind that Dr. Palmer was in league with them; and yet, how could I account for his strange appearance? But surely he knew nothing of the abominable works on this hall, for one of the ladies told me she overheard Dr. Palmer scolding the attendant for treating me as she did. Well, I thought this was favorable, at any rate; and when he came on the hall at night I thought I would find an opportunity to say something to him that would open his eyes; but he came very late, merely glancing toward me. I stepped to the door and made a gesture, as though wishing to speak with him; he came a little nearer, and in a loud voice, loud enough to be heard by all on the hall, said: "Well, Mrs. B., what is it you want?" I stepped nearer him and said: "Do you know what is passing on the hall during the night? If not, try and ascertain; be on your guard and watch this hall; you will learn something of great importance, which I think you ought to know." He turned a quick glance upon the attendant. She looked self-possessed and indifferent. I bent nearer to him and said: "Be on the hall to-night." I was convinced from the attendant's manner, and his also, that he knew nothing of the diabolical proceedings against

me; and I firmly made up my mind that I would use my influence with him, and now and then put him on his guard by exciting his curiosity and interest to such an extent that he would ascertain what I meant that he should know, how they were managing with me. About this time Dr. Marshall came back. I wrote a note, telling him to be on the hall during the night, and to be on his guard. I wished him to see for himself the villainy that was going on. I managed to slip this note into his hand. This note brought him into trouble, as my meaning was misconstrued. In the afternoon the attendant came in my room (it was very soon after dinner) with a beautiful bouquet, and put it directly under my nose, saying: "Just see what a beautiful bouquet the doctor has sent you." Her manner was very different from what it was in the forenoon, or even what it had ever been toward me. She was winning, and coaxing me with sweet words; and putting her arm around my neck she asked me to kiss her. I remembered how our Savior was betrayed, and put my cheek up to be kissed. Yes, she was as subtle as the serpent that beguiled Eve. But I took warning by Eve's downfall, and would not smell the beautiful flowers, although I loved them so dearly. I had got a scent of something, or rather not so much the smell as the strangeness of feeling they caused by their being so very near my face, where I had to inhale the odor. I took them from her hand, and she urged me to smell

them. Taking my hand and putting them nearest to me, she said: "Oh, see how sweet they smell!" I said: "Oh, yes; I know how sweet they are. Which doctor sent them, Dr. Palmer or Dr. Vandusen? I wish to thank them, I am so very fond of flowers." She said: "It was Dr. Vandusen." I replied: "It was very kind of him," and made a move to put them on the bureau. She said: "Oh, don't set them up; smell of them, they are so nice." I said: "Yes, they are very nice; but I shall have all day to inhale their fragrance." Saying this, I put them on the bureau and then went to the window. A strange faintness came over me, and I wished to get the air. Then some one called the attendant and she went out of the room. I became so faint and sleepy that I went to the bed and laid down. Ought I to allow myself to drop asleep? No, I would not. How strange I felt. Could there be anything about those flowers to make me feel in this way? At all events I would not lie down and sleep with them in the room. I got up and threw them out of the window, and thought I would sit up; but I felt so very weak and bad that I had to lie down again. I wet cloths in cold water and put over my head and face, and kept changing them, and kept wetting my lips and rinsing my mouth; but not being satisfied with this, I got up and took a bath, and then I laid down and rested a little, but did not go to sleep. I lay with the cloths over my face, when the attendant came in and jerked the

cloths off, and said: "What did you do with those flowers? Did you throw them out of the window?" I replied in the affirmative. She directly went down stairs—went to report to Dr. Vandusen. What next would they do? I had only to wait and see. Soon I heard some one throw water immediately under my window. I waited, and presently heard steps going away. I got up, went to the window, and saw Dr. Vandusen going away from the building toward the kitchen pump. Soon he returned with a pail of water, and came back to my window, and stood directly under it. He threw the water on the flowers. What could this mean, this man bringing water himself for such a purpose? Under any ordinary circumstances he would have ordered the water brought by one of the employes. But what need of the water there? I watched him as he went back, but he did not return again with another pail of water. My curiosity kept me awake the rest of the afternoon. What would they attempt next? At all events I would be on my guard.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIXTH NIGHT OF TERROR AND THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED.

The darkness of night again covers the darker deeds of man. Why, why does God in His infinite majesty permit man, whom He has created in His own image, to become so barbarous and inhuman, so regardless of all the laws of God and man? Do they think they will escape unpunished? Nay, verily; but the wrath of God will overtake them, while the wrath of man shall turn to the praise and glory of God. Let the designing, plotting, sinful heart of man beware, for in a day when he thinketh not his overthrow cometh, and his evil deeds shall be brought to light.

The doors were locked upon all the patients with the exception of mine. What were they plotting now? I had become so weak that I was unfit for a battle. Would they take advantage of this? I prayed fervently that grace and strength might be given me to conquer in whatever they attempted to do. I had not long to wait. Soon four attendants

came into my room; one of them asked me if I didn't want to go with her on her hall. I was glad of a change, but feared there would be some deception used, and that I would be carried somewhere else. I very much feared being put on a worse hall. While I was thinking about it, the attendant on that hall began to pull my stockings off, at which all the fires of my Jackson blood flashed into a blaze of fiery indignation, and I poured forth such a volley of invectives that I was surprised at my own fury. I had never known what it was to be so fearfully angry. When a child even I was never in the habit of getting angry and quarreling, as some children did. I used to feel grieved, and go away by myself and cry; but as for anger, I never knew the meaning of the word by experience before. I turned toward her with a look that made her turn pale, and said: "You miserable, worthless woman, don't you dare to touch me again; if you do I'll send you to purgatory in less time than you expect. You will go there soon enough at best, let you take your own time. How dare you do as you do? You believe in a God, and yet dare help to drag one of your own sex down to perdition, or worse, if possible. Yes, you believe in a purgatory. Your mother church has taught it to you—but did she ever teach you Mercy, Truth, and Justice? Nay, verily; but one thing remember, for all these evils you are practicing here, a just God will bring you to an account. I could strike you dead in a

minute now, but 'vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.' His word never fails, and he will surely bring you to justice. And now I say unto you, beware! the wrath of an offended God will overtake you, and eternal death and misery will be your portion unless you repent and forsake your evil ways, and that speedily." She was pale, and trembled like a leaf shaken by the breeze. The other attendants stood speechless, awed into silence. (One of the attendants told me afterward that my presence and bearing was so awe-inspiring that she could not move, could not speak, nor take her eyes from me; and the rest were all effected in like manner.) I turned toward the group of three and said: "I am ready to go with you now." The spell seemed broken, and the first attendant made a move to take me. I said: "Back! don't you dare to pollute me by the touch of your blood-stained hands, and remember the warning I gave you." She stood back, and I went with the others onto No. 2 hall, and was put into a room where there was no moveable furniture—the bedstead and an only seat in the room was fastened to the floor. Notwithstanding this I felt more at ease. The attendants who belonged to this hall helped me into bed. I noticed that there was another bed in the room, occupied, and this was a source of great relief. I thought I should be able to sleep some, and rest. After the door was locked, which seemed to arouse the occupant of the other bed, she commenced talking to

herself, and finally got out of bed and came toward my bed. Patient reader, did you ever imagine yourself shut in alone with a maniac? If not, give it a moment's thought before reading any farther. Yes, she came directly toward my bed, until within about two feet of it, and there she stood with her large unearthly eyes, staring at me. She remained there so long—not speaking nor moving from her position—that it seemed terrible to me. If she would only speak, or move, or take her eyes off from me, it would be a relief. Her appearance was so unearthly and strange that great beaded drops of perspiration stood upon every part of my body. It seemed as if I could not endure the silence much longer, and I offered a prayer for guidance and protection; after which a feeling of sympathy took possession of my heart for that poor, unfortunate creature. No telling how much she had suffered, and still was suffering, both in mind and body. Perhaps I had been sent there to do her good; at all events I would trust my all with Him who had never forsaken me in time of need, and I would try and do some good if it was possible for this poor, unfortunate woman. With these thoughts the fear seemed to pass away and I spoke to her. She started as though frightened, and listened, saying, in a half whisper: "Yes, they are coming! Oh, they will kill her, they will kill her!" and then hurried back into her bed. I thought, how strange; how could she know anything about what they had been attempting to do with

me? But hark, hark! Some one is coming near the door. I will listen. I quietly slipped out of bed. The woman made a motion for me to come and get into her bed; but I put my hand on my lips to enforce silence, and shook my head. I thought at first I would get under the bed, but I saw how plainly they could see me if I did. I took a blanket and wrapped around me and listened. No, that was not Dr. Vandusen this time; it was Dr. Palmer and the attendant from No. 1 hall. He seemed to be giving her some directions about something—I could not tell what. They finally passed down the hall, and I breathed freer. I dared not get into bed and go to sleep. I took a pillow and another blanket from the bed, wrapped myself up as well as I could, and crept under the bed to the back side, and put the only movable thing in the room in front of me. I frequently heard some one going through the hall. At last I heard a cat-like step. It was Dr. Vandusen. Now I had reason to fear. He came to my door, put the key in the lock, and then seemed to be listening. Some one opened a door on the hall; he hastily jerked the key away and quickly walked down the hall. I think one of the attendants on this hall must have been awake, and came out to see what was going on; and she awakened the other attendant, I judged from what I could hear, and they both staid up for a time talking. I did not feel afraid, so long as they were up, and feared to have them go back to their room.

After a long time all was still again ; but no sleep for me. Could I sleep? No ; although I needed rest so much. Sleep, nature's great restorer, how much I needed thee, but knowing the harmful agencies employed, I dared not trust myself to take any repose at night. So passed the nights for three weeks ; the days were given to rest. The attendants on this hall were very good to me. They brought me a rocking-chair, stand, and wash bowl and pitcher. I became very much attached to these two attendants. I had not heard from Dr. Vandusen since my first night on this hall, and wondered what had become of him ; but I did not inquire. Time passed on until I had been on this hall three weeks. At this time the attendant had taken the chair out onto the hall, and asked me to come out of my room and sit in it, saying : " I think the change will be pleasant for you ; you have been in here so long." I gladly went out, but how strange everything looked ; the patients were such a singular class of beings. One woman went to sit in the chair ; the attendant made her get up, saying : " This is Mrs. B.'s chair." One of the patients cried out, " Oh, my God ! They have brought that holy woman here. My God ! my God ! What shall I do ? What shall I do ? They'll kill her ! They'll kill her ! Oh, Dr. Vandusen, you've chased the devil into heaven, and tried to kill this holy woman ! You have fooled the world in the mind, and stabbed the State of Michigan in the back. Oh, you wick-

ed, sinful man! The blood of the world be upon your head!" Then speaking in a changed voice, as though to me, she said: "I'll go and tell the Lord God Jehovah all about it." She went to the window and talked out of the window, and seemed to be talking to the Lord in the heavens. She seemed very much satisfied that the Lord had heard her, for she came back saying: "Yes, He'll do it; He'll do it. He'll bite him with a rattlesnake and sting him with an adder, and take the hair all off his head and burn him alive. Yes, He'll do it; He'll do it." I thought of the evil spirits crying out eighteen hundred years ago. Could the evil spirits have power to inhabit the human form to-day, as then, and cry out as they did in those days? We have no proof that they can not or do not. I saw many things that reminded me of the Bible record, and longed more and more for the day to come when I should be free from earth and all its evil influences. But I must watch and pray and wait.

I was still weak, but had been so very careful that I had gained in strength some. Three weeks had passed since I had been on this hall, and as I sat thinking and wondering what would be the next step they would take, and what would become of me, I looked up and saw Dr. Vandusen standing not far from me, talking with the attendant. A shudder ran through my frame at the sight of him. He was very pale and nervous; could not speak without his voice trembling, and he seemed a great deal embar-

rassed. He did not expect to see me on the hall. He turned abruptly to me and said: "You are gaining in flesh as sure as the world." I nodded assent very indifferently. Why was he so very pale and thin? I could not say he was gaining in flesh; on the contrary, he was looking very bad, and in my heart I hoped he would die, and then I would be free. That he had suffered terribly from some cause was evident. A little later I was informed that he had gone East for his health; how I hoped that he would never come back. And now I must make the most of my time, and watch every opportunity to escape. We fared very much better when he was gone. The patients had better food, and more rides in the asylum carriage; and now I must put my best foot forward and gain in strength and favor with those who were in charge. We were now on No. 13 hall, being removed from No. 2 to make room for repairs previous to being occupied by the gentlemen patients. While here I was informed that Dr. Vandusen had had a lawsuit in town, which had occupied his time during those three weeks. Glad was I that something had prevented him from continuing in his attempts to put me out of existence. I was told that two young ladies were missing, and could not be found. They had been put in the asylum by an uncle. Their mother had died when they were quite young, and at their father's death they were placed in charge of this uncle. Their father, being very wealthy, had appointed his brother ad-

administrator over his estate, and had also chosen him guardian for his two daughters. These two daughters had not been found, but had been traced to the Kalamazoo asylum. They are still missing! I was informed that the only plea Dr. Vandusen could make was that one of the attendants must have let them out in the night, unbeknown to him. Now, my friends, does this look reasonable, that two young ladies could be let out at night and never be heard from afterwards? Would they not have made themselves known, and commenced proceedings against so unnatural a relative as this uncle? It seems to me so. That these two young ladies were at the asylum there is no question. I have my own opinion in regard to their disposal, and in the great day of reckoning, when the books are all opened, it will be known what became of them. I close my eyes in horror whenever I think of that awful night of terror on No. 1 hall. Well may you turn pale and tremble, oh, guilty man. God's judgments are soon to overtake you, and then how will you be able to stand before the Great Assembly and account for the disappearance of these two young ladies, and for many other terrible crimes you have committed?

CHAPTER VII.

CIRCUMSTANCES AND EVENTS.

I can not tell you all that transpired during the remainder of the time I was at this asylum ; it would fill volumes ; but will relate a few of the events, so as to give you something of an idea how I was situated, and how this institution is managed.

One after another of the patients went away, while others were sent to take their place on the hall. A number went away well. One woman from Hillsdale county they took great pride in sending home cured, as they termed it. She was a very healthy-looking person, and would weigh about two hundred pounds. She was one of the innocent, harmless kind of patients, never suspecting that anything wrong was being done. She had never met with anything unpleasant, and was consequently a safe person to send away. I knew she was going away, and, although the temptation was great, I thought it would not be best to say anything to her of my own terrible experience. She could not comprehend it ; and could she believe it?

It seemed too awful to be true, yet I longed to tell her, and urge her to see my brother and tell him just how I was situated. But no, I dared not tell her for fear she would think it an insane delusion, and I would rather she would go away with the impression that I was well, and tell my brother so. I urged her to see my brother, and tell him how well I was, and how much I desired to see him. Dr. Vandusen took great pride in sending this woman home "cured," as he said. Surely he thought it would be a feather in his cap.

There were a number of other ladies who went away well, and still I was left to my fate. I became almost desperate as time passed and no one came to my assistance. Must I live and die there? What could I do? I felt very uncomfortable, for would he not still be intent on putting me out of the way? I was now quite strong, and thought I could walk easy enough. I watched for an opportunity, and when we were out for our walks I scanned every team and teamster. I was sure my brother would manage some way to get me away. I had sent a letter by the woman from Hillsdale, and I had another already written and was waiting for an opportunity to send it. At last one of the patients was going home; I would send it by her. She told me she would carry it safely away and mail it for me. I was informed afterward that they searched her, and found the letter and took it from her. Well, I would send by some one else, but I must be

more careful. There were a number expecting to go home, and they told me to get a letter ready and they would manage to conceal it from the doctor. In the meantime I must be very careful. I would use a little stratagem to gain time. I had made a small emery in the shape of a strawberry. I would give this to Dr. Vandusen. He was a vain man and fond of praise. One word of flattery would go farther with him than a whole volume of facts. At one time when I had been quite ill, soon after I was taken there, the attendant brought me some strawberries, telling me that Dr. Vandusen sent them. (Since then I learned that Mrs. Ransom Gardener sent them.) They tasted very good—the first of anything I had eaten which had tasted good—and I ate them with a relish. Now I thought I would make an emery in the shape of a strawberry and give it to Dr. Vandusen, and tell him how well I remembered his kindness in sending me those strawberries. When he came on the hall after his return, I sat near the door with a group of ladies doing some fancy work. He turned his back toward me and talked with one of the ladies for some time. As he turned toward me I held up the emery, saying: “Do you remember the time when you sent me such a nice dish of strawberries? You can not imagine how much good they did me. Kindness always does good, and no one can appreciate kindness like those who are sick and among strangers.” He turned with a quick, nervous step, and was

hastening away, when he stopped and quickly returned. Coming directly to me, he bent down so near that I felt his hot breath on my cheek, while he hissed between his teeth, hissed out these words: "Do you mean the time when you were on No. 1 hall?" I could not help but smile, although I was terror stricken at his return, and felt the blood run cold in my veins. I remained perfectly calm in appearance as I replied: "Oh, no; it was when I was on No. 2 the first time." I spoke so pleasantly and candidly, and looked so indifferent, as though I thought nothing of the past, so that, with all his skill and penetration, he could not detect the true state of my feelings. He took the emery and passed on. Dr. Palmer was on the hall at the time, and must have noticed what transpired; for, after Dr. Vandusen had left the hall, he came near where I was, so near as not to be heard by the other ladies, and said: "You done very wrong to speak to Dr. Vandusen at all; I am very sorry you did." I did not know why he should be sorry. From his appearance he seemed to have some trouble; he had appeared different ever since Dr. Vandusen came back. Was it in regard to me? Had Vandusen expected that I would be out of the way before he came back? Had he left orders to that effect, and had Dr. Palmer refused to comply with them? From their appearance, and from all I could gather, I concluded this must be so, and that Dr. Palmer had used his influence, and was still doing his best to

keep me from being put out of the way. Many things which came to pass from time to time gave evidence that this must have been true. I became very observant; not a thing passed my notice. It was now the fall of 1870. It was two years after this before I made my escape—a long contest. I had to use more strategem than a general would to win many battles, for this reason: I was a prisoner, without the means of defending myself; I possessed no weapons but my hands and my tongue. I knew those two members were useful. But I must be very careful how I use them. I must be discreet, must be wise, not appearing to be so; must feel my way along carefully, and, more than all, must stoop to do things distasteful to me. I must act a part. I must flatter this man's vanity. I must seem not to remember the past, or only as an insane freak, and think it all a delusion. I would be cheerful, and even gay, and tell them how much their treatment was helping me, and praise their skill. Every opportunity that presented itself to me I would take advantage of in one way and another, just as the circumstances called for. But above all I must flatter them. By thus doing I might keep along until such a time as I could get away. I made a few pieces of fancy work and sent them to the superintendent. The ladies frequently did this, and it was thought to be a compliment to him. These I sent him as MEMENTOS OF PAST KINDNESS. This seemed to please him. I was glad of this; for so long as

I could be useful and keep quiet—keep the horrible secret within my own breast, and have the appearance of not caring, or even remembering it, I was more safe ; and thus I found it to be to my interest not to remember it. When they would, now and then, sound me, I seemed not to know what they meant. Dr. Palmer one day asked me if I was ever so bad (that is, insane) as not to know what was passing around me. I told him that I had been ; that it was not an uncommon thing with me when I was sick—thus throwing him completely off his guard. He said : “ Well, you had just such a sick spell when you first came here, and one afterwards, didn’t you ? ” He looked at me closely. I very naturally replied : “ Well, I think I have had two or three such spells since I came here. ” This seemed to satisfy him. I did not wish to tell a falsehood outright, and yet I would even do this if by so doing I could gain time and get out of this institution alive. I had been sick a number of times in my life when I was delirious—this was true—but not since I came there. I thought it would be no sin for me to lie to these men, if by so doing I could get away ; and I felt confident that if I could get time I should eventually succeed. I felt sincerely grateful to Dr. Palmer for his efforts in my behalf, but knew he was only an assistant under Dr. Vandusen. I am confident Dr. Palmer used his influence in my favor. It was said he had a great influence with Dr. Vandusen ; and yet he had been under

his tutorship so long that he had imbibed more or less of his character; otherwise I think he would have been a much better man. I could not bear to use deceit and flatter these men when in my heart I hated them—yes, hated them with a holy hatred. Still I must smile upon them, and flatter them with my lips, while I hated them in my heart. Yes, I, who had been accustomed to hate deception and falsehood; I, who had always said: “Make circumstances bend to your will, and not bend to circumstances.” Yes, I, who had made circumstances bend to my will, until sickness prevented, and afterwards circumstances prevented; and was now where circumstances compelled me to act a part—I must use deceit; it was my only weapon.

Reader, you can imagine how I was situated. But I said in my heart, let the sin rest upon the heads of the guilty parties; woe be unto him who caused me to sin. And if this should fall under the eye of him who caused me to be put there, as well as he who took me to that place, each can take a share to themselves. I was contending with a villain of the blackest dye. I must use such weapons as were at my command to save myself from a life of misery—or death, as it might be. I was deadly in earnest and sincere in my efforts. It was death or victory. I must not give way to my feelings; I must have the appearance of being perfectly happy and contented; even while the grief and distress at being separated from my children drove me almost frantic.

I must not give way to these feelings. I must bid them be still. I must work, wait, and watch and pray. The Lord would surely make a way of escape for me. He would open the way and lead me through it. I had waited, trusting in Him—trusting in His promises. He had not forsaken me; His presence was with me, sustaining and strengthening me; and I trusted Him for future success and victory. I did not trust in vain; I did not wait in vain. Surely the goodness of the Lord is over them that put their trust in Him. Oh, tempest-tossed soul, wherever you are, do not trust too much in your own strength, but trust Him whose strength never faileth.

Although the time seemed long, and sometimes I was almost on the point of giving up in despair, yet the anchor of hope sustained and encouraged me to persevere and put forth an effort. But how was I to accomplish my designs? I did not have suitable clothing to wear; my old rags would only be proof of a deranged state of mind in the estimation of nearly all who might chance to see me. I must manage to have something suitable to wear. I asked the attendant if there was not something in the closet which I could make over. She got what there was, and I planned and fixed, and with her help—God bless her—I managed to make quite a respectable suit from an old delaine dress, the attendant giving me velvet to trim it. The matron complimented me very highly, saying there was not

another patient in the institution who would take such an old rag and make it over into such a becoming suit. But this suit would not last long. I could not wear it much; if I did it would not look fit to wear out for a walk with the other ladies; and, in order to make my escape, I must go outside these asylum walls. I offered to hire out as an attendant, but they would not give me this position. If they had done so, I would have served my time faithfully and true. They told me I could help the attendants all I wished to. But I told them that this way of working would not furnish me with suitable clothing to wear, and only help to wear out what little I had; that I had always helped the attendants do the work, but had received nothing in return (for the patients received no pay, no matter how much work they done). And I must have something to wear, as I did not have a change that looked decent, to say nothing about looking respectable, adding: "I should think you would be ashamed to keep such a ragmuffin on the hall; I am not fit to be seen by anybody." I asked the superintendent if he would see to it that I had something suitable provided for me to wear. I told him my husband had property, and would furnish the means if he would let him know how very poorly clad I was. He said he would see about it. I spoke to the matron and attendants, telling them how very necessary it was that I should have something to wear. By not having suitable clothing I was deprived of all

the best privileges of the institution, such as walking and riding with the companies. By enlisting the sympathies of the attendants and matron, I knew I would be more liable to get something (and I did after considerable delay).

I had been sleeping in the dormitory, and will try and give you an idea of some of the pleasures (?) the patient has—patients, too, whose friends are paying from four to six dollars a week for their keeping. This dormitory contained five beds. Patients were brought from the back halls to sleep here. The first night we were sent on hall No. 13 I was put in this dormitory. The attendant did not put me in the room until after the other patients had been brought in and put to bed. When she came for me she said: "Mrs. B., I am very sorry to put you in this room, but it is the doctor's orders; and if anything should happen in the night to frighten you, rap on the wall thus (showing me by rapping), so I will hear your rap from the noise of the other patients." She sat on the bed and talked with me quite a long time, saying frequently: "I am so sorry to leave you here alone with all these insane people. I would stay with you all night, but it is against the rule."

After the attendant had locked the door my feelings can better be imagined than described. Alone with four maniac patients! If they had been the patients on our hall, who I was accustomed to see every day, I should have felt very different. But

they had been brought from the worst wards and put into this dormitory to sleep. Did they sleep? Well, if howling and screeching, profanity and obscenity could be called sleeping, they slept. Consider this well. Against the rules! Yes, this was always the cry. Everything was against the rules and the doctor's orders. Everything contrary to their wishes was against the rules. These patients were some of the most insane from the halls back of 13. A few were brought from halls 16 and 12, considered the worst in the institution. Sometimes they would change about, and bring some in from No. 11 and 14. It seemed to me they must be the very worst patients in the asylum. Such oaths and obscene language was shocking beyond all description. Some would sing or scream all night. It was impossible to sleep, even if I had not been afraid. There was one quiet patient among the number, a Mrs. Clark. I was told she was from Branch county. She got up and came near my bed, and acted as if she was afraid of the other patients. I asked her what she wanted, and she said "I am afraid." I told her to lie down on the side of my bed, which she did. After a while I told her she had better go and get into her own bed, as it was "against the rules" for two patients to sleep in the same bed. She quietly got up and went to her bed. I went and covered her up and hurried back to my bed, for I thought I heard some one coming. My bed was nearest the door. In fact the door opened just at

the head of my bed. Before getting back into bed I listened by the door. I could hear some one near the seat, just by the side of the door. I heard my name mentioned, but could not tell what was said. I looked through the key-hole and caught a glimpse of Dr. Palmer. I thought I would try and catch a word or two of the conversation, but could not on account of the noisy patients. I did not hear the attendant's voice at all, only the low suppressed tone of Dr. Palmer's voice, as though giving some orders to the attendant. Was it with regard to me? I thought it likely, or why did he mention my name? After the doctor had left the hall I heard the attendant go to the window; I heard her crying. After a while she came to the dormitory door and put the key in the key-hole, and stood listening a while, then opened the door and came in. She smiled as she saw me, and I saw that she had been crying. "I said, "Won't you come in?" She came in slyly, as though afraid of being seen, and said: "I am afraid the doctor will come back and catch me here," but, after listening awhile, she said, "Well, I guess he went back the other way." Then we sat down on the side of the bed and talked a long time. This attendant and I had always had a good understanding, as she had been on the other ward where I was before these things came to pass. I had almost made up my mind to open my heart to her and tell her all, but fearing she would think it an insane freak, I thought I would wait until she

saw that I was all right in this respect. I felt more at ease at being on the hall with her, knowing her to be a good girl. I thought I would first enlist her sympathies by talking with her about my children, and how much I grieved on account of being kept from them. I told her what a pleasant home I had, and how I would like to have her live with me when I got home. "She said: "How I wish you were at your home now." I said: "Yes, I hope I soon will be; can't you help me?" She looked puzzled and confused; but finally, overcoming this feeling in a measure, said, "I wish I could." I said: "You can if you will." She then said: "I will help you all I can." I thanked her, and we then parted for the night, she to her room, and I to a prayerful and sleepless night—the fear of the patients would keep me awake, even if they had been perfectly quiet. This feeling of fear I could not overcome, and consequently passed many a weary night. And now I will ask the state officers and any experienced physician, if they think it would be any advantage to an invalid to be thus deprived of sleep, and particularly after about a month of such experience as I had passed through—my mind and body, as it were, stretched upon the rack, with torturing fears by night and harrowing thoughts by day? It is a wonder that I retained my reason at all. I do not think it would be possible for me to pass through the same trials now without being effected by them. What with the torturing suspense and constant

anxiety, my mind being constantly on the strain, it is a wonder to me how I retained my equilibrium—how I retained my reason. I owe it all to One who is stronger than I. He sustained me through all these trying scenes. He defended me from the power of the adversary, and overthrew all his plotting. To Him belongs all the praise. Only for His presence strengthening me, and his spirit aiding me, I should to-day be where my voice could no longer be heard among the children of men. His grace was sufficient for me while he overthrew the designs of a wicked man, and raised up friends to help me. All honor and glory be unto Him, while gratitude and affection will forever fill my heart towards those who aided me.

Before giving an account of my escape, I will give you more of an asylum life. I will begin with my first night in the dormitory on hall No. 13. After the attendant had bade me good night, I was again left alone, with the dim starlight shining in upon those poor, unfortunate beings. My heart was melted with pity as I heard their pitiful moans and despairing cry on one side, and the profane and obscene babbling on the other. I thought of the time when, perhaps, they were the pride and joy of a fond parent's heart, and no telling what great grief or what fearful suffering may have caused this present condition of mental derangement. Yet, notwithstanding my sympathy for them, I could not overcome my fear. I tried to compose myself, not

to sleep, for I dared not go to sleep, but to rest by covering up my head, trying to shut out the unpleasant sounds; but not to much purpose; they were still ringing in my ears, and I lay and trembled with fear. At last there seemed to be a lull in the tempest of sound. I carefully uncovered my head to see what the cause might be. Looking towards the east part of the room, what I saw almost paralyzed me. There, bolt upright in bed, stood, what shall I call it? Well, it was a human being, I suppose; but I should not have taken it for such if I had not known it must be one of the patients, for I knew there was one put in each bed. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins as I looked upon this appalling spectre. My pulse ceased to beat, yet I could not withdraw my gaze from this being who stood there. There she stood, with her great black eyes, like two balls of fire, fixed upon me; her long black hair hanging loose around her shoulders—a vivid contrast to the pale and shrunken features; one long bony arm stretched out, pointing to where I lay. Being in her night robes, her appearance was truly appalling. It seemed more like an unearthly presence, so perfectly still and immovable did she stand, like some powerful spirit, come to avenge the wrongs enacted within these prison walls. This thought gave me courage and hope. I tried to overcome my fear and speak to her, but before I could succeed in calming my fears, one of the other patients called out: "What you doing

there, you long-boned stretcher you? Why don't you get down into your bed, and cover up your long bones, you spook you?" This seemed to break the spell that bound her, and she quickly dropped down and crawled back into bed. I do not know who this woman was; I was never able to ascertain while I remained there. She was not sent on the hall to sleep again, and the attendant said she did not pay any attention where she put the different ones. The next night another and a worse acting patient was sent to sleep in the dormitory. She would skulk about as though watching for an enemy, and acted like an Indian in ambush. She was up all times of night watching for something, but never seemed to find what she was in search of. I might call to her as much as I had a mind to, she would never seem to hear; but if I got up to go towards her, she would skulk away as though afraid. I would try and persuade her to get into bed and be quiet, but she did not appear to understand what I said. And thus time passed, and all the sleep I could get during the night would be now and then a nod. In the day time, after the doctor had passed through the hall, the attendants would lock me in the dormitory, and I would then improve the time. I would fall asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and would awake just as easily at the least unusual sound, when I would spring up and straighten the clothes "all right," for I knew if I was caught napping there would be a stop put to my occupying the room

during the day. Thus the days and nights passed. One great inconvenience to me was being obliged to wash in the same bowl and wipe on the same towel where all of the most filthy of the patients used the same conveniences; also use the same brush and comb. This was a great annoyance to me. I begged and plead with the matron and Dr. Palmer to grant me the privilege of a separate room, and a washbowl and towel, and brush and comb. I knew I must have a brush and comb somewhere, for I had them when I was brought there. After a long time they were granted to me. I saw that the matron and Dr. Palmer were more inclined to favor me since Dr. Vandusen had gone East; but I did not think it best to ask too many favors at once, but tried every way to improve every opportunity of gaining strength, so as to make my escape sure.

CHAPTER VIII.

CIRCUMSTANCES AND EVENTS CONTINUED.

One evening the attendant came and requested a number of the ladies to get ready quick, for the doctor had sent word, or rather left orders, for five of our ladies to go below to a little dance. I was one of the number chosen. Mrs. Vandusen was present, and I thought I would improve the opportunity and try and enlist her sympathies in my favor, knowing her to be a kind-hearted and most estimable lady. I requested her to use her influence with her husband to secure my release, telling her the grief and anxiety of my mind and heart at being separated from my children for so long a time. She took both my hands between hers, and said very affectionately and with much feeling; "I have reasoned with him much on your account; I have felt so very sorry for you. There has not been a day or night but you have been in my mind. I have plead with the doctor in your behalf, telling him I could not endure it; that if I was taken from Robby (her only child) and put in an insane ward as you have

been, I know I should go mad—I should be a raving maniac in less than a week. Dear Mrs. B., there has not been a night since you were brought here that I have not laid awake for sympathy for you, and many a night I have bedewed my pillow with tears thinking of you. I have so often talked with the doctor, I wish you would talk with him; try and reach his better feelings, and his sympathies. Just tell him all that is in your heart, and how it will kill you to keep you away from your children. Speak pleasantly to the doctor, and let him see that you have confidence in him, and I think you will win the day.” Oh, how little she knew the heart of her husband. How little she knew the dark thoughts and darker deeds of this man she called “husband.” Surely she could never call him by that sacred name did she know all. But could I tell her? No, let her remain in blissful ignorance of the fact; it would not be believed if I should tell her, for was I not a patient there, and anything of this kind told by a patient would only be taken as an aberration of the mind. But I thought it would do no harm. At any rate I would follow her advice, and try and reach his better feelings if possible. I must confess I did not have the faith to believe it would benefit me much. I had many fruitless attempts trying to speak with him—he avoided me as much as possible. One evening, as I was walking with a patient through the hall, I met him face to face. He could not very well pass without speaking. I spoke very

pleasantly to him, saying: "Good evening." He made a movement to pass, when I said: "Doctor, I want to ask you a question. Do you know who takes care of my children while I am detained here? Don't you think this is a very heavy burden for me to bear?" He quickly replied: "Oh, you must not think anything about your children. You must forget all about your children." What, forget my children! Can a mother forget her child? What! he bid me forget my children! His replies to my questions at other times were not at all favorable in regard to my gaining a release through his sympathies. If he had a better nature I saw no way of reaching it; and I doubt very much about the goodness of his heart. A man can not possess a good heart and be guilty of the great crime I knew this man had attempted to commit. If he could deliberately and in cool blood plan, give his orders, and even attempt himself to put me out of the way, for fear his nefarious deeds would be brought to light, what wouldn't he do to cover up the black record of crime his sin-stained soul had been guilty of committing from time to time. No, there was no use in appealing to this man. In my heart I felt to scorn the idea, and thought I would rather die than appeal to him, with his blood-stained hands and polluted heart. No, I would try some other method. But I must be careful. I would not show the contempt I felt for him. If I did he would manage to make quick work of me some way.

Before closing this chapter I will relate a few things worthy of consideration. There was a lady (Mrs. Rogers) brought to the asylum from Ypsilanti, Mich. She was suffering from that fatal disease, consumption. I could not see that she appeared different from any person suffering from the same malady—unless it was that she was more patient than most persons would be under similar circumstances. She was a very fine looking lady—large, expressive, black, or dark, eyes; dark hair, and a frank, noble countenance. In my acquaintance with her I found her to be an intelligent woman of culture and refinement; and I could see the noise and the many unpleasant things she was compelled to witness made her worse. She seemed quite strong for a time, and tried to keep up. She wore such a hopeful, anxious look, my heart ached for her. She would talk with me about her children, and wonder why her husband did not come to see her. She said to me a great many times: “Oh, why don’t he come?” and my own heart would echo, “Why don’t he come?” Little did she know that if her husband did come, in all probability he would not be permitted to see her. I did not dare tell her so; I did not want to agitate her feelings. I thought it would be better for her to hope on, hope ever. She grew more languid every day, and wanted to lie down most of the time. The doctor came on the hall one day while she was lying on the bed, and ordered her to be brought out of the room. He

said that her door must be kept locked, and that she must not be allowed to lie down during the day time at all. He told the attendant she must make her go to the dining-room to eat her meals. Sure enough, after the other patients were all seated at the table, I heard a noise in the hall as of some one being dragged on the floor. This was no uncommon thing on the back halls; but I was surprised to hear this on our hall. Soon the door was opened, and, merciful Father! they were bringing, or rather pulling or pushing, poor Mrs. Rogers into the dining-hall. There was a vacant seat next to me; into this she was crowded. She leaned her head over on my shoulder, and I knew from her breathing and the strange look of the eye that she was dying. The attendant came and pulled her head up from my shoulder, telling her that she must sit up and eat her dinner. This was so horrifying to me that it is now upon my mind as fresh as when it occurred. I beckoned to the attendant to come around to the other side of my chair, and whispered to her these words: "She is dying!" She started as though struck by a thunder-bolt, and turned pale. She was a young girl, and well disposed, though, as with all the other attendants, thought she must do the doctor's bidding. Of course she knew not the condition of the patient, but should not Dr. Palmer have known the condition of this patient when he gave those orders that morning? Certainly he should, and would have known, if he had been at-

tending to duty. It was not an uncommon thing for the doctors to pass through the hall without seeing half the patients, notwithstanding it is reported that they examine every patient separately every day, which is a base falsehood. I was there four years, and Dr. Vandusen made a plea to Governor Baldwin that he had not examined my case; that he had not had time! Ill health and many cares had prevented. (This was after I had escaped and was reported to be well.) And yet he had constantly affirmed all this time that I was a hopeless case, and how much sympathy he had for poor Mrs. B. (the hypocrite.) I should not think it very wise to employ a physician who could not get time in four years to look at a patient. One excuse was that he had so much confidence in Dr. Palmer's judgment that he thought he could leave all such decisions to him. This was one proof of Dr. Palmer's judgment! Yet here was a woman dying, and he knew it not, although he had passed through the hall as usual and given his orders, and the attendant was carrying them out to the letter. After she had recovered from the first shock of being told Mrs. Rogers was dying, she asked me what she should do. I told her to keep quiet until after the other patients had all left the dining-hall, then I would help carry Mrs. Rogers out. The sitting-room on this hall, unlike the one on No. 10, had no carpeting on the floor, and no easy chairs—the only seats being those long, heavy division box-seats,

made like those on the back wards, which they have to restrain the patients in. This square room, termed by the heads of the institution the sitting-room, was used to put the unruly patients in, and in restraining such as they thought necessary. Into this room we carried Mrs. Rogers. Of course there was no place for her to lie down except on the floor. I tried to have the attendant take her to her room, but she said no, it would not do, for it was against the doctor's orders; and so she was taken into this room and bent down into one of the seats, while I rested her head against me. She said: "Oh, I can not sit here," and slid down onto the floor. She seemed to be in mortal agony. I sat down on the floor and rested her head in my lap. She said: "Oh, my soul! my soul! Is there any worse hell than this?" Looking up into my face she again said: "Oh, Mrs. B., is there a worse hell than you find here?" I replied: "No, Mrs. Rogers, I do not think there can be a worse hell anywhere." She said: "I am so tired; when I am gone I can rest. Oh, if I could only see my friends once more, and my husband, and my dear, dear children, I could die happy. Why did he bring me here; oh, why did he?" and as she said this the matron came, and soon after Dr. Palmer. He looked sharp at her, and then at me, while a sorry look stole over his face. He beckoned to the matron, and then went out. Very soon after the matron came in and said I must go out of the room. The patients that were well

enough were all sent off from the hall. I suppose this was done so as not to excite their curiosity, as they carried her to her room. When we came back to the hall Mrs. Rogers had been carried to her room and the door locked; but I could see that something unusual was passing, for the matron and Dr. Palmer were both in the room. I learned afterwards that she died the next morning. When a death occurs at the asylum they keep it very still; they do not want any of the patients to know anything about it. I was informed by one of the attendants afterwards that they telegraphed to her husband, but he could not get there to see her in time; that she could not speak when he came, but she knew him and tried to speak to him. She only lived just ten minutes after he arrived.

Another instance was of a maiden lady, who had been a teacher in one of our high schools (I am sorry I have forgotten her name). Oh dear, how my heart used to ache for her, as she walked around, her hands encased in leather muffs to keep her from biting her finger nails. She was a great sufferer. It seemed to me if she could be in some quiet family in the country, where she could get plenty of fresh air, and plenty of new milk, and an early morning ride, etc., that she would have speedily recovered. She had overworked, and needed rest and quiet, instead of the strangeness and confusion of an asylum retreat. She tried to make the best of everything and keep up. She was nervous

and very sensitive, and was constantly in motion. She was in so much misery that she could not keep still, and so she was restrained to a seat, and finally to a bed. Food was forced down her throat by means of a stomach pump, or a "cartherter." All those things helped to make her worse. Oh, if they would only let me feed her and take care of her, I believe I could have managed and got along a little more pleasantly at any rate, and not have kept her feelings lacerated all the time. Such natures require the most kindly and delicate treatment. Well, she died. Reader, let me give you a description of a death-bed scene—not in your own cottage home, surrounded by weeping friends, where there are gentle hands to wipe the death dew from your brow, and a sympathizing, affectionate friend or pastor to kneel at your bed-side. Instead of the hushed stillness of the chamber of death, it is noise and confusion. Even the rustling of paper would start the sleeper from the labor of death; for it seemed this poor, frail creature was in labor pains, struggling for life or death, anxious to be relieved even by the messenger, Death. The death angel seemed long at his work. Every unusual noise seemed to intrude upon the laboring soul and retard death's progress. The weather was very warm, and it was necessary to keep the door open which communicated with the hall. None of the patients were allowed to go into the room, however; but I could see in. The two attendants who were appointed to take care of

her were laughing and talking; sometimes reading aloud, and then again whistling or singing some snatches of song—not very appropriate for the time and in the presence of death. There came up a brisk shower, and the wind blew the rain in at the window, and one of the attendants went to put the window down. She let it slam down with an unnecessary bang, perfectly regardless of the laboring breath of the dying woman, who would roll her eyes around with an appealing look to see if there was not some one she could appeal to for sympathy. How little those thoughtless girls realized the hour of death, and that it would sooner or later bind them in its cold embrace.

Another instance: One of the ladies, to whom I had become very much attached, was taken quite ill and had to be restrained or confined to her bed. She said to me one day while I was sitting by her bedside: "Oh dear, Mrs. B., don't let them force that pipe down my throat again, will you? If I could only eat when you do you wouldn't let them, would you?" I said, "Will you eat for me, so they won't have to feed you?" She said, "I guess I will." When they came in with the food, I asked Dr. Palmer, if I might feed her. He looked at me as though he thought I didn't know what I was about. I said: "I think she will eat for me, and that will save you the trouble of feeding her. He said: "Well, you may try," as though glad of being released from the unpleasant task of feeding her.

I took the plate and sat down near her. She looked up with a thankful look, and said "Oh, I am so glad." I then gave her the food in a natural way, and she ate quite a little, so much that when Dr. Palmer came to see how I got along, he smiled and said: "You have done well, Mrs. B.—done well. You would make quite a good nurse." I thanked him for the privilege he gave me of feeding her, and said: "I can just as well do some such things as not. I will feed her all the time if you will give me permission." For some reason, I know not why, they did not grant this permission. I thought I would accidentally be in the room when they came with the food, and perhaps they would let me feed her and save them the trouble. The next time she was fed, Dr. Hurd came. He was a young man from Chicago—a very nice young man, and was one of the assistant physicians. I had quite an exalted opinion of him. He was pleasant and gentlemanly on the halls, and I had never seen him speak to the patients roughly, slightly or contemptuously, as Dr. Vandusen would; therefore he was quite a favorite and well liked by the patients. But to-day, as he came in to feed this poor woman, he made a gesture of impatience, as though he would rather I would not be in the room. I asked him if I could assist him, and he said: "No, that is the attendant's business." He took hold of the head of the bedstead and lifted it around in a quick, impatient way, and let it drop on the floor. The jar would

have shocked a person in health, say nothing about an emaciated skeleton. I was surprised to see Dr. Hurd do this, and thought how would he feel to see his mother handled in this way if she should ever be so unfortunate as to be placed in a similar position. I had seen his mother; she was a beautiful lady, and a true woman, I believe, in every sense of the word. I thought how kindly she would reprove him if she had been there. I believe now that Dr. Hurd was naturally kindly disposed, and very much of a gentleman, but the head of the institution had undoubtedly told him, as they did the attendants, "You must handle these insane people roughly, and make them afraid of you. It don't make any difference what you do, they can't realize anything; and if they ever get over their insanity they will never remember it." This may be so in some cases, but there are very many cases where people are only partially insane, as was this woman, and they remember everything, and realize everything more keenly than those who have never been insane at all. And many times, I think, such persons are put back and prevented from getting well at the asylum from just such treatment.

I want to ask the people of Michigan and the entire United States if they feel perfectly justified in keeping their friends at these institutions, and not know anything about how they are cared for. It seems to me I could not leave a friend of mine at an institution of this kind and not know how they

are cared for, nor how situated. And I am convinced that these institutions will never be what they should be until the people take it in hand and make them such. These sinks of impurity will never be made what they should be until the people get awake to the fact of just how they are conducted. They need an overhauling and thorough investigation; they need ventilating. I once heard Dr. Palmer say: "I wish from my heart there was a wall forty feet thick, and as high as the sky, around these asylum grounds." I said, "Why so?" He said, "To keep people out. Folks ought to be willing to trust their sick with us to be cared for until they are sent home, and not be coming here to make us trouble." I know they carry the idea that it makes a patient worse when they see their friends; that it puts them back, and that they are sure to have what they call a "disturbed spell" after it. This is all told for effect. They are much more frequently made worse by not seeing their friends, and by being left year after year without seeing or hearing from their homes. How many, many, have I known to give up in despair, saying they did not care whether they lived or died; their friends had forsaken them and left them there to die. Does it not seem perfectly natural that they should have such feelings, and come to this conclusion? Then let us look into this matter a little.

One more illustration, and then we will return to "business." Suppose you have a dear friend—or

wife, perhaps, or a dearly loved sister, or, to make the illustration good, we will say a daughter—a frail, delicate, invalid child. Would you be willing to place this child in the hands of strangers to be cared for, and never see her, or know for a certainty whether she were properly cared for, and whether their mode of treatment would agree with her? Would you not feel an anxiety to know whether she were being benefited? Your love for this child would prompt you to take some measures to see her (providing she were in a place of this kind). Your love for her is so great that if you were poor you would deny yourself of many things until you had saved enough to carry you on the swift-rolling train to the place where she was put for treatment. After long weary days of feverish anxiety, you are again near your child—almost within speaking distance. Oh, you may so soon look upon that dear face, clasp the loved form in a warm embrace, close to your paternal bosom. But hark! What do you hear? “No, you can not see your child!” Can not even look upon the face you so much love. And why not? You see the superintendent and tell him you came to see your daughter. In a very bland manner he tells you it would not be prudent nor consistent to see her; that the disease had assumed a certain form. The crisis was not passed, the danger not over; and if you were to see her it would in all probability agitate her feelings to such an extent as to throw her back beyond a probability of

recovery. He very feelingly informs you how deeply he is interested in the recovery of your child. How sincerely he sympathizes with you, and how he will do all in his power for your daughter. You believe him. You trust him. He has the appearance of being a gentleman in every sense of the word. He has the appearance of being deeply interested in the welfare of your daughter, and you have no reason to doubt his word. Has he not been employed by the wise and good men of our state? Then why should you doubt him? It is a hard thing to think a person who appears so courteous and gentlemanly, so sincere and sympathizing, a man who has the semblance of goodness itself—can be evil disposed, can be anything and everything except what he has the appearance of being. You do not think at the time of the intrigue and murderous acts of a David, nor of the unprincipled meanness of man in general. You only think of your child. This man stands before you and gives you a seemingly reasonable excuse why you should not see her. You want to do what is for that child's good. You trust him, as every one should trust a physician whom they have perfect confidence in. This man bears a good name; everybody speaks well of him. Therefore you leave that dear daughter altogether in his power and see her not. What would be your feelings if, in after years, you should learn that you had been deceived, that your daughter was improved in health, and had waited

long and patiently for your coming ; that at this very time she was anxiously looking for some word from home. Weary and sad at heart, she had pined for home and the loved ones there. They take advantage of her loneliness to make an impression on her youthful and sensitive nature. Perhaps they succeed, and perhaps not. She may learn to hate them, although not fully aware of their evil intentions. Her loneliness is so great, and the persecution she receives so unbearable, that life becomes a burden. There is no way of escape from this living tomb. Hope and thoughts of a distant home have heretofore kept her spirits up. But time lengthens and hope dies out, and rather than become what this vile man desires, she, to escape him, commits suicide. In either case what would your feelings be? Would you not desire to be revenged? Would you not expose his villainy, that another victim might not suffer the same wrong? Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord." If you should take personal revenge and kill the man, it would do no good; it would not bring your child back to you in all her innocence and purity, but you could bring that man's crimes to light in a way to benefit some one. If these things could be proven the law might be enforced. But many things of this kind have occurred which could not be proven. In such a case what would be your best course to pursue? Would it not be your duty to expose the villainy of this man—a duty you owe to God and

humanity—that another victim might not suffer in like manner? Should you think such a man worthy to hold any high place of trust? Should he go unpunished on account of his position and high social standing? Too many such men hold high places of trust and corrupt the law. Men of this class seek a position where they can rob the people and get gain. This man had learned his first lesson before he came to Michigan, and he tried hard to get at the head of an institution of this kind, where he could have everything his own way, and he succeeded in getting the power all in his own hands. When anything went amiss, any crime of this kind was perpetrated, it was never known outside the asylum walls; certainly not unless some one escaped and dared to tell the truth. And then how easy it is to say: “She ain’t quite right; she is crazy sure! Don’t you see how strange she acts?” Who, I ask, could appear perfectly natural and calm under circumstances like these? Could you, my dear reader? Answer me if you can. I am well aware how easy a matter it is to-day to escape justice on the plea of insanity; and if a person has been at the asylum once, people will be of the opinion that that person is not quite right, particularly if these things are mentioned. Well, my friends, the greatest wonder to me is that I have lived through all these fearful, soul-rending and terrifying scenes. But the Lord in His mercy saw fit to preserve my life, and to protect my mind as well as my body; and I would be

thankless indeed if I did not in a measure fulfill the great mission of my life in speaking for the good of those who are not in a condition to speak for themselves; for it is a very fashionable and easy thing now to make a person out to be insane. If a man tires of his wife, and is befooled after some other woman, it is not a very difficult matter to get her in an institution of this kind. Belladonna and chloroform will give her the appearance of being crazy enough, and after the asylum doors have closed upon her, adieu to the beautiful world and all home associations. I ask you, my dear friends, you who are a wife and mother, what would be your feelings were you torn from your children, your home, and all that you hold dear on earth, and thrust into an institution of this kind, and what would your appearance be? Did you ever stop to think? You might plead and beg; it would all be taken for insanity. Yes, all you could say and all you could do would only be some symptom of the fatal disease. If you were quiet and passive, even submissive, you would be reported as a hopeless case; but if you would rave and storm, as almost any one would, you would be put in the close room. Perhaps you do not know what that is; well, it is called the cell at the asylum, and if you should once get in there it would be very doubtful if you ever came out alive. When a person is put in a cell they at the asylum know what it means. And when once there you need never hope for anything better. Life is more than

a blank—death a blessing. I have heard of persons being put there by parties to secure their money. If a person had a considerable amount of property, a slight illness and a little chloroform would be all that was necessary to gain for them a safe retreat for life! Once there it is a very easy thing to be represented as insane. The report is spread far and wide that yours is a hopeless case. And now, my friends, while you talk and boast of this glorious insitution of our state, I go to my closet and pray Almighty God to bring to light the hidden things of darkness practiced in this same institution; I pray that the evil heart of this man, with its dark deeds, may be made known, and that he deceive the people no longer with his false tongue and deceitful ways. And the poor, deluded, deceived people look, admire, and worship the beast. Not all, however; there are a few exceptions. There are a few who know this man as he little thinks he is known. The Lord takes the small things of this earth to confound the mighty. "It takes a worm to flail a mountain." I do not think man is altogether evil. A great deal of good is accomplished through the instrumentality of man; much evil is done also. Yet it is said that "The heart of man is prone to evil," and that "The heart of man is deceitful above all things." If we can believe the greatest of all books, the first child brought into the world was a murderer. Bible history teaches us that falsehood, deception, and murder are among the first sins on

record. The Bible also makes an example of the most prominent men, showing us the great evil and the blighting effects of sin. King David, a man after God's own heart, gave way to sin, and fell from his lofty height of purity and holiness, and became a murderer in heart and deed. He did not intend to commit the horrible crime when he took the first step in sin. No, he would undoubtedly shrink back with horror at the thought; and if the same thing had been told him of another person, he would no doubt had him put to death. If a David could sin, who shall say that a Vandusen is incapable of a wrong act? Pride, self-love, love of gain, love of praise, love of admiration, and even adoration, are among some of the most prominent features of his individual character. Can we then say that man is incapable of sin? No, God forbid. Evil has existed in the heart of man ever since man existed. Look at the records of crime. You can not take up a newspaper without seeing crime! crime! Crime in its most appalling features; and yet the half is not told. Dark plottings in secret, and dark deeds done at midnight, which will never be known until the record of all hearts shall be revealed. Does not time develop the natural growth of evil in the heart of man? Look at the men of to-day—men who rob the government, rob the state, rob the people, rob the poor laborer of his hire; professional gamblers, professional thieves, professional liars, professional office-seekers. Now, what do you think of

taxing the people to sustain just such men as these, keeping them in office and supporting them like kings and nabobs of the earth? It is perfectly right to pay prominent men for their services; pay them a reasonable sum or price, according to the labor performed—just as you would a common day laborer. Then there would not be so many office-seekers, particularly if there were not so many chances to plunder. Is it just? Is it consistent with our republican form of government to lay waste the land with such heavy taxation, to support an overplus of officers in kingly grandeur while the poor are starving at our doors? What, starving in this great and glorious republic? Yes, starving, while these knaves and nabobs roll in splendor, whose lives are spent in dissipation, until, like a worthless dog, they are unfit for service.

CHAPTER IX.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—COME, LET US REASON TOGETHER.

QUESTION.—People: Do you not think best to have an institution of this kind for the benefit of the insane ?

ANSWER.—Most assuredly I do ; but I claim that all such institutions should be conducted on the great principle, which was the original design.

Q.—Have we not laws—consistent laws—providing for all necessary expenditures, and regulating all the departments with a view to the good and comfort of the insane of our state ?

A.—Most assuredly we have laws and grants providing for all necessary expenditures. You have been a generous and humane people in this respect. But you have been deluded in many things, and your confidence has been misplaced. You have been duped by a wily, designing man, who came to this state and wormed himself into the favor of our legislative body to such an extent that he could secure any amount of appropriation he desired, until

he established himself in the first asylum for the insane in Michigan by being its founder. Since then there has been no end to appropriations and expenditures. Of course it is necessary to place confidence in some person to take charge of an institution of this kind. How are you to know how your insane are cared for if you are denied the privilege of seeing them—denied admittance to the rooms they occupy? Does not this show plainly that there is something wrong? The outside world knows nothing of the treatment of their insane, or the “life behind the scenes.” How many leave their insane at the asylum and do not see them—in fact know nothing of them—for weeks, months and years? Is this right? Is it humane? Why not be allowed the privilege of seeing them, seeing the rooms they occupy, and the attendants who have charge of them? It is not enough to see them on “dress parade” occasionally. As the regulations are now, when a person goes to the asylum to see a friend who is so unfortunate as to be a patient, they are invited into the reception room, and if you are permitted to see them at all, the patient is got out, combed, dressed, and made ready for your inspection. Just so when the trustees visit the asylum. They are shown through the most pleasant part of the institution, seldom going on the back hall. In the four years I was there I never knew the trustees to visit the hall. Once while there Judge Pratt, from Hillsdale, passed through the halls, even

through the hall where I was confined, although I had no opportunity of speaking with him. I was in the dining-hall at the time, helping the dining-room girl set the table for dinner. Dr. Vandusen opened the door to show the Judge that the dining-halls were all alike. Seeing me, Dr. Vandusen hastily withdrew with Judge Pratt. Dr. Vandusen was always very much annoyed when any one came and insisted on going through the halls. There is one hall fitted up very nicely, however, which he takes great delight in showing visitors through. This hall is the pride and the glory of the institution (No. 10 hall). This hall is furnished expensively, even lavishly, for a place of this kind. The ladies' room is furnished with carpeting and marble-top bureaus, beautiful hanging baskets, etc., etc. The parlor is also nicely furnished, and has a piano, also a marble-top register. The hall itself is a perfect picture gallery. The patients on this hall are mostly the doctor's favorites, with a few elderly ladies to sustain the dignity of the hall. This is the first convalescent ward, and it is through this hall that all the company that comes to the asylum are admitted and are shown through. It is represented that all the wards are furnished just alike, and that the patients all fare just the same. This is a falsehood to begin with. Does it look reasonable or consistent that all the wards throughout the whole institution were furnished in like manner to No. 10? No; not another one is furnished in any degree to

compare with this hall. If you were permitted to go on to the next best hall—No. 13—(this was the hall I was on) you would see only wooden-seated chairs, wooden benches or seats, no carpeting, a few plain stands and bureaus, and not a picture to relieve the eye. The high bare walls made me think of prison walls; and the impression was the same with all on the hall. There was nothing to attract the eye from this bareness except the faces of the unfortunate inmates. We did the best we could to entertain each other, and it was said the best ladies in the institution were on hall No. 13; and there were some nice ladies on our hall, that was a fact. We used to tell the ladies on hall No. 10 that we were so much better looking on 13 that we did not need any pictures to adorn our hall. We got some evergreens and made mottoes and trimmed the hall with them. The three mottoes I put up were in large letters. One on the west side was, "There is Balm in Gilead." On the north side, "May Peace Wreath Her Chain Around Us Forever." On the south side, "In God is Our Trust," with smaller mottoes interspersed here and there. Just before I came away there were six pictures sent to the hall through the influence of Mrs. Vandusen. They were a present, she said, from a gentleman whose wife had died there.

I think I hear some of you say, "It seems to me you have wandered "far away from the subject." Well, you see, I want to tell you some of the pleas-

ant things as I go along, so you can bear it better. I was telling you some of the misrepresentations in regard to the asylum. I think Dr. Vandusen could not make everybody he told believe just what he said about it. He came on the hall one day with two men in plain clothes, who seemed doubtful. The doctor's manner was changed a great deal from his usual self-poise. He seemed a good deal ruffled, and showed it very plainly. He hastily went towards the recess, and pointed to a centre-table which stood there, and said, huskily, "There, don't you see that table is just like the one in the trustees' room?" The men looked around as though not satisfied. He did not take them any farther, but hurried them back off the hall the same way they came. One of the ladies remarked, laughingly, "Dr. Vandusen looks scared." That was just what I thought, and yet I wondered why he should be frightened by these two men, who, it seemed, came to satisfy themselves that the institution was what it was represented to be; and yet they might have been a committee appointed to visit the asylum, for ought I knew, to make an investigation of charges brought against the institution. There were a number of committees appointed to visit the asylum for this purpose while I was there. Now I will tell you something how this committee business was managed. There had been thirty physicians appointed from different parts of the state to investigate some charges brought against the institution. I think

this was about the year 1869-70. There had been an unusual amount of work done in a remarkably short space of time. I knew something uncommon was going on, or they would not be stretching every nerve to its utmost extent. It seemed they were making preparations for some great event. Perhaps some noted character was to visit the asylum. One day one of the ladies who was more favored than the rest handed me a paper, in which I saw a notice that a committee of thirty physicians were to pay the asylum a visit, and that they were to see and examine every patient in the institution. Now, thinks I, this is my opportunity. I surely thought he could not manage in his usual bland way to deceive all these gentlemen. It was his custom when the trustees came to show them around the asylum grounds, show them the good fat swine, and tell them how much good he was doing for the state of Michigan; he would show them all around the iron works, the engine room, laundry and kitchen, etc. He would then invite them up into the chapel, and so on, and finally take them through hall No. 10, thence to the dining-hall, and by this time they were so much pleased with the man that they were ready to believe anything he told them. They did not care to go any farther, and went away more than satisfied. They are delighted with their superintendent, and congratulate themselves on being so very fortunate as to have such a splendid man at the helm. Surely they need not trouble themselves

about his management. Just those fat hogs alone would show how well everything under his wise supervision was cared for. I heard one of the ladies say, as we were walking back of the garden one day, "Just look at those hogs; how much better they fare than we do?"

Well, the day came when the committee of thirty were to come. Every patient was brought out and made presentable. I smiled inwardly, for surely, thought I, he can't deceive all those wise men, I know. They will see me, and perhaps there will be some one I know among them. I helped to mop the hall, as usual, then went and changed my dress, and made myself look just as well as possible, and occupied a place where I would be plainly seen. I got excused from helping in the dining-hall that day, for fear I would not be on the hall when the committee came. But did they come? Yes, they came, and were promenaded around the grounds, shown the extensive water privileges, engine-room, foundry, kitchen, etc. There was especial pains taken to show them around the back grounds, where great labor had been bestowed during the last few weeks, and the beautiful sward back of the north wing, where the ladies used to roam about until they were weary, and then rest 'neath the shade of a friendly oak, whose broad and spreading branches seemed to invite the weary to a welcome repose. This time-honored oak was removed from its mother earth. This dear old oak,

whose friendly shade had long invited the benighted daughters of this prison home to a seat beneath its branches. How my heart was pained to see this dear old tree removed, and the beautiful sward I loved so well ploughed under. I wondered why this was done. One of the attendants said they were making ready for the committee; that they were going to convert this ground into a flower garden for the benefit of the lady patients; that the expense had already been over three hundred dollars, and that the doctor said it would cost seven hundred before the work was done. Another expensive improvement (if it could be called an improvement) was made. I have reference to the greenhouse. The old one back of the asylum did the patients a great deal more good. They could now and then gather a few flowers and pick a geranium leaf without reproof. But this new one, which cost the state about two hundred dollars per year, was too grand a thing for the patients to enjoy. It is true they could now and then, upon a certain day in the week, and at a certain time, have the privilege of marching soldier like, in file, through the greenhouse, with strict orders not to touch a flower. This expensive arrangement was fitted up for the outside world to admire. He (Vandusen) would do more for appearance sake any time than he would for the good of any one or all the patients in the institution. I know this to be a fact. I do not care who nor how many affirm to the contrary.

Well, the day came when the committee were expected. Bitter curses had been hurled at the heads of the state officers, and all who were in any way concerned in sending them there. What presumption, what impudence, to interfere in any way with this man's doings. And yet, the day the committee came they were graciously received and shown around the premises. Thirty in number tread the beautifully graded walks, and admired the skill and design of the nicely arranged flower beds. They were told this was the ladies' flower garden. Alas, they did not know that there was not a seed in the beautifully arranged beds, that they were as barren as the heart that commanded the work to be done. This work had been done at a cost of about seven hundred dollars, just for effect, and this is a fair sample of this man's doings all the way through. Thus you see the committee were shown the usual—or best—rounds of the grounds very courteously, and of course they went away high in the praise of Dr. Vandusen, and were ready to grant another appropriation for additional improvements. "What," I hear some one ask, "did not the committee visit the halls?" Did they? Just about as much as other committees have. No, sirs, they did not; they only saw just such portions as were fitted up expressly to be seen, with the exception of two young men, students from Ann Arbor, who were shown hastily through the hall. When Dr. Palmer showed them through the hall where I was, he went

through so fast that the young men had to almost run to keep up with him. One of the students caught a glimpse of me, and turned about with a keen glance, but was spoken to by Dr. Palmer, who had reached the door that led from the hall. If I had known the young man I would have spoken to him, notwithstanding Dr. Palmer's haste to get them off the hall. And this was the examination. This was just all that it amounted to. The object of their visit was to examine every patient in the institution. They might just as well have not come, and better not, as it would have saved the state all this needless expense. I hear some one ask: "Why did they go away without accomplishing the object of their visit?" For just the same reason that all the other committees have gone away in like manner. They were shown through certain portions of the building, fitted up expressly for this purpose; were very handsomely entertained in the centre building by our worthy superintendent and his lackeys, who it seems would run their own neck through the gauntlet to obey his order. Vandusen would remove the earth from its axis, if it were possible, to make a fair show, and give the appearance of conducting things in a scientific manner—all for the good of the poor patients, whom no one sees. These committees, and also the trustees, whenever they came, were conducted to the trustees' room, where they would hear a glowing description of what was being done for the state and this unfortu-

nate class of people ; how he was curing up all of the insanity in the state ; while at the same time he is adroitly figuring to secure another appropriation for the purpose of extending the asylum buildings. Were these two stories consistent? Does it look reasonable? If he was curing all the insanity what was the need of extending and enlarging the asylum? What the need of an appropriation of four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and in less than two years' time six hundred thousand dollars more? And all for the good of the state. For the good of the people. For the good of the insane. Ah, ha ; let us look into this matter a little. I will tell you the same I told Judge Dickinson. If this man Vandusen can deceive all you wise men in the state of Michigan, there is one woman he can not deceive. Said I to the Judge: "You have not been a patient there ; you have not been on the back halls ; you have not sat down and eat with the patients for weeks, months, and years, as I have, and I tell you truthfully and plainly, you don't know anything about it. You have not been behind the scenes. If it were possible to smuggle yourself in as a patient you might learn something that would surprise you very much. You have not been behind the barred windows and bolted doors of that prison house. You have not seen the woe-stricken inmates confined therein ; you have not heard their heart-rending cries. You know little or nothing of the causes that brought them there. You have

never inquired into the matter. The receiving and discharging of the patients has all been left with Vandusen, as well as the whole management of the institution. And I tell you what it is, Judge, that institution is like the whited sepulchres we read of—fair to the outside view." No wonder the committees go away without accomplishing the object of their visit. How could they? Their mind and time has all been occupied in another direction. Vandusen is skilled in the art of detaining people in this way; this is one of his tricks. They have only seen the external, only viewed the sign-board from one point; they are blindfolded and kept in ignorance of all else. Would it were possible for you to see the inner life there as I have seen it, without suffering as I have suffered. But this can not be done. But to reach the conclusion of the whole matter let us see what can be done. To whom does this institution belong? To the people who are taxed, who pay their hard-earned money to support it. Have you any idea how much it costs us yearly to support this institution? The Lansing Reports will show the appropriations granted; but there are other considerations separate from these. I think you would be not a little astonished to know the amount it costs yearly. I affirm that with proper management this institution would be self-supporting. Three hundred and ninety acres of land belongs to the asylum grounds, which, if properly cultivated, would furnish no small item. Then there

are all the county patients, which each county has to support, say nothing about the private patients who pay from five to ten dollars per week. I wish to call your attention particularly to this subject, and also to the appropriation laws of Michigan—1869-70, page 170, No. 63. The sum of \$18,000 for the maintenance of the patients and the purchase of supplies for the year 1869, and the further sum of \$29,000 is also appropriated for a special purpose. One article specified is a new boiler. (Please note the amount specified yearly for the years 1862 and 1863.) The sum of \$25,000 for the year 1862, and the sum of \$25,000 for the year 1863, for the purpose of erecting the north wing of said asylum, and completing the buildings already erected. Also the sum of \$29,000 for the year 1864, and the sum of \$29,000 for the year 1865, for the same purpose—completing the north wing. And furthermore, the sum of \$40,000 for the year 1866, and the sum of \$40,000 for the year 1867, for the same purpose, all of which may be found in the Lansing Reports. I only give you these few illustrations of the consistency and economy of our illustrious superintendent, and please note articles No. 63, page 107; No. 157, page 337; No. 137, page 199; No. 192, page 320-321. This is but a trifle compared with some of the expenditures. Now, don't you think this subject worthy of consideration? Don't you think it worthy of investigation?

From what I know of the man Vandusen I have

no doubt of his villainy in this respect as well as in a great many other things. There are other and more trifling circumstances I can bring to notice which will go to show the character of this man. One was, whenever he was in New York, Chicago, Detroit, or any place where he could buy up a stock of cheap goods, he did so, and sold them out to the patients for more than they would have to pay for a good article. Cotton prints—damaged prints—he sold, or rather distributed around among the patients, at 12 1-2 cents per yard, when good prints could be bought at retail for 10 cents per yard. Spool thread retailed at 6 cents per spool. He charged the patients 8 cents per spool. Now don't you think this a pretty small affair for so great a man? But it shows the bent of the man's drift. I could go on and tell you any amount of circumstances which would show up this man's character, but will not weary you with all these things at one time. I have told you enough already to give you an insight into this man's nature and his underhand management. The intrigue and deception practiced would fill volumes if I were to write one-half what I knew the few years I was there. I think I hear some one say, why have not the state officers looked into these things; why has this man been left to have his own way about everything? Well, I will tell you. He is a cunning, artful, designing, calculating man, and they were completely deceived with regard to his motives. He has represented how

hard he had worked, and was still working, for the good of the inmates at the asylum, and also for the interest of the state; with what perseverance and economy he had managed the business for them; when if the truth was known he was away from the asylum about one-half the time, and when he was there his time was given mostly to misrepresentations and efforts to keep all unpleasant things hid and covered up—varnished with a gloss of his own fabrication. Yes, this most excellent superintendent would stand for hours on his poor, limp leg, to convince some one, by a long harrangue, of his superior management, and if he did not succeed in convincing them, he did succeed in detaining them until the time arrived for them to take their departure. This was an unavoidable necessity with him. I will give you one instance with regard to myself, which will illustrate my meaning more fully. A physician from my native place came there with the intention of seeing me. He had obtained his admission ticket, and presented himself in due form, making his business known, and inquired for the superintendent. After some considerable delay he was shown into the reception room, and, after considerable further delay, Dr. Vandusen came in. I will give you the sum and substance of the interview as told me in the presence of Judge Dickinson, at Hillsdale, after I made my escape. Said he, I was told by Dr. Vandusen that you was in a very bad condition, and that it would give me no satisfaction

to see you, as you would not know me, and furthermore that you was not in a condition to be seen. "Well," said Dr. C——, that don't make any difference, I want to see her anyway." "Oh," said Dr. Vandusen, "she would fly right at you and tear your eyes ont." "Oh," said Dr. C——, "I ain't afraid of that. I'll risk my eyes." Said he, "When Dr. Vandusen saw that I was bound to see you anyway, he told me you had gone out for a walk with the other ladies, and that if they came in before I left he would point you out to me, but said that it wouldn't do for him to let you see me, you would make them so much trouble, but that I might see you from a distance. Well, I remained there from about 2:30 P. M. until dark, and you had not come back yet." Just see the duplicity this man used to keep Dr. C—— from seeing me. Dr. C—— said he knew the man was lying, he contradicted himself so many times. He said Dr. Vandusen would constantly talk about other matters, and try and keep his mind occupied with what he had done and was still doing. "And," said Dr. C——, "I watched the man and formed my own opinion, and if I ever catch him outside the asylum grounds I will flail the ground with him." Well, now, if I was not fit to be seen, why was I out with the other ladies for a walk? They never allowed any patient to go out for a walk in the condition Dr. Vandusen represented me to be in; neither would they allow a violent patient to go out at all—one that would be apt to

tear a man's eyes out. Another instance was when my brother came to see me. He was told I was in an awful condition—in no condition to be seen at all; that they had to keep me confined in a room by myself; that I was very violent and unmanageable. My brother told him he didn't mind about that, he wanted to see me anyway, as he had come a long ways for that purpose. Then Dr. Vandusen said, "Oh, it would be no satisfaction at all for you to see her." And he kept my brother waiting a long time, until after dark; then brother went down to the village and staid until morning, when he came back and told Dr. Vandusen he should not leave the institution until he had seen me. The doctor tried hard to persuade him that it would not be for the best. But when he saw that brother was determined not to leave the institution until he did see me, he finally had to consent, yet all the time telling him I was in an awful condition, and he would only feel worse after seeing me. Brother expected he would have to go on the hall where I was, and to the room where I was confined, as he said afterwards; but what was his surprise to see me coming through the hall with an attendant (to give it in his own words) never looking in better health. He was completely dumbfounded. We had quite a long talk, he wanting to take me away by force if necessary; but I persuaded him that would not be the best way. He said: "Won't you be afraid to stay here longer, until I can make arrangements to get

you away some other way?" I told him no; not now, after he had been there; that they would not dare to put me out of the way, knowing that I had friends outside who would look after me. I was afraid he would lay himself liable if he took me away by force, and that it might make him a good deal of trouble. So it was agreed that I should remain until he could see what could be done about it. I knew brother would leave no stone unturned until he got me away. In a short time he returned, bringing Judge Dickinson, from Hillsdale, with him. Now I was certain freedom was mine. But alas, "Truth is Stranger than Fiction." The superintendent could not refuse them admittance, as they had secured their tickets at the regular office, and they were admitted. I was requested to go to the reception room, and after an hour's consultation the Judge said: "You are all right; there is no more need of you staying here than there is of my staying, and you shall not remain here another day. I will see the superintendent and get your discharge;" saying to brother, "Your sister is no more insane than I am. I shall have no trouble in getting her away." But alas, he knew not the man with whom he had to deal. I had not dared to say too much for fear they might think I was not right-minded, and think it necessary to leave me there longer, but gave them to understand how very anxious I was to get away from there. The Judge said to me: "We will take you away with us

when we go, sure." And with this understanding I went to the hall in company with the attendant to get ready to go. But what was my surprise to be told that Dr. Vandusen had left orders for them not to let me go; that I could not go until my husband came for me. I had not had the least doubt that I should go, now that my brother had come with Judge Dickinson, who could see for himself that I was not insane. If I had been a county patient the Judge could have taken me in spite of Vandusen (they had carried the idea that I was a county patient). But the truth was, my husband was paying them for keeping me there. I looked out of the recess window, hoping to see my brother, when I would beckon to him, and drop a note, telling him to be there with a conveyance when the company were out for a walk; telling him how easy it would be for me to get away, with his assistance, in this way. I had written the note hastily, on the sly, in one of the ladies' rooms, and now held it tight in my hand, so it could not be seen by any one. I did not see brother anywhere, but saw Judge Dickinson in the doctor's office talking with Dr. Vandusen. (From the recess window on No. 13 hall we could see down into the doctor's office.) Vandusen stood where I could see him distinctly, and his bland, affable manner showed me too plainly he was duping the Judge, and pulling the wool over his eyes. They talked there a long time, after which Vandusen took the Judge in his private carriage

and drove away. "The pendulum swung to and fro, while the dial kept pace with time," and I was yet alone. I did not see anything more of my brother, and, getting desperate, I made another attempt in a different direction. I wrote to the wife of our family physician. I knew her to be a resolute woman of strong will. I told her just how I was situated in as few words as possible, adding: "There is a set of villains in charge of this institution. The superintendent is as subtle as the serpent that beguiled Eve. He is a sly, tricky, slippery rogue. I have suffered more than ten thousand deaths. In the name of humanity, aid me. Go and see my brother, and tell him to be sure and drive about here until I can see him and get away with him." I do not know why I did not tell brother so when I saw him, unless it was that I was so overjoyed at seeing him, and so confident that he would manage to get me away through the influence of Judge Dickinson, whose place it was to decide with regard to the exchange of the county patients from Hillsdale. I had been told I was a county patient, but learned afterward that this was false, and just about as much truth in it as there was in most of their misrepresentations. Mrs. W—— received my letter, and she told me she could not eat nor sleep until her husband came home, when they talked the matter over, and concluded it would be best to take my letter and let E. O. Grosvenor see it, and get him to intercede for me.

E. O. Grosvenor requested Dr. W—— to leave the letter with him. "And," said Mrs. W——, "what was our astonishment to learn afterward that E. O. Grosvenor sent that letter back to the asylum with the injunction to Dr. Vandusen to be more careful how letters were sent away from the asylum, as such letters as that would injure the institution. Now, my friends, what an idea have you of my situation at the asylum? Can you form any idea how I was situated—shut out, or rather in, from all communication with the outside world; deprived of writing material; deprived of the privilege of taking my walks out as the other patients did; while the work hands were set to watch me, and be ready to run me down like so many blood hounds? Well, it was not long after I had succeeded in sending this letter to Mrs. W—— before I saw there was mischief brewing. I felt the mad flash up from the doctor's laboratory, and was not a little impatient to know what the trouble was. I had not long to wait, for when Dr. Palmer came on the hall, dark was his visage, and dark the frown, and darker still the look that he bent upon me. Coming directly in front of me, he stopped. Looking at me with his all-important, overbearing manner, while he seemed puffed up beyond his usual size—yes, puffed up with mad. When Dr. Vandusen was mad he seemed to shrink, but this mad feeling seemed to have the opposite effect on Dr. Palmer, who seemed to swell, and now, as he stood in front of me, his manner was

intended to terrify me, while he hissed out between his teeth these words: "Mrs. B., have you been sending letters out of this institution unbeknown to us?" It did not take me long to make up my mind what to say to him. I calmly replied: "Yes, sir, I have." Dr. Palmer; "Well, do you think it right to try and injure an institution where you have received so much benefit?" I replied: "Sir, I think the benefit has been on the other side." Somehow this man's manner didn't terrify me as it would at one time. I felt more safe than I did before the letter had gone out. It had reached its destination; but how came it back in the enemy's hands? Well, they knew what I thought of them, that was some consolation. And I knew I had friends who, if they knew how I was situated, would not leave me there. I knew my brother would sooner or later be around, and I felt more secure. All I feared now was being put on a back hall, and drugged to make me insane, until such a time as they could make way with me without fear of detection. While these thoughts were revolving in my mind, Dr. Palmer stood there looking at me fiercely. Giving another puff out of his enlarged proportions, he growled out huskily between his teeth: "Well, I think we will have to punish you for this." Yes, yes; I knew too well what that meant—the "straight jacket" and the cell. With all my strength and independence of character, as I felt the fire of my Jackson blood flying to my relief, I flamed back a look of defiance at

him. I did not rise from my seat, but calmly and earnestly replied to him: "Well, sir, please tell Dr. Vandusen for me, if he thinks it will be for his interest to punish me, to do so; but I don't think it will be for his interest in the end. Tell him also, if you please, that he is watched, and if he should put me onto a back hall and into a cell it would be known; that I have friends who are interested in my welfare, and that they would be informed of all their proceedings at the asylum. That there was a strict watch kept upon all their doings, and that I thought Dr. Vandusen would not find it for his interest to take such measures to put me out of the way." He had stood looking at me surprised and puzzled. Drawing a long breath, as though for relief, he looked around the hall, as if he was trying to read the thoughts of the attendants; then, with another long-drawn breath, he slowly and stammeringly said: "Well, I don't think the attendants, any of them, would do anything contrary to orders." I replied: "Sir, I would scorn to bribe a person to do anything for me. Whatever has been done, or will be done, is a free-will offering. Sir, you don't think all the employes about the institution are idiots, do you? You claim to employ capable persons. You don't think you can blind their eyes entirely, do you?" "Well," said he, "I don't think any of the employes about this institution would do anything contrary to our orders." "Very well," said I, "it is your privilege to think whatever you

please; but, sir, if you were a general in the rebel army, could you place implicit confidence in all the men under your command?" He thought a moment, and then said: "I don't know that I could." As I saw his head drop, and the bent form tread slowly and thoughtfully down the hall, I knew that I had won the day.

When the attendant came to make out the roll of names for a walk, she read the names, something that had never been done in the four years I had been there. My name was left out. Ah, ha! and they were going to deprive me of the privilege of a walk. Well, well, thinks I, this will never do. And I set about thinking what course I had best pursue. I asked the attendant why she did not ask me to go. She said the doctor had given orders that restrained me from going out to walk. When Dr. Palmer came on the hall in the evening, I asked him why I was deprived of the privilege of walking out with the other ladies. "Well," said he, "we thought we would punish you in this way." I said: "Well, I don't want this to occur again; I am detained here as a patient, and am entitled to all the privileges provided for the good of a patient. Yes," said I, "I am entitled to the same privileges granted to any patient. You are hired by the state to work for the good of the patients. Do you think it for the good of any one to be kept cooped up here amongst a lot of sick people, and never take the fresh air? If so, you had better consult the city board with regard to

the laws of health. I know of patients in this institution who have never had their feet on the ground since they were brought here. One has been here for nine years, and ever so many have been here from two to nine years, and never had an airing! Is this according to the laws of health? I thought I would just remind you of your duty, and perhaps it will not be necessary to repeat these things to the state officers. (It was astonishing how many patients were got out for an airing after that, right along every day, patients that had not been outside the asylum doors since they were brought there.) I understand the state law, and the duty of those employed. It is not to punish a patient; that is strictly forbidden. You have no right to let your likes or dislikes make any difference in the treatment of your patients, or in your manner towards them even, and you have no right to show any partiality. What I demand is only what the law allows me, and you have no right to deny me the privileges that are granted to any patient. If you think me a troublesome patient, what on earth do you keep me here for, and try so hard to keep me out of sight? I should think you would be proud to show me off as a cured patient. It would be quite a feather in your cap. You don't send away many as well people as I am from this institution. Just think the subject over, and perhaps it will not be necessary to remind you of it again; you have plenty of time to think about it. But just so

long as you do keep me here, I shall demand all the privileges the law allows me. You and Dr. Vandusen are both hired and paid for your services, and if you forfeit your contract, you are liable to a discharge, just the same as any hired man would be." He had been looking at me all this time. I had won for the occasion by my natural independence, and he saw that I was deadly in earnest. He looked a good deal troubled and crestfallen, which I considered a favorable indication.

The next morning, when he came on the hall, he looked at me carefully a moment, and then said: "Well, Mrs. B., we have concluded to keep you in from the laundry. We think you have been making altogether too many friends out there." "Very well," said I, and I went out for my walk as usual. It was customary for some of the patients to go out to the laundry twice a week to iron. This privilege had never been granted me until the summer Dr. Vandusen was gone East so long. The laundry people were all very kind to me, and I had made some warm friends there; but being kept in from the laundry would not be so much of a punishment to me as to be kept in from my walks, for this was my only means of escape.

About this time a lady patient escaped whom they did not succeed in capturing. She was very tall, and could run like a wild deer. I had said to her more than once, "If I only had your facilities for running, I'll bet they would not keep me here

long." The same day she ran away I saw them looking for her. All the hands that could be spared from the institution were out in the search. I smiled as I saw them looking after her, knowing they would fail to bring her back. Oh, how she hated them for the ill-usage she had met with there. She had told me time and again how they had choked her, and wrung her nose until it bled. I did not doubt it at all, knowing how they do by a patient when first taken there, as well as all the time, if they take a dislike to them.

The next time the doctor came on the hall, he said to me: "Well, Mrs. B., why don't you run away?" "Well, sir," said I, "I was brought here, and I intend to stay until I am taken away." This was true in one sense of the word; but my object was to throw them off their guard. "Well," said he, "you don't seem to be in any hurry about it." "Oh, no," said I, "I want to make you all the trouble I can to pay you for keeping me here." He did not seem to be offended at this. He once said in the presence of Dr. Hurd, and Emerson, "Mrs. B., if it had been left with me, I should have let you gone home when your brother came for you." At times Dr. Palmer would seem kind; at other times he was stern and cross, and seemed to be troubled about something.

I still held the advantage over them. Dr. Vandusen I saw was much troubled. He would start and turn pale at the sight of me (why was this?), par-

ticularly if I came unexpectedly before him. One day our company had been back of the asylum, and came around the north wing to go into the front hall door. Dr. Vandusen stood talking with some one, radiant with smiles, giving a glowing description of his management. When we came up, as he glanced toward the company his eye fell on me; he turned pale, and actually shook so I could see his clothes tremble, while his face was ashy pale. I noticed this same manner many times. Oh, guilty man! Well may you tremble. Your dark deeds will follow you. If you tremble at the sight of a woman, how will you stand before the great assembly?

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM.

It was the month of February. The earth in that locality was covered with a beautiful drapery of nature's bountiful provision of snow. The pure white snow; what a contrast to the dark plotting and darker deeds of man! I had made up my mind, if there was no other provision made for my release, that just as soon as the snow was off the ground so they could not track me, I should as quietly as possible walk away. I had taken note of all important objects, such as would aid me in helping to hide me from view. I had measured every inch of ground, and marked every shrub, stump, and tree which would afford me a screen for a moment, until I could watch my opportunity to sly away a little farther and farther, until I should gain enough ground in advance to warrant the bold attempt of a run. I was not good at running, or I should not have hesitated as long as I did. My mother's family were all more or less afflicted with disease of the heart, and nearly all died from this cause somewhere

near the age of sixty. I was only about thirty-five at this time ; but the exciting scenes I had passed through while at the asylum had seriously aggravated this tendency to heart difficulty, from which I had not suffered until these aggravating circumstances had racked my feeble frame, and torturing fears by night and by day had brought about an undue excitement, both physically and mentally. My mind and body had been upon the rack for so long that I could not attempt too much at a time. If I should attempt to run I would have to stop to catch my breath, and could not run at all without pressing my hands tightly over my heart. Notwithstanding, I practiced running a few steps every day so as to keep a little in practice, and see how far I would dare venture. Twice while our company was out I had rambled quite a little distance, but saw I was watched by Vandusen's hirelings. Money will hire men to do anything nowadays, and he had his men who would hunt you down like bloodhounds for money. Only for this I should have got away before, and should not have hesitated on account of the attendants. Once, the year before, we were out in front of the asylum, and had rambled around for some time looking for strawberries. I had succeeded in making my way through the underbrush until I had placed quite a distance between myself and the company. There was a ridge of hills which would protect me from view on one side, and a deep ravine through which I intended to make my way

until I came to the cross-roads, then I would make straight for a certain point I had in view, opposite the direction they would naturally take to find me. I had skulked along, apparently looking for strawberries, when in fact my mind and energies were all in one opening, which seemed to invite me through its muddy bottom to freedom. Through this I had began to pass, carefully at first, not daring to run until I was confident I was out of sight. I had got a little way down toward the ditch through which I would have to pass, when, looking ahead of me to see what my prospects were, what was my dismay and disappointment to see two men standing in front of me looking at me. I knew I must not let them think I had intended to get away, and so I quietly went to picking around, as though searching for berries. By this time the company had made toward the place where I was, and I gradually withdrew a little further toward the east field, when one of the ladies called to me, saying: "Mrs. B., I wish you would go over in the next field and see if there are any strawberries there." I answered back that I would if the attendant was willing. The attendant said, "Yes, and we will stay here till you report." Now, thinks I, is my chance. I walked along as though in no hurry, so as not to excite any anxiety from the attendant, and looked around as though looking for berries, when the lady who made the request called and asked if I found any. I answered back, "Not yet; but I guess I see some

over this way a little further. I'll look around a little, and if I find any I will call to you." I did look around to the left and east. Quickly my eyes swept over the broad expanse ; to my left the hills and shrubbery would protect me from view for quite a distance. In front of me was the broad, open field ; at my right some woods, and back of me the asylum, towering like some huge beast of prey. Could I ever return and walk into the lion's den again, as I had done so many times before? No, I would not. How could I, knowing what I knew. No, liberty was too sweet, and it never seemed more dear than now, as my eye took in the beauties of nature. There lay the broad fields, and beyond rose the towering hills clothed in their beautiful garb of verdure. All nature seemed resplendant with glory and beauty. Could I close my eyes to all this grandeur and glory, and the beautiful handiwork of the Creator, and remain a prisoner for life? Could I go back into these prison walls? These thoughts passed before my mind in less than a moment's time. My hands were both clasped and pressed tight over my bounding heart, which echoed back the thoughts of freedom! Freedom? I had never before known the meaning of the word in its fullest sense until imprisoned within those asylum walls. And now it was so near, almost gained. When I did start I intended to make a sure thing of it, for I knew it would be a race for life or death—sure death to be overtaken and carried back; and I had

made up my mind if I once started I would never be taken back alive—to submit to their cruel tyranny, and then suffer a worse death at last. No, I would never, never be carried back alive. I would much rather not make the attempt than to start and fail. I must make sure my escape when I did attempt it—make sure there was none of Vandusen's hirelings ready and watching to run me down. I must keep out of their sight if possible, for I knew they would track me and run me down like so many hounds. And so, to make sure my way was clear, I glanced over my right shoulder towards the gardener's house. What was my dismay to see a man—yes a man, or something in the form of a man—standing watching me as though ready for a spring, if I made an attempt to run. For a minute or two I scarcely knew what to do. The reaction in my feelings was so great my blood seemed frozen in my veins. For a second or two I must have stood like one paralyzed. Then, overcoming my feelings in a measure, I stooped down and pulled up a few strawberry stems that had a few berries on them, and looked to see where I could find some more, as a blind to make him think it was the strawberries I was after. I was not far from the company. I heard the attendant calling me; there was a great lump in my throat—I choked it back as best I could and answered: “The strawberries are not ripe enough yet; in a day or two it will pay us to come. There may be some over the other side of the field

now; had we better go and see?" She said, "No, not now; we can come again; it is too late now." Oh, with what a heavy heart I went back to the prison den; back to that sink of iniquity; back behind the barred windows and bolted doors, where they were plotting and planning how they could best manage to put me out of the way and not be detected. Dead people tell no tales, and yet they didn't know what course to pursue to accomplish their hellish design. Nothing but my strategic movements and the fear of detection had kept them from making quick work in getting me out of their way. Vandusen thought his only safety lay in silencing by cremation, or death in some way. First chloroform, and then cremation, was the programme. His safety and security, he contended, lay in carrying out his plans, and forever silencing any one who knew anything of his hellish practices. Knowing all this, there was no other alternative; I must go back and wait another opportunity. I would be more kind to the attendants, and keep friendly with them. I would help them more, and be cheerful and gay as possible. That night I was the gayest and happiest appearing person in the whole institution. I had an object in view. One thing, it would not do for me to give way to this disappointment. I must not let them see I was troubled. They might mistrust the cause. Another object was to more firmly establish myself in favor with the attendants. I got the ladies together in the

sitting-room and told them stories to entertain them, and made up songs and sung to them, and finally ended up with a little dance on the hall, the attendants taking part. I would help the attendants do their work, and entertain them with anecdotes and snatches of rhyme, until I got to be quite a favorite. This was what I desired to do for more reasons than one, and I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. The attendants and matron were my fast friends, so far as I had dared to trust them. I dared not tell them of the horrid things I had passed through while there, but told them of the circumstances under which I was taken there. I knew if I could first elicit their sympathy, it would be better for me. The matron would come and sit down beside me in a confidential chat, and although I dared not tell her too much, I had succeeded in gaining her confidence to such an extent that she told me she knew I was no more insane than she was, and hereon, said she, "hangs a tale." "Come, tell me all about it." "Well," said I, you come in my room some time, and perhaps I will." You see, reader, I dared not say too much, for fear, after all, perhaps she had been sent by Vandusen to pump me, to see what I would say. This was not an uncommon thing at the asylum, and so you can see if I had committed myself how much worse it would have been for me. I have learned since that this was not the case with the matron, but that it was purely from sympathy and the interest she felt

in me. This matron had only been there about a year when I escaped from the asylum, and she had not been duped and educated by Vandusen, and was not skilled in all the rules of their making. She was employed by the state officers, and paid by the state, and was in the service of the state, as every employe about the institution should be ; but I am sorry to say they are not. They were more Vandusen's hirelings (although paid from the state treasury). His word must become law with them ; his rules and orders must be obeyed, else they were liable to a discharge in disgrace, as was one attendant while I was there. I will tell you about it now, before going any farther. While in the ladies' private closet one evening just about dark, I heard footsteps in the short hall which communicated with the closet. The step was Dr. Palmer's, accompanied by the supervisor on our hall. They stopped near the closet door, and seemed in private conversation. It didn't occur to me to listen until I heard my name mentioned, which excited my curiosity, knowing their intentions with regard to me ; I felt justified in trying to learn as much of their conversation as possible. He seemed to be giving some directions in a low, mumbling undertone. I could not hear a word he said. All at once she brings her hand down, striking something—I took it to be the wall—and, in a determined tone of voice, said : "No, I will never do it, never ! You have no right to demand such a thing of me." In a louder tone, he

then said: "What, you refuse to do our bidding?" Said she, "I am employed by the state officers, and will refer the matter to them. What would they think if they knew your intentions towards Mrs. B.? And, sir, if you do this thing, or attempt it, I will report you. I give you due notice of this. There must be some dark crime connected with this woman's being here, and you know it, yet still keep her here, when you know there is no more need of her being a patient here than there is of your being a patient here; and in my estimation I should consider it more of an honor to be a patient here than to be in your place." Brave, noble girl, thought I; but I feared for her—feared they would represent her as insane, and drug her till she died, as they had done by a gentleman attendant on No. 5 hall, who had been awakened by the bursting of the fire engine on that awful night when the two bodies had been carried out, and no doubt saw too much for their safety, and hence he was represented as insane, caught and bound by Vandusen's hirelings, and put in a cell and died in a few days. Can it be possible, I hear some one ask, that all these awful things occur here in our midst, in this enlightened day and age of the world? Well, sirs, these circumstances can be proven. There are a few who dare tell the truth. There are some who will buy the truth and sell it not, although it be to their own hindrance. Yes, sirs, these things did actually occur, as God is my witness; and it is to expose this

man's villainy that I dare incur the displeasure of some. Who would sustain a man of this stamp in our community? Whosoever would can be no better than this man, who has been guilty of crimes of the blackest dye; a man who would not scruple to do the basest, meanest, and most damnable things it is possible for man to do. It is a fact that he would not scruple to put every soul and body in that institution out of the way rather than that any of his nefarious doings should be brought to light. This is a fact.

I know I ought to put this in the last chapter of questions and answers for the people. You may say I do not keep my remarks well connected, and that this chapter should be given to my escape. Well, yes, I suppose it had; but then there is so much to think about, and one circumstance brings up another to my mind; and there were many circumstances in connection with my getting away.

Well, now, to come back to the subject—the circumstances of my escape. The attendant who had refused to do their bidding they did not kill, but discharged her in disgrace. I did not know of her departure until within a few moments before she left. I was in the short hall, she in the wardrobe closet getting some of her things. Said she, kissing me, "Mrs. B., would to God I could take you away with me. It is strange how these villainous men have completely humbugged the trustees and state officers. You couldn't convince one of them that Dr.

Vandusen was capable of committing a wrong act. They think him a saint, and they are perfectly blinded to all his selfish motives and villainous intentions. Mrs. B., do you know that these men, Vandusen and Palmer, are capable of doing the most damnable, hellish things. I never could believe before that it was possible for any one to be so contemptably mean. Be on your guard, and if they dare carry out their intentions, I'll let the facts be known." We had no time for further conversation, for the doctor came on the hall just then, and soon after the attendant took her leave, watched closely all the while. I had a note written, and walked up to bid her good by, slipping the note into her hand as I shook hands with her. But the enemy was on the alert more watchful than ever after this. The orders were for me not to be allowed to go out for a walk unless there were two attendants along; and our walks were restricted to a short distance in front of the asylum. The two attendants did not trouble me any, but the restricted distance for our walks did, the more so as I had heard it carelessly dropped on the hall that one of the patients from our hall was to be removed the coming week to a room that had been fitted up in the center building, on the fourth floor or garret; that they had had an iron frame made for the window. It was a fancy frame, and you could not see through it to see any one who might be the unfortunate person doomed to a living tomb. One of the ladies turned to me and

said: "Who do you suppose it can be? Let us ask the attendants to take us out the back door for our walk, so we can see it." "Very well," said I, but don't tell the attendant what we want to go that way for." When we asked the attendant, she said it was against the rules to go the back way any more, looking at me. I knew what she meant. "Well," said one of the ladies, "we can go out the front door and around the side path close to the asylum." Yes, this would do, and it would give us a full view of the window. When we were coming around the side path, near the laundry, the lady who walked by my side pulled my sleeve and turned her eyes in the direction of the garret window. Yes, there was the barred window, with its iron trestle-work, so closely netted as to preclude the possibility of seeing who might be the unfortunate victim of their malice. As my eye surveyed the cunning design a shudder ran through my frame. The lady said: "What is the matter? Are you sick, or are you going to faint? Come, now, don't look so pale. It ain't you they're going to put in there." Ah, ha; how little did she know. Reader, did you ever feel as though your destiny was marked out for you by the spirit of inspiration? Well, if you did, you know something how I felt just then. Yes, that room was meant for me, no doubt about that. (It was never occupied.) Yes, I could look back now and see something I had not understood before. I was aroused from my meditation by the

lady patient saying: "Well, they wouldn't put a noisy patient in there anyway, for it would disturb the doctors, who occupy the third floor. By this time we had come around near the front door. Dr. Vandusen stood in the hall talking to some one. As his eye fell upon me, the same ashy paleness overspread his countenance, the same nervous manner I had noticed so many times before. When we returned to the hall I asked the attendant if she would please lock me in my room. I wanted to arrange my thoughts and plans for the future. It was Saturday night. I was confident they would not remove me that night. I had from that time until Monday to brace up my shattered nerves and think. After my resolutions were taken, I knelt and asked Divine aid and protection. When the bell rang for supper I went to the table and ate as usual. Yes, I must eat; my strength would give way if I did not. Yes, I must eat, as I had thousands of times before crowded the food in my mouth and swallowed, just to keep my physical strength as much as possible. Yes, this was just what they intended to do, put me in that room, where the attendant nor any other person should know just what was done with me—none only Vandusen's hirelings. Then I would be completely in their power. But never, no, never, would I be taken there alive. That night, after the patients were all in bed, one of the attendants and I had a long talk. Sunday morning came. I called for my Sunday dress, and dressed to attend chapel

services, after which I walked, talked, and sang with the ladies. It was a sad leave-taking for me, although they knew it not. Some of them were very dear to me. There was little Allie Marvin, who was only about fourteen years old; how I loved her. And there was dear Miss Wells, and Miss Richards, a splendid woman. How I loved them all. Miss Wells, whose kind heart sympathized with each and every one; her kindly nature could exclude no one from her encouraging words and kindly smiles. Never shall I forget the encouragement she gave me in the dark hours of uncertainty and gloom through which I had to pass. Her presence seemed a shelter and protection to me. Dear, dear Miss Wells, how I loved her. And Miss Richards—oh, she was so noble, so grand and majestic. Yes, there was a majesty about her which could not fail to inspire you with admiration. Yes, I loved her as I would love a guardian angel; she was so exalted and superior. And then there was dear Eddie Kanfield, the pet of the hall; she was really insane, but never troublesome—always pleasant and cute. I can not mention all their names, but I loved them all, and in all probability I should never see them more until earth's shadows and sorrows had passed away. But then, I would not let my feelings mar the pleasure of the day to them. In the evening we all assembled in the recess and sang familiar hymns. I was requested to read and sermonize a little. I tried to avoid this. But no; by acclama-

tion I was appointed their speaker. We usually spent the evenings in this way. I can not remember what I said to them this evening. They all seemed unusually happy, and in the best of spirits. And thus we parted for the night.

Monday morning our company was later than usual getting out for a walk. I had helped some on the hall, and then combed my hair, got excused, and dressed as usual, with the exception of an unusual amount of clothing and an enormous "Grecian Bend." When the doctor came on the hall I sat doing some fancy work, looking contented and happy; and when the attendant's roll was made out for a walk my name was on the roll. It was a cool, clear day, and my wide circle waterproof cloak completely hid the "Grecian Bend" and the unusual amount of clothing I had on. We passed through the front hall. Dr. Vandusen stood there talking with a man. My clothes brushed against him as I passed, but I did not fear him now. We went out the front door, down the broad steps, on toward the designated crossing, where we were to return. My Quaker friend, according to agreement, was already there, and had been slowly riding along for some time. Looking in the direction of the carriage, I said to Miss Wells, who was walking with me, "I declare, there is somebody I know," loud enough to be heard by the attendant. Then calling out to the Quaker in disguise, I said: "Good morning, cousin George, how do you do? Wait a moment, I want

to speak with you." Turning to the attendant just back of me, I said I would like to speak with this gentleman a moment. She nodded assent, and I very quietly walked to the carriage, and as deliberately got into the carriage. Turning to the company, I said to the attendant, "Don't be alarmed; I want to ride around for a while; I'll come back again." One of the attendants stood with outstretched arms, as though to pull me back. The other smiled and nodded assent. Of course it was against the rules, but then she was a dear, good girl. How could she refuse me such a slight favor? It was too late to refuse, you see. As I glanced back some of the ladies were clapping their hands. There stood dear Miss Wells and Miss Richards, all aglow with smiles, and little Allie Marvin jumping up and down, clapping her hands for joy. Our horse went grandly along toward town, taking the old road past the ashery. We drove through one of the principal streets, and then turned and took the old Schoolcraft road. This took us one mile east of the asylum, and in full view of the dark, towering walls, which loomed up with a forbidding aspect. What my feelings were can better be imagined than described. I could have hugged my deliverer, but as this would be a little out of place, I took my handkerchief and swung it toward the asylum, crying, "Good bye, asylum; good bye, Vandusen, until I see you again." Then looking away to the beautiful hills I swung my handkerchief to

the breeze, saying, "Good bye, asylum. Hail to the glorious hills of America, land of the brave and home of the free, once more I greet thee!" As I glanced toward my companion, tears were in the sympathetic eye.

Thus, after four years imprisonment in this institution, and five years exile from home, I was now **FREE, FREE!** I had outwitted the old sinner himself. I had escaped, and thus foiled him after so long a time. I had escaped from death, or a life worse than death. I looked toward my deliverer at my side, and then turned my heart to the Great Deliverer from all bondage.

Would you like to know how I obtained my homestead, and how I got along after I got away? I will give you the leading points in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

MY ADVENT—THE EXCITEMENT IT CAUSED—HOW
I SUCCEEDED—THE HAUNTED HOUSE—RETURN
HOME—RECEPTION.

Immediately after my safe arrival among friends I wrote to Judge Dickinson, of Hillsdale, informing him of my escape from the asylum, and demanding an investigation, telling him I would appoint two physicians, and he could appoint two or more as he desired, and we would have it settled about my sanity or insanity. I appointed a day and an hour when I would be there. I was there at the appointed time, my brother being my escort. The Judge needed no further proof of my sanity, and in due course of time I sued for and obtained a bill of divorce, with a certain portion of the property which belonged to me before I was taken to the asylum. I felt it to be my first great duty to expose the villainy of this cloven-footed superintendent. I was told it would be a hard thing to convince some of the state officers of his guilt—that it would take time to convince them; that he was ca-

pable of such nefarious villainy that he had got so firmly established, and had means to buy up any amount of testimony to suit his convenience, and that he was a high Mason, and would get clear anyway. Well, his being a Mason may help him some; but I do think if the lodge knew of his inner life and practices they would not screen him nor prevent his being brought to justice; for his crimes are more than those of a highway robber, or a pirate on the high seas. They take a bold stand of defiance in that work of crime, while he worms himself into favor by misrepresentations and falsehood, by deception and plotting. Intrigue and iniquity were his main master wheels. His talent and business ability, although not above the standard of man, have been exalted to the skies. The labor supposed to be done by him was done by others mostly. He could lobby, urge, and insinuate, but the work was done by others. His supposed perseverance and zeal was prompted by avarice. The continued showy improvements, instead of for the good of the patients, were to gain to himself honor and praise, and through the many appropriations and grants of moneys to fill his own coffers. And the state officers were blind to all these facts, blind to the motives and intentions of the man. His exterior was angelic; his interior satanic. He was said to be a very smart man. Don't forget that it takes a smart man to be a knave. I admit he is not a fool; but I admit also that he is a knave. It takes a smart

man and a knave to succeed as he has done in deceiving some of the best men we have in the state. But just keep track of him all the way through; keep track of his conversation if you can; keep track of his dodges, of his crooks and turns. Don't allow yourself to be thrown off the track by his oily flattery; this was one of his best weapons. He understood human nature well enough to take advantage of the weak points; and when anything came to light that would reflect discredit to his management, he had so many excuses and apologies, he had so many dodges, crooks, and turns, to avoid censure, that, unless you knew the bent of the man's drift, you could not keep pace with him. And thus it was the state officers were deceived. (All this I explained to the Judge.)

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The homestead from which I had been removed was situated in the western part of the village of Jonesville, and had gained the reputation of being haunted while I was an inmate of an insane asylum. People imagined they saw strange sights and heard strange sounds. A young man, brother to the lady who lived in the house, was put into the room to sleep where I had been confined previous to being carried off to the asylum. It was in this room I

had been drugged, chloroformed, starved, and finally dragged out by force when they took me off to the asylum. Well, the lady told me her brother would not sleep in the room; that he insisted upon it that he had seen me all night, or at any rate he saw a woman with long, flowing hair, large, black eyes, and long, bony arms, who kept walking the floor, wailing and wringing her hands, and moaning pitifully. As he had never seen me, he did not know that the description he gave would not agree or correspond with myself. But his imagination pictured the scene so vivid that he would not sleep in the room. And thus you see the report got circulated that the house was haunted. It was into this house I must go and remain until I could get a settlement. I did not fear the spectre; I had no dread of midnight visitants; but I did dread to return to the home now vacant and desolate. What, return alone to the home where clung so many painful reminiscences. The Judge told me to take possession of this house until further council. Said I to the Judge, "I have not a dollar in the world wherewith to buy a stick of wood or a loaf of bread." "Very well," said the kind-hearted Judge, "you need have no fear. The good people of Jonesville will not let you starve nor freeze." A very charitable lady in Hillsdale befriended me. She knew all the particulars of my removal to the asylum, and the causes which brought it about. This lady went with me to take possession of my home. We left

Hillsdale, with the assurance from Judge Dickinson that we should be protected. We arrived in Jonesville in due time. It was about two o'clock P. M. when we reached there. We stepped off the cars, and I stood upon the same ground I had stood upon years before. Yes, even in my girlhood days, and all along through the years of my married life, I had tread the same beaten path, although now heavily planked over. It was with some effort I overcame the flood of feeling that would arise. There stood the old homestead in plain sight. What joys and sorrows were interwoven in the remembrance of that dear home! Could I ever enter the desolate and forsaken rooms? Where was he who had promised to cherish and protect until death did us part? He was a prodigal in a distant land, eating the husks of life and feeding with the swine. And my children, they were not there to welcome me with their winning smiles and outstretched arms, as was their wont. No, there was nothing but the desolate wastes of past remembrances. A faintness came over me; I felt my strength giving way. This would never do. No, I must summon all my fortitude, and overcome this feeling. A short, quick struggle, an inward prayer for strength, and a "peace, be still;" then, with a firm step, I tread the space intervening; with a firm step I ascended the steps. Mrs. M. was the first to enter. Oh, the sad, sad changes that time will make! Desolation and destruction were the pervading features

everywhere, even the stair-railing to which my little Charlie clung, trying to pull me away from them when they carried me off, was broken. How plain the old scenes came back to my mind. Could I ever remain there? Yes, I must, in order to secure anything that remained of our property. I went to a neighbor, while Mrs. M. went to inform certain parties in town. The family where I went used to know me in Moscow when I was a small child. The gentleman and his two daughters got some wood and kindlings, and went back with me to start a fire. Directly Mrs. M. returned.

FIRST NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE—ALARM OF FIRE.

The day had been a cold, unpleasant one; we drew our bed up in front of the fire. Fortunately, when the house was built it was the fashion to have a fireplace in the front room or parlor; this fireplace rendered good service at this time. I think we should have nearly perished only for it. Our body-guard had camped within speaking distance. Our clothes and bedding were both damp from the sleet and rain which continued to fall all the latter part of the day. We did not change our clothing any be-

fore retiring, for fear of taking cold. Mrs. M. threw a thick felt skirt about her shoulders; I a blanket, and thus we lay down to rest. I can not tell how long we had been asleep, when I was awakened by a piercing scream from Mrs. M. I sprang up quickly, and saw that the room was filled with smoke. Mrs. M. said: "I'm all on fire; I'm burning up." I caught the blanket and smothered the fire, which had burned through the double thickness over Mrs. M. A coal from the fireplace must have snapped out onto Mrs. M., and burned through the woolen felt skirt wrapped around her, ere she discovered the fire. I shall never forget her frightened look as she sat bolt upright, her hair loose about her shoulders, the fire just bursting into a flame as it caught the cotton bedding and flashed up toward Mrs. M., who, terror-stricken, seemed unable to move. Quicker than thought I took in the whole scene, and sprang to her relief. The smoke nearly strangled me, but the flames were reaching near to Mrs. M. It seemed that in a moment more her long, flowing hair would be all ablaze. There was no time for deliberation. With the woolen blanket damp with the sleet (for the blanket had been thrown over some things which had been sent there), I quickly smothered the flames. Our guard, aroused from their slumbers, were at hand. We had not anticipated anything of this kind, but we had anticipated an attempt to kidnap me by parties interested in not wishing me to

be at liberty. But the citizens of Jonesville were awake to the situation, and any such attempt would have been met with prompt measures to thwart and capture the assailants. There were persons seen prowling about the place in the night after this, and were known to dog my footsteps, but nothing serious occurred. One night my niece was awakened by the attempt of a man to get into her room through the window. The man had succeeded in getting partially through the window, when she aroused her husband, who slept with a loaded gun at his head. But the man made haste to get out of sight. I think the intention was to assassinate me. This I do not lay to the charge of Mr. B.'s friends, but to the superintendent of the asylum, who knew the metal I was made of, and who did not like to have me at large, where I could report those things which transpired while I was at the asylum. Yes, I knew this man Vandusen would assassinate me in a minute if possible, rather than have these things known against him. Like David, he would not do the deed himself, now that I was away from the asylum, but he would hire it done. You know what men will do for money. A good many of my friends were afraid to have me go out after dark, for fear of some one shooting me. But I have not feared that so much as I have the dirk. A person can not fire a pistol without its being heard; but the dirk is the favorite instrument of the assassin. I have been on the lookout, and am even now, for

something of this kind. I do not intend to be surprised in this direction; to be forewarned is to be forearmed. No, I did not fear anything of this kind from my husband's friends, but if they could make out that I was crazy, as they tried to, and have me put back in the asylum, they would do it in a holy minute. With their covetous, craving, cramping, narrow-mindedness, they could not bear the thought of my having the smallest portion of the property I had helped to earn and save. They had tried hard to dispose of everything, and had figured so there was nothing left but the homestead that I could get possession of. They had tried hard to sell this, and had finally sold and had the papers all made out ready for signature, and the family were to take possession the next week. A man and his wife came the next day after I got there, and said they had bought the place, and were going to move in on Tuesday of the following week, but when matters were explained to them they very quietly went their way. They tried to get possession of the barn. A man drove his team with goods into the barn, and commenced to unload, when I was apprised of the fact, and forbade him unloading any more goods, and told him to take them off the premises or pay me the rent in advance. I charged him pretty high rent. He was loth to go, but he saw the old Jackson blood in my eye, and concluded he had better vacate. You see, I am very much determined. That is a failing I can not help—I mean

the Jackson that is in me. "Victory or death," with me, every time. Strategy is a good thing. Yes, it saved our army at New Orleans, and it has saved us more times than once when we were in close quarters. The Jackson in us would work a way out; thank the Lord for the Jackson that is in us. Well, when my most excellent brother-in-law saw he couldn't hold the fort he got terrible wrathful, foamed and raved, and swore a little, I am told, "just a little." You see my husband had given him a quit-claim deed of all the property. This was done so that he might dispose of it for him, the sentiment being so much against my husband on account of his wrong doings that he could do no business there, and had put his property in his brother's hands. So you can see I had quite a lively time with J. W. B., who carried me to Kalamazoo, and who thinks to-day I ought to be there still. I claimed a certain share of the property, stoutly affirming I had signed no such papers, and, even if I had, it would not stand in law, for I was insane at the time they were given. I sued for a bill of divorce and alimony, and in due time recovered the homestead and a little property besides,—very much to the discomfiture of J. W. B. and wife, who were living very nicely with the use of our property. His wife made the remark that it was a shame that I should come back from the asylum and kick up such a row just as they had got to living so nicely. What a shame! Yes, what a shame and

what a pity that I did not stay a prisoner for life, just to accommodate them, so they could live nicely and flout in borrowed plumage. They had circulated false reports about me, so as to prejudice the people against me, and carried the idea that it was all my fault that my husband had done as he did, and that "I wasn't anybody, did not amount to anything," etc., etc. But they did not succeed as well as they intended. There were people living there who had known me from a child, and knew my people well, who refuted these charges. They were not a little surprised to see me with my brother, and still more surprised when they saw the uprising in my favor. My next consideration, after getting a settlement was, how I could best benefit my children. My daughter was married before I got away from the asylum, and was now living in Pennsylvania, where her husband's people lived. My boy had been in a drug store doing for himself ever since he was eleven years of age. To bring about a reunion was the first great thought ever uppermost in my mind. The question will arise, and naturally enough, "why did not you go back to your family?" Well, I will answer, in good old Yankee style, why did not my family come back to me? And it was this I wanted to bring about. My daughter wrote that her husband could not do as well there as he could west; that times were such that they were in straitened circumstances, and they were anxious to come west. My brother had been

over to see me from Bay City. He told me to get my house repaired and furnished, and he would see that means were furnished to do so, and to write to my boy, and send him money to come home, giving me money to send it he wished to come. My brother could not remain with me long, on account of business, but told me I had better use the money he let me have to buy carpeting, as I could be getting it made to put down, and when he came over again, which would be in a few weeks, he would see to getting the house furnished, saying, "What you do get, let it be the best. I want your house to look pleasant and attractive for the children." This dear brother had been to visit me when we lived in Quincy, and he became very much attached to the children. What he said gave me great courage and hope, knowing him to be abundantly able to aid me. He had always been a very dear brother to me; yet I did not feel that I would like to be dependent upon him. But as he was a bachelor, without any one to care for but himself, I felt that he would be pleased to help me to get established, and then we could live some way. My daughter's husband was a dentist, and I had it in my mind to have them come and live with me, just as soon as I could get the house—which had been sadly used, and needed repairs badly—in condition to occupy with any degree of comfort. I had written to my daughter to this effect. But it seems she had written to her father ere she received my letter, and he

sent her the money to come to his place of residence. Very soon after my brother died, and my only means of support was withdrawn from me for the time being. I had gone on with the improvements according to his advice, and incurred considerable expense. My daughter's going still further west without my seeing her, or even knowing of the change until it had been made, was a sad blow to me. If I had foreseen how things were to be, my brother would have sent the money for her to come to our home. But it was too late. My brother only lived three weeks after leaving my house. This was the saddest blow of all. Aside from losing a dear, dear friend and brother, one whom I could depend upon, a brother that had always been very dear to me, I lost my only stay and prop, as it were, financially. I was now embarrassed. I could not keep house now; it was out of the question. I must rent until the rent of the house could pay for the repairs, which were a necessity. What furniture I had got I returned, and rented my house. The disappointment was great, but must be borne until the time should come when I could afford to furnish and occupy the house with my children, as I had intended at first. A few months later the death of my daughter made it impracticable. This was the saddest blow, and the heaviest of all to me. What, my beautiful Adah dead! Yes, dead, and I not see her. Oh, how was I to endure this heart-rending blow after all I had endured and suffered?

Would the Lord in His mercy give me grace to bear up under its crushing weight? That dear, dear child, who was the angel of our household, whose gentle ways and winning manner endeared her to my heart, and who, during all my long illness, seemed never to tire of the tasks imposed on her. Much of the care of the house, as well as her little brother and myself, depended upon her; and it devolved upon her to do all the extra errands of the family. And when she had done all that was required of her to do, she would come to my bedside in her quiet, gentle way, and ask me if there was something more she could do for me. And was that dear face and form buried beneath the cold ground, and I, her mother, see her not, nor even know of her short illness or death until they had covered her form with the sod of earth? Oh, the rending tomb could not give back to me my child, and I must say "peace, troubled soul," when there was no peace. Although to the outer world I seemed calm, there was and is the anguish of a broken heart which earth can not heal. I will copy from the "Moberly Constitution," March 4, 1874, the obituary, just as it was published, that you may know I mourn not without cause :

DEAD.—It is with sorrow that we announce the death of Adah, the dutiful and loving wife of Dr. W. W. McCoy, of this city, who died on Tuesday afternoon last, aged 20 years. Like the early rose just coming into bloom, blighted by an untimely frost, she, when life's young hopes had prepared her

for the great contest of life, has fallen a victim to disease and death. Her sufferings, which were of but one week's duration, were borne with Christian fortitude, and her many friends and acquaintances may find consolation in the fact that as the stem puts forth another bud upon the appearance of sunshine, so the transported in that clime where the frosts of death never come will bloom more brightly there. She was a lady of gentle and unaffected manners, of amiable disposition, and was held in high esteem by all her friends and relatives. In her death society loses a cherished member, her husband a good, dutiful, and loving wife and companion. He has the sympathy of the entire community in his bereavement. Her remains were taken to Chillicothe, Mo., the home of her parent, and, with the last lingering look on her form, all of her that was mortal was consigned to the lone and silent grave.

The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Where sadness sits and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there.

Thus, you see, I was doubly bereaved. My brother had died very suddenly, a sister at Port Huron had died just previous to Adah's death, and now my beautiful beloved Adah. Oh, if I could only have been with her in her last sickness, and ministered to her wants, had she known and felt a mother's love, ere she passed from earth away, it would be a consolation to that mother whose heart and home was left desolate. But no; I knew not of her illness or death until the grave held all that was earthly of her remains. And I must weep

alone, and toil on in life's uncertain paths until death shall release me from all earth's struggles and sorrows. She had passed on before me, and I must weep alone in toil, in pain, and sorrow, until the death angel should come for me. In the meantime the wicked flourish, and those who wronged me, and who caused all this great heart suffering and separation sail "o'er flowery beds of ease," and feast in halls of pleasure. If I had had the means to send for my daughter and her husband to come to my home, ere they went west further, we would undoubtedly have been living to-day in the old home-stead in Jonesville. But her father had the advantage of me in money matters. If my brother had lived it would have been different. I can not say, as many do, perhaps it is for the best, or, it is all for the best. Perhaps I may see the day when I can feel so; I can not as yet. I had made all my calculations to have Adah and her husband live at home with me, and had used all my means to make repairs, expecting aid from my brother, as he had told me he would pay all necessary expenses and furnish the house for me. But now aid was cut off from every quarter where I might expect it, and there was no other alternative but to rent, and seek employment in order to sustain myself.

I came to Bronson to visit friends, and there became acquainted with Mr. Smith, and we agreed to help each other along through life. Therefore I became henceforth Mrs. Smith.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEMON OF THE HOUSEHOLD—ESTRANGEMENT — THE CLOVEN-FOOTED SISTER-IN-LAW — HER HATRED AND REVENGE.

The demon of the household was a young woman somewhat skilled in voluptuous amours. I was an invalid when she came to our house as a guest. I said I was an invalid; I was very ill, and the prospects were that I would be an invalid for some time, if I recovered at all. What there was so very attractive about this young woman I am at a loss to tell. She was course in form and feature, and notwithstanding she had been brought up in idleness, she had the worst looking hands and feet I ever saw. Yet she had a certain bearing which seemed to take wonderfully for a time, until people began to find her out. She had been to boarding-school long enough to give her quite a finished education. Her father and mother were dead. At their death there were six orphaned children, she being next to the youngest. The oldest brother had spared no expense to fit her for some useful po

sition in life. He even deprived himself of the advantages of a liberal education to aid his two sisters, to whom he was devotedly attached. How did she repay this self-sacrificing brother? Just the same as she repaid all with whom she had any deal—with ingratitude, deception, and betrayal. I do not know who she inherited her disposition from, unless it was her grandmother on her father's side, who was said to be a witch, or possessed with demons. She certainly was not like either her father or mother. You have no doubt read of the angel and the demon. Well, the demon had conquered there. It was astonishing with what ease and grace she would glide from one degree of iniquity to another without being suspected. She was so angelic she would deceive the very elect. She was so childlike, so innocent, and dependent. She would get your sympathy only to wound you. Her manner was very affectionate toward me for a time, and never having heard anything derogatory to her private character, she won upon my regard and affections for a while, until I began to see through the mask she wore; but it was then too late to remedy the evil. Her social standing, so far as I knew, had been good previous to her coming to our home. But I learned afterward that she had made trouble in every family wherever she had been—even as a boarder. This was all kept from me, and only the best recommendations were presented to me. Therefore it was a long time before I learned her true character and

disposition; and then it was not until after I had been informed by other parties of the true condition of things in my own family. Before I had even suspected such a thing, my husband was fast in the coils of the slimy serpent. Her fangs had pierced into his inmost soul, and severed it from its rightful owner—his Maker. The demon had conquered, and while he listened to the siren voice of the tempter, and drank in her smooth, sweet words of flattery, he forgot all else, forgot his God, his manhood, his wife, his children, and his own soul.

And now, dear reader, that you may know the reason my husband got me incarcerated in an insane asylum, it will be necessary for me to probe a wound, and let escape some of the corruption which had gathered in our domestic relations. I do not believe in pining over our own troubles. I think the relation between husband and wife too sacred to be monopolized by the curious public. But in order to give you a correct idea of the cause of my being put in an insane asylum, and the desire to keep me there, it will be necessary for me to explain a few facts in connection with our domestic life. The cloven-footed sister-in-law was the wife of my husband's brother, who had taken a great dislike to me. I was said to be very fair, and a great favorite with the family, particularly with father B.; while she was very dark, low in stature, uncomely form, a low, flat head, black eyes, and complexion ditto, or nearly so. She possessed an evil mind—suspicious, envi-

ous, jealous, and revengeful. Hence, to a great degree she was the cause of all the trouble of my married life. I was married at the early age of sixteen to H. M. B., a widower with one child. Little Jessis was three years old when I took the responsible position of step-mother. I had taken s mother's place in one respect, and I fervently and devoutly prayed for grace and strength to enable me to discharge my duty faithfully as wife and mother, and I would have succeeded beyond my earnest expectations if it had not been for this cloven-footed sister-in-law. Did it ever occur to you, dear reader, what an amount of mischief and harm an evil-disposed person can do? She had sworn to be the cause of my downfall, and ruin me if possible. How well she succeeded can now be seen. She had all along tried to prejudice my husband's people against me, in more ways than one. But her principal fight was on how I abused Jessie. But she never did succeed in convincing all the family that Jessie was abused. This seemed to arouse all the worst feelings of her nature. Her vile tongue was busy with mischief-making. I will pass over the years of my married life until I was forced from my home and thrust in an insane asylum. As I have already said, my health was poor; I was unable to attend to my domestic duties. I was able to be about a little, but confined to my room the most of tne time. My husband said to me one day, "I guess I'll have Sarah make you something to wear, and come and

help take care of you." Sarah. Who was Sarah? None other than the cloven-footed sister-in-law. I had noticed for some time they had had their heads together a good deal. I knew there must be some mischief brewing, but what I did not know, till one day my husband was unusually pleasant, and desired me to take a ride with him on the cars,—said there was to be a big celebration at Coldwater, and he wanted me to go so much. I did not feel strong enough to take so long a ride, I told him; but he insisted, telling me it would do me good; that I stayed cooped up so much that I would never get well if I did not go out more; and, said he, "Sarah will come and help to get you ready." I told him I did not want any of her help. She had made herself so odious and disagreeable to me that I despised her in my heart, and even dreaded her presence, and had told my husband so time and again. But no; Sarah was all right. It was all my notion. And sure enough, Sarah came to help me off. One thing I am heartily glad of, that she has got to die, and pass the judgment. This is a thing she can not avoid. Well, they saturated my clothing with chloroform, and, more dead than alive, I was somehow got over to the cars. I noticed that there were a great many people there, and a good deal of confusion about something. The cloven foot helped to push me up the steps into the car. I was conscious enough to know what transpired around me, but not conscious enough to think

much. I heard some one say, just back of me, "She is crazy, and he wants to take her to the insane asylum. The people were looking at me. My husband sat in the same seat beside me. I looked at him, and for the first time suspected his object in getting me to go for a ride. I stepped over his feet and sprang for the door. I heard his voice calling for some men in the car to hold me: "Catch her quick—quick! Don't let her pass, she is crazy. Hold her tight!" Four or five men caught me, and I wrestled and fought to get away. Soon a hand I recognized as belonging to my devoted (?) husband was thrust madly into my face with a handkerchief saturated with chloroform. I knew no more until I came to consciousness in the depot at Coldwater. It seems that the good people at Jonesville had stopped the train, telling the conductor that the train could not pass on with me on board. Dr. C., of Jonesville, stepped aboard the car, telling them to let the train pass, and he would bring me back on the next train, at which the obstructions were removed. And, true to his word, he found B., and found me also. B. disappeared suddenly, using the doctor's testimony, as given afterwards. He said I was in spasms, from the effects of drugs that had been administered, and the chloroform together. He said I could not have lived eight minutes longer if I had not received medical aid from some source. Well, this was the first attempt to get me away. Failing in this, he employed his con-

fidential sister-in-law to aid him. A more fit subject it would have been difficult to find to suit his purpose. The citizens had tried to have me enter a complaint against my husband, so they could have some grounds to rest upon. But how could I enter a complaint against my husband and the father of my children? No, I could not—it seemed to me I could die first. The kind-hearted people and many of the citizens were determined I should not go back and live with him. They knew the danger I was in better than I did. There was a committee appointed to visit me, and get me to enter a complaint against Mr. B. But I could not do so. I did not see my danger even then, and so, at my request, I was carried back to my home. Everything went on smoothly for a time. My husband did not dare to take measures to get me away at first, knowing he was watched. All these aggravating circumstances did not tend to lessen the malady from which I was suffering. I was confined to the bed the greater portion of the time. My husband said to me one day he thought he would have Sarah come and take care of me. "No, sir, not much," said I. But Sarah came, and continued to come. I expostulated, telling my husband how disagreeable her presence was to me. I told him all she could do would not help me any, the very thought of her being there would make me worse, and I did not want her in the house at all, and if she came I should tell her so. But she came just the same,

and continue to come. She would hold me by main force, and pour something down my throat (I have ascertained since it was belladonna, with other mixtures,) after which the room would be filled with chloroform, and a stupifaction followed, with an awakening too awful to describe. My head, lungs, and stomach seemed burning with an indescribable heat. I could not swallow, and the fearful agony I was in was too awful to describe. Oh, for life and strength to arise and put a stop to all this abomination. Thus weeks passed, and when a physician was called I had the appearance of being crazy enough. I had been confined in a back chamber, and the cloven-foot had circulated the report of the derangement of my mind. Some believed, but more doubted. Knowing the circumstances, it was not thought strange by some if I was crazy.

I awoke one morning very early. I seemed to be quite free from the effects of the drugs, and for a little while I felt perfectly well, that is, I was free from the awful agony I had suffered so long. I think the interval had been somewhat extended since the cloven-foot had made her last visit. At least I felt a peaceful calm, and a sense of returning health that I had not felt before. As I lay calmly thinking what I should do, I heard some one coming. They soon reached the door and came in. It was cloven-foot, in company with the doctor. She came directly up to the bed, and began taking the night-clothes off from me. I tried to free myself

from her tiger-like paws. She succeeded, however in mastering me, on account of physical strength. I asked the doctor what my husband meant by allowing such proceedings in our house. This cloven-foot had held me by main force and poured drugs down me, time and again, and where she had clutched and clawed me there would be black and blue spots all over my neck and shoulders, and on my wrists and arms. My wrists had been sore and swollen for a long time, where she had scratched them. She now clutched at my head and hands, and succeeded in tearing off what I had on, and put on some duds of her own making. What they had given me did not have the effect of stupefying me entirely. I was still conscious of what was passing around me. No, I had not yet lost consciousness as they expected; but the awful feeling was returning to my throat and head. My husband was no where to be seen. But as they were carrying me through the hall my two children stood there, tears in their eyes. There was my dear, beautiful Adah, the sunshine gone from her face, the sad and pained look I shall never forget. And this was the last time I ever saw her. What a painful remembrance. My little boy, only seven years old, clung to me with one hand, and to the stair-railing with the other, telling them not to carry his mama away from him.

Well, well, reader, this is worth remembering. Of course, I fought woman-like, with teeth and

nails, kicking and wrestling, and trying to get away until I was perfectly exhausted. In this way, with the stupefying effects of the chloroform, they succeeded in carrying me to the cars, and I was started for the insane asylum the second time. The clothing they had made and caused to be put on me, made me look crazy enough, and the marks were left on my body where this woman had thumped me with her fists. My arms and wrists were swollen and lame, and black and blue where she had clutched and held me. If it were left with me to mete out a punishment to her, for the part she took in getting me away to the asylum, it would be that she should be bound in bonds which could not be broken, and torn from the nursing infant which she could not embrace, and occupy the place assigned to me part of the time I was at the asylum. The straight-jacket and hand muffs would become her amazing well, and the discipline would do her good. I think she has already had a little foretaste of what awaits her in the future. It was confidentially told me that she was mentally deranged a year or so, while I was at the asylum. They have had their punishment in part. Let them take warning ere the vial of wrath be poured out in full, "for all liars shall have their part in that lake which burneth with unquenchable fire." They will receive their reward for all the false reports they circulated in regard to me, and the reasons they assigned as the cause of my being taken to the asylum, as well as other

things they did calculated to injure me. No, they were not satisfied with aiding in a separation of my family—were not satisfied with helping to drug me and get me put in a place to be dreaded—I have a mind to say a place to be dreaded above all others, and it is in some respects; and it certainly was to be dreaded more than any place I had ever known anything about. It is true they did not have the rack, the inquisition, and the torture, but they might as well have had them. It was torture just the same. But, “vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.” Her punishment I will leave with the God of my fathers. Through her own evil disposition she conspired to ruin a person who had never wronged her nor laid aught in her way. Her reasons for the course she took against me were none other than those that her own evil heart prompted,—I was liked, she thought; while she was not. Envy, hatred, jealousy, and revenge, were the propelling motives for her actions. But why should she be revenged on me, who had in no way injured her? This was the worst feature in her disposition. Truly Satan found a ready helpmeet in her. It is through such instrumentalities that his Satanic majesty accomplishes his work of devastation and destruction. She had sought revenge without a cause. An unprovoked revenge must be sweet, judging from the energy and alacrity with which she hoped to aid in bringing about a separation in our family; her principal object being to injure me to the greatest

amount she possibly could, and, as she had boasted, to "bring me down." I was too high-headed, she said. She would bring me down and take the pride out of me. In attempting to do this what did she accomplish? She helped to bring about destruction and desolation in our family. She helped to bring a lingering sorrow and disgrace upon my children, and not only upon my children, but upon my husband's daughter also. She aided and abetted an outrage to community, a disgrace on humanity. What pay has she received? How has she been benefited? These questions can and will be settled by time. And you may ask, "Is your husband, or rather Mr. B., happy?" I can not say as to that, but I conclude the trail of the serpent is over him still. If the gratification of a man's baser passions constitutes happiness, I have no doubt he has drank the cup nearly to the dregs. How can a man forget his holiest ties, his solemn vows; how shun his better nature and drown the voice of conscience, and bring sorrow, destruction, and a lifetime grief and disgrace upon those who are the nearest, and who should be the dearest of all on earth to them? But yet they do do it. My case is not an exception to all others. These things are getting to be quite a common occurrence. The law of God is despised, and the marriage vow trampled under foot and made of no effect. Corrupt morals and a lack of principle are the chief cause of these unpleasant and ruinous changes, and a home where peace, joy,

and comfort should abound, is transformed into a corrupt, loathsome hovel of misery. And until man shall learn his duty to God, his neighbor and himself, and until woman shall learn that modesty is more becoming than shame, and virtue more desirable than vice, families will be severed and homes made desolate. The only apology I can make for Mr. B. is that man is prone to evil. I do not intend to infer that man is all evil. No, there is a germ of good implanted within, which needs culture to secure a perfect development. We are told the tares sometimes choke out the good seed and prevent its growth. The good that we would do is sometimes prevented by the rise of evil. St. Paul says: "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the things that I would not, those I do." And thus it was that evil overcame where there was not an established principle sufficiently strong to overcome the evil. And thus it was with Mr. B., although temptation was not stronger than his vows. He was too weak for the one, and too fickle to prove true to the other. Hence Satan entered our household, as he did in the Eden of old, and left naught but a desolate waste.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

DEAR SIRs:—If you wed a young, inexperienced girl, do not leave her to feel neglected; do not try and keep her under your feet. Show to the world that you consider your wife your equal. If she be not, by so doing you may be able to make her so. Do not try and keep her back from knowing the great things that are transpiring in this world of ours; let her feel that she has her part to act in the great drama of life. Do not make her feel under restraint and embarrassment in your presence. Let her feel free to think and act. If she be a true, good woman, she will make a better wife, and a brighter ornament in society, while her better and nobler nature will grow and expand, as it could not if cramped and restricted. The most delicate and valuable plants need a rich and generous soil, while noxious weeds and worthless trash grow by the wayside any and everywhere. If you wed a woman whom you consider your equal, or superior, do not throw off the gentleman you have assumed to win her—she will surely see through you if you do. Retain the same genteel courtesy of manner that you did during your courtship. Be a gentleman at home, and not a bore, if you would retain the affec-

tions of her whom you have taken so much pains to win. For a woman can not love any one after they cease to be lovable. Let your life and bearing be such as to command the respect of your wife, as well as of the community at large,—then you may hope for domestic happiness.

A WORD TO WIVES.

Let your first consideration be the good of your own household. Let your husband see that your main effort is in this direction, and if he be a good and true husband he will not fail to observe it. No man with a heart in his bosom will be indifferent to the woman who studies his interests and tastes, to please. And I will say to you, as I did to your husband, just now, in order to retain the love of your husband, you must make an effort to please him. If you are slack and indifferent to his feelings and tastes, he will not be slow to notice it. Never give your husband cause to be jealous by your needless, vain, and silly flirtations,. Do not gad about with idle and foolish gossip, for every true, good man hates these things—which he should. And, my dear sister woman, if it should be your misfortune to have a dissipated husband, if you live with him, try and make something of him,. You can not

do it by scolding or fault-finding; this will never make a man out of any kind of material. And above all things, if he shows a disposition to reform, do not keep throwing up old stuff at him. Be silent about what he has done, and been, but bend all your efforts to what he may become.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Industry, Sobriety, and Temperance are the three great stepping stones to an eminence of greatness and moral worth, combined with energy, perseverance, and economy, can not fail of success. Have your associations been such as to impair and corrupt your morals, come out from among them and do your level best. I know it is a life-time work to build up a good reputation from a poor one, but it is worth the effort, and society will sustain you in the effort if it sees you are sincere in the attempt. And do you not know it is much easier and cheaper to go in the best company you can? Just try it once and see for yourself. Above all, young man, never marry until you can make up your mind to be true to yourself, true to your God, and the right. In this way alone you can secure happiness to yourself and family, and the respect of posterity. It would not be a pleasant thing for you to be despised

in the eyes of your wife and children? Well, then, let me tell you for a truth, you can not be a scapegoat in the world and an honored and respected member of your own household. It is an impossibility. There is an instinctive telegraphic wire, which communicates the fact to your family. You need not think you can continue on in vice, and your wife not know it, for she surely will. She may not know the extent of your corrupt practices, but something tells her you are not right, you are not the man she expected to find. She sees your lack of manliness, and her confidence begins to lessen, until you are despised in her eyes, while the canker-worm of grief and disappointment eats down into her innermost soul

A WORD TO YOUNG WOMEN.

There is so much I would like to say to you, my dear young friends, but I fear I shall be under the necessity of being brief. In the first place, be true to your womanly instincts of right. If you do this you can not go very far amiss, for there is a germ implanted in the breast of woman which, if properly matured and cultured, will cause you to shine as the stars in the firmament. The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies. Virtue and modesty will adorn you as no earthly trappings can. Seek to in-

form yourself in every useful branch of education. What I mean by this is that which can be made practicable. I claim that it is necessary for a woman to qualify herself for some useful position in life, and not depend upon a marriage settlement as the mainspring of all her qualifications; although I do consider it important that every woman be skilled in the art of housekeeping. No woman is capable of taking charge of an establishment until she be skilled in housekeeping. I am a great friend to the young. I believe in encouraging them in every good word and work. Kindness and encouragement go further than fault-finding, and there is no telling, my dear young ladies, to what a degree of perfection you may attain if you make the effort and continue on, not heeding the discouragements you will surely meet with in various ways. Be true to yourself. Upon your own merits you stand or fall. Let not temptation sully your moral worth, or tarnish your reputation. Let your associations be good. Keep good company or none. Much sorrow and suffering could be prevented if every individual understood the laws of health and their own being better. We know too little of ourselves. The brain, through which the mind acts, is a wonderful piece of machinery, but, like all material things, is liable to become impaired or suffer loss. Various causes are the result of mental derangement; impaired health and physical weakness can not alone produce insanity. Persons supposed to enjoy per-

fect health are very suddenly taken violently insane. There must be some unpleasant excitement which acts upon the mind, in connection with other causes, to produce mental derangement. A person may be delirious from the effects of fever or other diseases, but so soon as the cause is removed they recover, and are just as strong in mind as they were previous to the ailment. An old adage, and I believe it to be a true one, is that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If people would observe the laws of health, and avoid undue and unpleasant excitement, they would stand a better chance all through life to retain physical and mental strength. But in many instances this mental suffering is brought about by others, while the innocent have to suffer for the wrong-doing of others. If parents would instruct their children more in the great lessons of life, they would be enabled to avoid many of the evils which too often fall upon them; and if husbands and wives would study to please, instead of aggravating and annoying each other with useless bickerings, they might also avoid much misery and suffering. Insanity might be avoided in many instances if a proper course of living was formed. When the body is tired it needs rest. When the brain is tired it needs rest also. Motion is the exercise of the body—thought is the exercise of the brain. Too much exercise exhausts the body; too much thought exhausts the brain. The body must have rest; the brain must have sleep. When a man

can not sleep, every hour is a step nearer the mad-house. Some work too much, some think too much. Too little rest for the body, too little sleep for the brain, are false enemies of time, and multitudes unwittingly bring on wasting and fatal disease by practicing these economies. Sleep plenty. Rest plenty. These are the foundations of all great, safe, and efficient activities of body and brain. But this side of the story is not good without the other. Body and brain need plenty of exercise as well as rest, and probably far fewer people fall into ill health from overdoing than from insufficient or irregular exercise of their muscles, and for want of that vigorous development of brain power which comes from mental activity and discipline. Parents not infrequently require too much or too little of their children—husbands require too much or too little of their wives. The estimate of insanity among the different classes of working people is said to be greatest among farmers and farmers' wives. Why is this over-taxation? The greater amount of farm labor comes during the hot summer months, and the farmer and his wife are over taxed with hard work, anxiety, and care, while the professional world take a holiday for recreation. But employers seldom require too little of the person employed. Insanity was scarcely known among the negroes until they were free to get a livelihood for themselves. Idleness and poor whisky undoubtedly has something to do with this.

I give these few hints as suggestions or preventatives against mental depression. Know that persons of nervous temperament, who are extremely sensitive, should be regarded with the most kindly feelings, and anything which would have a tendency to aggravate or agitate the feelings with undue and unpleasant excitement should be avoided. Pleasant excitement is profitable at times; but unpleasant excitement never. On the contrary it is often the cause of serious results. Many times insanity, as well as many other evils, could be avoided with the exercise of proper care and management.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WALK ABOUT THE ASYLUM GROUNDS, AND A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

The asylum is situated about a mile—perhaps a little more than a mile—from the principal business part of Kalamazoo. You approach the asylum building from the west Schoolcraft road. The buildings stand on a high elevation, and as you arrive within sight of the towers and domes, which flash and sparkle in the sunlight, you are reminded of some ancient tower. The grounds about the asylum, until within a few years, presented a dreary and forbidding aspect. Now you are greeted with more display and show of modern improvements. The grounds have been put under a better state of cultivation, and additional building has been done at great expense to the state. The asylum building, which is occupied by the lady patients now, can be approached by the front walk, or by a more circuitous route, taking the side path a little north of

the building. Suppose we take this path and follow it up until we come to the coal car, thence down to the water works back of the asylum building; then we will take a more circuitous route still, until we come to the barn and cattle stalls. Judging from the appearance of the barn, the cattle and swine, you would conclude the patients fared pretty well. We stop and visit the gentlemen's wards, which are kept in good order as a general thing. Some of them are furnished nicely,—with games and amusements of various kinds. Everything we see so far looks quite pleasant and attractive. We leave the gentlemen's asylum and continue the beaten path until we approach the old asylum building again. We enter at the front door, and if we have our admission ticket we are ushered into the reception-room, there to hear a glowing account of what is being done by the master mind of E. H. Vandusen. Then you are shown through the kitchen department, laundry, etc.; then back through the chapel and down again and through No. 10 hall, the pride and glory of the institution. You are now ready to go away, highly pleased. You have seen the great asylum of notoriety. But have you seen all you came to see? Have you been in any of the side-shows? Well, they "don't amount to much." But come, let us go together a little further behind the scenes, behind the bolted doors and barred windows, back to the dens of misery. Oh, no, you don't want to go. Very well, then, we will wait here be-

hind the screen, and see how this thing is managed. If we stay long enough we may be able to see through the flimsy guise which covers the slimy serpent, We may be able to see his motives and plans,—be able to see how the appropriations are used, and for what purpose ; and why so many have been denied admittance there who actually needed the treatment, while others have been received and detained who had no business there. Yes, if we stay long enough we can see why all this useless display and appearance of grandeur ; and if we remain yet a little longer we shall see more. But we will draw the curtain now, and note the structure of the building, divisions, etc. The main or center building is large and commodious, about three and a half or four stories high. The front entrance-way is a large hall ; at your left the trustees' room, and on beyond the assistant physiciens' and matron's dining-room. To your right is the reception-room and library ; beyond this is the doctor's office. On the first floor, in the basement below, is the underground office. Directly in front of the library is the dead room, and adjoining this on the west side is the matron's room, and a large unfurnished reception-room, similar to a passengers' waiting-room at a railway station, to the west and south of the matron's room. The first floor above this was occupied by Dr. E. H. Vandusen and family. The second floor above, which is the third story, was occupied by the assistant physicians, the matron and assistant

matron as a sleeping apartment. The old chapel also used to be on this floor. Above this, on the fourth floor, the help from the laundry and kitchen departments used to room at night, but later provision had been made for them to lodge in their own departments, and the fourth floor was left vacant, it seems for some purpose. Thank God and the kind friends who aided me, I did not occupy a room on that floor, where the beautiful window screen, with its iron fastening, would preclude all possibility of recognition. On either side of the center building entered the long row of wings, divided into wards for the different classes of patients. These wards will accommodate from sixteen to thirty patients, with accommodations for two or three attendants each, with dining-hall, bath, and wash-room and ladies' closet on each hall. There were some two hundred attendants employed while I was there, and there was said to be from six to seven hundred patients. There were four physicians, one matron, and one assistant matron, one clerk, one steward, one office boy, a supervisor and one or two more attendants on each hall, a house-keeper and family, one butcher and baker, a cabinet maker and mender, laundryman and laundress, with their assistants, a cooper and a general workman for repairs, kitchen and dining-room help, a gardener to superintend the floral department, and a considerable amount of extra help. So, you see, it was quite a city of itself. If Vandusen had been a Shah he

would have had quite a harem. He would like to be some great personage, where he could control the will of the masses. But he can't do that in America. He did succeed in blinding the eyes of many of our most worthy men to such an extent that he could secure any amount of moneys through the appropriation grants, by representing the needs of the insane in such an extravagant manner, and continued to do so, until he not only extended the asylum buildings at Kalamazoo to an enormous proportion, but also caused to be erected another asylum for the insane near Detroit. I should conclude that he had a mania in this direction. He came to Michigan and lobbied until he got the first appropriation grant ; and he has lobbied ever since. He has hoodwinked the people of Michigan as long as he can. I wonder where he will start for next. Perhaps Texas. But I rather think they are too sharp for him there. It will be remembered he was the man who received*Tyler and kept him nearly a year. The most of you will remember the Tyler murder case, near Syracuse, N. Y., and how he got clear on the plea of insanity. Well, Vandusen was assistant superintendent in the Utica asylum at that time, and, in the absence of the superintendent, assumed his duties. You have read of the lawyer outwitted, of course, as it was published in all the leading papers. Tyler, it seems, owned a large and valuable farm, and he told his lawyer if he would clear him on the plea of insanity he would give him

*the word "Tyler" should read

"Fyler."

a deed of his farm, and play insane. The farm was an object, and the lawyer made arrangements with Vandusen to receive Tyler and keep him a year, when he could let him go at large cured. At the end of the year Tyler comes home and claims his farm. The lawyer expostulates, reminding him of the agreement, and how he had saved him from the gallows. But Tyler said, "Ha, ha! That won't stand in law. You know I was insane when I signed those papers." And Tyler held the farm. You may ask, what has this to do with the Kalamazoo asylum? It has a good deal to do with it. If he would receive a man under such circumstances, what wouldn't he do? Don't you think he would receive a woman who ought not to be a patient there? He has received more than one who ought not to be a patient there, and refused many who ought to be, and who needed the treatment. You may ask what his object was in this. One thing was to represent that the asylum was not sufficiently large to accommodate the insane of the state—hence another appropriation. There was more money in odd jobs like this than there was in doing business in the regular way. It will be remembered you have not been back behind the scenes with me yet, and remained long enough to learn these facts, and so I have to tell you of them. I might write volumes, and then the half would not be told. I only give you some of the leading facts for your consideration. It is not for the purpose of injuring one person, or

any number of persons, but to call your attention to the facts, and to leave the remedy with you. And to invite your attention still further, in order to inspire you with more earnest endeavors to secure some amendments in the treatment of the insane, I will relate a circumstance which came under my observation. A woman by the name of Mrs. Singer, from near Clinton, Mich., was brought to the Kalamazoo asylum for treatment. She was rather melancholy when first brought there, but soon rallied and became quite cheerful with the thought that she would soon be able to return to her home. All at once Mrs. Singer was removed from the hall where I was to a worse one, still further back. I could see no reason why she was removed. I heard no more of her until I saw her while at Adrian visiting some friends. In company with the superintendent and his wife we visited the county poorhouse. Mrs. Singer was there, and the superintendent told her to tell me how she got hurt if she wanted to. She then told me how she had met with injuries at the Kalamazoo asylum which would disable and cripple her for life. Said she, "When they dragged me off from No. 13 hall, I did not know what they did so for. I was thrust into a close room. I tried hard to release myself from them, and considerable scuffling took place as they tried to bind me on the bedstead to the iron slats. When I tried to get away, they rushed upon me in savage fury, and thumped and pounded me so I

thought I should die. They hurt my back and spine so bad that the doctors say I will never get over it." She wept bitterly as she told me of these things. I asked the superintendent how long she had been there at the county poor house, and what condition she was in when brought there. He told me how long she had been there, and, said he, "I brought her here myself. I wanted to exchange a patient. I went to the Kalamazoo asylum and inquired how Mrs. Singer was getting along. They were bound I should not see her. I insisted, and found her in a deplorable condition. She is very much better now, but will never be well. The cause is undoubtedly injuries she received while at Kalamazoo." He inquired of me what condition she was in before she was removed from No. 13 hall. I told him; and I told him also I thought these things should be looked into and sifted. Here was another instance of a woman being deprived of her usefulness, and a mother, too! Thus the three little girls, who were deprived of a mother, had to be given away, and their mother become a county charge. And now do you not think we ought to give this subject some attention? Do you think we ought to leave our friends at a place of this kind and we not see them? What, not have the privilege of seeing our wives, our daughters, our mothers and sisters? Shall we neglect the sacred tie that binds us to our friends—this class of sufferers who need our sympathies and encouragement. Shall we neg-

lect them, thinking they are cared for by some one else better than we could care for them, through the misunderstanding of their actual needs and feelings? Oh, do not neglect your insane. Do not be persuaded from doing your duty by an unfeeling, money-grasping, unprincipled man. Why, what would you think if you had brought your daughter to me to be cared for, and I should refuse to let you see her? You would know that something was wrong, certainly.

CHAPTER XIV.

To the People of the State of Michigan :

Come, let us reason together. Let us look at this asylum question in its true light. Let us who pay our money for the support of this institution demand that it be conducted on the same principle the law makes provision for. Our insane are taken to the asylum retreat to be cared for and benefited, and not to be injured. Our state law (referring to the asylum law) says, first, "Care shall be taken that no person be injured." (It matters not how violent a patient may be, they can be managed without injury.) Let us see to it that this law be observed. Second, "That every patient shall be seen, and notice taken of their condition, as often as once or twice a day, as the case may demand." Third, "That no person be received as a patient unless first examined by two physicians, and pronounced a fit subject for the asylum." And furthermore, "that no person be detained there who is not really in-

sane." And another consideration, "There should be no ignorant or unprincipled attendants employed." I know for a positive fact that these laws were not regarded nor kept by those who had charge of this institution, and that the said superintendent, Dr. E. H. Vandusen, was not only guilty of gross neglect, but also of wilful and premeditated wrongs. The first lessons were not learned at Kalamazoo, as the Tyler case and others will show. I think it very important that there should be a law providing a fund of relief or compensation where attendants are injured by violent patients. There has been no such provision made as yet. Let this subject be considered. One attendant was seriously injured while I was there by being bitten by a patient. She was so much injured that she had to go to a great expense to get her hand treated, and finally lost the use of it. This was an excellent attendant who received this life-long injury.

Now then, when a superintendent will receive a person under the circumstances that E. H. Vandusen received me, notwithstanding the law forbid it, should not the law make provision whereby a superintendent could be dealt with. Should not the law protect people against such imposition and villainy? Until there are such provisions made, and the people get awake to the necessity of watching over their insane, we can not hope for a better state of things in this respect.

Again, I invite you to give this subject your at-

tention. Think soberly and impartially. It is not impossible that you may occupy a place there at some future time. We can none of us say, "I am safe from this malady." Insanity reaches the high and the low, the rich and the poor,—none are exempt. Sooner or later we may be stricken with this dreaded disease. The strong and the weak are alike stricken with this terrible malady. Then in the name of humanity, in the name of justice and mercy, let us see to it that our insane are kindly treated. Let it be our privilege, a privilege we demand as a right, and which no superintendent shall have the right to question,—that we see and know how our insane are cared for, and how treated. But do not let us visit the asylum out of idle curiosity; but with an earnest intent to do them good. I observed that whenever a person was brought there, and their friends seemed anxious for their recovery, and came and attended to them promptly, that the patient received special attention, as in the case of Mrs. *Armitage, of Detroit. If a person of wealth, position, and influence were brought there, with the understanding that no pains should be spared, that every effort should be made to restore them to health, that they might be able to return to their homes as speedily as possible, the request was heeded. But let a poor person be taken there, we will say a woman, whose family need her care and labor, whose husband may be toiling day after day for the support of his family, and to keep up the

*" case of Mrs Bishop Armitage" etc.

additional expense of keeping his wife at the asylum, supposing her to be under the best medical treatment, while at the same time no attention is paid to a restoration; and the repeated attempts he makes to ascertain the true condition or state of mind his wife may be suffering, is met with indifference; and the woman, if she recover at all, does so under unfavorable circumstances, and is kept perhaps seven months, perhaps nine, and perhaps a year or more, after her mental condition would warrant a removal, while her children need her care, and her husband becomes faint-hearted and often discouraged. Let each laboring man consider these facts. The state law says there shall be no partiality shown. I could give you circumstance after circumstance which came under my observation, but will not weary the reader. You may ask, "Did not your husband come to see you at all while you was there?" No, he did not. "Did he not write you?" Well, yes; after I had been there three years, he sent me a letter, the first I had received in all this time. A lady who read it said it was the best letter that ever came to that institution. She wept when she read it. It was a good letter. He acknowledged the great wrong which he had done, begging forgiveness. In his own words, he said: "The spirit of the Lord has striven with me until I am a changed man, and if you can overlook the past and forgive the injury, I will try and lead a different life, and make myself worthy of you." The fiery pas-

sion for that vile woman had died out. He had had time to think. The letter was common sense, combined with feeling. Said he, "If you can forget the past and return with me, I will come for you the first of January. Write and let me know." I wrote, but am certain that the letter was never sent. I had my own opinion about it, and found on visiting my step-daughter since I was fortunate enough to get away from the asylum that I was not mistaken. Vandusen had written to him that I was a raving maniac, and there was no possible hope of my recovery, that I was very violent and unmanageable, and that it would be impossible for him to get along with me. That I had actually gone insane was a fact beyond question. And thus, without seeing me, and knowing for himself the true state of my mind, he believed me insane, and he was a very weak man in more respects than one. He was mortally afraid of a crazy person, but this was no excuse for his not coming to see me. I do not see how he could rest night or day until he had seen me, and found out for himself my true condition. No wonder the spirit of the Lord had striven with him. I should not think the dead could rest in their graves if they had such a weight of sin upon their conscience. No doubt the right feelings had been awakened in his heart at one time, and the desire had sprung up in the heart of my husband to again renew his home ties, and endeavor to unite the broken links in the chain of our destinies, and bring peace and

gladness to a home so long overthrown and desolate. But all these better feelings and resolutions were overthrown by believing in the report of the superintendent, Vandusen, without knowing the facts in the case. He knew nothing of the diabolical proceedings against me at this institution. He knew not the dark deeds done there, and the plotting, conniving, and iniquity practiced there to keep the facts from getting out. But it seems to me he might have thought of these things, and drew his own conclusions. He certainly ought to have seen me, and known just how I was situated. Here is where many others have erred. They have listened to the smooth words of this wily superintendent, and been persuaded from doing their duty. He tells them that it would not do for you to see your friends; it would make them so much worse to see you, etc. You may believe just as much of that trash as you have a mind to. I know better. I know more are injured by being left to feel neglected and forsaken by their friends. Why, just think of it. If you have a neighbor sick, and do not go in to see them, they will feel it sadly. How much more those who are left in a place of this kind. The partially insane are the most sensitive people in the world, and the majority at the asylum are only partially insane. And if you suppose they are incapable of suffering you are very much mistaken. Mental suffering is the worst kind of suffering. Relieve the mind of its burden, entertain the patient and you have

effected a cure. I will admit there are cases where there seems to be no possible chance for restoration. The question will arise, as asked by Judge Dickinson, "Would you have gone with your husband if he had come for you?" Most assuredly I should. What, not gone from that prison-house, where death surely awaited me, even if I had not intended to have lived with him! I would have certainly left that institution with him, if he had come for me. Would it not be the desire of my heart above all things else to unite the hearts so long severed, that our family might again be united in one? "What, could you overlook and forgive all this great wrong and sin? Most assuredly I could and would if I had been convinced of the sincerity on the part of my husband to live a better life, forsaking his old sins that had clung to him so long. Yes, I would have helped him in every effort and noble endeavor to be true to himself, his God, and the right, and we might have been a united and happy family once more. I would have made him a better wife than he would have found elsewhere. But the opportunity for doing him the good I might have done, could I have been in the bosom of my family at that time, with the health I then enjoyed, was overthrown by Vandusen, and the great loss my family sustained, as well as myself, can never be made good—to say nothing about the awful agony of mind and physical suffering caused by this villainous superintendent. What I suffered through this

man's villainy the state of Michigan has not the wherewithal to repay me. Dr. Vandusen ought to be made to pay for all his unfair dealing with each and every one. But who will pay the debt of woe, of heart anguish, of shattered homes and broken families, severed hearts and sorrowing children? Who will pay the debt of crime and suffering caused? Of course I settled the debt with Mr. B., as far as such matters can be settled through the law; but who will settle this account with Vandusen? If it is not the duty of our state officers, whose duty is it? God, the judge of all hearts, will settle his accounts with each one. But that does not liquidate the present state of suffering, woe, and misery caused by just such men as Vandusen here every day. The question may arise, why did you not bring these things before the public before? The first reason was for the want of money to do so; the next reason was time. I am a working woman, and have had to steal the time as best I could from other duties, and labored under great disadvantage even to do what I have done. Consequently, I will have to present this first volume in a very imperfect and crude state, which I regret. If my life and strength are spared, I shall endeavor to present a more complete work, with illustrations. In this first volume I desired more particularly to present the facts before you, so as to give you an idea how this institution is managed. The remedy lies with you. Let me give you a few hints. It has been

the hue and cry for a long time that there was not anywhere near room enough at our state asylum for the actually insane of our state, and many have been refused admittance on this plea who actually needed the treatment. Well, now, let's see; how are we to get a correct estimate of the insane in our own state? It seems to me it is not a difficult task. Let the supervisor of each township make out a report of the number of insane, and send to the Probate Judge of each county, or have a number of reliable men appointed to receive the report. In this way you can ascertain the exact number of insane—how many have been received at the asylum, when received, how long detained, and when discharged. In this way you can form a correct estimate. It will be remembered that a goodly number of insane are cared for at our county poor houses of retreat. And, so far as my observation has extended, this class of people were better cared for, considering the amount of means provided, than at our state asylum, notwithstanding Dr. Vandusen was constantly harping about the county houses not being conducted properly, etc. I saw the reports for Hillsdale and Lenawee counties, and they were more than self-sustaining, having netted the state considerable more than could be expected over and above their support. You can not say this of the asylum—far from it. The appropriations yearly are enormous. Why is this? Is it because they are so much better provided for? Well, let us

see. At one time there was a strike among the attendants and hired help for better fare. They could not live and work upon the amount and quality of the provisions. I am certain none of you would blame them had you been in their place. I have set down to the table many and many a time in that institution, and eat with my eyes shut,—eat just enough to keep me alive (pretty cheap fare for four, five, and six dollars per week.) A gentleman who is interested in cheese-making went to see if he could not make a contract to furnish the asylum with cheese. He was informed that they could not afford to buy such expensive cheese; that a poor quality of cheese, such as they could buy at a discount, would do for the asylum. Ha, ha! But how fared the heads of the institution? Well, I could tell you if I had time. Suffice it to say that they had the cream, and the rest of the boarders skim milk, badly watered. You may ask what was done with the appropriation? That's the question. What was done with it? Will some of you answer. I have my opinion. Some went for needless display, but not the bulk. It was said that the asylum carriage cost one thousand dollars. Well, perhaps it did. But I have seen a great many, and examined a great many and inquired the price, and could purchase one as good for three hundred dollars. A man who would buy up three-cent damaged prints and sell them out at thirteen cents per yard, would not scruple to do other things quite as bad. If he

had done as well as the county superintendents do with what is furnished him, there would have been no reason of complaint in this direction. I noticed while visiting Lenawee county retreat or poor-house that everything looked neat, and was kept in good order, and all through the efforts of the manager and his wife. This county-house is conducted under the wise supervision of Hon. T. F. Moore, of Adrian, Mich. The grounds are nicely laid out, and under good cultivation. The surrounding country is fine. The site itself is worthy of notice. The building is pleasantly situated, and as I surveyed the exterior and interior I was surprised at the amount of labor done by so few hands and at such a small cost. And if I could have the privilege of a choice, not knowing anything against the asylum at Kalamazoo, I should choose the retreat at Lenawee in preference. Let our county retreats be supported. Let them be sustained and provided for and beautified. They are a blessing to us if rightly conducted, and not only a blessing, but an honor and a pride. Many of our retreats are beautifully located, and are a desirable retreat for the aged and infirm if only properly managed. And so with the Kalamazoo institution. The building itself is all right—only a little too expensive. But it is the management we complain of. The question arises, how are you going to prove all these things? Well, what I can't prove, circumstances will go to show that they are true. I can prove a great deal too much for Vandusen to

dodge with the plea that I am insane, as he usually does when anything is brought against him. I know he is good at dodging the truth. He has succeeded in dodging through more than one crooked lie to get clear of justice. He has falsified, twisted, and turned every way to keep the people's eyes blinded. It is not necessary for a person to exert himself to such a remarkable degree to convince people he is doing right. If a man does right he is not afraid of the truth. He does not dodge it at every corner; he does not twist and turn every way to keep the truth from being known; he does not wince and squirm at mention of unpleasant facts; he does not turn pale at sight of a sheriff or constable; he does not turn pale and shake as though he had a fit of the ague at imaginary phantoms; he does not turn pale and blanch with fear at the mere mention of facts. "A guilty conscience needs no accusing," is an old adage and a true one. If any doubt lingers in your mind with regard to the truth of my statements, put them to the test. I know Vandusen will put on a very innocent look, and a very patronizing air, and endeavor to convince you that I am a maniac. He will smooth over all appearances of evil. To see him, and hear him talk, you will think him an earth-born angel incapable of a wrong act. A lady told me she went to the asylum with the intention of seeing me. She inquired for the superintendent, and was ushered into the presence of his august majesty. He was very con-

descending, courteous, and affable. She inquired for me, and was informed that "I had gone with my husband to his western home!" "What," said she, "gone to live with B.! I'll never speak to her again in all my life if she has gone to live with that man." Using her own words, she said: "I thought Dr. Vandusen a splendid man until I heard the particulars of your escape from the asylum. How can a man lie so? I should think he would be afraid of the vengeance of God." "Oh," said I, "lying with him ain't anything at all; he will tell any kind of a story to suit the times, and people will bow and do obeisance to him, just because he understands poor weak human nature so well,—he can fool them right in with a little flattery."

But I must draw my remarks to a close. There is much left unsaid which ought to be said. Some say to me, "I should think you would be afraid of this man." Well, here is a fact worthy of notice. I have known all the time he would get me put out of the way if he could, for fear these things would be brought to light and be believed. But I am on my guard. I am not afraid, and would like to aid in capturing and securing any one who might attempt to kidnap me. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. I have thought as I looked over this sin-cursed earth I did not wonder that an Infinite Deity opened a way of redemption, and divinity was crucified in the flesh to bring about this great plan of redemption. I have thought many a time

that I would willingly give my life, if by so doing I could save a soul from eternal woe. And I would willingly give the remainder of my life if by so doing I could save one soul from suffering what I have suffered in the Kalamazoo asylum. Would that I could find an artist who could portray the scenes with magic power.

These are grave charges I bring against this man, and I am well aware I shall be censured by Vandusen's friends. I care little what they may say as to my sanity or insanity. I consider it my duty to lay these facts before you for consideration; and if any of you have any doubts about the truthfulness of these statements, or the soundness of my mind, you can appoint a committee to watch me, and you or the committee can appoint any number of physicians you think best, and choose your own time. I shall be here. Take your own time to decide—five, ten, or twenty years. I shall not shrink from scrutiny. I trust to the generosity of the people to sustain me in the effort to sustain myself. A committee visited me after my return home, and told me if I would commence suit against that institution they would sustain me; that their farms and every dollar they had was at my command, and should go before such an outrage should go unpunished. The reasons why I did not commence suit against Vandusen have been already stated. I will not ask any one of you to sacrifice your property, but I do ask your aid and influence to secure the greatest possible amount

of good to this unfortunate class of people. I will give you some of the reasons Vandusen gave as the cause of my insanity. One was that I read the Bible all the time, and another was that I wrote poetry all the time. Well, now, I could not do both at the same time, could I? It is true I read the Bible some, and wrote about four pieces of poetry—I think four in all. I will insert three. The fourth was sent up to Mrs. Vandusen, and I have not a copy of it. I will also insert a few pieces written previous to my being taken to the asylum, and since my escape. If this was the cause of my insanity, I must have been insane, for I have entertained poetical sentiments ever since my recollection, and read the Bible ever since I could read. I have never heard it said that Mrs. Hemans, Lydia Sigourney, or any of the writers who adorn ancient or modern literature, were insane on account of their writing. How much less poor me, who am but a speck in the horizon.

I regret that it has been my duty to speak of the worst side of human nature. This has been an unpleasant task. I would much rather portray the noble qualities of the human heart and the brighter side of life, with its silver lining and gold-tinted leaves; with its bounty and benevolence, its talents and generous, noble minds whose towering thoughts reach heavenward, and the ability to execute and fulfill the will of the great Master Mind. This would be a pleasant task for me, but as I can not

under the circumstances, do this, I must give you the facts, without the gloss of fiction, in order to be able to accomplish the needful reformation.

And now, patient reader, I will bid you good bye, for the present. If I live, you will hear from me again. Thanking you for the aid you have given me, I wish you success in all your undertakings for the good of our race.

SUIT AGAINST VANDUSEN—CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

Just before getting my work ready for the press, I am informed of a suit brought against Vandusen by Mrs. Newcomer. I do not know Mrs. Newcomer, but I do know that her statements correspond with facts which came under my observation. I am also informed that Dr. Vandusen is no longer in charge of the institution. I rejoice to hear this, and yet I regret that I have not been able to present these things before you while he was yet there. But if we can not deal with Vandusen in person, we may be able to secure some amendments, thereby aiding the work of reformation, which is so much needed in this department. Others may walk in his footsteps. Then let us look to it that there be no opportunity left for such outrages to be enacted in this broad day of modern civilization and improvement. Let us see to it that these institutions be not only attractive and pleasant in external appearance, but also in the interior. When these things are accomplished, my mission will be fulfilled. It is not my design to place before the public a wrong without a remedy. The remedy lies with you. I would not discourage you from giving for the support of the

insane, but rather encourage you to obtain a knowledge of how the appropriations are distributed, and how used for the benefit of this unfortunate class of people, who have been too long neglected. The neglect comes through a false belief, or for want of a clear understanding with regard to their needs and usual mode of treatment. It is my desire to awaken within your minds an interest; and if through this medium a reformation is brought about, my aim will be accomplished. God grant that his spirit may work through you to the overthrow of vice, and the establishment of true principles of Right, Justice, and Mercy.

**LETTER FROM A LADY PATIENT OF THE
KALAMAZOO ASYLUM.**

The following is a copy of a letter received from a lady who was detained as a patient at the asylum when I was there. She was kept about two years:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1872.

MRS. L. BUTTON :

The long-looked for hour has at last arrived, my dear sister in affliction. I will have to apologize for my nervous hand, as you see for yourself. How do you do? I wish we were where we could meet and shake each other by the hand, and have a good talk by ourselves. What a sensation you have created in your day—the time when you took the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost parts. Everything wore a different aspect for a long time with the doctors, as well as with the attendants. I knew the day that you left, for I could almost hear it in the gentle breeze. I would not let on, though, for at least three weeks, that I knew anything about it. I would hear the attendants whispering together, “I wonder if Miss Perley knows that Mrs. B. has gone?” “Well, yes, I believe she does, for I have not heard her ask about her lately.” So one day after that some of the attendants were going up on hall 13, and I asked them if they would give my

love to Mrs. B. They said they would. Well, when they returned, I asked them what Mrs. B. had to say for herself. They said, "Oh, we forgot to deliver your message." "Oh, well," said I, "I can wait till I go home, then I can deliver my own message." They wanted to know what I meant by that. I replied, "I know, perhaps, better where to find Mrs. B. than you do," and laughed. Then they wanted to know what I was laughing about. "Oh," said I, "over this great victory that has been achieved lately." Then Miss V. (an attendant, said: "If you say one word about that on the hall before these patients, I will lock you up in your room." I said, "What, lock me in my room because Mrs. B. has gone away from this institution?" I said this right there before the whole of them. Then Miss V. told the "cat's-paw"—Dr. Palmer—(we always used to call him the "cat's-paw," because he did Vandusen's dirty work for him). He then gave orders not to allow me to walk out of doors. That evening, when Dr. Hurd came on the hall, he came and greeted me as usual, "How are you feeling this evening?" "Oh, as well as could be expected for me, who am debarred from enjoying any of the privileges of this institution, particularly from walking out of doors." I then said to him, "Doctor, are you aware that I don't care anything about that—if I never walk out of doors for the sake of Mrs. B.'s escape—for the little time that I am going to remain here." Then he said, "You have not gone

yet." "Yes," said I, "I am as good as gone." Then he said to me, "Do you remember the time you threatened to have the roof of this institution taken off?" Said I, "Indeed, I well remember that. And I repeat, it is not too late yet." Oh, he was so angry with me I could have counted every hair in his moustache. He turned very pale, he was so mad. Then I said: "Sir, it will be greatly to your advantage to treat me well while I remain here." There was not one in the institution that believed I was going away, for they were trying to fix me there for life—I might say death, for it was worse than that or anything else. They have injured me for life now. Dr. Vandusen talked matters up to the people in Schoolcraft, not to have me go there, fearing I might say something that would touch his feelings. But I am not sent so far out of the world but he will hear from me yet, and I intend that he shall, too. With your assistance I intend to bring them up standing; for if a premium were to be awarded to the two greatest villains in the United States, Vandusen and Palmer would carry it off for their villainy, for they are —— and ——— and I would say more, for if it were not so they would not keep so many —— around them as they do. * * *

Your sincere friend,

JULIA A. PERLEY.

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude, oh, heaven-born gift divine,
Ever round our hearts with love entwine ;
Forgiveness for past wrongs extend,
Then he who was a foe will prove a friend.
Gratitude, Forgiveness, Love—these three unite,
And form a crown and emblem bright
Of heaven's designs, while friendship's chain
Shall stronger prove, the broken links unite again.

A scourge swept o'er the fair, fair South
As sweeps a famine after drouth,
Or as some wild, fierce beast of prey
Ready death's dark, dread summons to obey ;
Or like the vast consuming fires
Which laid low the cities of our sires,
And left desolation's foot-prints where
Once reared the costly domes and fair.

Oh, Southland, once so joyous bright,
How changed the day-star into night ;
While, terror-stricken with despair,
The people fleeing, fleeing everywhere.

Fleeing from the malarious, poisonous breath,
 To escape the fearful scourge of death ;
 Angels veil their faces, and in pitying sorrow weep,
 While alone with the dead and dying their nightly
 vigils keep.

For parents leave behind in their flight
 Their sickening offspring, alone to fight
 The dreaded monster, and wrestle alone with death ;
 Thus a blind child gropes in darkness while yielding
 up its breath.

The mother forgets her child,
 And flees, terror-stricken, wild ;
 The husband forgets the wife,
 So much worse is this than the carnage of battle
 and of strife.

The young wife looks with terror now
 Upon her husband's fevered cheeks and brow,
 While in dread agony and fear he turns away,
 No farewell words are spoken, he dare not stay ;
 He dare not press the last warm kiss of love
 On cheek or brow, nor kneel to implore aid from
 above ;

Protection for that fair young girlish wife
 Caused him to flee, hoping thus to save her life.

'Twere vain for him, this haste to save that wife so
 dear,

She, too, sickened with the fearful scourge when no
 friend was near

To cool the fevered brow--no sympathizing friend
With words of consolation, or helping hand to lend ;
For fear and consternation swept rapid far and wide,
The scourge, the scourge! the frightened people
cried.

For friend looked in the face of friend aghast,
And fled, not to return until the scourge was past.

A faithful few alone remained—
(The fleeing hosts could not be blamed),
But aid and succor must be had
For the fevered sick, and burial for the dead.
The word was sent with electric haste,
No time to lose, no words to waste ;
How quick responds the generous North,
Her sister South must know her worth.

The true, the noble, and the brave,
Freely their lives and money gave ;
Side by side stood the faithful of the South,
Side by side with the faithful of the North,
Until the needful aid was well supplied,
While many of the noble brave sickened there and
died ;

Side by side they breathed the poisonous breath,
Side by side they watched with death.

Side by side they sleep beneath the sod,
Side by side they will rise to meet their God.
Thus buried be the hated past,
Thus rise our lives and hopes at last

In union strong the tie be bound,
 Let no unwelcome, jarring sound
 Disturb the tranquil, hopeful peace,
 The thought, the power, and happiness,

Which springs alone from duty done,
 Each one forgetting each other's wrong,
 While o'er the graves and o'er the biers,
 Where mingled the life-blood and the tears,
 Will the triumphant star of love arise
 To deck the brow of Southern skies;
 While gratitude and love divine
 On Northern skies shall brighter shine.

Oh, Southland! once more with glorious beauty
 crowned,

Arise to life, to power, to strength, renown!
 Then the majestic North shall admiring own
 Thy glorious beauty, while love and gratitude
 Will swell thy bosom, and fill the place
 Which hate once filled, and on thy face,
 Resplendent, bright, will love and glory shine,
 Impress of the Deity, glory and love divine.

Then arise, oh, fair, fair South, once more to life,
 Long past the time of hatred, of contest, and of
 strife!

Glorious be the vision of all thy future years,
 Home of many blessings, home of many tears.
 Southland, Southland, rise again to life,
 Stayed be the floodgate of death, stayed the strife!

Glorious be the union of all thy future years,
Home of happy culture, home where love endures.

GRATITUDE OF THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH FOR
AID RENDERED DURING THE EPIDEMIC.

Oh, sister North, accept our humble off'ring
For the aid and succor thou didst bring;
As a friend thou camest in time of need,
And hast proved thyself a friend indeed.
Oh, sister North, how well hast thou fulfilled
The Master's great design, when He willed
That justice and mercy should be replete,
And heaven and earth should one day meet.

Oh, sister North, accept the humble off'ring
Which from our heart in truth we bring;
Our gratitude no bounds can know,
But will forever ceaseless flow
To thee, oh, happy North! Mayest thou stand
Eternal the same—great, glorious, grand!
Thy principles of truth and right
Shine on forever, changeless, bright.

Nations shall own thy gentle sway,
Thy crowning star will ne'er decay,
But brighter will thy glories shine,
And brighter beam through coming time,

Oh, sister North, accept our hand, accept our heart,
 Bidding all past differences depart,
 While angels shall swell the glad, triumphant
 strain—

The North and South are one again.

BRONSON, Mich., Dec. 22, 1878.

TO ADAH.

Oh, Adah, I can find no words, no language, none
 E'er penned by man, or spoken by mortal tongue,
 Wherein to express the loss I have sustained
 In thy death, Adah ; oh, ne'er again
 Shall I behold thy face, to me so dear,
 Nor greet thy smile ; thy sweet, sweet voice no more
 shall hear.

Thy gentle, winning way, thy ever ready will
 To do whatever task thou hadst to do, thy skill
 And success in doing whatever thou didst attempt
 to do,

By effort made complete ; and thou hadst, too,
 The will to aid where need required thy help ;
 The sick, the poor, or those in bondage kept,
 Felt the influence of thy gentle love ;
 Oh, Adah, thine was a mission from above.
 How many homes thou might have blest,
 How many hearts made glad, for thou possessed

Those qualities which would gladden all the earth
With blessings many; thy mother knew thy worth.
Oh, Adah, thy mother's heart cries out for the in
vain,

In thee my hopes were centered, and ne'er again
I thy sweet companionship will know, nor feel
Thy gentle influence mild; how oft didst thou kneel
At mother's knee in our own united family group,
And when sickness and sorrow came thou wast our
star of hope,

While the willing hands seemed ne'er to tire
Of duty's drudgery; how oft didst thou inspire
Our hearts with nobler feelings, fraught
With holier aspirations, and thought
Of stainless purity, a life to mortals given,—
A life as pure and sinless as ever known in heaven.
And, Adah, thou wast taken when earth needed
thee so much;

Thy mother needed thee, the world, the church.
If thou hadst lived, dear Adah, what might I not
have been

For thy dear sake, to have thee known me better,
and to seen

Thee in thy noble womanhood would been to me
some consolation;

The remembrance grieves me much of the unwise,
unjust separation.

When Satan entered our home, a cloven-footed foe,
As a friend he came in disguise, that his designs we
might not know;

He blasted the family altar, and rent its head in
twain,

And severed the tie that bound them, which could
never be united again.

And he tortured the lambkins of the fold,
While bereft of a mother's care ; oh, yes, I am told,
And my own heart tells me, too,

That he planted the seeds of discord ; too true.
Ah, yes, and he left the impress of sin and death
Upon all who came under his hot, blasting breath.
Thus many receive the blight, the blast, and the
curse,

Who are not a slave to sin ; oh, 'tis so much worse
To suffer, the innocent for the guilty, and yet
How oft 'tis thus, for Satan's arrows are always
whet

To strike the bravest and the best of earth's toil-
worn ones,

And long, long, the time doth seem ere light from
darkness comes.

As it is, my weary days drag on, and, step by step,
I tread the common paths of life as though my
bounds were set,

That I should not further go, and oft-times I am
weary ;

Oh, this life, it seems so lonely, dark, and dreary,
The heavens seem molten brass, the earth to ashes
burn ;

I know this sorrow can not last, peace will return,
If not joy and happiness

I have struggled hard, with foes beset on every side,
With no strong arm to lean upon, no kindly friend
to guide,

And well I know that thy dear voice can not bring
back to me

The hope that I one day might thy loved face see,
And tell thee of the cherished plans I had treasured
long for thee,

And thank thee o'er and o'er again for past kind-
ness rendered me.

Thy cheerful obedience to all my wishes given,
Thou seemed an angel sent to cheer me from the
upper heaven ;

The choicest and the fairest flowers
Are first to droop and die. If e'er I arrive at
Eden's bowers,

I know that thou wilt be there awaiting me,
For the Savior loves the dear, dear ones, such as
thy child and thee.

But wouldst thou know me, Adah, dear, so changed
am I

From what I was when thou wert here? How
many a sigh

Hath rent my bosom, how many a tear dimmed my
eye

Thou knowest not, nor what great anguish rent my
soul,

And its impress on this mortal form I wear ; oh, bit-
ter goal.

Dear Adah, it may be that when the tired spirit is
free

These grief-marks will disappear, and I shall be
Freed from the curse of sin, freed from the stains
of earth;

How gladly will I then hail that new, that glorious
birth,

Which will give to me the prestige of innocence and
purity,

Such as my memory from childhood oft brings back
to me.

Oh, childhood's happy hours, mayest thou never fail
To bring back to me those visions bright, ere the
serpent's trail

Had marred the beauty of the soul and pierced the
heart

With many arrows, dipped in sin's poisonous mart.

Yes, my child, it hath been thus with me,

The serpent was coiled in Eden's tree;

He came in an unguarded hour

To blast the fruit and blight the flower,

And although I was not a slave to sin,

Yet I am not what I might have been.

I know thy young days were clouded oft, and thou

Hadst not a mother's care to shield thee from the
storm,

While many burdens were put upon thy young,
tender form.

Oh, who will make these great wrongs right,—

These rough paths smooth, these dark spots white ?

I know 'tis wrong thus to complain,
But when I see thy face again
'Twill be when freed from toil and pain,
When God shall wipe away the stain,
Till then I bow submissive to the rod,
And wait the summons of my God.

OF MY CHILDREN I AM BEREFT.

Where are my children now who need a mother's
care,

Where are the gems thou gavest me, where, oh,
where ?

Those precious jewels, so choice, so frail, and fair,
Keep, oh, keep them 'neath thy sheltering care.

Tender plants so early blighted,
Guard them in each dangerous hour,
Alone in this cold world benighted,
Save them from the tempter's power.

You who think your trials great,
Think of those who have none to cheer,
No one to meet them at the gate,
No welcome sound to greet their ear.

Oh, how lone and sad my heart,
Far from home and kindred dear ;
The unbidden tear how oft will start
At thought of childish voices I ne'er more can hear.

Oh, ask me not to smile or sing,
While of my children I am bereft ;
Take me back to them, or to me bring
My children—without them I have nothing left.

You who have your home and fireside,
Loving friends and children's smiles,
You with all your wants supplied,
Think of those who have none the while.

Mothers, guard ye well each casket,
Keep the dust from off the gold,
And each tender, lovely leaflet
With new beauty will unfold.
Let them know a mother's care,
Let them hear a mother's prayer.

If you think your task be hard,
Think of one who is always near ;
Trust his faithful love and word,
Trust him and you need not fear.
He will all your burdens bear,
All your griefs and sorrows share.

MY HOME O'ER THE SEA.

There is a home for me
Far over the sea,
And when life's cares are o'er I'll safely glide
Past the surging waves, o'er the billowy tide,
To that dear home,
To that loved home,
To that bright home
Far over the sea.

There's a light for me
In my home o'er the sea.
No ill I'll fear whilst thou art near
To lighten my pathway, my heart to cheer.
And I'll safely glide o'er the billowy tide
To that dear home,
To that loved home,
To that bright home
Far over the sea.

Then come with me
To my home o'er the sea,
Where the chill wind of death
Shall know no breath,
In that loved home,
In that bright home,
In that dear home
Far over the sea.

WRITTEN IN 1864.

**ODD FELLOWSHIP — FRIENDSHIP, LOVE,
AND TRUTH.****FRIENDSHIP.**

**Friendship, oh, holy, heavenly flame!
In truth remain forever the same;
Nor let dissimulation claim
One honor due unto thy name.**

LOVE.

**This world, so little understood,
Contains a vast amount of good;
'Twas born in heaven,
To man was given;
Did emanate from God,
Bestowed on man for good.**

**'Twill elevate the mind and purify the heart,
And softening influences impart
To quell anger's strife,
And add to life
A golden page
From youth to age.**

No wrong intent, or passion vile,
 Alluring lips, or Satan's wiles,
 Can hold control
 O'er the soul,
 Whose treasure is above,—
 Whom God delights to love.

TRUTH.

Truth's foundation firm shall stand,
 Encircled by love's golden band ;
 United firm by friendship's tie,
 Sealed by the stamp of charity.
 These three unite,
 And form a type
 Bright emblem of the trinity.
 WRITTEN IN 1853.

 FOR THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned,
 While wives have mourned and friends have blamed,
 And degradation, shame, and crime held sway
 Where peace and happiness alone should found
 A resting place, a home.
 We invite you to come to our red ribbon band,
 Oh, come to the cool, gushing spring ;
 To the river which flows sparkling and bright,

Come away from the tempter, away from the
Adder, that doth sting, and the serpent
That doth bite.

Oh, come to the harbor of peace,
To our red-ribbon band,
To purity, joy, and happiness,
Come, brother man.

Come out from the darkness, oh come to the light,
Come out from the darkness of eternity's night,
Come, brother, come.

At our table there's a place, and a vacant chair
Which will ne'er be filled till you are there ;
Come, brother, come.

We will welcome you home,
Away from the battle, away from the strife,
Away to a better and happier life.
Come, brother, come.

Come up to the help of the soul against the curse
of the wine cup.

Some have already given it up ;
Then come and help to roll the ball along,
For many hands we want and strong,
And many hearts that are brave and true,
For great is the work we have to do.
Then come, my friends, come one, come all,
And help to roll the temperance ball.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I;
OR THE AFTERNOON DRIVE.

Last Wednesday was a day of sunshine and of
shower,
My husband and I, regardless of the lateness of the
hour,
Took passage for a neighboring town,
In the good, old-fashioned way.
Our coach was one of great renown,
Our steed was a noble bay.

Now all the people know full well
That Adam is the man, I need not tell,
Who knows no will except his own ;
Although a kinder man than he is not,
If he would but take the second thought
And not so hasty be.

And thus it came to pass that ere we left the town,
He drove his steed down in the race, and there we
nearly drowned.
A neighboring man came down the bridge,
To help us out of danger ;

He drove his team beyond the ridge ;
God bless the noble stranger.

Too far he came, that I might gain a safe retreat
Within his farmers' wagon ; his wife and baby neat
Sat beside him ; the team was true and strong,
And yet the sinking sand would not sustain
The precious freight too long,
And soon we must a better footing gain.

He called upon a noble youth who stood upon the
shore,
Who came down through the water deep, and to
the land he bore,
First, the dear, dear baby, and then its mother safe
to shore.

I feared the slight young man
Could not sustain the weight and take me safe to
land.

He came with good intent and purpose strong the
while,—
To rescue me he came, in the good old samaritan
style.

I felt his slight frame tremble
Beneath the weight, and cried
To those who were on the shore assemb'ed :
“ Cheer him, cheer him !” None replied.

And yet I felt new strength was given to him who
on his shoulders bore
The weight of one whom he had never seen before.
God bless you, brave young man! may He
Who the world's great weight of sorrow bore,
Lead you safely o'er the crystal sea,
To the light of worlds unknown before.

And God bless the man wh, with neighborly intent,
Regardless of the danger to himself and family,
went

Down, down into the sinking sand
To rescue me—yes, me—he came!
God bless that noble, generous man,
Although unknown to me his name.

And through life's deep struggles should he ever
need a friend,
In sickness and in sorrow a helping hand I'll lend.
And when through death's cold river
He shall be called to pass,
The all wise richer giver
Will guide him safe at last.

And now, my friends, should you or I
Refuse to heed the pitying cry
Of those who are sinking, sinking down.
Because to us they are unknown?

No, no ; but heed the pitying cry,
And help, yes, help them ere they die.

There are many, many, many more,
Who are on the quicksand far from shore,
Who are sinking, sinking, sinking down
To an eternal, fearful doom ;
Shall we not be as truly brave,
And reach a helping hand to save ?



THE OLD ELM TREE.

'Twas under the old, old elm tree
I caught my first vision of heaven ;
The starry sky was my canopy,
While the clouds by the wind were riven.

There was music in the whispering breeze,
And a voice of melody,
While the zephyrs gently kissed the leaves
As I sat 'neath the old elm tree.

How well do I remember all,
How calm and clear the sky ;
And the birds that came there at my call
Were not more blithe than I.

The sun shone brightly for me then,
And many smiled on me ;
Why is not to-day as bright as when
I sat 'neath the old elm tree ?

It's many a year since that bright day,
And friends have passed and gone ;
Is there one that's left to me to-day
Of all that numerous throng ?

Long years have passed, and my frail bark
Is tossed on life's tempestuous sea.
The waves rise high, the night grows dark,
No beacon light I see.

The night grows dark, and darker still,
And loud the breakers roar,
Oh, who will stand firm, through good or ill,
Till I reach that brighter shore ?

The winds rise high, the swelling tide
Comes nearer with each wave ;
In vain I've called, in vain I've cried,
But none come near to save.

Oh, tell me not that I am left
Alone on dark life's sea,
Alone, of reason's light bereft,
No ray of hope for me.

Oh, carry me back to my childhood's home,
By the Raisin's rippling rill.

Where in joyous hours I liked to roam,
And list to the whippoorwill.

Perchance there is one ray of light left still,
One glimmering ray for me,
And one the same through good or ill,
Who would love and cherish me.

There is one who never will forsake—
My brother and my friend,
I will trust him, he will pity take,
I will trust him to the end.

He hath oft invited me before,
Where many more hath gone.
He will guide me safely, safely o'er,
Till I find myself at home.

A TEMPERANCE ODE.

[Written expressly for "Our Club," Jan. 5, 1778,]

It was not without a sigh and a tear
That we bade adieu to the grand old year,
For although it was fraught with much sorrow and
pain,
The good that it wrought was not all in vain.

No, we shall ne'er forget the old year quite,
For our hearts were made glad on New Year's night,
And we felt more than repaid for the year's work
done,
And felt we never would grow faint-hearted again
under the light of the sun.

God bless the brave boys who made a bold stand,
And filed in our ranks so noble and grand ;
You need never regret, nor have cause to repine,
That you gave up your whisky, rum, brandy, and
wine.

For death surely lurks in the dregs of the cup ;
Then, thank God, my dear boy, you have given it up.
Only dare to do right, and dare to be true,
Stand by your colors*, they will carry you through.

And to you, our commander, don't think your work
done,
For I assure you in truth 'tis only begun ;
The enemy is on the alert, e'er watchful and sly,
To pick off our brave boys he surely will try.

It is with much regret, sorrow, and pain,
We hear any of our number have fallen again ;
In weakness they may fall once, twice, or more,
Then throw the broad mantle of charity o'er.

*The red ribbon and white.

Let the wide arms of protection encircle them round,
And keep them from falling yet lower down.

Oh, let us be true to our trust and true to our call-
ing,
Bring back the weak ones, and if possible keep them
from falling.

There was one who stood firm in his manhood so
grand,
And withstood the bold tempter, God grant others
may stand
True to their trust, their God, and the right,
Who made this resolve on this New Year's night.

Then hail to the new year, the gladsome new year,
Reinforcements are coming, the victory is near ;
Women, dry your tears, the old tyrant is dying,
Men are coming to their senses, and will now cease
their buying.

Then hail to the new year, the gladsome new year,
Reinforcements are coming, cheer, comrades, cheer.
Only be true to your colors, the red ribbon and
white,
Stand true to your manhood and dare to do right.

[I have selected now and then a piece, so that the
reader can see that my mind is not confined to one
subject, as is the case with insane persons, and also

to show you I am not always in a sad mood, as is the case with the really insane, such as they represented me to be. Although it was with a great effort I overcame in a measure the sadness which all these unpleasant and trying circumstances had caused, for circumstances like these will leave their impress.]

The report has gone forth, believe it who can,
That Dr. Van Deusen was a very wise man.
My friends, wisdom, you know, will not be bought,
Nor cannot be sold,
And is worth more than its weight in fine gold.
Now, considering things on a general plan,
I have finally resolved a riddle to write,
And see if many wise men the riddle can solve.

Look to the wise men of our State for an answer.

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THE NEXT VOLUME

Will give an interesting and instructive account of the History of Kalamazoo Asylum for the Insane, from its commencement until the present time, with notes from the diary of an attendant; also, interesting testimony from other attendants, and a peep into the interior of another Asylum, with interesting sketches and illustrations