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**ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES!**

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**THREE YEARS IN A MAD-HOUSE.**

**BY A VICTIM.**

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**WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.**

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**A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BARBAROUS, INHUMAN AND CRUEL TREATMENT OF**  
**ISAAC H. HUNT,**

**IN THE MAINE INSANE HOSPITAL, IN THE YEARS 1844, '45, '46, '47, BY DRs.**  
**ISAAC RAY, JAMES BATES, AND THEIR ASSISTANTS AND ATTENDANTS.**

**ALSO,**

**A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE ABUSIVE TREATMENT OF A MULTITUDE OF**  
**OTHER PATIENTS, SOME OF WHICH ARE TANTAMOUNT TO MURDER.**

**ALSO,**

**A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HORRID TORTURE OF**  
**MISS ELIZABETH T. STONE,**  
**OF WESTFORD, MASS., BY DR. LUTHER V. BELL IN THE McLEAN ASYLUM,**  
**AT SOMERVILLE, MASS.**

**ALSO, CONTAINING A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE**  
**BURNING OF THE MAINE ASYLUM, DECEMBER 4TH, 1850.**

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**THIS LITTLE WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO**  
**The Sovereign People of the United States.**

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**SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED, WITH MANY IMPORTANT ADDITIONS.**

**PRINTED FOR ISAAC H. HUNT,**  
**THE AUTHOR.**  
**1852.**

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*Rec. May 15, 1900.*

# ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES.

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## CHAPTER I.

" Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again !  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But error wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers ! "

THE Author, in putting forth the second edition of his little book, respectfully craves the attention and indulgence of the community, in the perusal of these few pages, and asks them to defer an expression of their opinion upon the merits or demerits of the work, until they have carefully read it from beginning to end.

The author does not put this forth as the production of a literary and scientific man, as the perusal of its pages will show to all that he is but a humble, uneducated mechanic, who has always toiled hard, and far beyond his strength, for the support of himself and family. But he sends it forth into the world, as a statement of unvarnished and indisputable facts ; facts, which he challenges the most thorough and scrutiuizing investigation to invalidate or refute ; facts, which are of the most barbarous, inhuman and cruel description,—of crimes and tortures of the most scarlet hue, and of the blackest dye ;—crimes and beastly tortures, which ought to, and will startle and bring upon their feet, all friends of humanity, all philanthropists and friends of human liberty throughout this great and mighty Republic, this boasted land of liberty, the home of the exile from the tyrannical governments of the earth ; the home of the *brave*, and *land of the free* ; where it is supposed that every man is perfectly secure from being unjustly or unlawfully despoiled of his property, his liberty, or any of his civil rights, undisturbed in peacefully eating the bread of his own industry under his own *vine* and *fig tree*, without the fear of molestation, and at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without the fear of being dragged into an inquisition, to have his body racked, tortured, broken and torn by a pack of blood thirsty inquisitors, because he happens to differ from them in his political or religious sentiments.

The author, in travelling through the State of Maine with the first edition of his book, where nearly four thousand copies have been put in circulation, would most respectfully tender his sincere thanks to all those gentlemen and ladies who treated him with civility, and so cheerfully and gladly purchased his book, and for their kind expressions of satisfaction at having done so, after having carefully perused it, and learned the horrid atrocities which had

been perpetrated upon innocent and helpless human beings in the Maine Insane Hospital, which they had been induced to believe to be almost a paradise, but which I had convinced them was the infernal pit of woe! the very gate of *hell*!! a hell upon the earth.

In the compilation of this second edition, there will, undoubtedly, many discrepancies appear; and perhaps there will be many repetitions which ought to be left out; for in the multiplicity of new cases of abuse, and also in the expressions of his views and sentiments, there will undoubtedly be found many expressions which will not be pleasing to all; as I have had some kind friends say in regard to the first edition, "I think that if you had left out this, that, and some other things, your book would have been much better," and also that my language was too strong, and that the statements were of such a nature that people would not believe them so readily, as though they were clothed in language more mild; to all of which my reply has been, and will be, "That bad and virulent diseases required the most stringent remedies;" and also, that I well recollected the fable that was in a book of my school-boy days, in which it was represented that an old man started to market with a certain *beast* which he wished to sell, and in his endeavors to please all with whom he met, he finally lost his *beast*; and probably if I consulted all in regard to what I should have put into my book, and tried to please each of them, that I should have found myself in the condition of the man in the fable, with nothing left of my book but the title page; therefore, kind and indulgent reader, with these brief statements and apologies, I will now invite you to a careful perusal of the contents of this little volume, in which you will find a true and correct statement of my sufferings in the Maine Insane Hospital, and extracts from a pamphlet published by Miss Stone, who was subjected to the same horrid cruelties, at the McLean Asylum, so called, at Somerville, Mass., thus proving that at the two hospitals the same barbarous cruelties have been inflicted upon two different victims, and thus leading us to suppose that all the same bloody and unholy purposes of torturing, robbing and murdering their victims, are in fact naught but inquisitions and human slaughter-houses, where doctors can destroy human beings in perfect security, under the garb of insanity, without the fear of being called to an account for so doing by any mortal man.

## CHAPTER II.

The author of this little work, was, on the 21st of September, 1844, taken to the Maine Insane Hospital, in the city of Augusta, State of Maine, a wild maniac. The Hospital at that time was under the superintendance of Dr. Isaac Ray, now of the Butler Insane Asylum, of Providence, R. I. In this institution I remained nearly three years, and I shall endeavor to give a vivid description of each and every circumstance connected with my confinement, treatment, torture of body and mind, and the mal-practice performed on me. These facts will enable the reader to judge of the extent of my madness. It is of no use for me to deny, (for of the fact there is abundant proof,) that when I was



taken to the Hospital I was a perfectly deranged man, laboring under a strong fever of the brain, or great and uncontrollable mental excitement, of which, under humane treatment, I should have recovered, and no doubt returned to my business in full possession of my mental and physical faculties. But the moment I entered the Hospital a fear came over me—a deep state of mental depression was followed by that of horror and fear, and of course what little consciousness I had at that time was put to flight, for I knew not, but dreaded what was to follow. I entered the Hospital on Saturday evening; the first assay they made was to have me swallow some Pills. I refused, but was forced to submit, and took them. This operation was under the direction and personal assistance of Dr. Ray, and the attendant, Alvin S. Babcock. The next day I felt the necessity of a shower bath, and expressed my feelings to Dr. Ray. But, in language, you will doubtless think very cold, and vulgar in so learned a gentleman, he thus addressed me:—“We’re very short on’t for water, and I can’t let you have it; there has’nt been no rain lately, and I can’t let you have it.” I then said: “Sir, if you will tell me where you get your water, I will go and get some myself, as a gallon will be sufficient.” He then said that he could not let me have it; to which I replied:—“Sir, I think that I need it, and if you cannot let me have it here, will you permit me to go to my own house, or some other place, where I can have such remedies as my case requires.” To this he replied:—“You can’t go; you have been brought here by your friends, and you must stay until you get well.” I was hereupon plied with medicine, the effect of which was to cause me to travel the gallery for hours and hours, perfectly wild and uncontrollable, as patients often are in almost any Insane Hospital. But I trust to God that in no other case have those walks been caused in mad men, as was mine, by horrid draughts of, to me, a nameless medicine. This state of my mind and physical prostration, through the effect of that medicine, was continued for several days without intermission, until about the close of the next week, or sometime in the week following when I was given medicine which threw me upon my bed, followed by the most horrid chills, that shook me, body and soul, and made my very bones rattle,—my teeth chattered and my bones rattled like the dry bones of a skeleton; I gave up all hope of life with such composure as I could muster; but my hour had not come, for at this juncture, Babcock, the attendant, came and gave me a bowl of hot ginger tea, saying in a jocular manner:—“Die! oh, no, not you—you’ll not die yet—you’re worth a dozen dead men.” The tea and the application of a pyramid of blankets and comforters, warmed the system—the chills retreated, and I kept ~~my~~ bed for some days. About the ninth day after I was there, I was again subjected to the horrid wild-fire medicine, which was followed by the same terrible and strange sensations and wanderings over the gallery. I refused peremptorily to suffer this treatment; I refused to take the medicine. The attendant insisted that I should, and harsh words followed. I told him the medicine was destroying me and I would not take it. He then commanded me

in a tone of authority, to take the medicine. I did take it. I took it from his hand and dashed it out of the window! In a moment this stalwart, muscular man struck me a violent blow upon my head, which either knocked me down, or he instantly seized me and crushed me to the floor. I struggled, when he seized me by the throat and choked me. I began to have fear that he had my death in view, and would murder me upon the spot. I begged for my life, when he harshly exclaimed: "I will learn you not to throw away your medicine when I give it to you!" I begged for mercy, and promised if my life was spared to take anything that he might give me. Upon this he released me, and I continued my usual dull routine of the previous days. The next morning, Babcock entered my room, as usual, with medicine. From the treatment I had already received, of course I dared not refuse to swallow the terrible draught, though it should instantly cause death. I took the pills, and some liquid contained in a mug. These compounds had the effect to destroy my bodily health for the residue of my earthly existence. There is a penalty for such malpractice, and if I had it in my power to bring Dr. Isaac Ray and Dr. Horatio S. Smith before the legal tribunals of my country, I should not possibly find any difficulty in sending them to the State Penitentiary for the full term of twenty years for malpractice, and three years additional for conspiracy.

Once a month the Trustees visited the Institution. I took occasion upon their first visit, while I was there, to speak to one of them, with whom I was acquainted. I requested him, with tears in my eyes, which I really could not suppress, to allow me to go home. I felt sensible that the treatment there, was destined to destroy my mental and physical faculties. He replied that he would consult Dr. Ray, and see if he thought it expedient or proper for me to leave the institution. All I obtained for the appeal, was a continuation of the same horrid draughts in larger quantities. The interim I filled up by drudgery. Babcock would order me to assist in cleaning floors, scouring knives, &c. This of course was done to humiliate me, but I objected strongly to such palpable cruelty. He would say: "you had better do it; you'll be sorry if you don't; you shall not sleep at night if you don't, so do it at once." Babcock, in these essays, introduced some strange philosophy or reasoning. For instance, he would say that they did not compel any one to work, but if I refused I should not sleep at night! I frequently appealed to Dr. Ray to allow me to go home. I was aware that I could not pay my expenses in such an institution, being idle and earning nothing. He always replied, that if I was not able to pay my expenses, the town would pay it. But I told him that I did not wish the town to pay my bills. I did not consider my case one for public charity, for I was both able and willing, if allowed my liberty, to provide for myself and family, and avoid the uncalled for stigma of being a charge to community. Again I was plied with medicine, such as few mortals dream of. At one time, I found the vile compounds had the effect to paralyze my jaws; at another to effect the drums of my ears, apparently to make me deaf. The

bones of the jaws would snap and crack, which caused much distress and pain when I attempted to eat or talk. These sensations were horrid beyond recital. Then again, I took from Dr. Ray medicine that caused me to weep like a child—tears of anguish that I could not restrain. Then the reverse would occur; I could not weep—not a tear would flow—I felt as stoic and indifferent as a pirate, believing that I could stand unmoved by any sympathy, though every friend cherished or loved were slaughtered before my eyes. Some nights I could not sleep; tortures and dreams of the most horrid kind agitated me; fiery thoughts and wild fancies hovered over my brain; thus in this horrible mood would I pray for the return of day. The next night, medicine would put me in the most deadly stupor—a sleep of unconscious heaviness. Nothing could wake me. In the morning I again would be subjected to the maniac's draught and the mad man's walk! At length I appealed to Dr. Ray, as a matter of humane sympathy, to administer some draught to end my woe, or send me home.—He replied: "Nothing is given you but what is for your good; you shall go home when you get well."

On Sunday morning I met him, and again appealed to the old subject, liberty or death, and insisted stronger than ever for a conclusion, stating that the practices there were atrocious and inhuman. He then replied; "If you are abused here, when you get well and go home, the law will give you redress." I then distinctly remembered, that upon a former occasion, Dr. Ray had informed me that no secret transactions of that Institution were ever revealed out of its portals. This enforced me to say: "Dr. Ray, if you should *murder me here*, no one would reveal it." Thereupon, Dr. Ray called out in a loud and commanding tone: "*Bring in the Saws and Axes!*"—I was alarmed. It was Sunday and no visitors were allowed in the Hospital. I was in the power of a man whose heart was adamant, whose occupation was bloody, and whose intention, I then believed, was my annihilation. I shuddered, was horrified and powerless. I gave myself up as a lost man, supposing that I should become a *subject* for the anatomical butchers; employment for these miscreants, these fiends, these ghouls. This state of mental convulsion was not long, to be sure, for Dr. Ray did retire without butchering my body, being contented, doubtless with the scathing and deep torture he had given me. It would be almost a matter of supererogation in me to ask the reader if he can, under any conclusions, impressions or inferences to draw the slightest idea of the good that would come of such treatment, upon a man whose faculties were really suffering with nervous affections, body reduced and mind unsettled? Is it unreasonable to ask if this very act, which I have so faintly drawn, is not sufficient to set a sound man on a wire edge, and start any one mad, furiously mad? This whole statement, I most solemnly declare to be true. If, under such a horrid *regime*, men are to suffer in order to regain reason's tottering throne, it is a system, a course of philosophy not yet written in the books of wise men; far from any generally diffused information that humane and disinterested individuals have ever had access to.

## CHAPTER III.

As I closed the last chapter, so was affairs with me; torture by day and night. About this time my son called upon me. I saw him, but did not see him go away. Strange, wild, fearful fancies racked my mind, in regard to him and his fate. I heard a scream and supposed it to be his voice; I supposed he had been put into the shower box and showered. In my bewildered state of mind, I was sure that it was his voice which uttered a terrible scream. I supposed that, a day or two after this, they put him into the furnace, and cooked his flesh, and put it upon the table for me to eat. These things gave me great anguish, and I mentioned them to Babcock. He made this atrocious reply: "Well, let the devil kill his own meat, then he can't find fault with his butcher." It was then winter: snow and cold sleets were upon the earth. I was ordered out in the snowy yard to split and saw wood, and into the attic to pump water and attend to the various menial occupations best calculated to worry and annoy me. I refused on several occasions, when Babcock, carried or dragged me into the yard or attic, and forced me to work as he directed. It was terrible, but there was no appeal, it was inhuman, but who could object? They were my masters, and I their easy slave—their crushed victim.

One night an awful noise arose to my ear. It was the loud cracking and snapping so peculiarly described and attributed to the rack of the Inquisition. Instantly, it occurred to me, that they were breaking my brother upon the wheel, after the manner of the bloody fiends of the Bastille and Inquisition. I heard the crack and crash—the very dogs howled and barked—and thus I was wrought up into a state of horror that no pen can describe, no tongue give utterance to. All of these delusions, as they termed them, were actually got up in some form or other, for the express purpose of working upon my imagination, and make me think they were realities, by these inhuman monsters, into whose hands I had fallen. After having instilled into my mind that my son had been destroyed, they again contrived to make me think that he was still alive, and was destined for another fate, equally horrid. One day I saw some one pass a box into the middle gallery, which was the first floor below me; the box was perforated with innumerable holes, and was, as I supposed, for some purpose of torture. It was very apparent to my distracted mind, that it was to enclose the body of my son. The box was carried into the gallery upon the shoulder of a man. Again I was set wild. I heard a loud, angry voice, say: "Get into the box; come get in quick!" and then followed a stifled scream of horror, and the terrible sound of the hammer in nailing on the lid of the box. Was not the suspense and anguish horrifying and terrible to bear? believing, as I did, that my son was about to be or already was a victim to the inquisitors of this den of crime and inhumanity. Can a man endure such scenes and not become a maniac, however sound his mind may have once been. With these delusions, for they were all delusions, did the wretches officiating in the Hospital, torture me, as realities, and hence they are more than entitled to the scourge

of justice and the utter condemnation of the people at large. Parson Tappan came one Sabbath evening to preach at the Institution. I saw him, but did not see him leave. And then again, they instilled it into my mind, that they had murdered him, and served up his flesh as food for me; for, by their acts they led me to believe that the Hospital was a Roman Catholic Inquisition for the destruction of all Protestants, and hence the fate of Parson Tappan. The thought shot a thrill of awe to my very soul. I forswore meat, and ate none for nearly three months, but the horrid idea haunted me day and night. There were two nights during these scenes, when the gallery was filled with smoke, almost to suffocation, and they induced me to believe that they were burning the bodies of my family connections. At that time I actually thought it was really so. I know not what produced the smoke, but have no doubt but what it was some animal substance, such as grease, with perhaps, some other substances, which was put into the furnace with the design to induce me to think that it proceeded from those causes which were instilled into my mind. Because I raised my window in the night to obtain fresh air, during the smoke, they put a screw over the top of the sash so that I could not raise it but two inches, and thus it remained four or five months, until the weather became quite warm, before they took it out. Can any one conceive of anything more horrible or distressing to the bewildered imagination of a man than such scenes as these? I feel no hesitation in saying that they did all they could, and left not a stone unturned, to keep me in terror, drive me mad, torture and rack my shattered brain and body! There is another case in point, a proof on piles of proof, that their purpose was as bold as dire, as heartless as cunning, and cruel beyond all recorded atrocities. Parson Judd visited the Hospital and preached to the inmates. I supposed he had heard my case, knew my fears and thoughts; yes, he selected, of all other subjects or texts for a sermon, the very one best calculated to convince me of the truth of my fears, the death and destruction of my son. Here is the text:

SECOND SAMUEL, 12th Chap., 22d and 23d verses:—"And he said, while the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?"

"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

This I took as directly applicable to my worst thoughts, either to goad me on to fury and insanity, by false reports and dire inuendos, tricks and schemes, or it may be that the Parson was sincere, and applied the text to my case in sheer necessity and christian sympathy. Either way lead me still nearer to wreck and misery.

One day my wife and her brother visited me. I was permitted to see them in the parlor for a few moments, and then they retired. After their departure, it was my strong conviction that both of them had fallen into the hands of the Inquisitors, and were ground and cut up. In fact, this delusion was kept up very perfectly by a noise of the steam used to heat the water in the attic, which caused a bubbling and boiling, as though bodies were being really broken and ground up by machinery for that purpose. In the midst of

this, some miscreant called out the name of my wife, and said she was gone; all of which was done to torture, annoy, confuse and bewilder me. The whole winter of my confinement was made up of such insults. My days were full of horror, my nights terrible, beyond all human comprehension. I cannot conceive how it was possible for me to endure all of this, and live any longer. No death could be more terrible than my (then) mode of life, and I should have fallen had not Providence otherwise ordained it. And now, at the time of this writing, nearly eight years have passed away, and I have been out into the world about five years, yet these scenes are as fresh to my mind as though they occurred but yesterday. I wish all who may read these pages, to distinctly understand, that it is a fair statement of facts as they occurred; that those officers and men did actually attempt to instill them into my mind. This is neither the insane delusion of my bewildered imagination, or a tale of fiction, but is a stern reality—the solemn truth; and directly or indirectly, have three of the hired men, who were at the Hospital at that time, and who knew it all, admitted it, in most of its essential points, to be true. It is the truth; truth that will sustain me in the solemn hour of death, and when I meet those that I accuse of having done it, before that tribunal from whence there will be no appeal; it is the truth, so help and sustain me, God! Written with my own hand.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The first day of April Dr. Bates took charge of the Hospital. The whole course of medicine was changed. Morphine was freely given me to allay the excitement produced by the horrid medicine given me by Dr. Ray. Dr. Bates, I must say, treated me very kindly for a while; the medicine with which I had been plied by Dr. Ray, however, was so incorporated into my system, that it took time to get it worked out. About three weeks after Dr. Bates took charge, I was by him permitted to visit my family, accompanied by Mr. Hall, the supervisor. I remained with them about one hour, and then returned to the Hospital. Again separated from my family, I was revisited by all, and more than all, of those horrid phrenzies. Dr. Smith still being in the Institution, I could not conquer my repugnance and dread of him, from the bad treatment I had received at his hands. He made up the prescriptions of the Institution, and I felt fearful of all the preparations he made for me; in fact, I never encountered this man without a sensation of dread and terror. There was something in his manner, features and very tread, that caused me to shudder as though I was in the presence of a rapacious beast of prey.

About this time I was taken very ill. I could not get a particle of quiet repose. My mind was tortured with a thousand wild fancies, and I must say that this was the severest of all my anguish during my incarceration in this modern Inquisition. I am now prepared to assert it as positive, I thought, and do now think, and I know Dr. Smith was not the man to hesitate to do as evil, and even worse—drug me with medical preparations to destroy my mental

and physical faculties, during this sickness of several weeks duration. I was really so low and despairing, that I entertained not the slightest doubt but what I should fall a victim to those malpractices and inhuman atrocities. However, after all storms comes a calm—the darkest night turns out the brightest morning. I got better, walked about, and even induced Dr. Bates to grant me a parole to walk out about the grounds. This was refreshing, and I enjoyed it much, after having been shut up in such a prison for so long a period. But still this was not liberty, so dear to the heart of every man. No! it was not the liberty I sighed, begged and wept for—the liberty which, by preaching or praying to stones, I might have gained. But my appeals were to hearts of lead, flint or steel, and produced nothing to alleviate the suffering of my tortured body and mind. Dr. Bates, after much persuasion, finally, almost by force, induced me to engage in the amusements of some of the other patients, such as playing cards, &c., which seemed to worry and distress my mind instead of relieving it.

Sometime in the summer, when the Trustees made their visit to inspect the Hospital, I appealed to Reuel Williams, as one of the Trustees, to discharge me from the Institution. I revealed to him, at that time, the particulars of the abuse I had received from Dr. Ray, to all of which he replied,—“You can't make me believe that you have been abused here, Mr. Hunt.” To this I replied,—“Whether you will believe it or not, it is nevertheless true.” Thus he closed his ear and heart to my plaintive story—my appeals for release. On the first official visit of Dr. Hubbard, as Trustee of the Institution, Dr. Bates told him, in my presence, what I had said about the atrocious manner in which Dr. Ray had abused me with the deleterious drugs, which had the effect to destroy my physical and mental faculties. To all of which he turned a deaf ear, wheeling upon his heel, he started off with all the inflated pomposity of a King of the Cannibal Islands. Dr. Bates always professed friendship and sincerity to me, and it pains me to say that his assertions in regard to my ultimate recovery from the mal-practice of Dr. Ray, were, in toto, basely false representations to me, in my then bewildered state of mind. About this period, say in the month of August, I was permitted to go to the library of the Institution, and select such reading matter as I chose. I selected romances, as I could not for an entire year from this time, read any thing else, except the newspapers of the day. During this entire year, I was kept in a perfect state of excitement and alarm, by a variety of aggressions. Persons were in the habit of visiting the Institution daily, and I would frequently hear them inquire for some one, and I would often on such occasions see myself pointed out as the person inquired for. This was a very serious annoyance to me; added to others, it kept me tossing and beating about on the sea of a stormy mind, like a dismantled ship driven to and fro by each adverse wave, or the blast of the hurricane. Thus the year passed heavily along; being imprisoned with such objects of humanity, whose very looks, and every act or motion, would be enough to drive a sane man mad.

I should here mention, that about the period I began to read from

the library, my brother, from the State of Massachusetts, visited me. He came expressly to take me home with him to my relatives in the old Bay State, my native land. Dr. Bates said to my brother, "Sir, it is impossible for you to see him; I can't permit it. He is not in a fit state to see any of his acquaintances." Says my brother, "Dr. Bates, I have come a long distance, expressly to see my brother, and I cannot return without the interview." Thereupon Dr. Bates told him I did not wish to see any of my friends or relatives. My brother then desired Dr. Bates to inform me of his presence, and then if I did not wish to see him, he would return without the interview he so much sought for. Mr. Hall, the supervisor, came to me, and asked me if I wished to see my brother. I then asked him if it was possible that my brother was yet alive & having, in my delusive moments, supposed him to be murdered. He replied, "There is a man here who says he is your brother, and you can see the person if you so desire to do." Thereupon he took me to the presence of my brother. I walked out with him about the grounds, but I did not dare to tell him the horrid treatment I had received at the hands of those hideous monsters, thinking that my brother would also fall a victim to their cruel atrocities before he left the State of Maine! The reasons for Dr. Bates refusing me an interview with my brother, was a fear that I should unfold the atrocious operations and horrid sufferings I had endured within the walls of this most iniquitous modern Bastile, or Algerine prison.

One Sabbath morning, sometime in the month of July, after twenty-one or two months of my incarceration, my customary portion of Morphine was not given me, which, whenever omitted, always created a violent state of agitation. That day, at dinner, my appetite was out of order; hence I did not eat my customary portion of food, and this fact induced me to apply, as usual, to be let out on the grounds to walk. Hereupon one of the patients told the attendant that I was a very crazy man, and they had better watch me. I started on my walk, and on returning from the river observed two men standing in the garden. One started off to meeting, and with the other I quietly walked to the house, and he let me in. I then learned that these two men had been watching my movements, lest I should make way with myself. That evening Dr. Bates said to me, that whenever I went out again, I must go with the other patients, under keepers, alleging that if I was permitted to go out alone, that he should expect to find me hung upon one of his apple trees, or drowned in the river! I replied, "Sir, you can do as you please, as I am in your power; but your trees will never bear such fruit, nor the river produce such a fish!" But if I went out only with the menagerie or caravan of wild animals, as I called it when the patients went out to walk, I should never go out again alive, for I was determined that I would not again be driven about like a wild beast. After this little incident, I became a close prisoner, and only went out as the supervisor and attendant took me out with them. This experiment continued for two or three months. After this, I was again permitted, on my parole, to walk around the grounds as I had formerly done.

On the first of October, 1846, after being imprisoned more than



two years, I went to work at my occupation of boot and shoe making, in the attic of the Institution. I continued my labor up to about the first of December, as steadily as my health and the weather, not being allowed fire, permitted. About this time two friends visited me on one Saturday afternoon. We had a conversation upon the general matters of the day, my health, &c. One of them made the remark to me, "Mr. Hunt, I don't see but you are as rational as ever you was, and I shall tell our selectmen that you have been kept here long enough, and they had better take you away." To this I replied, "You may tell every person you speak with about me, that I am in the full possession of all my natural mental faculties." Next day (Sunday) I gave offence to Dr. Bates, and on Monday following, a friend, who came expressly to see me, was told by Dr. Bates that, owing to his having allowed two friends to visit me on Saturday previous, I had become so crazy, that he did not know what to do with me; and he then said that he would not permit him, or any person whatever who was acquainted with me, to see me again on any pretence. Now the motive at the bottom of this was, a desire on the part of Dr. Bates to conceal the fact that I was then a sane man, and he was afraid that if I was permitted to see this friend, I should reveal to him the full story of my wrongs, thus giving the lie to his assertions in regard to the true state of my mind. Can you, reader, for a single moment realize the tortures I endured—was enduring—under these more than doubly damnable ordeals? If you think of them as my plain, sound, unvarnished tale unfolds them to you, then must you reason as I do, and arrive at the same decision, viz: these things are pernicious and infamous, and ought not to be permitted in a Christian land.

About the last Wednesday of December, at the annual meeting of the Trustees, while I was engaged at my occupation in the attic, I was summoned into the gallery. I would here state, that it is the custom, enforced by the regulations of the Institution, for the Trustees to visit it once a month, each patient being separately reviewed. The Trustees have in their hands a memorandum of the patients names. They see the patients and make a check mark against each name. They came to my room, and I said to the Chairman, *Mr. Jarvis, of Surry*, "Sir, what motive have you in coming here and putting marks against each man's name?" The reply was, "We wish to know if you have any complaints to make; if you are well treated by the officers?" To this I replied, "Sir, if I had any complaints to make, you will not hear them." He then answered, "Yes, we will; that is our duty; that is what we come here for." "Then, sir," I replied, "I have complaints to make. I have been most shamefully and barbarously abused by Dr. Isaac Ray, and I am kept here for no earthly purpose but because Dr. Bates is afraid, if he discharges me, that I shall reveal the terrible secrets of this Institution to the world!" To this the Trustees responded, that they had nothing to do with Dr. Ray, he having left the Institution; they wished to know if I was well used by the present officers. "Then, gentlemen," I replied, "knowing that Dr. Ray has abused me in this barbarous, inhuman, and

cruel manner, you will permit him to go to Rhode Island, to take charge of another Institution of this kind, where he may continue his demoniacal practices upon the poor, ill-starred creatures who will, like me, be thrown upon his mercy, when a word from you, gentlemen, would deprive him of his power so to do." The Trustees again repeated that they had nothing to do with Dr. Ray; their business was with the present officers. I then replied, "Gentlemen, I have now serious charges to prefer against Dr. Bates. He has shut me from the world, and refuses to let me see any person or friend with whom I have been acquainted, for no earthly purpose but because he is afraid that I will reveal the horrid secrets of this Institution. And now I appeal to you to give me my liberty, for I am in the full possession of all the mental faculties that God ever gave me, and I am as capable of attending to my business as I ever was at any former period of my life." They then asked me if I had any other complaints to prefer; are you well provided for; do you get enough to eat, &c. To this I responded, "O, yes; we have enough to eat, such as it is!" They thereupon left me and went below, and I returned to my employment in the attic.

The next that I heard from them, after this, in regard to my appeal to them to give me my liberty was, Dr. Harlow, the assistant physician, and James P. Weeks, the supervisor, said to me—"Well, Mr. Hunt, what decision do you think the Trustees have arrived at, in regard to your case?" I merely replied I could not tell. They then said to me—"They have advised Dr. Bates never to allow you to see any person whatever with whom you have ever been acquainted." I wish to present these six men to the world in their real character.—That no mistake shall be made I shall quote nothing but facts in my own case, and therefore I give to the public the names as well as actions of these individuals. Edward S. Jarvis, John Hubbard (now Governor of the State of Maine,) Charles Millett, Cornelius Holland, Edward Swan, Isaac Reed—who, together with Reuel Williams, a former Trustee, I charge with conspiracy against my liberty, if not my life and property. If this was not *bold and high handed conspiracy*, then I do not know what it would take to constitute conspiracy against a human being. Now here I was at the entire mercy of these men; at their control and disposition. Men shall I call them—no, monsters! They, knowing that I was a sane man, burdened with grief, and physical embarrassment, heaped upon me by the cruel indignities, drudgeries and malpractices, arts of deception, tortured by medicine and mendacity, that were enough to drive any man mad, furious, distracted; yes, they shut their ears, closed their eyes and barricaded their hearts, sympathy and human feeling against my plaintive story—a truthful recital of my wrongs, sufferings, deprivations. Stories of wrongs told to savages, would not have elicited such a cruel, cutting and stoical disregard.

Why was this inhuman manifestation on the part of these arbitrary men? Why did these boasted Republicans—Democrats—men standing at the head of the boasted ranks, whose watch word is supposed to be *liberty or death*; who pretend that *all men are born free and equal*; aid and abet the inquisitors of my dungeon,

more atrocious than the French Bastile in the bloodiest days of the Revolution, or the Algerine prisons, in retaining me there for torture and death? I'll tell you, reader. I was a victim. To be sure it was not for fear of my safety that those men refused to allow me to depart—far from it. It was the strong levers of reason, right and justice, my *tongue and my pen*, the great engines which can hurl tyrants from their rotten thrones, and give the furnishing victim Liberty! Liberty!! O, thou art a jewel, a jewel of inestimable value, scarcely known to any but him who has been deprived of thee!

Through the month of January, 1847, I continued my labor in the attic, in the full possession of all my mental faculties, and a command over my motions. During this time I reasoned with myself, calmly; am I dog? Must I submit, and die here like a dog, or shall I arise and strike a blow for God and liberty? Yes, I determined that I would die worthy of being a descendant of a man who, upon the 19th of April, '75, was a minute man; and met the British army at Concord Bridge, and assisted in driving them into Boston. Yes, I determined that I would die like a man; that henceforth my motto should be "liberty or death," Yes, I thought that if my ancestors would fight King George for the privilege of paying or not paying him a small tax on tea, that were it necessary for me to do so, I would fight for the privilege of going where I pleased, and breathing the free air of heaven, surrounded as I was by human devils, in their own den. Accordingly, on the 31st day of January, which was the Sabbath, I wrote a letter to Dr. Bates, and that letter I dated Feb. 1, 1847, as I designed to present it to him on Monday forenoon, when he made his usual visit to his patients. As he was leaving the gallery that forenoon I put the letter into his hand, he observing at the time—"O, this is for me." "Yes, Dr. Bates, that is for you;" I replied. Here follows the contents of that letter, I alluded to the treatment I had received from Dr. Ray, I stated that I then considered myself to be of a sane mind, and accountable for my acts; I requested him to take such measures as were in his power to send me away from the Hospital during the month of April; and further stated that if he did not send me away at the expiration of that time, I should consider myself justified in resorting to any measures which might be within my power to obtain my liberty. I said, now, sir, treat me with humanity, Christianity and mercy, or with cruelty and barbarity, whichever you deem most expedient. I closed my letter by saying—*Sir, I will have my liberty or perish in my efforts to obtain it.*" What impression my letter made upon Dr. Bates I did not know exactly, but the next morning, as I was in the gallery when he made his usual morning call on his patients, he came to me and shook me by the hand as usual, cavalierly observing—"Well, Mr. Hunt, you are here yet." To this I replied—"Yes, Dr. Bates, I am here at present." We then parted, and this closed my conversation on the subject of leaving the Institution.

After that I used to talk with Mr. Weeks, the supervisor. I told him I was as sane a man as I ever was, and that they had

no more right to keep me there than they would have to go into the village of Augusta and take any man there away from his business, and shut him up in the Hospital, and call him crazy, and keep him there. I told him that if they undertook to keep me after the time that I had set to go away, in order to do so they should take the crime of actual murder upon their heads, and they might do it in any manner they might choose. They might set a crazy man to dash out my brains, or poison my medicine, or confine me in the maniac harness or cells; either of which would be murder; as close confinement would undoubtedly kill me in a very short time; and that furthermore, I would give them such a specimen of insanity as they had never had in that or any other Hospital in this country; that I would butcher every officer in the Hospital, and as many others as I could who should attempt to confine me; that their cage was not strong enough, and that they had not men enough there to keep a sane man who was determined to be free or die, as I then had reason to know that if I were to do all that I said I would, I should only be called a crazy man, and my doom would only be close confinement until death should release me. One day when I was conversing with him about it, he said,—I don't know about your going—you are trumping up too strong to get away. I replied that I intended to trump strong, and that shillalabs should be the trump or I would die in my efforts to make it so. By my saying that shillalabs should be the trump he understood my meaning; for, when we were playing cards, if clubs were the trump I used to say that shillalabs was the trump. I requested him, as he had never in any manner abused me, not to meddle with me if I should start to go without permission, as under such circumstances I should not know any friends, and did not wish to harm him, and that I should take the life of any one who would attempt to stop me, if it was in my power so to do. I only allude to these things for the purpose of showing the terrible strait to which I was driven; for, with mild and non-resistant means I could never have obtained my liberty. I had tried that course for more than two years, and all of no avail whatever.

On or about the 18th of February I put a package of papers into the hands of Dr. Bates, which were addressed to the President of the United States, requesting him to forward them as they were directed. He took them, and said that he would look at them and see if they were such as were proper to send him. I demanded of him to send them without looking at them, as they were sealed, and told him that he had no right to break them open; that it was none of his business what the purport of them might be; that the President was the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and I was a citizen deprived of my liberty without the sanction of any law whatever, human or divine, and I demanded my right to have them sent, and let the President be judge whether their contents were of such a nature that he ought to take any notice of them or not. He replied that he should not send any papers away from that institution without knowing their contents. I replied that it was none of his business what the purport of them was, and again demanded of him to send them as they were. He said he should

not do it, but offered to let me submit them to D. Bronson, Esq., and if he said they were proper papers to be sent to the President, he would send them. I replied that I would not give one cent for the counsel of any lawyer in the State of Maine, for they were all leagued or conspired against me, for my destruction. Well, said he, then I shall not send them.

In the letter which I addressed to the President I asked if I were any the less entitled to the protection of my country because I had been abused by my own neighbors, and those who had falsely professed to be my friends, that their perfidy might be more sure, than I should be were I incarcerated in a Mexican or Algerine prison, a French Bastille or the Spanish Inquisition; where, if I were thus confined and abused, and could make my situation known to him, he would employ all the military and naval force of the country for my release, and to obtain redress for my abuse were it necessary so to do.

I will ask now the humane and philanthropic citizens of the United States, whether they are in places of honor and power or private citizens, whether there are any among them professing to have the souls of brave and patriotic men, who dare and will advocate and espouse my cause against those who have so inhumanly maltreated and abused me, and against the Government of the State which sanctions and upholds such monstrous cruelty. If there are any such, and they will address me to that effect, I will give them the details of the abuse which it is not proper to put in this little book.

After having the before mentioned conversation with Dr. Bates, he said that if I thought I was unjustly deprived of my liberty I might have a trial before two Justices of the Peace and Quorum, and they might judge whether I was a sane man or not. I replied by saying if I were to appeal to them I supposed he would go forward and swear that I was a crazy man. He said of course he should. I then asked of what use it would be to me when I was already condemned, sentenced and executed. He replied it would be of no use whatever. I then said to him that if my life or liberty were at stake, upon any accusations whatever, whether it might be for the crime of insanity, if that were a crime, or for any other crime which I might commit, I would not put myself upon trial by pleading guilty or not guilty, for I should be sure to be condemned whether I were guilty or innocent, for a jury would be packed, and judge and attorney bribed and I should submit to any sentence they might pass without any efforts to extricate myself.

The next day I asked him if he was willing that I should send the papers to the Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, Mass. with a letter to him which he, Dr. Bates, might read, and leave it to the decision of Mr. Hoar whether they were such papers as were proper to send to the President. He asked me if I were acquainted with Mr. Hoar. I told him that when I was about twenty years old I had a little business at his office, and he being an eminent lawyer, a citizen of my native town, and a gentleman that I had known from my youth, that this was all the acquaintance I could claim with him. Well, replied Dr. Bates, I know Mr. Hoar and shall not send it to him. I then asked him if he was willing that I should send it to Hon. Thomas H. Benton, for his decision upon it. He replied that he knew Mr. Benton, and had a reputation at stake with him and the President, and they would think him a most egregious fool if he should send papers to them from that insti-

tution, without knowing what their contents might be. I told him I thought he was drawing his lines rather tight to deprive me of every right and chance to obtain my liberty; that the Constitutions of the United States and the State of Maine say that no person shall be deprived of his liberty and property except for crime; and a trial by a jury of his peers; and that no cruel or unusual punishments should be inflicted upon a condemned criminal; that I had been abused with the most inhuman and barbarous cruelty, and deprived of my liberty and property without being accused of any crime but that of insanity, if that was a crime, and had not been condemned by any jury, or sentenced by any judge of any Court whatever. He afterwards told me that if I would give him my word of honor that I would so amend them as to strike out his name wherever I had used it, and if I wished to allude to him, to speak of him, as the present Superintendent of that Hospital, then I might send them to the President, Tom Benton, Mr. Hoar, or Madamo W—e, or wherever I pleased for ought that he cared. I accordingly so amended them in that respect, and then directed them to Hon. James K. Polk, President of the United States, with the request that he, Dr. Bates, would forward them according to his engagement, but I presume that they were never sent from Augusta, as Dr. Bates is not the man to keep his word with any one who may stand in his *light*; and especially a crazy man, whom he has in his clutches, and is poor and without friends. I do not know but the above is very gentlemanly and courteous language, and very proper for an educated and refined Superintendent of an Insane Hospital to use to his patients; but think it shows his *taste*!

On or about the 22d of February I gave a letter to Dr. Bates, which I had written to Gov. Anderson, as an appeal to him for protection from such unjust imprisonment, and cruel treatment, as I had received from the officers of that institution. I asked him if the laws had been framed for the government of that Hospital expressly for my case, and whether the people of the State of Maine knew that it was a tomb from which, if a person once entered, he could never return to the world, unless the officers should choose to send him away? I asked if the people knew that the government of that institution was that of an absolute monarchy, with a tyrant at its head; where all manner of iniquity was and could be perpetrated with perfect impunity upon its victims. I did not know as Dr. Bates would send any of my letters, and I presume that he did not; but I intended by writing them to let him know that I knew my rights when I had my reason, and by my conduct that I dared to assert and maintain them, even there, in that prison house of woe and despair, friendless and alone as I then was.

In my interview with Dr. Bates, in the attic, he told me, for the first time, that one reason why he could not send me away was that my wife would not consent to have me leave, because she was afraid of me on account of the horrid stories that had been told her, and that there were other people who were afraid of me; and that the reason I was not sent to Mr. White's at Winthrop, the spring before, when I wanted to go there, was because there were people in Augusta who were afraid that I should get up in the night, and take a horse and come down and burn up the village, and murder some of the inhabitants before I could be secured, as I had used such language concerning

them. I asked him what business any one had to inform her or others what I might have said about them, when I was deprived of reason and had no command over myself, and was not accountable for my language or my acts: and he himself called me crazy, and had reported me incurable in his first report. He replied that he did not know any thing about that, for stories of that kind would get out.

The truth of the matter was that all of the horrid representations concerning the situation which I had been in, had been told for the purpose of keeping me there, by creating a fear of me, and the causes of my madness had been carefully concealed from them. One or two of the Selectmen have told me, since I came out of the Hospital the only reason they did not let me go to Mr. White's the spring previous was, that Dr. Bates told them that it would never do to let me go there, alleging as reasons those same things which he told me they used to him, and he, Dr. Bates, told me about that time that he would give ten dollars out of his own pocket to get rid of me, as I caused him more trouble than all the rest of the patients he had in the Hospital. So here is a falsehood between Dr. Bates and the Selectmen, and I have no doubt but the Selectmen told the truth in regard to the matter.

About the 20th of March, after Dr. Cony had been elected one of the Selectmen of Augusta, I sent a request for him to visit me, as he had formerly been my intimate friend, and he came and saw me at work in the attic. I told him that I intended to leave there in the spring; that I had been abused enough, and had suffered enough, and I wished to go by the consent of all, without making any trouble; that I wanted the Selectmen to take me away, that I was kept there by their authority, and I was determined to leave at every hazard, either dead or alive; that if the officers of that institution should abuse me any more, I would as soon take a knife and cut them into mince meat, as I would to cut a side of leather into suitable dimensions for my work. He left me with the promise that he would do all in his power to have me removed, and would see me again in a few days. He, according to his promise, came again the first day of April, and gave me his word, as one of the Selectmen, that I should be removed in a reasonable time that spring, regardless of any thing Dr. Bates might say concerning my sanity or insanity, and at his request, I remained till the last day of May, since which time my residence has been in the village of Augusta, and it is for the citizens to say whether I have been a sane or insane man since I left the Hospital, which is nearly five years ago, during which time I have been able to provide for my own wants.

Dr. Cony has since told me that Dr. Bates disputed his authority to remove me, asserting that I was an insane man, and he had no right to take me from his custody. Dr. Cony told him, right or no right, I was a sane man, and he should take the responsibility to do so. Dr. Bates was afraid I should expose his villainy, and that the people would believe my assertions, and then his salary would vanish out of his reach; that then he would not be able to swell and parade upon his portico, like Nebuchadnezzar upon his palace walls, (as one of the patients used to say of him,) but would have to return home and only be Dr. Bates, chief of the Norridgewocks. Dr. Cony has told me that if he had not removed me, I should have remained there until death released me from their chains; and of that fact I have no doubt in my

mind, and a few weeks or months would have closed the scene; for I had been prepared for several months with concealed deadly weapons, which I had determined to use upon Dr. Bates at the first opportunity, and to have set the building on fire from one end to the other, (which I could have easily done), and then I should have stamped myself with incurable insanity, beyond a doubt, in the minds of all the people.

A day or two after I left the hospital I went to the State House, in order to see if I could obtain an interview with the Hon. Governor and Council. I was not acquainted with Court etiquette, and in order to obtain my object, I wrote a note, and put it in the hand of the Secretary of State, asking him if he would do me the favor to introduce me to the Hon. Governor and Council, giving as a reason for wishing the interview my having been confined in the Insane Hospital. After he had read the note, he put it in his pocket, and told me, with all the sang froid of an honest man, that the Governor had not come in yet, and if I wanted to see him I had better call at his room. I replied that the Governor had come in, as I saw him enter a few minutes before; whereupon he turned and asked one of his clerks if the Governor had come in yet, and he replied, "No, he has not come." Therefore, if they told the truth, I was either a crazy man and did not know the Governor, or I was a liar.

As I had not succeeded in obtaining an interview through the Secretary of State, a few days afterwards I addressed a note to Gov. Dana, appealing directly to him to know whether the Hon. Governor and Council would give me an interview of a few minutes, giving him the same reasons as above for asking it, to which I never received any reply.— Here is a short extract from Governor Dana's message, which he had delivered a few days before, and which led me to think my request would be granted.

"A few years of such experience must convince even the most skeptical, that that government is best adapted to our wants, whose chief aim and tendency are to protect with perfect equality each citizen in his person, his property, and his individual rights; leaving him free to select and pursue his own avocation, without legislative inducement—giving to every man and every interest universal protection, but exclusive privileges to none; and showering its favors, as heaven does its rains, alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor."

No man would hesitate for a moment, after reading the above, to say that the Democratic Governor of the Democratic State of Maine, and the great grandson of Gen. Putnam, could refuse an audience to a poor and friendless man, whether sane or insane, if he had not been told by Dr. Bates, or others of my *friends*, that I was a crazy man, and did not know what I was about. Here is another extract from the same message, which I give so that all who read this may see how it agrees with what I state as facts in regard to the hospital.

"One of the striking characteristics of the present age, is an active, comprehensive benevolence—a deep feeling of man's common brotherhood, exhibiting itself in untiring, systematic efforts for the relief of the unfortunate and afflicted. Our hospital for the insane is an offspring of this spirit, and should be favorably regarded by the State. I would cordially recommend any regulation or appropriation which may be deemed necessary for its economical, yet efficient administration."

What a benevolent brotherhood! For the unfortunate and afflicted how kind is the State to build a human slaughter house, for physicians to torture and murder human beings in! What benevolent hospitality! How does it correspond with the precepts of him who eighteen centuries



ago went about doing good, healing the sick of all their diseases, causing the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and the blind to see, and preaching to the poor, without money and without price, the Gospel of good news and glad tidings, and even casting out devils from those possessed of them, or, in other words, restoring maniacs to reason, and sending them away, clothed and in their right mind.

I had resolved in my own mind that I would appeal to every branch of the Civil Government of the State for redress, and, accordingly, in April, 1848, I sent a note to the then acting County Attorney, and the Grand Jury, requesting the privilege which I had thought every man who had been criminally abused had a right to do, of appearing before them to prefer charges of a criminal nature against some of the former officers of the Insane Hospital, for malpractice, barbarous cruelty, and false imprisonment; stating that I should be able to prove, by incontrovertible testimony to substantiate my own, one of the most barbarous acts of cruelty ever perpetrated upon a human being in this or any other country. I requested them to send the court messenger to inform me at what time to present myself, as I did not wish to be staying about the Court House. As I did not receive any notice to appear, I suppose that some of my Hospital friends told them that I was crazy, and did not know whether I was abused or not. Having failed of obtaining a hearing at the Executive and Judicial branches of the Government, on the 22d of May, 1848, I sent the following Petition and Certificates to the Legislature by Senator Flint.

*To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled.*

The undersigned respectfully represents to your honorable body that he has been unjustly and unlawfully confined in the Maine Insane Hospital for two years, eight months, and ten days, and that for six months of that time the treatment which he received from Dr. Isaac Ray and his assistants was barbarous, inhuman and cruel; by which his natural health has been greatly impaired, and as it is a State institution he respectfully asks you for an adequate compensation for the injury which he has sustained in consequence of such mal-practice and cruel treatment,—and as in duty bound will ever pray.

*Certificate No. 1.*—The undersigned hereby certify that the bearer, Mr. Isaac H. Hunt, was discharged from the Insane Hospital at our request, and we believe him to be a sane man, and capable of doing or transacting business for himself.

EPH. BALLARD, }  
JOHN A. PETTINGILL, } Selectmen of Augusta.

July 5th, 1847:

*Certificate No. 2.*—To whom it may concern. This may certify that the undersigned citizens of Augusta, and the State of Maine, have been personally and intimately acquainted with the bearer, Isaac H. Hunt, for several years previous to his being sent to the Insane Hospital, and we have seen and conversed with him freely and frequently for the past month, since he has been away from the Hospital, and it is our opinion that he is now a sane man, and is capable of transacting business for himself as at any former period of our acquaintance with him  
Augusta, June 29, 1847.

(Signed)—Joseph H. Smith, Samuel Gill, Martin Carroll, Moses Noble, Thomas C. Noble, J. E. Lamson, Thomas Wadsworth, E. G. Doe, C. B. Morton, Wm. H. Chisam, J. P. Dillingham, W. S. Haskell, Abiel L. Getchell, John F. Childs, Charles Brown, James Safford, Darin Place, A. R. Nichols, George Darby, Wm. Garrison, J. S. Berry, H. Sewall, John H. Hartford, Alex'r Kincaid, Stephen Winslow, Daniel Woodward Jr., James Dealy, L. M. Leland, W. Lyman Clark.

The foregoing Petition and certificates were referred to the Committee on Claims, of which Hon. James H. Farnum was chairman. I will now state what was said in regard to them by different individuals, and what was said by me to the committee. The next morning Dr. Bates

presented himself at the State House, and called upon Mr. Farnum and wished to see the papers, which were shown him. Mr. Flint told me that he met him and said, "Well, Doctor, I suppose you have seen by the papers this morning that we are looking after you." "Yes," he replied "I perceive it, and I think you are setting a dangerous precedent; for if our people know that they can come to the Legislature for damages there will be no end to their petitions," and he further said, "perhaps Mr. Hunt is not a sane man now." Mr. Flint said that he thought the certificates were very strong testimony in my favor, and Dr. Bates replied that he did not know as he should be able to dispute or refute such evidence.

On Thursday afternoon I went to the State House in order to give my testimony before the committee and while in the room waiting for them to assemble, Col. Dumont and one other member of the committee were waiting for the others. The Col. took up the petition and read it, and said to the other that it was a false representation; that he knew Dr. Ray well, and he knew that he would not abuse a man like that; it could not be true. He either did not know that I was the petitioner, or he pretended not to know me. After eight or ten of the committee had assembled they told me to proceed with a statement of which I had to complain of. I told them that I wanted the privilege of telling them what I had to say in my own plain and simple manner, without interruption, and after that I would answer them as many questions as they saw fit to put to me.

Col. Dumont told them he knew something about the case—that he could make some statement in regard to it—that he thought it would not amount to much, and I was told I might proceed with what I had to say. I accordingly went on to tell them the treatment I had received from Dr. Ray, and others, at the Hospital. I was frequently interrupted, principally by Col. Dumont, and I requested them not to interrupt me; but they determined that I should answer their questions, with the apparent design of browbeating me so that I could not say what I wished to. Col. Dumont seemed to take the part of an advocate for those I was accusing of abusing me, rather than an impartial committee-man of the Legislature. What, said he, have those whom he is accusing of such things been notified to be here to meet these charges? Where are Dr. Ray, and the others, that they are not here, if charges of this nature are being preferred against them? The chairman replied that no notice had been given them. Well, Col. D. would not consent to go on with the investigation without they were present. He wished me to answer a few questions. I replied that my petition had been referred to them, and that they might give me an impartial hearing or not; that it was in their power to do as they pleased with it. If they did not wish to hear me any further I was ready to go away, and would not trouble them again if that was their decision. He said that Mr. Williams was a member of the House from Augusta, and Dr. Hubbard, of his town of Hallowell, were trustees of the Hospital, and he wished me to tell him whether they knew of these charges which I was preferring against Dr. Ray and others. I answered his question with these three words—they knew them! Well, they did know them, for I had told Mr. Williams of it myself, soon after Dr. Ray left the institution, and all the satisfaction he gave me was, "you can't make me believe

that you have been *abused*." I replied that whether he would believe it or not, it was true. The way that Dr. Hubbard knew it was, Dr. Bates told him of it in my presence, soon after he was appointed one of the trustees, therefore they both knew it. I should like to ask the citizens of the State of Maine whether it was their duty as trustees of that institution to investigate and ascertain whether such charges are true or false. Well, the committee dismissed me after promising me that I should have a fair and impartial investigation upon my petition. They had evidently expected to hear only a few idle, whimsical stories of a crazy man, which would vanish into mere nothing by one breath of the gallant Col. Dumont, but they learned from me that my grievances were too horrid, and all that my petition represented them to be, and were tantamount to and much worse than actual murder.

The next afternoon Mr. Farnum met me in the street, and told me that he had seen Mr. Williams, and he had told him what I had stated to the committee, and said that Mr. Williams had said that he did not know that any one had ever been abused there; that he was only there occasionally, and had not much opportunity to know whether the patients were abused or not. Mr. Farnum said that if there were abuses there, he, for one, wished to know it, and seemed to speak in a very feeling manner in respect to it, and made an appointment for me to go to his room at his boarding house that evening, to make some preliminary arrangements for the investigation, which I accordingly did. I told him that I was poor, and thought the State, under the circumstances, ought to summon my witnesses for me. I told him that I wished Dr. Bates for a witness, and if he would agree to come forward and testify to the truth in regard to the situation in which he found me, and to the situation which I was in during the time I was under his charge, and to some conversation that had passed between us, that I would never prefer any charges against him farther than I was obliged to allude to him to make out my case. I had previously told the same to one of the attendants of the Hospital, who had told Dr. Bates what I had said about it, and he said that the Doctor seemed to think it was very fair in me to make such an offer; but I suppose that upon reflection he knew that he was invulnerable, as he had told me before I left the Hospital that any charges I could make against him would be of no avail. I suppose that he was somewhat like Poliphar's wife in some respects, not only pure but above suspicion, as no one immoral act could be brought against him—he was well known and established in the community. But with his private character I have nothing to do.

Soon after my petition was presented to the Legislature I received a paper from Mr. Samuel L. Hovey, a patient at the Hospital, which he sent to me by his *private express*, with the request that if I thought it was correct I would forward it to the chairman of the committee on the Insane Hospital, and I complied with his request, believing and knowing it to be correct. He requested the committee to investigate the affairs of the Hospital, in regard to its mal-administration by the present officers, and requested them to examine the laws for its regulation, passed by the previous Legislature, and see if they ought not to be amended, as they were arbitrary and unjust.

The next week after this Mr. Furlong, the chairman of the committee on the Hospital on the part of House, came to see me, and said

that he was instructed by the committee to give me an invitation to meet them one week from that afternoon and explain every thing that I knew about the mismanagement of the institution, saying that if there was any thing wrong the committee wanted to know it. I replied to him that there was much that was wrong, and but a very little that was right. I asked him if they had received a paper from Mr. Hovey. He replied that they had, and that they had it under consideration that afternoon, and that it was a very well written document. I parted with him with the understanding that I would meet them at the appointed time, unless notified to the contrary. I accordingly went to the State House at the time agreed upon, and when I saw the two chairmen of the committee, they told me that there would not be any session of the committee that afternoon, and that if they wanted me at any other time they would notify me. I was then satisfied that my friend Hovey or myself could not be heard. All was crushed under foot by some unseen power behind the throne.

While I was waiting to see Mr. Furlong, Mr. Farnum, the chairman of the committee on claims, came up and spoke to me, saying,—“well Mr. Hunt, have you ascertained whether you can get any more evidence in regard to your case?” I replied that I had evidence enough that was strong as Holy Writ, to substantiate all of the charges that I should prefer against those that I accused of abusing me, and if the committee would give me a hearing I was ready to meet them, and if the committee would not summon my witnesses for me at the expense of the State, I had a few dollars and could summon the principal part of them at my own expense. He then told me that he had seen Mr. Williams and Dr. Bates, and that they were both against me, and he did not think any thing could be done about it. I replied that I expected they would be against me, and was prepared to meet them and all others, if I could have the privilege of so doing. So there was an end of the investigation—that they had promised me—crushed by the influence and money of Mr. Williams and Dr. Bates. He told me that he went to the Hospital to see Dr. Bates, and related to him what I had stated to the committee, and that Dr. Bates said he did not think Dr. Ray would abuse any one; that his reputation stood very high in the community, and he did not think he was such a man, and took down the records of the Hospital and showed him what medicine was given to me by Dr. Ray, and there was none of a deleterious nature.

The first time that I met Dr. Bates after this, he said:—“I understand that you are mad with me, Mr. Hunt.” “Well, I replied, “suppose I am, you have not got me shut up under your power, and I don't think you will have me very soon.” “Ah,” said he, “I understand that, but I am told that you think that I had some influence against you in regard to your petition.” I then told him what Mr. Farnum had said to me, all of which he acknowledged to be correct, but said that the interview did not take place until after the committee had made up their report, which was made up the afternoon that I went before them, and said he did not even know Mr. Farnum until he introduced himself. I told Dr. Bates that he knew Dr. Ray would not make a record upon the Hospital books which would be proof enough against him to send him to the State Prison for twenty years, and I should ascertain in the course of twelve months whether the citi-

zens of the State of Maine and the United States would suffer a human being to be abused with impunity, as I had been at that Hospital. He then took up his *boots* and left me.

Dr. Bates knows that when he took charge of the Hospital he found me a wild and uncontrollable maniac, no more an accountable being to God, or man, or myself, than an infant child, with the most horrid profanity in every sentence which I uttered, with my head filled with what he said were the greatest delusions; he knows that it was not in my power to refrain from speaking of them, and that they had been instilled into my mind after I went to the Hospital, as I never had one of them before, and so firmly did I believe them, that I would tell him that what was truth was not a delusion, and he knows that he, on one or two occasions did try to make me think they were true. He knows that my whole system had been completely saturated with the deleterious drugs, which Dr. Ray had given me, and he knows that for two years he gave me a large portion of morphine, or opium, to counteract the influence of the other: and he knows that when he did not give it to me regularly, every day, that I was a wild maniac, a perfect mad man, of the strongest sense of the term; as he used to tell me, that I could not sleep at night, or keep quiet by day; that I could do no work, or read, or play at any of the games, of cards or draughts, and that he had to almost force me, also, to do so. This is the truth, and the truth will bear its weight. ¶

Some two or three weeks after my petition had been crushed I met Mr. Furlong, and he told me that when it was called up in the House Mr. Williams said that I had no cause to complain of any abusive treatment at the hospital — that I was under a great state of excitement when I was carried there, and did not know whether I was abused or not, and besides that I was a crazy man now, and, of course, no notice should be taken of any complaints that I had to make, and he said as to Mr. Hovey, he was a raving maniac. So here we were both chalked out of the pale of civilized society by one sweep of the Representative of Augusta—the founder of the Institution, and the donor of \$10,000 to establish it, to torture a human being in, who had never knowingly or designedly injured or abused him or any other human being whatever, in person, property or reputation. Yes, he had seen me when I was suffering it all, and then he got up in his seat and made such a statement as that. Well it was worthy of such a public officer as Reuel Williams.

As to Mr. Hovey's being a raving maniac it is false, and Mr. Williams, as a Trustee of that Institution, knew it to be so, for if I had had the power to do so, I would go to the Hospital when Mr. Hovey would be in his highest mood, or on his "highest horse," as Dr. Bates calls it, and take him away from there, and in twenty-four hours we would travel through the length and breadth of the United States, and no person who did not know us, would ever mistrust that he was a raving maniac, or that I had ever been reported as incurably insane; so there was no man in the Legislature who dared to, or would call for, and demand an investigation of the affairs of that Hospital, against the assertions of Reuel Williams. His testimony would, and did, in the eyes of the Legislature, outweigh all of those, whose names were upon my certificates, in regard to my sanity. Well, he and Dr. Bates, both

knew if they suffered an investigation of its affairs to proceed, that Mr. Hovey and myself, would prove, and substantiate every charge which we should prefer against them, by the testimony of sane men and women, which they could not impeach or repute; by testimony which would be sufficient to hang them, were that the penalty for their malpractice, hypocrisy, deception and humbuggery upon the public in regard to that institution, so we were both trampled under their feet.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE INVESTIGATION.

Since leaving the Hospital, I have frequently been asked, "what kind of treatment do the patients receive? are they properly cared for when sick? were you fed properly? had you enough to eat? &c." To these several inquiries I had always replied: they have enough to eat, such as it is; for in fact, the provisions bought for the Hospital were ample and good enough, but more or less villainously barbecued in the kitchen, while undergoing the process called cooking.

One winter, since leaving the Hospital, Dr. Bates delivered a lecture on insanity, before the Lyceum of Augusta. I attended. The theories advanced by the learned Doctor were beautiful, sublime! to all whose good fortune enabled them to be happily ignorant of Dr. Bates' practical parts of administration! Among other cases of suffering deduced by persons not having it in their power to avail themselves of the great benefits of such an Institution, was the case of a poor maniac who was shut up in a cage at home — who, contriving by some means to set his cage on fire, was literally roasted alive. Wherefore, argued the learned Doctor, had that poor victim been sent to our care in the blessed Institution ye call Maine Insane Hospital, he would have been properly and safely cared for. But, alas! Dr. Bates did not inform his auditors of the number of persons—unhappy wretches—who had been burnt even within the walls of this precious Institution! He did not inform them that Capt Shaw of Wintthrop, had been burnt in one of the out buildings of the Hospital, and would carry the frightful scars of his burns to his grave. He did not see fit to tell them that Mr. Eastman, of Charleston, was so roasted and burned in the same out building, called the Lodge; that when he was taken from the room, the burnt flesh of his body cleaved to the stone floor.

Last summer, 1850, at the session of the Legislature: I again petitioned that body for redress in my own behalf, for the abuse I had suffered. My petition was the same as that presented in 1848, but I added on this occasion another petition, for the full and impartial investigation of the affairs of the Maine Insane Hospital, from its earliest career, down to the present time, requesting them to give the committee power, to send for persons and papers, to insure a fair and thorough investigation of both cases, so that where the great error or guilt was found, the heavy and mighty sword of Justice might fall with quick and unerring certainty. These petitions were presented, and referred to the committee on the Insane Hospital, and nine more members making nineteen in all, were added to that committee, for the purpose of carrying clearly out this investigation.

I here present to the public, the material points elicited upon this in

vestigation, and freely request the impartial reader to judge, whether any abuses have been proved, or not.

**SIMON S. BARTLETT** sworn. I commenced at hospital in August 1845.—Mr. Hunt was there. I was not much acquainted with him at that time. I was an attendant. Hunt was allowed to go out unattended. Some part of the time he was allowed to go out, and worked at his trade, say eight months. He worked for me and did well—he had his tools—Dangerous men not allowed to have tools. I see no difference between the time he worked and since as to sanity. Since he has been out he has attended to business as a sane man: conducted as a sane man eight months before he left the hospital. I did not know that Mr. Hunt ever misstated any thing. Eastman was in the lodge. I had charge of the lodge, the attendant having gone home. I took his place. Attendant was Gilman. As I passed into the lodge Eastman did not speak when I spoke to the patients. I went to the ventilator and spoke to him—he answered faintly. I opened the door and went in and spoke to him—did not understand his answer—the room was too hot—he laid with his shoulders on the floor. I got help and took him up. The skin was off his shoulders and hips. After I took him up I regulated the fire in the furnace. While I was gone he laid on hay or straw. As we brought him out I noticed he was burnt—that was our conclusion. Dr. Harlow dressed his wounds on shoulder and hips. There was blood, straw, and dirt where he had rubbed in his room. The lodge was heated by coal in a furnace, and a stone floor was over the fire. The room was hotter than it should be. Don't know whose fault it was. Fire always hottest when wind from north-west—wind north-west that night. It was a pretty cold night in winter. Eastman did not live but a short time after he was taken from the lodge. Skin was off. Burns do not commonly bleed. I cleaned the lodge next day—no flesh on the floor. For days before he was not quiet for half an hour. Do not recollect seeing any blisters—thought the rubbing caused the injury. It was not fit place to put a man in. No better place provided. There was a man, don't know his name, with a stiff leg. I saw him on his bed—asked him how he was. He said “well.” He died next day. When he was in my gallery he walked round. When he came he was not so bad. Think he had a disease of the body which reduced him. I have neglected to give medicine when Dr. Bates had ordered it. There was one case where Dr. Bates prescribed medicine, and said the patient could not live but a short time. I did not give the medicine, but pursued a showering treatment, and the man got well and went home. Two years ago, or so, I set out to leave the hospital, on account of food. The food was not what it should be. Called Mr. Turner. He was satisfied it was not right, and rectified it. Fault of cook. Understood Dr. Bates interfered, and since has been good. Matron's fault. Attendants food not so good in quality as the officers. Some time in August, 1848, Stewart died in the lodge. Do not know the circumstances. Died at night. I was sick at the time. Was told Stewart was dead. Went out and helped to bring him in. I left him at 5 P. M., as usual, with care of himself. Well except insanity. Died next night after admitted. Do not know cause of death or disease. Patients sometimes put in bed straps.—Never knew a person to die strapped down. I have been in hospital five years. Libbey was partially under my care. I did not know that he was injured. He could not have been injured seriously without my knowing it. He did not complain to my knowledge. Boardman has been thrown down more or less for three years. I have thrown him down and put on wrists. Tasks not imposed on patients here. I did not use water from a lead cistern. Patients did.

**LEWIS KNOX** called and sworn. I reside in Augusta, half a mile from the hospital. Have seen patients occasionally. I had occasion to milk my cows near the hospital milking place one season, within two rods. Keeper ordered patient to milk. He did not instantly obey. Keeper went to patient and struck him, and patient fell to the ground. After he was on the ground he kicked him a number of times. Ordered him to get up. Patient very much frightened, and his cries might be heard a long distance. Keeper helped him up. Patient fell in consequence of the blow. This might have been three years ago. At another time Parsons, a keeper slapped a patient by the name of Umberhind on the head several times as he sat on a milking stool.

**MARY JANE WHITNEY** called and sworn. I have been employed in Hospital four years—absent about a year. I have seen Hannah Dow pinch patients ears—patient told Dr. Bates: Hannah denied it. Dr. Bates sometimes loses his temper. Tainted

meat frequently served up. Poorest food to lower gallery. Attendants did not eat it.

ANDREW WHITNEY called and sworn. I am baker in Hospital. Came one year ago last February. Standing at guard room window, I saw Hersey and George Dennett at the other end of gallery. Hersey passed out, and Dennett was trying to follow. Hersey seized him and threw him down, and kicked him two or three times after he was down. The patient was a demented man, and laid quiet after he was down. He could not get out if he had passed the door.

Dr. ROBERT A. COVEY called and sworn. Testified that soon after he was elected one of the board of selectmen, in the spring of 1847, Mr. Hunt sent for him to call to see him at the hospital. He did so, and saw him at work upon his bench, as perfectly sane and rational a man as he ever was. That he had known him for some eight or ten years before going there, but that he was exasperated by being, as he said, wrongfully imprisoned there, and that he should have at every hazard, but wished to go peaceably, and told him there was no law to imprison him, or bring him to trial, if he were to destroy the officers; that he would then only be a crazy man; that he, as one of the selectmen, took the entire responsibility of removing him, against the strongest representations of Dr. Bates, who said he was an insane man; and that his reasons for so doing were that he not only knew him to be of sane mind, but that his right as an officer of the town enabled Mr. Hunt to call upon him, and having been for many years his personal and intimate friend, he had a right to demand it of him as such; and that he had for more than three years attended to his regular business, and in all respects conducted himself like a sane man.

#### DEFENCE.

BENJAMIN T. GAY called and sworn. I have been an attendant. Went with Littlehale as stated by Libbey. Littlehale refused to go back. Bartlett took him and Libbey interfered. Considerable of a scuffle. He leaned on Bartlett and he let him down. Said he would let him down hard. Recollect the instance as related by Mrs. Tobey. Do not remember much about it. Have thrown patients down and held them down. As for taking him up by the hair, I think I did not take that man up so. Patients complain of ill-treatment—sometimes correctly, sometimes not. Did not see Mrs. Tobey until she had passed. Did shake Crowley, as stated by Hussey. (Cross-examination.) Patients sometimes seized by throat. I have seized patients so. I do not know an instance when one attendant has informed officers of another. Patients relate incidents correctly often.

JOHN M. POND called and sworn. I have worked in hospital a year and nine or ten months. I have been careful to notice treatment of patients. I have seen officers treat patients very kindly. Five of us were called to assist in handling a patient. Bartlett cautioned to handle with care. (Cross-examined.) I have given the attendants to understand that I should watch them. I have a brother a patient. I saw Parsons kick a patient unnecessarily.

THEODORE C. ALLEN called and sworn. I have lived near the hospital seven years; I repaired in '44, '45, '46 and '47. I never saw a patient abused, except the case spoken of by Pond. The day before Hussey was called, he said he did not know anything against the institution. I saw Parsons kick a patient.

Dr. HARLOW called and sworn. An assistant physician for six or seven years Eastman was not burnt. Never heard of it until this summer. Know of no abuses. Might exist and I not know it. Bartlett is a good attendant. Dr. Bates stands well with superintendents. Think him a first rate man for the place.

ROBERT JONES called and sworn. Been at Hospital little short of two years as an attendant. Never saw Bartlett use any unnecessary force. Always considered it my duty to assist Bartlett. Never saw what I call abuse. Saw Gay take Crowley down and shake him. Put him into the drain. Did not kick him. I should do as Gay did. I have heard Bartlett say the officers would not turn him away. I am a relative of Dr. Bates. Attendants have been discharged, and Bartlett said they would not discharge him for such things as that.

COL. HENRY SAWYER called and sworn. Lived near the Hospital ever since it has been occupied. Have seen patients out of the house but not in. Never saw abuse but once. Bartlett or Bragg took a patient from lodge to house in nothing but shirt in Dec. '46 or Jan. '47, distance about 90 feet, in cold weather. Parsons told me he went into the lodge with some one and took Eastman out and his back was burnt on the hot stones. Told me before December 1848.



## COMPLAINTS RESUMED.

**JAMES TIBBETTS** called and sworn. In 1847 I saw Morse whip a patient with a strap of leather. Morse an attendant, said he had the strap to curl them up with.—Struck three hard blows.

**CHARITY TIBBETTS** recalled. I have known attendants to refuse to give the food furnished to their patients. Butterfield told me that some eight barrels of meat had green around the bone, and marrow black. I never saw such food on any other persons table. I have seen mouldy bread put into puddings for patients.

**JOSEPHINE TAYLOR** called and sworn. Now employed in hospital in kitchen. Food not same in all galleries. Poorest in lower gallery and cottage.

**KEZIAH SANBORN** called and sworn. Washer and ironer in hospital at present time. Cooked 13 months in south wing. Have served up tainted meat for lower gallery. Sent it to patients and attendants. Attendants would not eat it. Never saw such puddings.

I now wish to call the special attention of the reader to the following affidavits, which have all been attested to under oath before a Magistrate, except that of Charles Savage, jr., and his is the same as he testified to under oath before the Investigating Committee; and the statements of all the others, except that of Abijah Crosby and Philomela Hall, is about the same as they testified before the Investigating Committee of 1850, and I ask the public to compare the testimony of the patients, and my own statements, and see how they correspond with those of the attendants, hired help, and those who have never been called insane, and ask themselves whether they think those who have been crazy can tell the truth, and a straight story, or not.

I, **ABIJAH CROSBY**, of Albion, in the county of Kennebec and State of Maine, do testify and say—That I went to the Maine Insane Hospital at Augusta, on the 20th September, 1848, and was discharged the last of August, 1849. I was an upper gallery patient all the time, except a week or two when they were making repairs, and then I was in the middle gallery. During suitable weather I worked out of doors, and went where I chose, unattended, and also for more than six months I had the charge of patients at work out of doors. During the time I was there, I saw one patient named Pressey choked several times by the attendants. This was done at times without any occasion for it, except to irritate the patients. I have seen him choked until he changed color in the face and strangled. I was present when Potter, the attendant, told Frank Hart, a patient, to do something which he, Hart, did not do so readily as Potter wished, and Potter seized him and threw him down in the snow, and got on to him with his knees, and jammed his knees into his stomach, and when he was down crushed snow into his face. From his appearance I judged Potter was mad—he damned Hart and swore at him. I never was choked by any one while I was there. I saw a patient named Getchell, I think, showered out of all reason; when the box was opened he could not speak—he could hardly breathe. I have heard attendants threaten to shower patients if they did not do as they were bidden. After Getchell was showered, the same evening I saw him in the lodge, his hands confined and a frock on, shivering and shaking at times so he could not hold a joint of him still. He remained in this situation some two or three weeks. Dr. Bates was the superintendant, and towards the patients in private he carried a stern, tyrannical, and severe course of conduct, not at all calculated to soothe and pacify patients.

Feb. 20, 1852.

**ABIJAH CROSBY.**

I, **MARY MCKINNEY**, of Augusta, Maine, on oath, depose and say—I am the wife of Reuben McKinney, and was married in 1843; have lived in Augusta seventeen years next July. Three years ago last August I was taken to the Insane Hospital in this city as a patient. I left a child less than a fortnight old. I was weak and feeble. On arriving at the hospital, which was just before dinner, I saw Dr. Bates and a woman by the name of Marshall. I was informed that dinner was ready, and I went to the table, but seeing so many strange people, and everything so different from what I had been accustomed to, I could not eat anything, and returned to my room. No one offered me anything during the day, nor did I see any one who would offer me any assistance. I was faint, and laid on the floor till the night, when I revived, and laid on the bed until morning. Drs. Bates and Harlow came in

in the morning, and I told Dr. Bates how I had passed the night. The next day, which was Thursday, my breasts being swollen, and very painful I requested that something might be done for me. I received no assistance, except some gruel and crackers which were brought me; of these, and by tearing my under clothes into strips for bandages, I made a poultice, and put it on my breasts as well as I could alone. I think the next night I was taken with no clothes on except a night gown, out doors to an out-building, and left all night, without a light or any means of knowing where I was taken, and I felt about the room and felt some hay or straw in a sack; I felt about and reached the iron grate, and stood holding by the grating all night. The next day I was carried back to the house. No person connected with the institution, except a patient rendered me any assistance while my breasts were in this swollen and painful condition. I say now, that I was most shamefully neglected. At all times when I was bidden to come, or go, or move, if I did not instantly comply with the orders, I was seized, or pushed, or thrown about so that for a long time my arms and other parts of my body were black and blue, by being struck against the doors, or dragged on the floor, or pinched by the attendants. I have often seen the same kind of treatment used towards other patients. I was there only four weeks; during that time, meat was brought to me which was so offensive that I could not eat it. I do believe, if I had had proper treatment, with rest and nourishing food, I should have been entirely well in a few days, but the treatment I received had a tendency to aggravate and irritate me, and keep my mind in a confused and agitated state.

MARY MCKINNEY.

April 32, 1852.

I, PHILOMELA HALL, of Hallowell, County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, do testify and say; that I went to the Maine Insane Hospital and remained there as a patient from the 24th of August, 1848, to 14th of February, 1849. For the first three weeks the occurrences are not near so distinctly in my recollection as those which took place subsequently. The common method of using the patients when any of them refused to do as they were bidden, or did not at once comply with the commands of the attendants, they (the patients) were seized by the throat and choked until the veins were dreadfully swollen, or their face turned black. This was a daily occurrence. The attendant, Abby Cochran, or Coffran, adopted this treatment entirely. She has choked me, and taken me by the shoulders and pounded me against the wall, and caused my head to strike the brick wall. About the last of January, I was left in the Cottage with nothing on me but a course sack, and at times this was removed, which mortified me very much, and had a tendency to make me worse. At one time the floor was so hot that I could not stand upon it with my bare feet, and I was obliged to stand on the close stool, all night, without sleep. At this time I had no clothing on whatever. I was sent to the Cottage for throwing a pair of scissors out of the window. I threw them out on the impulse of the moment, because the attendant used scissors in cutting my nails, so that my fingers bled, and were painful. The patients in the Cottage were worse used than any others. The attendants have told me that no one cared anything about me, or enquired after me, which excited me and made me feel at times discouraged. I saw the attendant choke an old lady, (Mrs. Baker of Orrington,) without any cause, and I felt indignant, and told the attendant so, and I was excited by what I saw, and she immediately seized me and choked me full as much. I am satisfied that the food at times injured me. The meat was tainted, and when I attempted to eat it, it made me vomit. In the cottage I had strong muddy coffee without milk or sugar, and I must drink it or nothing. My hands were left in the muffs, and when my food was brought I was obliged to eat it as best I could from the floor,—my only means was to lie down on the floor, and eat like a beast. The bedding was prepared by a pitchfork—no tick—and the thistles would often get into my feet and body, which required some time afterwards to pick out. The straw was all raked out or collected from eleven rooms in the cottage and placed in one until the next night, some of which would be filthy; this was all placed together, and distributed anew for the next night, in the same manner as farmers prepare the bedding for their cattle.

February 17, 1852.

PHILONELA HALL.

I, JAMES LIBBEY, of Windsor, in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, do testify and say, that I was a patient in the Maine Insane Hospital for the term of eight weeks commencing on or about the eighth day of July, A. D. 1847. I was carried there by the authorities of the town, after a consultation had been held at my house, where the Selectmen, Dr. Snell and my friends were present. It was concluded best that I should go to the Hospital. When I arrived at the Hospital

I was not fully aware of the purpose for which I was brought, but supposed I was to make a short visit to take dinner. On being led into the gallery, by Mr. Weeks, the Superintendent, I remarked that I had come for the purpose of getting some dinner. He brought me a bowl of bread and milk, and I said I did not like milk and did not eat it at home. He said, "we break up all home rules and regulations here." In this he certainly told the truth. I did not eat the milk and had no dinner. Having walked some portion of the distance from home, and being fatigued I laid down in the gallery on the floor. Mr. Weeks came and told me to get up, and showed me into my room. I laid down on the bed and fell asleep; after I waked up I looked out of the window, and saw the men at work on the new south wing, and spoke to them. Bartlett, Bragg and Halpin, the attendants, came and told me I had broken the rules. I told them I was ignorant of the rules, and had done it unintentionally. They then took me to the sink room, and took off my clothes and put me in the shower box. I did not know what they intended to do, and made no resistance. When they pushed me into the shower box I placed my hand against the door and kept it open, perhaps, half an inch. I think now, if I had not the door partly open, I should have found it difficult to breath. I was in a perspiration when I was put in the box, and it was a very warm day, and the water was cold, although I was not showered very long at that time. The fatigue, the showering, going without my dinner, and the rough treatment I had received from strangers, seemed to confuse me; and while meditating on some means of escaping from the Hospital, I lost my recollection for a short time, and to give a correct account I cannot. The next thing I do recollect distinctly, was, Simon S. Bartlett, Bragg and others, had me down on my back, endeavoring, I suppose, to fasten my hands. I made an effort to keep them off. They were nearly all strangers then, and what they wanted me to do I did not know, and such treatment frightened me. They extended my arms and held them, and Bartlett sprung upon me with his knee, with all his might on my stomach and side. This he continued to do until my strength was completely exhausted. They had their feet on my throat, and choked me, besides jamming my side and body with the knees as I have stated. Often I was entirely beat out, they put my hands in wristers, and strapped them to my body. I was then put in my bed room. This was about dark. In the affray, which I have just described, my handkerchief was taken off, or it was not put on after the showering, and the window of my room was frequently open and I could not shut it.

I had heretofore worn my handkerchief on my neck at nights, and having the window open, and my neck sore and bruised by the attendants, I took a violent cold, and for a long time I was unable to swallow any food except liquid; I called for sweetened water, which was brought in a bowl and set on the window. I could not use my hands, and to drink from the bowl, I had to kneel down and take the bowl in my teeth and drink as well as I could. After some effort I got one hand out of the wrister, and while endeavoring to loosen the other Bragg and Bartlett came in. Bartlett, said "you have got your hand out hav'nt you?" I made no reply. He threw me on the floor, all I did was to stretch my hand out; but Bartlett replaced my hands in the wristers. He then got on me with his knees, and put his whole weight on me, and choked me so severely I thought I should never breathe again. He choked and jammed me until my strength was entirely exhausted, and then threw me over the bed and my head struck the head-board pretty hard. Not long after, Dr. Bates came into the room, and I told him how I had been abused, and jammed, and choked, and my side injured, he felt of my side and sent some liniment. He never made any inquiries about my injury afterwards. I have suffered more or less from this injury ever since, I cannot now do any such kind of work as I formerly could. I have had an examination of my side by Dr. Bricket, of China, of which the following is a copy of his statement, given to me in writing.

"China, Feb. 1851.—To whom it may concern; This is to certify, that James Libbey has had his right side and stomach seriously injured, and also that he has had two ribs broken.  
GEO. BRICKET."

About the last of August, or a short time before I left, several of us were walking out, and when we had gone as far as we were to go, the attendant said, "Let us go back." Littlehale, a patient, refused. Bartlett went up to him, and the patient got behind a tree. Bartlett kicked him first on one leg and then on the other; then caught him by his neck-handkerchief and choked him, and pulled him down on the ground. Bartlett then told him to get up. He said he would not. Bartlett then jammed his knee into his side, and said, "I'll see if I can't find a tender place." He jammed him

a number of times. I spoke, and told Bartlett he was going too far, that he had broken the rules of the Institution. Halpin and Gay came up to me and said, 'You interfere, do you?' I thought it best to say no more for fear they would take me next. I paid my own bills while in the hospital, and always supposed, and do now, that I was discharged cured. Patients are sometimes very much neglected, and the attendants are not kind and tender-hearted towards the patients as they should be, and as the officers wish to have it understood they are.

Augusta, Feb. 18, 1852.

JAMES LIBBEY.

I, JOHN FITTS, of Dover, in the County of Piscataquis and State of Maine, do testify and say—That I was a patient in the Insane Hospital at Augusta, from the first day of December, 1849, and left there the first day of June, 1850. During the day time, I was in the upper gallery of the old south wing, and the nights I passed in the middle gallery of the new south wing. Medicine was given me immediately on my admission three times a day, and continued during the whole six months. When I first went there, I could see to read as well as any one, and did read papers and books. Dr. Harlow for the first few weeks inquired particularly as to my sight; at first I did not observe any difference, but soon found I could not see to read fine print, and so informed the doctor, and inquired of him for what purpose the medicine was given, to which he replied, "To blunt the sensibilities." After I had been there five or six weeks the medicine was changed and my sight returned so I could read fine print.

Not far from the middle of February as near as I can recollect but I will not be positive as to time, in the morning before I left the gallery where I slept, one of the patients named Sibley from Haddington was in his room and the attendant on going to the door found it fastened. The attendant, Henry Jones, then called on Sibley to open the door, but Sibley refused. Sibley had moved his bed against the door to keep it shut so that no one could get in, he having the idea that patients had been killed and he fastened his door for self protection. Jones called help. McLaughlin, Norcross, Dwier and an other person, five in all commenced forcing the door. On opening the door Silby darted under the bed, He had on his night clothes. McLaughlin seized Sibley by his feet and dragged him from under the bed, through the door into the gallery. He then got on Sibley placing his knees on his bowels and with the assistance of Jones held him down, and McLaughlin jammed and jounced on Sibley badly with his knees for several minutes. When they let him get up he was completely exhausted and breathed very hard. The next time I saw him he was strapped down on his bed with the straps. His hands were not confined. I placed the clothes on his feet, and in doing so I found his bed and body in a most filthy condition. How long he remained in this situation I do not know. I think this was the next morning after he was jammed and injured by McLaughlin, Sibley was a man in poor health, I should think in a consumption. He died within three or four days after this jamming occurred. Sibley offered no resistance whatever, and while McLaughlin was upon him I stood within four feet of them. Soon after Sibley died, a patient named Silvanus Eaton came. He was from Brooks. On Friday morning I saw him for the first time, he was lying quietly on his bed. I asked him several questions which he answered as rationally as any one. McLaughlin came and told him to get up. He got up and walked into the gallery where they brought his clothes and he was told to put them on. He made no reply. McLaughlin took hold of his leg to assist him in dressing. Eaton seemed to take no notice of what was going on or what McLaughlin wanted. He did not appear to have the ability to dress himself, Jones, McLaughlin and Weeks the Supervisor seized him and threw him on the floor. Jones, placed one knee on Eaton's right arm and the other on his chest near his throat, and McLaughlin got on Eaton's body with both knees bearing his whole weight while Weeks held Eatons feet. McLaughlin jammed on Eaton's body, with his knees pressing into his stomach, and bowels, and continued in this position for some minutes. Eaton offered no resistance and made no noise whatever. They then put on his pantaloons, he got up, or they raised him up, and finished dressing him and led him out of my sight. The next morning Saturday, I saw him on his bed, McLaughlin came and asked him to get up. He said he did not feel as if he could get up. I went to him and took him by the hand and perceived he had a high fever, his flesh hot, and his pulse very quick. McLaughlin helped him off the bed. I said to McLaughlin "unless that man has the best of care he will not live three days." McLaughlin answered, "He is full spleeny enough now without your saying anything to make him more so." When Eaton was on the floor, he did not stand erect, nor was he able to walk alone. McLaughlin took one arm, and some person the

other, and led him to another gallery. He was feeble, and walked very slow. How long he lived after that I do not know; but he was dead, and carried away the next Tuesday or Wednesday.

Not long after I first went to the hospital, I heard a disturbance in the gallery. I had gone to bed, but I got up and went out. William Hanscom, a patient, was undressed and swearing about something, and the patients, and Jones, the attendant, were laughing at him. Hanscom would run into his room, and then out again; and every time he came out, Reed, I think it was, a patient, would throw water on him with a dipper. This, for some ten or fifteen minutes, was continued, until I should judge he had a pailful of water thrown on him. He had on his night clothes, and had no change to put on. This, I should think, was in December. Jones, the attendant, seemed to enjoy the sport.

One morning, I was dressing me near the verandah door, and I heard some one scream. I immediately went to the man, and found it was Springer, a patient from Vassalboro'. I asked him what was the matter, and he said McLaughlin had kicked him.

February 25, 1852.

JOHN PITTS.

So strong were the impressions of Eaton's sister that he had been murdered, that she removed the shroud from the neck of the corpse after it was carried home, and saw the prints of a man's fingers upon his throat. Notwithstanding these facts, Simeon S. Bartlett testified before the committee that he laid out the corpses of both these men, and did not discover any signs or marks of violence upon their bodies. The facts were, the body of Mr. Eaton was very much jammed and crushed, so that it had swollen to an enormous size. I now say that Mr. Bartlett indirectly admitted to me, but a few days after Mr. Eaton's death, that he lost his life by violence, but did not give me any particulars and he was perfectly astonished when I told him that he was murdered, and to use his own words when I told him of it;—He said "How in the devil is it that you find out every thing that takes place at that hospital so soon?" To this question I replied I did not reveal my sources of obtaining information from that place, but the real truth was that I had received a sort of telegraph or clairvoyant despatch from some of my familiar "spirits" of that abode of darkness.

Dea. Turner, the steward, did testify before the investigating committee that he would take the word of John Pitts upon any ordinary occurrences that might have taken place under his observation.

Dr. Bates wrote to the sister of Mr. Eaton that he died with the acute chronic rheumatism; I should think it must have been very cute, indeed. Well, that is as near the truth as you can expect from the great Dr. Bates.

I wish to ask the public, whether Sibley and Eaton were murdered, manslaughtered, or whether they died of kind and humane treatment?

I, CATHERINE DAY, of Augusta, of lawful age, depose and say, that I was employed at the Insane Hospital at Augusta, from January, 1847, to May, 1848, excepting about two months I was absent. I was engaged in the kitchen as a cook, or in the wash-room. During the time I was there, I saw corned meat and fresh meat served for the patients that was not suitable to eat. While the meat was cooking, it was offensive, and also when it was taken up and prepared for the patients. Before the meat was cooked, I observed, as well as the other cooks, that the meat was tainted, and none of us eat of it for that reason. I have heard the attendants say that the meat was not fit to eat. I have seen puddings made of mouldy bread, and served up to the patients in all the galleries, except the upper galleries, where the patients would know the difference between such food and wholesome diet. The hired help, and the officers' tables, were not supplied with these puddings. The cream was taken off the milk for the officers' table, and the remainder was given the patients in their tea and coffee. Hannah Dow told me that a patient spit upon

Dr. Harlow, and the Doctor pinched her ears until they bled. Miss Dow was an attendant in the female gallery, and this pinching was done on her patient. Mo Laughlin (an attendant) had a black eye, which he said was done by one of the patients, and he said they got it as bad as he did. Potter, an out-of-door hand, and Patrick McGaffy, went into a patient's room, and pulled him out of bed, and tormented him, as they said, to hear him holler. Mr. Turner, the steward, was always attentive to his duties, and did all for the comfort and happiness of those under his charge, so far as he could. I have known Mrs. Johnson to take the milk from the patients, so there was not enough to put in their tea and coffee, and with the milk make blanc mange for the officers' table. Mrs. Johnson is the Matron. She made blanc mange about twice a week.

April 28, 1852.

CATHARINE DAY.

I, WILMOT I. HUSSEY, on oath depose and say, that I have been employed at the Insane Hospital in this city as carpenter, in all about two years and a half. I went there the first of June, 1846. The abuse of patients was a subject of common remark among the people employed in and about the hospital. In the fall of 1849, when we were repairing a drain, Gay and McGaffy were with the patients. Crowley, a patient, was digging, and refused to work. Gay twitched him, and shook him, and then left him. Crowley then drew the spade on McGaffy, who turned round, caught him by the collar, twitched him down on his side, and jumped on him, his knee coming under his ear, so that I heard his neck snap. McGaffy kicked Crowley ten or a dozen times. Crowley was quiet, and offered no resistance. Crowley had a scaton in his neck, and was not able to work. McGaffy was a good deal excited and angry. I stood within ten or twelve feet of McGaffy and Crowley, and told McGaffy he would kill Crowley. I thought he would kill him. In July, 1849, Mr. Turner sent Potter, one of the hired men, out with a Mr. Springer, a patient to work haying. There were several others. Potter said he gave Springer tobacco. When beyond the pumps he would not work. Potter took him to the pump, and pumped on him sometime — say half a barrel. Potter dragged Springer off a short distance, and made withes of hay, and bound him, hand and foot, exposed to the hot sun, and then he left him. How long he remained so, I do not know. I left soon after, and did not see him when he left, or was taken back to the hospital. The water was very cold, and Springer was drenched completely with the water. About the time of the incident first spoken of above, I saw Hersey, an attendant, hold Frank Hart, a patient, down, and get on him five or ten minutes, and choke him, for singing. Hersey choked Hart severely, and continued to choke him, until some other person came in, and put a stop to it. I never saw such choking, and never want to. I have known the floors of the Lodge, where Eastman was burnt, so hot that I could not stand on them with my boots on. The building might with ease be properly regulated. I first became acquainted with Mr. Hunt in the hospital. When he began to work, or from that time since, I have considered him a sane man, capable to attend to business as well as any man. He did work for me and others while in the hospital. His work was well done, and the character of his conversation and business transactions, were perfectly regular and rational. In the first part of the winter of 1846, while there was snow on the ground, I saw a woman taken from the hospital to the cottage, about six rods, bare-footed and bare headed, thinly clothed. This was in the first of the evening. It was a common practice for the cream to be taken from the milk, and sent to the officers' table, or made into pastry for their tables, and the skimmed milk given to the patients for their tea and coffee. I have known unwholesome meat cooked at the hospital. I have had it placed before me — but the smell was enough. I did not attempt to eat it. The best pieces, and best cooking, were sent to the officers' table. Pies and cakes and nice puddings at every meal; but such specimens of luxury never found their way to the patients' tables, or those of the help.

April 30, 1852.

WILMOT I. HUSSEY.

I, MRS. JANETTE HUSSEY, of Augusta, on oath do depose and say, I was employed at the Insane Hospital almost two years, in 1846 and 1847. I was engaged in the baking department. I saw Betsey Parsons, the attendant, (supervisress) choke Mrs. Coggins, a patient, until she turned purple. Mrs. Parsons showed temper. I have known tainted meat to be cooked and given the patients. I saw Springer pumped on as testified to by Mr. Hussey, in his deposition of this date, and saw him tied with the ropes made of hay. I was looking out of the window at the time. Springer unbound his hands with his teeth, and then got his feet loose. I should think he was bound and exposed to the hot sun all of an hour before he could get away. In the summer of 1846, Zorada Reed, a patient, had her hands in the muff, and Roxanna

Trask brought her dinner on a plate, and set the plate on the bench or seat. Zorada's hands being confined, she kneeled down and took a piece of meat in her mouth. She could not bite it or tear it, and it was rather a large piece, and without the use of her hands she could not manage it alone; after trying in vain to eat her dinner, she was angry and kicked the plate across the room. Roxanna, the attendant, then went to Zorada and choked her and pounded her head against the bench, very hard, several times; I then spoke to Roxanna, and told her I should tell of it if she pounded, her any more. She then stopped. I was ordered to put mouldy bread into puddings by the matron, and have obeyed orders, and the puddings so made were given to the patients. Mouldy rice I have given the patients as I have been ordered. I was told not to send any of those puddings to the officer's table. The usual method of disposing of the milk was to keep the milk in pans until the cream should rise, and then the cream was taken off, and sent to the officer's table, and the milk furnished the patients. This rule was strictly followed, and, during the whole time I was there, I never knew the contrary to be done.

April 30, 1852.

JANETTE C. HUSSEY.

I, MRS. MELVINA TOBEY, of Augusta, do testify and say, that in the summer of 1849, I lived on the arsenal grounds, near the Insane Hospital. I was going from the hospital to the arsenal, and passed a number of patients at work raking oats. The attendant was Gay. One of the patients sat down and took off his shoe. After he put on his shoe and commenced raking, Gay told him to rake faster. The patient was pale and looked sick. Because he did not rake faster, Gay kicked him so that he fell down, and kicked him after he was down, and choked him I should think three minutes. I stopped and looked on, and thought he would kill him. Gay jumped onto the patient with his knees, and afterwards raised him up by his hair, and thrashed him down again by his hair. At this time I was within a few feet of them, in the path leading from the hospital to the arsenal. When Gay kicked him, he kicked him on any part of his body without any regard to where or how much he might hurt him. I never was connected with the hospital in any way.

MELVINA TOBEY.

With reference to Mrs. Tobey's testimony, Benjamin T. Gay was called by Dr. Bates. Gay testified that he recollected the case spoken of by Mrs. Tobey. He said, he had thrown patients down and held them down. Dr. Bates asked him how he could have abused a patient as he did, when a female was near. Gay's answer was, "I did not see her until she had passed." He said, "patients are sometimes seized by the throat. I have so seized them." This was at the examination before the committee, in the summer of 1850.

I, CHARLES SAVAGE, JR., of Boston, Massachusetts, declare and say, that I was an attendant in the Insane Hospital at Augusta, six years ago, six or seven months. That while there I saw instances of abuse towards patients, by attendants. I have seen Simon S. Bartlett, an attendant, throw a patient named Howard down and choke him, and get onto him, with his knees on Howard's breast. I have seen Bartlett take them by the hair and pull them to the floor, and then up and down several times. This I have seen done at different times. This kind of treatment was used on new patients. Potter, another attendant, used similar treatment. When I remonstrated they told me it none of my business. I have known patients to state cases of abusive treatment which I knew to be true, to Dr. Bates, and he would take no notice of the complaints, or say he "guessed it was all right." I would not undertake to state all the instances of abuse I have seen. I have known patients to be overworked until a delirious state of mind was produced, and then showered. I have known patients die in the night unattended. I have seen tainted meat given the patients. I have put it upon the table myself. It was understood patients were showered for punishment. I have known Weeks to keep them in the shower box ten or fifteen minutes. Isaac H. Hunt was in the hospital while I was an attendant. He was capable of attending to business as well as any other man long before he was released. I so informed Mr. Ballard, one of the selectmen of Augusta. It was a general understanding that it was a rule of the hospital that nothing was to be told out of the house. The above statements I know to be true, which I am ready to verify upon oath.

CHARLES SAVAGE, JR.

I, CHARITY JONES, of Augusta, do testify and say, that in 1846, I was an attendant in the Insane Hospital seven weeks. About the first of May, 1848, went again and remained about a year and a half; again went in the fall of 1849, and remained through the winter. Betsey Parsons and I took a Mrs. Herbert, (a patient,) down on the floor. Mrs. Parsons choked her—she took her by the hair and pounded her head on the floor severely. Choking patients was a common occurrence. I have seen it done frequently, and when not at all necessary. I have known patients to be show-

ered severely for two minutes. I have known patients showered and then taken to the cottage without stockings, exposed to the air in cold wintry weather. About three years ago, a third part of the meat used was not fit to eat. It was sent to the lodge and lower gallery patients. I saw Gay, an attendant, kick Springer, because he would not work. Springer said he was sick. I have known the attendants to refuse to give the food to the patients after it had been provided, because it was not wholesome. The meat smelled very bad while we were cooking it—it was very offensive. The attendants would not eat it.

Mrs. CHARITY JONES.

I, MERRITABLE D. TIBBETS, of Augusta, do testify and say, that I was employed in the kitchen of the hospital from July, 1847 to May, 1848. An attendant, Mary Ann Fowles, wanted me to assist her in removing a patient. I went, and the patient was lying in bed. After I got there, Mary Ann choked her; I told her if she used her so, she must handle her alone. She choked so that her color changed in her face to a dark color. The reason why Mary Ann choked her was because the patient laid down in a room not her own. I was not much in the galleries. All I know about the choking of patients, (except the case above) I have heard from attendants, and others about the house. I have seen tainted meat and spoiled meat served up for the patients. I have smelled it cooking and it was offensive. I did not cook the meat. That was not my work. I never would eat such meat, nor would the attendants eat it. I have seen mouldy bread made into puddings for the patients.

A. F. b. 21, 1852.

MERRITABLE D. TIBBETS.

I, CYRUS W. GILMAN, of Gardiner, in the county of Kennebec and State of Maine, on oath do testify and say, that I was employed at the Insane Hospital, at Augusta, within one or two days of two months, December and January, 1846 and 1847. I was an attendant in the lower male gallery, with Simon S. Bartlett. Eastman was a lower gallery patient. He was very noisy and was put into the lodge. Hanson, a middle gallery attendant, went home for a day or two and I took his place. During this time Eastman was in the lodge. One morning while at breakfast Bartlett said that Eastman had got used as Capt. Shaw did, and got burnt on his back, from one end to the other. I saw his back, and from what I saw I have no doubt he was burnt and chafed on the hot stones. He was naked and had on wristers. From the situation he was in on the floor, he could not get up. Whenever this case was referred to by any one connected with the hospital, it was always spoken of as a case of burning, and while I was there I never heard it questioned. The manner in which the lodge was constructed was such I know it might be made hot enough to roast a man; but with suitable care it might be properly heated. After Eastman was carried out I think he did not live forty-eight hours. I had the care of Capt. Shaw, of Winthrop. He was in the lodge when I went there. Hanson went to the lodge the first day I was there "to show me the animals," or some such expression. Shaw was there, naked and covered with sores, in a filthy and dirty condition, with nothing to lie upon but hay or straw. I told Weeks there ought to be something done with Capt. Shaw. No notice was taken of my request until I repeated it several times. After a while I got muffs on him and put clothes on him and removed him to the house. He soon began to improve, and before I left he was decidedly better. I know the shower-box was repeatedly used as a punishment while I was there. Bartlett told me no tales were to be told out of the Institution. I asked him if I went home and was inclined to tell what I saw, if it would be allowed; he said, no, not a word, I did not wish to stay where there was so much misery, and gave notice to the steward, that I wished to leave. A man might become hardened to such things I know, as I saw that others had. I did not wish to be thus hardened. They obtained another person, and as soon as I could be spared, I left. I told Mr. Turner the reason why I wished to leave.

Feb. 19, 1852.

C. W. GILMAN.

I, HANNAH DENNIS, of Augusta, do testify and say, that I live in Augusta, on the east side of the river, about forty rods south of the hospital. I was employed at the hospital from September, 1847, to September, 1848. I was again there from July, 1849, to the middle or last of August, 1850. My work called me into the middle or centre building, and at times, into the female gallery and cottage. The first of the winter of 1847, in cold weather, when the ground was frozen, I had occasion to go to the cottage, and saw Mrs. Graves standing at the grate. She had nothing on her feet, and nothing on her person, except a canvass frock. She had an infant not over three weeks old. The floor had just been washed, and there was ice on it. The windows were open, and the cold air drawing through freely where she stood. She remained in the cottage all that night in this condition, and also the next day. She was removed to the house, and in five minutes after, strapped down to the bed, she died. She was at the hospital just a week, the whole time she was in the cottage.



except part of one day. The night before she died, Susan Jones and Roxanna Trask, two attendants, came in in the evening, and said that Mrs. Graves was death-struck, and was dying, and requested of the Supervisors, Betsey Parsons, that she might be brought in and die in the house. Mrs. Parsons did not regard the request, and they went to Mrs. Johnson, the Matron, and she paid no attention to it. In the morning, when Dr. Bates and Dr. Harlow were in the cottage, the same request was made to them, and they did not have her removed. They then applied to Mr. Turner, and he had her brought in; and as soon as she was brought in, she died, as stated above. Mrs. Shaw was a lame patient from Portland. She was looking through the grate into the guard-room. Mary Ann Fowles wanted her to go to bed. Mrs. Shaw had hold of the grate, and to remove her from it, Mary Ann, the attendant, caught her by her hair, and pulled her away, and threw her on the floor. Mrs. Shaw's feet were badly swollen. Miss Fowles dragged her by the hair and one arm fifteen or twenty feet to her room, and on pulling her into her room, she hit her head against the door, causing a severe blow. I assisted in undressing and strapping her into her bed. There was no necessity of this rough treatment, as I should have assisted, if requested to do so. I have seen patients choked in a great many instances. I could give a long list of this kind of treatment. I have seen patients choked until they changed color in the face, and until they have lost all consciousness, and laid unresistable on the floor. I have seen patients pulled down by the hair, and then thrashed round on the floor by their hair. I have known patients to be showered unmercifully, and have known attendants to tell patients, if they did not do as required, they would be showered as long as they could breathe. I have heard them threaten they would drown them. I know they are showered for a punishment. I was employed in the kitchen at some times. I have seen tainted meat served up for the lower gallery patients. I have seen meat green around the bone, and decayed so, that the bone was free from the meat, and the marrow dropped out, and the meat smelled so bad, we opened the windows to admit good air to breathe. I have seen mouldy bread boiled in bags, and served up, without anything with it, for puddings for patients to eat with molasses. My husband has been, and is now, an insane man. I consented to go to the hospital to work, for the purpose of ascertaining what the treatment was, and from what I saw, and do know, I would sooner see my husband buried alive than sent to the hospital and suffer as I have seen insane persons suffer there. I have heard the attendants express their minds in the same way. The attendants would not exercise such cruelty if they supposed the officers would not approve it. I know the officers do not allow anything to be told out of the house by any of the help.

February 19, 1852.

HANNAH DENKEN.

Now, I would like to ask the reader—the public generally, have I made out a case against the Maine Insane Hospital? Have I supported my petition by evidence sufficiently strong to justify its presentation to the Legislative body of a sovereign state? As Dr. Simonton's report has gone before the public, I do hereby review that document, in order to shew the public its vain places, fallacies, falsehoods and deceptions. I readily admit that a small portion of it is true, but the color of the whole is black, deceptive, false-hearted, prepared and designed to bolster up and cover the rotten iniquities of that vile and horrid Institution.

Report: That they have given the subject a careful and searching examination, of many weeks duration, during which they have examined numerous witnesses on their oath, and have sought truth from every available source of information. The various charges may be grouped into two general classes:

- I. As they relate to Mr. Hunt's personal case.
- II. As they relate to other cases.

I deny the assertion that there was full and competent witnesses, inasmuch there were not less than twenty reliable persons, not *mad* men, or *mad* women, but good and substantial persons, who could testify to very important circumstances of abuses in the case.

In this lodge, it was charged that a patient by the name of Eastman "was burnt

to death." The testimony on this case was much, and very conflicting; the substance of it is this: His attendant found Mr Eastman one evening with his leg in the close stool, and thrashing his body, mostly naked, upon the stone floor. He removed the patient to other apartments, where inspection of the body showed recent wounds on those parts—the hips and shoulders—most exposed to chafing on the floor. The patient lived a few days after this occurrence. Was the lodge on this occasion too hot? All the testimony concurred that it was, and such was the unanimous opinion of the committee.

Cyrus Gilman, the attendant, who usually had charge of this lodge but was not in charge at that time, but has since repeatedly said that he has no doubt at all, but he scraped the burnt flesh of Eastman from that stone floor, but, he did not wish to swear positively that such was the case.

Under this group of charges was another quite similar, viz: that a portion of the female patients have suffered wrong, though less in degree, from causes which rendered the lodge unsuitable. It appears that a small brick building called "the cottage," similar in structure, and having precisely the same mode of warming as the lodge, has been used for some years, and is still used, for the more furious class of female patients. And it appeared in evidence that this cottage had been sometimes too warm, and again too cold, for the comfort at least of patients.

Now I have an item on the "Cottage." This building is upon the same plan of heating as the "Lodge." A Miss Wilshire, of Canaan, says that she has wailed for hours and hours during the night, to keep from being burnt! I would like to ask: is there a man who would suffer a relative of his to be incarcerated in such a hideous oven—furnace! Calcutta black hole?

Another charge which properly belongs to this group, was, that the shower bath had been used upon the patients as a *punishment*. The sense of the committee was negatively, nine to three. The charge was, that a patient had been showered because he broke some crockery—the evidence was, that the showering was used as a medical means, to relieve the paroxysm of insanity which led to the commission of the act.

For the above facts I will refer you to what will follow:—

By far the largest group of charges, and in the judgment of the committee, the best sustained, was found in the treatment of patients by their attendants. Upon the general naked proposition—"Have there been abuses by attendants?" the vote was unanimous in the affirmative. The proposition was then propounded—"Have there been abuses by any person now employed at the hospital?" The answer was "yes"—that Simon S. Bartlett was that person, and that he ought to be discharged from all connection with the hospital,—all as the unanimous sense of the committee. "Have the officers of the hospital sufficiently watched after, and investigated the conduct of said Bartlett?" Six yeas, seven nays.

Bartlett has repeatedly told me, that if he was put upon his oath, he could testify to facts that would astonish the public! But unless he was put upon his oath, he would not reveal them. He has told a great many people that they dare not turn him away, for if they did he could start all of their *boots*! He has said further, that he could put them where the *Dogs* would not bark at them! Thus intimating that he knew enough to send them to the State Penitentiary! He has further stated that he would make money out of this scrape before it was ended—meaning the investigation. And he told me after I had been before the committee to prefer my charges, that he had been taken into the confidence of the officers of the Hospital, and had been taken into their private room where the whole matter had been talked over between them. He gave me then to understand that he should sustain my charges by his testimony. But instead of doing so he has sold himself, his reputation, for being an honest man, for a mess of *pottage*. Now I believe

that he told me and others the truth, when he said he could start their *boots*, or put them where the dogs would not bark at them; but, instead of so doing, he has had his *own boots started*, and left Dr. Bates secure in his office, and not caring the snap of his finger for all that he can now say.

"Have there been abuses by improper food?" Yeas five, nays nine.

"Has tainted meat been sent to patients?" Yeas six, nays five.

Just give the testimony a careful glance, and judge of this.

One complaint was that the "the puddings were so improper that neither the officers nor attendants would partake of them." Puddings, it seems, were made for the patients from the broken bread which came from their own tables.

No decent man would compel his family of *swine* to eat after such filthy brutes as some of these patients

In concluding this report, the committee would say that they have given the most ample opportunity to the complainants to be heard. It was managed on their side by able counsel, and the resources of the State were placed at their disposal for acquiring proof. And to insure the freest and fullest investigation, witnesses were allowed to testify, who would have been excluded from courts of justice, both as to the witnesses and the matters testified to. And none, it is believed, who have witnessed the patient sittings of the committee, will accuse them of unfairness and partiality. The Insane Hospital is an institution in which the whole people have a deep interest-- their means erected it--their means sustain it. To them it was due to know whether those means have been well or otherwise bestowed. Is, then, the Maine Insane Hospital worthy the continued care and confidence of the people? Has this long and arduous investigation revealed it as a safe and suitable retreat for those unfortunates? Such is the belief of the committee.

I had engaged Mr. Lot M. Morrill as my council, he having full knowledge of my pecuniary circumstances, and being a man in whom I had the utmost confidence as an advocate. He did attend the two afternoons on which I preferred my charges before the committee. On the morning of the investigation he assured me that he would attend. Instead of so doing he did not attend, nor did he send me the slightest word for his not coming, but left me alone in my hour of greatest need. The following afternoon Mr. Morrill came, but in the interim I had engaged B. F. Chandler, Esq., who attended faithfully to me and my cause. Mr. Morrill's desertion was disastrous to me in more than one sense, as his non-attendance had the effect to prejudice a portion of the committee and the Legislature, against me and my cause. The reasons for Mr. Morrill's desertion are best known to himself. It is my opinion, however, that Mr. Morrill was a little fearful that if he was to espouse the cause of a poor and friendless man, one contending single handed against wealth and power, he might suffer in his political aspirations, fearful that the unterrified Democracy of Maine would not sanction the doctrine, that "all men are born free and equal."

Before the committee of investigation the most strenuous exertions were persisted in by Reuel Williams one of the trustees, and Dr. Bates, to have them believe that I was still an insane man; still laboring under such fallacious hallucinations, as to make me more a subject for the cells of their *Prison of woe* (!) than serious consideration. But Reuel Williams got his gruel well sweetened from Mr. Burnham, one of the committee. It came about thus:

During the investigation, while I was recapitulating my charges in which I stated that Dr. Bates himself was a mad man, an insane man, according to his own theories of madness, inasmuch as it was notorious that he possessed a most violent and ungovernable temper, was fretful

and irritable, allowing his anger to so overcome him that he was indeed the last man in the world to superintend the madness of others, I was asked by Mr. Burnham to state a few cases in point. I cited one in my own case. Then Reuel Williams arose and said that as one of the trustees he had no idea of being arraigned there, at the instigation of an insane man, when he had devoted his time and his money to build and sustain that Institution, and when he, as one of the trustees, was perfectly satisfied that every thing was done that could be done by the officers, for the proper management of that Institution.

Thereupon Mr. Burnham arose, and said that Mr. Williams had not only insulted him personally but all the rest of that committee through him, in setting himself up above the authority of that Legislative body, and denying their right to investigate the management and affairs of their institution, built at an expense to the state of \$150,000. He said, "I wish that gentleman to understand that neither his immense wealth, station, influence or power, should deter him, as one of that committee, and of the Legislature, from the full exercise of his duty; and he for one should never submit to his dictation." Mr. Williams did not expect such a reception as that, and offered many apologies for the insult to the committee.

And Mr. Burnham was shamefully traduced, vilified and slandered by one or more of the Political scavenger editors, of the public press in Maine, because he did his duty faithfully as one of the committee, and as a member of the Legislature, and would not suffer himself to be insulted and abused by the wealthy *tyrant*, Reuel Williams.

Mr. Hussey, a man engaged in the institution as a man of all work in repair, stated a case of abuse that he had witnessed, and was badgered and brow beat by Mr. Williams, whose whole object appeared to be to invalidate Mr. Hussey's testimony. Failing in this he came down a peg or two, by inquiring why he, as a humane man, had not reported the case to the officers? Mr. Hussey replied that he kept quiet to keep peace in the Institution, if possible. He knew that if he reported the facts to the officers it would create a fuss, a perfect jargon. Some would side with him, and some with the others, and the result would be that he should be called a tattler and tale bearer, and he never would submit to bear such a reputation as that; and that was the reason why he did not report it.

Thereupon Mr. Williams arose, like a perfectly insane man,—a perfect mad man, and said "I beg and beseech of you in God's name, spare that institution! Yes, again I beseech of you spare that institution! Do not destroy that institution! Do what you please with the officers, but spare that institution!" Yes, citizens that was said by Reuel Williams. I will here allude to one of the votes of the committee in my case. The question before them was—"Had Mr. Hunt been retained too long at the hospital?" The vote stood 9 to 7 that I had been. Upon reflection, one of them went over to 7, thus making a tie vote. His reason for so doing was, that if it stood that I had been retained unjustly by that institution, the State could not avoid making me a compensation for such false imprisonment.

One of the committee replied that he was ready to meet the question upon that ground; for if the State had placed officers in that institution who would wilfully detain patients, wrongfully and unjustly, he,

for one, was ready and willing to make them ample pecuniary remuneration, and thus wipe out the stain of injustice from the State.

And moreover, if the vote had not undergone that subtle change, the fact would have been admitted and established that I, of course, had been a perfectly *sane man* for eight months before leaving the institution, and up to that time; a fact that Williams and Dr. Bates had not only deprecated, but fought against with all the determination of better men in a better cause.

Dr. Simonton was entrusted by the committee—he being chairman on the part of the house—to draw up the report. This fact gave me great uneasiness, knowing, as I did, that he was entirely prejudiced against me and my cause, for from the first to the very last, he had manifested a full and determined disposition to crush me and the truth, in relation to the real facts of the case. Seemingly he was bent upon concealing all abuses, and did all in his power to crush me in particular, disregarding his duty, and his oath as an impartial member of the Legislature. His report *hung fire* until the session was at its *last gasp*, then the report turned up, too late to be reviewed or discussed. This report, my death warrant, was signed, sealed, and delivered.

The barbarians triumphed; carried their point, though convinced as I ever must be, that three fourths of the members of that Legislature were fully possessed of the truth of my statements, the justice of my cause, and the iniquity and rottenness of the Maine Insane Hospital, and its presiding deity. I have not the least doubt but if there had been one week to have acted upon that report, it would have been recommitted, with instructions to report that Dr. Bates be discharged from all connection with the institution, and I should have received something for damages, as the members of the Legislature all knew, and perfectly understood my case, and I have no reason to doubt but they were in favor, by a very large majority, to have impartial justice done me for the wrongs that I had suffered, for to do me full justice is not in human power to do. This Dr. Simonton well knew, and hence the reason for the delay of this report, until the close of the session.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ABUSES UNDER DR. RAY.

I will now ask the reader to cast his eye over another schedule of abuses. Some of these cases were not brought up before the committee, but they took place under the dynasty of the renowned Dr. Ray.

An imbecile patient was thrust into an unfinished room, or, properly speaking, the entry; when he fell upon the floor and was left there for the night, and was found a corpse in the morning.

Mrs. THOMPSON, of Camden, was sent to the hospital, believing that she could be better treated, and supposing, that having friends at Augusta, they could attend on her occasionally, and see that she was well cared for. But Dr. Ray refused admission to these friends, asserting it was improper for them too see her. It was finally ascertained that the woman was dying—the friends insisted on seeing her—and when they did so, being permitted for fifteen minutes, they found Mrs. Thompson a frightful object. Her nails had grown like bird's claws,

and her feet were rough and coarse, like the hide of a rhinoceros! She died in about two weeks afterwards.

Another imbecile patient was allowed to suffer the most intense agony for water. He could be heard many rods from the building, shouting for water.

SILAS ALDEN, of East Readfield, was kept in a state of starvation, until released; and on getting home he ate with the voracity of a starved shark. No quantities of food seemed sufficient to appease his overwrought appetite.

JOB SPRINGER, of Augusta, was carried to the hospital, sick and deranged. When his brother went there after him, he found him strapped down to a bed, and so famished that he called for some gruel for him, and he clutched the bowl and swallowed it with the eager fierceness of a ravenous wolf. Mr. Springer lived but a few days after he reached home, and in all the lucid intervals of his misery he sighed and moaned most bitterly over the cruel treatment of that hospital.

ELIJAH GILBERT, of Chesterville, was found dead one morning in the "Lodge," in 1843, under the care of Dr. Ray. Gilbert, when found, was naked and rigid,—horrible to look upon; and strong efforts were made through heating sand, or some other substance, to relax the nerves, &c., in order to close the victims eyes, inasmuch as his frightful appearance indicated shameful neglect. They said the evening previous he had eat his supper as usual, and no particular reason could be given for the sudden death.

Mrs. VILES, of Orland, complained of being barbarously abused by Dr. Ray.

The wife of Isaac Brown of Thomaston was in the hospital in 1843 under Dr. Ray and was so inhumanly abused that Mr. Brown threatened to expose Dr. Ray through the papers and his neighbors say that *hush* money was given him by Dr. Ray to keep his tongue tied.

Mr. Townsend, of Portland, was taken sick with the dysentery, and they put him into the cold bath. I may as well state here that it was a standing rule, when a patient soiled his person or clothes, that he was to be put in the cold bath, or shower bath, to cleanse him. The attendant believing Townsend to be in a state not fit for the cold bath asked for advice of Dr. Ray. He told him that he knew his *duty*, and to do it. The victim was put into the cold bath, and in five minutes after he was removed therefrom, the blood settled under his nails, and he shivered and shook in a most frightful manner. Dr. Ray was called, and then ordered boiled, hot potatoes, to be placed around the victim, in order to restore animal heat. This procedure, the hot potatoes, caused him to screech and scream in the most frightful manner! His person was set in a freezing position first, and then the horrid tragedy of burning him with the hot potatoes terminated in the death of the victim, in the course of two or three days. The attendant says he has no doubt but the torture caused the death of Townsend, and it so shocked him that he left the institution, disgusted and horror stricken at such inhuman treatment.

I now call upon you, Dr. Isaac Ray, the Author of a work known to the scientific world as "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity"—a man whose reputation stands in the very front ranks of philanthropy and science, in America and Europe. You whose reputation for morality,

benevolence and humanity has no superior, and which you have obtained wholly by writing that book, and your other scientific writings. You who have said to me that no secrets of that Institution were ever revealed to the world; you that left me as an incurable maniac, and would have murdered me outright, had you even supposed that I could ever come forth to the world again, clothed as I now am in the armor of reason and sanity. To you and to the public, I now say, here are a few more disclosures of your deeds of darkness; disclosures which, if I could arraign you before the proper tribunals of my country, would assign you to a longer residence than would be agreeable to so eminent a man, in a certain State institution, located at Thomaston.

I now appeal to the people of Rhode Island, and the people of this great and mighty Government, generally; a Government whose laws convey the idea that each and every one of its *Citizens*, however humble and obscure in life or circumstances, is and shall be guarded and protected in all the civil and religious liberties to which the heart of a freeman proudly aspires. To you I appeal, whether you will sanction or countenance a monster, whose deeds I have so faintly set forth—deeds that pens and tongues cannot portray in all their horrid, savage, ferocious cruelty, and terrific fierceness. Will you consign your suffering, weak and wretched friends, to the care, control, cruelty and disposition of such a cannibal? Will you when you have read these pages forget their import?—cease to remember their notes of truth and sad warning? Will you set me down as a false deceiver?—idle agitator?—a mad man? Or will you rise in your might armed and equipped for the abrogation and annihilation of all such monsters as this—all such dens of cruelty and oppression, whose walls but seldom give out a note of the fearful deeds working within? Aye! there are deeds doing—deeds have been done within many of those Institutions, that would be too full of horror for the public eye or ear!

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOSPITAL REPORT, 1850.

The Trustees have made their monthly and quarterly visitations to the Hospital, with one exception as provided by law, in all of which they have seen and conversed with the patients, and made such examinations and inquiries as were deemed necessary for a more intimate knowledge of their situation, necessities, &c.; and are satisfied that they have been treated with all the care that humanity or kindness could suggest, or science dictate. The superintendant and other officers and attendants have appeared gentlemanly in their deportment; kind and affable in their intercourse with the patients, and untiring in their efforts to improve the condition of all under their care.

Now, I would ask the public, after reading this report, to compare them with the following cases, which I charge against the officers of the institution. Cases of horrid, barbarous, and inhuman cruelty, have been practiced at the Maine Insane Hospital. In my charges before the committee, I contended that sick patients were allowed to suffer alone,—die, without a friend or human being present to hear their last sad sigh and close their glazed eyes.

## ABUSES UNDER DR. BATES.

I am not done yet with my sad recitals of the madhouse. Here follow a few more cases that took place under the reign of the next cannibal king, Dr. Bates.

MR. YORK, of Bangor, was kept in the lodge—was kept there in the dead of winter, and frequently removed therefrom, in a perfect state of nudity, through the deep snow, to the main building, a distance of about ninety feet, and sometimes when it was intensely cold. What head gentle reader, will you class this kind, humane treatment under? Answer it yourself. And again, female patients have been seen, barefooted and very thinly clad, snow six inches deep, passing between the main building and the cottage, distance the same as the lodge. Is not this very humane and kind?

DANIEL COLLINS, of Starks, tells his sad grievances, and says he has been shamefully abused. In what respect I have not been able to learn. I have been told that a female patient, in the cottage, was so badly burnt that her wounds required medical attention for about three months. It can be proved.

MRS. HERBERT, an Irish woman refused to give up her dipper when in the cottage. She was pinioned with the straps, and put into the bathing tub, and three pails of cold water turned upon her. I suppose this was done merely to allay excitement, and not to punish her. Of course not!

RODNEY JENKINS, of Wales, was shamefully abused at the hospital, and requested his friends that they would cage him at home, rather than send him there, should he again be deprived of his reason.

MR. HART was fiercely abused by the hired man, who threw him down and then jumped upon him with his knees.

MR. HINCKLEY was similarly used by the same person. I rely upon the correctness of these two cases from the statements of a person who was a patient at that time. I have no other proof, but I firmly believe it to be true.

An attendant was ordered to tie up a patient by the thumb to the grates for spitting upon the floor! Dr. Bates came in and said, "Well, my lad, how do you like that?" thus sanctioning that course of medical treatment.

MR. FLINT, of Bridgeton, has been to the hospital, and complains of being abused in a shameful manner, and begs of his friends to chain him anywhere, rather than send him there again, should he ever be deprived of reason.

A lady who was visiting the hospital last winter or spring, to see her husband, saw, as she was passing, some of the patients out sawing wood, and she also saw one of them whipped or beat with some kind of a stick, about the size of a broomstick; and probably that incident might have had some influence with her to induce her to steal away her husband in the manner she did, thinking the same medicine might be administered to him as well as other patients.

A crazy negro was placed over some *crazy white men*, at work in the garden, and he kicked and otherways shamefully abused and maltreated them; another bit of the precious evidence of the philosophy of the humane and kind treatment of those controlling this Institution.

What say you, citizens? Will you suffer your friends to be thus abused by a negro? A young Irishman was brutally abused by the at-



tendant in the galleries, and so poor Pat had to take the kicks and cuffs of oppressive barbarity, in this sweet land of liberty.

Mrs. EMERY, of Augusta, an insane patient, was put into a strong chair, confined, in a state of complete nudity! The argument may have been for this shameful treatment, that she would tear her clothes if they were left upon her, but confined in that chair, the act would be impossible! Ladies, what think you of such kindness in Dr. Bates.

SARAH ALEXANDER, another female patient, was confined in the cottage. She was severely afflicted with a complaint to which debilitated females are more or less subject. She also was kept in an entire state of nudity, and was shamefully and brutally neglected by Dr. Bates. Her situation, it is said was awful in the extreme.

A female has told at Gen. Redington's that she had seen Dr. Bates choke a female patient until she was black in the face. Was not that very humane?

Dr. Bates, some two or more years since, discharged a female attendant, because she choked a patient. This attendant replied to Dr. Bates, "I have only followed your example in so doing!" whereupon Dr. Bates gave her a first rate certificate for good moral character.

Mrs. BAKER, of Orrington, had her arm dislocated, and has since lost its entire use. When before the committee of investigation the matron was asked how this occurred; her response was that she did not know. But I have learned that it was done by the attendants forcing her into the bathing tub; of course only to allay excitement, and leave her maimed for life. Oh! humanity, where hast thou fled; hast thou departed from this abode of sin, suffering, and woe.

CAPT. LUCKLY, an insane man confined in the hospital, by neglect in leaving the wash room door open to him, entered and turned the hot water faucet, until the bathing tub was partially full, then, jumping into this boiling bath, he was so scalded about the feet that he died in course of two or three days. The report was, Capt. Luckily died of congestion—I suppose of scalded feet.

About a month after Dr. Bates took charge of the hospital a female patient refused to swallow her medicine; whereupon Dr. Bates took a hard wood wedge and bending her head across his knees, so forced it into her mouth as to cause the blood to run down upon the floor, and told her he would learn her to take her medicine. That was undoubtedly a very kind way to shew her that he was her benevolent and humane friend.

I saw Mr. Coan of Dexter, one Sunday morning shamefully abused by Dr. Harlow, so that he was made a cripple for life. Well, to speak seriously, is a man to blame if the God of nature has not endowed him with reason, judgment and understanding, so that he does not know what treatment an insane man should receive; If a man is to be held accountable for what he does not know, then he is and should be held responsible for that abuse. And, also, if he did know better, then he is accountable for maiming him as he did. I say that Mr. Coan was shamefully and inhumanly neglected, before he was injured, and afterwards, by Dr. Bates.

Mrs. Church, of Farmington, was at the hospital, a patient, several years ago. She was most shamefully and inhumanly abused. I have been told that when her husband visited her, she threw herself into his

arms, and told him he should never leave her again. He took her away and it is said that he entered complaints to Reuel Williams, one of the Trustees, and by his persuasion he did not make a public exposure as he talked of, because Mr. Williams said it would injure the reputation of the Institution.

Wm. Stevens a patient, was a young man who had a fall which somewhat impaired his reason; but I think had never ought to have been at the hospital. He was sick some two or three months or more, and when he had no appetite to eat I have seen his gruel forced into his mouth by pulling out his tongue and filling his mouth, and then compelling him to swallow it. He had an impediment in his speech, so that it was difficult for him to converse with any one. But several times when I would be sitting by his side, he would say to me, "Oh what a dreadful place this is." He was very much frightened by being compelled to stay in that dreadful abode of the most frightful mortals that can be conceived of, and when he was sick, he was afraid that he should die, and be in the hands of the devil the other side of the curtain.

Mr KYLE, who was a patient, showed me a scar upon his head, which he said he received by being knocked down by an attendant. Jonathan Knowles, a laborer, on the new wing, saw the print of a man's hand upon the throat of a patient, and heard the hired man boast that he had him down by the throat, and made the marks upon it. Is not this the milk of human kindness, distilled down in the best of cream or oil?

MISS ZORADA REED, of Swan Island, was kept in the cottage for a period of nearly two years; much of the time in a state of nudity.—Dr. Bates asserted that he could not afford her even a duck flock, as she would tear her clothes. Miss Reed was seen one day in the gallery, with the muffs on, and her food was placed upon a seat, uncut; and to eat it, not having the use of her hands, she was obliged to stoop down on her knees, and thus get the food into her mouth. In doing this she thrust the plate upon the floor, for which act she had her head pounded against the bench by the attendant. This was another act, done, I suppose to allay the poor girl's excitement. Miss Reed was finally taken home by her friends, and kept for a short time in a cage, but at the expiration of about one month she so far recovered as to be able to go to teaching school, an occupation she has continued, I believe, ever since. She is perfectly sane now. (See affidavit of Mrs. Hussey.

Soon after the hospital was burned, Reuel Williams was returning up the river, on board a steam boat, and the calamity was the topic of conversation. One gentleman said that he should like to hear that the whole building had sunk below the ground, so that not a stone could be seen. Mr. Williams said that perhaps he had heard some stories about it which he did not like. The gentleman said he had not heard of any thing, but knew by his own observation, for he had a sister there, who had been teaching school and was taken deranged, and by his advice she was taken to the hospital, thinking from what he had heard of it that she would be greatly benefitted by going there. After she went he used to visit her occasionally, and for a time she appeared very well, and said that she had a kind nurse, who treated her well;

and he sometimes gave the nurse money for her kind attention to his sister.

After a while the nurse was changed, and his sister appeared very bad, and told him she was abused by the nurse. He visited her again, and she appeared worse than before, and told him the same story of her abuse. The next time he visited her he told Dr. Bates that he wished to be taken to see his sister as she then was, for the last two times he visited her she appeared as though she had just been washed and dressed for the purpose of seeing him, and that she had told him that she was abused, and he wished to see her as she then was, for the purpose of satisfying himself. Dr. Bates objected to his seeing her in her cell; but he persisted in such strong terms, stating that he believed she was abused, that Dr. Bates was forced to take him to her cell, and there he found her a pitiable object enough; in dirt and filth, which was perfectly disgusting, and he told the Doctor that that sight was enough to satisfy him that she had told the truth in relation to her abuse, and he should remove her as soon as possible. He went home and told his father of her situation, and that she must be taken home immediately. And then the question was, to know what they could do with her there. He told him that while a house was building for her she must be kept in the corn-barn; and the corn-barn was accordingly prepared for her, and she was put into it and kept there until a small house with two rooms was ready for her. When she had been kept in her house about one day, she was taken into the house with the rest of the family, and in a few weeks she went to teaching her school again, and had continued to do so up to the present time, and he did not want any more evidence, than his own sister's treatment, to convince him of the abuse of that Institution, and if any person wishes to know who the lady was, I will inform them that she was Miss Zorada Reed, of Swan Island, mentioned above. I think any comment by me on this case is unnecessary; but I have no doubt but that her case is a fair sample of eight cases in every ten, of all female patients.

Mr. Friel, an Irishman, had his ribs broken by the attendant; but whose business was *that*? He was taken to the hospital to be cured of insanity, and that was the kind of medicine administered to him.

One time, when the patients were taken out to walk upon the banks of the river, one of the attendants threw one of them roughly down and jumped upon him violently with his knees. A bystander observing the transaction, asked the attendant if that was a crazy man. Yes, he is, said the attendant. Then, said the bystander, if you jump upon him again, I will jump into you.

One time, when the patients were out milking the cows, a person saw the hired man knock one of the patients down by throwing a milking stool at him, and farther, beat and pounded him with his fist. Was not this a soothing pill to give a poor and helpless maniac?

A patient by the name of Barrett, has been shamefully abused by being whipped with a strap.

Another patient was brutally whipped and beaten by the hand or fist of the attendant.

An old man, of four score years, was dragged from his bed at night, and dashed upon the floor for some trifling offence or noise; and seized by the throat and choked in the usual barbarous manner by the attend-

ant. I think that all will probably acknowledge that it was very kind and soothing to such an old gentleman in his declining years, to administer such a balm of Gilead as that to his troubled spirits. I have no proof of the above three cases, except what I learned of a patient who was assistant to the attendant, but I have no doubt of its correctness.

Mr. Brown, a patient, had a very bad boil or sore upon his neck. He besought Dr. Bates in the most deplorable manner, to put a poultice upon it, so as to draw it to a head and relieve him of his distressing pain, to all of which he would reply, with his usual sneer, "O you will do well enough; I will risk you!" Yes, citizens of Maine, I wish you to know that your friends are thus not only shamefully and inhumanly neglected, but they are barbarously abused and maltreated. They are bound in chains (not of iron) more terrible than those worn by Baron Trench, in the Prussian Prison, or than any galley slave. The Government of that inquisition is a perfect reign of terror. Dr. Bates is literally the absolute *Monarch* and *Tyrant* of all he surveys in that Institution.

Charles Savage, Jr., testified that Mr. Myers died alone in his gallery. Mr. Miles was left alone at night, as usual, when sick; was heard to groan through the night, and was found dead in the morning. Charles Varnum was left alone and died very suddenly. Mrs. Eastman died alone. Mr. Hunter, of Topsham, was sick with the dysentery and died alone. Mr. Stewart of Farmington, also died alone.

The following is a letter, or extracts therefrom, from Mrs. Dyke of Raymond, to me.

"One thing I do know, and can testify to. I was taken by the attendant, and a strap buckled around my wrists, another around my ankles, and bound in such a manner that I could not help myself. She then cut off my hair, and put me by force into the cold bath, and kept me there until I was so cold and thoroughly chilled, that it seemed to me that I should perish. Furthermore, I can testify, that I was clenched by the attendant, and then by Dr. Bates, who gagged me with a hard wood wedge, so as to turn down medicine with a tannel. He broke out one of my sound teeth in so doing. They strangled and choked me to that degree I verily thought I should never breathe again. At another time two attendants choked me to take medicine. Dr. Bates stood and looked on, saying, if they could not succeed he would help them. A bystander said I was as black as her shoe. Suffice it to say, that many other things I could testify and say were it necessary."

I think this letter speaks for itself, and comment is quite unnecessary by me. I would here merely notice, — in fact, my want of space compels me to be brief in all my statements, — the case of Mr. SARGEANT, of Patten, a man who went in person to the selectmen of his town, for them to give him a permit to go to the hospital, as he was very much debilitated in mind and body, and thought the attention he should receive at the hospital would be beneficial to him. After a brief sojourn there, Dr. Bates began to administer doses or spirits of turpentine. Sargeant objected, after having taken this stuff for a short time, saying it was killing him. Dr. Bates persisted; and it is said that he begged and prayed not to be compelled to take it — but all to no purpose; and it is said that he died a most horrible death. The mechanics at work on the new wing, who had become acquainted with him, were astonished when they heard he was dead, and said they did not think much of the benefits of spirits of turpentine experiments.

I have been told that the attendants and hired help at the hospital, in speaking of this man's death among themselves, considered his treatment as tantamount to murder by the officers.

The following is an answer to a letter which I wrote to Mr. John Buswell, of Exeter Mills, and I read the letter before the committee of investigation :—

August 20, 1850.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 13th is just received, and in answer to your request, I would say that my stay at the hospital was short; that I was in the upper gallery with the convalescent patients; that I had but little opportunity to see the abuses that are complained of there; but the impressions I imbibed while there were, that the hospital was badly managed; that the patients were often ill-treated; that they were sometimes kept long after they should have been discharged, and I will state to you the principal reasons I have for forming such an opinion.

Firstly. On entering the hospital, I very soon learned that the patients did not like Dr. Bates; that they had no confidence in him; that the impression among the patients was, that they were treated oftentimes very bad, and sometimes thrown on the floor and jumped upon in such a manner as to cause the death of the patients.

Secondly. After I had been in the hospital perhaps four weeks, I had liberty to go out with two other patients to walk, and was sometimes called into the neighboring houses, and I found the people in the neighborhood were generally of the same opinion as the patients. And

Thirdly. What I saw and heard myself under this head. I will mention the case of Charles A. Stephens, of Castine, an unfortunate homicidal patient. Mr. Stephens appeared quite sane while I was there, and much of a gentleman. He was in the gallery with me in the day time. He had a sore ankle that pained him very bad, and made him very lame, and he asked the doctors fifty times to do something for it, or give him something to put on, to relieve the pain, but he never got anything. One evening I was sitting by Mr. Stephens, and Dr. Bates came in. As he passed by us, Stephens spoke to him, and said that he had asked Dr. Harlow for an opium plaster to put on his ankle; that Dr. Harlow had promised him one a day or two before;—that he had not got it, and did not know the reason, and said he thought he was neglected; to all of which Dr. Bates only answered with a laugh. At another time I heard a conversation between Dr. Bates and Mr. Stephens, in the course of which Dr. Bates said that if a patient deceived him once, he set him down ever after as a dishonest man; that he had detected a letter that Stephens had written and not been sent, and if a patient undertook to circumvent him it would be worse for him."

Reader, what say you to that kind of medical treatment, for the Superintendent to avow that it would be the worse for a poor, forlorn crazy man, to try to circumvent the Doctor, in order to obtain a few brief moments of repose to his tortured body and mind! *O shame! where is thy blush?*—what can be more *fiendish* and *cruel*?

I will here mention what took place between Dr. Bates and Mr. Buswell, in regard to his leaving the institution. He thought the Doctor was keeping him longer than was beneficial for him to remain, and he procured the signature of some of the neighbors to a certificate, stating that they thought him to be a sane man, and well enough to go home. Mr. Buswell wrote out a true description of the character and management of the hospital by Dr. Bates, in its natural and true colors, and sealed and directed it to a friend. When a gentleman, who visited the hospital, was passing through, he asked him privately, if he would do him the favor to put a letter into the post-office for him, and he promised that he would. Instead of so doing, he gave it to Dr. Bates, as is usual; for it is next to impossible for a patient to send a letter out, except through the officers. It was but a short time before Dr. Bates came in, and told him he had got his letter, and said, "Now I intend to punish you most severely for writing such a letter, and trying to send it in that manner, and I will now tell you how I shall do it. I shall do it by sending you home in a few days, for you shall not have it to say that I have kept you too long." Now the reason of this very desirable punishment was, that Dr. Bates saw by the letter that he was detected; that

Mr. Buswell had discernment enough to read his true character at a glance, and that he knew enough to write it out in true colors, and that the friend to whom he had directed it was a person of whose standing he was afraid, and so thought to make him his friend, so he might not expose him to the public. These statements Mr. Buswell made to me before he left Augusta, and I make them simply to show the perfect system of espionage and surveillance constantly held over the patients; for the whole system of the government, and treatment of that institution, is perfectly inquisitorial in all its details; from one end to the other, a patient, with some few exceptions, is looked upon and treated as a criminal, or an outcast from society, and of no more importance than a brute or a stone. These things are facts, whether you will believe them or not.

Mrs. Graves, of Thomaston, Mrs. Witherell, of Norridgewock, and a Mrs. Bickford, three inmates of the cottage, were so inhumanly abused by the supervisoress, and so neglected by Drs. Bates and Harlow, though remonstrated with by the two attendants of the cottage patients, that they died most horribly! Some of these three cases are too horrible to relate, therefore, I refrain from doing so. So strong were these female attendants impressed with the above horrid facts, that they left the cottage, declaring that they were afraid, if they remained, they should see the ghosts of those murdered women. These three cases were cited before the committee of investigation, but were crushed down by the testimony of the officers of the institution — testifying in their own behalf — who stuck to it, that these poor, unhappy females, were as well and kindly treated as the circumstances of their case permitted. But if I were allowed the privilege to summon the two attendants mentioned above, I could have proved all this abuse; — yes, abuse that was inhuman, barbarous, and cruel, and looked upon, by those attendants, as more atrocious than outright murder.

Mrs. Metcalf, of Camden, had her arms made a mass of corruption by wearing the muff a long time.

Mrs. Salley was supposed to be death-struck when brought to the hospital, and was twitched by the hair in a brutal manner, and died in about two days.

A man in Cumberland was shamefully abused at the hospital.

Cyrus Boothby, of Embden, carried his wife to the hospital, with a tumor on her head, and gave Dr. Bates orders to let her ride out every day, which he promised to do, but never let her ride out once, and she was other ways shamefully neglected and abused.

Mr. Greely, of Hallowell, was carried to the hospital sick with a fever, was delirious and noisy, and put into the lodge at night, and found dead in the morning.

Hannah Thompson, of Topsham, says that she has been dragged to the cottage through the snow nearly up to her waist.

Harriet Vincent, of Brunswick, had her head held under water, in the bathing-tub, until she was nearly suffocated.

Elijah Day, of Chelsea, sent his wife to the hospital, and went to visit her, and was told by Dr. Bates, in a very important manner, that he could not have the privilege of seeing her, and he went home and took a friend; went back, and demanded an interview, and said that he would have it, at every hazard, and then was permitted to see her.

William Clifford was carried to the hospital, and was cured of insanity by being reduced to perfect idiocy.

Miss McLane, of Wiscasset, was insane, and made much worse by being sent to the hospital.

Mr. Bangs, of Knox, begs of his friends to chain, or confine him in any manner at home, rather than ever send him to the hospital again.

Joseph Hilt, of St. George, begged of a neighbor not to allow him to be carried to the hospital again should he ever be again deprived of reason, as he had been shamefully abused. He had the second attack, and was kept at home, and recovered in a few days.

Jane Partridge complained of abusive treatment. They cut off her hair, and other ways abused and maltreated her. Dr Bates agreed to send her home in three months. At the expiration of that time, he refused to give her up to her friends, and said he should keep her until she was better or worse, and kept her six months or more, and she grew worse instead of better.

Mrs. Dyer, of Portland, tells of some horrid abuses. Her husband was refused the privilege of seeing her, but some one saw her, and told him to go and take her away, which he did. She says a female patient from Boston died alone, unattended as usual.

Mr. Metcalf, of Damariscotta, a ship builder, told me that Mrs. Folsby had her wrist broken or dislocated, and it was never set. She lost its entire use for life. She used to tell of the abuses of the institution, and had a perfect dread of being sent back, considering it a perfect hell upon the earth. When her neighbors called to see her, she did not wish to see them, thinking they had come to take her back again.

John Burgess' wife, of Dover, says she was shamefully abused at the hospital.

Mrs. Ira Bills, of Hope, complains of brutal treatment at the hospital.

Mr. Morse, of Eastport, says that he was brutally treated at the hospital.

Miss Lucy Kent, of Portland, was strapped down to the bed; had a perfect horror of the straps. She was put in the strong chair, and was struck by the attendant, when thus confined, and was shamefully abused, and died at the hospital. Two respectable and intelligent ladies, formerly patients, state this case, and one of them says she considers her to have been the same as murdered.

A female patient was thrust into her room with so much violence, as to fall against the mopboard, and cut a terrible gash in her head!

Mrs. Shaw, of Portland, was shamefully abused, and forced to eat by giving her gruel through a tunnel, and being confined in the strong chair.

Dr. Bates gave Mrs. Wilson, of Belfast, sulphuric ether, to destroy her senses! and she was nearly ruined by it.

Ellen —, an Irish girl, was shamefully beat with a wash bowl, by the attendant.

Mr. E. S. Blaisdell, of Rockland, says that his wife shall never go to the hospital again, being satisfied that it is not a suitable place to send females.

Harlow Robinson, of Thomaston, says that the patients are most shamefully abused, and that he has been abused.

Mrs. Christopher Chaso, of Ellsworth, has been dragged up stairs by the hair, and put into the straight jacket, and otherways inhumanly abused.

John Garland was kept at the hospital to plant potatoes when he was well, and ought to have been at home to plant his own fields.

Mrs. Oliver Colburn, of Bangor, was dowsed into the bathing-tub of cold water after she had bathed herself, and begged of the attendant not to put her in, and appealed to Dr. Bates for protection, and he ordered her to be put in, and kept her at the hospital three months after she was able to do all kinds of work for her family.

Mrs. Stackpole was dragged to the cottage by her hair.

Mary Smith, of Freedom, complains of abusive treatment, and requested never to be sent there again.

Miss Doo, of Corinth, was burnt in the cottage, and then again almost froze: was carried home insane; but recovered in a short time by humane treatment.

Mr. Norwood, of Bangor, was a victim of the fire, and was despoiled of his business and property, and was the second time trapped into the hospital, under the pretence of taking him to Augusta, to have his opinion upon some business matters.

Cornelius Staples, of Prospect, says that his wife has been abused by being showered and choked, and all the usual routine of abuse, and he would sooner cut her throat, than ever send her there again.

Benjamin Whitney, of Lisbon, went to the Hospital to see his wife; was refused the privilege, as it was very injurious for insane people to see their friends, and returned without the interview. At night he dreamed of seeing her in a suffering and starving condition. He returned the next day, and again requested to see her, and was refused. He then told Dr. Bates that he would see her at every hazard, if he had to tear down the whole hospital, stone by stone, and brick by brick to find her. She was then brought in, and appeared just as he dreamed of seeing her. She threw herself into his arms, and besought him in the most pitiable terms not to leave her there any longer, and he took her home.

Patrick McGaffy, an attendant, whipped James Leper, a patient, with a *crowbar*, in such a manner, that he could not turn in bed for three days.

Mrs. Sanborn, of Cherryfield, was visited by her sister at the hospital, and when in the presence of Dr. Bates, she would kneel down in perfect fear and dread of him, like a whipped dog: from the abuse she had received. Her sister saw her fear, and said she should take her home. Dr. Bates remonstrated in the strongest terms, and said they could not manage her, and he would not receive her back again, if they removed her. She was taken home, and by humane treatment, was perfectly restored to her natural reason, in a very short time, and has remained so ever since.

Mrs. Holmes, of Ellsworth, has been an inmate of the hospital for nearly three years, and was able to work at the tailoress business the most of the time she was there. Dr. Bates gave her medicine to make her dizzy or crazy, and tried his best to induce her husband to keep her there for life, as she had seen and heard so much of their iniquity he was afraid to let her out into the world, through fear of her exposing



them. She has a long catalogue of the blackest abuse, which she could expose, were she disposed to do so. She says that the conversation and conduct of Dr. Bates towards some of his female patients was such, that no man would ever place his wife or daughters under his care, if they know him. She says that one patient told her Dr. Bates would never discharge her, if she were to expose what she had seen and heard—that she once caught Dr. Bates taking liberties with one of his female attendants, and he gave her some kind of medicine, which kept her in a senseless state for two days, so that she should forget what she had seen. Mrs. Holmes says that Dr. Harlow once said to her, "Mrs. Holmes, you will not expose us, will you, if we send you home?" thus intimating that they were guilty of crimes which he was afraid she would expose.

Mrs. Morrison, of St. Andrews, N.B., was sick unto death: Dr. Bates sent for her husband to come and see her before she died. He and his brother came and tarried several days, but were obliged to leave before she died. During their stay, they of course sat at the officers table, and received every attention, and Mrs. Morrison, of course, received the best of care by day and by night; but after they were gone, what a change: she was shamefully neglected by day, and at night she was locked into her lonely cell, and left until morning, with none to look after, or care for her, in her suffering condition, or to do so much as moisten her parched and dying lips with a drop of cold water; and like the rich man, the last night of her life, she laid calling upon Dr. Bates, Dr. Harlow, Mrs. Johnson, the Matron, to come and see her; each in turn would be called by her. She would exclaim, "Oh dear! do come and see me; don't leave me alone; do somebody come!" In that lonely and suffering condition, she remained for the long tedious night to pass away. In the morning the attendant unlocked the door, and went about her usual morning work, without giving a thought or care about her sick and dying patient; and when her other patients were at the breakfast table, a loud screech and a scream pierced their ears, which brought them all upon their feet. They went to the room of their sick companion, and there beheld her dead corpse. Her spirit had left its mortal tenement, and ascended to its Creator, when her last appeal was uttered with the scream, which had brought them to her door.

I have a letter from L. E. Howard, of Center Guilford, in which he says that he has passed through the usual routine of abuse, by being jammed, choked, showered, and otherways tortured and tormented by Weeks, Bartlett, and others. He was six months in the lower gallery, and says that not a day passed, but that some of the patients were cruelly treated. His descriptions are vivid, and as natural as life itself, as all could testify to, who have passed the ordeal of that abode of darkness and woe.

I will name one incident which occurred in Kennebunk while I was there with my book. I was issuing my circulars, and was putting one on a store, when a large, stout man, came up and asked me if I wrote that? to which I replied that I did. He then said,—"*Well, damn you; don't you go to my house; damn you—if you put your foot on to my premises, I'll kick you; I'll horsewhip you; damn you!*" I asked "Where is your house, sir?" he then pointed it out to me, when I asked him his name; he replied *Palmer*. "*Barnabas Palmer,*" said I? he replied "yes." I then said that I would not call at his house,

if he did not wish me to; for I did not allow myself to do anything which was ungentlemanly; and if a gentleman requested me not to call at his house, I certainly should not do so; especially as it was very seldom that I called at private houses, unless I was requested to do so. He then again damned me, and threatened me with his whip and boots, to all of which I then said, "Sir, if you strike me, or kick me, I wish you to understand that I am the last man that you will ever strike, or kick." He then instantly left me, but when I went out with my books, I was particular to take my *trusty bosom friend's* with me, lest the cowardly brute should attempt to put his threats into execution.

This same Barnabus Palmer was a few years since, one of the Executive Council of the State of Maine, and, of course, he knew for what the Insane Hospital was established, and incarcerated his wife within its bloody cells. She was taken home for a few months, and he again wished to get rid of her, and he induced Dr. Bates to entrap her there once more. Dr. Bates wrote a very polite and friendly letter to Mrs. Palmer, inviting her to come to Augusta, and make them a visit; as Mrs. Bates and all the family wished to have her visit them; and the Doctor even induced Mrs. Johnson, the Matron, to add her request for her to visit them. Mrs. Palmer, not mistrusting any tricks or schemes, went to visit Dr. Bates, and lo and behold she found that instead of being received as the guest of Dr. Bates, she was again confined a prisoner, in her lonely cell, where she remained many months; and that is the reason, why he did not want me to call at his house, because he did not want his wife to see my book. I was told by his neighbours that only a few mornings before my contact with him, he threw a cup of hot coffee into his wife's face at the breakfast table, and he was then talking of sending her to some hospital out of the State; and the report was current among his neighbors, that during the imprisonment of his wife, he kept a *mistress* at his own house; but I cannot prove that he did, and therefore I will not accuse him of it; but I do say, that in my opinion, there has never been any insanity about his wife, except what has been produced by his own brutal conduct, and I leave it for the public to judge, which of them ought to be sent to the hospital. He married \$4000 of cash instead of her.

Mrs. Sydney Dyer, of Calais, has been inhumanly abused by being showered, and having cold water thrown upon her in cold weather, and not allowed to dry herself at the hot air furnace; and by having her hair cut off, to make her look like a fury, and then put below with a worse class of patients, because she was not fit to be seen by visitors, and compelled against her wishes, to ride out in the great carriage, to make a humbug show of kindness to the people, and especially to gammon the Legislature when in session, to induce them to make large appropriations for the hospital.

The supervisioness and attendants long tried in vain to force her to take medicine, which she found was seriously injuring her; and so Dr. Harlow thought he would try his skill, and see what he could do at it. He made a hard wood wedge or lever of a piece of broken chair, threw her down, and went to work to pry open her mouth; in so doing he broke out one of her teeth, without accomplishing his object. She also had a long and tedious fit of sickness, which was wholly caused by the abusive treatment which she then received.

**FOLLOWING  
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She says she has frequently heard Dr. Bates tell patients that he would not send them home, because he never sent any home, who would tell bad stories about them. She had the sagacity to deceive, or play possum with them, by not answering them when spoken to, or by appearing stupid, and apparently not noticing what passed within her sight or hearing; and still she has an indelible record of it in her head, and wrote it out, and sent it to Mr. Hancock, a member of the Legislature, and he laid it before a committee, but they sanctioned it nil by refusing to do anything concerning it, and I now respectfully request Mr. Dyer to publish that letter in all the papers in Maine, to let the people know the brutal treatment of Drs. Bates and Harlow, and Mr. Dyer ought to prosecute Harlow for assault upon his defenceless wife; and if there is no law by which he can drive him out of that den, and the Legislature having refused to do it, if the trustees persist in retaining such a brutal monster, he ought to be driven out by the authority of public opinion; for he is a base, infamous villain, and has perpetrated crimes of the blackest dye in that vile den with his own hands, and by aiding, abetting, counselling, and concealing the most barbarous iniquity.

#### ABUSES OF THE SHOWER BOX.

I, myself, saw Mr. Andrews, of Lovell, inhumanly showered by Mr. Hall, the Supervisor, simply to punish him for shutting himself up in his room. It was done in the coldest winter weather, and when he was taken out of the Shower Box his skin puffed up in large white blotches in spots all over his body; the effects of the cold water.

I have frequently heard the Shower Bath given in the dead hours of night, when it would seem to me as though they would drown their victims. They would scream until they were so completely exhausted that they could make no more noise, and then they would cease their midnight tortures. Dr. Bates ordered Wm. Hanscom showered, to punish him for some saucy words given to him.

JAMES P. WEEKS, supervisor, took a patient, because he refused to eat, and showered him in a terrible manner, and shivering and shaking conveyed him to the "lodge," and kept him there about two weeks, and then brought him into the gallery sick, in consequence of this cruel treatment.

ANNA O'CONNOR, an orphan Irish girl, was showered for punishment, for refusing to go into the kitchen to work until she finished washing her dress, and the matron boxed her ears because she did not come at the first call.

EVERETT HOWARD, of Guilford, was inhumanly showered by Weeks and Bartlett, for letting water run: they asking him if he would let the water run again if they would let him out alive? to which he replied he would not.

CAPT. FREEMAN, showered a man, a weak and feeble patient, by the orders and under the eye of the first Superintendent, and when he opened at the door he fell like a dead man upon the floor, and they thought he was dead, but by great exertion this victim was finally restored. By the same as the above, another patient—and he is the same one alluded to as having burnt himself in his cage—a stout and powerful man, was at the hospital, imagining himself to be God, and said he

could make it rain whenever he pleased. They persuaded him that he could make it rain, and to keep himself dry when the shower came on he had better strip off his garments and get in the closet out of the rain. He did, and they then told him, after fastening the door, to command it to rain. He did; and thereupon they let him down not less than two full barrels of water on to him. They then told him they were satisfied that he could make it rain. He replied that he was aware of that, but did not think there was going to be a flood.

DEACON TURNER once told me that he went down from the attic of the female wing to stop the abusive showering of a female patient.

MR. WEEKS, the supervisor, threatened to shower Mr. Reed because he found fault with the abusive treatment of some one or more of the patients.

JOHN WHEELER, a perfectly unaccountable being, has frequently been showered to punish him for breaking his crockery.

A man who has been an attendant says that he assisted Bartlett in showering Mr. Durgin, and thinks as much as five or six barrels of water was let down upon him, and when the door was opened the water was up to his hips in the shower box.

MRS. BARTLETT was unmercifully showered to cure her of a violent tooth-ache! because she could not avoid making a noise in consequence of the pain.

JOHN CARTER, a boy, from Portland, was also showered to punish him for breaking a small bowl!

EBEN BLAKE, of Portland, a demented patient, was so inhumanly showered by Babcock, the attendant, that he fell upon the floor like a dead man, when the door of the Shower Box was opened!

MR. WEEKS, the Supervisor, testified before the committee that he had let down a barrel of water at a time, to allay excitement, but never kept them in the box over two or three minutes, and never to punish them.

GEORGE REED ran away from the Hospital, and was captured and brought back by one of the neighbors; was showered to allay his excitement, or, in other words, to punish him for trying to make his escape from that prison.

Now there need not be any doubts at all that the shower box is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, used as an instrument of torture, applied for punishment for the most trivial offences. Thus, victims or patients are sent there by their kind friends, under the impression that they will receive the attention and kind care, that they could not receive at home. But how far this fallacy is fallacy, read the foregoing cases and judge yourself whether you could find it in your heart to send a friend or relative to such a place of cruelty and heartlessness? I feel sure that if this book is properly read, and the force of its trumpet-tongued arguments be fairly laid before the people, the mad-house will become a sepulchre of terror and dread for all who have hearts to feel, and eyes to see; and instead of forwarding your poor, distracted, or tottering brother to such a den, it would be just and merciful to build their funeral pyre, and place them on it to die.

I will invite the reader's attention to the following article, that they may see and judge what the difference is between the shower bath as a medical application at the Hospital, and an acknowledged use of it as a torture in the Sing Sing Prison.

**STATE PRISON DISCIPLINE.**—By an account in the New York Tribune, it appears that the officers of the Sing Sing Prison have been dealing rigorously with Niles, the Attorney, recently sent there for conspiracy. It appears that the officers of the prison received the intimation that Niles, and two other convicts, Ashley and Benjamin, had been carrying on a clandestine correspondence, by the assistance of a colored waiter, whom they bribed to aid them. An application of the shower-bath being resorted to, the colored man, together with Ashley and Benjamin, confessed the whole affair, and gave up a quantity of letters written by Niles and Ashley to Benjamin. Niles denied all knowledge of it, and on being threatened with the shower bath pleaded ill health. The physicians examined him and reported him well. Still persisting in his denial, the officers undertook to force a confession from him. His head was accordingly shaved, an iron collar placed round his neck, his legs, arms and head firmly fastened with iron clasps, and thus prepared, he was thrust under the shower bath; three severe applications of which were made before an acknowledgment of his offence could be drawn from him.

If the above statements are correct, the officers of the prison transcended their powers, and are liable to the charge of inflicting unnecessary cruel punishment upon Niles. The fact of his guilt was clear to their minds, and their resorting to the torture to merely force a confession from the culprit, was entirely unnecessary. The matter should be investigated by the proper authorities, whose duty it is to protect the prisoner from cruel and severe punishment, as well as to see that discipline administered which the law prescribes for his reformation.

If this will not satisfy the public that the shower bath is used as a punishment, it will be of no use for me to attempt to convince them; and I wish the citizens of Maine to remember that, after all the charges of abuse in relation to the shower bath, three witnesses testified that the night the hospital was burnt they were up between one and two o'clock, administering the shower bath to Duroc Boardman, a perfectly unaccountable being, and yet he is held responsible for his acts, by showering him, to punish him for a making a noise. Will you recollect this when you are sending your friends to the Hospital?

I have heard of many cases of a licentious character on the part of the officers with their female patients, — the truth of which I have no doubt whatever; but I have not had an opportunity to thoroughly investigate them all; and even if I had, I should not deem it expedient or prudent to give the names of those concerned, as it would undoubtedly be the means of breaking the family ties of some who are now happily ignorant that the virtue of their wives, sisters, or daughters, has been violated in that secret and sealed brothel, whence no tales are ever revealed to the public eye, or ear.

I will allude to only one case: — In my travels with my book, I fell in with a physician, who told me that one of his female patients was sent to the hospital by his recommendation, and when she returned home, she informed him that those officers used to take liberties with her whenever they choose to do so, or words of that import; and she named Dr. Bates, in particular, as one of them.

A few more brief relations will close my statements in regard to the abuses of this Institution. One evening, I had a conversation with Dr. Bates in the gallery, (in March previous to my leaving,) in regard to the medical treatment I had received at the hands of Dr. Ray. Dr. Bates replied, that I must acknowledge, if Dr. Ray could produce such effects, as I stated he had, he was unquestionably a very scientific man, and understood his business well! To which I responded, "Sir, I acknowledge that not even the Spanish Inquisition ever produced the superior of Dr. Ray, as a horrid, barbarous, cruel, and vindictive Inquisitor!"

Next morning, when Dr. Bates visited the gallery, he said to me, that if

I ever used any more of such language, as I had used the evening previous, he should have to have a different classification of his patients, as he could not have such language used in that gallery I thus intimating that I should be obliged to go below with a worse class of patients, to which I meekly replied, "Sir, I am in your power, class me where you please, and as you please!"

In my charge before the committee of investigation, I made a general statement of the poor and meagre food supplied the patients, and the sumptuous and princely fare that made the table of the officers groan. Now I should like to particularize just a little. For instance: Not even pure milk is allowed to bless the wishy washy tea and coffee slops doled out to the poor patients. Before the milk reaches the patient, it is always skimmed of its creamy richness — that valuable part of it being consumed in making light bread and tea cakes, and giving a zest to the bowls of berries and rich preserves of the officers' or doctors' table, all of which is proved by the affidavits.

It is a well known and established fact, and perfectly understood by all at the hospital, that the officers literally lived on the *fat* of the land; that Princes could not surpass them in luxurious food; and I wish the people to understand, that it is all paid for out of the *poor patients' board money!* These things are true, and if they are not enough to convince the public, I will add another chapter to the next edition of this work.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There is one thing connected with all other modes of deceiving visitors who go to the hospital to visit their friends, which ought to be understood by the public, viz; they are frequently told their friends are very crazy and excitable, and that it will do them a great injury to see their friends, and therefore they are peremptorily refused the privilege, and go away without the interview. Undoubtedly the real cause is, that they are frequently suffering the most horrid mental agony from being separated from those friends, or perhaps from the more horrid torture of body and mind, caused by the fiendish drugs which are given them for experimental purposes; or from other abuses which they might reveal to their friends if they were permitted to see and converse with them. Such was the case with me, when my brother-in-law visited me for the purpose of taking me away the next week after I was carried to the hospital; and I think that when people are refused seeing their friends under such pretences, it is time for them to demand an interview; and, if refused to forthwith move their friends from the custody of such officers, as they may be pretty sure that there is iniquity at the bottom in such cases.

Dr. Simonton says in his report that ~~witnesses were allowed to testify~~ who would have been excluded from Courts of Justice. I admit that fact, for whoever before heard of culprits, charged with crime, being allowed, to take the stand and testify in their own behalf? Dr. Harlow went on the stand and swore that those charges were all false, or about all; and he was one of the parties accused; and Dr. Bates, summoned his own son, which was about the same as taking the

stand himself, and if the other things that he testified about had any resemblance to what he said in regard to me, it was astonishing testimony, for he had a very remarkable memory. He had a very distinct recollection of conversation with me that never took place, and of that which did actually occur he could not remember one word, and Dr. Simonton asked him some questions that none but a simpleton, or a man driven to the wall, would have ever asked him; which none but a man determined to conceal and varnish all of that horrid iniquity, would have allowed himself to ask, yes, none but a man who would violate his trust as a servant of the public, would ever descend to such a meanness and perfidity to his constituents. Notwithstanding the assertions of Dr. Simonton, that the purse-strings of the State were at my disposal for summoning witnesses, and every facility and opportunity granted for doing so, I will inform the citizens that I had intended to have summoned the wife and daughters of Dea. Turner, the Steward, if I could have had the privilege; and I will assure them that I should have been able to have proved some things that would not have been very palatable to Dr. Bates, but which, so far, he has been able to conceal, and would have convinced them that he is not what he appears to be.

COL. SAWYER testified that Bartlett told him that, on one occasion, when the Trustees made their visit, in passing through the gallery, Dr. Bates called their attention to a very nice pudding that was on the patients table, and told them that was such fare as they gave their *boarders*, and then, instead of the poor patients having it to eat, it was removed to the officers' table for the trustees to eat themselves, thus not allowing the patients to have a taste of anything so nice, but at the same time most essentially deceiving and humbugging the trustees. There are but few that could surpass Dr. Bates in that art and science.

I wish to state one fact in proof of all the assertions and testimony before the committee, that no tales were to be told or secrets revealed out of that Institution, was proved by Dr. Bates himself, by his immediately discharging Mrs. Denning, one of the witnesses from the hospital, as soon as he found that he himself was not discharged, and some of the investigating committee said that if it could be proved that no secrets were allowed to be revealed by the hired help, that that one thing of itself, would be sufficient cause for the removal of the officers. She revealed the truth and had to leave, and the steward has said they never had a better woman in the service of the Institution than this same Mrs. Denning.

I have stated that they instilled into my mind the first winter I was at the Hospital, that it was a Roman Catholic Inquisition; but I now wish all to understand that it is a perfect inquisition to rob people of their property, their liberty, and their lives; that it is a human slaughter house, where physicians experiment upon their victims, and that humanity with some few exceptions is not known; and that those modern Inquisitors are members of Protestant churches; that they are public praying hypocrites, wolves in sheeps' clothing. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not accuse the churches of, which they are members, of aiding or abetting such iniquity, any further than some few individuals of those churches have done all in their power to crush the investigation, and conceal the truth. But in regard to its being a



Roman Catholic Inquisition, I will say that of all the accounts I have ever read of the Spanish, or any other Inquisition, they never surpassed the Maine State Inquisition, called the Insano Hospital, and conducted by professed Protestants, for deeds of darkness and cruelty, and yet these public officers of the State are the first to raise a hue and cry against the bloody Roman Catholics, as they term them. There are within those bloody walls many members of the Roman Catholic Church, and I trust that I am not quite so bigoted but what my sympathy for suffering humanity, would allow me to raise my voice in behalf of all who are abused, whether Catholic or Protestant, to aid them if in my power; and I will say that if the Roman Catholic Priest attached to the Kennebec Mission would visit their lonely Prison, I think he might be the means of mitigating their sufferings in some small measure, as I have good reason to believe that some of them have been barbarously abused, not because they are Catholics, but because they are deranged men and women, and humanity is not known at that citadel of oppression and despair:

"In my last report I alluded to the circumstance that non-residents and foreigners were better provided for by law than our own citizens.

I wish again to call your attention to the fact, that in a few years, under our present law, these classes will form a majority of our inmates.

They are never removed but by death, or when recovered; consequently, the number of incurables is constantly increasing.

The inquiry may be an important one, whether non-residents and foreigners found insane in our cities and towns, should not come under the same provisions for support as when they become chargeable from any other cause.

Or, what might be better still, perhaps, whether our own poor should not be placed on a footing as favorable as that enjoyed by the non-resident and the foreigner.

All such provisions are liable to be abused; but if the Legislature should authorize the admission of indigent insane persons, within sixty days of the attack, at one dollar per week, for such time as the trustees and superintendent shall think proper, or until recovered, an amount of benefit would be realized from this Institution hitherto unapproached. Such a provision would fill the house with recent cases, in the best condition to be benefitted by a residence in it."

Now, citizens, whether you are native or foreign, Catholic or Protestant, will you, after the above appeal of Dr. Bates, for the incarceration of your respective countrymen in his infernal pit of woe, and for the purpose of having a larger number to experiment upon with his terrible drugs, more fiendish and cruel than the assassin's stiletto, or the hangman's knot, I ask you, will you suffer such tyranny to reign in your boasted land of liberty? the home of the brave, the land of the free? or will you crush it at the ballot box and by legislative enactment? I think that if I have not related enough cases of abuse to satisfy the public of the enormities committed at that hospital, that they would not believe should one arise from the dead, and come forth clothed in the pure garments of the heavenly spirits, and proclaim them with the trumpet of Gabriel. If they doubt my word, call me crazy, insane, mad, or a fool, all I ask of them is, to appoint a committee of disinterested men; men who are not physicians, for the truth in relation to that institution cannot be laid before the public if it has to pass through the doctor's hands, as they all know the objects of the hospital, and will conceal all abuses which are committed by physicians. These things are true, and I wish the people so to understand it. One of the committee of investigation has said, that he did not see how Dr. Simonton could make such a report as he did, with such testimony as he had before him. I can tell him that it

was because he was a doctor, and was determined that the real facts should not be known to the public.

Many persons, who are ignorant in regard to insanity and insane people, imagine there must be something very peculiar in the qualifications of a physician, to be competent to have the care of such persons at an Insane Hospital, and having been under the care of four of them, I am ready to admit such to be the case, if those are a fair specimen of what all ought to be. For instance,—Drs. Ray and Smith are perfectly cruel monsters, and Dr. Bates is a tyrannical, over-bearing, inhuman political demagogue, who cares for none but himself; and Dr. Harlow has received his medical diploma, and any boy who has been one year in an apothecary store would answer every purpose that he is capable of filling as assistant physician, and any person that new him would never allow him to prescribe for them. However, he makes a very good automaton for Dr. Bates.

As to the attendants or the nurses, who have the immediate care of the patients, and upon whose attention greatly depends the restoration of the insane to their reason, almost any thing in human form will answer; if such as have generally been employed at the Maine Insane Hospital are competent, the most important qualification is to be able to throw or knock them down, and seize them by the throat; and choke them until they subdue them, or put them into the shower box or cold bath, and drench them with cold water, until they are so completely exhausted that they can make no more noise, when they are put to bed until they recover from such horrid attentions as they receive from those whom the public suppose to be wholly devoted to their service, in humane and charitable acts. Such is the real treatment they receive, and nothing is done, or permitted to be done, to relieve them of their horrid mental or physical sufferings. They are led to believe themselves prisoners—prisoners without hope or consolation.

They are ruled and governed by constant fear, for the whole government of the institution is that of an absolute reign of terror, a perfect dread of punishment or of torture, for the most striking delinquencies of a perfect obedience to their discipline. There is one point to which I wish to call the attention of the public in relation to insane persons, and that is, about their being conscious of what passes around them. If they have a brain fever, or are imbecile, they will not be likely to know what occurs in their presence, but nearly all other classes of insane persons will have a perfect recollection of every occurrence, and will relate scenes and conversation with as much precision, as they ever could; and be, in fact, as capable of testifying to whatever passes in their presence, as they were before they were insane, in every thing except what relates to their own particular delusions; and whenever a person who has been in any insane hospital complains of being abused, or makes any statements in relation to what they have seen or heard, if they were persons of truth and veracity before their insanity, they can invariably be relied upon for the correctness of their assertions after they return to the world. There is one more point to consider, which I wish the public to understand in relation to the course pursued by Reuel Williams, in trying to crush me as he did, and the investigation of all the other charges separate from my own case, which is, that if he had not been guilty of conniving at the abusive treatment which I received, he should and would have washed his own hands

from any participation in such barbarous iniquity as I trust will now cleave to him for ever.

There are some other trifling abuses perpetrated by Dr. Bates, besides those of the poor patients, viz. :—He has abused, insulted, and trampled upon the family of Dea. Turner, the Steward, and there was no communion or friendly salutation between the two families, any further than they ate at the same table without speaking to each other ; and after the investigation was over, and no charges whatever had been preferred against the steward by myself, or any other witness, then Mr. Turner finding Dr. Bates was retained, gave in his resignation to the Trustees, because he would not submit to have his family insulted and domineered over any more, and the trustees, rather than dispense with his services as steward, raised his salary from five to seven hundred dollars, and permitted him to remove his family to his own house.

I have been told, also, that the celebrated Dr. Ray used to insult and abuse Dea. Turner, and he was once heard to say to him, that he could not put any confidence in him ; but what it was about is more than I know, but probably because he would not sanction his abuse of the poor patients.

There was an old man brought to the hospital a few months before I left, who had spun out his three score years and ten, and had, some years previous, been there for six months ; and his case, I think, was not a solitary one of that description in the United States, according to his own version of it ; and I have since been told that it is the true one. He had, several years previously, given up all his property to his son, to the amount of some thousands, and for that consideration he was to support him during life, and assist his father to descend calmly and peacefully to his grave in his old age ; thus relieving him of the burden and cares of life for the rest of his declining days upon the earth. He soon found that he was no more than a dog in his former house, and he began to worry and pick the flesh from his hands, and chew paper continually ; and when he could not get that, he would chew his garments, walking from place to place. While he was at the hospital, it was his unceasing theme to tell of his former happiness and prosperity, and contrast it with his then miserable fate, shut up in that abode of darkness and woe. He would say to every one, “ I was an old fool, wasn't I, to leave my son's house, where they had everything nice and good to eat, and a good nice feather bed to sleep on, and come here where they live like swine, with nothing good to eat, and a matress bed ; O dear ! ” After a year or two his son took him out, and paid his board at one of his neighbors, and he worried so much that they did not want the trouble of him, and his son told him that he should send him to the hospital again, and there he would remain as long as he lived ; and it so affected the old man that he said he would never go there again—he would die first ; and he took a rope and hung himself to his bed-post, to escape the more horrible fate of dying in that mad-house, where he knew there were none to smoothe his rugged and thorny path to the grave ; where there were none to moisten his parched and dried mouth in his last struggles with the grim messenger of death, with even a drop of cold water. O, the horrors of death in that prison of woe and despair none can tell ! I now earnestly besecch all old men and women, who have property, never to give it to their heirs, except by will at their death, as in too many instances have people suffered severely in their old

and declining years for having done so ; and when the public see men and women of property sent to an Insane Hospital, they had better look and see if it is not for the purpose of getting possession of their purse-strings before their time ; and when that is the case, then the public authorities ought to interfere to prevent such inhumanity and robbery, and all should be protected from such abuse by the strongest legislative enactments. When old people relinquish their property fully into the hands of heirs or assigns, under the promise of support, such persons should be considered insane, and all such contracts null and void, and netther should any heir or relative be allowed to become the guardian of the superannuated, where there is any chance of their robbing them of their liberty or property ; for, in too many instances, in this degenerate age of the world, have people forgotten the golden rule, to " Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee." They forget that " the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and all the cattle upon a thousand hills." They do not consider, that if they live a few more years, they will be old like their parents, and in their turn be cast off by their children, as they have cast off theirs. They do not consider that they are accountable to God, and should return him thanks for all that they possess upon the earth.

I have before alluded to Mr. Samuël L. Hovey, over whom a perfect system of espionage was held, and a determined resolution of Dr. Bates to detain him for life, if in his power to do so, and for no purpose but because he was afraid that he would expose their iniquity if he should return to the world, as he had kept a journal of everything that transpired under his eye or ear. Mr. Hovey's friends wished to take him away in the spring of 1849, but Dr. Bates made such false representations to the authorities, by whom he was detained, that they, upon these representations, refused to release him upon such terms as he would consent to leave. About two weeks before the investigation commenced last summer, his friends again wished to remove him. He was no more of a sane mind than he had been for three years, but Dr. Bates knowing that he would be called before the committee if he remained, consented to let him go, thinking that he would be at such a distance that he could not be called, and thus would not be present to testify against him, which was really the case ; and I will only add that Mr. Hovey has conducted since like a perfectly sane and rational man, and like a gentleman, which he really is ; and by so doing has given Dr. Bates the lie in regard to his opinions of his sanity.

In order to show the perfect system of espionage upon the patients, I will here state that it is almost impossible for a patient to send a letter to their friends, except it is written to suit the fancy of the officers and passes through their hands. I have known many instances of their having been intercepted, and I will state what Dr. Bates told me about my trying to send mine by some outside friend, as he anticipated I might do, as he had refused to send them for me. He said that if I did not send them further than Augusta or Hallowell they would not reach their destination ; thus admitting that the postmasters in those places would know my handwriting, and were spies upon me. He also told me that if I were to make my escape, and should succeed in reaching Boston, I should be immediately arrested by the police and sent to the madhouse at South Boston, as a fugitive maniac from them, and then they should be notified

that they had one of their patients in custody, and I should be taken back to them again, and so all my efforts to obtain my liberty would avail me nothing. I replied to him that if I could reach Boston I should have no fear of being returned to him, and that if I were arrested by any police officer, I would demand protection of him, and I would deny my name and country, and talk Irish, until I should reach the Police Court, and then I would boldly declare myself to be a Yankoo, and would tell a tale where I should be heard by the humane and philanthropic citizens of my native State, which would make him tremble in his shoes, and wish that he had never abused me as he had done.

I think that the public can here see the cloven foot of Dr. Bates without the aid of an opera glass, as it appears to me to be very visible in all of its hideous deformity. It appears plainly enough to my mind that he was determined to keep me within his fangs, if it were possible for him to invent any schemes by which he could wind his chains about me in such a manner that I could not disengage myself from their coils. But I am free from his talons, free as air, to roam wher'er I please, with none of those bloodhounds to drag me back to their dens of oppressions and cruelty.

I will name one little incident that took place last summer, about visitors wishing to see the patients, and it is a fair sample of all. Mr Drake, a member of the Legislature, was requested by one of his constituents to call and see his wife, and let him know how she was. He called, and was refused the privilege of seeing her, as it was very injurious for crazy folks to see their friends, and he was not permitted to see her until the third time of calling, and then she was brought in from the Cottage; but she conversed as rationally as any person could who had been confined in that dismal abode among human devils, could be expected to converse. He reported her situation to her husband, and for so doing Dr. Harlow insulted him, and called him a liar; but Mr. Drake was not a man to take an insult from such a puppy, and made him eat his own words upon the spot, and that is a fair specimen of the manner in which they treat those who call to see their friends.

Many people who have been to visit their relatives who are patients, and have rode from one to three days, and arrive in the evening and expect to be able to stay for the night, are told in a very lordly manner that they don't keep tavern, and have no accommodations for strangers; and they are obliged to go to some of the neighbors, as there is no public house within a mile or more. But when any of the friends of Dr. Bates call upon him there is always a plenty of room, and the very best of *fodder* for man and beast; if they are as numerous as the frogs of Egypt, there is no lack of accommodations.

## CHAPTER IX.

Gov. JOHN HUBBARD, of Maine, in his message to the Legislature last May, thus piles up the sublime and beautiful: —

“It is our distinguished prerogative, under divine Providence, to shape our own destinies as individuals and as states. Here, for the first time in the history of the civilized world, is every man allowed to enjoy his natural rights.

Our social progress is not obstructed by laws or usages, which, originating in cunning or cupidity, have entwined themselves with the very frame-work of society, and have entangled the masses in the meshes of a system of servitude more oppressive

than any positive institution of slavery. I say, more oppressive than positive institutions of slavery; I will add, more degrading, because, when it exists, as in the Old World, it is between men of the same race, and blood, and color."

It should not, however, be that morality which adapts itself to circumstances, nor that which deals only in abstractions; but it should be a morality broad as the relations of man to man, deep as are the foundations of human society, and comprehensive as are all our connections with the intellectual and physical world.

We cannot too vigilantly watch the working of our constitution, nor too closely scrutinize the practical operation of our laws."

Here I have an *editorial* extract from the *Augusta Age*, about the time Dr. Hubbard was nominated.

"Wherever the name of John Hubbard is known, his name is the synonym of manhood, one of statemanship. Wherever known, he is loved, honored, revered; he is *loved* for his many amiable, social qualities — *honored*, for his high-souled integrity, his manly frankness and straight-forwardness of purpose — *revered*, for his unwavering devotion to principle, his high-toned American feeling."

Now I wish to say a few words, which will let all this vapor out of the sails of Gov. Hubbard, his beautiful and poetical theories, and reveal him in his true colors. With Gov. Hubbard's private character I have nothing to do or say. I shall only revert to him as an official, a servant of the sovereign people. Up to 1847, the hospital laws were insufficient to hold or detain any patient against their friends' wishes; a discrepancy that caused Dr. John Hubbard, then a trustee, and Dr. Bates, some uneasiness, as they found I was at large against their wishes; and they must have laws, by which, for the future, they might detain me, or any other person, for life, if they once got them into their clutches. Well, they set themselves to work, to invent a code of laws, which were drawn up by Dr. Hubbard, and they were so barbarous and oppressive, that they would have been a disgrace to a statute book of Algerine pirates. The Legislature of 1849, finding that no person could be taken away without the consent of the officers, rescinded them so far, that they could not detain them after six months, without the consent of their friends or public authorities.

This code of laws made it the imperative duty of all to send their insane friends to the Insane Hospital, whether they wished to or not. They must be sent there, however well they might be provided for at home, and there they must remain during the pleasure of the officers; all that was necessary to obtain the incarceration of any person, was to get some person to enter a complaint of insanity before two Justices of the Peace and Quorum, and one or two witnesses to testify that they were insane, and then adieu to their liberty — no matter how harmless, or innocent, or inoffensive they might be. Any man or woman might be taken from their business or home, and incarcerated for life if they had enemies who would take such measures to arrest and detain them! From the decision of those officers there was no appeal.

If the people of the State wish to have such a man as Dr. John Hubbard for the Commander-in-Chief, a man who will forego such manuals, or laws as those, when they know that he has done it; why, then of course they will re-elect him to that post of power, and bow down and worship as great a *tyrant* as has ever disgraced the name of a man or a Christian! Yes, any person who would vote for such a man, for any office, would vote to establish the Spanish Inquisition in our midst, when they know that he has drawn up such a code of laws, and would raise old Torquameda, the Spanish Inquisitor, from the dead, if it were in

their power to do so, and proclaim him the grand Inquisitor of that humane and philanthropic institution, were it not that he is far surpassed by these modern inquisitors in arts of cruelty. Since the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, many good and honest people at a distance from the seat of government, and out of the State, suppose Gov. Hubbard to be almost a God, because he signed the Liquor Law Bill, for which he is entitled to no more credit than for signing any other bill of the simplest character; for it is well known by those who know him, that he was deadly opposed to it, and that he has been a notorious brandy-sucker, and those who know him best doubt his temperance principles, being what he represented it to be at the State Convention, where he presided with so much dignity, in order to humbug the temperance community for political popularity.

*Constitution of Maine; Declaration of Rights.*—ARTICLE 1, SEC. 1. All men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and inalienable rights, among which, are those enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and of pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness.

SEC. 19. Every person, for an injury done him in his person, reputation, property, or immunities, shall have remedy by due course of law, and right and justice shall be administered freely, and without denial, promptly, and without delay.

I should like to ask the citizens, after they have read the above, by what authority they incarcerate one single human being within the walls of that Insane Hospital? It is a plain violation of the Constitution which we live under; for there has never been, to my knowledge, one single human being sent there, who has had a trial by a jury of his peers, except such as have first been sent to the State Penitentiary for crime, and I say, that no person has any moral or legal right to send their friends there under any circumstances whatever. If they commit crime, or are dangerous to be at large, send them to prison. The hospital is not called a prison—it is a medical institution—and what right has any person, or any court, to place me, or any one else, under the medical treatment of a man who may be my deadly enemy, and who may experiment upon me, and shut me out from my friends, and the world, for my life, and murder me with perfect impunity, if he choose to do so. Yes, citizens, look to your hospitals and your laws, and say if you will be despoiled of your liberties, and your lives, without ever having committed any crime, by such inhuman monsters. I leave the subject for your consideration, asking you, if you can have any faith or confidence in the democracy of such men, as will concoct, and draw up such laws as will imprison you for life, at the absolute will of one man. Yes, the Maine Insane Hospital is an absolute Monarchy, with a tyrant at its head, as I stated to the investigating committee.

So well satisfied was the Hon. Shepherd Cary of the abuses of the institution, for he was in several times listening to the testimony, that upon the last night of the session, when there came in an order for an appropriation to purchase a few acres of land for the institution, that he spoke in very strong terms of condemnation of the whole management of affairs at the hospital, and I am told that he even went so far as to say, that the officers lived in a style superior to the President of the United States, and doubtless, owing to his remarks, the order was defeated, and I am fully persuaded, that all who know Mr. Cary, will admit, that when he will openly oppose a democratic office-holder, he thinks there is something rotten at the heart.

## TREATMENT OF INSANE PERSONS.

Many people, who are not familiar with the subject of insanity and insane persons, imagine that they are all wild, furious, and uncontrollable, and hence, none but giants can safely have the care of them; but those impressions are very erroneous in a large proportion of cases; and I will make a few more remarks in regard to their necessary treatment, which may be of great service, in many cases. First of all, when any person is taken insane, from whatever cause, their friends should never show any signs of being afraid of them, and they should, in all cases, adopt a tone of command and authority over them; and when once you get the mastery or command, then always manage to retain it, but do it with kindness, and never with abuse or even apparent malice; and should they be wild and furious, or dangerous, then confine them with as much ease as possible, and be careful to let them know that they must submit to your authority; but never obtain any submission from any promises which you never intend to fulfil; for in no case should deception be resorted to, in order to bring them into subjection.

Should their minds become filled with delusions, or wild fancies, upon any subject, in some cases, no notice should be taken of them; at other times, it may be best to humor them in their false notions; and at others, they should be treated with sarcastic ridicule, or contempt; and the proper mode to ascertain which will be the most effectual, can only be ascertained by experiment; but in all cases treat them in a friendly manner, and use no force, when persuasion will accomplish the object; let kindness be the universal motto.

If all cities and towns were furnished with the proper apparatus for confining those who must be confined, so that when persons are first attacked with insanity, their friends could have the proper means of confining them at their own houses for a short time, they would, undoubtedly, in nine cases in every ten, be able to keep them at home, until they would be entirely restored to reason, and they would be restored in half of the time that they would if they once became inmates of that prison, of which they have a perfect dread.

The wristers and muffs are made of leather, and are sufficient to confine the hands, so that no injury can be done to themselves or others. The strong chair is made of stout hard wood, and is made to confine the arms and feet, and they can do no injury to themselves or others, and are confined to any location, so that they can be found where they are left.

There is the French invented Maniac Bedstead, to confine them at night, and is intended for suicidal or violent patients, and is made about two and half feet wide, and long enough for the tallest man. It is a box made of plank, and cover which is a sort of rack, a little oval, with six strips running lengthwise and hooped across with six hoops of iron, at equal distance apart and fits upon the top, or the top of the box is sawed off all around four or five inches deep to make the cover, and is fastened on by four hooks and staples near each corner, and when a person is put into it, they will be likely to be found in the morning if it is made strong enough! Any carpenter can make one of them, or the strong chair. Any person in Maine could obtain the wristers and muffs of Mr. Chandler Tuttle, of Augusta, for about five dollars. If cities and towns would furnish the above articles for their alms houses, where



they have them, and keep them to lend to their citizens, in many instances they would save the trouble and expense of sending their insane to the Hospital, and frequently would save hundreds of dollars, and much anxiety of their friends.

There are many of the cities and towns in Maine who have paid enough in expenses to support their insane in the hospital, to have built a large and commodious hospital at their almshouses where their insane would receive good care, and where friends at all times have access to them and see that they were humanly treated.

It is supposed to be the duty of the trustees, in addition to their duty in relation to the financial affairs, to see that the patients are not abused or unjustly detained, but in relation to the abuses or unjust detention, so far as complaints have been made, it is my opinion that they were never known to interfere against the officers in favor of the patients unless they were compelled to do so by some person from the outside; and knowing that to be the fact, I will make the suggestion for the consideration of the public which is, that there ought to be for all hospitals or prisons, whether public or private, a committee of visitors, to be drawn from the Jury box, of about five persons, and to be drawn from as many different towns, none of which should be in the town where the hospital is located, whose duty it should be to visit the hospital for the express purpose of looking after and investigating any charges, of every name and nature, of abuses or wrong detention or imprisonment, and for them to make a record of their doings, which should be subject to the inspection of their successors in office, and for none to serve in that capacity for a longer term than three or six months.

In 1849 a difficulty arose in the prosecution of a liquor seller—a Justice came from a neighboring town to try the case, because the local magistrates of Augusta would not paddle in such dirty paddles. The Justice was openly assaulted and cowhided and this drew out the sense of the people. A meeting was held at the Court House to express their indignation of the affair. Dr. Bates was chosen chairman of the committee on resolutions, and gave a grand flourish to show his patriotism. I will copy two of them.

“Resolved—that the true object of Government is to promote the welfare of the citizen, and to secure to him the peaceful and uninterrupted enjoyment of those means of happiness to which he is naturally and legitimately entitled, and that its power and stability depend upon the sober and inflexible determination of the people to maintain the supremacy and dignity of popular enactment.

Resolved—That the security of person and of property, and the unmolested discharge of individual and social duties, rest upon the protection which the law affords to the people, and upon the certainty of its rigid and impartial administration; and that is the duty of every citizen to uphold those who are charged with its enforcement, and to frown upon and firmly resist every attempt to pervert the ends of justice, whether made by a secret, cowardly and deceitful convince at deeds of lawlessness, or by more open exhibitions of degrading ruffianism.”

Citizens! what think you of resolves like the above emanating from a man who has been guilty of all the horrid atrocities of which I accuse him; yes the man who stated in the convention of Mad-house (Inquisitors) Doctors at Boston in 1850, that he was opposed to coercive mea-

sure as a remedy of the insane, and in favor of moral means for their recovery. Can you believe for a moment that there is a particle of sincerity in those resolutions—they are a perfect humbug! and drawn up to lead the minds of the people from looking at his own black horrid deeds of darkness—and beat the very hypocrites of old, who refused to eat with publicans and sinners!

## CHAPTER X.

I am about to close for the present. In doing so I cannot forego making a few observations, illustrative of the damning effects, morally and physically speaking, my incarceration has had upon me as I stand related to the community in which I move. Now, for instance, suppose I was to go to a public house, drink, get intoxicated—a very common occurrence in the community—and what is quite as common, knock somebody down or destroy something, or go into a warm discussion of politics or religion. What would the community say of me? Crazy, of course; look out, he's mad! and under such circumstances, I have every reason to believe that I would be seized, carried off, and again be incarcerated in that atrocious inquisition, more terrible to me than death at the stake or on the gibbet. Hence, I and all similarly situated, must be watchful, cautious and prudent, and evade all such dangerous grounds upon which my more fortunate fellow beings may roam and frolic on, with perfect impunity.

There are a few causes of insanity which ought to be better understood by the community in order for them to know what treatment to give their insane friends; for instance, where it is produced by religious excitement, it would be wrong treatment for their friends to exhort them upon that topic, or even to pray with them, for it is like putting dry fuel to a blazing fire; and in no case should it be permitted. If people could see, as I have seen, the wreck of human reason, produced entirely by the terrible whirlwind of Millerism which swept over our land a few years since, they would be careful never to allow themselves to go into an exciting mis-called religious meeting. I have been confined with an insane Millerite, who was quite an intelligent man, and had taught a country school for fourteen winters, and the mental sufferings of that man were past all description. He would groan and sigh in such a manner that it would pierce your very soul with anguish to hear him. He imagined that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and had lived a whole life of sin; that all of his acts had been sin of the deepest scarlet, and that hell was his inevitable doom forever.

Another Millerite was in a very different state of mind from the above, and was perfectly happy. He imagined that he was God, and that there were none above him. "Why," said he, "I am God, for I can jump through the side of the house and not make a hole in it, and none but God can do that;" and in order to convince his friends that he really was what he said he was, he took a leap through the window, and, of course broke it all out. But even that did not convince him of his error, for he still persisted that he was God, for he could take up fire in his hands and not be burned; and none but God could do that; and to convince his friends of the reality of his assertions, he took up a handful of coals of fire; and then his friends were convinced that

he was not what he professed to be, and he was brought to the hospital with a sore hand. Preaching or praying to that man would only injure him.

Were it proper that I should do so, in this little work, I would allude to the causes of insanity in young people of both sexes, by their own vile habits, but there are little medical works devoted exclusively to the subject, which should be in the hands of all parents, that they may know what council to give to their children when they arrive at a proper age to receive such instruction. But I would here advise people never to send them to an Insane Hospital for medical treatment, as imprisonment, generally adds ten-fold to the disease which is consuming them. I once asked one of the old attendants to tell me candidly what proportion of all patients sent to the hospital were thus benefited. He thought one in ten was all, and no more that derived any real benefit from being there.

There were many hundreds of the citizens of Maine, who sent in their names to the Legislature of 1852, asking them to give a thorough and impartial investigation into the past management of the Insane Hospital. When the first petition was presented by Mr. Hancock of Bangor, the war whoop of the small political demagogues of the State, was sounded in full blast. The cry was instantly raised that a thorough and impartial investigation was had in 1850, and with it the people were satisfied; and that those petitions had all been sent in through the instrumentality of that crazy Hunt of Augusta, who had been travelling all over the State, peddling his book, in which he related the stories of his sufferings, and had actually induced many honest people to believe his statements to be true, when the facts were that he was a notorious monomaniac, and of course no notice should be taken of his statements, or of any petitions that might be sent in, however respectable or numerous the petitioners might be, and the dirtiest political scavenger of the whole *herd*, and one who always wallows in the most nasty cess pools that he can find, jumped up, and moved that the petition be not received.

At a subsequent day, Mr. Hancock called up the petition, according to his notice, and another hot discussion arose, in which an investigation was advocated by Messrs. Hancock and Sanborn of Bangor, Smith of Calais, opposed by Chapman of Biddeford, Burrell of Limerick, and the *dirty* scavenger, and some few others.

Mr. Chapman said that the whole petitions had been sent in, because that crazy Hunt had been about with his book, and had incited them to do it; that his book was a bad one; the worst one that was ever circulated in the State—that he was a notorious mono maniac, and was doing more mischief with his book than all the rest of the people in the State.

The Rev. Dr. Burrell, M. D., said about all the hard things that he could invent about me and my book; and as is perfectly natural to him, he descended to mean epithets, as I was informed. In his remarks as printed in the *Age*, there are sixteen false statements, and all falsehoods are *lies*, whether they emanate from a Clergyman, Doctor of Physic, or a *dirty political demagogue*. Mr. Sanborn then replied to them, and said, that if I were what they represented me to be—a mono maniac—instead of their ridicule and epithets, I ought to excite their commiser-

tation, her sympathy—he said it was notorious that abuses existed at the hospital, and cited the case of a man who, a few years ago, was tied out of doors, in the hot sun, with his hands confined, and kept there until his mouth was fly-blown. But the investigation was all crushed, notwithstanding the most of the preceding affidavits, and a letter from Mrs. Dyer of Calais, which of itself, is enough to have demanded investigation, and have turned Dr. Harlow instantly out, were in the hands of Mr. Hancock, and for the perusal of the members, had they have wished them.

I now consider that the Legislature of Maine has, by its refusal to investigate and reform that hospital, by enacting laws for the protection of its victim, have legalized all of those murders, and horrid atrocities of every description; and have in fact established an inquisitorial government for the murder, robbery, and cruel imprisonment, and torture of its citizens—a government which, in its very acts, are a perfect absolute despotism, from which there is no appeal—a government which is in direct violation of the constitution of the United States, which declares that all of its citizens shall be protected in their persons, property, and the pursuit of happiness, and shall not be deprived of their liberty, except for crime, and then by trial, by a jury of their peers.

Yes, the present government of the State of Maine is called Democratic, the so called Democratic party is the dominant party in the State, and consequently the whole responsibility of these horrid atrocities now rests upon the Democratic party, as a party who have thus legalized these cruelties; but I wish all to understand that it is only the leaders of the Democratic party who are accountable for these things; the common people are ignorant and innocent of them, and I now call upon them all, of whatever political party they may be attached, to lay aside all party questions, of every description, and revolutionize the whole State government, and at the ballot box drive the present reigning *despots* into oblivion, and elect men who will establish a Republican government, which will protect its citizens in their civil rights—a government which shall be strong enough to protect the most humble citizen in the enjoyment of his liberty, and his property. Yes, citizens, I appeal to you to do this for your own safety, for you all are liable to fall into the hands of those unholy inquisitors—those horrid dungeons from which, if you once enter them, you are ever after an outcast from the world.

In my travels with my book, I met four members of the investigating committee. Mr. Pickard, the chairman, told me that Dr. Simonton (*Dr. Simpleton*, as he was called by the members of the Legislature, because his greatest speech was made in opposition to his own party politics, and he did not know it until told of it afterwards) begged the privilege of drawing up that famous (or infamous) report which Mr. Pickard admitted to be a humbug—another one told me that the report was not what it ought to be, as the committee were satisfied, that many abuses existed there; that the committee were influenced by the citizens of Augusta against me personally, by their representing me to be then insane, and also they told the committee, that it would not do for them to report the facts as they found them; for if they were sent out to the people, and they knew that such abuses existed, it would ruin the hospital forever. Another of them, told his neighbors in my presence, in a

store, that I was the person who petitioned for that hospital investigation, and that the committee were satisfied that the citizens of Augusta, in some manner, brought out Lot M. Morrill, Esq., that I had engaged to attend to my case before the committee, that it was very evident to them that he basely betrayed me, so that I was left alone, at the very moment which I needed him most. He purchased one of my books, and recommended to others to do the same, and told them he had not read it, but would vouch for the truth of the statements, whatever they might be. One other of them said about the same as the last, to his neighbors.

Now I wish all people everywhere to understand that all the wealthy and influential citizens of Augusta know the fiendish abuse which I was subjected to in that hospital, and they took those measures to crush me in 1850, and also the same influences were brought against me in 1852. Yes, they have plotted, aided, abetted, and counselled my ruin and destruction in that madhouse, and now cover up their iniquity, and crush me, by calling me a monomaniac.

Before, and since I published my first edition, I have heard of many cases of abuse at the McLean Asylum, of Somerville, Mass., and as that is the oldest and most noted of all mad-houses in the United States, and the one from which all others take their patterns, or receive their lessons, I shall quote a few cases which have come to my knowledge, and as I state nothing but facts, I wish to call the attention of the humane and philanthropic citizens of Massachusetts, and of our whole country, to this institution, and its past and present officers; — an institution which has been built and sustained by the donations of the wealthy and most respected citizens of Boston — by gentlemen who have given their money by scores of thousands, and undoubtedly, with the purest motives of humanity and benevolence, which none can doubt; but I wish to ask them, and the public to say, after the statements which I make, whether that money has not been prostituted to the vilest of purposes?

There is now, and for many years has been, a Miss Binney, of Boston, incarcerated in that Bastile, who was never insane, but was put there by her relatives to keep her from being married, and to rob her of her property.

A gentleman, of Boston, told me, that a relative of his was placed there two or three years since, and the officers refused his wife and family the privilege of seeing him, and also persuaded them, that he could not be safely removed, and that if they should remove him, they would not receive him again; and in a short time he died, and his friends consider his case to be tantamount to murder.

Also a lady was placed there by her friends for kind treatment. She soon found she was a prisoner, and a prisoner without hope, and to make her escape she could not. She finally wrote a letter to her friends, stating her horrid situation, and requesting them to come and take her away as soon as they received it. She then enclosed it in another, in which she requested, that whoever should receive it, that they should put it in to the post-office for a person who could not put it there herself, and directed the package to the finder, and when she rode out she dropped it in the street. She waited some days, expecting her friends, but saw them not, and in her despair she committed suicide, to escape from her horrid prison, a few hours after which, her friends, to whom she had sent the letter, arrived to remove her home, and found her a corpse!

Another case, quite familiar to the public, was that of Mr. Oakes, of Cambridge, Mass., who was buried alive in the McLean Asylum, by his heirs, to rob him of his property. He remained a prisoner there for four years, but finally obtained his liberty and property, by appealing to the Supreme Court.

The kidnapping of Mr. Robert Fuller, of Cambridge, Mass., and his incarceration in the McLean Asylum in 1832, under the celebrated Dr. Walker, where he was inhumanly imprisoned for fifty-seven days, and charged for three months' board, at fifteen dollars per week, is a case which ought to arouse every American citizen from his calm and quiet repose, upon what he supposes is his safe and sure pillow of liberty, where there are none to molest or make him afraid! I would gladly quote from Mr. Fullers' book, which is a perfect daguerreotype of multitudes of cases, but my limits will not permit; but I ask all editors of papers, who may be friendly to republican liberty, to spread his statements before the people.

I wish, also, to call the attention of the whole people of the United States to the following statements of Miss Elizabeth T. Stone, of Westford, Mass., who was kidnapped into the McLean Asylum by her brothers, then under the charge of Dr. Bell, where she was kept a prisoner for sixteen months and twenty days, and was subjected to the most barbarous and inhuman cruelty, of which the history of the Spanish Inquisition has never revealed its equal in its black and cruel iniquity! Her statements are enough to curdle the blood in the veins of every free-born son and daughter in this boasted land of liberty! Miss Stone says:—

"In publishing a sketch of my life and persecutions, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Life of Elizabeth T. Stone,' my whole object was to expose the effect of the medicine which the doctors gave me, and their design, and the design of my brothers in placing me there, which any reasonable mind can discern. It was a spirit of the rankest persecution that ever was raised against an immortal being, because I differed from them in my religious sentiments.

"Many, in reading my book, think if I had spoken more of the unkind treatment that I received, the horrors of that gloomy place, an unlawful imprisonment, and being forced into society in a weak state, that I was unaccustomed to, would have affected the hearts and minds of the public more favorably towards me, because they do not understand about the effect of the medicine. But that is the very point that I wish the public to be enlightened upon.

"God can do nothing for us only by his laws and his Spirit; and if man has found out how to affect the body by medicine, that part where the faculties are located, and destroy the functions of the physical system, the mental will suffer with us. Because I boldly professed faith and practice in the Christian Religion, I was imprisoned sixteen months and twenty days, and medicine was given me to destroy all religious feelings. It has accomplished a complete destruction upon me; it has killed or paralyzed my nervous system. The medicine affected my brain, the back part of my head, hardened or ossified it, destroying the functions of those faculties that are located in that part of the brain. Therefore I cannot love God or my fellow beings. It has destroyed the influence of the Holy Spirit in me, by which I profess to be led. The extreme agony and torture that I was in is beyond the power of language to describe. For six months I was drawn almost double by the cords and sinews being effected by the medicine, benumbing all my feelings, both mental and physical, causing my body to be stiff and hard; and it is with difficulty that I can move, being in extreme distress, having neither carnal or spiritual desires; having breath in my body, but out from under the government of God's laws, that govern the human family, that makes them happy for time and eternity, as it is this side of the grave that a person must love God in order to be happy forever. This secret persecution has been going on for years in these places of imprisonment, and physicians that practice this cruelty, *walk on law-legs*; they make a sacrifice of human life and happiness for time and eternity. \* \* \* \* \*

I was born in Westford, Mass., in the year 1811; my father's name is Samuel Stone, a mechanic, and is now living with my mother. My parents being poor, I resorted to the factory to work, in Lowell, at the age of fifteen, to seek happiness by maintaining myself, as I was wretched and unhappy at home, being disowned by my father as being his lawful child, and being ill treated by my brothers and one of my two sisters. But my oldest sister, Mary, treated me very kindly, and I loved her with all the fondness of a sister's love; and she acted the part of a mother to me, more than my mother did; for her affectionous were alienated from me. As I had the means to provide for my own wants and some to spare, I became restless, felt the need of learning, and soon placed myself at a high school. While I was reaching forth for happiness by cultivating and expanding my immortal mind in intellectual knowledge, I found true happiness by being brought to love God and a knowledge of Christ Jesus, by the kind teaching and prayers of my instructors at New Hampton, which are enshrined in the hearts of many whose names are written in the Lamb's book of Life, through their instrumentality. This was in the year 1834. It was then I resolved to spend all for Christ. I felt that God called me to go to the poor heathen in a foreign land; but as soon as I began to advance my ideas to my parents, I was called fanatical and crazy—a fool for spending my time and money to accomplish such a thing with my own efforts. I resolved upon the accomplishment of my object; I bade farewell to the world and its alluring, transitory enjoyments, which caused my family to be often enraged at me, and for declaring that God had made known to me the lost condition of the whole human family unless they are washed in the Blood of Christ. But all my troubles I buried in my own heart, knowing that the world had no balm to heal a wounded spirit; but in Christ I found a balm and a friend to comfort me in every trial; and I would often say to them that they might say and do what they pleased to me, I was happy amidst all, and nothing would cause me to deny a change of heart. This would often rouse them so, that I feared to be with them only when I felt it impressed upon me that it was my duty to go and warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

My brothers became rich and endeavoring to be popular, they have taken a decided stand against the holy religion of Jesus Christ; they were determined to put a stop to my manner of living, at the expense of my life and happiness, and the awful crime has been committed upon me in a most secret and barbarous manner; and they tremble at the stir of every leaf, lest their murderous crime be brought to light and a stop be put to their fiendish acts by executing the criminal law upon the criminals. \* \* \* \* \*

I thought myself safe in a boarding house, where I regularly paid my board, and obeyed all the rules of the house. But alas! not so. The accusation brought against me was this: Miss Eliza Lufkin said I prayed in my room in her house, and she would not allow it. My sister Nancy was sent for in order to put a stop to it, and because she could not accomplish it by words and blows upon me she sent for my brothers Eben and Stephen, from Boston unbeknown to me or any of my christian friends. A line was obtained from Dr. Wheelock Graves, who was an entire stranger to me, and knew nothing about me, as I never was and never wished to be under his care as a patient.

There is no apology that can be offered in behalf of such an inhuman act of giving a line to imprison a poor friendless christain female on charge of insanity from her passionate infidel brothers that had sought her ruin in various ways, because she differed with them in their religious sentiments, and a wicked sister that I feared to board with, as she never regarded any ones happiness.

I left the mill on Saturday and as usual sent word to my overseer for liberty to stay out a day or two. On the next Tuesday afternoon my brother Stephen came to my boarding house and wished me to go down to spend thanksgiving with him, and extended the invitation to brother James and sister Nancy before me. We all accepted, and I dressed myself, expecting to return in a week or so to my work, not thinking it was deception practiced upon me in order to imprison me in a stone dungeon without lawful steps. \* \* \* \* \*

But I sound the alarm not so much for my own good as for others. What has been done can not be undone. The injuries I have received cannot be atoned for. No matter what acknowledgements may be made—no matter what offerings of sympathy may be tendered—what acts of kindness are performed, all cannot blot from my memory the sufferings I endured, or sink into oblivion the injustice and cruelty practiced upon me, or restore to me my happiness, while my body and mind are suffering under the ruins of the inquisition. \* \* \* \* \*

What I shall state about the Hospital, is from my own personal knowledge of things, and I have a distinct recollection of every thing that took place concerning me, and am suffering in consequence of it. I do not wish to injure any one; but I do desire the happiness of my fellow beings so much that I do not wish to see them so cruelly and unlawfully dealt with; and I should be regarded as a monster did I not do all in my power to inform an innocent community of the *maelstrom* that is in the midst of them, and nothing to save them from being drawn within its overwhelming power—when I know from experience the awfulness of the place. For in order to know the evil of any place we must first be in it. It is not reasonable to suppose that they would let visitors be eye-witnesses to any scenes of cruelty that they were committing upon a person; and to avoid being exposed they have a law that no inmate shall see any one after they are put in there, for three or six months, and sometimes a year or more. Secrecy always implies guilt; the more corrupt inside, the fairer the outside in order to deceive. \* \* \* \* \*

What is the manner of carrying an individual there? Why deception of the grossest kind, generally; or get an officer and then take them off without judge or jury and cast them into prison. It is a most successful way of getting revenge upon an innocent harmless person, and this is not a rare occurrence. \* \* \* \*

Such barbarous treatment as this strangers know nothing about; everything is different from what they ever experienced before: they are overwhelmed with grief, forsaken by every friend, among perfect strangers, surrounded by such infamous characters, they set themselves down to weep and often cry aloud unto God for mercy and deliverance. On an exhibition of feeling like this they are taken by Miss Barber, the supervisor, and one attendant, who strips them of all their clothes, no regard paid to delicacy of feeling, and showered with cold water from ten to fifteen buckets, and often mocked in the most obscene manner on taking them out of the box. This I have experienced myself, and witnessed it done to others, many I might mention. A Mrs. Roby, who often asked them to remember that they have a mother of three little children whom they were abusing. To be sure she is not perfectly sane, but is it right to abuse a dumb beast after this manner? There was an old lady, a Mrs. Langmaid, from Boston, nearly seventy years of age, on whom this punishment was often inflicted, and then carried to a stone dungeon for speaking about the distress she was suffering. A Miss Braiton and a host of others. I might mention many cruelties to which the helpless victims are subject, and no one can form any idea of; no regard is paid to what the poor prisoners say; and if they make any resistance, or do not wish to take the nauseous medicines, they are taken and strapped into a large chair, the ankles to each post, and the hands to each arm of the chair, and a strap round their waist, and thus the poisonous drug is forced into their stomachs. And it is the same with food. If the patient is nauseated and cannot take what is brought them, they are dealt with in the same manner.

If any of the friends of these afflicted persons could but behold their sufferings it would draw tears of blood. Cruel medical experiments are practised there, and these cold-hearted, blood-thirsty villians are screened from the penalty of the law and from public censure. But everything is done in the most secret manner; much corruption is practised there by the physicians, and the helpless inmates are the poor sufferers. If they call for help no one will heed their call, for every one takes it for granted that they are crazy because they are in an insane asylum.

I shall speak plainly of these things, which I avoided in the first book thinking it would not do to tell of it. \* \* \* \*

If you are a young lady of delicate, chaste feelings, I warn you to beware, for there is a dreadful storm ahead. The cry of insanity, and these insane hospitals are not for nothing, and it is against public opinion to speak against them. \* \* \*

But, kind reader, if perchance you are a young lady, I wish to tell you more about hospital doings for your good. I will refer to my own sufferings there. I was sitting in the gallery about eight months after I was put there—they had accomplished the destruction upon me, as I have before given a description, of all power of sensation of any kind. Miss Bartour came in, took me by the arm, and led me into a room and asked me if I did not wish to lie down, which privilege I was generally denied. I told her yes, thinking it was an act of kindness. She wished me to undress, which I accordingly did; she then desired to put some bed-straps on me, which confine a person down entirely helpless to the bed—hands, body and legs, made fast and immovable; she said she would blindfold me, for perhaps I should not like the looks of myself lying there. What all this was done for I could not imagine. I wept bitterly, and plead with her to tell me; but she would give me no answer. I did not at-



tempt to resist, for I knew it would be of no use, and I had but little strength, (as I have but little now ;) she left me alone and locked the door. I remained alone nearly half an hour, and then the door was unlocked—but who came in I cannot say, for I was not permitted to see. I heard no sound of voices, neither could I get a word from them, let me say what I would ; but my body was stripped and examined in the most obscene manner. I will leave it with the reader to reason upon, as it would not be proper to portray what they intended to do ; for this is liable to fall into all hands, children's, &c. Men were in the room ; but under no circumstances could it be called a medical operation, without it was done to ascertain how far they had destroyed me. But it is too horrid to speak of ; and I tell of it that the deeds of darkness may be brought to light.

I can speak of what I was an eye witness, and experienced. Dr. Fox the assistant physician, the public ought to know something of—of his conduct among the females in such an institution. Many females are placed there by their parents for safety, but they might as well be out in the public as shut up there, and far better. A case I might mention—Eliza Ostenelia. She was not insane, nor never had been. I have seen liberties taken with her by Dr. Fox which are a reproach to any decent man. What I experienced myself, I suppose was done more for medical experiment than for the gratification of men's passions. It is blacker than the blackest crime of the rude barbarians, or any beastly abuse.

Again, in the second place, the nature of the diet provided for the patients. It is generally coarse and plain, and a sameness, without any niceties whatever ; and such an immense quantity cooked together, it all looks more like food prepared for swine, than human beings, and it all tastes in that manner. It is enough to make a person sick to sit at the table. If any one asks for any thing different from what is on the table, if it is nothing more than a bowl of gruel, he expects nothing but a scolding, and to be taken and shut up in his room. I have seen this frequently done, and to old ladies who should have been respected, for many of them were not put there by their friends to be treated ill. I might mention many that I have seen treated thus, one of whom I shall mention.

It would have been better to have killed her outright, than for her children to put her in there, and cause her, in her old age, to submit to such arbitrary laws. She was much of a lady—unaccustomed to such treatment. It was a Mrs. Downing ; her children placed her there, so as to have control of her property, she said ; and I have no doubt of it—for I have seen her brother and conversed with him about it. I have been at the table with her, and seen Frances Nickerson, a young ignorant, country girl, scold the old lady because she did not wish to drink the slops that remained in her cup and saucer. The old lady must be taken from the table and locked up for punishment. They are vexed and irritated in this manner until their feelings are entirely lost to all good manners ; for it would require the nature of an angel to bear up under it.

Thirdly,—the attendants are any thing but what they should be—ignorant, vulgar, hard hearted ; which answers completely their purpose. They are tools in the hands of the officers of the Institution, to do just what they direct, without any regard to right or wrong, or fear of the Almighty. A great proportion of them are Irish ; some come there to be nurses immediately after landing in America. Elizabeth McDowell was in America just two days before she came there to be a nurse ; but she was rather the best attendant of the number—for she was not hardened in cruelty as the rest of them were. This is the kind of society all in that institution are compelled to mingle with. In general they are arbitrary, pay no regard to any one's happiness ; and they are upheld in any ill-treatment they inflict upon the poor, helpless patients. On account of the arbitrary laws of the place, it is difficult to get any one of common respectability to stay any length of time. The corrupt obscenity of the place is enough to disgust any female of common delicacy. They are as morose and savage as an Arab. All the officers practice deception of the grossest kind ; and this sort of treatment is considered the best for every one that is so unfortunate as to get within its demoralizing atmosphere.

Fourthly—the religious influence of the Institution ; Much ought to be said upon this subject, and by an abler pen than mine ; but I will endeavor to speak of it in its true light, and a christian community may judge if these things are right on the dear-bought soil of America, over which the banner of liberty waves so proudly. But all the liberty I behold here, is liberty to raise *monuments* and liberty-poles. There is much boasting about the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience ; but a tale of *woe* shall I have to sound long and loud through a

never-ending eternity, in consequence of being deprived of this *liberty*; and I am only one of the many hundreds that would tell this mournful tale, were they permitted. *Charlestown McLean Asylum* is nothing but a *bastile*—a place to imprison and torture christians, in order to restore them to a right state, of mind according to infidel judgment. All prayer must be abandoned; nothing but corrupt, vain conversation is permitted. The virtuous mingle with the lewd and lascivious as well as any other society; and engage in playing billiards, cards, dancing, and every such amusement that is looked upon out of that house, as disgraceful, and is even forbidden by the laws of the State. When a person will engage in all these injurious things without feeling any compunction of conscience, he is considered sufficiently rational to go out of that house. \* \* \* \* \*

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1842.

*Sister Elizabeth*:—It is with regret that I hear you are determined to publish your book, and spread it before the world. What possible advantage would it be to you for so doing? It was necessary to put a stop to your views; but if after you shall have thought and reflected well upon it, you still persist and publish to the world what I consider a libel against me, you must not complain if I should return you to the hospital. I hope you will not do that which will be no earthly benefit to any one—for you say it is not for money; therefore I hope you will conclude to abandon the whole. But above all, save the mortification of your aged parents. Because we have ruined you, do not let the world know it. From your brother,

ENEZER W. STONE.

Here are three things—a desire expressed that I should not publish my book—first, not to have it spread before the world—secondly, mortification of parents—thirdly, not to have the world know that I had been ruined through the instrumentality of my brothers and sister. Here is an acknowledgement of my ruin. Was ever a criminal convicted with plainer evidence? But why should it not be known? To conceal it from the world would be like throwing fragrant flowers upon a bed of thorns to deceive the beholder; that on plucking them they became wounded. I have no wish to conceal it from the world, but rather that the whole world should know it, for their own safety.

Miss Stone also says, that Dr. Fox, the assistant physician told her that she was not the first Christian who had suffered those cruelties at that asylum!—that others, both male and female, had suffered the same before her, and that he had dissected them after they were dead, to ascertain the effects produced upon the system; and I now say, that the medicine given her by Drs. Bell and Fox, are the same as that given to me in the Maine Hospital by Drs. Isaac Ray, now of the Butler's Asylum, at Providence, R. I., and Horatio S. Smith, now a physician at Brooklyn, N. Y; the effects upon my system are the same in every respect, and she says that Dr. Ray was at the McLean, and saw her while she was there; and he, some two years afterwards, tortured me in the same barbarous and inhuman manner, and left me, as he supposed, incurable, or he would never have left the institution with me alive in it, if he had a thought that I could ever have come out of it, and reveal the horrid tale to the world.

In my travels with my book, I have heard of many similar abuses being perpetrated upon the victims of the hospitals at Worcester, South Boston, and the private hospital at Pepperell, Mass., Brattleboro', Vt., and Concord, N. H., the truth of which I have no reason to doubt.

The reading world will remember the case of Mr. Saunders, who made his almost miraculous escape from the Insane Hospital in New Hampshire a few years since—a very plain case of false imprisonment, which called the just indignation of the people upon the heads of the authors. They will also recollect the case of Mr. Hinchman, of Philadelphia, who was retained in the Insane Hospital by his malignant enemies, but who finally fought against most fearful odds, and gained a crowning victory by obtaining \$10,000 damages for his false imprisonment.

Citizens, you will see by the letter of Gen. Stone to his sister, that he has again threatened to return her to the hospital; for he should consider it a libel against his character for her to expose him to the world, and at the same time he admits that they (we, himself and brothers, Stephen and James,) have ruined her. Was there ever a more bare-faced and cruel conspiracy than this, by brothers against a sister? — yes, a homicidal conspiracy for the robbery, false imprisonment and torture of their own sister!

Citizens, I challenge you to find, upon the records of your criminal calendar, any account of such barbarous and cruel crimes, as have been perpetrated upon Miss Stone and myself by those fiends in human form, as are named in this little book of facts! They ought to be held up to the scorn and derision of an outraged community, and be a hissing and by-word to all honest people! But I leave them for the present, praying that the righteous retribution of the avenging God will soon sweep them, as with the bosom of destruction, from the face of this blood-stained earth.

Citizens of Massachusetts, the birth-place of freedom, the State where repose the ashes of the first martyrs and heroes of the American Revolution, which contain the battle-fields of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, where the first resistance was made against the warriors of King George the Third, I now appeal to you to know, if you will suffer your fellow-citizens to be incarcerated under the care and custody of such a monster, as Miss Stone has represented Dr. Bell to be. Do you doubt her statements because she is called crazy? If so, I ask you to procure an investigation of her case by some competent authority. Will you suffer a weak and defenceless female to be thus inhumanly torn and tortured by such infidel inquisitors as Drs. Bell and Fox, because her infidel brothers, James, Stephen, and Ebenezer W. Stone, now Adjutant General of Massachusetts, have risen from poverty to affluence, and were ashamed to have it known that they had a sister who was a factory girl, and differed from them in their pride of infidel sentiments, and was, by her own efforts, qualifying herself as a Missionary to the distant Islands of the Sea, not knowing that she was surrounded by heathen at home, who were worse than those upon the Cannibal Islands.

Do you recollect, that only a few years since, there stood upon a hill in Charlestown an Institution, from which a Miss Reed made her escape? And from her representations, the citizens of Charlestown rose almost *en masse*, and destroyed the building in the night; and yet Miss Reed did not state that any outrage had actually been perpetrated upon her; and yet the whole people of the State were ready to fly to her rescue and protection, armed for the most deadly conflict, had it been necessary.

There now stands at the foot of Mount Benedict, and of Bunker Hill, an institution called the McLean Asylum for the insane! — and which, in all its parts and points, its horrid tortures upon its victims, is absolutely as perfect an inquisition as ever was the one established by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and Dr. Bell is as much an inquisitor as ever was Torquameda.

That institution has its subterranean passage-ways from building to building, where they can take their victims from cell to cell without the outside passers-by ever seeing them, or hearing their sighs or groans, or beholding their tears, caused by the horrid cruelties practiced upon them by those fiends in human form. Had that institution been called a Roman

Catholic Institution, like that upon Mount Bonediet, and Miss Stone, or any other female like her, or a man like Robert Fuller, or Mr. Oakes, had made their escape, or like myself, from the Maine Hospital, had come forth, and made the statements which we have made, — and Miss Stone and myself both testify to the same horrid atrocities being perpetrated upon us at two different institutions, — we should have had hundreds of thousands of armed men to protect us, who would not have left one stone or brick upon another of those horrid inquisitions, and those barbarous inquisitors would have been pitched into the burning ruins by the bayonets of an enraged host of armed men, as were the inquisitors of the Spanish Inquisition pitched upon the stand of the holy virgin by the bayonets of Bonaparte's soldiers, whose embrace was the sure embrace of death, — which to kiss, was the kiss of Judas — sure destruction.

Citizens, I do not ask you to destroy that institution by fire, or by any violent acts, although you would be perfectly justified in so doing, in the sight of God, and all the freeborn sons of America; but I ask you to purify it by the ballot box, by the press, and by public opinion; — yes, by those powerful weapons I ask you to drive Dr. Bell, and his whole den of gladiators, out of that institution. I ask all who have friends within those bloody walls to instantly remove them from his custody — for that institution is the very gate of *hell*, and those officers are the fiends to torture the victims.

Do you doubt the truth of these assertions? has my testimony, or that of Miss Stone, been in any manner invalidated, except by calling us crazy or insane? I challenge the whole government of Maine to disprove a single assertion, which I have made concerning that hospital — and I also challenge every one that Miss Stone has accused, to disprove one single assertion of hers; but Drs. Bell and Fox told her that people would not believe her, if she exposed their iniquity, because they would think she was crazy, and would not think her statements true on that account. Citizens, will you incarcerate your friends in an institution where they are liable to receive such horrid abuse? and if they ever make their escape, they cannot be heard before the legal tribunals of their country for redress; from the fact that they have been thus imprisoned.

Citizens, can you not open your eyes to see any abuses, or to hear of any cruelties, unless they are brought to you by some exile from over the great *waters*? Will you not believe your native born American citizens, when they tell you of such horrid atrocities, as soon as you will believe Gov. Kossuth? I challenge Gov. Kossuth, or any one else, to put their finger upon any Hungarian who has been so barbarously abused by Austria or Russia as myself and Miss Stone have been abused in this boasted land of liberty.

I ask you for your assistance, your moral influence to assist in purifying or crushing all insane hospitals in our beloved country; for wherever they are to be found, there is a cruel inquisition, and the doctors who are at the head of them, are the inquisitors of this age of the world. I ask you not for *material aid* (for I am not a beggar) any further than than I ask you to purchase my book for which I give you more than an equivalent in the information which I give you, and which you cannot obtain from any other source.

By the Constitution of the United States, and all the States' Consti-

tutions, no person or any court has any legal right to incarcerate one single human being in any Insane Hospital whatever; for they are supposed to be medical institutions, and not prisons for criminals; and the Constitution of the United States declares that excessive or cruel punishments shall not be inflicted upon criminals—therefore there is not at this present time, one individual human being imprisoned in the Mc Lean or Worcester, or any other Insane Hospital which the officers have any legal right to detain for one moment, any more than they have a right to go into the streets or stores of Boston, and arrest the same number of men or women, call them crazy, and hurl them into their inquisitions, and keep them prisoners, as they now do those which they now have in their dismal dungeons. But if a person has committed any overt act of a criminal nature, or threatened any person with violence, then by our laws that person is liable to be put into any of our public prisons, but not into an Insane Hospital; and if any person is attacked, to be carried to an Insane Hospital, or is imprisoned in one, he has a perfect right to defend himself against such an attack even to the destruction of his assailant or captor, as much so as he would have to defend himself against a highway robber, or a midnight assassin; and if those who are caught in those hospitals, and are abused, would give a few such specimens of their sanity, as was given by Rogers, upon the warden of the Charlestown prison, a few years since, they would soon learn those brutal monsters to treat them with a little humanity.

Citizens, what I have here stated are solemn truths, facts which cannot be gainsayed or refuted. Your liberties are invaded by the most artful devices of the vilest and most inhuman friends that the earth has ever produced!. You now stand upon an unseen and secret volcano, which may burst upon, and engulf you in its liquid fiery vortex, at any moment when you least expect it!—Therefore, I beseech you to be always on the watch; for eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!. I now advise every American citizen, to furnish himself and his sons with a good Rifle and Colts Pistol, of the most approved pattern, and learn to be expert in the use of them, and always keep a supply of the best of ammunition on hand, for self defence; for when the people are unarmed, then tyrants reign; and the only sure and best peace principles, is to be always ready for war. Countrymen!—you have no fears of an external foe, for the world combined cannot crush you; but those that I would warn you against are those within your bosom,—who cover themselves with the broad cloak of humanity and philanthropy, but who are in fact ravenous beasts of prey. I wish all to distinctly understand, that I advocate no violent measures whatever, except for self-protection, which our laws permit; for a mans house or place of business is his castle which he has a perfect right to fortify and defend, in his peaceable pursuit of business or legal pleasure; but should any be so unfortunate as to violate any law, then submit peaceably to its penalties; but under no pretence except to defend liberty or life, commit no violence upon any human being; the ballot box is the place to overthrow our tyrants when you know them.

I have no doubt could I have the privilege to do so, where I to visit all of the Insane Hospitals in the country, and spend a week or two in each of them that I could find a multitude of cases similar to the above and my own; cases that would astonish the people of the country bey-

and their comprehension. In closing my narrative of abuses, I trust that all who have read attentively these few pages, will feel themselves amply repaid for their money and time, which they have devoted to its perusal, and I trust they will all bestir themselves to look after all Insane Hospitals, and those who may be incarcerated within their walls.

Now I have come to the close, and I wish to make a few remarks. In all calamities befalling the progress of nature—the elevating of man and christianity—of course, somebody is to be offered up a sacrifice upon the altar of Right and Justice, before truth prevails. In this case I have been the victim, and I have no higher ambition to gratify during the rest of my natural life, than of feeling conscious at my death hour that I have done my duty as a man, suffered and borne meekly as a christian, and prefer the honor of my benefiting my race, to all other worldly power and aggrandizement. I wish it to be distinctly understood by friends, and even those who prefer to be my enemies, that I feel perfectly conscious of my own entire sanity; and upon the strength of which, I do assert, that so strong is the prejudice against the poor unfortunate creatures, once having had the misfortune to become an inmate of a mad-house, that never after is he recognized as a fit and reliable witness in a court of law, or is he again looked upon as he once was, even in the community in which before he may have been esteemed a good and useful citizen. This stigma I have suffered from severely, knowing as I do that I have been wantonly deprived of my civil rights as a citizen of this great Republic, by those whose wealth and power enables them to crush me, in order to screen their iniquity. Therefore the admission once into an Insane Asylum, like the incarceration of a felon in a Penitentiary, ever after incapacitates him from mingling in society, and enjoying his former and mostly desirable privileges of life; his domestic and friendly relations with his fellow beings. This, of itself, is sufficient cause for all, and more than I have said or written, in condemnation of the Maine Insane and other Hospitals, their rulers and vampire officers. I have stated my own grievances pretty succinctly; in relation to the other cases; such as I state I have witnessed myself, are true, and I firmly believe, that all the other cases that I have cited, are true in their material points. There may possibly be some slight errors in the details, but I would further state, that it is my firm belief, that there are a multitude of cases of which no report is given, more atrocious, barbarous and bloody! and I do therefore most urgently move that they, the friends, or those professing to be such, shall rather confine their poor forlorn an afflicted brother or sister, in the deepest cellar or remotest garret, chain, confine, neglect, spurn, burn, freeze or starve, do anything, however bitter or unfeeling, rather than send them to an Insane Hospital to be tortured by such cannibals.

I would here state, in view of the trouble and anxiety of real philanthropic people, whose misfortune it is to have friends whose minds become unbalanced, that it has been suggested, and in fact, in two cases, one at Gardiner, and the other at Winthrop, Maine—carried into execution—additions or cottages, made to the local Alms Houses, where insane persons will in future be confined, and where their common friends can at all times visit and observe their real situations, and the treatment they receive. It will be no matter of supererogation, in me to say, that the investigation of my case, as recited, has undoubtedly

brought about the above result in Gardiner and Winthrop, and I trust to God, that the precedent will be followed up by all counties, towns and cities throughout the United States. State Institutions, if they are all conducted upon the atrocious, brutal plan of the Maine and McLean Hospitals should be abolished. And, if I could be sustained in my views and wishes, by the philanthropic people of my day, cheerfully would I devote the residue of my life to their abrogation, and the amelioration of my fellow beings; suffering from this, the worst of ills flesh is heir to—Insanity!

During the past session of Congress, through the intercession of Miss Dix, the philanthropist, a bill passed the Senate granting ten millions acres of government land for the benefit of the indigent insane, to be divided among the States; no part of which was to be appropriated for building Asylums, but to be exclusively devoted to defray their expenses, as I understand it, in Asylums of a public or private character. Now I do not doubt, and neither do I think there is a person in the country that doubts the real philanthropic motives of Miss Dix in what she has done, and is doing for the insane, to alleviate their deplorable condition, for they are really deserving the sympathy of the humane and true christian; but she is in reality bringing upon them the greatest misery, wretchedness, suffering and woe it is possible for them to endure. I trust that Congress will never pass that bill, for the result will be to feed and pamper a pack of political blood hounds, who will eat it all out in having the care and custody of those for whom it is designed,—and although Miss Dix has probably visited every hospital in the country, yet she is as ignorant of the insane as she can possibly be. Although I am poor and needy, and would not knowingly do aught to injure a fellow mortal, yet I would earnestly beseech Congress never to pass the bill, but if they have land to appropriate for that purpose, they had better give it to families of insane persons who will go and settle upon it or give a hundred acres or a quarter section, to any poor person who has not any land, that will settle upon it, and let it be a homestead forever, for their heirs, and not subject to sale or disposal for anything but taxes, and not let the lands go into the hands of speculators; and ten million acres of land disposed of in that way will do more than ten millions of times the good that it would be appropriated in the manner proposed by Miss Dix. Pass that bill, and there will soon be ten insane persons where there is now but one, for if there are funds to support them, there will be no lack of victims for the hospitals. But abolish all insane hospitals, and in one year there will not be more than one insane person where now there are ten, and about one in every ten of those would probably be put into jails, and the other nine would be taken care of at home or in Alms Houses, and thus would be saved to the community a vast sum of money and incalculable amount of suffering. And I now solemnly appeal to Miss Dix to cease all further efforts for the establishment of Insane hospitals, and turn her attention to the amelioration of those who are now wrongfully detained in those already built. I ask her and all others to visit Miss Stone, at No. 102 Essex St., Boston, and learn from her the horrid abuse she has received at the McLean Asylum.

This is the sentiment of my heart; it is as I should myself wish to be treated, or such as I would give my insane friend or relative, and I think

that I know the character of insane hospitals quite as well as Miss Dix, although I have never put my foot into but one of them, and probably she has been into about all in the country except the one in Maine where I was incarcerated. Yes, citizens, these are sober facts, and who of you would send your dearest friend to prison if they were insane if you could possibly keep them at home; and all hospitals are prisons, and nothing else, and of the most barbarous kind, whether they are public or private. I speak what I know is truth, whether you will believe or not, and I would just as soon vote to establish and maintain the Spanish Inquisition as I would any Insane Hospital.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE MANIACS.

Reader, you have followed me through the scenes of cruelty and oppression of myself and others, and now I will change the subject; and if you can go with me in your imagination to visit the hospital, I will introduce you to a few of the patients, and give you a short description of them, so far as I know their history myself. I shall not give you their real names, but in some instances where it will not injure them or wound the feelings of their friends, I shall give you the sobriquet which was given them by some of the patients, as many of them have a nickname which will correspond with the character which they exhibit, or it will be directly the reverse of it.

In the first place we will go round to the south end of the old south wing, and go up three or four stone steps and look in through the guard gates, because visitors are not allowed to enter that gallery—it is forbidden ground to all excepting, perhaps, the editor of some periodical, or to some clergyman who goes there for the purpose of puffing the officers and the institution, and thus deceiving the public, for they are themselves deceived, or else they are some of the *old ones*, and understand the gamut, and play gammon themselves. Let us look in, but all you will see there will be about twenty human beings, with no reason or understanding; they know nothing more than swine, and are disgusting and loathsome objects; they are demented or imbecile. Many of them are young men, who have ignorantly brought themselves into their present deplorable state, which is worse than death, by their own disgusting habits; or perhaps there are a few who are wild and furious, and are confined in the strong chair, or by the muffs, to keep them from tearing their clothes, or from fighting with the other patients. There you see the perfect wreck of reason, and man in the most disgusting form.

But tarry a moment. Do you see that young man whose hands are confined in that muff of sole leather? You see he takes a circle round his room—he sings or hums a tune. You ask him a question—his response is as far as the antipodes from a correct answer. He is a maniac, but he is docile, and wears that muff because he tears his garments, and if he can obtain a good cake to eat his wants are all supplied—he knows of no care—all is well with him. But what has deprived him of reason—he appears smart and active. Well, that young man is one of old Neptune's noble sons, a *salt* of the first water. Do you see yonder stately and majestic ship, sailing so beautifully upon the blue waves of the ocean? That young man is her chief mate, and every inch of him a sailor, with every prospect ahead that, in due time he will rise to be captain. But "How mysterious are thy ways, and thy counsels past finding out, O God; and what is man that thou visitest him?" Although that young man was one of the bravest of the brave in the hurricane and the storm, yet the noble ship approaches and enters a tropical; clime Old Sol pours down his rays with intense heat upon the devoted head of that young man, who had withstood all dangers of the sea, but the intense heat has penetrated his brain—he is sun struck—his reason has deserted her throne—his fond hopes are in a moment forever blasted—he is as you now see, a maniac. What a thought. Who can contemplate the wreck of reason in mortal man and not thank his father and his God, that he is still permitted the natural use of those noble faculties, a sound and contemplative mind.

Let us turn from this sad scene. Go round to the front door, ascend to the upper gallery and walk in. The upper gallery is where I was confined for the whole term



of my imprisonment, and, of course, those I describe were my companions of woe and despair. The first to whom I will introduce you is the *Captain*. He is the man you see yonder walking the gallery, shaking his head and rolling and winking his large white eyes; with a green jacket, and his pants strapped tight to his skin and descending but half way from his knees to his ankles. He is a very loathsome looking object, and perfectly disgusting for an associate. You see that he has set down at the table and is drawing out the picture of a schooner, which is a representation of the craft he used to navigate; but you would not think by his present appearance that he ever knew enough to navigate a wheelbarrow across the door yard. Such is the fallen state of man when reason has departed from its natural channel, and becomes like the lowest orders of the brute creation, demented or imbecile. Poor mortal, he is now no more, having been one of the victims of the devouring element.

Do you see that other man, who is walking with such a powerful step, and who turns so quick, and twists his head so short that you would think he would snap his neck at every turn? He is naturally a very smart, active man, and his insanity is the result of disappointed affection. Stop. You see that he has set down and is tuning his violin—but hark, what tune does he strike upon first?—Why, he is playing *Highland Mary*, the Scottish air by Robert Burns. Yes, that is naturally his first and last to play or sing, but ask him and he will give you any tune that you can name. Well, he has struck into a lively dancing tune, and in a moment you see that five or six of the patients have gone to dancing to the tune that he is playing to help them for a brief moment wear away the time that hangs so heavily upon them. Such is the power of music. The musician is apparently, perfectly happy, and nothing gives him pncasiness. Unfortunate man, his violin and himself have gone down to the ashes of the dead, in that terrible conflagration.

But friend, stop a moment. Do you see that man who steps so quick. He even runs when he sees the doctor come in, and calls for medicine. He has been a celebrated doctor, and he *knows* what medicine he needs. Look him in the face a moment. You see he is a perfect picture of a maniac; wild as a hurricane, and his name is legion. He is apparently possessed of as many devils as was his namesake who inhabited the tombs, eighteen centuries ago. But what is the cause of his present wild and furious appearance? His reason has been dethroned by allowing himself to be carried away by religious fanaticism, and when he talks upon that subject, he will tell you that he is lost forever, and eternal hell is his sure portion: that there is no remedy; he has sinned away the day of grace and repentance. Poor deluded man—is a religion the true religion of the Savior of the world that will thus destroy the human intellect and leave man without hope, or the true spirit of the great Redeemer to carry him down through the dark valley and the region and shadow of death? Poor, disconsolate mortal—thy spirit has long since gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns to give us tidings.

Visitor, will you look for a moment out of the window, into the back yard. There, do you see that elderly man at work with his shovel, rake and wheel-barrow? Do you see how neat, clean and tidy he has made the yard look? He came from the backwoods of Maine, where he had cleared himself a noble farm from the wild land. He had toiled hard and long, and had built him a farm that was almost a Paradise, beautiful to the eye to behold, and which produced fruit, grain and cattle, and every thing the heart of man could wish for, and a wife and children who were the delight of his soul. He was a man respected and beloved by all who knew him—a peace-maker in his neighborhood and town—out of debt, and possessed of a competence. But you will ask, how came he here in this dismal abode of such wild and furious spirits? Ah, that is a sad case of his. Sickness entered his bower, his Paradise, his abode of heavenly bliss! A raging and virulent fever went through his family, and the grim messenger of death snatched for one of its victims his oldest and beloved daughter, who was the delight of his eyes and heart; and weary and worn with months of ceaseless watching, his spirit and body sunk under the weight of care, and his reason became dethroned. In a moment of despair, in his hallucination, he was a homicide. Ah, yes; in the twinkling of an eye as it were, his flowing cup of bliss was dashed to atoms. He was a maniac, and gone from his Eden, never more to inhabit it. Now you see him calm and rational, but doomed to end his days in this human pandemonium.

Do you see that tall, stout man? You see that he walks the length of the gallery, and back again, and sits down a moment, and then goes over the same again and

again. You see that he has an idiotic laugh, as though something pleased him very much. You see that he has set down and takes the Bible. He is the *Elder*, the *Infant*, or the *Giant*. He thinks there is no passage in the Bible but what he can answer, and give the correct interpretation. But let us see. The Parson asks him if he will tell him who was the father of Zebedee's children. Well, that was a poser. He thinks and thinks again, but no response is given. He is put to his trumps; no answer is made, and he feels that he has lost his reputation for a perfect knowledge of the Scriptures. He is lost, and boasts no more. His insanity was produced by religious excitement. You see he is possessed of great muscular power, and if he knew his strength, when he asks the doctor to send him home, and he refuses to do so unless he will go out doors and work three months, which he declares he will not do, unless they will pay him for it; if he were disposed, he has the strength to take a bed-post and clear himself from that institution in a very few minutes; yet he is docile as a lamb unless under great provocation. He again asks the doctor to send him home, and says he is kept unjustly. The doctor tells him very distinctly that he shan't do it. He is angry with such treatment, and goes to the shower-box, and takes out the scrub brush, which is very heavy, and has a long handle. He makes for the doctor, and aims a blow at his head, but he sees and dodges it, thus saving himself from instant death. Then the "Giant becomes like an infant. He does not know his strength, for if he did, he would slay the whole of those keepers, and leave; but instead of that, he is instantly put into maniac harness, and kept until he is taught that it is better to remain peaceable and quiet; when his harness is removed, he is again as docile as a lamb. Well, restless mortal, thou art free from that prison and those bonds; thy spirit has ascended to thy Father and thy God, through those lurid flames, which consumed thy prison and thy body at the same time. Peace, peace to thy ashes and troubled spirit. Thou wilt rest in Abraham's bosom.

Do you see the man at the table, at work cutting out a garment from some cloth? Well, what of him? Why, he is a tailor by trade, and was born in the great city of London. From some cause not known to me, he became much depressed in spirits, distracted or bewildered, and made one or two unsuccessful attempts to put an end to the existence which God had given him. Unhappy man, to thus, in his hallucinations, think he must take such a fearful leap in the dark, gloomy future, which all mortals in their right mind so much dread. But observe him a few minutes. Do you see—he leaves his work, and walks to and fro through the gallery. But hark, do you hear him talking to himself? Yes. Well, if you will catch his words, you will find that he is using very sublime and lofty language. His oratory will make you exclaim, "The immortal Shakspeare is among us," and such a personage he almost imagines himself to be. Well, he continues at his work for two or three months; throws off his delusion; becomes calm and rational, and in due time is perfectly restored, and returns to his family and friends, as I firmly trust, to never again give himself away to such unholy desires, but patiently to wait for God's appointed time.

Visitor, do you see that tall old man, with his iron bound "specs" across his Roman nose? Yes, he has been hanging about me ever since I have been here, and begged some tobacco of me. Hanging about you, has he? Well then you had better look after your handkerchief. Had I? Well it is gone. Ah, is it—well he is crazy, and has a natural propensity to accumulate, as they call it here when a person appropriates the property of another to his own use, without giving an equivalent for it; and that is the old man's propensity, or, in other words his insanity, which principally develops itself in that manner. If anything is lost you will be pretty sure to find it in his possession, and besides that he is the doctor's fool or puppet, for when visitors come in he is always in the way, and the doctor uses him to gammon his visitors, by asking him some question concerning his maledy, which he always is ready answer, and in that manner the doctor obtains a notoriety for attending to the wants of his patients, and so the game of deception is played upon the public perhaps 20 times a day.

Besides that, the old man has another propensity which is natural to him as the other. He is dirty, filthy, and is always squirting his tobacco juice in every place but the spittoon. For weeks he has squirted out of a patient's window, who never uses the filthy weed and wishes his room to be kept clean. He has been threatened with violence if he does it. It is the Sabbath—the attendant has gone to meeting—the old man has besmeared the window, and is told to clean it. He refuses to do

it, and is told if he repeats it he will rue it. He replies, "I ain't afraid of you"—and in a few minutes he has repeated the operation, and the deed is hardly done before his "spec's" are minus a glass, the claret runs in a stream from his nose, and for weeks he wears the sores upon his proboscis, and thus, by legal suasion, is taught to cause no more trouble to that patient.

Well, visitor, do you see that short, thick set man, about sixty years old, with a loose calico gown? Well, that is the *Parson*. He has been a preacher of the gospel; but hark! do you hear that? He beats *Belzebub* with his terrible profanity. But stop and look at him a moment. What does he say? He has demanded of the doctor to send him home, which he will not do. He says, "Well, I will kill you; I have a knife and a Colt's pistol in my pocket, and I will kill you on the spot." With horrid oaths and imprecations he takes out a pocket knife, which had not, according to the custom, been taken from him when first admitted. He deliberately opens it, and with all the venom and fierceness of a perfect maniac, he jumps at the doctor to strike a deadly blow. But, stop—at that moment the attendant throws himself between him and the doctor; strikes up his hand, and receives the point of the knife upon his own breast bone, which saves his own and the doctor's life. The attendant and a patient seize him, and *Belzebub* jumps and seizes his knife wrist. He is instantly thrown upon his back on the floor, and before the knife is wrested from him the attendant receives a terrible cut in the hand. But he is disarmed and put into the maniac harness in a twinkling, as it were, and thus confined, like Lucifer in his chains, he is permitted to walk the gallery with other patients, until he becomes calm and in about two months is permitted to go to his friends and family. He remains a few months and then comes to *Augusta* to visit his friends and the doctor, and one of the patients in particular, and give them some early sweet apples. Well, he comes into the gallery to see his crazy friend, and fills his pocket with sweet fruit, but is in so much haste that he can't possibly stop to tea, or even to play a game of draughts with him. He takes his leave and turns to go out of the door; but there are lions in the way. There stands the assistant doctor, the attendant of the gallery who has taken his cane, and two or three stout, muscular men, from the "lower regions." The trap is sprung—the victim caught. Those men tell him, "if you please we will take your knife now, parson." The doctor comes in, and in a friendly manner tells him he must remain the guest of the institution, at his own expense. He finally concludes to stop to tea with his crazy friend, whom he came expressly to visit, and sits down to the centre table, and with a shaking and trembling hand and quivering lip, he concludes to play the game of draughts, just to drive dull care away. He stops a week, and walks out with other patients. He sings, dances, and swears like a pirate; all at the same moment. He is ordered to stop his noise, but he makes the more. He is told to stop it or he must go below. He raves more than before, and the attendant goes out. He goes into the room of his friend, who has become suddenly dumb, and has not spoke for a week in order to stop his noise. He rolls up the sleeve of his gown and shows him a stone which he has in his hand, and with which he swears he will kill the attendant and supervisor. His friend takes him by the arm, and by his dumb signs tries to calm him, and arm in arm they walk the gallery together. Soon the supervisor comes in and goes into the sink room. The parson's friend leaves him a moment; goes to the supervisor, and although he has said that he would not speak for three months, he tells him that the parson is armed with a stone, and has sworn his death and destruction. "Got a stone, has he? He goes below immediately," and the dumb man returns and again is arm in arm with the maniac, walking as before. The door opens, and four stout men enter. The parson knows their errand—he stands to wait the onset. They advance, and he draws back his arm to give them a deadly blow with his weapon. His arm is again fast in the vice-like grasp of his friend *Belzebub*, who had seized it before with the knife. He is seized and carried below, and again put into the maniac harness, and, as before, remains a few weeks, then rises to the upper regions, remains a few months, recovers, and again returns to his family a rational man; composed, and a christian.

Visitor, will you look again through that window into the back yard? You see that small brick building at the right? that is called the lodge; but the patients call it the devil's howling hole, hell's kitchen, purgatory, the furnace of hell, the oven. Well, it was in there that *Mr. Eastman* was roasted alive. But look, do you see that large stout man coming out of the door? do you see how wild and fierce he looks? Stop, he sees a couple of strange faces; visitors who have come from the country, and have gone into the back yard instead of the front door. The old man

seizes a club, and with lungs like a steam engine, and a voice like thunder, he gives a terrific yell, and starts for those two intruders upon his sacred territory. Do you see, they are young, and soon outstrip the maniac in the race. The attendant runs for the wild man, and brings him back to his tomb. The visitors have seen the 'elephant,' and old split foot himself would not have frightened them more; and when they come again, if ever they do, they will go round to the front door, walk in, ring the bell, and be waited upon by the officers like gentlemen if they wear fine cloth, and exhibit their cards or letters of introduction. Well, but what of the maniac? Oh, he is "one of 'em, he is." His insanity is hereditary in the family. His ancestors before him have been insane, and two of his sons have been at the hospital, and one of them confined in an adjoining cell at the same time with his father. Their insanity is periodical; but the old man has occupied a room in that lodge the most of the time for two years. It is his home; his room has been sealed with hard pine plank to keep him from digging through the brick walls, which he will do by tearing his tin dipper to pieces, or with a nail or piece of iron hoop. But the father and his sons are well, and have returned to their homes, calm, sane and rational men.

Do you see that man walking to and fro, puffing, wheezing, spitting and blowing? Why, yes, to be sure I do; and what makes him do so? Well, the same that makes a great many people crazy. He has been to religious meetings until he has become so much bewildered that he hardly knows whether he is a man or a locomotive steam engine, which he so much resembles. He is warm or hot, and sleeps with his window up, in the coldest and most stormy nights of winter, and is in a state of perspiration all the time. The Doctor tries to persuade him to go out and assist in sawing and splitting wood, and tells him that he will send him home in the spring, if he works well during the winter. But no, he had done no work at home for about a year, and to work there he could not with those crazy men. He said that he believed that institution was the Spanish Inquisition, or just like it. He could not get a letter home to his family; oh no, he tried that. He did not write them to suit the Doctor, and he would not send them, and those he gave to outside barbarians, would be given to the officers instead of being put into the Post Office, and there he was securely caged. Well, after a while, two of the patients persuaded him to take the outside medicine, as it was called, when they went out to labor. They asked him if he was in Europe, and a ship was coming home, and he could come if he would work his passage, but if he would not, he would have to remain for life. Well, he rather thought he should work his passage, and after about three months he concluded to take the outside medicine, and in two months more he worked his passage home, and when he feels his disease approaching, he takes some strong portions of outside medicine at home, which he prefers to taking it at the hospital.

Christian visitor, would you like to attend a maniac prayer meeting? Yes, there can be no harm in that. Well, it is the holy Sabbath. The attendant has gone to meeting; the patients are left alone. Four or five of them have gone into a room by themselves. But you must pardon me for introducing you to their little circle, which I would not do but for the purpose of showing you to what a deplorable state man is in when reason has vacated her throne, for the language you will hear will shock all your reverence for sacred themes. But pardon me, and we will enter their place of worship. They are upon their knees; one of them is humbly and devoutly offering a prayer to his Heavenly Parent in all sincerity. One or two others are talking and swearing at each other. The praying one stops a moment and curses them for their noise. They cease a moment, and he proceeds with his supplications. He is once more disturbed, and the scene is continued a few minutes: the devout man becomes enraged, and mad at the others, and with horrid oaths and blasphemies, curses and fearful imprecations, and calling upon Deity whom he had been imploring for mercy upon himself and his companions, he declares that he will pray no more, and thus the meeting is abruptly closed. Such is mortal man when he is not himself. Such is his hopeless state of mind when he has lost the ballance wheel of his reason, which, in very many cases has been produced by over religious meditations, when the body becomes exhausted, and his natural intellect is overtaxed in his humble devotions, and his pure aspirations to render homage to his Creator. Mortal man, remember that thy Heavenly Parent is best served in the still calm voice of reason, and not in the hurricane and the stormy whirlwind of fanaticism.

Visitor, do you see that tall intelligent looking old man who stands there leaning upon two crutches? yes; well, he has been a successful merchant, and is now worth \$30,000, but he has spun out his three score years and ten, and is perfectly deaf, and

the only way that you can communicate with him is by signs or writing—yet he is perfectly gentlemanly in his deportment; but superannuated, a second time a child. He imagines that he is extremely poor; that he has no house, no home, and no property. He frets and worries; thinks he has mortgaged his soul to the devil, and he is about to foreclose his claim and take his own; that his son and daughter are fools and don't know enough to get a living in the world. He sees the musician playing upon his violin, and the maniacs dancing to keep the time; and he imagines that it is all done for his amusement, and at his expense; that they are all hired for that purpose; that he must pay for it all, and that that is the way his hard earned property is gone. Poor old gentleman; he is in his dotage, and is some trouble to his family who have shut him up here to get rid of his noise, instead of hiring some suitable person to take good care of him in one of his own houses. But such is the ingratitude of children to their parents in numberless instances where they are possessed of property which they wish to clutch before their time. But the old gentleman has gone to his rest; peace to his troubled spirit.

I will here ask, would it not be a good idea to enact a universal law, that when any person possessing property should reach the advanced age of seventy years, that he should then be considered as dead, and himself ever after shut up in a mad-house, and his property given to his heirs the same as if he were really dead? I merely make the suggestion for the consideration of those who are over anxious to possess their inheritance before their time.

Visitor, do you see that man in the sailor's jacket? Yes. Well, we will call him Shipmate, for his business has been upon the great waters. He has been in the hurricane and the storm, where man sees the majesty of God in its power. He was a shipwrecked mariner taken from some fragments of the wreck of a ship, in a senseless state, brought into port, sent to the marine hospital, and was upon his recovery found partially insane, and sent to the Insane Hospital in order to receive the benefits of that "noble institution." Alas, what a place to restore reason to the wandering mind. He was a doomed prisoner for life—no power could rescue him. He would say that they had got him under *ketch*, and had no right to hem a marine. He would kick at the doors to break them open, and call upon the marine power to rescue him. But, poor fellow, had you been in a foreign prison, and your friends known it, you would very soon have had the whole of "Uncle Sam's" marine power to batter down the prison walls which held you as a victim, but your calls are only answered by closer confinement or by the shower bath. But, Shipmate, your prison doors are now open; you are now free; those bloody and inhuman cells have been purified with fire, and your body and spirit has passed into that haven where the captive is set free, the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling.

Stop, visitor. Do you see that short, thick-set man in the chair? It is the month of August, and do you see those hungry flies digging out his eyes? He does not even wink to drive them away, but sits there from morning to night. You speak to him, and he will not answer you; not a word can you get from him. He is meditating; but he is dumb, or what is the matter? Why he is completely cast down, with no ambition to rise from his stupor. But stop: what call is that: the attendant sings out in a loud voice, "*dinner! d-i-n-n-e-r!*" He gets up, takes his chair and waddles along to the dining room, sits down to the table, and his tongue has become loose; and then look out. If there has been any discussion within a day or two by any of the patients, either upon politics or religion, or any other subject, then you will get his views upon it in full, and he is no fool, I can assure you, but a very intelligent man, and what he says shows a mind of no ordinary cast and sagacity. Well, he went from the chair onto his bed with a fractured leg, and laid there a year until the doctor got tired of his trouble and sent him home a cripple for life. But his mind is now in possession of its sound and reasoning faculties. May God bless and shield him.

Visitor, I will introduce you to one more, and then we will take our leave of this terrible abode of misery and despair. Do you see those two men walking the gallery? Yes, but hark; I don't understand their language,—oh, you don't; well, that short man is Don Emanuel Espartero a Spanish gentleman who was educated at Salamanca, in Spain, for the Roman Catholic Priesthood, but not liking to enter into holy orders, and take the vows of celibacy upon him, he left Spain and went to South America, and instead of pointing out the road for sinners to enter the pearly gates of paradise, he entered the Brazilian Navy as a midshipman, and for his gallant exploits in the battles of the country whose cause he had espoused, he rose to a Lieutenant. He

now carries a number of scars upon his person, as the mementos of the bloody scenes through which he has passed.—But why is he here? Why? because, he is crazy—or at least some people say that he is, and that is enough, you know. But what made him crazy? How inquisitive you are. Well, I might have expected it when I invited you to come in and see the “animals;” but I will tell you all I know about it. He has been a merchant, and like many others of that unfortunate class of our citizens, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and his creditors said that he was crazy, and shut him up in a mad-house. The doctor and the Trustees, to whom he has appealed a great many times for his liberty, have turned a deaf ear to his supplication, and are determined to keep him, because they are more afraid of him, if they let him go at large than they are to have him in their custody. But he appears to be a perfect gentleman and perfectly sane and rational, and a man of refinement. You say that he is a Spaniard, but he speaks good English as well as Spanish. He is a real live Yankee, but was educated in Spain, and reads and writes Spanish like a native. But why are they afraid of him if he goes away many miles from them, do they think that he will return and murder them? Oh, no: but they are afraid of those deadly weapons of his. But does he carry deadly weapons, and is he really dangerous? Why yes, he has deadly weapons, and if he should be disposed to make use of them, they would be the sure destruction of those officers. But you astonish me, do explain. Well, then, his weapons are his *pen* and his *tongue*; and if he should be disposed to apply them for that purpose, they would be the sure annihilation of the hopes and expectations of those officers. But hark! what noise is that which sounds like the distant tolling of the funeral bell? Hark! what is it that gives such a solemn and mournful sound? It is the death knell of tyrants. But is there a bell upon the State House? The sound proceeds from that and comes across the river. There is no bell upon it, but the sound proceeds from it sure enough; for there has a petition gone in, and the decree has gone forth that there shall be an investigation of the deeds of darkness to which allusion has been made, and the Doctor sends the Don away. Yes, he has gone, and sure enough the funeral pyre has been lighted; the victims burned; the death knell has rung in their ears, and they have sunk to rise no more.

Perhaps there may be some humane man, some philanthropist, and perhaps some real Christian who may ask themselves the question, “How is it, if you have suffered as you say you have, and been reduced by the malignant mal-practice of those officers, to what they supposed would be incurable insanity; why is it that you have been able to arise, as it were from the tomb, and come forth again to the world, a sane and rational man? Such, if any there are, I will ask, if they believe in a God, who over-rules the destinies of men and nations? Do you believe that God is the same now, that he was thousands of years ago? Do you believe that he ever revealed his will to Joseph, to Pharaoh, to Nebuchadnezer, or any of the ancients, in dreams? If you thus believe, I will tell you the cause of my resurrection, as it were, from the dead. It was a dream; yes, nothing but a dream, which came to me in my troubled slumbers of the night, about ten months before I left the hospital. To me it was, and still is a miraculous resurrection, call it what you will, call it insanity if you please—call it anything your fancy may choose; but I say that that dream which is constantly passing through my mind is the cause of my coming forth to the world, and you may be anxious to know what it was. I will relate it, as it is very short and comprehensive.

In the month of July, 1846, while asleep, it appeared to me that a heavenly voice, the voice of God, or of some of his ministering angels, spoke to me and said: “Keep yourself calm; your troubles were unavoidable; you could not prevent them; you are not to blame for them; be patient and bide your time. To me these few words were the voice of God. To me it was the voice which called the wild and furious maniac from the tomb, and sent him away clothed and in his right mind. Yes, citizens, I will say to you that it was that dream which has enabled me to come forth from that sepulchre, of worse than dead men; and which has, and which still enables me to walk the streets, and attend to my business, as a free and independent citizen, after suffering all that I did in that vile den of iniquity; and still suffering, and to suffer while I live, from the horrid treatment I received in that Pandemonium. To the living God I return thanks for my restoration.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE CONFLAGRATION.

On the 4th of Dec, 1850, the author of this little work was in the city of Boston, to procure its publication, and that day several men were at work setting the type for that purpose, but the stars decreed that it should not then make its appearance before the public. Upon that day the astounding news reached that city by telegraph, that the Maine Insane Hospital, whose deeds of darkness this was intended to expose to the world, was in flames and a large number of inmates were victims to the devouring element. What must have been my reflections at that moment none can tell or imagine; none can conceive. Was it possible that God had decreed that modern Babylon, whose iniquity had been so great as to cause his vengeance to rest upon it? was it possible that in His infinite wisdom He should suffer such a human burnt sacrifice to be offered to the God of Moloch, in order to open the eyes of the people, that they might be able to see the abominations which had been practiced there, under the garb of humanity and religion, and which had been so unjustly concealed by the rulers of the people? Or was it permitted that the sufferings and woes of those victims of abuse and horrid atrocity might cease and be at an end? But the scenes of that dreadful night; who shall describe them? who can paint them in their true colors?

Being myself absent at the time of the calamity, perhaps I may be pardoned if I give a description of the dread calamity in the language of another who was an eye witness of the awful scene; therefore I select the following description of it from the Gospel Banner, whose editor was the writer.

"That was a dreadful night—the 2d of December—dreadful in its present terrors and melancholy in its results to the cause of humanity. The night was dark, the air heavy and damp, dense clouds floated low in the heavens, and the winds from their ocean home wailed a mournful dirge over expiring Autumn. In its veriest darkness and desolation—about 3 o'clock A. M.—we were suddenly awakened by the hoarse cry of "Fire! Fire!" uttered under our window, and the ringing of our city church bells. Springing up and looking eastward—just across the rolling tide of the Kennebec—what a sight presented itself to the eye!—not one red glare of burning flame embracing the whole building and shooting its tall spires of light into the mid-heavens, but worse—more awful—than that!

Let the reader if he will, imagine himself standing with us, for a few moments of earnest inquiry, at this midnight hour of gloom, under the venerable white oak tree that spreads its long and generous arms over our humble domicile in front. See you those lurid flames—whose flashes at times visible but mostly suppressed by the dense volumes of rolling smoke that encompass them, afford just gleams enough amidst surrounding darkness to enable us to see, occasionally at least, the outlines of that noble structure. It is a large and lofty edifice—a magnificent structure—built of Kennebec Granite, as handsome as marble, several hundred feet in length, with a rectangular wing, nearly as long, on the South end, and four tall stories high, including the basement, and a tier of Lutheran windows on the slated attic. It is the noblest building in the State.

But the morning light appears; what are those black masses which the workmen have, by the aid of fire hooks, drawn forth from the ruins, and which are dragged and laid amongst the blackened cinders in the rear of the walls? Many people are gathered around them; what are they? *They are the bodies of the dead.* The heads the arms, the legs, are burnt off, and nothing remains but the black charred trunks that so lately contained the beating hearts of living men.

The sight is loathsome; let us turn away and leave the Jury of Inquest to perform their sad duties over these fragments of humanity, and, in due time, as they will, tell the public the whole tale of causes which have produced this most melancholy calamity. It is a State affliction.

But whilst the flames have possession of the whole interior of the building—all excepting the North wing, where the females are—whilst the engines are at work and men are engaged in endeavoring to save what can be rescued from the burning Hospital and protect the adjacent buildings and other property, let us take a view about the premises and see what has become of the hundred maniacs that have been

brought forth from the flames. Some have come out very reluctantly; it has taken two or three men to force them from their perilous situation—and behold see that half-naked man again rush back into the fated Asylum. He thinks the cold night air is worse for him than the heat and light of his old room; and with mad desperation he has gone back; but more friendly, because more rational, hands have seized upon him again and dragged him forth to a dark world; dark in all its prospects to him.

Under the lee and in the angle of that high, tight board fence, is a group to arrest our attention. It consists of some dozen maniacs—few dressed, more half-clad, and some nearly naked, who are huddled together like frightened sheep in the corner of a yard, to acquire protection and warmth by close contact with each other. Some of them are crying, others are laughing—some sitting on the frozen earth, others dancing in maniacal merriment.

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By the time we have reached the yard in the rear of the Hospital, where hundreds and thousands of others have also arrived, the black smoke with which the building was filled, and which was pouring from all the windows of the central gallery when we first saw it, has become quick flame—and the roar of the flame as it sweeps triumphantly through the halls, and galleries and Avenues of the Asylum, is blended with the shrieks of the wild men yet within the walls of the burning edifice! Did ever sounds pierce the heart half so strangely? Look you there—see the arms of a human being thrust through the iron sashes of that window, gesticulating for help in its moment of doom. The frantic body within reels—it falls—and the black smoke and red flame pouring through the same window, seem to exult in their merciless triumphs over the dead which they consume. Meanwhile the officers and attendants and citizens are contriving every possible method, and risking even their own lives to rescue the patients yet confined in their rooms.

*Twenty-eight human beings*—with fond friends at home, anxious for their restoration and happiness—have thus perished within the walls of that burning edifice; and it was not in your power nor mine—no human power—to rescue or relieve them! Oh! may such a scene and such a lesson never be forgotten—never, indeed, can it be!

The question will very naturally be asked, “was all done that could be done to save these unfortunate beings from such a death? Could they or could they not have been rescued from that devouring element, if they had been attended to in season; had no delay been made in efforts to quench the fire?” It would naturally seem to have been the first care of the officers to look after the safety of the patients.

According to the testimony of Mr. Smalley the upper gallery attendant, before the coroner's inquest, he was the first to discover the fire, or rather the smoke; and he went directly to the supervisor, Mr. Weeks, and awoke him, and then returned and immediately unlocked the doors of the patients rooms and induced them in mild terms, to leave the rooms and the gallery, and go into the verandah. It appears that he was not able to induce but two or three of them to leave, and all the rest perished in the flames. He says that Mr. Weeks, after going below and seeing the fire, directed him to keep still and not excite the patients, and he immediately returned to his gallery, but was prevented from again entering on account of the dense smoke.

By the testimony of Mr. Weeks the fire had made considerable progress when he entered the hot air chamber, in the basement of the building—but he says that if he had given his attention immediately, on being alarmed, to removing the patients, he does not think he could have rescued any more of them than he did. I do not know as he could, but it appears to me that every one of them might have been saved, if he and others had not stopped to throw water as they said they did. I suppose they continued that until the flames had got under such headway that they could not subdue them, and then the whole building was filled with smoke, so that it was impossible to remain any longer, and thus perished twenty-seven patients and one attendant.

The question will naturally arise, what was the cause of the fire? Was it from carelessness in constructing a wooden hot air-chamber, or was it the work of an incendiary? Almost every one says that it must have taken from the smoke-pipe which passed through the wooden hot-air chamber, and at one point according to the testimony of Simon S. Bartlett, at a distance of only about two inches, under the floor timbers. Would any person consider that to be safe, who knows any thing about smoke-pipes? All would say that it was not, and then the next question would be, by whose orders was a wooden hot air-chamber constructed in such a building?



where there were from 150 to 175 human beings exposed and liable to be burnt in case the building was on fire. The answer is, that it was constructed by the orders of, and under the supervision of Dr. James Bates, the superintendent, and if the fire took from that cause he is alone responsible for the destruction of that building, and those human beings. Even the flue for conducting the hot air to the galleries were made of pine plank, and they were immediately on fire and conveyed the fire instantly into the galleries, and passing through those pitch pine floors, they were instantly in flames at about the same moment, and it was like setting fire to tar barrels. Hence the dense smoke and the reason that each story of the building was on fire at the same moment.

**VERDICT OF THE JURY.**—An inquisition taken at Augusta within the county of Kennebec, commencing on the fifth day of December in the year 1850, and ending on the seventeenth day of the same month, before ORRIN ROWE, Esq., one of the Coroners of said county, upon view of the body of Wm. G. Linscott, of Bangor, and the relics of twenty-seven other bodies, supposed to be those of the following named persons:—John Foster, of Machais Port; Joseph Armstrong, of Gardiner; James Wyman, of Readfield; Abram Richards, of Camden; Eben. Willis, of Gorham; Ephraim McLellan, of Thomaston; Wm. Pines, of Jonesboro'; Rufus Hodsdon, of Brewer; Charles H. How, of Bangor; Francis Dennison, of Portland; John McVay, of Portland; Joshua Norwood, of Bangor; Albert Fuller, of Jay; James Barry, of Portland; Elisha Atkins, of Exeter; Nathaniel Wilson, of Cherryfield; Samuel Pierce, of Bath; James Kinsel, of Waldoboro'; George Dennett, of Standish; Joshua Heath, of Augusta; Ebenezer Blake, of Portland; Jonathan Carriel, of Hope; Nathaniel Flint, of Portland; Bela Jacobs, of Camden; Jacob McKenzie, of Mt. Desert; James Greene of Topsham; Henry Jones, of Fayette;—there lying dead by the oaths of Robert A. Cony, of Augusta; John H. Hartwell, do.; James W. North, do.; James A. Thompson, do.; Sylvanus Caldwell, jr., do.; Wm. R. Smith, do.; Wm. Emmons, Hallowell; Andrew Masters, do. do.; John B. Gardner, Gardiner; George W. Batchelder, do.; Oliver Bean, Readfield; Joab Harriman, Clinton—good and lawful men—who being charged and sworn to inquire for the State, when, how, and by what means the said persons came to their death, upon their oaths say:

That all the said persons, except the said Linscott, came to their death on the morning of Dec. 4th, 1850, by suffocation by smoke, from a fire in the Maine Insane Hospital; and that the said Linscott came to his death from the same cause, at the house of Joshua S. Turner, on the following day, having been taken from the hospital during the fire, in an insensible condition.

The jurors further find the death of the aforesaid persons was caused by accident.

They further find that the fire originated at about three o'clock on the morning of Dec. 4, 1850, in the air chamber of the old south wing, on a floor timber, near the elbow of the smoke pipe of the furnace, where it changed from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, in passing towards the chimney; and do not find any other proximate cause of ignition than the said smoke pipe.

They further find that the materials of which the air chambers was composed, and the mode of its construction, and that of the warming apparatus, were unsafe.

The jurors are of the opinion that there was a sufficient supply of water in the cisterns of the Hospital, to have saved the main building and the new south wing, in case suitable provision had been made to reach the water from the outside.

They are further of opinion that the officers and assistants of the Hospital are deserving of commendation for their exertions in relieving the patients from their perilous condition; and that no efforts on their part could have preserved a greater number than were rescued.

Now the question to be asked is, is that verdict a correct and honest verdict of the Jury, did they honestly seek for and obtain all of the information within their reach and give the public all the information and circumstances connected with the fire that should be given. Was their verdict all that it should have been, in order to do justice to the people of the State?

STEPHEN HOLWAY, the fireman, testified that at half past 5 o'clock P. M., previous to the fire which was discovered at 3 o'clock A. M., he put into the furnace two middling sized sticks, and one small one upon just coals enough to ignite it. At half past nine he again visited the furnace, and found no steam in the boiler, and did not replenish the fire. Now there was an interval of nine hours from the time the fire was replenished, and of five and a half hours from the time that there was no steam in the boiler, until the fire was discovered. Peter Barrows, an attendant, testified that at 2 o'clock he got up and assisted Mr. Ham and Mr. Robbins to administer a

shower bath to Duroe Boardman, a patient, and remained up about fifteen minutes, and discovered no signs or indication of fire at that time! He was next awakened by Mr. Weeks, and told to jump up as there was fire under his gallery! He did so, and Mr. Weeks was throwing water into the hot air flue, from which a blaze was issuing, and told him to throw water as fast he could but not to alarm the patients.

I will ask all intelligent and honest men, if they can allow their imagination or prejudice to stretch so far as to believe for one moment, that the fire took from the fire which remained in the soot of that smoke pipe after so long a period from the time the fire was replenished under the boiler and at the distance of sixty feet from the fire in the furnace? If the people will believe that to have been the origin of the fire, they will believe what I cannot. It seems to me to be impossible. Then, if it did not take from the smoke pipe, the question will be how did it take fire?—There is only one other mode by which it could have originated, and that is by an incendiary. Could any person have entered from the outside and have set it on fire? Yes, for the basement doors were never fastened, and the windows were, some of them, always open; and there was no watch to the building, and any person could have entered at any time if they wished to have done so. I will ask again; why it was that the Jury, after having summoned Henry Blake, the mason who laid the brick for the furnace, and set the boiler—why it was that they did not put him upon the stand to testify in relation to what he knew about the construction of that wooden hot air chamber? The reason undoubtedly was that they knew his testimony would crush Dr. Bates to the earth, and he had been sustained by the committee of the Legislature and he must be spared by the Coroner's Jury; because he was a great political demagogue, and he must be provided for at the *public crib*, at whatever sacrifice of human life. Besides that, it would not answer to inform the public of the real facts in the matter; because if they knew them the hospital would never be rebuilt, and then Augusta would "*wilt*," and in a short time, if there was no hospital there, the seat of government would be removed to Portland or Bangor, and the prophecy of Habakuk would be brought to pass in this age of the world: "Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity."

Henry Blake laid the brick for the furnace, and left the end of them toothing, supposing that the hot air chamber was to be continued along and built of brick, and covered over the top with sheet iron, and brick laid in mortar, as all hot air chambers are, or should be! He went and called Dr. Bates into the basement for instructions. Dr. Bates told him that the hot air-chamber was to be built of wood. Henry Blake knowing Dr. Bates, said to him: "Dr. do you think it will be safe to build it of wood?" The Doctor thought a moment, and turned, and went to talking about something else. He is a man who, when he once takes his position, never recedes, and much more, he never allows a mechanic to make even a suggestion to him.—He knows what is what because he has read the English Authors, *he knows he does*.

Perhaps the public will ask the question—was there any person who for malice or revenge of any wrong, real or imaginary, or any motive whatever, who was bad enough to set that building on fire? The question was asked me by one of the Jury, to whom it was that S. S. Bartlett had said that the officers dare not turn him away thus intimating that there might be some grounds of suspicion that he had set it on fire, to be revenged on them for discharging him; but no one who knows him thinks he was bad enough to put the lives of those patients in jeopardy; although they are well satisfied that he perjured himself to screen Dr. Bates before the committee.

The next person who might be suspected, was the author of this little book, who said so much, and had tried to do so much to expose their iniquity, and whose feelings were so much prejudiced against the institution. Then, if such were his feelings; did he do it? I have been told that such was the report at the fire; that he had undoubtedly set it on fire to be revenged for the injury which he had sustained at the institution. But, says a friend who heard the remark, "that is a likely story to tell when to my certain knowledge he has not been in the State for more than a week." Well, that was true, and I could prove an *alibi*, sure enough. But supposing I been at home and asleep where I had slept for about three years? Could I then have proved an *alibi*? Oh no; it would have been impossible; and undoubtedly Dr. Bates would have had some one or more to have sworn the deed on me, in spite of all that I could have done to clear myself and then I should had to have gone back; and again become a tenant for life of that abode of despair; for let me

commit whatever crime I might, I should be called insane, crazy or mad, and should not be sent to the State Prison like other criminals. When I returned home, about a week after the fire, some said, "well, it was lucky for you that you was not at home;" others said, "well I was thankful that you were gone," and all that I looked upon as my friends expressed themselves as being highly pleased to think that I was out of the reach of suspicion, and even one person who is clothed with a little brief authority, and whose duty it might have been to arrest me had any charges been preferred against me, said, "well Mr. Hunt, I am glad that you were not here, for now they can't accuse you of setting the fire." Well, there are none more thankful than myself, that I was out of their reach, for I have no doubt but that I should have been arrested as the incendiary if I had been at home.

There being no suspicion against myself or Mr. Bartlett, the next question to be asked is, is there any other person upon whom the breath of suspicion has at any time rested by any person or persons whatever? Yes, there is one other, and only one; but who has ever uttered a word or thought of the kind? Surely nothing is said publicly. Very true. But is there any proof against any one? No, none whatever. Well, who has said that they thought any body, or any one person in particular, had set the building on fire? There are a number of people in Augusta who have no doubt in their own minds as to the origin of the fire, but there is not the least proof against the person whom they mistrust; no, none whatever. They only speak by nuendoes; no open declarations; yet it is perfectly understood who they mean by heir hints. For instance, it is asked, who do the people say it was? Why they don't say it was any body, for fear they would accuse the right one.

Then who did they mistrust, or say in their opinion had set the fire? I only dare to whisper the name in your ear. Well, who was it? It was no other than Dr. James Bates, the superintendant. But there is not the least proof against him, and so you must not tell of it. Is it possible that any people have said among themselves that they had no doubt but what he had set it on fire? Yes, they have said so, and it is said that it could not have taken fire as it did, and at the spot where it did, unless it was set on fire; and they had no doubt but it was he who had set the fire, because there was no other person that was had enough to do it, and no other that they know of had any motive for so doing. Why, you astonish me—what motive could he have for setting it on fire? Well, then, you must know that he had motive enough for doing it. In the first place he had escaped being turned out by the investigating committee only by the skin of his teeth, and he very well knew that he could not stand the seige of another legislative investigation, which was sure to come on him like an avalanche; and further, he knew that if there was no hospital, if it was destroyed, he could not be turned out, for there would be none to turn him out of. Beside that, he knew, or had every reason to believe, that very soon that crazy man, who had put him to his strongest trumps, and his best played game, was about to publish an exposure of his deeds of darkness to the world, which, if it made its appearance, would be sure to crush him in the estimation of all honest men; and again, if the building was set on fire, it would be a very easy matter for him to raise a hue and cry against him, as the incendiary, and cast him into prison, and thus crush him and his book, all at one blow.

Yes, Dr. Bates, there is no doubt in more minds than mine that that was your motive, and there is no doubt but what you are the man who set fire to that hospital. But there is not the least proof that you did it; no, not the least. But what is it that has so cast you down, and makes your hand tremble and shake as though you had the shaking palsy? You used to walk erect and could only see the stars, and now you stoop, and only see your feet. You don't make so great a *swell* by much more than one half, as you used to do—and what is the cause of it all? Why, a *guilty conscience* needs no accuser—for whether you set the fire or not, you are the only person who is to blame for it. Yes, the blood of that burnt sacrifice is upon your head, and that, added to the other crimes which you have perpetrated there, is the cause of your dejection, and you will either become a *maniac*, or you will soon be carried down to your grave by the weight of your own iniquity.

Well, dear sir, if you set that fire and your motives were the same that I have attributed to you, you have been most signally defeated, for I was away, so that you could not fasten it upon me, and as God would have it, by the greatest possible exertions of the firemen and a favorable wind, one wing of the building was saved from the devouring element, and you were left the superintendant, and passed the ordeal of the Coroner's Jury by the want of proof against you, without censure. But the oppressor's rod was doomed to be broken, and you, like your illustrious prototype "Lucifer," have fallen to rise no more. No, *you have fought your last fight, you have finished your battles; no sound shall awake you to glory again.*

FOLLOWING  
PAGE(S)  
IN GIBBLE  
PART

Well, sir, you have received an appointment to visit other institutions, for the purpose of reporting the best mode of warming and ventilating insane hospitals, as you have given the world the practical part of your beautiful theories, which you delivered before the Augusta Lyceum about one year before your experiment in warming, on the fourth of December, and now it is beautifully ventilated. The winds and storms have nothing to obstruct their course, and their mournful sounds, added to the mournful cry of your victims, will be the solemn requiem for the dead.

Now the question will naturally arise to know why Gov. Hubbard appointed Dr. Bates upon that mission of inspection of other hospitals. The reason is very obvious for Dr. Bates has been a great politician, and he must be sustained; for the fact had become very notorious that the public were about as hot against him as the fire which consumed the building, and he would be sure to leave at the next session of the Legislature, if the trustees did not discharge him before. For that reason he received the appointment, and then he made that a fit excuse for giving in his resignation, so as to set himself down as easy as possible, to save breaking his neck short off. The people so understood it. There is no doubt but what some one or more of the trustees told him that he must resign or he would be discharged, and I will give my reasons for this belief. A gentleman of the city of Augusta told me a short time after the Doctor had resigned, that he went to Mr. Williams, and told him that if Dr. Bates remained at the hospital, that he never need to expect that it would be rebuilt, and says he, "I will tell you now, Mr. Williams, if he is there when the next Legislature meets, I will oppose the rebuilding of the hospital with all the means in my power." Well, I think that that declaration was enough for Mr. Williams, for with all of his wealth, and influence, he would not be able to head off that gentleman before the Legislature, and he very well knew it; and I have no doubt but what Mr. Williams informed the Doctor that he must leave; that he could not carry such a load upon his shoulders any further, and if he did not get down himself, that he should be obliged to drop him, and the fall would be sure death, and annihilation to all of his future prospects for place and power.

Will the Hospital be rebuilt? is the question of the people. Yes, undoubtedly, is the answer, for the government of the State of Maine is in the hands of a set of men who will do any thing to oppress the poor and needy, however vile the deed may be, for men that will sanction such deeds of darkness as have been perpetrated there, will bring their wealth and power to bear, to influence men against their own sense and judgement, and by caucus dictation and party influence, they will be compelled to vote for appropriations to rebuild that institution, which nine-tenths of the people will condemn, for so strong are those bonds in the State of Maine, that people dare not step over them, and by that tie alone is the government of the State a perfectly absolute tyranny, which but few dare to oppose. It is sure political death to any who are so headstrong as to dare to be independent, and do as their conscience tells them is right, just and honest.

After the fire, when Drs. Bates and Harlow were removing the medicine from the carpenter's shop to the house, Dr. Bates made the remark that there was medicine enough left to kill all the remaining patients, thus acknowledging that the medicine was kept to kill or destroy, instead of benefitting the patients, and I hope that every person who sends a friend there, will bear this in mind and recollect that no medicine can heal the wandering mind which has lost its balance wheel of reason.

On the thirteenth of December, the tenth day from the conflagration, I had returned from Boston, and taking a friend and a horse and sleigh, I went over to view the scene of desolation. Such a sight, such ruins, none can conceive without the actual observation. I went down, and walked through the basement, over the then burning timbers, and fallen brick, mortar, iron and stone, and the bones of the victims, and selected a few relics of the burnt bones of the dead and fragments of the building, as mementoes of my own sufferings. Yes, I passed through these ruins just as I had a few months previous dreamed of passing through them, for I trust I shall be pardoned if I tell you that it is quite a common thing with me, since my entrance into that abode of despair, to dream of, and see in my visions of the night, occurrences for days or months before they take place; and can you imagine what my meditations must have been, at that moment, to be actually fulfilling that vision, by passing over the fire, and under those scorched and crumbling walls, which hung fifty feet over my head, and at the same time some dozen or more men at work, shovelling over the fallen mass, to find the remains of the dead, which, in the most of them, you might lay all that was left of them upon your open hand? Yes, what think you must have been my thoughts in passing through those desolate ruins, with the fire and smoke under

my feet, and the cold chilling blasts of a wintry wind whistling and howling through the standing walls, playing the last sad requiem to the manes of the dead, whose bones lay burning and consuming under the devouring element.

Well, to me, were it not for the human sacrifice, it was a sublime sight, for then and there I looked upon it as the visitation from a just and righteous God, who doeth all things well. Yes, I looked upon the scene as though the fire had been sent from heaven to open the blind eyes of the people; to show them the wilful atrocities of their rulers, whom they had chosen to reign over them, and whose deeds were deeds of wickedness and blood, and whose ends and aims, were wealth and power, and their own aggrandisement.

As I have said, I suppose the institution will be rebuilt, and if it must be, I hope that, for their strong cells, they will take, as a model, the new jail at Boston, and as an act of humanity, let them be for the wild, noisy patients, at a distance from the peaceable and quiet ones sufficient not to disturb them, where they can have a snuff of the pure air, and see the light of heaven, and not be confined in such dismal dungeons as those constructed by Dr. Bates in the new wing, or in the cells of the old lodge, or the female cottage; and under no circumstances should the shower bath, or cold bath, be permitted to be used, as it has been used, as an instrument of torture, under penalties which would consign those, who thus abuse their power, to the State Prison. Let the people see to it that none are abused, for the insane, of all human beings, are the most to be pitied, and they should be protected from abuse as much as the public, should be protected from their violence. If the people knew that institution as I know it, they would abandon it forever, for all the good that it could accomplish in a thousand years of the very best treatment, could never repay the horrid atrocities that have been practiced there in the ten years that it has been in operation; and it should be abandoned forever, and its grounds enclosed and planted with weeping willows, and its walls allowed to crumble with time, and remain as a monument to designate it as the field of blood, and the cursed of an avenging God.

ISAAC H. HUNT.

Augusta, State of Maine, June 10, 1852.

*E. B. F. W.*

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