

## **The madhouse system / by Richard Paternoster.**

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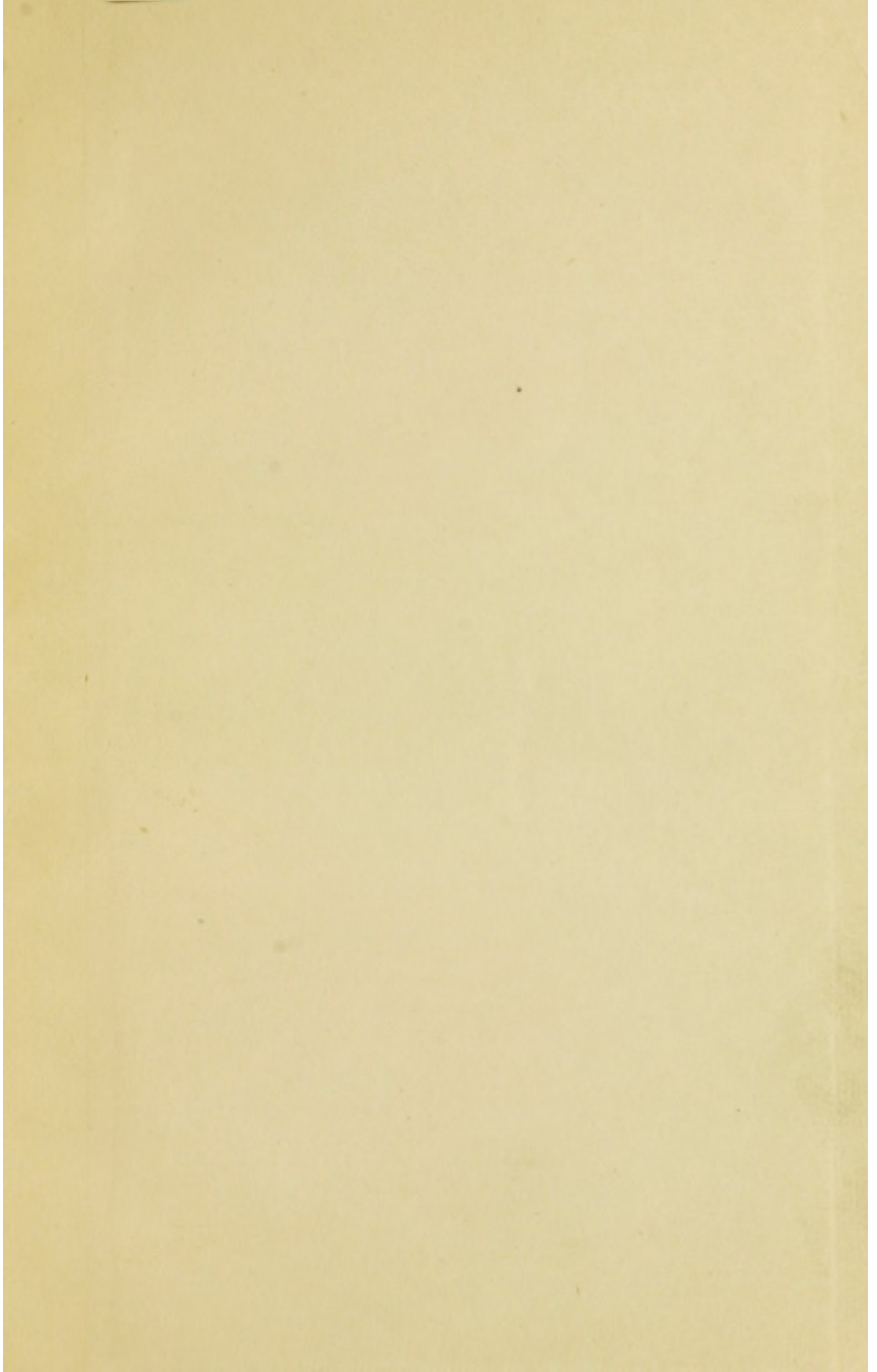
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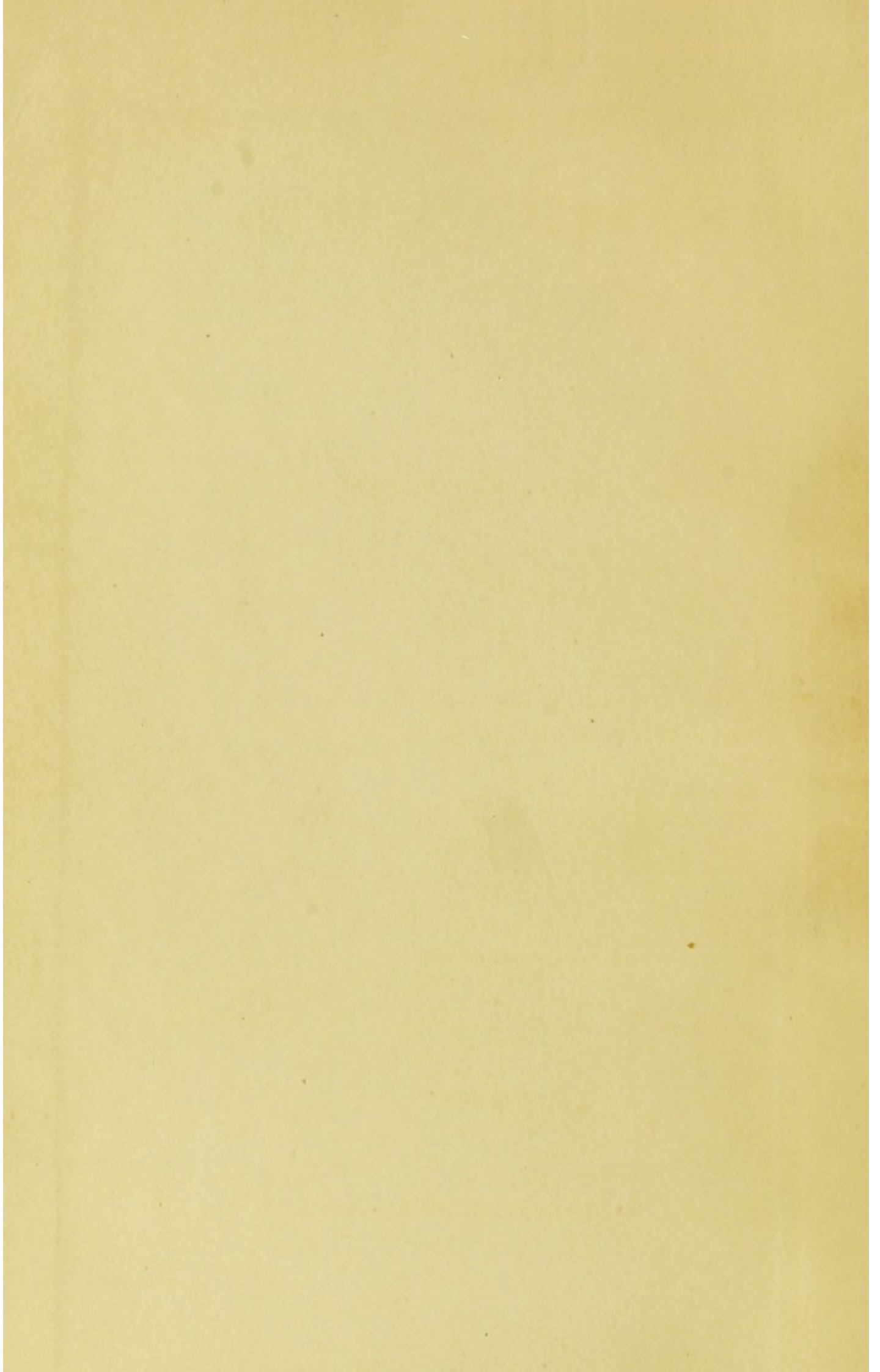
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THE

# Madhouse System.

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BY RICHARD PATERNOSTER.

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"PUBLICITY IS THE SOUL OF JUSTICE."

Jeremy Bentham.

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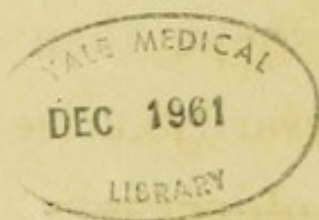
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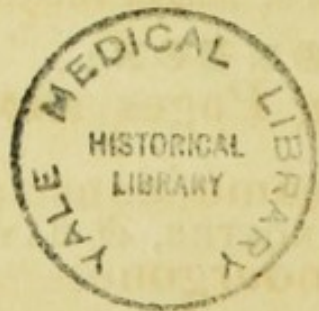
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## A FEW WORDS OF PREFACE.

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The following articles were originally published in the *Satirist Newspaper*, which will account for the apparently disconnected state in which they appear. The subject of the Law and Treatment of Lunacy having excited great interest in the Public mind, it has been thought that a republication in a collected form might prove of service: more especially at the present time when Government has pledged itself to institute an inquiry into the System. As any merit which they possess depends upon the facts therein narrated and not on the style, I have thought it better to present them in their original shape than to incur the delay which must necessarily arise from rewriting the whole. My sole object is

“ To render with my precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness.”

and if the following Pages should tend to such a result, it will be some consolation to me for the sufferings I have undergone.







Till it was my painful fate to witness it, I could not imagine that the human heart was so black as to contrive or connive at the atrocities I have seen committed in a lunatic Asylum. I have known cases where a prisoner has dared to complain to the proprietor of the conduct of a keeper, and been punished afterwards by the said keeper for so complaining. To what power can he appeal? To the Commissioners who come *four times a-year* to the madhouse, and whose visit to eighty inmates *may* last two hours? I will leave your readers to suppose the sort of answer he would get to his complaint by relating what happened to myself. The first day I was confined I made a complaint of the ill-treatment of a keeper, stating exactly what had happened. The reply I received was "Pooh! pooh! it's only your delusion." After that—no more complaints. I submitted to every indignity with the tameness of a lamb. My readers, believe me while I state it, and let your blood curdle while you read. *Horresco referens!* *The man who was my keeper had been confined two years in Coldbath-fields prison for an offence that I cannot further allude to.*

I alluded in my last to a circumstance which would give my readers an idea of the crimes which *can* be perpetrated in Lunatic Asylums with perfect impunity—an impunity arising from the inviolable secrecy with which they are surrounded and from the total absence of any power to which the unhappy victims can appeal for protection. If these horrors can occur with regard to the male patients, what may we not imagine when we see females committed to the custody of men? Left to the relentless fury of some ruthless villain's ungovernable lust? I fain would draw a veil over this part of madhouse iniquities, and spare my own as well as my readers' feelings, but a sense of duty that I ought, in return for my own miraculous deliverance, to hold up to exposure and execration all the atrocities of the system, prevents my so doing. It is true that the proprietors of houses for the reception of female patients are *expected* to be men of good moral character; but what does this amount to? That upon any *proved* act of impropriety or abuse, the Commissioners in Lunacy or the County Magistrates (if not of the metropolitan commission) can stop the license of the house. Without publicity and a power of making known a grievance, what redress can a patient have? Even in those rare instances where gross abuses *have* been brought to light, what punishment or what change of system has followed? The house at Southampton, where the unfortunate Mrs. Strong was murdered, has been relicenced. This is a fact that speaks volumes as to the protection afforded by the Commissioners and the Magistrates.

In cases of indecent violence on the part of male proprietors towards women in their custody, what possible proof can be given, when secluded rooms, instruments of restraint, and the most perfect secrecy, afford an absolute power to the perpetrator of the crime. The proofs are impossible, and their complaints unproved, mere delusions, to be punished by increased rigour and renewed violence. Earnestly do I call upon such of the gentler sex as may chance to read these lines to consider well this part of the subject and to make the case their own—re-

flecting that, as the law now stands, to-morrow's dawn may make their case the same, and consign them to that living tomb from which there is no escape, no appeal—where no gleam of hope shall cheer them in their solitude and torture, and over the portals of which they will find has been too truly inscribed—

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate.”

I come now to another crying abuse in private Asylums—the non-residence of the proprietors. We find medical men laying out their money in madhouses as a good speculation, and committing the care of the unfortunate patients to hired persons, they themselves being engaged in their usual medical practices, and only visiting their Asylums occasionally, to make up the accounts, receive the money, and give general orders to the superintendents. What can be more scandalous than this? Looking over the list of metropolitan madhouses, we find Dr. E. T. Monro proprietor of a house at Clapton for 50 patients, male and female—said patients being consigned to the tender mercies of the Misses Pettingal, and the Doctor residing in Cavendish-square, fully occupied by his professional duties as a practising physician. Again, Dr. A. R. Sutherland has a house at Fulham for 45 females, who are left in charge of one Mrs. Mary Collins; and another house at Chelsea for 30 *males*, under the protection of *Miss Ann Ward*—the worthy Doctor himself, who finds so good an investment for his money, residing in Parliament-street, and being fully engaged also in his general practice. I trust that *Miss Ann Ward* finds amusement and occupation enough with her 30 protegés. Again, we have a Mr. Williams, a Scotch licentiate, keeping four houses at Hackney, containing about 120 patients, at one of which he resides, the other three being under the control of Elizabeth Evans, D. Appleton, and John Bull, the said John Bull being nothing more than an ordinary keeper. Again, we have Dr. John Warburton keeping three houses at Hoxton and Bethnal-green, for about 1000 patients of all descriptions, at none of which he resides. Again, Dr. G. M. Burrows, proprietor of a house at Clapham, for 30 males and females, under the charge of Mrs. E. Stevens—the Doctor residing and practising in London. But it is useless to multiply examples; enough has been said to justify prompt and vigorous interference on the part of the Legislature. To whom are the poor unhappy victims to complain of any cruelty or misconduct? If they dared to do so to the proprietors, during their “angel visits—short and far between,” they have but to expect additional ill-treatment from the keepers afterwards. Do they require medical attendance—Where is it? It is in town, if the keeper choose to send for it. Do they require religious consolation—Where is it? Do they require those kind and soothing attentions so necessary to a mind diseased—Where are they? They are utterly wanting; it forms no part of the speculation; for the proprietors are not paid for the number cured and discharged, but for those uncured and confined. It is their interest to get as many inmates as possible by whatever means, and keep those inmates till death—deranged if already so, and driven to insanity if not insane before. The whole system

is founded upon a breach of the great moral maxim so well laid down by Rousseau—"Never put your interest in opposition to your duty;" and never, therefore, can there be the least safety for those who are sane, nor the slightest chance of proper and humane treatment for those who are not so, while private lunatic Asylums are allowed to exist. The hour, I trust, is come for a total change—an hour of deliverance for thousands, from the most dreadful torture that can be inflicted on human beings, from dreary imprisonment and chains and fetters whose marks will remain imprinted till death. One consolation there is to those who, like myself, have suffered—that our misery may produce the happiness of others, and still more firmly establish that greatest of blessings, *liberty*.

"For when her sons to fetters are consigned—  
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind."

\* \* \* \* \*

"——— May none those marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

I now come to say something of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy. The Act of Parliament under which they are appointed is the 2nd and 3rd William IV., cap. 107; the last Act of any importance relating to Lunatics. By this Act the Lord Chancellor is empowered to appoint, annually, on the 1st of September, a Board of not less than fifteen, nor more than twenty, Commissioners, to have charge of all private Lunatic Asylums within a circuit of seven miles round London. Their power, however, does not extend to Chancery Lunatics, although confined in such private Asylums. Of the whole number two are to be barristers, and not less than four, nor more than five, to be physicians. Every Commissioner is allowed his travelling expenses, and those who are physicians or barristers are allowed, in addition, the sum of one pound for every hour they are employed in executing the duties of their office. At present there are fifteen commissioners; their office is No. 6, John Street, Adelphi. They meet four times a-year, for the purpose of licensing private Lunatic Asylums, or houses for manufacturing madmen; and it is their duty (how strictly performed we shall afterwards have occasion to see) to watch over the manner in which these houses are conducted, and to take care that no irregularities or ill-treatment occur. Beyond the limits aforesaid, private Asylums are under a similar jurisdiction of the county magistrates. I confine myself at present to metropolitan houses. It is the duty of the Commissioners, in cases of abuse and improper treatment in an Asylum, to revoke the license; and if there has been any illegal conduct, to institute proceedings against the parties by indictment. What will my readers think when I tell them that, notwithstanding the innumerable abuses which have been brought to light for many years, not a single license has been revoked, and but one prosecution been carried on! And now I beg my readers to mark well—against whom was this solitary prosecution? Against Dr. Willis Moseley—a person who has long devoted himself to the treatment of

nervous disorders with considerable success, but who pursued a plan totally different from that followed in madhouses. This gentleman's practice, it appears, interfered with the mad-doctors who are the support of Lunatic Asylums, and the Board of Commissioners. He paid no fees for a license; he gave no occupation to the barristers and physicians belonging to the Commission. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* It was an interference with the privileges of the Board, and he was prosecuted accordingly—happily, without success, as he did not *confine* patients—and he still continues to devote himself to the same practice. But the horrible atrocities of Warburton's, Miles's, Finch's, Williams's, and other houses have passed unnoticed, and Mr. Anderdon, Mr. Davies, and scores more been left to the slow and uncertain process of actions at law for redress.

I shall say more of the nature and power of the Commissioners in my next.

The two Barristers in the Commission are James Edward Milne, of Lincoln's Inn, and Bryan Waller Procter, of Gray's Inn, a person better known to the public as Barry Cornwall. Mr. Milne, is a Revising Barrister of the City of London: I would ask how he can find time to devote himself properly to the very arduous and important duties of a Commissioner in Lunacy—duties more sacred in their character, and which require more watchful attention and exertion than those of any other Board. With regard to poets, we all know that they make the very worst men of business that can possibly be, and display in the ordinary intercourse of life a degree of irritability and petulance that contrasts strongly with the virtuous and amiable qualities given to the heroes of their verse. The five physicians of the Commission are, or rather were, Dr. Edward James Seymour, Dr. Henry Herbert Southey, Dr. John Robert Hume, Dr. Thomas Turner, and Dr. John Bright, who, with one exception, are totally opposed to the "mad-doctors," a class, it is but fair to observe, that are held in great contempt by the profession in general. I regret to say that Dr. Seymour has lately resigned. No patient can be received into a Private Lunatic Asylum without two documents, called an order and certificate, and this brings me to the most important part of the Law of Lunacy; and I shall endeavour to point out how shockingly defective is the law, and how completely any person's liberty and property are in the power of designing and avaricious relatives.

#### FORM OF MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

*I, the undersigned, hereby certify that I separately visited and personally examined Richard Paternoster, the person named in the annexed statement and order, on the 24th day of August, 1838, and that the said Richard Paternoster is of unsound mind and a proper person to be confined.*

(Signed)

JOHN SPURGIN, *Physician,*

38, *Guilford-street, Russel-square.*

One of the above forms is sufficient to take away a person's liberty, and consign him to a madhouse. The printed forms are kept all ready by the proprietors of madhouses, who will be happy to furnish my readers with any number they may require, on application. And in order that they

may know how to proceed, I furnish them with a copy of a note addressed to the proprietor of an Asylum, destined to receive a troublesome relative. I omit names.

— Street, London, 1838.

*Sir—I beg you will be so good as to send me two blank forms of order and certificate to-morrow morning, together with two stout keepers for a very violent patient, who is dangerous, and who (!) I desire to commit to your care. And if you can send also two doctors to certify, it will save trouble and much oblige.*

*I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,*

*P. S. Nine o'clock will suit.*

*To Mr. —, — House.*

Hereupon, documents, doctors, and keepers are forthwith furnished—all ready made, as it were—and the job is done, and Mr. —, proprietor of a private Asylum, obtains an excellent customer.

I shall continue the mechanism in my next, and point out more of the enormities of this absurd piece of legislation.

I last week gave the form of certificate: here follows the order or document to be signed by the party who imprisons.

*Statement and order to be annexed to the Medical Certificates authorising the reception of an insane person.*

The patient's true Christian and surname at full length ...	RICHARD PATERNOSTER
The patient's age.....	35, (falsely stated 36)
Married or single.....	
Patient's previous occupation .....	Madras Civil Service.
Patient's previous place of abode .....	49, Haymarket.
Licensed house or other place (if any) in which the patient was before confined.....	None.
Whether found lunatic by Inquisition, and date of commission .....	No.
Special circumstances which shall prevent the patient being separately examined by two medical practitioners....	No.
Special circumstances which exist to prevent the insertion of any of the above particulars.....	No.

23rd August, 1838.

*Sirs—Upon the authority of the above statement and the annexed medical certificates, I request you will receive the said Mr. Richard Paternoster as a patient into your house.*

*I am, your obedient Servant,*

JOHN PATERNOSTER, Surgeon,

30, Norfolk-street, Strand, father to the patient.

*To Messrs. Finch, Kensington-house Asylum.*

Here we have the matter completed; and I beg my readers, remembering always that what can happen to one can happen to others, to observe the dates of the documents. Here is an order for confining a person as insane, dated the 23rd August; the certificates on which such order is, or should be based, are dated the 24th August; that is, judgment is passed and execution done on the unhappy victim *before trial*. "First catch your hare," says Mrs. Glasse, "and then.—" If, upon a

mere order for confinement, a person can be pounced on and thrown into a madhouse, and be *afterwards* certificated as insane, I would ask what possible guarantee there is for the safety of any individual that walks the streets? Let us hear no more of the liberty of the subject after this. Once get your victim into a Private Lunatic Asylum, and certificates can be sent in at your leisure or convenience, or not sent in at all. What is to prevent any date being attached to them that the imprisoning party or the madhouse keeper pleases? The poor patient himself is not allowed any means of making known the deception or forgery; even if he should get such an opportunity, all that he said would be accounted *a delusion*. I would beg my readers to observe also the saving clauses in the above document of special circumstances. The Act requires *two* medical certificates, but *special circumstances* justify one or—none; they can be signed and delivered after the patient is in confinement. This is a most convenient provision. Now I would ask who is to be the judge of special circumstances? they can be found at any time by designing relatives. These special circumstances authorise a person's being seized in the street or in his bed, handcuffed, gagged, chucked into a hackney-coach, conveyed away to a madhouse and *there* certificated by two interested doctors. What man out of a hundred would not be in such a state of frenzy, rage, and despair at the treatment he had received, as to induce, not two mad-doctors, but any impartial observer to declare that he was really insane? A better receipt for making a man mad could not be given; but the unhappy sufferer is to console himself with the assurance that his liberty is taken from him by Act of Parliament, and that he is placed under the *protection* of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy. I shall illustrate some of the abominations of the system by the cases of Messrs. Williams, Clark, Holmes, Hamelin, Owen Gray, Esom, Chateauroux, Sidney Smith, Hubback, Parmenter, Milroy, Count Geisweller, Anthony, and others in Messrs. Finch's Asylum.

I have shown how easily the law can be evaded with regard to certificates of insanity: but even where the letter of the law is complied with, there is no security for personal liberty—no certainty that it is acted on honestly and *bonâ fide*; and never can there be, till we have the safeguard of PUBLICITY. Why not shut up our Courts of Law and Justice, and have all their proceedings secret? Would our judges and juries long maintain their high character of integrity? No: our Courts would soon become Star Chambers, and our prisons be turned into bastilles and inquisitions. Our Lunatic Asylums are but another form of the Inquisition, and orders and certificates but *lettres de cachet*—nay worse, for in the latter there was at least this consolation, that the Government imprisoned, and not those who are bound, by every tie of nature and the social state, to aid, protect, and cherish. Admitting, then, that the Act of Parliament is acted on as regards the two certificates, they are equally valid if signed by medical practitioners of experience, or by mere boys fresh from the schools of Anatomy or Apothecaries' Hall, eager to pocket their first professional fee. Or the signers may be drunk, or in a state of delirium, or themselves more incurably mad than the unhappy victim they are about to consign to a dungeon—a case which no doubt not unfrequently



occurs. Or they may be notoriously wicked and abandoned men, lost to every sense of honour and principle. Or they may be of that very numerous class "whose poverty but not their will consents."

All these dangers exist under the present system, and with almost certain impunity to the doctors, *because* everything is veiled in secrecy. This is bad enough; but what will be thought of doctors receiving a commission or per centage from madhouse keepers for the patients consigned to their custody? or being paid a fixed sum every year to favour a particular house? Yet this is the fact; a complete trading in the miseries of their fellow-creatures, and that portion of them, too, which deserves our utmost sympathy and attention! Let the reader turn to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on madhouses, *temp.* Geo. IV., and he will there find glaring instances of this fact; among others, Dr. Haslam—a person well known as a mad-doctor, receiving sums of 40*l.*, 60*l.*, &c, to send patients to particular houses—the more sent, the greater the emolument, of course. This is a common practice at the present day; a 1*l.* fee from the relative, and a like sum from the madhouse keeper, for each patient—though many will do it for much less. It can be had at all prices. What wonder, after this, at the rapid increase of insane persons, and of Lunatic Asylums? Or, at the constant notices we see of persons missing, who are never afterwards heard of? Nine-tenths of these people, mostly persons of a nervous disposition, and of quiet, retired habits, have been entrapped into some private Lunatic Asylum, whence they are never to emerge, and where their nervousness is turned into confirmed insanity. To such, the quarterly visits of the Commissioners are no protection; for long before they are seen their morbid sensibility has assumed a more serious shape, and the acts of the relations and the doctors appear to be justified by the result. Some horrible cases of nervous persons being terrified into raving and incurable madness have come to my knowledge, which I shall, at a future time, hand up to public notice, and which alone ought to command an immediate change of the present law. Bad enough would it be if these abodes of misery were confined to such as are really afflicted; but it is not even so, for in the majority of cases a Lunatic Asylum is turned into a House of Correction, and the execution of public justice into the gratification of private revenge. On this part of the subject, at least, "*Haud ignarus loquor*"---for I am, in my own person, a striking instance of the fact.

*Extract—First Report, March 20, 1816.*

Mr. JAMES SHARPE examined.

Q. Do you know whether he (Mr. Haslam) received any emolument or salary on the part of Sir Jonathan Miles, for attending patients there?

A. I have been informed that he received a salary, but for what purpose it was not stated. Mr. Watts informed me of that.

Q. Did Sir J. Miles ever inform you he had paid him a salary of any given sum?

A. Yes, he did.

Q. To what amount?

A. 100*l.* per annum.

Mr. WATTS, superintendant at Hoxton, called in.

Q. Has Mr. Haslam any private practice in your house

A. None whatever.

Q. Did he ever receive any salary from Sir Jonathan Miles's house?

A. Yes.

Q. How much, and when?

A. He receives 100*l.* a-year.

Q. Now?

A. Now, formerly he received 40*l.* a-year, and it was increased to 60*l.* a-year, and from 60*l.* to 100*l.*

Q. What does he do for that salary?

A. It is for his *recommendation* of patients to the house.

Q. Then the committee are to understand that it is in the nature of a fee for the recommendation of patients to the establishment at Hoxton?

A. Yes.

I continue the absurdities of the Lunacy Act, and wish to point out how utterly inefficacious are its provisions for the protection of the unhappy inmates of a madhouse. Upon the admission of a patient, copies of the certificates and order are sent by the proprietor of the Asylum to the Commissioners' office in the Adelphi, where they are registered; but no inquiries are made as to whether they have been properly obtained, and the statements therein contained are correct. They are all received, as a matter of course, and no questions asked; false documents and forged signatures can be palmed off with complete impunity. Nor, after his liberation, should he be so fortunate as ever to obtain it, can the poor victim procure copies, or even a sight of these papers, without a special order from the Lord Chancellor. Every imaginable obstacle is thrown in the way of his obtaining redress. Generally speaking, the inmates of Private Asylums never know by whose order and certificates they are confined, this is a matter studiously kept from them in order to preserve perfect the system of secrecy, and bring them more completely under the power of their persecutors. Any casual admission of strangers into the Asylum, for the purpose of inspecting the establishment, seeking after lost friends, or affording consolation to the afflicted, is a thing unheard of. The subjoined extract from the Report of the Committee before alluded to, will give my readers an idea of this. All houses containing 100 patients, must have a resident medical man; but if there are only 99, they can do very well without this expensive addition to the establishment, at least so we may suppose, as the Act does not render it necessary. *These* poor creatures must put up with such medical attendance as the proprietor chooses to provide, or like the pupils of Dotheboys-Hall, be punished for being ill at all. But in those houses where a medical man resides, little good can arise from his residence, inasmuch as he is a servant of the proprietor, and of course interested in supporting all the abuses of the system. He cannot be supposed in any way to stand between the patient and his relatives, or to protect him from any ill treatment exercised towards him by other servants of the house. For this purpose there wants a power *independent* of the proprietor, and of the imprisoning party, who could impartially and fearlessly perform his duty to the person confined. Upon all inquiries into the mental condition of the patient by either the relations or the Commissioners, it is clearly the interest of the resident medical man to represent it unfavourably to the sufferer, in order that he may *not* be removed.

*Select Committee of the House of Commons—May 3, 1815.*

Mr. EDWARD WAKEFIELD, Pall Mall, examined, and after detailing his visits to Bedlam, St. Luke's, Guy's Hospital, &c., states:—

*“ I applied at Sir Jonathon Miles's receiving-house, at Hoxton, for leave to look over it. Mr. Watt, the person who had the care of the house, (Sir J. Miles not living there), stated that it was in the hands of Trustees, who had determined that no persons should be permitted to look over the buildings. I argued with him on the injury he would do himself from such a refusal, and his answer was ‘ that an inspection of that house would be signing its death warrant.’ ”*

A fine specimen of the miserable twaddling of this famous Lunacy Act is found in clause 37, which, having the fear of the Tory Church before it, enacts that the Commissioners are to inquire when the church service is performed before the patients, and what aid, benefit, and consolation they derive therefrom; and when Divine service is not performed, *the proprietor is to enter into a book the reason thereof!* This is a thing which my readers will doubtless agree with me in thinking is easily done. The clause shows a generous consideration for the spiritual wants of the unhappy victims, but unluckily it says nothing about ordering the attendance of any minister whom the patients may desire to see, and who *of course* would *not* be allowed by the proprietor or relations to visit him. It is not the formal ceremony of Divine service once a week or once a fortnight that can be expected to produce any benefit to the inmates; their one want is liberty, their desire to see their friends and not their enemies, their malady the result of being confined in a madhouse. Being determined, when myself in the most dreadful of human abodes, to lose no opportunity of witnessing everything in my power relating to its internal arrangements, I attended Divine service one evening. My attendance was optional, with others it was not so—they were compelled, for, as was observed by the proprietor to one of the patients who was refractory, “ You must do what you are ordered here—if not we have the power of making you.” Nothing could be more decorous than the conduct of the 23 patients who were in the room, far more so than that of the clergyman who officiated. Now, from their behaviour upon this occasion, it must have been evident to any man of common sense that those unfortunate creatures were fit to enjoy the blessings of liberty without causing the slightest apprehension to anybody. Their daily conduct, if inquired into, would have shown that they were harmless, inoffensive, and in many instances rational beings, yet no inquiry was made by the minister into the subject. His duties were confined to a simple performance of the church service once a fortnight; no religious consolation upon other days, none of those soothing attentions which pour balm into the wounded bosom and minister to a mind diseased. One would have supposed that a teacher of that religion which breathes but charity and love, could have found no fairer object for the exercise of his mission than the suffering and neglected lunatic; and great is the shame of the Church that its servants have never done their duty in that respect. Even in their last moments the patients are deprived of those consolations which religion might afford,

and after having during life been subject to every species of cruelty, indignity, and neglect, are allowed to die like dogs on a dunghill, far removed from all that is dear to them and their bodies are removed *at midnight*\* from the earthly abode of anguish to a place where they are tortured no more.

I now proceed to show what sort of protection is afforded by the Metropolitan Commissioners, under the act, to the inmates of private asylums, and what hope of deliverance a person unjustly confined has to expect from them. It is quite clear, from what I have already said, that, sane or insane, a person once within the walls of a madhouse has no mercy to hope for, either from the party who puts him there, or from the proprietor who is interested in keeping him there. His sole hope centres in the Commissioners, and we will now see what their powers are for this purpose. By clause 41 of this masterpiece of English legislation, "The Commissioners may set at liberty persons improperly confined," and every body of common sense would suppose that they could do so at once upon the confinement being shown to be improper—either as regards the illegality or the insanity: but not so, here again the unhappy object of persecution must suffer hardship and injustice. This clause I strongly recommend every one who has any love of liberty, and who has perhaps some vague notions about England's being a land of freedom, to pursue attentively, and then say whether a more monstrous, unjust absurdity was ever concocted. And yet this act boasts for its parent of one who has ever been first and foremost in declaiming about liberty and justice—Lord Brougham. Let my readers know then, that however unjustly or improperly confined they may be in one of these Private Asylums, *six weeks* must elapse, *after* their case has been taken up by the Commissioners, before they can obtain their liberation. First, upon the Commissioners determining to investigate any case where they think the confinement illegal or improper, or as the clause runs, "if it shall appear that any person is detained in any such house without sufficient cause," notice of their intention is to be given in writing by the clerk of the Commissioners to the proprietor of the house where the alleged insane person is confined (mark well this proviso—*what tricks may be practised on the prisoner in the interim!*) and to the person by whose authority he was sent. Then, three separate and distinct visits are to be made by three at least by the Commissioners, two to be physicians, and fourteen clear days at the least are to intervene between each visit. After all this, "it shall and may be lawful for the said Commissioners, at one of their quarterly meetings, or at a meeting specially summoned at four clear days notice, to set such person at liberty, or otherwise to act under the circumstances as the case may seem to require." Readers! behold the wisdom of Lord Brougham! What! however unjustifiably a person may have been seized and thrown into one of those human hells, and, however innocent of the charge of insanity he may be, once within those

\* This is always the case.

dreary walls and *six weeks* are requisite to get him out! The time stands thus, calculated according to the *minimum* :—

4 days notice to parties, and to Commissioners to assemble.

16 days from first to second visit.

16 days from second to third visit.

4 clear days, in fact 6, for notice of meeting.

—

40 days.

I was liberated in 41 days, the shortest period on the record of the Board, but I was indeed fortunate! Destined to imprisonment for life, thanks to the blessings of a free Press, I regained my liberty in six weeks!

I shall pursue this subject hereafter, and point out how dangerous to personal liberty is the existence of this Board, and show, from my own case, how liable are the examinations at their visits to be turned into the persecuting investigations of the inquisition.

I here give a few cases illustrative of the horrors and abuses of the system of Private Lunatic Asylums. They occurred under my own eyes while in confinement, and I therefore know them to be true.

1. There was in the same madhouse with me, a poor Frenchman, by name Chateauroux, a harmless inoffensive being, apparently quite neglected by the parties who placed him there, as nobody ever came to see him, and he was miserably clad and very dirty. On my liberation, I handed up this man's case, together with that of Colonel Dupré (already recorded in the columns of the *Satirist*) to the French Ambassador, considering them both to be proper cases for his interference. His answer, which I keep by me, informed me that he refused to do anything in the matter. I state thus much, hoping that their cases may meet the eyes of some of their friends or of the authorities in France.

On Thursday, the 24th September, at 4 p. m., this Chateauroux, who was sauntering in the garden, picked up a bone and threw it over the wall into Sir John Scott Lillie's garden—small offence this for any one at any time, but for a lunatic, who, according to their own (the doctors') doctrine, is not responsible for his acts—none at all. One of the keepers, by name John Green, seeing this, instantly rushed at him like a tiger, knocked him down with one blow of his fist, and then thrashed him severely while on the ground, the poor fellow shrieking out piteously all the time. Any redress for this? None. Any remedy? None whatever under the present system; for if Chateauroux had complained to the proprietor the first time he saw him, it would have been treated as only *a delusion*, and he would have been worse punished afterwards for daring to complain of a keeper. I booked the case instantly, hiding myself behind some French beans that I might not be seen writing. Here then we have a case of unnecessary cruelty.

2. Again; on Sunday, 30th September in the afternoon, Hamelin, then a new patient, plucked up a plant at the bottom of the garden. He was instantly knocked down by a keeper and beat.

3. Again; Holmes one day pulled off a small branch of a tree; his hands were forthwith fastened in an instrument called the *muff* (a thing

made of stout sole leather in which the hands are confined together), and a chain with a log put round his leg; in this helpless state, he was beat by the keeper.

4. Again; Myers was violently knocked down by a keeper one day on a bench in the graden, and received a hurt in his back, from which he has suffered ever since.

Need I say more to prove unnecessary severity—wanton cruelty? I would that this were all, but more and far greater horrors have I to detail before my painful, thankless task is done, and I have roused the British public to shew some pity, some sympathy, for the sufferings of their most unfortunate and neglected fellow creatures.

There was a patient in the Lunatic Asylum in which I was confined, by name Anthony; his surname I could not obtain.\* He was a poor, weak idiot, perfectly innocent and harmless. I used to take a great interest in him, from the cruel way in which he was treated. He had a faculty of standing on his toes, which, however, was painful to him. The keepers, and some of the prisoners who were malicious, used to make him do this in order to afford amusement: when he refused, they used to illtreat him by beating him, pulling his ears and whiskers, and knocking him about. He used often to be knocked down. I have seen him often begging piteously that they would not hurt him so—but all in vain: mercy and pity were things unknown there. One day Green, the keeper, brought out some cayenne pepper in the garden where Anthony was, and desired him to open his mouth: he did so instantly, and Green put the pepper in, and told him to swallow it! The poor creature was in agony, as may well be conceived. I was indignant to see such treatment, but could do nothing—remonstrance was useless—complaint to the proprietor impossible. This was a specimen of pure malicious torture of a helpless idiot—a torture enough to have produced insanity, if it existed not before.

Englishmen! do you read these things and yet not rouse yourselves in defence of your helpless fellow creatures and contrymen? Do you not know that this may one day be your own fate—the fate of your brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, of those who are dearest to you in nature and in love? Will *no one* support me in the arduous and important task I have undertaken of exposing the horrible enormities and atrocities of these English Bastilles? I handed up to the Coroner, soon after my liberation, the case of a man who was murdered there: no notice was taken. I then handed it up to the constable and the magistrates of the district, and still no notice was taken. I now again repeat that I have been witness of the murder of a fellow creature in a Private Lunatic Asylum, and I offer to go before the authorities and substantiate what I say; and if any benevolent individual will assist me in so doing, I request he will communicate with me at the undersigned address.†

The whole system is one of coercion and cruelty: for some time after I was confined I could not expose myself to witness the conduct pursued

\* His name will be found in the list.

† No. 49, Haymarket.

towards the other prisoners; my own feelings had received too great a shock to allow them to be further harrowed by the sufferings of others, but latterly I seized every opportunity of observing the general treatment, and of enquiring into the case of every individual there. There were thirty-seven\* male prisoners and twenty-five females—kept completely apart from each other; behind the house there was a piece of ground, miscalled garden, about sixty yards long and fifteen broad, separated by a high wall from a piece of about the same size for the use of the females. This was the only place of exercise the prisoners had. Occupation there was none, amusement none, music none, books none, newspapers none, baths none! cleanliness none, medical treatment none, friends none, food scanty and bad. The prisoners, when the weather was fine enough, sauntered almost the whole day up and down this garden, forlorn, and wretched.

\* “ And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it o'er in every part,  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where their walk begun.”

At eight in the morning they were turned out of bed to breakfast, the ward doors being then unlocked; after breakfast, they were turned into the garden till two o'clock, when they dined; then they were made to go into the garden again till six, when they had tea, when the garden door was locked, and at eight o'clock (!) they were locked into the bedwards, there to lie till eight the next morning! This early hour of rest afforded time to the keepers to go out into the town and drink at public houses. The beds in the different wards were as close as they could be to admit of access to them; the stench on entering the wards in the morning was intolerable. One poor man was confined there by his wife because he had a diabetes; he had nothing whatever the matter with his mind. Those who know the complaint can imagine the offensive odour caused by this prisoner, and yet many others were obliged to sit and sleep and take their meals in the same room! His name was Hubback, an old gentleman, who had formerly been an intimate boon companion of George the Fourth when Prince Regent. His case is indeed a lamentable one, nothing whatever being done to cure him. That, it is true, could never have been the object of those who confined him, or he would have been sent to a hospital and not to a madhouse. His wife, the last time I heard of her, was living in good style at Brighton. I proclaim this monstrous case of domestic tyranny to the world, and shall be happy to communicate with any of Mr. Hubbauck's friends.

I continue to illustrate that system, by what happened to myself. I have already stated that at certain times the prisoners were turned into the garden, where they wandered about. A few days after my arrival in the Asylum, I was ordered by the keeper to go into the garden: this was after breakfast. I refused to go, alleging that I expected

\* This was according to the information given to me: I however could make out but 33 male prisoners, whose names are given subsequently.

some friends to call on me (this was before the visits of Mr. Hawes had been interdicted), and I preferred waiting in-doors for them. The keeper instantly struck me in the face, saying, "Oh! you're waiting for your friends, are you? that wont do here; we know nothing of your friends. You must go out here when you are ordered," &c. &c. I made no resistance—no complaint. Any violence on my part in return, would have caused my being put into handcuffs and chains instantly, and all complaint would have been answered by the usual "Oh! it's your *delusion*." It was a severe trial to my patience, but some superior power enabled me to bear every insult and indignity during my extraordinary incarceration, and certainly the moral ills were far more painful than the physical. It was not the quantity or the quality of the food that grieved, but the total absence of all those relations which constitute life in its nobler and more extended sense.

" Our bread was such as captives' tears  
 Have moistened many a thousand years,  
 Since man first pent his fellow men  
 Like brutes within an iron den.  
 But what were these to us and him?  
 These wasted not my heart or limb."

One day my keeper found out that I understood French; thereupon I was desired to give him lessons in French. Of course I could do no less than obey orders—so a grammar was purchased in the town, and I was diligently employed every day in knocking French into the head of a mad-house keeper, who could at any time punish his schoolmaster at home, if he did not give him satisfaction. All the petty annoyances practised in order to irritate and provoke, it would be impossible to narrate, but the interdiction of my friends was by far the severest cruelty. This, indeed, seems one of the refinements of torture peculiar to the present system of Private Asylums. No sooner was it known that my case had been taken up by my friends, who were astonished at my arrest, and that they had come to visit me, than a strict order was given, by the party who imprisoned me, that no person should be allowed to see me, and that I should not be permitted to send or receive any letters. Thus was the world shut out from me. The second day after my arrest, two of my friends who had learnt what had happened from the newspapers, came to see me—one of them a lady, as distinguished for those amiable qualities which so well become the gentler sex, as she is for those personal charms which intercede so strongly for the unfortunate. They represented that they had known me for many years, had been in the constant habit of seeing me, and had seen me but the day before my seizure, and were perfectly convinced of my sanity. At any rate they begged to see me, that they might be satisfied of my state, and inquire what they could do to serve me. An interview was denied! They entreated to see me even through a grating, but in vain—this would have been too great a consolation to have allowed me in my affliction. Those entreaties, these intercessions of pitying beauty, which melt even the heart of the hardened goaler, were thrown away upon the proprietor of a Private Lunatic Asylum.



I have already shown the loose and careless manner in which persons are certified as insane, and the total absence of any safe-guard against the rascality of medical men; that patients are taken into madhouses upon insufficient certificates, even supposing them to be deranged, as people may have peculiar notions or delusions, or be insane upon some subjects, and yet be perfectly harmless, and as fit to enjoy their liberty as any others; that in no case is the certificate given on oath; that they are taken upon *one* certificate instead of *two*, owing to the saving clause about special circumstances; that they are taken upon no certificate at all; that the certifying doctors are interested parties, paid by the relatives, and not appointed and paid for the purpose by Government; that there is no power of appeal to any authority of which the unhappy patient can avail himself in case there *should be* any abuse; and that his property, after he is taken, is completely at the mercy of his relatives who have imprisoned him. Here are some of the evils of the new and improved system, under which twenty-five millions of beings are content quietly to sit down. I might go on with a long category of evils appertaining to the present state of the law, but I have said enough to awaken public attention, if indeed it can be awakened, to this momentous subject, and to warn my fellow-countrymen of the danger which daily, nay, hourly surrounds them.

“ And if, Cassandra, like amidst the din  
 Of conflict none will hear, or hearing, heed  
 This voice from out the wilderness, the sin  
 Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed.”

I might, indeed, from my own case exemplify every evil and abuse of the whole system, and that to me would be the easiest task; but I cannot for obvious reasons enter now into its details. While Nemesis yet holds the unbalanced scale, I must be silent; but I could, if it were allowable, expose a plot of such deep and dark malignity, and such scenes of cold-blooded persecution and cruelty, as should make my readers tremble for their own safety. In the meantime I shall continue to hand up to public notice all cases of abuse which come to my knowledge duly authenticated, until a reform in the law takes place. My own experience, it is true, is limited to one of these modern bastilles called Lunatic Asylums, and I have every possible obstacle thrown in my way when I attempt to obtain information as to others; I find it now as difficult to get in as I once found it to get out. My system of Publicity does not at all suit the keepers of these places. I applied to see Mullins' madhouse at Chelsea, but I was refused admission, and all information about the number, names, and treatment of the inmates. Similar applications by others have met with the same success—indeed all inquiry is set at defiance; it is only by the subsequent revelations of those who have been confined, that we can ascertain the real state of these domestic prisons, and the treatment pursued towards their inmates.

## CASE OF MR. RICHARD HENNAH.

Mr. Richard Hennah is the son of a Mr. Hennah, of Blackheath, a bill broker, and brother of Mr. Thomas Hennah, of the India House. He was greatly addicted to drink, so that he neglected his duties and got into trouble in consequence, and risked the loss of his situation. This was a matter of serious import, as he had nothing else to depend on. Now, mark the sequel, as a fine illustration of the abuses that are practised under the system in more ways than one. His father gets him certified by Mr. Paternoster, of Norfolk-street, and he is forthwith consigned to Sutherland's madhouse at Chelsea, where he is kept several months. That his health had been greatly injured by intemperance, and that he had unfitted himself, *pro tempore*, for his duties, is undoubted; and so far as depriving him of the means of indulging in his destructive habit, perhaps no great moral offence was committed; but to turn Lunatic Asylums into receptacles for drunken people, is to open a door to malpractices of which there would be no end. Here, then, the abuse is palpable; but this was not all. Upon the plea of inability any longer to perform the duties of his situation, in consequence of insanity, this gentleman applies for and obtains, from the East India Company, a handsome pension for life, which he enjoys at Blois, in France, in as full possession of the "mens sana in corpore sano" as a man can be. So much for trying it on with the East India Company.

## CASE OF THE REV. MR. WING, OF THORNHAUGH.

This is another instance of family oppression, under this most abominable of systems. This worthy and harmless old gentleman was a long time confined in a metropolitan madhouse by his son, Thomas Wing, the attorney of Gray's-inn, the person who figures so conspicuously in my own case. Who the certificating doctors were, I have not been able to ascertain; nor did I ever hear any cause assigned for his incarceration, beyond his being very nervous and irritable, and laying out his money in a way which was not agreeable to Mr. Thomas—crimes, of course, to be punished with all the horrors of a Lunatic Asylum. It is hardly necessary to add, that in this case, as in all others similar, the old gentleman's complaint and general health, so far from being benefitted by the *kind* confinement, were greatly injured, and he soon after died. Whether any different distribution of his property took place in consequence of the treatment he received, from what he originally intended, is a question which I leave his son to answer. At any rate he seems to suffer but slight remorse on the subject, for when engaged in the outrage upon myself, he boasted to my landlady, Mrs. Scott, that "it was not the first time in his life he had done a thing of the kind; he had put his own father in a madhouse,

and he never regretted it; he would do it again, if he was alive." These are his own words. Thus it would appear that he is a practised hand at this sort of work, but does he forget that some day or other a similar fate may await himself? *Then* this Law of Lunacy, which he now finds so convenient, will suddenly become the most infamous and oppressive. "Ah! it was badly managed; but we've got him safe enough now," observed he to Mrs. Scott, on his returning to my lodgings in the evening, after I was safely deposited at Finch's, when he broke open the door of my room, and took away the whole of my property. This, it may be said, is a solitary case, and not to be taken as a general rule; but let my readers remember that what can happen to one, can happen to all, and that no man or woman can consider themselves safe, so long as the law remains. *Ex uno disce omnes.* My case obtained publicity, and I was saved; but had it been, as Mr. Wing observed, *better managed*, like hundreds of others, and I had been conveyed away to a Private Madhouse secretly, what power of appeal or redress could I have had? Cut off from the world, without the possibility of writing either to those in authority or to my friends, or of making my case known to the public, I might have been quietly murdered at some convenient time, *when it could be well managed*, and never lived to expose the abuses which exist in these dens of iniquity.

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The following case is of so serious a nature that I have thought proper to refer it, before publication, to the party chiefly implicated. As his answer rather confirms than otherwise the chief facts of the case, I have no longer any hesitation in handing it up to public notice.

### CASE.

A person named Robert Orme Smith, aged about 50 years, formerly, when he was very young, employed in the India House, has been confined in Warburton's Madhouse at Bethnal-green for upwards of 30 years! The party who confines him is Mr. John Bowden, bank director, residing at No. 17, Grosvenor-place, his sole surviving trustee. About 15 years ago he escaped from the Madhouse, and was at liberty about a week. During this time he went to Mr. John Bowden to make inquiries respecting his property. He was desired to call again in two days, which he did; two keepers were in readiness to seize him; he was conveyed back to the madhouse, and has been confined ever since. According to the information furnished me, his property has long since been sold, part of it having passed into the hands of Messrs. Herries, bankers, of St. James's-street, and no account ever rendered to him. He was visited on the 9th of August 1839 by a person who was admitted to see him on the sole condition of not delivering or bringing away any letters, and the interview was in the presence of the superintendent and two keepers. This person declares that he found him perfectly sane and rational, complaining bitterly of his confinement, and very anxious to have his case brought before the public. He has no relations; the party who

imprisons him has very rarely seen him since his incarceration, and, with the exception of the above, he has received no visit for the last two years. Whatever may be the story of the property, it is quite clear that here is a person confined for the best part of his life, who is, from his inoffensive conduct, perfectly fit to have the enjoyment of his liberty, even assuming that he may have some delusions, which does not appear to be the case. If there is nothing wrong, why is the man not allowed to write letters? The Commissioners are but poor protection here, either to person or property. The mere fact of his having been confined so long acts to his prejudice, and deprives him of that investigation into his case to which he so justly entitled. He may perhaps be seen by them three or four times a year in a cursory visit paid to several hundred patients; no examination takes place; he is reported, if any questions should be asked, as having been confined thirty years, as being incurable, and there the matter ends. Without some friend to take up his case, and press it upon the attention of the Commissioners, his liberation becomes hopeless, and as to his property, it is, of course, entirely at the mercy of those who imprison him, as he has no means of making any complaint or instituting any inquiry about it. In all these cases, liberty being lost, the loss of property follows as a matter of course. Every outrage can then be committed with impunity, and in open defiance of all law, as happened in my own case. Even in the event of a person's restoration to liberty after a confinement of many years, in what way is he to recover his property, with every difficulty to contend with of deaths of parties, absence of legal proof, destruction of documents, want of identity, &c., &c.? For the Commissioners are not constituted guardians of the property of those confined, though they are supposed to be of the persons, and have no power to make inquiry into it, or take any measures for its preservation.

### CASE OF THE LATE MR. TWINING.

I am enabled this week, from information furnished by Clarke, a keeper, to give the names of two additional victims of Finch's den at Kensington; who, however, have been delivered from incarceration, greatly to the annoyance of the private-prison-keeping firm. These are Mr. Stapleton, of No. 15, Wharf, Paddington, and Mr. Haynes, a publican of London-street, Paddington. In the latter we see another example of the dreadful consequences that may ensue from confinement in a madhouse. Goaded on to despair by imprisonment and cruel treatment, Mr. Haynes sought a refuge from his miseries by hanging himself in the water-closet, where he was found and cut down by another prisoner just in time to save his life! Had he died, none outside those dreary walls would have heard of it; there would have been no inquest held upon the body, a report would have been sent into the Commissioners-office that such a patient had died a natural death, or as the favourite expression among these madhouse people is, "died from exhaustion," and the only consideration in the mind of the proprietor would have been that he had lost a victim, and so much profit per week or per month. Is

not this horrible? it is not revolting to all the better feelings of humanity? What can be thought of relations who can hazard such a catastrophe? and what, after it has taken place, must be their feelings of remorse? Yet cases like this, where the unhappy prisoner is driven to suicide, occur constantly; but from the inviolate secrecy of these English Bastilles, they never reach the public ear. In these two cases the dread of exposure worked its salutary effect, and release was the consequence.

I turn now to the case at the head of this paper, that of the late Mr. Twining, a grocer in the Strand. I have been repeatedly consulted as to what course should be pursued in cases of real derangement, since my opinion has been so strongly expressed against the treatment followed in all private madhouses. Since I disapprove of so much, I am asked of what do I approve, as undoubtedly there are cases of insanity where the relations act from the best motives in their endeavours to cure the unhappy sufferer, and are willing to sacrifice everything in order to restore to the family circle some member dearer to them than their own lives. Such cases do occur; and the relations, with the best intentions, ignorant of what should be done, and blindly trusting to the specious representations of some interested mad-doctor or private madhouse keeper, confide their beloved friend to a place where his malady is aggravated, and perhaps confirmed for life; and thus commit an error to be afterwards deplored through years of bitter anguish and remorse. Among others, a lady writes to me from Ermington, in Devonshire, requesting my advice on the subject of her brother-in-law, whose mental state had caused all his family the severest affliction. Now, mark the case, and observe the diabolical wickedness of these madhouse fiends, and *ex uno disce omnes*.

Partly frightened and partly cajoled by promises of the kindest and most tender treatment, his family placed him at great cost in one of the first establishments of the kind during the summer. They removed to the vicinity of the asylum during the entire period of her brother-in-law's stay under its roof, to whom they were devoted by the strongest ties of affection, in order that they might watch over his happiness and welfare; but (*mark this, ye haters of hypocrisy, mark this!*) it failed to bring the consolation of occasional intercourse they had vainly anticipated, all interview being cut off by advice of those under whose charge he was, and it was only the knowledge of being near which afforded comfort. At length suspicion arose—he was removed, and then their eyes were opened, and they had the most convincing proofs of the harsh treatment he had suffered under the fairest promises, and which firmly decided them that a similar separation could never again be permitted. He was taken home, he once more breathed the free air of his native place, he was well; and his family deplored in bitter agony the error they had committed.

What was the conduct of the madhouse people? they denied all interview! of course they did—this is always their system; that would have been a consolation to him, and tended to his recovery; *their* object was to have him all to themselves to work upon, to goad and irritate to confirmed insanity, and thus secure a good patient for life—a patient at great cost, well worth the trouble of driving mad. When will people open

their eyes, and see through the hypocrisy of the system, and how long shall these things last? Is there no power to punish these things? and shall not an avenging God make himself known?

The question is, what should have been done? and I will illustrate the matter by the case above named. Mr. Twining, after two severe paralytic attacks, and labouring under the disadvantage of that scrofulous affection which is known to be nearly allied to insanity, and to which so many of his family have fallen victims, was for many years previous to his death in the most helpless and deplorable state of imbecility. But his family did not put him into a madhouse in order to hasten his death, or to allow him to linger out the remaining years of his existence in a state of misery and neglect: they put him into a cheerful house in the country, with one of the elderly females of his family to superintend, and a careful manservant who had long lived with him as a keeper or attendant. In this way his wants and his fancies were attended to—his feelings were not shocked by the presence and the conduct of some unknown brutal ruffian from a madhouse, with liberty to coerce and illtreat at pleasure, and probably to rob him besides. Nature was not outraged here: he had all the freedom which his disabled physical condition enabled him to enjoy, being taken about in a chair for change of air and scene, and not immured within the dreary walls of a madhouse, to pine away in hopeless melancholy. He descended to the grave a free man, in peace. Shall I speak of the expense in such a case? Know, then, that the whole of the expense was less than “the great cost” entailed by the other family, who placed their relative in “one of the first establishments of the kind” to bring back to them “the most convincing proofs of the harsh treatment he had suffered.” Now I hope my opinion is known. You cannot cure insanity by cruelty. I can sum up the whole of my advice in one word—LOVE.

How different is the above from the conduct of MR. WING, who, outstripping even the inhumanity of the mad-doctors, placed his aged parent in a private madhouse, deprived of every comfort, and by his cruel persecution brought down the grey hairs of his father in sorrow to the grave!

### CASE OF LADY KIRKWALL.

Lady Kirkwall was found lunatic by commission in the year 1836. She was first, however, seized and conveyed to a madhouse, from which she was brought up for examination before the commission. This is the invariable mode of doing this business, because the unfortunate victim's mind is broken or goaded sufficiently to ensure the success of the commission. They are never brought up until this is the case; they are, in fact, prepared for the slaughter. At the time of this commission both Lord de Blaquiere and Lieut. General de Blaquiere her two brothers, were absent from this country. No intimation whatever was given them of the proceeding; they were kept entirely ignorant of the plot against their sister, until her fate was sealed. The commission was sued out at the instance of Lord Orkney and the Hon. Captain Fitzmaurice of the

2nd Life Guards, Lady Kirkwall's two sons. No sooner had it terminated than Lord Orkney gets himself appointed committee of the estate, and Captain Fitzmaurice committee of the person; and under the sole and irresponsable control of this Captain Fitzmaurice has this unhappy lady continued ever since, while Lord Orkney takes care to *administer her property!* She has been shut up for years in the back part of a house (in order that she might not, from the front windows, give an alarm and obtain a rescue), under the orders and subject to all the insults of a set of keepers and interested tools appointed by this Captain Fitzmaurice. She has been confined as much *au secret* as through she had been the victim of the *Lettres de Cachet* of former times. She has been denied the power of communicating with her friends, or even of having the use of pen, ink, and paper. She cannot appeal to the authorities of the land; she cannot see a magistrate; she cannot employ an attorney; she cannot have redress by law either civil or criminal; she cannot even have access to her own brothers—she is confined as a criminal in the dungeons of the Bastille; she is the victim of a system more diabolical than the Inquisition itself! Nature blushes to record the fact that this cruelty is exercised towards her by her own sons! And this can be done in the 19th century, in a country calling itself free!

I omitted to state in my last that the mad-doctor who does the business in Lady Kirkwall's case is our old burly friend Dr. Monro. What increase to his income he makes by superintending the unfortunate lady, I am unable to say, but it is evident that in such goods hands the amount, whatever it is, may be considered a life annuity. Any hopes of recovery, therefore, are not to be entertained. What! a mad-doctor cutting his own throat!—the thing is ridiculous. I know not whether the Dr. is any relation to the celebrated person of the same name in Bengal, of whom every one in India has heard—

“The very well known Mister Monro,  
Who shot at a tiger—and killed a crow.”

I suspect not, for the Doctor very rarely misses his aim or falls to bring his bird to bag. General de Blaquiere made repeated applications to the Doctor to ascertain where his sister was confined—all in vain: it was only by chance he discovered her place of imprisonment. The usual hypocritical cant of the mad-doctors was resorted to on these occasions—that it would be injurious to Lady Kirkwall to see any one who was nearly allied to or dear to her—that she should be left entirely in the hands of her doctor, who of course would do the best—for his own interest. The General preserves a curious note from the Doctor, requesting him to send his fee for these applications by the bearer.

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Now we'll have a little cruelty from WARBURTON'S, at Bethnal Green, and see what the public think of that. Report of the Select Committee on asylums, p.p. 175, *et seq.*

## ARCHIBALD PARKE examined.

Q. When was it they first put you in irons? was it after you attempted to make your escape? Yes!

Q. How were you occupied before you made your escape? I was shaving the patients up to the time I made my escape.

Q. When you got back, did they put you in irons? They put me in irons directly.

Q. Can you tell what the irons were? They weighed about three pounds and a half.

Q. Were your hands chained down? A chain was round my waist, and the chain was through my handcuffs, and confined my hands within about four inches of my body, and the handcuffs were about four inches from one another.

Q. Were your legs locked at night? I had a chain upon my leg, from eighteen to twenty pounds' weight, fastened to the frame of the bed, and then I had a chain to the other side of the bed, and locked with my handcuffs also.

Q. Did you ever see any of the patients beat? I have seen them beat in such a manner that they have died in two or three days afterwards.

Q. Were they kept in the cribs all day Sunday? They were kept all day Sunday; they were put in, in the winter time, about four o'clock on the Saturday evening, and they were taken out about eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Q. Did you ever see them taken up to be washed on a Monday morning? Frequently.

Q. Were they rather dirty? They were in a dirty state; they used to have physic on a Saturday when they used to go to bed, and they used to be lying in it all day more like pigs than Christians.

Q. How were they washed? They were washed in such a manner that it would make tears come out of any Christian's eyes. They were taken to a tub, where there is ice in cold frosty weather, and they stand by the side of the tub and are mopped down, just the same as if they were mopping an animal.

Q. Before last Christmas were they ever taken up on a Sunday morning? No; I never saw them, unless it was a man that was expiring.

Q. Have you ever seen a sick diet given to pauper patients? I have seen a little hot water given to them, which they call soup.

Q. Have you ever seen sago or arrow-root given? No; I have seen wine and water when a man was almost expiring, and could not drink it.

Q. But never in any other case? No.

Q. Did Mr. Jennings ever say anything about continuing to keep you at the White House, or letting you go? No.

Q. Have you ever applied to him to release you? No, because I knew it was of no use, because they wished to keep me in.

Q. Why do you think they wished to keep you in? Because the profits are so great.

Q. Do you think the profits were very great upon 10s. a week? Yes.

Q. How do you make that out? There were several of us that reckoned everything together, and we made out that the provisions cost about 2s. 4d. a week per head, and then there were washing and bedding.

Q. What sort of food had you in the establishment?

We had necks of beef, and they send that to the oven and bake it, and then it comes out, and a small portion is put in each plate: it is more to be compared to a piece of Indian rubber than to meat, it almost drags their teeth out of their heads.

## A VISIT TO BLACKLAND'S HOUSE, CHELSEA.

In an obscure corner of a bye-road at Chelsea, stands Blackland's-house, the private madhouse of Dr. Sutherland. I have so fully expatiated, on former occasions, upon the faults and cruelties of these places,



that it is not to be expected I can advance anything new on the present : all the evils I have already pointed out are applicable to this establishment. It offers one in particular on which I remember to have remarked when treating of these places in general terms, viz., that of non-residence of the proprietor—the owner, Dr. Sutherland, residing in Parliament-street, and carrying on his profession of physician in town. The inmates are left in charge of a female superintendent. There are at present 30 male patients—no females are taken at this house. The situation is low, damp, dull, and unhealthy; nearly surrounded by buildings, and in a smoky atmosphere, totally devoid of the healthy and cheerful requisites of a lunatic asylum. The garden attached, though prettily laid out, is far too small for the number of patients. The sleeping rooms also are too crowded. In this respect, though far superior to Finch's, it is very deficient; indeed, to say that any place of this kind is better than Finch's, is but poor praise, as that may be taken as a sample of the very worst.

There is an excellent billiard room for the use of the patients; this is admirable, so far as it goes; but there is a want of other and more intellectual amusement. And even one's approbation of this is qualified by what is found immediately beyond and adjoining to this billiard-room; two cells or dungeons for the refractory, places to be utterly condemned, whether as regards humanity or the proper treatment of insanity.

I cannot speak now more strongly than I have spoken for years in reprobation of everything of this kind, of everything which savours of cruelty or coercion in the conduct pursued towards lunatics. If what I have already said over and over again on this subject has produced no effect, little would it avail to repeat it here. There is, moreover, in this, as in other private madhouses, everything necessary to punish and coerce troublesome relatives—I beg pardon, I mean to cure mental disorders—chains, handcuffs, fetters, strait-waistcoats, dungeons, and darkness; the same *system*, in short, which prevails elsewhere. I was informed that the inmates were treated kindly; they may be more kindly treated than elsewhere; these restraints or punishments or whatever they are to be called, may be more mildly administered: but the system is the same; the *quantum* of cruelty or lenity shown depends on the will of the superintendent and the keepers. I looked in vain for anything to indicate an improved plan of treatment, something that might show a desire of attempting a new method, one which would at least do honour to human nature, even should it not succeed in a cure. But the plan was the same, senseless and cruel. If a patient be discharged or removed, so much loss to the proprietor; if he can be kept in the Asylum, so much gain; if he is badly fed, more profit to the owner; if his wants are many, it is the owner's interest to deny them. It is true that from the patients I spoke to I heard no complaints, but this, as I know from experience, goes for very little. They did not know me, and would hardly dare to complain to a person they did not know, and who might have been the means of entailing on them an after punishment. As to the great length of time the patients are confined in the bed-rooms, the same objection applies to this as to all other Asylums. The cure of a person recovering from mental derangement would be much retarded by his being obliged to lie in

bed twelve hours ; he would require, too, some better occupation than to play billiards all day long, or to sit listlessly in the garden contemplating the smoke from the neighbouring chimneys, and some better companions than those who are still in a state of derangement, or the low ruffians who constitute the keepers of private madhouses. I have heard of Dr. Sutherland as a humane man ; it may be so — of myself I know nothing to the contrary, but I regret that I cannot speak in terms of approbation of his Asylum, nor of the system pursued there.

### A VISIT TO DR. MONRO'S MADHOUSE.

I have this week had an opportunity of inspecting another of the private madhouses of the metropolis, that of Dr. Monro, at Upper Clapton, commonly called Brook-house. It is licensed for fifty patients, who are under the charge of the Misses Pettingal, Dr. Monro residing in Cavendish-square, and going only occasionally to Clapton to give general orders and arrange accounts. This is another shameful instance of non-residence. The present number of patients, according to my information, is—males, 16, and females 20. The house is an old fashioned dilapidated place, to which a modern front has been attached, which fails to give any idea of what the interior is. The situation is low and damp, and devoid of any prospect. Immediately behind the house is a grass-plot, of about thirty paces square, surrounded by a high wall. This, with the exception of the gravel walk round it, was entirely under water. Beyond was an extensive kitchen-garden, in which I was informed the female prisoners were allowed to walk—the flooded green being reserved for the male. Not one foot of pleasure garden, no flowers, no shady walks, no seats, nothing whatever pretty or agreeable. All was turned to profit. The grounds, in fact, make a convenient kitchen-garden for the doctor's mansion in Cavendish-square : the whole had the air of a market gardener's. I made some remarks on the damp state of the part allotted to the male prisoners—I was told it was very well *when it was dry*. Presently after I suggested the expediency of underdraining it, and was then told that hundreds had been spent in the attempt to remedy it, but *nothing would cure it*. At the end of this green swamp I soon discovered, despite the ivy with which it is overgrown, a gloomy-looking building, of about seven feet square. My experience told me at once what it was ; however, I asked the servant who conducted me round the premises what *that* was. He replied “I believe (!), Sir, it is—a water-closet.” “Rather an out of the way place for a water-closet,” I said, “perhaps it is a cell for the refractory.” “Why, yes, Sir, I believe it is!” In this damp hole then are confined those unhappy, *irresponsable* (as the law has it) prisoners who may be unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of the Misses Pettingal or their keepers. One night at any time, or one day during the late severe weather, would be sufficient to cure any victim so confined of his insanity and all his other ills.

The coercive system is in full force here, as might well be expected from the cruel, brutal disposition of the owner, whose conduct to the

patients in Bedlam has so often been matter of inquiry and comment. I was afterwards conducted through the house, paying more particular attention to the apartments devoted to females. The rooms lead out of long galleries, some looking into a small court-yard, surrounded by buildings, and some into the green swamp where the male prisoners are allowed to walk round and round. They were most wretchedly furnished with old-fashioned latticed windows, letting the wind in so as to defy all attempts at keeping them warm and comfortable, and with thick iron bars outside, which would effectually prevent escape. The whole wore an air of poverty, meanness, and discomfort, which it was wretched to behold. The terms for incarceration with two of these small rooms, were five guineas a week—and certainly, if the board is as bad as the lodging, no one needs wonder at the large fortune of Dr. Monro of Cavendish-square. Here in these dull rooms, alone in gloomy solitude, forsaken and forlorn, linger out a painful existence, numerous amiable and accomplished women, victims to family hatred or to error; here pine they in hopeless misery, for to them—

———“Hope never comes  
That comes to all, but torture without end  
Still urges, and a penal system fed  
By ever-burning vengeance unconsumed.”

I looked in vain for some signs of amusement and cheerfulness; and on the whole, I must say, that it is one of the most gloomy places of the kind I have yet visited, and I would earnestly implore those who act from good, though mistaken motives, in sending their relations to such a place, to visit and narrowly examine it themselves, and not allow their credulity to be imposed upon by the specious and artful representations of those interested minions of hell—the mad doctors.

My notice of Monro's madhouse has called forth several correspondents with questions and complaints with regard to that establishment. Those who have asked questions and given their address have been answered privately; to those who make inquiries and wish to be answered through the medium of this journal, I can only say what I have said before, “Go and see, and judge for yourselves; examine every part—insist on seeing everything; if there is any desire or attempt to conceal, you will know on which side ought to be your decision. If you have a relative there, the best way is to go and pass a week in the house with him; you will then have an opportunity, not only of ascertaining his treatment, his wants, and his wishes, but will observe how the other patients are treated who have *not* a kind, inquiring friend with them to watch over their interests. If this is not allowed, I say, take away your relative *instantly*; call the first coach from the hackney stand, or hire the nearest fly, and let not another night lower over his head in that gloomy vault of despair and death.”

Of the complaints against the establishment, I select the following, it being authenticated by my friend Captain Saumarez, R. N., who allows me to refer to him at his residence, Hans-place, Chelsea; and it will be seen that I did not speak without just cause of the infamous treatment at Brook-house:—

## CASE OF FREDERICK SAUMAREZ, Esq.

This gentleman was very nervous and miserable; to cure or alleviate his complaint he should have gone to the sea side, or have travelled—of course in the company of an agreeable companion—and great attention should have been paid to his bodily health, especially to the digestive functions. The occasional advice and prescription of a physician might likewise have been of service; though in nervous complaints doctors can do no more for their patients than with common sense they can do for themselves. So far all would have been well, and ended well. But what did his relations do? Ill-advised and ill-judging, they applied to a mad-doctor; the mad-doctor, with his fee in hand and his per-centage *in prospectu*, COULD advise but one thing, and the unfortunate gentleman was forthwith consigned to the tender mercies of Dr. Monro, of Brook-house. Now for the sequel; and let the world judge between my advice of the sea side and attention to the system, and confinement in a madhouse. Mr. Saumarez had been some time in this madhouse, when his brother, Captain Saumarez, not being able to get any satisfactory accounts either of or from him, and having his suspicions roused as to the treatment he was receiving, went to Brook-house, and with great determination insisted on seeing him. After much demur Captain S. was conducted along one of the gloomy galleries, and the keeper opened with a key on the outside\* one of the rooms or cells leading from it, in which was Mr. Saumarez. Captain S. was horrified at beholding the change in his brother. His arm had been dislocated in a strait-waistcoat under the violence of a keeper; his nervousness had become insanity; his health was on the brink of the grave! “What!” exclaimed Captain S., “is this the place where my brother is shut up all day?” To which the keeper replied, that he was taken out in the garden for exercise during two hours every day! So that for the remaining twenty-two hours he was shut up in his room to mope away to madness, or be goaded to excitement by the ill-usage of his keeper. Captain S. inquired for his amusements—books, papers, music. There was nothing of the kind; the sole object was the safe custody of the victim. Grief, despair, solitude, and cruel treatment had done their evil work on the nervous patient, and his reason was affected. Capt. S. insisted on his removal, and despite every obstacle thrown in the way by the interested mad-doctors, who endeavoured to work on the rest of the family, this was ultimately effected, and he has been at liberty ever since. But a length of time was requisite to restore his mind to composure, and quiet the horrors excited by the madhouse; and had it not been for the determined conduct pursued by Captain S. his mind would have been ruined for ever, and death alone would have released him from his prison.

Let those who read this, remember my urgent advice and warning,

\* Compare this with the keeper opening the cell at Bedlam during Sergeant Adams's late visit there—precisely similar.

which I cannot too deeply impress on the minds of those who have nervous relations—

NEVER PUT A NERVOUS PERSON INTO A MADHOUSE!

I cannot conclude better than by quoting the following splendid lines of Byron, so applicable to the present case;

“Long years! it tries the thrilling frame to bear,  
 And eagle spirit of a child of song—  
 Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong :  
 Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,  
 And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
 When the impatient thirst of light and air  
 Parches the heart, and the abhorred grate,  
 Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
 Works thought the throbbing eyeball to the brain  
 With a hot sense of heaviness and pain ;  
 And bare, at once, captivity displayed,  
 Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate,  
 Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,  
 And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
 Till its unsocial bitterness is gone  
 Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave,  
 Which is my lair, and, it may be, my GRAVE !”

Dr. Seymour, in his excellent and amusing lectures at St. George's Hospital, in which he certainly contrives to mix a greater share of the *dulce* with the *utile* than ever was mixed before, relates that the first question he used to ask his patients was, “Is it love or money?” He was right, and showed in this a knowledge of human nature, and the world, which ought to be the first ingredient of a physician. Now here we have in fact the secret cause of all the insanity which exists, and it is to persons labouring under the undue effects of those two things that the present cruel system of torture and coercion is applied—how injudiciously applied must, I am convinced, be apparent to everybody who takes the trouble to reflect five minutes on the subject. Let us examine the matter a little.

You have a sore on your hand, or your leg, or on any other part of your body you may choose—a large, ugly sore, with much inflammation, and perhaps some matter, very painful and distressing. Now what do you do? Do you sit down, and putting the sore before you, set to to pick and scratch, and rub and irritate it in every possible manner, at once putting yourself to great pain, and making the sore far worse? I think not; or if you do, you are indeed well qualified for a madhouse yourself. Dr. Spurgin should be sent for immediately, and have his fee and per centage. But I say you don't do this; on the contrary, you apply emollient soothing poultices, to lessen the pain and reduce the inflammation, carefully avoiding everything tending to irritate and annoy, and by this gentle mode of treatment the sore gets well, and you are relieved from pain. And yet, reasoning analogically, you cannot follow the same course in disorders of the mind, and cure by rational treatment the sores produced by

love and money, but deliver yourself up, bound hand and foot, surrender your judgment and common sense, into the hands of a set of hypocritical scoundrels, called mad-doctors, whose only object is to find a mystery in what is plain, and make a profit out of your credulity. And when, after long years of *their* treatment and of cruel confinement and misery, the unhappy patient is not cured, you sit down quietly under the conviction that it must have been, indeed, a hopeless case; and the doctrine laid down by the mad-doctor is entirely acquiesced in, that what they cannot cure nobody else can. Thus, the disappointments in love, and reverses in money, which bring on a morbid state of the mind, easily to be remedied by a soothing and judicious treatment, do not receive so much attention, nor exercise so much judgment, as a common sore on the hand. In these matters it may, indeed, be said with truth, that weakness amounts to a crime.

You are to bear in mind one thing with regard to mad-doctors, that—their sole object is profit; and that in every case of nervousness, excitement, or melancholy, their one view is the extension and confirmation of the morbid state, in order that they may turn it into insanity and secure a patient. And nothing can effect this sooner than placing the sufferers with others worse than themselves, turning them into a vast lazaretto to associate with idiots, raving madmen, and brutal keepers, and be witnesses to every sort of cruelty which can be perpetrated. Common sense would direct, that if a person's mind is at all troubled or affected, the greater is the reason why he should be with those who are not so troubled, who are in a better state than himself, and can lead him back to his recovery—why he should be removed from all that is painful and unpleasant, and indulged with everything that is cheerful and agreeable; but common sense appears to be entirely out of the question in the treatment of insanity and nervous complaints, and the mad-doctors are allowed to reap a rich harvest from the world's folly. Never was there a finer example of a multitude of fools being led astray by a set of knaves.

It is said that the pictures drawn of the horrors of madhouses are over-coloured—that the tale is exaggerated, that no such things as those described do in reality exist, but that they are the offspring of a morbid imagination: that though undoubtedly many abuses were formerly to be met with, and revolting atrocities were in old times perpetrated in Lunatic Asylums, public and private, the system is now entirely changed—Commissioners are appointed for the due control and management of these places, no abuse can possibly exist, and the treatment, instead of being cruel, harsh, and irrational, is one of humanity, kindness, and skill. I maintain the contrary: I say there is no exaggeration, that the scenes and horrors described are true—that though there has been an alteration in the law, the change in the treatment is so slight as to be almost unworthy of notice—that the Commissioners are little or no protection either against abuse of the law in capture, or ill-treatment in confinement; and that a person's life, liberty, and property, are still as much as ever at the mercy of interested and designing relatives. I maintain this because I know it, because I have felt it, because I have suffered it, because I have been there to see. “I have entered into the house of woe, and abided there a

mourner amidst mourners." I speak from experience, and let those who doubt, and who are so tardy in dropping a tear to human misery and in holding out the hand of charity to their suffering fellow-creatures, but read the Report of the Hereford Lunatic Asylum;\* let them read there the horrible treatment of the inmates of that madhouse—not under the old system but under the new, in which no abuse can take place—not a tale of by-gone years, but of this present year. Let them read, and shudder while they read, the cruelties practised by the wretch Gilliland on the unhappy beings confided to his care; and as they read, let them remember that ere another sun is set their fate may be the same. Does this not satisfy them, let them read the admirable work of Mr. Perceval, entitled "A Narrative of the Treatment of a Case of Insanity," in which he so well and forcibly describes his own and others' sufferings in confinement. Let them confer with those who have been immured in these modern Bastilles—let them go in and judge for themselves, but let them not deny or doubt.

No! The Legion of mad-doctors and madhouse keepers still holds its ground, and rules with undiminished sway over the happiness of thousands: the wicked against the good; the demons of hell against the angels of Heaven!

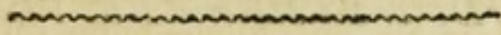
"It is as if the fiends prevailed  
Against the seraphs they assailed,  
And fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell  
The freed inheritors of Hell."

The system is *not* changed—it exists in full vigour, more horrible in its nature and effects than the Bastilles of France, or the Inquisition of Spain, more unnatural in its operation—more dire in its consequences. For in those, it was the Government that persecuted, or the senseless bigots of a bloated hierarchy; *their* victims were the victims of despotism and priestcraft, and not of family avarice and vengeance. *One* consolation was yet left to them in their affliction, that the ties of nature remained unbroken, that their relations released them when they could, and gave them the solace of their sympathy when they could not—that their brethren were still their friends! But **HERE**, an additional, a crowning pang comes over the poor sufferer in his misery, when he thinks that "It is not mine enemy that hath done this, but even mine own familiar friend, the man in whom I trusted—even the friend of my bosom;" that he is the prisoner and the victim of those who are bound by every tie of nature and the social state to aid, protect, and serve him; that he is the hunted prey of beings less merciful than the brutes! for

"——— parcit  
Cognatis maculis similis fera, quando leoni  
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam  
Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?  
Indica tigris agit ravidâ cum tigride pacem  
Perpetuam—sævis inter se convemt ursis,  
Ast homini!"

\* Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Gilliland's Lunatic Asylum at Hereford, 1839.

Wives incarcerated by their husbands that they may without hindrance live with other women ; husbands immured by their wives that they may live in adultery with other men ; daughters imprisoned by their parents to prevent an union with the object of their choice ; elder brothers shut up by younger to obtain possession of their property ; younger brothers deprived of liberty by elder to prevent them being troublesome ; sons made prisoners by fathers, and fathers by sons ; sisters by brothers, and brothers by sisters : discord, cruelty, avarice, malice, and revenge—all that Hell has engendered of bad in the bosoms of mortal men, are the fruits of the present state of the Law of Lunacy.





“ Their hair is gray, but not with years,  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
 Their limbs are bowed, tho' not with toil,  
 But rusted with a vile repose  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
 And their's has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 Are banned and barred—*forbidden fare!*”

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Another great abuse is the admission of pauper lunatics into **Private Asylums**. By clause 29 of the Lunacy Act, parish paupers can be confined in any house licensed for the reception of insane persons, by an order under the hand and seal of one Justice of the Peace, or by an order signed by the officiating clergyman and one of the overseers of the poor of the parish to which such pauper belongs, accompanied in either case by a medical certificate signed by one physician, surgeon, or apothecary, that such pauper *is insane and a proper person to be confined*. Now turn we to the form of medical certificate, as given in schedule F:—

*I do hereby certify that by the directions of A.B., Justice of the Peace in and for the county of C. D. (or the Reverend E. F., of the parish of —, officiating minister, and G.H., overseer,) I have personally examined the said L.M. and that the said L.M. is of unsound mind.*

*Dated, &c. &c.*

*(Signed)*

*O. P. Apothecary.*

Here is a little variation between the clause and the schedule—not a word in the latter about *a proper person to be confined*. Such is the carelessness with which this Act is drawn up. Now, we all know that many people are of unsound mind whom it would be very improper to confine, and *vice versá*. However, be this as it may, it is quite clear that **Public Lunatic Asylums** are for paupers, and that, if confined at all, they should be confined there and nowhere else. They would then have a far better chance of good treatment while ill, and of restoration to liberty when well, than in **Private Asylums**; for small as is the sum paid to the proprietors of private houses for their maintenance, they manage, by a poor-law scale of diet, to extort some profit from their wretched victims. Besides, they employ them to do the work of the house, and thus save expenses. It is, then, clearly the interest of these **Private Madhouse-keepers** to keep them as long as they can—of **Public Asylums**, quite the contrary. I have now before me an order and certificate, dated the 2nd February 1836, for confining one William Green, a pauper of the parish of Balsall, Warwickshire, in Warburton's Madhouse at Bethnal-green,

The order is signed by John Short, officiating clergyman, and Thomas Anstey, overseer—the medical certificate by John Kimbell, surgeon of Knowle, Warwickshire. Now, here is a very clear case of gross abuse, and of neglect of the sympathies of human nature. Why is this poor man sent up from Warwickshire, where there are several Lunatic Asylums, to be confined in that notoriously dreadful den, Warburton's Madhouse at Bethnal-green? Justice to himself, and justice to the parish which pays for his maintenance, both demand that he should be confined in an Asylum in his own county, where he is most likely to receive the attention and assistance of his friends, whether well or ill, and where he naturally could be maintained at a *less* expense than in London—to say nothing of the cost of sending him up. There is some sinister motive here, which calls for inquiry. I subjoin a copy of the medical certificate, and request my readers to attend well to the wording of it:—

### MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

*I do hereby certify that by the directions of the Rev. John Short, of the parish of Balsall, officiating minister, and Thomas Anstey, overseer, I have personally examined William Green, and that the said William Green appears to be of insane mind.*

*Dated this 2nd day of February 1836.*

JOHN KIMBELL, Surgeon, of Knowle.

*To Messrs. Warburton and Co., Bethnal-green.*

Here's the liberty of the subject with a vengeance! Take care, my readers, take care, lest you should drink too much wine, or become indisposed, and *put on the appearance of insane mind*; for worthy Mr. John Kimbell, surgeon of Knowle, will consign you, like a bale of goods, to Messrs. Warburton and Co., of Bethnal-green, and Heaven help you in your deliverance!

One cannot indeed sufficiently admire the wording of this certificate of Mr. John Kimbell, surgeon, of Knowle. We have heard of people being of *unsound* mind, or of their being *insane*, and as such, being confined; but to be of *insane mind* is something new, and to incarcerate a man because he *appears* to be of insane mind, is at once something new and monstrous. Gracious heavens! it behoves all men after this to look well to their *appearances*! Nothing can possibly be more scandalous than the whole of the transaction.

Now for another pauper case. I have before me an order and certificate, consigning one Susan Balaam, a pauper of the parish of East Barnet, in the county of Hertford, to Hoxton House Asylum, kept by Mr. William Wastell. The order is signed by J. H. Elwiu, officiating clergyman of Barnet, and W. Acasan, overseer, and the certificate by James Phillips, surgeon, of Bethnal-green, who declares that he has, by the directions of this minister of religion, found the said Susan Balaam,

of unsound mind. It is quite clear that in this case there is not only a Balaam, but a certain animal with which that name is usually associated. Let us dissect the case. In the first place the clergyman and overseer do not give their Christian names; then why is this pauper sent to Hoxton House, instead of an Asylum in Hertfordshire? then how is it that a surgeon of Bethnal-green signs the certificate? Were there no medical men of her own parish or neighbourhood, who could have performed this office? There is a suspicious affinity between Bethnal-green and Hoxton House; can it be that, after the fashion of Dr. Haslam, mentioned in a former number,\* this Mr. James Phillips has an interest in consigning persons to Hoxton House? that he receives emolument or gratuity for his *recommendation of patients to the house*? This demands investigation. At any rate it requires to be shown that the said Susan Balaam was not only of unsound mind, but that she was *a proper person to be confined*: that she was, from her unsoundness of mind, dangerous to society, and therefore no longer to be trusted with her liberty—for to this point we are to come, in order to justify the incarceration of a fellow creature in a Lunatic Asylum. The whole thing is infamous, and yet there is no interposition of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy. Where then is the protection afforded by them? Now for another case.

It is an order signed by N. Dodson and J. Grange, officiating clergyman and overseer of the parish of St. Helen's, Abingdon, consigning to the same Mr. William Wastell, of Hoxton House, one Lydia Humphreys, pauper of the parish of St. Helen's. The certificate is dated 5th February 1836, and signed by J. T. Huter, surgeon to the parish. The same informality and injustice exist in this as in the former case—Christian names are not given; the woman is sent up from Berkshire to London, instead of being confined in her own county; she is not declared to be *a proper person to be confined*, and the whole of the document is evidently drawn up with the greatest carelessness. On the back of the paper is writing, acknowledging the receipt of the said Lydia Humphreys, and signed William Wastell; but to whom addressed does not appear.

Many similar cases are now before me, but I have said enough to prove the gross abuses prevalent in this department of the system. One other case, however, I cannot refrain from noticing; it is an order signed by Thomas Jeans, overseer, and J. S. Stockwell, minister of Wilton, in the county of Wilts, and a certificate signed by George Longstaff, surgeon, of Wilton, consigning Elizabeth Imber, pauper of the said parish, to Finch's Lunatic Asylum at Fisherton near Salisbury. Of the style and appearance of this document nothing can possibly give an idea but a fac-simile, I therefore do not attempt it. It is the finest specimen that has fallen into my hands, and I keep it as a literary curiosity in my cabinet of rare and valuable MSS., to show my friends "*quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus.*"

By the latest returns to which I have access, those of 1837, the total number of lunatic paupers in England is 13,667, a sum which at the

\* See page 12.

former ratio of increase must now amount to little short of 15,000! a number almost incredible. Of these, are confined in public madhouses, county or metropolitan, 2,780; under the care of parish officers as in-door or out-door paupers of workhouses, 9,396! in private lunatic asylums, 1,491. The average weekly cost per head of those confined in public madhouses, is 6s. 11d. for males, and 6s. 5d. for females; of those confined in private lunatic asylums; 9s. 3d. for males or females; of those under the care of parish officers, as in or out-door paupers, 3s. 9d. for males and 3s. 5d. for females.

It is unnecessary to give the returns of the numbers confined in each county; it is sufficient to state that the manufacturing districts have by far the greatest ratio, and the counties of Wales the least. We find, then, that the pauper lunatics are disposed of in three different ways, and in two of these ways there must exist great abuses, both as regards those confined, and those who pay for their maintenance. The patients who are justly confined are entitled to every possible comfort and indulgence; the greatest of human calamities is not to be made a matter of economy; but when the money intended for their benefit passes into the hands of persons who only illtreat and starve the wretched objects confided to their care, it behoves those on whom the burden falls, to keep a watchful eye on their proceedings. To confine paupers in private asylums, is a manifest and gross abuse, for I have already shown that it is the interest of the proprietors to retard or to prevent altogether their recovery. On this matter I speak knowingly; I speak of things

quæque ipse miserrima vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

We see by these returns that in private asylums, each male pauper costs 9s. 3d., and in public asylums, 6s. 11d. Now to this difference of charge, were there a corresponding difference of treatment, no objection could, or at least ought to be made; but in which are they better treated? Beyond all question and dispute in the public asylums! Whether as regards cleanliness, food, comfort, medical advice, occupation, amusement, grounds for exercise and recreation, kind treatment, proper attention while ill, a certainty of liberation when well, the advantage is altogether on the side of the public asylums. None but those who have had an opportunity of witnessing it, can have an idea of the vile quality of the miserable pittance doled out to pauper patients in private lunatic asylums; of the filth, of the want of decent and comfortable clothing, of the crowding together in the wretched pallets called beds, of the neglect, of the cruelty! If 9s. 3d. is paid, 4s. 7½d. is clear profit. They are thus torn away from their native places, from their homes and friends, maintained at a *greater* expense than if confined in a public asylum of their own county, and condemned to work for the rest of their lives for the benefit of some proprietor of a private lunatic asylum. So much for the paupers confined in private asylums. With

regard to the 9,396 pauper lunatics receiving relief from parish officers, the abuse stares us in the face. What! receiving out-door relief, and yet lunatics! they must be bad indeed! these must be of the class of those who "have reason in their madness," to be able to apply for their weekly pittance of 3s. 9d., and economically lay it out for their subsistence till the happy day again returns! I should like to see a few of their certificates, and the names of the doctors who signed them. Perhaps some kind hearted being would favour me with a few copies. As to the in-door pauper lunatics, if they are indeed proper objects to be confined, they ought not to be mixed up with the other inmates of a workhouse, and if not proper objects, ought not to be confined at all.

The number of criminal lunatics in England is 178, of whom 138, are confined in Asylums public or private, and 40 in gaols. Of those in metropolitan Asylums, Bedlam has 55; Hoxton House, ever foremost where there is an abuse, 8; Warburton's at Bethnal-green, 3; Peckham, 5; Finch's, 1; the remainder are in public or private madhouses in the country. The Acts of Parliament regulating criminal and pauper lunatics, are the 48th George III, c. 96, and the 9th George IV, c. 40. By these Acts criminal lunatics are to be confined in public Asylums only, and most properly so. To confine them, therefore, in private Asylums and gaols is clearly an abuse, and one which, from their small number, might at once be remedied by transferring them to the public Asylums. They are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior, who pays them no attention whatever, and they have no chance of being restored to liberty, or of making known any grievance, unless they can induce the visiting magistrates to take up their cases—a thing rare indeed. Those in private Asylums near London, in particular, may be considered as condemned for life, as the magistrates have no jurisdiction there, and the Commissioners in Lunacy will not interfere. This is indeed a scandalous thing, and reflects the greatest disgrace on the Government. As regards the treatment of those in Bedlam, I refer my readers to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th reports of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Madhouses, which contain a mass of most important information upon the metropolitan madhouses, public and private, and from which I extract the following. Let us see what account that celebrated mad-doctor, *Monro*, can give of himself; we will judge him out of his own mouth:—

Q. Would you treat a private patient at your own house in the same way as has been described in respect of Bedlam?

A. Certainly not.

Q. What is the difference of management?

A. In Bedlam the restraint is by chains; there is no such thing as chains in my house.

Q. Are you of opinion that as much care is taken in the medical treatment of each individual in Bedlam as is done in your own private house?

A. *I should suppose so—very little depends upon me, because I am very seldom there.*

Q. What are your objections to chains and fetters as a mode of restraint?

A. *They are fit only for pauper lunatics; if a gentleman was put into irons he would not like it.*

Q. What do you mean by that answer?

A. *I mean that pauper lunatics, of course, cannot pay, &c. &c.*

Ah! here it is; no fees for Doctor Monro from pauper lunatics; his emoluments come from those who dispose of a troublesome relative by confining him in the Doctor's private establishment. It is quite ridiculous to suppose that the learned Doctor should trouble himself about the treatment of pauper lunatics *who can't pay!* at least about their *better* treatment; but now let us see whether he could trouble himself to inflict greater cruelty or restraint upon them. The case here is sadly altered. It appears, that by Dr. Monro's order, a man of the name of Norris, in Bedlam, was confined in an iron frame encircling his body, and to which his arms were attached, and had, in addition, an iron collar round his neck, exclusively of that which went round his body, and which neck collar was fastened by a chain to an upright bar behind his bed. This extraordinary and diabolical apparatus, of which a drawing alone can convey an adequate idea, was constructed expressly for him by the orders of Doctor Monro, and in this he lingered out the space of twelve years, not being released till about three weeks before his death, which was brought on evidently by the cruel torture, and the immense weight of this iron machine. The Spanish Inquisition can alone show anything equal in atrocity to this case, which I strongly recommend all persons taking an interest in the treatment of lunatics to peruse attentively in the above-mentioned reports.

Mr. John Haslam examined:—

Q. Was his (Norris's) release in consequence of any alteration in his mind?

A. He was weaker in body; he promised to behave well.

Q. He died of a decline?

A. Yes; and an affection of the lungs.

Q. What age was he?

A. I should presume fifty-six or fifty-eight.

Dr. Monro examined—as to his having approved of the confinement of Norris; at first he does not recollect, then seeing his name attached to the order, his memory freshens, and he discovers that he did order it.

Q. As having approved of that order?

A. As having approved of his restraint.

Q. Of his being so confined as he was?

A. Yes.

Q. You recollect it with the aid of that memorandum?

A. Yes.

Q. Did not the spitting arise from a pulmonary affection?

A. I believe the idea he had that everything was poisoned, induced the spitting, and brought on the pulmonary complaint.

Q. May not that pulmonary complaint have been produced by the great quantity of iron he wore for many years?

A. I think not (!)

Q. Do you think a person could have about him a weight of iron, say six or eight and twenty pounds, that he could have been confined to his bed without being allowed to turn round for nine years, or without being able to get out and sit on the edge of his bed, being chained by the head by a chain only twelve inches from the iron stanchion, and that that would have no effect upon his general health?

**A.** It did not appear to have any general effect upon his health ; he was in very good health till within a very short period of his death.

So much for Dr. **Monro** ! If this case will not convince the public of the horrible atrocities practised in madhouses, every attempt of mine to open their eyes is in vain.

Horrible as was the treatment of **Norris** described in my last, the atrocity did not end there ; one of his arms was broken by a keeper named **Davis**, with a wooden machine with which pails are carried, and with which the keeper beat him ! This man **Davis**, it appears from the report, was an habitual drunkard, and although his habits of intoxication were well known, he was retained on the establishment with the cognizance of **Dr. Monro**. The whole of the report upon this case of **Norris** is well worth reading. It appears from it that the unfortunate man was not so insane but that he could amuse himself with reading when in his power to obtain books. Another case of cruelty is the treatment of **Fowler**, who was found dead in a very short space of time after he was taken out of the cold bath hanging by his wrist from the wall of his apartment. In the examination of **Mr. John Haslam**, occurs the following :—

**Q.** Do you remember the case about which **Mr. Crowther**, who was the surgeon of the hospital, made some observations as to the cause of his death ?

**A.** I do.

**Q.** Do you know what those observations were ?

**A.** Knowing the situation of **Mr. Crowther**, at that time, I paid no attention to it ; **Mr. Crowther** was generally insane, and mostly drunk ; he was so insane as to have a strait waistcoat.

**Q.** What situation did **Mr. Crowther** hold in the hospital ?

**A.** Surgeon.

**Q.** How long had he been so ?

**A.** I do not know ; he was surgeon when I came there.

**Q.** How long did he continue so after he was in a situation to be generally insane and mostly drunk ?

**A.** I think the period of his insanity was about ten years ago.

**Q.** And the period of his drunkenness ?

**A.** He always took too much wine

**Q.** Then for ten years **Mr. Crowther** was surgeon to the hospital ; during those ten years he was generally insane, he had had a strait waistcoat, and was mostly drunk ?

**A.** He was.

**Q.** And during that period he was continued as surgeon to the hospital ?

**A.** He was.

**Y.** Did he attend the patients ?

**A.** Yes, he did.

This requires no comment ; we then find that in consequence of the access of male keepers to the female wards, numerous cases of pregnancy occurred, and that the male keepers were always called in to manage the female patients where coercion was required. Every abuse, cruelty, and abomination in the treatment of these unhappy creatures is to be found in these reports. In his examination regarding **Sir Jonathan Miles's**, at **Hoxton**, **Dr. Latham** states as follows :—

**Q.** Whether do you not think that a room eight feet square is of too small dimensions even for two patients ?

A. No doubt about it.

Q. That it must be very prejudicial to their health?

A. Undoubtedly; but, as I said before, it is not for cure, but for confinement that most of these places are established.

Q. Has it often occurred to you to see patients visited by their relatives?

A. Not very often; I have too much reason to believe that their relations, after they have put them into these houses, are not very solicitous about them.

Q. In the sitting rooms, were the cleanly patients kept with the wet patients as they call them?

A. It will often happen to be the case that there are some uncleanly persons, who from paying the same price per week are put in the same situation as the others, but if they are habitually uncleanly I believe they are removed.

Q. Are the outrageous and the quiet patients in general in the house, visited by the commissioners whilst kept together?

A. I am afraid they are kept too much together.

Q. Are you of opinion that that circumstance considerably retards the cure of the quiet patients?

A. Undoubtedly.

Q. Did you ever inquire whether those patients who are insensible to the calls of nature are mixed in the same room with the other patients in the day time, or sleep in the same room at night?

A. *I believe* they do not sleep together.

The real fact, however, being that they *do* sleep together, and are put into the same day room with the rest. The above extracts and authentic facts will speak much more strongly than I could do, as to the highly improper and revolting treatment pursued towards lunatics in this country.

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## BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF A PATIENT IN A PUBLIC MADHOUSE.

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“ Above me, hark ! the long and maniac cry  
Of minds and bodies in captivity ;  
And hark ! the lash and the increasing howl,  
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy.”

*Lament of Tasso!*

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A great deal has been lately said about the improved treatment of lunatics in public madhouses, and the impossibility of any cruelty or gross abuse occurring at the present day. Let those who prate so much about this, and who are so unwilling to believe in the existence of madhouse atrocities, read the Parliamentary Report on the Hereford Lunatic Asylum, and remember that this is not a tale of old times, but a circumstance which occurred in the spring of 1838.

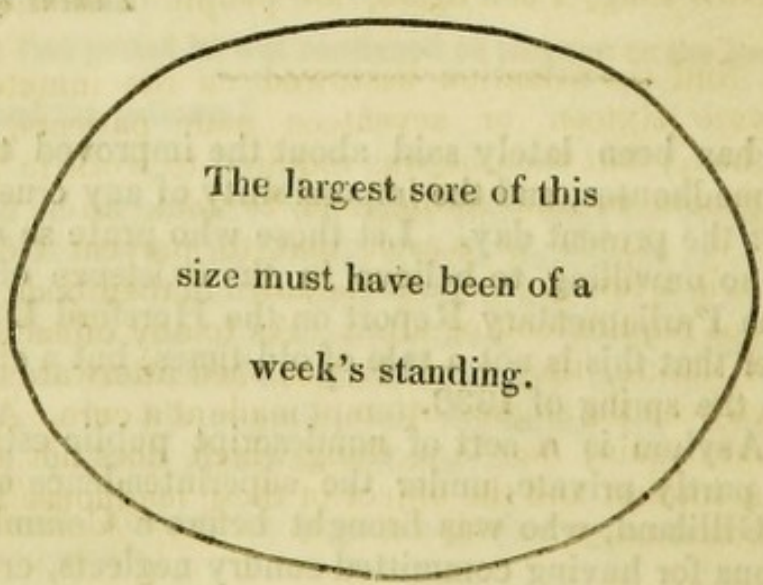
This Hereford Asylum is a sort of nondescript public establishment, partly public and partly private, under the superintendence of a human being (?) named Gilliland, who was brought before a Committee of the House of Commons for having committed sundry neglects, cruelties, and



tortures on the unhappy creatures confided to his care. The whole of this long report cost but two-shillings-and-sixpence, and I cannot too strongly urge all those who are incredulous, or those who are desirous of enlightening their minds on the treatment pursued in madhouses, to purchase this report, and read it attentively, and then doubt if they dare. It was printed in June, 1839.

A man named Thomas Jenkins, a compositor, was sent to the Hereford Asylum, on the 25th March, 1838. He had been unwell, and had had fits of epilepsy. In some of these fits he had fallen down, but was naturally strong and healthy. There was not the slightest evidence of his being insane; so far from it that he continued his work as a compositor up to the day he was seized and carried away to the madhouse. He had no sores, wounds, or bruises when taken there. Well, he is put into the madhouse, for what reason God only knows; now mark what follows. His wife goes to see him; she is refused access! she goes again—same result!! she goes a third, a fourth, a fifth time—she can't see her husband!!! She then insists on his removal, after a confinement of six weeks, and in what state is he brought out? No longer able to stand—he is carried home apparently in a dying condition, put to bed and examined. He is found to be covered with sores, wounds, bruises, and filth, and in a state of exhaustion and disorder, bodily and mental, from which it would have been a miracle indeed had he recovered. Death in a few days releases him from his misery, and an investigation thereupon ensues. The following is part of the evidence:

Dr. Lye deposed to having examined Jenkins on Saturday, 5th May; found him in bed with several sores, five or six on one leg, and one on the thigh; they were covered with blood and matter. Ordered the sores to be washed, and some cerate and lint to be applied; has no doubt they were caused by friction, or confinement of some kind, particularly those on the lower part of the leg; the sores, in his opinion, were of a week's standing. Saw Jenkins again on Saturday, the 19th; did not appear to be more sores; saw the arms for the first time; there were black marks above the elbows on both arms, the remains of bruises from blows or confinement; the marks were old ones; the sores were in such a state when Dr. Lye saw Jenkins as to have made dressings absolutely necessary the day before. The sores could not have arisen from general debility; had attended Jenkins before he went into the Asylum; his general and bodily health were then good.



The largest sore of this  
size must have been of a  
week's standing.

Mr. Braithwaite deposed that he saw Jenkins 9th May ; there were several sores on both legs, and on the thighs ; there was one or two of the size pointed out by Dr. Lye ; generally they were superficial sores—one on the back of the ankle was the deepest ; the sores on the thigh were, in his opinion, caused by lying in damp sheets ; had the sheets been changed and dried regularly the sores would not have arisen ; \* \* \* \* the bruises in the arm were caused by some pressure, or violence of some kind.

Mary Jenkins deposed to the sores, &c. as above : on taking his clothes off the pus and matter adhered thereto and left the sores raw ; he could not stand without being assisted, &c.

Samuel Kempster said he was sent to attend Jenkins : had fifteen (!) wounds on the lower part of his body and extremity—they had not been dressed—there were three wounds on the right ankle, were deep, one three-eighths of an inch—there were sores around the arms, arising from his lying in his urine or ordure, or both ; could not stand when witness first went—saw bruises on the arms and body ; the bruises extended around the arm ; the feet were in a very dirty state ; could not have been washed for a week, as the accumulation of dirt between the toes was such as to cause the skin to come off.

Another witness, Walters, deposed to his feet having been washed once while in the Asylum, but can't say twice.

Death released this poor man from his sufferings and his persecutors. The whole of the report is one continued narrative of cruelty, torture, and disgusting bestiality, revolting to every humane mind.

It appears that this man, Gilliland, of the Hereford Lunatic Asylum, among his other cruelties, was in the habit of punishing (!) his patients by strapping them hand and foot, and plunging them into a cold bath. On one occasion, no doubt out of hundreds, a man was locked up in a cell naked, with nothing but a bare board to lie on. In this state he was found by the visiting magistrates, his shirt being covered with blood from injuries he had received. All this for punishment !

Now it does not require a physician to determine the great injury likely to ensue to any person, even in good health, from the terror and excitement produced by being suddenly seized, strapped, and thrown into a cold bath, the head (as shown in evidence) being at the same time kept under water. Any man of common sense must know that such treatment is not only cruel and inhuman, but dangerous in the highest degree, both bodily and mentally. But what shall we say when there exists any internal complaint, such as a disease of the heart ? Why, such a proceeding is certain death ! How long, I ask again, are people to be thus barbarously murdered ?

Then, again, we find the attention bestowed on the inmates by the keepers. There were sixteen or seventeen male patients, and one keeper to attend to them ; but then he was required to work in the garden, to assist the groom in the stable, and to look after the house work. Of course it stands to reason that to prevent trouble the easiest way was to chain a few of the patients down in their beds, or cribs, where they would not require looking after. As to any offences against the common laws of nature, they could be punished afterwards. There appears never to have been the slightest attempt made at a cure. As I have repeated over and over again, *that* is a thing which does not enter into the calculation. The interest and the object of these madhouse keepers is

not to cure. Nothing but an entire change in the law will alter this. Let us look at a little of the evidence. P. 158.

**LORD ASHLEY.** Had you ever read the Act of Parliament upon which the licenses are granted?

**GILLILAND.** Not attentively; my attention had never been drawn to it, &c.

**LORD A.** In fact it never occurred to you to read the law by which you were made accountable in keeping a Lunatic Asylum? It did not.

Then again: the man in the cell.

**Q.** Then you put him into the cell and locked him in? Yes.

**Q.** When you came into the cell, did you see any marks of blood or bruises about him? No, I did not.

(His eyes probably were not so good as the visiting magistrates'.)

**Q.** When you said he was there two or three hours, do you mean to state he was without his clothes two or three hours? Yes.

**Q.** Then, in fact, you kept him in that naked condition as a matter of punishment for his violence? Yes.

Again. **Q.** Was that bath ever used as the means of cure for any patient? I cannot tell.

**Q.** Did you ever see it used as a warm bath on any occasion? No never.

Of course not—it was used solely as a punishment.

In conclusion, I can only say read this report: there is enough in it to convince the most sceptical of the atrocities of the present madhouse system.

“ Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell  
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes ?  
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,  
 Nor words a language, nor e’en men mankind ;  
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows.  
 And each is tortured in his separate Hell—

\* \* \* \* \*

Who have debased me in the minds of men,  
 Debarring me the usage of my own—  
 Blighting my life in best of its career,  
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear !”

*Lament of Tasso.*

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After a long silence, I yield to the pressing solicitations of numerous correspondents, and continue to expose the mysteries of the English Bastilles ; undeterred by the threats of those who are interested in perpetuating the odious system, and treating with contempt the anonymous letters of those who fear their evil deeds shall be brought to light. I am told that if I am caught again, I can entertain no hope of liberation or mercy—that sure work will be made with me, that I shall never live to tell another tale, &c. Just so—I expect no less ; I never doubted that the vengeance of my enemies would be completed, if ever they got an opportunity ; more, then, is the reason why I should make haste and expose as much as I can while I live and am free. The Almighty God who has supported me hitherto, through my cruel persecution, will, I doubt not, support me to the end ; and when I fall, I fall broken, but not bent, with the consoling reflection that while I had the power, I did some service in unveiling the atrocities of the system, and mitigating the sufferings of my fellow creatures. Among others who volunteer their kind advice to me, that I should be quiet and take no proceedings at all, is Dr. Monro, whom I have already had the honour of introducing to the readers of the *Satirist*. I should have been surprised had he recommended publicity and exposure. “ *Frangas non flectes.*” My course is straightforward and clear, and shall be pursued fearlessly.

There was a young man, by name ESOM, confined in the same mad-house as myself (Finch’s). He was a poor harmless, half-witted fellow, very thin, and apparently half-starved : he seemed incapable of injuring a mouse. His clothes were scanty, threadbare, and very dirty. He was made a butt of, cuffed, and kicked about in a manner painful to one’s feelings to witness ; but what could I do to help him ? When my dinner was over, George Hillier, my keeper, would go to the door and halloo for Esom, having first put the things in a tray outside.

*George.* Esom ! Esom !

*Esom.* Sir ! (from the bottom of the stairs.)

*George.* Come, be quick, Sir.

*Esom.* I'm coming, Sir ! (Esom runs up.)

*George.* Here ; take these things down stairs, and mind you don't let them fall ; damn you, if you do—

*Esom.* Yes, Sir.

*George.* (chucking him a fragment of my brown bread)—And here's a bit of brown bread for you.

*Esom.* (stooping to pick it up)—Thank you, Sir.

*George.* (giving Esom a kick on the behind, which upsets him)—Come, don't be eating it here ; get away down stairs and eat it.

*Esom.* Yes, Sir (and carries down the things.)

This scene, with a slight variation, occurred constantly. If poor Esom had complained, it is easy to suppose what would have been his fate. Can anything be more shameful than such treatment ? He was too insane to have his liberty, but he was not too insane to do the keeper's work. It would have been quite impossible for him, *of course*, to have carried a tray up and down stairs, swept the passages, and cleaned boots and shoes in any other place than a madhouse ! Sane or insane, it matters not : nothing can possibly justify such conduct. Here was a man, probably a gentleman, accustomed to be treated with that delicacy which the feelings of a gentleman require, reduced to become the menial of a menial, the humble and submissive slave of a madhouse keeper ! kicked, cuffed, insulted, abused—exposed to every species of degradation and tyranny, with no power to appeal to for protection, save the Commissioners at their quarterly visitation, and most likely too much terrified by the fear of subsequent ill-usage, ever to make the attempt.

Another of the prisoners, OWEN GRAY, a Chancery patient of 600*l.* a year income, used to be employed in scouring the chamber pots, shaking the carpets, making the beds, sweeping the rooms, and carrying water. He was to be seen every day, when the weather was fine enough, seated on a stool in the garden, near the muck-heap, with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, and cloth in hand, washing out the chamber pots in a tub of water. He paid five guineas a week (that is, it was paid out of his income) for the rooms occupied by me during my abode in the madhouse : he certainly was never in them all the time I was there. I may reasonably suppose that the party who imprisoned me paid for these rooms : in this case, *of course his rent of five guineas a week was remitted during the six weeks the rooms were occupied by me* ; otherwise two would be paying for the occupation of one. He messed and slept with the other prisoners. It would be rather a curious thing to ascertain how much of this gentleman's income was expended for his actual maintenance, and what became of the remainder. Judging from the manner in which he was boarded, lodged, and clothed, 50*l.* a year would be ample for his support ; indeed, considering that he did more work than any of the keepers, he might well have been kept for nothing, and a small sum paid over to the estate, as wages for labour done and performed. I beg leave,

therefore, most respectfully to suggest this to the committee appointed to take charge of his property, being quite convinced that, as they *cannot* connive at anything dishonourable, they will thank me for the information here conveyed.

I have promised to illustrate the whole system by my own case, and show from my own experience how infamous is the present Law of Lunacy, and how great are the dangers by which every individual in this miscalled land of liberty is surrounded. As I am no longer restrained by the fear of putting my case into my adversaries' hands, I shall now reveal every transaction connected with the atrocious outrage upon me; I shall lay bare all the horrors of these charnel-houses, and tell of their tortured and murdered victims; I shall expose the abuses of the Metropolitan Commissioners, hand them up by name, friend or foe, and report for the first time, the secret examinations of their Inquisition; I shall exemplify the iniquities of the system from my own personal history, whether as regards the utter defiance of the law shown by my persecutors; the ferocious violence used towards me; their attempts first to murder me, and failing in that, afterwards to deprive me of reason, in order to justify their foul act before the world; their exertions to keep me in confinement when once a victim in their power; the attack upon and seizure of my property after my person was safely disposed of, and it was left without protection; or the strenuous endeavours used ever since my liberation by the whole of my enemies, and the Twining family, to prevent my exposing the outrage and getting redress. Every obstacle which legal ingenuity could devise, the malignity of my enemies imagine, or the wealth of their supporters promote, has been put in the way of my obtaining justice and bringing their evil deeds to light.

Many things connected with my imprisonment I did not find out till long after my discharge—such is the secrecy in which everything relating to mad-houses is involved. Among others, I found that my seizure was no new and sudden thought, but had been contemplated three months before by my father, on the occasion of a disagreement between us on the subject of his withholding certain moneys which had been promised; but he had been prevented by his attorneys, Messrs. Hertslett and Scott, from carrying his purpose into execution. Like Mr. Wing, it was not the first affair of the kind in which he had been engaged. It is quite clear that I was to be got rid of: the abusive letter I wrote in August 1838 was but a pretext for carrying the plan into effect. But those who are disposed to do evil, are never in want of an excuse. The last day I had seen my father was the 28th May, 1838: *three months* after, on the 23rd of August, without any examination or inquiry whatever, he signs an order for my being seized and confined as a lunatic in Finch's madhouse! Finch, after some demur about being indemnified (mark this!) undertakes to do the job—gets very minute instructions as to my habits and time of rising—and early on the morning of the 24th, sends two of his stoutest ruffians with a pair of handcuffs to seize and secure me. One of these men, Launcelot Sharpe by name, had been confined two years in Coldbath-

fields prison, for an offence I need only allude to. He was tried at the Old Bailey about five years ago, and by some happy circumstance escaped the greater punishment of his offence. It is this man, of whom a Mr. John Kendrick speaks in such high terms in his letter to the *Morning Herald* of August 30, 1838, as having been employed by him to attend patients of his own! Let my readers only imagine such a character placed over poor, helpless lunatics, with power to shut them up in a dark room, strap them to the bed, chain them, \*\*\*\*\*! It is a subject too horrible to dwell on. Truly, Mr. John Kendrick has sung his own praises here with a vengeance: he forgot also to state in this letter of his, that he was surgeon to Finch's madhouse, a circumstance which makes his testimony so very disinterested. As to the man Sharpe, I ought to mention that he has since been taken into the employ of Dr. Monro, at Brook-house Asylum.

But your knaves are always partly fools. Finch having undertaken the job, has not even the sense to keep the matter to himself, but goes down to a Mr. Mullins, also owner of a madhouse at Chelsea, and tells him "If he has a mind to get into a row, to come along with him, for he had a dirty job in hand which he did not much like, and would be glad of his assistance," and then mentions his having undertaken to seize me. Mr. Mullins points out the illegality of the proceeding, declines being a party to it, and strongly advises Finch to have nothing at all to do with the business, for that he would only get himself into a scrape, and repent it. To this Finch replies, "that he never got into a scrape yet but the devil got him out of it somehow; that he had undertaken the matter, and would go through with it," and so left to execute the *job*. Whether his Satanic Majesty has delivered him from the scrape, I leave him to answer.

Now, let every person apply this case to himself. Here is an open and glaring violation of the law in the first instance, and had I not made the desperate resistance I did, called in the police, kicked the men out of the house, and ultimately got into the public papers by means of a police report, the *job* would have succeeded, and I should have been a prisoner for life in a madhouse, unknown, undiscovered by my dearest friends! Talk no more of personal liberty after this, it is a mere mockery. What! because a person offends me, *I* am to employ the keeper of a private prison to seize and incarcerate him in a dreadful dungeon, and there to keep him during *my* pleasure, to be treated as *I* may direct! Why, in God's name, if we are to punish each other, we need no laws; it becomes might against right, we revert at once to a state of barbarism—nay, worse, for barbarians kill their victims outright, whilst the persecutors under this system let them linger out in torture for years.

It has been said that there is no mischief without a woman in it: it might be said with greater truth that there is no villainy without a priest. In the outrage upon me, one it appears was not sufficient for the atrocity, so there were two concerned, the Rev. Daniel Twining, pluralist rector of Therfield and Stilton, and the Rev. Dr. Worthington, a cousin of Lord Grantley, and a relation of the late Mazzinghi, once well known in

the play world, when gaming houses were less abundant than in our days. This worthy disciple of Christ, of whose short and eccentric career in India, and strange departure from Calcutta, I shall hereafter have some curious anecdotes to relate, took a most active part against me from first to last; if a few of his mad freaks at Calcutta were known, he might probably be thought a fit person for a madhouse himself. However, the worthy divine, not having the fear of "my cousin Lord Grantley" before his eyes, joins heart and soul in the outrage, and boasts afterwards of the part he took in the transaction. When reproached by my friend, Mr. Perceval, for assisting in such cruelty, he observed that he thought I had behaved so ill "that I deserved anything, that nothing was too bad for me," &c., thus at once avowing the fact that the incarceration was as a punishment for immorality—not a cure for insanity. And thus it is in ninety cases out of a hundred in private Asylums: it is the annoyance, the impediment to some desired object, the troublesome relative that is to be got rid of, and not the insanity; the madhouse becomes the prison, and the certificates of insanity the warrant for execution. The principle of private madhouses cannot be more completely shown than by this confession of Dr. Worthington, who will appear in my narrative in a most unenviable light for a minister of the Gospel; at present I leave him to "his cousin Lord Grantley" (of whom he is so fond of speaking) and his own conscience.

*Deserve* to be put into a madhouse! this sounds curious. Confinement in a madhouse, a matter of desert and not of mental derangement! I confess that till my own experience opened my eyes and taught me better, I always thought that madhouses were for *mad* people and *prisons* for *bad* people, and that those whose dangerous insanity rendered confinement necessary, were objects of pity and compassion, to be soothed and indulged with every possible kindness and attention. I was mistaken; and as I now know better, I will do all in my power to enlighten others upon the subject. Let persecutors, however, not forget this, that infamous as the Law of Lunacy is, it is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, and may be used by them to-day, and against them to-morrow. Some of the prisoners at Finch's urged me so soon as I should get out myself to put my father and Mr. Wing in, and thus make things even, and in truth it would have been but a just retaliation; but I took another and a more correct course to set myself right, and read a useful lesson to those who may be disposed to commit a like outrage in future.

I will now record another act of cowardly meanness connected with my case. It is well known that the press, both metropolitan and provincial, took up the matter warmly, as well indeed it might: people began to doubt if they could lie safely in their beds at night, or walk the streets in security. I am proud and grateful indeed, when I think of the support I received. Except a letter already mentioned from a Mr. Kendrick, surgeon to Finch's, nothing was published against me but a letter in the *Morning Chronicle* of September 7th, 1838, purporting to come from "Richard Bristow." As I never in my life knew a person of this name, I made diligent search after him when discharged, but no such person could be found. What will be thought when upon the produc-



tion of the MS. by the editor, "Richard Bristow" turns out to be "Thomas Wing," and the superscription of the letter is in my father's hand writing? They first throw a man into a madhouse, and then endeavour to injure and disgrace him by writing a calumnious letter against him in the newspaper, which they well know he is deprived of all power of contradicting or replying to, and which, had he not been discharged, would never have met his eyes! and shelter their baseness under the mask of a feigned name! This was another of the numerous errors of which the whole transaction was composed. As one of the Commissioners remarked of it, "it was a decided case of insanity, oaly—the insanity was on the other side," and certainly from what I have heard of Mr. Wing's conduct while before the Board of Commissioners in the Adelphi, a mistake had been made in the person confined, and he and I ought to have changed places.

Another part of the system pursued towards the inmates of these private madhouses, which I have not yet mentioned, is to entrap them into indiscretions towards the females of the establishment, and then to take advantage of their conduct as indicative of insanity. When all endeavours to irritate me to acts of violence or passion had proved abortive, this plan was tried upon me, but with no better success; I was too well aware of the game that was playing, and had besides *been warned by the Commissioners, at their first visit, to be upon my guard with the females in question.* There was a female superintendent, by name Miss Eliza Lush, about 35 years of age, and who had the remains of some personal attractions. She used to be constantly coming into my room where she would sit for hours, greatly to my annoyance. I was insensible to the tender passion, and used frequently to quote to her these lines from Don Juan:—

" The prisoned eagle will not pair, nor I  
Serve a Sultana's sensual phantasy."

At last I was attacked by storm: she wrote the following on a piece of paper in my presence. I copy from the original now before me, which I secured when she left the room, and preserved to shew the Commissioners:—

" There is no harm in a woman's loving a man, or any men, after she is herself married—love is no sin, however illicitly formed."

Modest! decent! discreet!!! I hope this will open my readers' eyes sufficiently.

I have said that, during the first part of my imprisonment at Finch's, everything was done to irritate and provoke me to acts of violence, which would have been instantly taken advantage of by the keepers, and instruments of restraint and torture would have been added to my other sufferings. Most fortunately for myself, I was enabled to bear every indignity with resignation and fortitude; but let my readers only imagine the effect

which would be produced in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by the following treatment, on persons whose minds had been already roused to the highest pitch of indignation and resentment, by such an outrageous and violent attack as had been made upon myself. I was obliged either to deprive myself of exercise altogether, and remain shut up in my miserable room, or to expose myself to all sorts of insult, annoyance, and horrors by going into the garden with my keeper. When I was out, the man stuck close to my side: if I stopped, he stopped—there was no getting rid of him. As I tried to take as much exercise as I could in a given time that I might devote myself more to writing, I sometimes walked very fast and tired him out. He would then sit down on a bench midway, watching me like a wild beast. All this was annoying and degrading, but in addition he was often impertinent, and would sometimes give me a push or a slap, apparently in sport, but in fact to provoke me. All sorts of familiarities in word and deed were indulged in, for the purpose, I have not the slightest doubt, of irritating me, but they did not succeed. Sometimes he would talk obscenely about my relations, or about the sex generally—a thing little agreeable to me then, though by no means a puritan. Among other things he would allude to the “Herbert affair,”\* and make observations thereon which I could by no means repeat. Now, most assuredly he never had any information about this subject from me; it must then have come from the Finches, to the servants, and I suppose was made matter of conversation among all the low ruffians of the establishment—one of whom, Green, was a cousin of Finch. On all these occasions I did not resent, I reasoned with him and tried to prevent them by calm firmness, and I ultimately succeeded in making him ashamed of his conduct, and he latterly treated me with as much respect as he had at first with impertinence.

Undoubtedly I owe much of the attention that was afterwards shown me to the Commissioners: I give credit for fear—not for good will. I could hardly command myself sometimes when he was taking these liberties, especially when he began playing with my head. Let my readers imagine their own feelings of indignation at a low, vulgar ruffian, pulling their hair and ears—a fellow put over them as a master, in whose power they were placed, against whose ill treatment all complaint was worse than useless, would be answered only by the expression of “Ah! nonsense, it’s all your delusion!” and be resented afterwards by additional cruelty. I can assure them that it required the utmost discretion and fortitude to bear these things without committing oneself. He used to say sometimes, “You’ll tell Mr. Finch, won’t you, if I go on in this way?” To which I would respond by something like, “Nonsense, tell Mr. Finch! now George, do be quiet—that’s a good fellow—I’m not well and you tease me—I’ve a headache, &c.” “Well, then, I’ll be quiet and let you alone, but mind, you are not to tell Mr. Finch I’ve been teasing you”—a thing I readily promised, the more so, knowing how useless it would have been.

\* An unfortunate affair between Sir Charles Herbert and Mrs. Wing.

One morning he snatched off my fur cap, and wanted to put it on his own head; this I prevented, and snatched it back again. I was angry at this behaviour, and showed it, at the risk of being put into handcuffs, and perhaps beaten—a thing which would, I dare to say, have been done to any other prisoner than myself.

Reader, place yourself in my situation for six *hours*, not six *weeks*, and try how you like it. When I was wanted either to attend the Commissioners, or to go into the drawing-room to see anybody that called on me, the keeper would come, and if in the garden, hallo out, with “Here, Paternoster, here, you’re wanted, come here.”

Another thing most disgusting in the garden was the foul linen laid out to dry. On my first turn in the garden I was astonished and disgusted even to sickness at the revolting sight of several sheets and blankets with excrement upon them spread out on the grass. On inquiry I found they were from the beds of the foul ward, in which the worst patients, those insensible to the calls of nature, were confined, and had been laid out there to dry; this was when the weather was fine; otherwise, they were dried by the fire in the ward. When dry, the blankets and sheets were scraped at a muck heap by the side of the garden by Green, the keeper, and then replaced. This scraping operation I often saw performed afterwards, watching it out of the window of the landing place near my room. This filth and straw, and broken pottery, &c., had formed a little heap, and a very offensive one, near the garden wall. When I observed anything amiss or revolting I never made any observation, I only inquired and took notes; I appeared not to care whether a thing was right or wrong. In this way I lulled suspicion and got at a great deal more information than I otherwise should. I lived in the hope of some day making these things known.

People’s minds naturally revolt at the contemplation of such disgusting scenes: but let them inquire into the cause, and not run away with the idea of their being inseparable from insanity. They are the result of the system pursued, and not of the alienation of mind, however great. These unfortunate patients of whom I speak, in number about three or four, and only occasionally in this state, were chained down in their cribs from eight o’clock in the evening till eight o’clock the next morning; fastened by the wrist and ankle to the bedstead, perhaps by both wrists, so that they could lie only on their backs, on a hard board bed (called a crib) with only a blanket under them, unable to rise when nature required relief, with no one to assist them, no one to release them, no one to hear their cries: probably in bad bodily health, or under the influence of medicine: what other result could be expected? In these cases I admit, of course, the insanity; but is this the proper treatment to cure it? or even supposing it to be incurable—a thing I never will admit in mental derangement—are human beings to be so utterly neglected, so abandoned, as to be reduced to the state of the beasts of the field, and be compelled to endure the unspeakable misery and pain of wallowing in their own filth till the flesh absolutely becomes sore from the foul contact? The result is entailed by necessity; it is the consequence of cruel

treatment, the treatment pursued towards inmates of private Lunatic Asylums in the nineteenth century!

Wherever this calamity has become a habit in lunatic patients, it has been caused by inattention to their first wants. This, however, is not all. Will it be believed that the poor creatures are afterwards *punished* for what they cannot avoid, and what the neglect or indifference of the keepers absolutely teaches them to do? If confinement for twelve hours produces this unpleasant result, they will probably be fastened down for twenty-four, in order that a greater length of time should *not* produce it. Certainly, to any ordinary mind, this would appear a most absurd mode of reasoning; but madhouse people seem to have a logic of their own, both as regards the law and the treatment of lunacy. The real fact is, as I have stated over and over again, no attempt whatever is made to cure; confinement, not cure, is the object. A man takes a large house for a private asylum; his object is to get it well stocked. Does he want to cure such patients as are really insane, so that they may be removed and his house left empty? Certainly not. As one of the keepers observed, one day, when we were talking of the improper confinement of persons not insane—"Oh, never mind whether he's insane or not; if he's not mad when he's brought here, we'll take care and make him so."

The way in which these foul patients were cleaned was this; they were taken into a small room adjoining the dungeon, called the drying-room—I suppose from its being always wet. It had a paved floor with a cistern and taps for water. They were here stripped naked and washed down with a mop, by the keeper Green, in the same manner as we see a horse's legs cleaned with a birch broom, standing all the time on the cold paved floor. They were then dried with cloths, and their clothes put on.

The worst of these patients was John Milroy, whose death, in consequence of violence used towards him by his keeper, was so forcibly described in the *Dispatch* some months ago. He died—I should rather say was murdered—while I was a prisoner, in the adjoining room to mine. I was with him till within a few hours of his death, and never have I witnessed anything so horrible as the closing scene of this unfortunate being's life; sufficient of itself to terrify into idiocy a person placed in my forlorn and cruel situation. But I endeavoured to do my duty to him, and was, perhaps, rewarded with an additional share of fortitude to endure my own sufferings. I shall have to speak more in detail of this infamous case when further advanced in my narrative, his death having occurred when I had been about half my time there.

Of the female prisoners, who were confined on the other side of the house, I could gain no information whatever during the whole of my captivity, except the case of Miss Weeks, daughter of a farmer in Essex, who was confined, or rather, I might say, bricked up between four walls, in a space of about twelve or fifteen feet square, with a door therefrom into her own room. I used to stand watching this poor, unhappy, beautiful girl for the hour together, from an upper window which looked down upon her place of confinement. My heart bled to see such cruel, such

fiendish treatment; but I could do her no service—so, as I have already said, I got information, took notes, and held my tongue. As to interceding with Miss Lush for her it would have been worse than useless, for Miss L. seemed to have such a natural malignity and fierceness of disposition, that kindness could not be expected from her. Nothing could equal the manner in which she used to crow over me, and triumph, and try to exasperate me; it required to be witnessed to be fairly judged of. I cannot say whether her conduct was guided by the directions of Mr. Finch. I rather think not, as, when he suddenly came in during these scenes, she ceased, and behaved herself. I rather think it was the result of her natural malignity, goaded on by the additional torments of unsatisfied lust. It, however, was her trade; but what shall be said of the indignities and cruelties heaped upon me while a victim in his power, a prisoner confined by his orders, by the author of my days—by my own father? The reader will hardly believe them.

Nor should it be overlooked, in considering the treatment I met with, that I was *assumed* to be a lunatic; otherwise, why put into a madhouse? Let us see, then, how the poor lunatic was treated, either with a view to restore him, or to pay him such kind attentions as his unhappy state demanded. Under the mask of lunacy we shall find an infliction of punishment most horrible, with an open avowal, on the part of the imprisoning party, that the lunatic was confined because he had annoyed his family, that he was put into a madhouse to teach him how to behave himself, and was to be kept there till he had learnt how to behave, and would not be let out till his relations had some guarantee for his future good conduct! and that it would *serve him right* if he was kept in for life!

This certainly does appear rather like punishment or vindictiveness; the notion that it is so, is fully borne out by every act of my persecutors from the time I was seized up to the present hour. When I was at the Marlborough-street Police-office, Mr. Wing came up to assist in the seizure, and being asked the meaning of such an outrage as had occurred that morning at my lodgings in the Haymarket, replied “I’ll let you know the meaning of it very soon; we’ll see if we can’t teach you to behave yourself; we must see if a stop can’t be put to this system of annoyance, it has been going on a great deal too long; I’ll let you know you are not to have quite your own way in everything, you must be taught a lesson, you scoundrel;” and other expressions to the same effect, all uttered in a state of great rage and excitement. Here, then, was a plain avowal of their motives, and I at once understood what their intentions were, and what I had to expect. Punishment, not insanity, was at once declared; I was to be got out of the way at all hazards, and to effect their object, the Law of Lunacy presented the readiest and most effectual means. Mine was not only a clear but an avowed case of incarceration under this law for the purposes of punishment, and of course what happened to me can happen to any other person. I attack the principle, and I illustrate it by the most glaring and undeniable case on record.

Again, when, after my seizure, I was pinioned down by the five ruffians in the coach on the road from the Police-office to Kensington, viz., Mr. Wing, Mr. Finch, Rev. Dr. Worthington, and the two keepers,

what were Mr. Wing's expressions when I entreated to be held less tightly round the neck, feeling myself strangled? This wretch urged the keepers to hold me tight, crying out, "No, no, my boy, we've got you safe at last, and egad we'll not let you go—we'll take care and keep you now we have got you—you're too much for me—I can't manage you—you're too cunning." This was his language to the supposed lunatic, quite sufficient to have opened the eyes of Mr. Finch had he been imposed on by previous misrepresentations. Mr. Wing continued to abuse and reproach me the whole way, occasionally rubbing his hands with great glee in triumph over me, telling me ever and anon that he had got me safe enough now, and would take care I should never annoy the family again as long as I lived. I saw from all this how little I had to expect from my persecutors. The Rev. Dr. Worthington would not intercede for me; he seemed to think it fine fun, and after our arrival at the madhouse, laughed heartily with Wing at the success of their undertaking, especially when Wing told me that "this (the madhouse) is a place where you will be taught to behave yourself, and you'll stop here until you learn how."

Here, then, was an open avowal of the purposes to which these modern Bastilles are applied; made on the occasion of the most daring and outrageous violation of the law, and of the liberty of the subject, which has occurred in modern times. A private madhouse to put a troublesome relative into, in order to teach him how to behave and prevent his annoyance! This is one part of the system which I can fully illustrate by my own case.

I soon indeed found out that there were instruments of punishment and torture enough in these private prisons to satisfy the blackest malice of family vindictiveness. Nothing is wanting in these modern Bastilles in order to complete the ruin of body and mind.

I am quite sure that many of my readers, who shudder at the horrible details of my narrative, have always thought as I myself once imagined, that those "Asylums" were places of peace and repose, where the troubled spirit might find a healing balm, and the disturbed and overworked faculties of the mind might meet with those soothing consolations which would restore them to their wonted energy. But how is the case? In place of peace, kindness, and attention, all is persecution, cruelty, and brutality—nothing is left undone which can torture the body and reduce the mind to an irrecoverable state of depression, if not entirely break it. Such instruments as the following seem rather to belong to the Inquisition than to Asylums for disorders of the mind—strait waistcoats, handcuffs, chains, iron belts, heavy logs chained to the leg, and straps of every description. But I found a refinement in cruelty had been made in the ordinary handcuff, an instrument very well known. This was an instrument called wristlocks, consisting of a strong leather strap going round the waist and buckled behind, with two handcuffs fastened to the belt in front. The hands being shut in these, lie close to the body, and are rendered totally useless; a person cannot raise them to scratch his face as with ordinary handcuffs; and if he is of a sanguine temperament with any fulness of the blood vessels, the determination of blood to the

hands so hanging down and tightly fastened, is injurious in the extreme. A man with a pair of these on is perfectly helpless, and can be knocked about at pleasure, without the power even to flap away a fly from his face. It was a pair of these wristlocks that the keepers brought with them, when they made the attack on me in my lodgings, and which they were prevented from getting on by the appearance of the police. Sometimes one hand only is confined, the other being left free; but this must be for a trifling offence, such as abusing a keeper, finding fault with the food or treatment, &c. The greatest of all offences in a madhouse is to attempt an escape, and should an unhappy prisoner effect his escape and be retaken, he can expect no mercy.

Any refractory conduct, or want of due submission to the proprietor or keepers, is immediately punished by fetters or confinement of some kind. Sometimes the offender is chained by the body to the wall or to a fixed bench—sometimes by the leg; or he has a heavy log chained to his leg, and is allowed so to walk about; or he has both his legs chained together, or is chained down in his bed by an arm or leg, or by both arms and legs, so that he can lie only on his back, with perhaps a chain or iron belt passing also over his body or round his neck, being beat by the keepers besides, and deprived of his usual food; or he is confined in the dungeon for any length of time, chained or loose; or he is shut up in a strait waistcoat, hot, painful, and highly dangerous, especially to those of full habit and apoplectic tendency.

In this instrument, one of the most senseless or cruel (for in one light or other must it be considered,) a person is completely helpless; exposed, in summer to the torment of flies, and at all times to the attacks and annoyances of other prisoners and the keepers. I hold it to be one of the most cruel and pernicious inventions. Another contrivance equally cruel and injurious is the muff, an instrument made of stout sole leather, about the size of a small muff, in which the hands are confined in front. This case opens on one side, the hands are placed one upon another, and so shut up in it, the thick leather pressing tightly on the wrists at either end. The result of all this, I need hardly add, is the production of great pain and irritation, bodily and mental.

The time required to destroy a person's mind by these instruments of torture, depends of course on the constitution; with some the desired effect is produced with fearful rapidity, and the proprietor secures a good patient for life, kept safe and well paid for. Few escape, and those who do have been too much terrified, or are too much ashamed, to reveal the atrocities of which they have been the witnesses and the victims. My readers can easily imagine the *rewards* I should meet with should it ever be my fate to be immured again.

But the most extraordinary instrument of confinement is "the chair," a thing of which I can hardly hope to give a correct idea—it must be seen to be properly understood. It is a very massive arm chair, with a hole in the seat, after the manner of a night chair; the arms are boxes in which the prisoner's arms are shut and locked, and are then quite immovable. At the bottom of the chair are two holes for the feet, which are thus closely confined. The prisoner, deprived of his trowsers, is placed in the

chair, and chained round the middle by a chain which passes to the back of the chair—an iron collar, or another chain, can also be placed round his neck. Thus he is firmly fastened down at all parts and left! This chair was in the dungeon. It was not till a short time before my liberation that I could manage to see it; I persuaded a keeper to take me in when nobody was about, and insisted on getting into the chair, determined to profit, as much as I could, by experience. It came to be known, however, to the authorities, and a great fuss was made that I had been allowed to go in. Diabolical ingenuity seems to have been exerted in the construction of this machine, fitted to inflict pain and indignity at the same time, and endanger apoplexy in those disposed thereto. It is a complete chair of torture, more appropriate to the dungeons of the Inquisition than to an Asylum for the restoration of the mental faculties.

These, then, were the principal instruments of restraint and cruelty, and I am perfectly sure that my readers will agree with me in thinking that they savour far more of punishment than cure, and are disgraceful to the age in which we live, and to the Government which allows them.

I shall show in my next the treatment I myself received on my admission into the madhouse.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when I was left by Mr. Wing and the Rev. Mr. Worthington in Finch's madhouse. Mr. Worthington sneaked away first, promising to come the following day and see me. I need hardly say that he never came near me the whole time I was imprisoned. It was not to be supposed that a clergyman who could take so conspicuous a part in such an outrage, would afterwards take any measures for my welfare, more consistent with humanity and his sacred calling. From that time till my discharge he did what lay in his power to keep me in for life.

Mr. Wing's chief anxiety seemed to be about my escape, and he kept urging on Finch the necessity of looking after me, keeping me safe, not letting me go, &c., &c. When Finch had apparently quieted his mind upon this subject, he also departed in triumph over his victim. Now mark here the conduct of Finch to the *lunatic*. Mr. Wing was so fearful of my escape, that he insisted on a keeper sleeping in the same room with me; this man would have been Launcelot Sharpe, the \*\*\*\*\*! And while I mention this circumstance, already alluded to in former parts of my narrative, I may take the liberty of observing that if one single atom of feeling or rectitude exists in the bosoms of those who ordered and abetted the atrocious outrage on me, they must shudder at the knowledge of this dreadful fact, and on the reflection of what might have been the consequence. My delicacy revolted at the idea of having a low ruffian to sleep in the same room, and I earnestly protested against such an indignity. Of course all remonstrances with Mr. Wing were useless, but after some time Finch said that if I would pledge my word that I would not attempt to escape, I should be allowed a room to myself! A lunatic required to pledge his word not to escape! Mr. Wing afraid of losing his victim and Mr. Finch afraid of losing his pay! Does this savour of insanity or punishment? Of course I was but too happy to secure privacy on such terms, and had the unspeakable comfort of a bed-room to myself during



the whole of my confinement; I was, however, the only person in the place who enjoyed this benefit—the others were stowed away as thick as they could lie.

When my two enemies had gone, I was ordered by Finch to follow him; I was taken along a passage, through double doors which divided the private part of the house from the prison, and put into a small room; I found myself now surrounded by all the horrors of a madhouse. Some wretched stuff called tea, and two slices of bread and butter, were soon after brought in, and I was desired to eat, but this was impossible. It required all the resolution I possessed to support myself in my forlorn and cruel situation; I felt as if my heart would burst, but my pride would not let me betray the weakness of human nature before such ruffians as surrounded me; I felt that I was in the most horrible of prisons, completely cut off from all association with the world, at the mercy of my inveterate persecutors, and without any power to appeal to for protection; my property, too, was left without defence, and I suffered the agonizing idea that my enemies, having secured me, would at once seize upon my effects and papers, a thing which they did the very same night in utter defiance of all law, breaking open and examining all my letters from my brother and others in short every document I possessed, and carrying the whole away to make such use of as they required.

Mr. Finch never uttered one word of kindness or consolation to me; all seemed to come natural to him, as a matter of business; he had got another victim, and that was enough. Little did he calculate upon the exposure which the next morning's papers would produce. Had I been a wild beast, I could not have been treated with more brutality. To say I did not feel the most intense agony and despair, would be absurd; but I thank God that I did not betray the weakness of human nature before the beings by whom I was surrounded. My pride rose with the indignities offered me. I disappointed these low ruffians at least of a triumph. I bore up outwardly, and concealed my feelings; but in truth I feared I should go mad. No course could by possibility have been pursued more likely to drive one to insanity, and that this result was hoped and calculated on, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Now, I would ask, where in such a case is the protection to the liberty and safety of the subject, so much boasted of in this country? Once captured, I was in the hands of those whose interest it was to ruin me bodily and mentally. I was surrounded by the brutal hirelings of the private prison-keeper, whose sole aim it was to destroy my reason, in order that he might be paid for my custody for life. Again and again do I reiterate the enormity of this principle, and declare that there can be no safety for any individual so long as private madhouses are allowed to exist. No time was lost in commencing their diabolical work. The keeper Sharpe was placed to watch over me in the room. Every now and then other keepers came in to stare at me, and insult me by all sorts of questions and remarks made to me and to each other. I remained perfectly quiet, keeping complete command over myself—for I saw clearly their object. Sharpe continued abusing me in the grossest terms, telling the others, "damn him he nearly broke my head; by G— I will teach

him to be quiet here ; if I could but have put a pair of handcuffs on him—damn him," &c. &c. Another keeper, George Hillier, went on thus, "I say, old fellow, what's your name?" I told him. "PA-TER-NOS-TER, What a name ! It will be enough for me if I call you Mr. Noster, I suppose?" I replied, "You may call me what you please." "Well, Mr. Noster, you're a tailor, arn't you ? I say, what's your father? Noster, isn't you mo:her \* \*\*\*\*\*?" thus and a vast deal more in the same style, which I cannot repeat, the other keepers laughing and jeering, and trying to provoke me by all possible means. I made no answer to all this. I sat quiet, bearing all, and I must, in justice to myself, say that I think human nature never before bore such insults and provocation with equal patience.

One false step at this time would have ruined me. What protection to me, I ask, were the commissioners? Could I appeal to them, write to them, see them, make them acquainted with the treatment I experienced? Oh, no ! I could not even tell them I was a captive, in order that they might see whether I was justly and properly there or not ; and had it not been for the exposure which so soon followed my capture, there might I have remained for months without seeing them ; and when at last they did see me, in one of their quarterly visitations, in what state should I probably have been, exposed during the whole period to every torture of body and anguish of mind which my malignant persecutors could impose? Imagination can conceive nothing more horrible ; yet after all the exposure that has taken place of the atrocities of the system, the law remains unchanged, and what I describe may be the fate of any of my readers ere another day has passed. To talk of personal liberty, while the present law of lunacy exists, is a mere mockery ; no man's person or property is secure a single hour.

I continued to sit here in a state of mental agony which is indescribable ; I did not know what was intended to be done with me. I heard nothing but insults and threats and mockery ; and from the constant mention of handcuffs and chains, I expected every moment to see them brought in and put upon me, Of course all resistance would have been useless, and I should have been an easy prey to the kicks and buffets of these heartless scoundrels, When one had exhausted his abuse, another began, each endeavouring to create fun for the amusement of the rest.

These details may perhaps appear trivial ; though in fact they are matters of importance if properly considered, as showing, more than general terms could do, the system pursued towards the unfortunate inmates of these places. What, assuming the insanity, could be more unwise, more irrational, more wicked, than so to tease and irritate a person in my situation, thus suddenly torn away with the greatest violence and cruelty from the world? It illustrates the "system" perfectly. If insanity existed, this was precisely the way to increase it ; if it did not, what more effectual means could be taken to produce it? It only surprises me that any human mind can withstand the trial, and that any person comes out of a private madhouse sane. I sat here in the greatest torture, and in great bodily pain till ten o'clock, repeatedly begging that I might go to bed, as I was completely exhausted. Since half-past seven

in the morning I had had no rest from my persecutors, and my arm which was injured during the attack on me in my bed-room, was exceedingly painful. I was so tired, that I lay down on the floor; I was ordered to get up and sit in my chair. "We'd soon put him to bed if we knew where he was to sleep, damn him!" said Sharpe. Soon after, Charles Finch came in and told me I was to go to bed. He and George Hillier, a keeper, went up stairs with me, and I was taken into a small room out of a gallery: there was a door from it into another small room, in which three persons slept. I thought at last I had got to rest, and that they would leave me in peace. But no; Finch told me I must undress in their presence, and that they must take away all my clothes and everything I had about me. All that I had in my pockets was put upon a table; my penknife and the money in my purse were taken from me; but at my request I was allowed to retain my watch, keys, and pocket-book, with a pencil and an eye-glass. By keeping my pocket-book I was enabled to take the accurate notes I did of everything that passed from the beginning. I demurred to my money being taken away: Finch said it was to take care of it for me—I could not help thinking at that moment of Squeers and Dotheboys-hall. Before these two ruffians I was obliged to submit to the indignity of stripping to the shirt. Finch insisted that I had a great deal of money about me—I assured him I had not. He repeated I had both money and bonds, and said they must be given up. Now, this must have alluded to the money I had cleared that morning at my bankers, Twinings, amounting to 253*l.*, and a few Spanish bonds; all of which, happily for me I had *not* about me, but had deposited at Mr. Beevor's, an attorney of Chancery-lane. However, Finch was not satisfied, and thereupon I was felt all over to ascertain that the money was not concealed under my flannel waistcoat. A greater indignity than this surely could not have been offered me, but I was obliged to bear it. He then got angry, and insisted I should tell him what I had done with my money; however, he elicited nothing from me, and I was allowed to get into bed. All my clothes were taken away, the door was locked, and I was left alone, to ponder over the extraordinary transactions of the day. I suppose my clothes were taken away in order to search them for the money; it could hardly be from a notion that I should escape, as all attempt would have been perfectly hopeless—the room being on the second floor, and the window strongly barred with iron. My clothes were never taken away on any subsequent night.

Now, here I may well illustrate the insecurity of property under the present law. If, unfortunately, I had had the money upon my person, the whole of it would have been taken from me. How could I ever have recovered it in the event of my discharge or escape? Or supposing I was to die in a madhouse, could I will it away to whom I chose, as by right and law entitled? To whom was I to complain of the robbery? It did so happen that I did not know the numbers of the notes I had received. What possibility, then, was there of recovering them after years of incarceration? I might have had all I possessed in the world upon me at the time. The property would either have been kept by Finch, or given up to my relations, who would thereby have deprived me of the means of

obtaining redress or even subsistence, in case I did escape: I should have been entirely in their power. If property is to be taken away, it should at least be placed in the hands of the commissioners, or of some other power independent of both the victim and his persecutors. But at present the attack upon property invariably follows the seizure of the person. It may be said that robberies will occur at all times, and that the stolen property is seldom recovered. No doubt; but the law does not will it so, and so far from assisting in the spoilation, aids the loser in the discovery, restores the stolen property when found, and punishes the offender; the loser is free to complain, and has the magistrate to apply to. But in cases of seizure under the Lunacy Act, it becomes a legalised robbery; the loser is a prisoner, without power of appeal or resistance; his property is taken from him with impunity, and put into the hands of his deadly enemies; he is first incarcerated that his property may fall an easy prey, and his cruel imprisonment is then paid for out of his own means. I assert there is no protection whatever for property, more than for person, against the arts of designing relatives who choose to attack either, under cover of this diabolical law. In my case this attack was immediate and barefaced, and nothing incensed my persecutors more than to find themselves foiled in this respect.

It may appear strange how Finch came to know anything about this money so immediately after my seizure, as, of course, he did not derive the information from me. The circumstance shows, of itself, how completely organised were the plans of my persecutors, how well and deeply laid was the plot to seize at once both myself and my property, and leave no trace behind. The whole scheme was marred by the intemperate eagerness of Mr. Wing in carrying his diabolical intentions into effect. It had been previously arranged that so soon as I should be seized in the morning and carried away to Finch's, my money at Twining's and my effects in my lodgings should be taken possession of. But the men failed in the attack upon me, and went away to Kensington for further orders. This failure was not known to my father and Mr. Wing; they concluded, from the entire secrecy and complete arrangement, that all was *right*; or, to use Mr. Wing's expression, that it was *well managed*, and that I was safe away at the madhouse; and therefore, in the course of the forenoon, Mr. Scott (of the firm of Hertslett and Scott, my father's attorneys) was sent by my father to Twining's to demand payment of my account, as I was confined as a lunatic!

I beg my readers to mark the consummate baseness and dishonesty of this proceeding; it may be a warning to some where they place their money, for if bankers are capable of delivering up the money entrusted to them, and thus furthering the objects of such a persecution, there is an end of all confidence in such people. The reply of the Twinings was—that I had already been there and cleared my account, otherwise they would have been happy in complying with my father's request—that they could not refuse paying me over my account when I demanded it, however willingly they would have done so, as I seemed very determined, and there would have been an unpleasant exposure, &c. &c. This exposure is always what such people dread: so that had it not been for my activity,

my bankers acting on the strength of their cousinship to me, and being perfectly cognizant of the plot, would have politely handed over my assets to my father to be dealt with as he desired.

It may perhaps be said that they would have been liable to me for the amount on my regaining my liberty: undoubtedly—but that was an event never calculated on. I repeat what I have before observed, that so long as I was confined as a lunatic my property was without protection, nay, that I was openly robbed of it. I happened to be a poor man, many, however, who are incarcerated are rich. We will assume the case of a man who has 10,000*l.*, with some kind relations for his bankers. The money is given up to his persecutors, all united against him, a less sum than the interest pays for his imprisonment, the balance goes into their pockets, and at his death they quietly take possession of the whole. As it was found I had obtained the little I had at my bankers, instructions were given to Finch to take the money from me, it being supposed that I had it on my person; it was thus that he came to search me so rigidly when I went to bed, and it will be seen that the search was continued for days after, in another place, but, happily for me, without success. Their object was to deprive me of all means of support, or of getting redress, in case I should escape. I need hardly add that, of course, I never trusted a shilling of my money in the hands of *such* bankers afterwards,

I was left then in bed, friendless and deserted, in a madhouse; and horrible to me yet are the recollections of that first night.

Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things  
That make communion sweet and soften pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

————— this to see  
And feel and know without repair, hath taught  
A bitter lesson, BUT IT LEAVES ME FREE!  
THEY MADE A CAPTIVE—NOT A SLAVE OF ME!

It is painful to confess the weakness of human nature, and yet why should I be ashamed of what is common to all? The fortitude which I had maintained before these ruffians deserted me when left to myself, and I wept at the dismal prospect before me. I can ill describe the horrors of this night; I am astonished now, as I then was, that the following morning found me still sane. I was put to additional pain by having nothing to raise my head, so that when I lay down it was lower than any body; not the slightest regard was paid to such a circumstance, or to the chance of apoplexy, and yet what could be of greater importance in the treatment of lunacy? This is the *attention* paid in these Asylums. During the night I caught snatches of sleep for a few minutes together, accompanied by the most horrid dreams, from which I woke in a profuse sweat—my brain seemed one mass of fire, I hardly hoped to last out conscious till the morning. I foresaw nothing but a frightful imprisonment in the most dreadful of earthly abodes till death should release me from my sufferings. I tried to calm myself by prayer till I slept again, to wake from my dreams of torture to all the real horrors of my situation. I made no noise, nor spoke, and wisely so, as will be seen—I knew the

first opportunity would be taken to confine me and put me to further pain. Not the least inquiry had been made about the injuries I had received on the arm, and elsewhere, and in the morning I found my arm one continued bruise, from the shoulder to the wrist, and the rag with which I had bound up my elbow, saturated with blood. Glad, indeed, was I to see returning daylight. I thanked God for the preservation of my intellect. Soon after I heard one of the keepers (Sharpe,) who slept in the next room, say, speaking of course of me, "He has been very quiet all night—but we had the handcuffs all ready to put on"—an agreeable piece of information for me. Hearing a stir, I inquired if I could not have my clothes and get up. "Ay, we'll get you up soon enough, you lie still," and then "damn him, he wants to be off." Some time after George Hillier came in and chucked down my clothes on the floor with the greatest insolence, desiring me to "get up now." He did not leave me for an instant after I was dressed. Wherever I went he kept close to my side—it was the most annoying thing imaginable; they seemed determined to goad me to madness. My coolness and self-possession astonish me when I think of them now. At half past seven I was ordered to go down into the garden; there was but one prisoner out then. Here I was kept till eight, when I was desired to go into breakfast. I entered the house without scraping my shoes; he told me in a peremptory tone to come back and scrape my shoes, and not be going into the house in that way, and dirtying the staircase (a thing which was at any rate *quite* impossible.) I submitted to all this impertinence without saying a word. I was put into the small room where I was placed the previous evening, and which I found I was to occupy as a sitting room. Here a basin of tea (so called) and three slices of bread and butter were brought, and I was told to eat my breakfast—no table cloth, no decency or attention whatever. If my keeper went out for a short time, another was put into the room till he returned; I was not left alone a minute. I went to the water closet—he stood outside the door and again saw me to my room. None of the other prisoners came near me; I received not one word of sympathy or consolation from any one. I afterwards found out, when I became acquainted with some of them that great pains had been taken to spread a report among them, that I was a most ferocious and dangerous madman, so that some who would have offered their kind services on such a trying occasion, were deterred. This idea was soon corrected, but nothing can more forcibly shew the *animus* which regulated all the proceedings against me.

My room was at the front of the house, overlooking the Kensington-road; this was a comfort to me, as it served to keep up some apparent connection with the outer world, and enabled me to see everybody that came to the house. Here I remained the livelong day, plunged in an abyss of grief, and looking out at the window in hopes to recognise some friendly face, and make known my dreadful situation. I pleaded illness to avoid going into the garden, where I should only have increased my distress by the sight of new horrors. All the exercise I got was walking up and down the room; I had no books, no paper, no amusement whatever; none to speak to but the keeper, to whom I was obliged occasionally to

say a word to keep him in good humour, and prevent his intolerable impertinence. I was devoured by reflections on my wretched fate; my only hope was in the press, and I was in a fever of anxiety to ascertain whether anything had appeared in the morning papers. I had hopes that a report of what had occurred at the police-office might have appeared, in which case I felt I was comparatively safe, as I was quite sure that were there a police report, the matter could never be allowed to pass unnoticed, as there would be an end at once to all personal liberty. Those alone who have been in situations similar to my own can duly estimate the value of a free press, and of publicity in courts of justice. In the course of the forenoon Mr. William Finch paid me a hasty visit, and I asked for a newspaper. One half of the *Times* was sent in, but the other half, containing the police report, was cut off and not allowed to come through at all. This confirmed my idea that the case was reported; I however, made no remarks. I observed that Mr. Finch looked very foolish—he seemed ashamed of himself, and spoke as if he was afraid; he never looked me in the face, and I may say here once for all that this was the case throughout my confinement.

Now, upon such an occasion, what would naturally be expected? Why, that the keeper of such a house would make some inquiry as to the health of his patient, the state of mind of the poor lunatic after the first night under his roof; whether there was any and what change; ask a few questions, at least, as to how he had slept, if he found himself more tranquil; feel his pulse, inquire as to his wants or wishes or comforts, or the treatment and behaviour of the keeper to him, &c. &c. *Something* of this kind, I say, one surely *would* have expected; but no, not a word—not one syllable; and it will be seen henceforward that in all his interviews and conversations with me, the only thing considered was business—business as between man and man, how *I* was to be got out, and how *he* could save himself from the consequences of his atrocious act—not any matters as between doctor and patient, and the poor lunatic and his guardian. This point cannot be too strictly observed.

At two o'clock dinner was brought in, a dish of soddened mutton, and potatoes with bread; the meat was ready cut. I could eat nothing, but as a favour, was allowed a pint of porter. The keeper dined at the same table; this annoyance continued to the very last day. The meat, as I afterwards observed, was always excessively cooked; for, as the knives used by the prisoners were of soft metal without edge, it could not otherwise be cut—indeed it was rather a pulling to pieces than a cutting of one's food. Even to the last I was never allowed a steel knife at dinner, though one was always placed on the table for the keeper's use, and left there while he was absent, with which I could have done any injury, if that was the motive. It is true I never represented the matter, but I was determined from the first to ask for nothing, exhibiting a passive resistance, and taking everything as it was given.

In the course of the day, Dr. Spurgin called to see me: he did not come into my room, but I was taken through the pass-doors into the

drawing room. The pass-doors are the double doors separating the prison from the private part of the house. No other person was present at the interview. He received me courteously, and it struck me (and I cannot help bearing the same impression now) that he was sorry for what he had done; that he had signed the certificate in a moment of passion, committed himself and regretted it; but, like many others, that he had not the moral courage to confess he had done wrong, and to make what reparation he could to the party he had injured. Having committed himself, he chose to prop up his first error by a hundred lies, and prove himself a knave rather than be supposed a fool. From him I learnt that there was a long police report of the affair in all the papers, and that the outrage had made a stir, "Thank God!" I exclaimed, "then I'm safe." "Oh yes" he said, "there's a long report—as long as that (giving me the length per measurement on his arm); I assure you the thing has made a sensation—everybody is talking about it, it will turn out a serious affair;" and so on. I was, of course, delighted. He mentioned particularly what was said of Dunn, the apothecary; that he was handed up in severe terms, saying, "Why, you seem to have treated poor Mr. Dunn rather severely; he was not a match for you;" and laughing heartily in ridicule of him. We quite agreed in our estimate of Mr. Dunn's abilities. Dr. Spurgin remained at least an hour, talking of various things, but chiefly, in a *moral* sense, as regarded what had occurred to me; such as my abuse of my family, why I had quarrelled with them about money and annoyed them, why I could not make myself satisfied with what I had, that I seemed to have a passion for exposing people, that I had written for the *Satirist*, and also published some squibs many years ago, and a vast deal more about my moral conduct, which it would be impossible for me to narrate, as he continued talking the whole time. He said nothing, however, about marriage, so I did not ask him about his pretty wife. I combated all he advanced, maintaining that it had nothing to do with insanity, that the affair was a gross and unheard-of outrage, that I rejoiced beyond measure the press had got hold of it, and I hoped they would not let the matter rest, that if such a thing were to be done with impunity nobody could rest in their beds, &c. &c. &c. I told him of my ill state of health and my disease of the heart, which made the outrage and the violence used towards me the more shameful, that it was wonderful I did not die on the spot, &c. I also demanded porter as a thing indispensable, and requested he would speak about it before his departure, which he promised to do, and I believe did as it was always procured for me afterwards. He shook hands at parting, and said, "Well, we shall see in a few days, I don't know, I shall call again to see you." He made no inquiries how I was treated, what rooms I had, how my health was, or anything of the kind. I kept up my spirits before him from pride, appearing even cheerful, though, God knows, I was wretched; but I would not appear to be humbled, or to show any weakness of nature before a man who had by his fiat, in a moment of passion, sent me to such a place. I will do him the justice to say that in his manner he was gentlemanly, and not overbearing and brutal like Monro.



As to any kindness, or expression of sorrow or sympathy, that were too much to expect from any person exercising the trade of a mad-doctor. Perhaps, too, his courtesy was not real, but only that oily hypocrisy so peculiar to this class of men. However, I state things as I found them.

I was conducted back to my room. In all my attempts to extract from the-keeper some information about the newspaper reports, there was an obstinate reserve on his part, I could elicit nothing. I did not say that I was already informed of them. It was clear to me that they had already found out they had made a mistake and caught a Tartar. *Their only way, now the thing was public, was to drive me mad, and so attempt to justify it.* Charles Finch came into my room; I asked for writing materials, and they were brought. With respect to this person, I only saw him (after this day) four times all the while I remained there, and therefore will dismiss him at once. He was the elder brother, but the junior partner, and not being a surgeon, confined his duties to the domestic economy. It is said that God has given but two ideas to some people; I doubt if he had given one to this poor creature. His appearance does not belie him. He never entered into the least conversation with me, and never looked me in the face; but when spoken to, used to look down and grunt, ending with, "I'll speak to my brother." I believe him to be as mean a mass of humanity as can be, and as consummate a hypocrite as the minimum of talents nature gave him enables him to be. As to William Finch, from the first to the last day, he appeared frightened, always behaved with extreme politeness in any interview, was very shy and reserved in what he said, never spoke to me at all except on the subject of business, seemed not to know what to do or to say, and looked like a man who had got into a mess and would give the world to get out of it. He should have thought of this a little more beforehand and have taken his friend Mullins's advice. So much for the two partners of the establishment. I wrote a letter to Mr. Charles Wing, surgeon, of Maida-hill, brother of Thomas Wing, informing him of what had happened, and expressing a wish to see him. I sent the letter by the keeper to Mr. Finch, requesting he would forward it, which it appears he did. Mr. C. Wing afterwards informed me that my letter was the first intimation he had of the affair: this, however, I doubted; at any rate he was not very ready in rendering me a service. I subsequently found out that this assertion of Mr. Charles was a deliberate lie and that he was privy to the whole affair.

During the afternoon I was wanted again in the drawing-room, where I found a stout tall man in black, with a most forbidding countenance, who, I afterwards was informed, was Dr. Monro—the celebrated mad-doctor. Certainly his appearance and manner would go far to terrify any person into madness that was at all nervous, nor did his subsequent conduct to me belie the opinion I had at first formed of him, for he is one of those

—————with worse than frenzy foul,  
 Those who do still goad on the o'erlabour'd mind,  
 And dim the little light that's left behind  
 With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill.

I asked him who he was, but he refused to tell me, saying, "that does not matter, you'll know soon enough who I am; I want to have some conversation with you; come, get a chair and sit down here," motioning me to a place opposite his own. He was most abrupt and overbearing in his manners; he had not even common courtesy. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, I should have left such a brute to himself, but, as in my situation if I had left the room I should only have been forced to return, perhaps handcuffed, I sat down and resigned myself to the infliction of his insults. Now this was the conduct pursued towards a person who had the day before been suddenly pounced upon like a wild beast, and dragged away to a madhouse with the most ruffianly violence, and who was, moreover, labouring under an organic disease of the heart. It will speak for itself. He began by running through a long list of dates for the last twelve years, asking me abruptly when I left India, when I arrived in England, by what route I came, how long I stopped in different places, where and when I afterwards went, &c., &c., coming upon me quite unprepared, and in a way sufficient to perplex the strongest memory, and all this in a most dictatorial offensive manner. I represented to him that this was a most unfair mode of examination, if indeed it was intended to be an inquiry into my soundness of mind; that it was quite impossible for any one to be thus suddenly ready with the dates of every act of his life for the last twelve years, especially for me in the state of grief and agitation in which I was, and without having at hand a single paper or memorandum to assist my memory. He then ran through the different dates himself, telling me all I had done for many years past, at which I remarked that he evidently came prepared, that to have them thus at his finger's ends he must have been drilled, and that all this could only be a trick to puzzle and confuse me and catch me in a snare, and by finding me speak incorrectly, make me appear to have lost my memory.

I was exceedingly wrath and indignant at this base proceeding, and did not hesitate to let him know my opinion. As I afterwards found that this mode of acting was part of the *system* of these mad-doctors, I dwell longer upon it now than might otherwise seem to be necessary. It is quite clear that such an examination could never be requisite to try the soundness of a person's mind. Under any circumstances, it was but a trial of strength of memory, not of soundness of intellect; and we all know that these two things do not necessarily co-exist. But it is not done to try either one or the other; is it done to terrify and perplex, and lead into snares, and then to take advantage of any failure of memory to establish a charge of insanity. When I told him plainly that he ought to show some consideration for my weak state of health and unfortunate situation, I found I might as well have appealed to a rock. I described to him the murderous violence of the men who seized me in my bed-room, and how Green had tried to suffocate me by pressing on the jugular vein, "kneading his knuckles into my neck." "Ah!" replied this heartless brute, "you thought that was more than you needed." I thought his puns might well have been spared on such an occasion. He then talked learnedly about my having incorrectly stated at the police-office that the keepers had pressed upon

the jugular artery, and that I ought to have said jugular vein, the artery being the carotid artery. I said I knew well the difference, I might have spoken in haste and confusion, but at any rate that made no difference in the outrage, nor could be taken as any criterion of the state of my mind ; for, supposing that I did not know the difference, that was a mere matter of science, not of soundness or unsoundness of mind ; that a person might be ignorant without being insane. If every person that did not know the difference between the carotid artery and the jugular vein were to be thrown into a madhouse, I thought society in general would stand but a poor chance.

“ Ignorance and insanity, Sir, are two distinct things.” This, laid down in somewhat a decisive tone by me, seemed to pose him, and he turned to another subject. But does not this simple story show how, under similar circumstances, every trivial thing, every blunder, every casual observation is enlisted into the service of these people to help them to establish a case ? In my humble opinion, these little facts speak volumes. The most cautious, prudent, best informed man alive is not free from occasional error, nor, under this system, could be proof against the designing arts and snares of mad-doctors. To what a state then would society be reduced if every error, every lapse of memory were taken advantage of and stored up in order to found a charge of lunacy and consign the author to a madhouse.

The hypocrisy and artfulness of these mad-doctors is more than any person can be a match for. I endeavoured in vain to ascertain from him by whose order and certificate I was confined ; also, who he himself was, and by whose order he came to visit me. All was secrecy and mystery ; there was no candour, no explanation, no kindness. It was not a *bonâ fide* examination into the state of mind, nor a humane and sensible mode of treatment of a mind unsound ; but an insulting, persecuting scrutiny— an attempt to irritate and goad on to insanity, to be afterwards turned to his own profit. He then talked about some Latin quotations I had used, both in my letters and at the police-office. He staid about an hour, bullying the whole time, and not making the least inquiry as to the state of my health, my treatment, wants, wishes, prospects, or anything else of that kind. I was heartily glad to get rid of him, and was again taken to my room.

At six o'clock a basin of tea and three slices of bread and butter were brought in. This I found was the usual time for the evening meal. At seven o'clock Mr. Wing came to see me, and I was again desired to go into the drawing-room ; I thought it best not to refuse to see him, so made no objection, as I probably should have been made to go by force. I was not yet strong enough in my position to disobey. The two Finches were in the room with him : we sat down at the table. Mr. Wing had lost all of his crowing, overbearing manner of yesterday, and his expressions of disregard for the law, and was quite gracious and full of kind inquiries and regrets, &c., &c. I was cautious and reserved, and not to be imposed upon by these. This change of behaviour was the first fruit of the exposure. The interview was ridiculous ; the Finches looked on and did not say a word ; they appeared frightened and Mr. Wing appear-

ed as frightened as possible. I did not tell them I was aware of the report. I took the first opportunity of telling Wing what I had overheard the keeper say in the morning about the handcuffs being all ready to put on; to which Finch said, "Pooh, pooh! it's only your own delusion." "Delusion!" I said; that's nonsense; I heard it, and am ready to swear to it." Finch did not utter another word but that I should think better of him when I had known him longer—a thing which I doubted very much. Mr Wing then talked about my dissatisfaction at what had been done in money matters, and how he had endeavoured to do his best in arranging things to please me; that he did not know what it was I wanted, nor how the agreement could have been drawn up in any other manner, &c., &c., all showing a question of *morality* not *insanity*. He went on to say he did not know what was to be done, all the affair was in the newspaper, and would make a noise and bring disgrace on the family. I observed that his sentiments were wonderfully changed since yesterday, and as to the family, they should have thought of this beforehand; however, if they found now they had done wrong and wished to prevent further mischief, the sooner they set about repairing their error the better. He thought I had better go home with him then, and matters would be arranged; he did not know what to do—it was a most unfortunate business—he would go and see my father about it, &c. I saw clearly the mess they had got themselves into. He was greatly annoyed about the publicity, and said he supposed I had bribed the reporter to make a report of the case, and wanted to know what I gave. "If I had known of it I would have given him something and prevented all this," said he. So much for his notions of justice. I ridiculed the idea of suppressing such a case by bribing the reporter. Would have given the reporter something to have suppressed the case!—a word of comment on this is unnecessary. He then told me that my room had been broken open and all my effects and papers carried away. I thought that this was more than my patience could bear; this was a crowning point to the indignities put upon me, to feel that I was thus immured in a dreadful prison, and that my enemies should have the cowardly baseness to seize on my property and rifle all my papers, while I could not lift a hand in their defence. I however kept myself apparently calm. He then endeavoured to extort from me what I had done with my money, of course with a view of getting possession of that also. Here he was foiled. "Why," said he, "you're too quick for me, I can't keep pace with you." And lucky indeed, thought I, is it that I was so quick.

Before proceeding further in my narrative, it may be well to give a complete list of the prisoners whom I found in Finch's madhouse; for though the names of some were formerly published, and some are since dead, several of them still linger out a wretched existence in that dreadful den unknown to the public, and if the exposure lead to the release of but one unhappy captive, it will not have been made in vain. The house was licensed for forty-five males and thirty females; the greatest number of male prisoners, whilst I was there, was thirty-three including myself and two others who were brought in during my confinement.

LIST OF PERSONS CONFINED IN FINCH'S  
MADHOUSE.

1. Rev. THEOPHILUS LANE, rector of a village in Essex, brother of the well-known engraver, age about 45; confined by his mother, who resides at St. Mary Abbott's-terrace, Kensington,

2. JOHN TAYLOR, deputy-astronomer of Greenwich Observatory, age about 60; confined by his son, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of No. 17, Melbury-terrace, Dorset square (since removed.)

3. EMILIUS LEWIN, son of Thomas Lewin of the Hollies, near Eltham, Kent, and brother-in-law of Mr. Grote, M.P., age 28; confined by his brother, Mr. Lewin, of Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn (since discharged.)

4. Mr. ANDERSON, surgeon, age about 25: confined by his mother

5. Mr. MORRISON, surgeon, age about 30.

6. Mr. JEWELL, surgeon, cousin of Dr. Jewell, age about 23.

7. Mr. PETER POIDEVIN, jeweller, of Brewer-street, Golden-square, and Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, age about 35; confined by his wife (since dead.)

8. CHARLES FOOKS, son of Thomas Fooks, attorney, at Dartford, age 28; confined by his father (since removed.)

9. ZACHARIAH LEWIS POTTER, farmer, of Great Stanbridge, Essex, age about 44; confined by his wife.

10. Mr. MYERS, laceman, of No. 147½, Oxford-street, age about 35; confined by his wife.

11. Mr. COLLINS, cabinet-maker, of Silver's outfitting shop, City; confined by his wife (since removed.)

12. Colonel DUPRE (Frenchman) age about 70, formerly of Napoleon's army.

13. CHATEAUROUX (ditto,) age about 40.

14. Mr. WILLIAMS, a West India planter, of Trinidad, age about 45.

15. Mr. CLARK, age about 50; confined by his sisters, who live at Kensington.

16. HOLMES, upholsterer, a Scotchman, age about 28.

17. OWEN GRAY, Chancery lunatic, age about 28, (since removed.)

18. ESOM, age about 23, confined by his mother, who has since gone to the Cape of Good Hope, leaving him here.

19. **SIDNEY SMITH**, age about 25.
20. **Mr. BRAMWELL** of Holywell, Flintshire, commonly called Captain Bramwell, aged 45.
21. **GEORGE HUBBACK**, Esq., formerly of the County of Durham, age about 60 ; confined by his wife, who resides at Brighton (since dead)
22. **ANTHONY BARNARD HENNET**, son of a miniature-painter, age about 27 ; confined by his mother.
23. **GEISWELLER**, a German, commonly called Count Geisweller, age about 60 ; confined by his wife, who lives at Brentford.
24. **PARMENTER**, age about 50, clerk in a mercantile house in the City.
25. **BRIXEY**, age about 35.
26. **ALLEN**, a porter-dealer in Thames-street ; age about 40.
27. **GEORGE JUPE**, clerk in a merchant's house, age about 50.
28. **STRIVINS**, farmer in the Isle of Thanet ; confined by his father (discharged.)
29. **BROWN**, an attorney, age about 45.
30. **RICHARD PATERNOSTER**, age 35 ; confined by his father (discharged.)
31. **JAMES KEENE**, Esq., revising barrister ; confined by his wife (since removed.)
32. **Mr. HAMELIN**, age about 40 (since made a Chancery lunatic and removed.)
33. **JOHN MILROY**, age 45, brother of Milroy, the saddler ; confined by his wife, who lives at Bayswater (killed on 17th Sept., 1838 )

From this list I can illustrate every abuse and atrocity in the foul catalogue of madhouse crimes, and this task I propose to execute while continuing the narrative of my own sufferings, hoping by perseverance to bring together such a mass of facts as will at length rouse the public mind from its lethargy, and excite it to demand an entire change both in the law and the treatment of lunacy.

**P.S.** To these may now be added **Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY**, brother of Bailey, ironmonger, Holborn, who is confined by his wife here, after having been discharged by the Commissioners from Miles's Madhouse at Hoxton.

Many of these persons thus confined as lunatics were perfectly sane, and were incarcerated by their relations from interested motives. Some laboured under delusions which, though absurd, were innocent and harmless : easily to be cured by kind and rational treatment, and proper medical attendance, but to be rendered permanent by harshness, cruelty, and neglect ; and a few were in a decided state of insanity or idiocy, and insensible to the calls of nature. Of mania there was no case ; nor during the whole of my imprisonment did I see or hear of one single act of violence committed by any of these unfortunates victims. The violence was entirely on the part of the keepers towards those in their custody ; and I may here mention, for the benefit of those who have had no experience of insanity, that cases of mania are exceedingly rare—nay, hardly ever met with. It is a common error, and one most fatal to those who may be stamped as insane by the fiat of a mad-doctor, to suppose that all lunatics are dangerous ; people shun them as they would a mad dog. Nothing is more false or foolish. They are almost always harmless, and I will venture to say that in those instances where the contrary is the case, they have been goaded into violence by the provocations and cruelties inflicted on them ; and these provocations it is the interest of a mad-house-keeper to offer, in order that the irritation may be kept up and the disease rendered permanent !

These patients or prisoners were distributed through three wards, and a number of small rooms leading out of a passage called the gallery. In the lower or foul ward were six beds ; in the middle ward, called the long room, thirteen beds ; in the upper or best ward, called the cupola, thirteen beds ; and in the small rooms of the gallery sixteen beds, making altogether forty-eight beds. As there were but thirty three prisoners and four keepers, many of these beds were of course unoccupied. Some of those insensible to the calls of nature slept in the long room, together with others labouring only under nervous affections or trifling delusions, or who were quite sane and condemned to sleep in that ward as a punishment ; there, amidst the stench and revolting noises and scenes, doomed to witness a picture of the modern treatment of insanity in this enlightened country. But I cannot, I will not disgust and horrify my readers by describing more minutely the revolting scenes which I have witnessed in this and the lower ward. I have said enough to give them an idea of the worse than bestial state in which some of these poor sufferers lay ; their imagination must paint the rest, and that it can never do in colours too glaring or too coarse.

On Sunday the 26th September (the second day after my arrest,) a lady and gentleman, with whom I had been intimate for many years, and who were astonished at the report they had read in the papers, came to see me. They were received by Charles Finch, and shown into a room immediately under mine. They demanded an interview with me, representing the long time they had known me ; that they had seen me at least once a day for the last six months : had been in my company for hours on the very day previous to my seizure ; that such a thing as my being insane never entered their heads ; that they could not believe it possible I could so suddenly have become mad ; that even should that unhappily

be the case, they wished and demanded to see me in order to satisfy themselves that it was so, and ascertain what they could do to be of service to me; that, at any rate, were I sane or insane, it would be a comfort for me to see them, to know I was not deserted by my friends in the day of trouble and affliction, to be assured that the world was not shut to me! Charles Finch refused any interview, saying orders had been given that I should be allowed to see nobody! Still they urged, they entreated, they prayed; they begged to see me even through a grating, and at a distance, to say one word, to make one sign, to be but seen by me—in vain!

I blush while I record the fact; and may the atoning angel who watches over the recorded errors of a parent's life, blot out this foul cruelty with a tear!

#### A FATHER FORBADE THIS SOLACE TO HIS SON!!

P. S.—I have received several anonymous letters of a threatening kind, caused apparently by the exposure of the names of my fellow prisoners at Finch's madhouse. The perseverance with which I have now for two years, exposed the atrocities of the private madhouses, might be a sufficient answer to all such epistles. One correspondent politely makes an offer of an oaken towel to myself and the Editor of this Journal (!!!) (*ego et rex meus*,) and declares that such a nuisance must be put down. I leave that gentleman to tender thanks on his own behalf, which he is well able to do; as for myself, I feel much obliged by the kind offer, but I generally use the common huckabuck, and therefore have no need. As to the other part of the letter, I perfectly agree with him that the *Satirist* is a great and decided nuisance—to all such evil-doers as himself, who support the revolting abominations which the "Madhouse System" details—and long may it continue so! Thanking, therefore, all my kind friends for their polite epistles.

I remain, &c. &c.

R. P.



# LIST OF PRIVATE MADHOUSES,

*As licensed by the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy under the Act 2nd & 3rd William 4th, Cap. 107.*

PROPRIETORS.	SUPERINTENDENTS	Greatest Number licensed.	
		Private Patients.	Pauper atients.
ATKINS, J. R., Surgeon, Lower Tooting.....	Self .....	30 M&F	
ARMSTRONG, P. & Co. Peckham House.....	P. ARMSTRONG	48 M&F	252 M&F
BARNARD, W. & L. L. Hoxton House, Hoxton.....	{ H. B. LEE, Surgeon, EL. HEWLETT, Matron .... }	90 M&F	290 M&F
BELL, R. Manor House, Chiswick.....	{ Dr. E. F. TUKE, M.D... }	20 M&F	
BRADBURY, MARY, Earl's Court House, Old Brompton.....	Self .....	30 F	
BURROWS, Dr. G. M., Retreat, Clapham.....	Mrs. E. STEVENS	30 M&F	
BIRKETT, R., Northumberland House, Green-lanes, Stoke Newington.....	Self .....	50 M&F	
COLE, J., Dartmouth House, Lewisham.....	Self .....	25 M&F	
DIAMOND, W. B., Weston House, St. Pancras.....	Self .....	16 M	
FINCH, W. C. & C. H. M. Kensington House, Kensington.....	Selves .....	{ 45 M 30 F }	
FLEMING, MARY, Warwick House, Fulham Road.....	Self .....	6 M & F	
HILL, MARY, Baxter House, Church-terrace, St. Pancras..	Self .....	10 F	
JACKSON, J. T., Turnham-green-terrace.....	Self .....	3 M & F	
MAGNALL, Mrs. MARTHA, Hanwell.....	Self .....	10 M&F	
MENCE, C., Beaufort House, Fulham.....	Self .....	10 M&F	
MERCER, T., Retreat, King-street, Hammersmith.....	Self.....	20 M&F	
MONRO, Dr. E. T., Brook House, Upper Clapton.....	Misses Pettingal,	50 M & F	

PROPRIETORS.	SUPERINTENDENTS	Greatest Number licensed.	
		Private Patients.	Pauper Patients.
MULLINS, J. & G., Manor Cottage, King's Road, Chelsea }	JOHN MULLINS	24 F	
Ditto, Hope House, Brook Green }	GEO. MULLINS	20 M	
OxLEY, W., London Retreat, Hackney .....	Self .....	40 M & F	
POLLARD, W. H., Friern place, Peckham Rye .....	Mrs. POLLARD	7 F	
STILWELL, J. & Son, Moor-Croft House, Hillingdon.... }	Selves .....	30 M & F	
SUTHERLAND, Dr. A. R., Blackland's House, Chelsea.. }	Miss ANN WARD	30 M	
SUTHERLAND, Dr. A. R., Otto House, North End, Fulham }	Mrs. Mary Collins	45 F	
SYMMONS, ELIZA, Cowper House, Old Brompton .....	Self .....	24 M & F	
TALFOURD, A., Normand House, Fulham .....	Self .....	20 F	
Tow, J., Althorpe House, Battersea .....	Self .....	25 M & F	5 M & F
WARBURTON, Dr. JOHN, Red House, Bethnal Green .....	{ C. J. BE- VERLY & J. PHILLIPS, Surgeons ... }	260 M & F	340 M & F
Ditto, White House, Ditto ... }			
Ditto, Whitmore House, Hoxton.. }	ROB. BENFIELD	60 M & F	
WILLIAMS, Wm. & Son, Pembroke House, Hackney .....	WM. WILLIAMS	35 M	
Ditto, West House, Ditto .....	D. APPLETON.	35 M	
Ditto, Melbourne Lodge, Ditto .. }	JOHN BULL ...	20 M	
Ditto, Melbourne Cottage, Ditto .. }	Elizabeth Evans	20 F	
WOOD, S., Elm Grove House, Hanwell .....	Self .....	8 F	

# LICENSED PRIVATE ASYLUMS IN ENGLAND.

## DORSET.

Situation.	Proprietor.	m	f.
Boardhay's House, Stockland	William Spicer . . . . .	9	8
Halstock . . . . .	Alice Mercer—Betsy Mercer	17	10

## DURHAM.

Gateshead Fell . . . . .	John Orton . . . . .	22	12
Bencham, Gateshead . . . . .	Fred. Glenton, Paul Glenton	22	34
The Flatts, ditto . . . . .	William Oxley, M.D . . . . .	11	14
Gateshead Fell, ditto . . . . .	Jacob Gowland . . unknown, suppose	25	

*Note.* Here we have a whole parish devoted to the trade in lunacy, containing on a moderate calculation one hundred and forty patients. There must be a wide field for the investigation of abuses here. What! 34 ladies under the protection of Messrs. Glenton!!

## ESSEX.

Witham . . . . .	Thomas Tomkin . . . . .	3	1
Leopard's-hill Lodge, Loughton	Matthew Allen M.D . . . . .	2	2

(Much underrated.)

*Note.* Is the solitary female with Mr. Tomkin likely to recover her proper state of mind without the society of her sex?

## GLOUCESTER.

Fishponds, Stapleton . . . . .	George G. Bompas, M.D. . . . .	27	24
Ridgeway House . . . . .	Nehemiah Duck . . . . .	6	13
Fairford . . . . .	Alexander Iles . . . . .	6	3

## HAMPSHIRE.

Grove-place, Nursling . . . . .	Benjamin Middleton, M.D. . . . .	30	26
Newport, Isle of Wight . . . . .	William Hearne . . . . .	10	16

*Note.* The house at Grove-place is that where the unfortunate Mrs. Strong was murdered, a case still fresh in the recollection of my readers.

## HEREFORD.

Hereford Asylum Hereford City	John Gilliland . . . . .	15	7
Peterchurch House, Peterchurch	Simon Exton, M.D. . . . .	3	1

## HERTFORDSHIRE.

Little Hadham . . . . .	Mary Jacob . . . . .	7	5
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*Note.* This is a very insufficient return; there was and no doubt is a house at Hertford and another at Ware.

## KENT.

Situation.	Proprietor.	m.	f.
West Malling-pl., nr. Maidstone	Robert Rix.....	23	14

*Note.* Insufficient again; there is a house at Sevenoaks, and another at Tunbridge Wells, and one near Margate.

## LANCASHIRE.

Billington, near Blackburn...	William Hermondhalgh....	6	6
Blakeley, near Manchester ..	John Edwards.....	8	2
Bury .....	William Goodlad.....	2	4
Newton .....	David Haigh .....	6	2
Walton, near Liverpool .....	John Squires.....	25	15
West Derby, ditto .....	John Davies.....	unknown	

*Note.* The whole of these numbers are supposed to be much underrated.

## LEICESTERSHIRE.

Great Wigston .....	John Blunt .....	6	4
Leicester.....	Dr. Hill.....	8	3

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

Greatford .....	John Willis, M.D .....	5	3
Shellingthorpe .....	Ditto .....	11	3

*Note.* Here we have a case of non-residence.

## NORFOLK.

Loddon .....	William George Jollye ....	12	7
Stoke Ferry .....	Henry Steele .....	4	4

## OXFORDSHIRE.

Hooknorton .....	Mrs. Mabel Harris.....	10	4
Witney .....	Edward Batt.....	1	9

## SHROPSHIRE.

Oswestry .....	J. Evans, M.D. (non-resident)	1	4
Cotton House, Shrewsbury ..	Susannah Johnson .....	4	
Shrewsbury House of Industry	W. Clement, W. Griffith, medical attendants, no head of the house named.....	4	7

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

Brislington.....	Edward Long Fox, M.D....	49	40
Otterford .....	William Edward Gillett ...	15	9
Wilton .....	James Duck .....	10	9

*Note.* Here we have an appalling number. Dr. Fox's house has long been celebrated for its management: but let anybody read the account published by Mr. Perceval (son of the late Prime Minister,) of the cruelties practised on him in this house, and then say whether it is one jot better than the rest.

## STAFFORDSHIRE.

Spring-vale, Stone.....	Thomas Bakewell.....	21	12
Bilston .....	Samuel Proud.....	4	3

## SURREY.

Situation.	Proprietor.	m.	f.
Thorpe, near Egham.....	Sir John Chapman, Charles Summers, Thomas Phillips,	15	6
Lee Pale House, Guildford ..	George Clarke .....	3	6
The Recovery, Mitcham ....	William Antonio Rocher ...	unknown.	

*Note.* The careless manner in which the return from Surrey is drawn up, is a disgrace to those who made it, and to the Government which allowed it. In the first house, the three persons named are *believed* to be the proprietors; in the second, George Clarke is returned as the licensed proprietor—to which is appended, “Mr. Woodyer, surgeon of Guilford is the proprietor;” in the third, W. A. Rocher, who is returned as the licensed person, is “supposed to be the proprietor,” The whole thing is infamous.

## SUSSEX.

Ticehurst .....	Charles Newington.....	29	17
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## WARWICKSHIRE.

Henley in Arden .....	Thomas J. P. Burman .....	15	27
Ditto .....	Samuel Brown .....	5	5
Wooten Wawen, ditto .....	Edward Cooper .....		4
Sutton Coldfield .....	William Terry.....	7	4

*Note.* Here we have another entire place devoted to the trade—a peaceful country village fattening on the spoils of humanity!

## WILTSHIRE.

Laverstock .....	Wm. Finch, M.D., Henry Coates, James Lacy ..	65	38
Ditto .....	Caroline Finch .....		2
Fisherton .....	William Finch .....	170	81
Box .....	Charles C. Langworthy M.D	12	25
Fonthilldale, Gifford.....	Joseph F. Spencer .....	16	10
Market Lavington .....	Robert Willett .....	20	17

*Note.* These Finches are of the same family as the well-known Finches of Kensington; the whole of them have long been engaged in the Lunacy trade.

## WORCESTERSHIRE.

Droitwich .....	William H. Ricketts, Martin Ricketts .....	59	53
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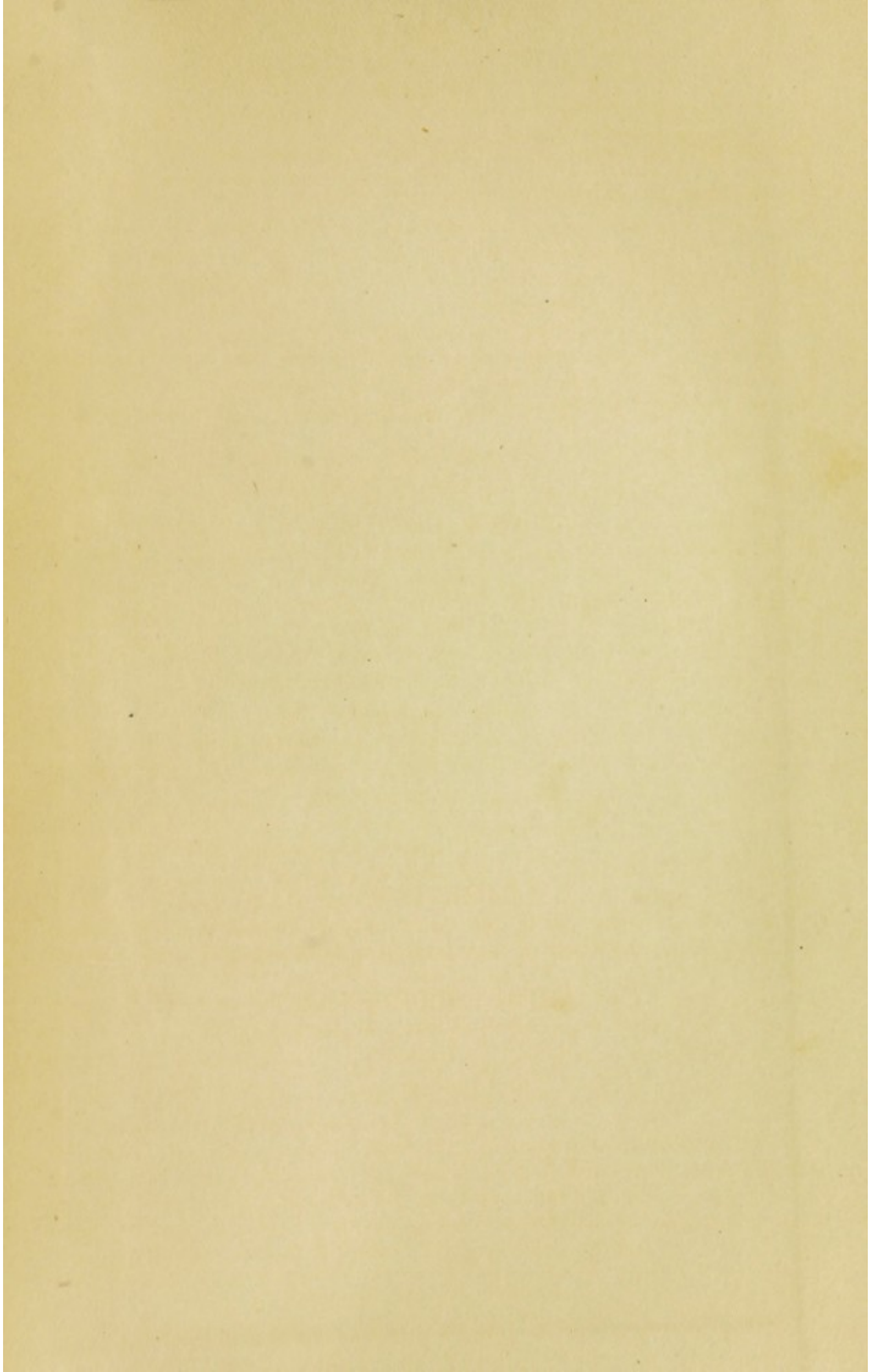
## YORKSHIRE.

The Refuge, Sculcoates .....	C R. Alderson, M.D., Rd. Casson.....	36	24
The Retreat, Drypool .....	Ditto .....	unknown.	
Moor Cottage, Nunkeeling ..	John Beal.....	10	6
George Ringrose's Cottingham	Joseph Taylor.....		4

*Note.* Another case of non-residence.

It will be observed that from several of the counties there is no return at all; and with regard to such returns as have been made, much latitude is to be given for wilful suppression and misrepresentation.

THE END.





Accession no.  
Paternoster, R.  
Author  
The madhouse  
system.

Call no. 19th  
cent  
RC464  
841P



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