

Papers relating to Jane Ward

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~~Every~~ pencil
as I have to
write in a re-
sisting position
and with pen
and foot tiring
sixteen years ago
in a family living
thy description
was Isaiah 61.1-3
not been fulfilled
from one interest
thy works The Retreat
York
10.8.74

you about
to write rather a different
note, from what I should
have done last week, which
had been my full in-
tention; but my hands
being too tired, I did
not get it accomplished,
though I had the accom-
panying manuscript
ready.

It was prompted by
seeing the Temperance
question, taken up in
the Friend; perhaps
the paper will speak

for itself.

When I heard you were in York, I thought well, I wish I had not yielded to the weakness, then you would have had the note I might have called.

I still hoped you might feel a drawing in the direction of the Retreat, and there are ~~some~~ to whom a visit would have been acceptable.

And more, but those who have passed through Sickness, sorrows, & combat can sympathize with

those who are shut up
within these walls -
some for years, until
they feel to have lost
their footing in Society
and dread to go forth.
But let me not in any
way cast reproach
upon you - I feel
as tho' the blame would
rest with myself -

I had a strong
desire to know, whether
you had ever accom-
plished your promised
visit to Harley Street to Miss
the German Lady - (I have
forgotten her name).
I have just remembered it -
Miss Trappes - she received
your note before I left -
and was much pleased with

it. My life has been
in jeopardy twice since
I wrote to you - twice
having lost the power of
speech - and once remain-
ed unconscious for some
hours of all that passed
on earth, and experienced
the realization of those things,
I have been to a Land a Border
Land etc. etc. And this
all, I have been kept
so happy, in the midst
I may say, of most de-
pressing circumstances.

If you should pass thro'
York, at any future time,
having a little time to spare,
don't forget the Retreat.
It would have been
well, if it had been more
often remembered by
Friends travelling thro'
York - in the station of
Ministers - or by the President Ministers in as it

Let me impress upon you
one subject, which has very
seriously claimed my
attention in connection with
Doctors that of prescribing
Spirits.

During my sojourn at
the Harley Street House
in London - I was brought
in contact with Ministers
Wives Military Officers Wives
and Governors & in the upper
circles - And to hear the
account of how much of
different kinds of spirits
they took in the day, was
really cause for great alarm.

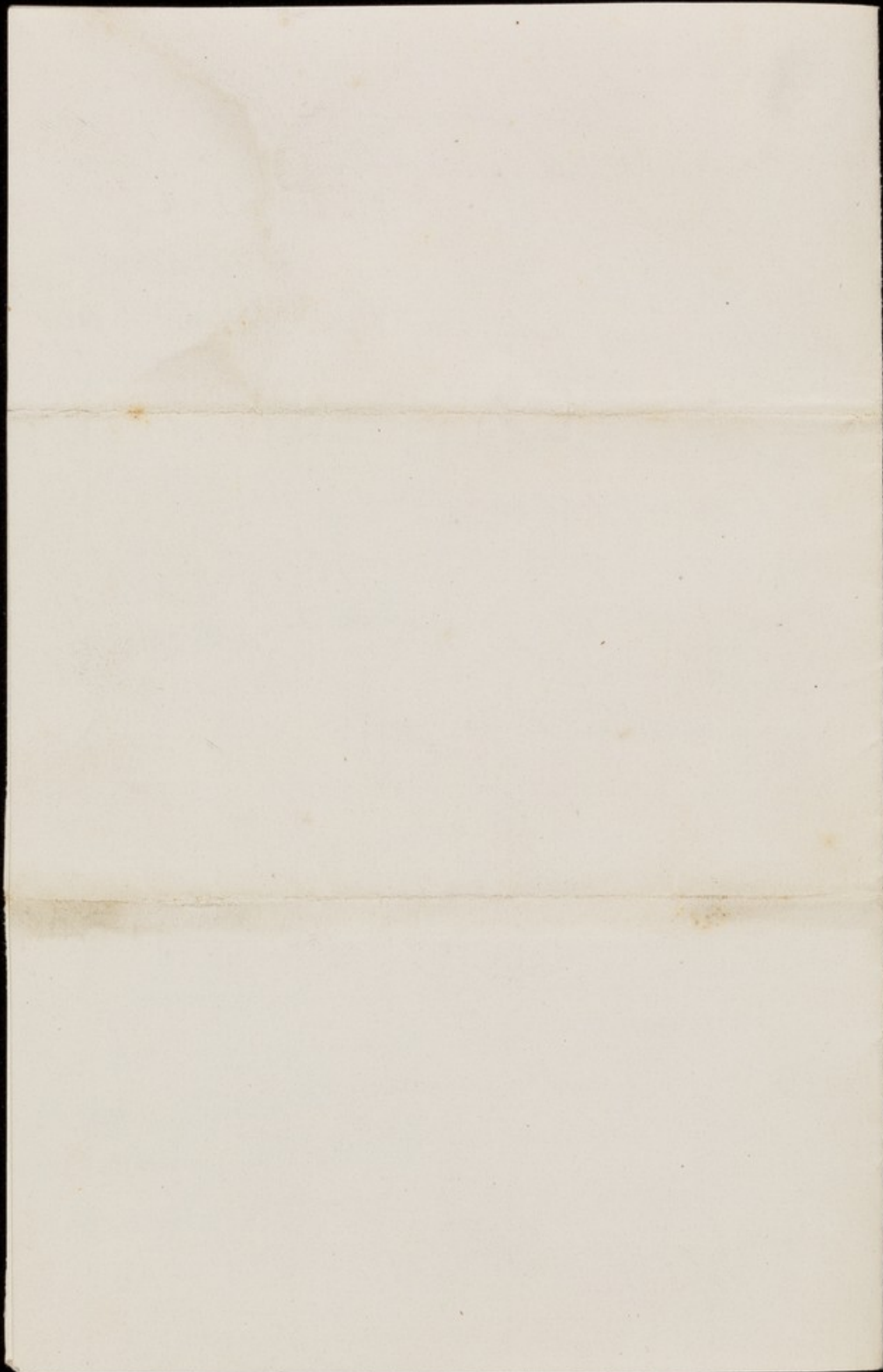
And when I queried
how they came to take
so much, invariably
the reply was, the D^r.
recommended such
and such a quantity &
now we want to rove
we take it to keep up our
spirits.

But if, when that depres-
sion of spirits comes over

An individual, they
were pointed to the source
whence all comforts flow.
(Even in times of greatest
distress) and our hearts
were more devoted to
prayer; we should
feel the overshadowing
of the Holy Spirit; which
would not only give us
comfort for the present
time, but even, as from
the use of intoxicating
drinks, the more you
have the more you
require; so from the
constant resort to prayer
it would become an
habitual antidote.
"Many drink because they're hot
And some because they're cold
Many drink because they're young
And some because they're old
Many drink because they're in
And some because they're out

Ma
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of

Many drink because
they're weak
Some because they're strong
And able then to bear it.
So where the line is to be
drawn, it is hard to say,
What will cure one, may
kill another. —
Let us then, as far as is
in our power, remove
the temptation, rather
than put it in the way
of another.



The Retreat

15.8.74-

Dear Cousin
Josiah Humphrey

You cannot wonder at my not being reconciled to getting this a home when even my letters are being detained by my own Sister, because there are some things in it which Mr. B. chooses to call incorrect statements and when I asked him to let me know what they are in order that I may answer for myself he refuses.

Whatever was written in the letter was heard in the presence of two others, and I read the letter over aloud, I believe all of it to one of those who were present - I have

been in the habit since
being here of reading my
letters, or handing them
into the hands of the Under
matron (Mrs. MacDonald),
until she left, so that
whatever I have written
might be quite correct
and since, she has gone,
I either have read them
to my nurse or one of
the patients, so particular
was I you should know
the truth -

So that whatever I have
written has been the true
statement of facts -
and since Mr. Baker has
called in question my
words, I must tell you
that two statements which
he made to me, which

he
dev
pub
un
pres
me
conv
dat
a s
He
are
in
due
the
wh
the
of
lea
con
cal
wea
thet
to to
Q

he says are wrongly understood by one - ~~ance~~
substantiated by an
independent who was
present - Whatever Dr. Baker
meant to convey, he did not
convey it, & would not have
taken the trouble to write
a second letter -

He says the statements
are the result of a diseased
imagination, it is only
due to me, to allow me
the opportunity of seeing
what he means, under
the circumstances.

For my mind is as
clear, and I only wish you
could see me, I feel so
calm & peaceful - but very
weak and sick today, so
that I have not been able
to take my food -

I think very much of

you - you & yours are
on any thoughts in prayer

I wish you would write
to me & tell me what John
is doing & Janet & Annie
and how you are getting
on yourself. I have no doubt
that you might be encouraged
to follow your public duties
perhaps I may call them
pastures, or pleasures.
The letters sent to me are not
opened, I tell you, because
I know you object to an in-
terrupted correspondence.

I received a beautiful
from a friend of mine
this morning. One from

E. Petwin last week - these
things help to cheer one up.

I am glad William P. D.
Libbie have seen me - by this
time, I expect they have seen

With dear love I am thy affectionate
Jane Ward



Miss S. H. Ward
7 Park Crescent
Clapham
London S.



31.8.74

My dear Sister,
 you are wondering why you don't hear from me, as you asked me to write soon; it is not that I have not written for I have written twice but the Dr. detained them. One is pasted in a book, as containing three incorrect statements, he afterwards said some.

Through want of sufficient knowledge, of the power of one man over another, in these days of liberty; when it is being echoed, "Slaves cannot breathe in England etc." The thought that you had not received the letter was an idea beyond me.

Accordingly I wrote a second asking you to return the first in order that I might see again what I had written, as the Dr. would not tell me.

No man should be allowed to accuse another, without

what Dr. Baileys called

Dr. Baileys
 has my sym-
 bol for his
 duties must
 feel heavy at
 present
 I cannot
 look on
 of injustice
 before the
 of the west
 3 lists of
 bled book
 the book

giving him opportunity to answer
for him or herself.

I should like the second
pasted in the book, perhaps?
it is. I shouldn't mind
if all that I have written
since I have been here, were
collected and put in a book,
possibly some one might
reap the benefit which was
intended - in reply to some
things I wrote, one gentleman
replied, "excellent idea".

I consider the S^r should
have sent the letter to you,
anyhow - at the same
time, he could have written
his own views or statements,
and you could have seen
mine - and communicated
with me on the disparagement
of lawyers are alike!! Yes!!
But like Caliban in search of a
wife, I have been, as you know

and still am, in search of
an upright, conscientious
D^r in whom I ^{could} have perfect
confidence, none come up
to D. R. P. in my experience of
that is not small. Alas, Alas!
Would that it were so for great
very great responsibilities rest
upon D^rs.

I consider that D^rs Teachers
responsibilities, are paramount
and equally interesting to
a real lover of their work.

I have a piece of poetry entitled
"The Teachers Office" I have several
times begun a parody on it
"The D^r Office" the first was
commenced before I had any
thing to do with D^rs I have now
had a needle.

D^r Murray said my spirit
would carry me through any
thing, little did he know what
I should have to pass through.
It is just 12 mos. since I was so
prostrate at Harley Street. I have

much, very very much to be thank-
ful for. I am accused here of
grumbling, yes, and I have cause
to grumble. I want to be free

I have a very kind nurse, the
one who fetched me - nearly
equal to the one in H. Street.

I have missed Mr. MacDonald
indeed we all have.

I shall be anxious to know, where
you are wending your steps;
I suppose Annie & Willie have re-
turned by this time.

How I should like to have you
all sitting by me - I have a brain
full to pour out to you, and could
my hands keep on, I could write
till midnight, for I seldom get to
sleep till after that time.

Write very soon and tell me your
future plans. I would not urge you
to go to B. unless it could in any way
help matters forward - if you fly be sure
and call on - C. Cadbury, George Road -

I have made 5 crochets lately -
I have not been able to get on with the
lace work -

I wish you would call & see Cousin Belia.
I go with her to H. Rawlinson & give my
love to both of them - then go across & ask after Miss Glad-
C.P. knows. Take Annie with you; early in the after-
noon is best. With dear love to you all

I remain your loving sister
Jane Ward

in tears and are - Christ was com-
pelled to bear his own cross, she
thought struck me the other day
my cross is heavy, and in paying
for myself, I may truly say I am
made to bear it. The glory rises
wherefore - but in the day when
all secrets are revealed we shall
see & understand.
With dear love I remain your affec^t Sister Jane Ware

my state of health except how do I this
morning. I am sick of this kind
of pretence work. So try & get me settled
somewhere for the winter. I am
suffering already from the cold
& the thought of lying here when the
dark evenings come, all alone as
I did when I came, I dare not give
thought to, all wondered how I could
bear it; many of them were spent

Dear as you
care, and I
will be a
pleasure to me
Monday, 8-74
Retreat

Will you be kind
enough to send me back
my last letter to you the one
written to yourself, as ^{you may have} the
has informed me this
morning, that he opened
the letter & there were three
statements which were
incorrect.

When I asked him to
tell me what they were
he refused; so I wish to
see what I have written,
though I think I can
remember pretty well.

It is a shame to try
to accuse you, before
others, without giving
you opportunity to answer
for yourself - It is not just

I earnestly desire to write
only what may be true,
and to be told that you
have not done so, is hard
for one to lie & think
of -
If I really have made
an incorrect statement
I shall only be satisfied
to correct it.

The other morning in my
reading I was much struck
by the part in Christ's history
"they tried to entangle him
in his talk" -
And again when I said, "what
I have written, I have written"
With dear love

I remain thy loving sister
Jane Ward
I write this from a strong
sense of duty -

1. Who is keeping me here? Ans. Dr. Baker
2. And you are publishing to the world I am insane. —
he wouldn't answer —
3. When the commissioners come round what answer will you give?
he wouldn't answer —
4. The certificate was untrue when it was written, because I was not out of my mind at the time? Was I? And I have never been since I came — therefore the certificate is perfectly untrue?
5. I am perfectly in my right mind
As much as you are —
6. You said you were going to keep me here till I was strong & well — Sarah can you wonder at me being nettled — at hearing such words? I answered
I never shall again in this world —
7. Two friends agreed together in untruth to get me in here, as Annanias & Sapphira of old did of old, and are determined to keep me here — and you are partner with them — Ask
Ask the nurse who fetched me, she will tell you I was in my right mind

when she brought me, and
have been ever since - of
I was in agony of pain - from
6 o'clock in the morning until
6 o'clock in the evening ^{for one day} -

These are questions & conver-
sation with the DASHIS Morn-
ing in the presence of two friends
whilst writing them I prayed
that if they were to be given
forth publicly, they ^{individually} might be
led into the room -

not knowing in the least what
was going to occur, they came
in & sat down, we didn't speak
until she came in. & since
on asking them, why they came
I sat here? one said she went to her
bed room intending to stay
there when she thought quite
to her no! I must go to the draw-
ing room.

I was with deep feelings of duty
that I wrote them & read them
but that trial is passed - but as
a friend a perfect stranger - remind-
ed me or rather encouraged with these

words
falls
through
will
a word
Her
great
came
I told
he had
is to
Gala
been
that
ash
need
asylum
ther
it had
one,
is all
better
I tell
drop
I feel
and
remind
Chris

words - press through the trials
press thro' the difficulties - press
through the crowd & thy prayers
will be answered - not knowing
a word of the circumstances.

As the D^r says he has heard a
great deal of my doings before I
came here more than I think
I told him I should think
he has heard a great deal that
is untrue.

Galah, has my past life
been of such a character
that I have need to be
ashamed of, that I have
need to be shut in a Lunatic
Asylum - to keep me from fur-
ther progress, I trust not, that
it has been a very remarkable
one, & I suppose will be to the end
is all that I can say - You can
better imagine my weakness, when
I tell you my head is constantly
dropping down I feel fainting away
& yet nothing whatever is done
and the telling me to get strong
reminds me of the time when
Christ was reviled with these

words "he saved others, him-
self he cannot save. — I do
I am consoled with the thought
I am only being treated as he was
treated. How helpful is the thought
"In all our afflictions, he is afflicted."

Is it thus that I am to go on much
longer — The matron and old maid
(well, you know what Miss H. was)
came into my room, I had
asked her to get me a book, & she says
I don't get books for the Ladies, &
I have no money of yours — I said
I have plenty by me — she said will
you pay me — I said yes! she said
will you pay me when I give it you.

I can't make this quizzing out —
did she think I was dishonest
or did she think that I like her
had not all my senses bright —
Oh dear! that I am a girl —
all things are strange to me here.

I said to the Dr. I suppose he sent word
to you how I was — he said no! it was
the secretary, I said, well I suppose
he told him what to write —

Get Millie on your behalf to write
direct to the Dr. now Dr. Baker &
then perhaps you may get the positive
truth of what he thinks, but he has
never asked me a single question about