THE WORLD.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1887.

INSIDE THE MADHOUSE.

Nellie Bly's Experience in the Lackwell's Island Asylum.

Continuation of the Story of Ten Days With Lunatics.

How the City's Unfortunate Wards Are Fed and Treated.

The Terrors of Cold Baths and Cruel, Unsympathetic Nurses.

Attendants Who Harass and Abuse Patients and Laugh at Their Miseries.

Doctors Who Flirt with Pretty Nurses—A Queer Medical Examination that Did Not Examine—Inmates of Hall No. 6—At the Piano—Taking Away Her Clothes—A Long Night—The Only Bed for Supper—No Knives With in the Cold for Supper—No Knives Wanted Nor Forks—Food Unsalted and Unfit—Half Drowned in an Icy Bath—Soap Only Once a Week—Put to Bed in Damp Clothing—Noises at Night—The Horror of Fire in a Locked and Barred Room—Hair Combed with a Public Comb—Nurses Who Vex and Annoy Patients—Holding Them Under Water Until Half-Drowned—Punishing Unfortunates Who Appeal for Protection—Attendants Curse Nellie—Set Free at Last.

AS THE wagon was rapidly driven through the beautiful lawns up to the asylum my feelings of satisfaction at having attained the object of my work were greatly dampened by the look of distress on the faces of my companions. Poor women, they had no hopes of a speedy delivery! On the wagon ceased, and I, as well as my comrades, gave a despairing farewell glance at freedom as we came in sight of the long stone buildings. We passed one

sight of the long stone buildings. We passed one low building, and the stench was so horrible that I was compelled to hold my breath, and I mentally decided that it was the kitchen. I afterwards found I was correct in my conclusion.

board at the end of the walk: "Visitors are not allowed on this road." I don't think the sign would be necessary if they once tried the road, especially on a warm day.

The wagon stopped and the nurse and officer in charge told me to get out. The nurse asked: "Thank God! they came quietly." We ceased orders to go ahead up a flight of narrow stone steps, which had evidently been built for the accommodation of people who climb stairs three at a time. I wondered if my companions knew where we were, so I said to Miss Tillie Mayard: "Where are we?" "At the Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum," she answered sadly. "Are you sure?" I asked. "No," she replied, "but as we have been sent here we will have to be quiet until we find some means of escape. They will be few, though, if all the doctors, as Dr. Field, refuse to listen to me or give me a chance to prove my sanity." We were ushered into a narrow vestibule and the door was locked behind us.

In spite of the knowledge of my sanity and the assurance that I would be released in a few days, my heart gave a sharp twinge. Pronounced insane by four expert doctors and shut up behind the unmerciful bolts and bars of a madhouse! Not to be confined alone, but to be a companion, day and night, of senseless, chattering lunatics; to sleep with them, to eat with them, to be considered one of them, was an uncomfortable position. Timidly we followed the nurse up the long, uncarpeted hall to a room filled by so-called crazy women. We were told to sit down, and some of the patients kindly made room for us. They looked at us curiously and one came up to me and asked: "Are you sent here?" "The doctors," I answered. "What for?" she persisted. "Well, they say I am insane," I admitted. "Insane!" she repeated in derision. "It cannot be seen in your face."

This woman was too clever, I concluded, and was glad to answer the roughly given orders to follow the nurse to see the doctor. This nurse, Miss Grupe, by the way, had a decidedly German face, and I had not detected certain hard lines about the mouth I might have expected, as did my companions, to receive but kindness from her. She left us in the small waiting-room in front of the door, and left us alone while she went into a small office opening into the sitting or receiving-room. "I like to go down in the wagon," she said to the invisible party on the inside. "It helps me over the day." He answered her that the open air improved her looks, and she again appeared before us all smiles and simpers.

THE INSANE ASYLUM.

"Come here; Miss Mayard," she said. Miss Mayard obeyed, and, though I could not see into the office, I could hear her gratify the curiosity of being her case. All her remarks were in rational as any I ever heard, and I thought no good physician could help but be impressed with her story. She told of her recent illness, that she was suffering from nervous debility. She begged that they try all tests; tests for insanity, if they had any, and give her justice. Poor girl, how my heart ached for her! I determined then and there that I would try by every means to make my mission of benefit to my suffering sisters; that I would show how they are committed without ample trial. Without one word of sympathy or encouragement she was brought back to where we sat.

Mrs. Louise Schanz was taken next into the presence of Dr. Kinier, the medical man. "Your name?" he asked, loudly. She answered in German. Again she did not speak English nor could she understand it. However, when he said Mrs. Louis Schanz she said "Ya, ya." Then he tried other questions, and when he found she could not understand one word of English he said to Miss Grupe: "You are German; speak to her for me." Miss Grupe proved to be one of those people who are ashamed of their nationality and she refused, saying

INSIDE THE MAD HOUSE.

[Continued from Twenty-fifth Page.]

refused to swallow the food and were threatened with punishment. In our short walks we passed the kitchen where food was prepared for the nurses and doctors. There we got glimpses of potatoes and grapes and all kinds of delicacies, and the white bread and cakes, meats, and the hungry feeling would be increased tenfold. I spoke to some of the physicians about it, but no relief came when I was taking away the food was yet unasted.

My heart ached to see the poor suffering ones sicker over the table. I saw Miss Tillie Mayard so suddenly grow sick a little after she had left us from the dining-room and then get a scolding for doing so. When the patients complained of the food they were told to be quiet, that they would not have as good if they were at home, and that it was too good for charity patients.

A German girl, Louise—I have forgotten her last name—did eat her dinner several days and at last one morning she was missing. From the conversation of the physicians I learned that she was suffering from a high fever. Poor thing! she told me she unceasingly prayed for death. I watched the nurses make a patient carry such food as Louise refused, after vomiting up to Louise's room. Think of that stuff for a fever patient! Of course, she refused it. But one day I saw a nurse, Miss McCarten, go to test her temperature, and she returned with the report of it being some 150 degrees. I smiled at the report, and Miss Grupe, seeing it, asked me how high my temperature had ever run. I refused to answer. Miss Grady then decided to try her ability. She returned with the report of 99 degrees.

Miss Tillie Mayard suffered more than any of us from the cold, and my heart ached to see her advised to be cheerful and try to keep up for a short time. Supt. Dent brought a man in to see her. He felt my pulse and my head and examined my tongue, and then told me that he was astonished to see them that I did not need medical aid, but that Miss Mayard did and they should transfer their attentions to her. They did not answer me, and I was pleased to see Miss Mayard leave her place and come forward to them. She spoke to the doctors and told them she was ill, but they paid no attention to her. The nurses came up and dragged her back to the bench, and after the doctors left they said—"After awhile, when you see that the doctors will not notice you, you will not trouble us to them." Before the doctors left me I heard one say—I cannot recall it. It set me to thinking that my pulse and eyes were not that of an insane girl, but Supt. Dent assured him in cases such as mine soon taste failed. After watching me for a while he said my face was too intelligent to be considered for a inmate. The nurses had on heavy undergarments and coats, but the doctors refused to give us anawls.

Nearly all night long I listened to a woman cry about the cold and beg for food to be given her. Another one yelled! "Murder!" at frequent intervals and "Police!" at others until my throat felt strepy.

The second morning, after we had begun our sudness "set" for the day, Miss Grupe, assisted by some patients, brought the woman in who had begged the night long for God to "take me away." I was not surprised at her prayer. She appeared nearly seventy years old. She was deaf. Although the halls were freezing cold that old woman had no more clothing on than the rest of us, which were decreed. When she was brought into the sitting-room and placed on the hard bench she cried: "Oh, what are you doing to me? I am cold, so cold. Why can't I stay in bed or have a stove?" and then she would get up and endeavor to feel her way to leave the room. Sometimes the attendants would jerk her back to the bench and again they would let her walk and heartlessly laugh when she bumped against the tops of the ends of the benches. At one time she said the heavy shoes which charity provides her with, and of course took them off. The nurses made two patients put them on her again, and when she declared those shoes fought against having them on, I counted seven people at her at once to put the shoes on. The poor woman then threw herself down upon the bench. They pulled her up again. It sounded so pitiful to hear her cry, "Oh, give me a pillow and I will be covere over me, I am so cold."

At this I saw Mrs. Grupe sit down on her ash can her cold hands over the old woman's face and down inside the neck of her dress. At the old woman's cries she laughed scornfully, as did the nurses, and repeated her cruel action. That day the old woman was carried away to another ward.

MADE MAD BY SURROUNDINGS.

The Tragic Case of Miss Tillie Mayard—Very Near to Detection.

Miss Tillie Mayard suffered greatly from cold. One morning she sat on the bench next to me and was livid with the cold. Her teeth chattered and her teeth chattered. I spoke to the three attendants who sat with coats on at the table in the centre of the floor. "It is cruel to lock people up and then freeze them," I said. They gave me a look on as much as any of the rest, and she would get no more. Just then Miss Mayard took a fit and every patient looked frightened. Miss Nevelin caught her in great haste and then dragged the nurses roughly said: "I-ther fall on the floor and it will be your fault." Miss Nevelin looked at them what she thought of their actions, and then I gave orders to make my appearance in the office.

That as I passed there I saw Supt. Dent come to the door and I told him how we were suffering from the cold, and for Mayard's condition. He said: "I spoke inconsistently, for I feared that if I complained of the food, the treatment of the nurses and the cold I final to get some clothing, the condition of Miss Mayard, and the nurses telling us, because the asylum was a charity institution we could not expect even kindness. Assuring him that I needed no medical aid I went to see Miss Mayard, and he did so. From Miss Neville and other patients I learned what transpired. Miss Mayard was put into the fit, and he caught her roughly between the eyebrows. Her screams were heard from the hall, and she was crimson from the rout of blood in the head, and her senses returned. All day afterwards she complained of the soreness and bruise and from that she grew worse.

Insane I am, insane; and as I watched the insanely slowly creep over the mind that had appeared to be all right, I secretly cursed the doctors, the nurses and public officials. Perhaps the one may say that she was insane at some time previous to her incarceration, but I say that she was not. She were, was this the proper place to send a woman that complaining, to go to the Island and there be left of sufficient clothing and fed with porridge for?

On the morning of the 7th of November with Dr. Ingram, the assistant superintendent of the asylum, I found myself in the ward that would be my next