

We stood for a few moments and gazed off across the river to the main land—water all around, and houses and buildings half hidden by green trees and shrubbery, like a veritable pleasure resort, instead of an insane asylum!

On entering we saw a long line of people of all ages and nationalities, standing very much like a procession at the box office of our Salt Lake Theater on "rush" days. This was in a large outer hall, and extended to the door of the office far into the room and away into the inside hall. We were informed that these were people visiting special patients, and that visitors are received every day from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. The officer of the day is one of the attending physicians, who takes his turn in officiating—an unpleasant duty, as it is often difficult to find out what is wanted, as there are so many foreigners who cannot express their wants in English. In this office also are kept complete records of each case entered in the asylum.

The gentleman of our party, Mr. C—, a young physician, had a friend, a brother physician, employed here; who, being "off duty" on this particular day had sent him word he would be pleased to show himself and friends around the place. We left this lobby and started to enter the main hall. Here we were met by a female attendant who inquired what we wished. She conducted us through the hall, which is circular in form and reminded me strongly of my first view of a ship's interior. Each floor is built around. It is of balcony form, supported by large pillars, so that it is some like a large covered court yard with three balconies looking into it. This is very convenient in case of fire, as a shout from the hall could be heard in any part of the building. Our guide led us into a reception room on the opposite side. This room was bare, as were all the rooms, with the exception of a few bright colorings, made by the inmates. The furniture consisted of a few plain chairs and a sofa, and a cabinet filled with sea shells and moss. Everything was scrupulously clean, from the white pine floor to the white walls.

Soon the gentleman we expected to meet, Dr. Gardner, entered, and we were cordially welcomed by him. "You will be somewhat disappointed no doubt," he remarked as we climbed the first flight of stairs, "for we do not permit visitors in the dangerous wards, because it does the patients harm to see strange faces." He unlocked the door on the north side of the first floor, and we were in a small cheerful room, which was the reception room of this ward. Here a young woman (a patient) was being visited by her husband. He had brought her some fruit and was sitting by her side, holding her hand and looking anxiously at her as she ate the fruit. She was very young and beautiful, and it was a sad sight to behold. A tidy female attendant stood near, attired in a plain calico dress, with white collar, cuffs, cap and apron. The doctor bowed pleasantly and passed on. We then entered a long hotel-like looking hall with small, white rooms on either side—each room provided with a small, white bed. Here the patients sleep. Sometimes they are so crowded that beds have to be placed in the halls. There are about

2000 patients and 300 attendants, while there is only comfortable room for about two-thirds of that number. Beyond we entered the work rooms. The inmates were busily engaged in making up white goods. The attendants cut them out and directed the sewing. The women did not look at all non compos mentes, though some looked sad and dejected and were it not for the difference in dress, I could not have distinguished the patients from the attendants. "This," said the doctor, "is the suicidal ward. The patients have to be closely watched or they will take their own lives. They are very cunning at devising methods. The least dangerous cases are given at table a knife with a portion of the blade sharp—about one inch—the rest blunt and dull, and forks with tines about one-fourth of an inch in length. After a meal sometimes a knife or a fork is missing. It is very serious, and the attendant is dismissed. That is also the case if a key is lost," explained our guide as we went along.

Passing to the south side of the building we found everything a repetition of the first ward excepting that instead of being a work room it seemed to be a kind of reading room. I saw editions of Dickens, Irving, etc., and could not help wondering what kind of thoughts were inspired by reading in these poor crazy brains; yet I must confess that seeing these unfortunate people leading, in their way, useful lives, and being so well cared for, took away much of the horror I have always entertained, and always will, for an asylum for the insane. Even the human mind under a cloud has strange glimmerings of reason, the spark of divinity stirring within it. I noticed many mottoes of a religious character adorning the walls, such as, "I Love the Lord," "Jesus Loves Me," "O, Ye Weary, Come Unto Me."

We now left the main building and went to one of the "pavilions," where the convalescents were kept. Here were patients doing all kinds of fancy work. A very refined-looking old lady, well dressed, and with cap of braided lace over her white hair, came and showed us the work kept in a large glass cupboard. The doctor chatted with her, and we asked her if it were not hard to keep all the inmates employed. "O, no," she replied, "you know the mind is just like any organ of the body. It needs exercise to keep it well and healthy. Even a sound mind needs employment. We have about 1500 or 1800 beings treated and we hope by the grace of God to cure most of them." After we had left her Dr. Gardner said, "Do you know you have just been talking to a deranged woman?" Such was the case. One very wild looking woman, with beautiful, kind eyes, seemed as pleased as a child because we noticed a mat she was knitting, while another was sullen and covered her work with her apron, and another sat with head bowed as if in prayer; in her black dress and snowy white hair she would have made a picture worthy of an artist's brush. I felt my eyes grow dim.

Passing on, and coming back in a circle, we arrived at the bathing houses, when some of the violent patients were being taken back to their wards. It was a most pitiful sight and

I could not look at them calmly. Their dress was very untidy; they made unearthly sounds and shuffled along as they walked, and one and all seemed bent on attracting our attention. As we passed them, one threw a stone which barely missed the doctor's head. He told us that one thing in favor of the attendants was that the patients rarely if ever took part against them with their companions.

We now had arrived at the amusement hall. The lower floor was occupied with the manufacture of all kinds of articles, which were in various stages of completion. We were informed that all the cloths, bedding, mats, printed matter, brooms, brushes, etc., were made by the inmates. "Why, when my mattress and pillows get hard, I just send them down here to get them 'teazed over,' and the carpet on my floor was made here." Just fancy sleeping in a bed made by a lunatic! O, and by the way everything was turned to good account, old stockings were raveled for mats, old backs of brushes were refilled and old Brussels carpets were made over into a heavy fabric not unlike the "rag carpet" of our grandmothers. "It must cost a vast amount to keep up this place," I remarked. "O, it does; we have 2000 crazy folks, and 300 attendants; our pay rolls each month just for services rendered, is about \$5000. Now, how much do you think the average cost per person would be for each day, including everything?" I had no idea. "Just twenty-three cents, and that includes our salary," remarked the doctor.

Going upstairs we were ushered into a large hall with chairs arranged along the sides of the walls, a hard polished floor, upon which was marked the first position of the feet, as it is given in a gymnasium; and sure enough they do go through gymnastics every day. At the farther end of the room is a stage, and directly in front of it a fine Chickering piano. Decorating the walls are pictures of some of the musicians. Once each week they give a dance, and very often a spectacular play, with crazy performances and crazy audiences. Above is a balcony for visitors. A few weeks before, the Princess Eulalia and her train were entertained there.

We had now made the tour and there was nothing more but to go down and wait for the boat. So we accordingly seated ourselves under a large shade tree and played "mumble peg." I never should have imagined myself doing such an ordinary thing in such a gruesome spot. Our boat hove in sight and after we had each been presented with a bunch of oysters as a memento of Blackwell's, we said good bye to our handsome doctor with a twinge of regret.

Going back, New York did not present such an inviting picture as the island had done, and I wondered what it was that attracted foreigners to this city when their eyes met such a dirty looking lot of tumble-down constructions. A wind had sprung up and we went across in a "zig zag" fashion which our friend called "tacking." He tried to explain it to the ladies; but I know less about it now than before the explanation, owing possibly more