

THE  
MYSTIC KEY:

OR,  
UNIVERSITY OF  
THE ASYLUM SECRET UNLOCKED.  
LIBRARY

BY  
MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD,  
AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

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"I will utter things which have been kept secret."—MATTHEW 13: 35.

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INDEX TO THE SERIES OF BOOKS

COMPRISING

THE GREAT DRAMA:

OR,

THE MILLENNIAL HARBINGER.

MINNESOTA

VOLUME I.

THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

THE CELESTIAL TRAIN—A Spiritual Impression.

THE TERRESTRIAL TRAIN—Uzzah.

VOLUME II.

THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN—A Symbol—A Sermon.

THE INFERNAL FREIGHT TRAIN—The Sodom of America.

THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN—Family Government.

VOLUME III.

THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN—The Regenerated.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DEPOT—Hospital Scenes.

THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN—Vicariousness.

VOLUME IV.

THE TRIUMPHAL CAR OF LIBERTY—The Model Government.

THE MIXED TRAIN—The Clergy.

THE LAST PASSENGER TRAIN—The Supplement.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER I.			
How The Great Drama was Published,	-	-	9
CHAPTER II.			
The Reliability of my Books as Historical Records,	-	-	11
CHAPTER III.			
The Defense of my Two Brothers,	-	-	17
CHAPTER IV.			
The Defense of my Friends,	-	-	22
CHAPTER V.			
The Defense of my Sainted Mother and my Sainted Father-in-Law,	-	-	26
CHAPTER VI.			
The Defense of my own Father,	-	-	32
CHAPTER VII.			
Married Woman's need of Legal Protection,	-	-	37
CHAPTER VIII.			
The Defense of my Children,	-	-	42
CHAPTER IX.			
How I Succeeded in my Business,	-	-	53

(5)

## CHAPTER X.

The "Love-Letter," with the Facts and Principles of its Defense, - - - - -	56
---	----

## CHAPTER XI.

How Dr. McFarland used my Letter before the Investi- gating Committee, - - - - -	90
---	----

## CHAPTER XII.

How Dr. McFarland used my Letter to Defeat my Bills before the Connecticut and Maine Legislatures, -	103
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

How Dr. McFarland used my Letter to Defeat my Bill before Congress, - - - - -	125
--	-----

## PREFACE.

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“The Mystic Key” was prepared simply as an appendix to “The Great Drama.” But finding so many facts in it, which being known might awaken a desire to make further investigation into the historical records my books portray, I have concluded to publish it also in a separate book, that its circulation may be more extended than it must be to append it simply to a five-dollar series of books. I offer the book at a very low price to render its general circulation more hopeful.

And its general circulation, it is thought, will be an efficient aid in my legislative work, by removing the greatest obstacle I have hitherto encountered in the passing of my reform bills, viz., the false interpretation of my “love-letter!”—so Dr. McFarland has seen fit to christen it—which I wrote him while in the asylum, and upon which so many mysteries in my persecutions seem suspended. He has often published this letter in the papers where I was at work for my bill, hoping thus to scandalize my character in the estimation of the members of the legislature, before whom my bill was pending.

Often—again and again, have I thus been forced to meet it, trusting wholly to the manliness of the members as my only refuge from its scandalizing influence. Never have I replied to it, except once, when he presented it to the Illinois Legislature Investigating Committee, where I gave it a written explanation, which, in justice to the author of the

letter, ought always to accompany its publication; but never does!

Now, for the first time, I have uncovered these mysterious facts. With my Mystic Key I have unlocked the asylum secret! The bottom facts are now unearthed, knowing that the truth is the only safe platform to stand upon, both here and hereafter.

And since the most abusive weapon which Dr. McFarland has used against me—and with the greatest success—is one which I myself put into his own hands, I deem it a duty I owe myself, as well as my patrons, and the community generally, to here make a full and frank explanation of the whole case, and leave the subject where the truth of facts and principles place it, and then quietly await the verdict of public sentiment, as my jury in the case.

# THE MYSTIC KEY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HOW THE GREAT DRAMA WAS PUBLISHED.

Loyalty to the principles advanced in the preceding "Drama" requires me to append some of the facts of my experience, which have transpired within the sixteen years since the book was written.

The long delay attending its publication has been the result of circumstances beyond my control. Dr. McFarland's promise to help me to part of the money for its publication, proved entirely abortive, as heretofore disclosed. And when this nucleus failed, all other offers were withdrawn. While in Granville I wrote many letters to different publishers to see if, on any terms, they would assume the responsibility of its publication. I found that the fact of its having been written by a patient in an insane asylum was, of itself, an incubus I could not dispose of to their satisfaction, and they would, therefore, waive all further investigation as to its intrinsic merits, or as to the sanity of its author. In short, I could not publish it myself for want of means, neither could I get any one to publish it on their own responsibility. Therefore I concluded to abandon the project for the present, as an impossibility.

But what could I do? When my book was all completed, and my wardrobe repaired, I was out of employment. I had

health and energy which demanded work and activity, and I wished to become self-reliant, instead of relying upon my oldest son for support, as I then did; for Mr. Packard not only refused to pay my board away from home, but he forbid my coming to my children, on the penalty of another incarceration in an insane asylum if I should venture to come there to obtain any means of support from my own property.

The citizens of Granville held several meetings on my account, and finally decided that my desire to return to my children, and care for them, should be granted, even in defiance of Mr. Packard's most cruel threat. They accordingly raised a sum of money and delegated the sheriff to present it to me for that purpose, and instructed him to assure me that they would be the defenders of my personal liberty, by incarcerating Mr. Packard in the penitentiary, if he attempted to put me into an asylum again.

To this proposal I consented on condition that I first publish my "Appeal in behalf of the Insane," by Mr. and Mrs. Coe, as a self-protective measure in enlisting public sentiment in my behalf. This "Appeal" was accordingly printed in their county paper, and I had one thousand copies struck off in a hand-bill form, for which I paid ten dollars. I commenced selling these circulars for a dime apiece, and scattered hundreds throughout the United States, through the post-office. This circular was the nucleus of my publishing business, which has now reached nearly forty thousand books and pamphlets, which I have published and sold on my own responsibility, throughout twelve different States of this Union. From the avails of this publishing business, I have not only supported myself, but for several years have supported and educated three of my children, besides laying up a sum sufficient to publish "The Great Drama," entirely upon my own responsibility.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RELIABILITY OF MY BOOKS AS HISTORICAL RECORDS.

My return home—my imprisonment in my own house by my husband—my jury trial on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and how obtained—my sanity fully vindicated—Mr. Packard's flight from the trial for fear of a mob—takes with him my personal property, wardrobe, and my children, and disposes of our real estate, leaving me homeless, penniless, and childless—all of which is fully delineated and narrated in my "Prison Life" and "Modern Persecution, which last includes the "Prison Life," and also "Married Woman's Liabilities," and also some of my addresses before legislatures, and in short, it sums up into one book the substance of the seven books and pamphlets which preceded it in the order of publication, in two bound volumes of four hundred pages each.

The reader of the "Great Drama" will have noticed that I alluded there to an unpublished book containing the details of asylum abuses, to which I only make a general allusion in the "Drama." As I said, I hoped that the Doctor's repentance would hold me, in honor bound, ever to keep this book a profound secret, so far as the public was concerned. But since he not only failed entirely in keeping his promises of assistance in vindicating my sanity, and in publishing my book, but even became my open enemy, and most malignant and persistent persecutor, not only by volunteering his help to Mr. Packard in getting me incarcerated for life in Northampton asylum in Massachusetts, but in follow-

ing me from State to State, and legislature to legislature, and even to Congress, with his cruel slanders, which impeached my integrity, my virtue, and my sanity, for the sole purpose of destroying my moral influence, I felt under no obligations to shield his reputation by withholding this book from publication. In fact, the bold and persistent position which he maintained, as my worst enemy, drove me to publish this book in self-defence from his attacks upon my sanity, virtue, and intelligence.

But knowing so well as I did, the wiles of this most potent public enemy, I deemed it the better part of valor to fortify myself behind some solid entrenchments, before challenging this all-powerful enemy in an open combat. I therefore followed my efforts to educate public sentiment, by the circulation of pamphlets and circulars, by a direct and personal appeal to the legislature of Illinois to pass the bill which I prepared and had introduced, entitled "A bill for the protection of personal liberty." The legislature of 1867 listened to my argument in support of this bill with the most profound and respectful interest, and complimented the effort not only by a vote of thanks to the defender of the bill, but also by a unanimous vote of both houses in favor of the passage of the bill, of which Governor Oglesby's signature approved, March 5, 1867. The object of this bill is to furnish a safeguard against the false imprisonment of sane citizens in insane asylums, by requiring a jury trial of every individual charged with insanity, before they could be received as patients. Thus was my personal liberty fortified.

Also at this same legislature I succeeded in getting another act of legislative justice passed, viz., "The appointment of an investigating committee," whose object it was to test the nature of the evil reports which my literature had put into circulation. The result of this investigation confirmed the truth of all my charges against the superintendent, and

resulted in Dr. McFarland's resignation, which the public sentiment of Illinois demanded of their public officer.

Feeling now comparatively secure from his power to imprison me on the plea of insanity, again, I ventured to publish the prisoner's hidden life under the title of "Mrs. Packard's Prison Life," and sent Dr. McFarland the first copy, as a present. The next individual to whom I sent a copy, as a present, was Rev. Theophilus Packard! It has always been my uniform practice to send each of these personages the first copies of everything I have ever published, so that they may be kept fully posted in relation to my opinions publicly expressed concerning themselves. And, strange as it may seem, it has never come to my knowledge of their ever having contradicted even one of my published statements. And now, after sixteen years' testing of the facts, as stated in my books, without a single refutation from the accused parties, are the public not justified in interpreting this silence as a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of the statements I have given to the public in my books? For had they been false, and merely the fabrications of insanity, it would have been very easy for these two talented men, occupying high social positions of honor and trust, and both possessing to an uncommon degree, the confidence and esteem of the public, to have refuted these charges by simply denying their validity, and thus smote the fabricator of these lies for ever prostrate. Had Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, for instance, simply denied the truth of Mrs. Woodhull's first public statement of the "Beecher and Tilton scandal," and thus have challenged his accuser to substantiate those charges, who would ever have doubted his innocence afterwards? And what confidence would the public have then placed in Mrs. Woodhull's affirmation of those charges after the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's denial of them? None at all. Yea, the unstained reputation and the world-wide popularity of

this great American apostle would have enabled him to thus have crushed this slanderous viper under his feet for ever past resurrection. Now if this great man was innocent, why did he not thus defend his good name, and the American's esteem of his character? He was guilty of a great breach of trust by not denying it, if he was innocent.

So I say of my persecutors; they are guilty of an unpardonable offense against themselves, as well as community, in not refuting my accusations, if they are false. They are cowards instead of men, to submit to lie under such scandalous charges without refuting them and vindicating their innocence, if they are innocent. For if my statements are true they must be guilty men, unworthy the confidence and esteem hitherto reposed in them. Now it is claimed that this long silence of sixteen years on the part of the accused, in addition to the action of the Illinois legislature of 1867, which was, in reality, a direct indorsement of my books, affords a good passport to their reliability, as historical records upon which posterity may rely as faithful and true delineations of facts which actually took place as stated by the author in her own bitter experiences. I may also add the additional indorsement my statements have indirectly received by the approval of twelve legislatures in the passage of twelve different bills, namely, Illinois passed three bills in three different legislatures, Iowa in one legislature, New York in one, Massachusetts in two legislatures, Connecticut in two legislatures, Rhode Island in one, New Hampshire in one, Maine in one. I have been invited to present arguments in support of bills also in Vermont legislature, in New Jersey legislature, in Ohio legislature, and in Pennsylvania legislature. But these four bills did not pass at the time, and are still pending. Making in all twelve bills passed, and twelve different State legislatures have been appealed to, to pass bills growing out of the facts of my persecution.

To remedy some of married woman's legal disabilities has been the object of several of these bills, and the simple facts in my experiences have been the leading argument in my legislative appeals. Legislators are not disposed to make laws until they are convinced of the need of them. Therefore the surest foundation I could lay for this bill I was supporting, consisted in the stubborn argument of the facts of her disabilities as portrayed by my own experience. For example :

Finding Mr. Packard's flight left me actually homeless, penniless, and childless, I applied to the law for protection as a married woman, when, lo! behold! there were no laws to appeal to. While a married woman I was a nonentity in law, on the basis of common law, the only law then in force in Illinois. As *all* my rights were suspended during coverture I had no "right to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness," any more than the Southern slave had before his emancipation. In fact, I was legally Mr. Packard's slave, and "had no shadow of a claim to even the hat I had on my head," as the judge informed me, much less had I any claim to a child or a home. And the only way I could secure any rights at all was either by a divorce, or by getting the laws changed.

I chose the latter, and for this reason appealed to Illinois legislature of 1869, to pass a bill allowing a married woman a right to her own earnings, which they passed, and thus far modified the common law by this statute law.

This act is as follows :

"An act in relation to the earnings of married women.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly. That a married woman shall be entitled to receive, use, and possess her own earnings, and sue for the same in her own name, free from the interference of her husband or his creditors ; provided,

this act shall not be construed to give to the wife any right to compensation for any labor performed for her minor children or husband.

Approved March 24, 1869."

Still, this did not emancipate me; in all other respects I was as much a slave as before. I then sought an emancipation by presenting a bill that would make me my husband's partner instead of his slave. This they could not pass. It was too great an innovation upon the barbarism of the past.

I then resorted to another method of getting a claim to my children by seeking that the rights of the parents be made equal by a statute law, instead of getting this claim on the partnership basis, and in this way I succeeded in getting an equal right with Mr. Packard to the children. So getting little by little, the modifications of the common law by these statutes, the disabilities have been so greatly modified as to afford me reasonable protection as a married woman. But our complete emancipation cannot be achieved until the American legislator is willing his wife should be his partner legally as she is now socially.

I then went to Massachusetts to get my children. But lo! the laws there would allow Mr. Packard to kidnap me again, on medical certificates, and imprison me for life, without trial. And I was told this was his purpose so to do, if I came under the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts laws. I therefore besought the Massachusetts legislature to protect my personal liberty, by changing the law for committals into insane asylums, which was promptly done. After educating public sentiment in that State, by the sale of my books, I succeeded in getting my children, on the claim of their statute, that the rights of the parents are equal, and by an appeal to the Supreme Court to have my case adjudicated upon.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DEFENCE OF MY TWO BROTHERS.

During these years of indefatigable toil and hard labor, I had maintained my purpose of withdrawing all fellowship from the party who considered me as insane—whether relations or friends—determining never again to recognize any one as a friend who had believed me insane, until they had made suitable satisfaction to me for the wrongs they had done me. But a little incident occurred which put my principles to a rather severe test.

One day I was returning for my dinner, and ascending the steps of a first-class hotel in the city of Elgin, Illinois, where I was boarding while canvassing the city with my books, I was accosted by a stranger gentleman, whom I at once marked as a hopeful candidate for a book patron, so genial and pleasant was the smile which accompanied his salutation. I therefore asked him if the dinner bell had rung, to know if there was time to secure him on the spot; but his reply that the first bell had rung, decided me to wait until after dinner before offering him a book, and I passed in and ascended the stairs to go to my room to prepare for my dinner. When I entered the dining room I found to my joy this very agreeable stranger seated at the right of my chair, and a stranger lady by his side. We both seemed equally pleased at our good fortune of meeting again, and I very willingly answered his question as to how I had succeeded that morning with my work, by saying, "very well, I only want to sell one more to feel perfectly satisfied before dinner."

Said he, "I will take that one myself."

"Will you, sir? then I shall eat my dinner with perfect satisfaction, and with an increased relish. I thank you, sir."

This prompt sale led me to infer that he was no stranger to the claims of my cause, if he was a stranger to me, and after exchanging several remarks I inquired if we had ever met before. To which he replied, "I think we have."

"Where?" said I.

"In South Deerfield, Mass., I think."

I then turned and looked this pleasant gentleman fairly in the face, when, behold! I saw at once that this genial patron was my own dear brother—Austin Ware, from that place.

"Is this my brother Austin?" I exclaimed, and was just on the point of kissing him, in my rapturous joy, when the thought of his neglect flashed before my mind and checked this impulse in the bud. Instead of kissing him, I exclaimed, "Brother, how could you leave me so long alone in that dismal asylum and never even look after me? Oh, you are no brother of mine, to treat me thus. I can never fellowship you again, until you have given me satisfaction on this point."

"Sister, let us defer the discussion of that question until we retire to our room, and now let me introduce you to my wife," bowing to the lady by his side.

By this time I perceived that the attention of the table guests, as well as the landlord, was fastened upon us with manifestations of intense interest. I found that my brother had come with his bride to look after his "insane sister," that he had made his errand known to the landlord by inquiring if an insane woman—a book canvasser, was stopping at his house—Mrs. Packard by name.

The landlord replied, "Stop, young man! We don't allow such talk here! No 'insane' woman stops here, but Mrs. Packard stops here, and she is not an 'insane' woman, but on the contrary is one of the smartest women I ever saw. You must take that back young man, for I am her protector."

“Excuse me, sir; I meant no insult to Mrs. Packard, in thus designating her. She is my sister, and has been represented to us as insane by her husband, and we have sought her for the express purpose of seeing for ourselves how insane she is.”

“She is a wronged and persecuted woman,” replied the landlord; “and I am glad she has one relative who feels interested enough to look after her; for she is deserving of their love and confidence as a perfectly sane woman.”

He then instructed the landlord to let him introduce himself in his own way, and to give him a seat by me at the table; which requests were granted. Brother had so greatly changed in his personal appearance during our twelve years’ separation, that it was not at all strange that I did not at first recognize him.

After dinner, brother made a satisfactory apology for the course he had pursued, and I most joyfully forgave him, on this one condition, that he be the defender of my sanity in the future. He has most faithfully redeemed this pledge, and has since uniformly been a most valiant champion of my sanity. Nothing will exasperate him to a greater degree than to hear my sanity doubted, and so impulsive is he that he has almost fought literally with his opponent on this question of my sanity. And his wife and child are as true to me as he, and are ever ready and willing to aid me in my reform work to the extent of their ability.

I called upon my brother Samuel, in Batavia, Illinois, while selling my books, on his wife’s account, since she had written me, while in the asylum, a very kind letter, wherein she, like Mrs. Field, had offered me a home in her family. But as I knew brother favored Mr. Packard’s side, I could, of course, hold no fellowship with him so long as he considered me as insane. Therefore when I called upon his wife, I took no notice of brother, not so much as to even

speak to him. But I could not help feeling sorry for him, to see how unhappy it made him to have me treat his wife, and his son Edward, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Aikin, with so much civility and respect, and not even answer him a single question, or address a single remark to him, not even so much as to bid him "good night," when I did every other member of the family circle, separately, and his "good night, sister," alone passed unnoticed. Still, I knew it was only a just indignation, on my part, which dictated this course of conduct; therefore I would show him no respect whatever so long as he regarded me as an insane person.

These persistent incivilities continued until my third visit, I think, when he met me so very cordially at his gate, and offering me his hand, said: "Won't you speak to me now, sister?"

I inquired, "Brother, do you consider me insane, or not, now that you have seen me, for yourself? Am I a morally accountable being or not, in your estimation?"

"I think you are, sister; my mind has changed on that point, by seeing you."

"Very well, brother; I rejoice to hear you make this acknowledgment; and so long as I give you no reason to doubt my sanity, will you not defend me as a sane person?"

To this he consented, and then I extended to him my hand of fellowship and sisterly love, which he took, while the tears of joy were coursing down his cheek. Time has proved his penitence to be sincere, and he, too, has been to me both brother, father, and friend, so far as kindness and protection and tender care of my interests can represent these various relations. Indeed, this restored brother has offered me a home in his dear family, during all my homeless wanderings, and I have often found the quiet and rest for soul and body both I so much needed, in the tender care and deep sympathy extended to me by this dear circle of true friends. And

never shall I forget the sisterly attention I received from sister Mary, his wife, during four weeks that I was laid aside from my active labors, by a broken arm, when her skillful nursing and watchful care so alleviated my misfortune as to render this confinement one of the brightest oases of my toilsome life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DEFENSE OF MY FRIENDS.

It was a very significant fact, worthy of note in this connection, that the ranks of the insane party diminished with the most astonishing rapidity during my jury trial at Kankakee, so that no one could hardly be found, on the fifth day, among the crowds which crammed the court-house, who would own that they considered me as insane, or as having ever been so. And as those whom I had refused to fellowship before the trial, as belonging to Mr. Packard's party, pressed around me to congratulate me upon my signal triumph over my enemies, in the jury's complete vindication of my sanity, I withheld my response until they could give a satisfactory answer to my question, "Have you repented of calling me insane?"

The almost universal reply would be: "Oh, I never believed you were insane—I knew you was not—and I am now rejoiced to have the truth known."

"But why, then, did you give your influence to Mr. Packard's side?"

"We did not intend to take sides at all."

"Neutrals are of no account in this war—if you were not for me you were against me, so far as defending my sanity was concerned; but if you have repented of this wrong towards me, I will forgive you; if not, I cannot forgive you until you do repent."

But I rejoice that the truth allows me now to say that these conversions proved to be genuine in all but a very few cases.

The exceptions are confined almost exclusively to Mr. Packard's relatives and their families. In fact, I do not know of a single case, outside these limits, where I feel bound to withhold fellowship on this account, except Dr. McFarland.

Mr. Packard made complaint before the court at Boston, where my petition for the custody of my children was being considered, that I had not spoken to him for nine years! And when he put a question to me before the court, instead of answering him directly, I would appeal to my counsel, Hon. S. E. Sewall, to give him the reply I dictated. And when the court adjourned, Hon. Whiting Griswold, the counsel for Mr. Packard, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature at the time, came and asked me "to now give up this feeling of alienation, and make up with Mr. Packard, and forgive him, and speak to him as you used to do," closing his appeal with the question, "How do you expect to get to heaven, Mrs. Packard?"

"By obeying God's directions," was my reply, adding, "One of which is, as I understand them, to forgive the offender if he repents—which to me amounts to a prohibition to *not* extend forgiveness until he does repent, and my fellowship is conscientiously withheld until that point is attained."

"But I presume Mr. Packard is sorry, and would be glad to make up. Is it not so, Mr. Packard?"

"Certainly. I should be very glad to have my wife feel kindly towards me," replied Mr. Packard.

"Mr. Griswold, this case is not so easily settled. Good-by, Mr. Griswold," and I turned from them to my counsel.

Among all my relatives and friends who were carried captive by this flood of insanity, there are found three honorable exceptions, viz., Dr. Fordice Rice, and his wife, Laura Rice, and Mrs. P. H. J. Fisher, besides Mr. David Field, and Angeline, his wife, and sister May, brother Samuel's wife. I found after my liberation that this Dr. Rice, my cousin,

had sent a very strong protest to Dr. McFarland against his keeping his sane cousin confined as an insane person, and thereby falsely imprisoning a citizen of the State. His bold defence of my sanity, I have reason to think, awed him to such an extent as to have had quite an influence in ameliorating my condition while in the asylum. I do not know what more he could have done than he did do for my interests. He and his developed wife stood valiantly facing the whole world of my former friends and relatives who had been taken in the snare of the great Deceiver.

Mrs. P. H. J. Fisher had been an intimate friend and neighbor during most of my twenty-one years of married life. She was a member of Mr. Packard's church in Shelburne, Mass., and followed us to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where she lived our next-door neighbor, and for years a member of his church in that city. This close proximity and the intimacy which naturally follows old friendships amongst strangers, drew us into so close companionship that she could not but perceive that Mr. Packard and I were growing apart, instead of together; and as bigotry gained upon him, his arbitrary and intolerant feelings towards me manifested themselves, as my views of truth widened and extended.

Mrs. Fisher and I naturally grew together, and as we were too conscientious to be false to our honest convictions we became in time so spiritually illuminated that our Calvinistic creed seemed to lack the nourishment our expanding souls were craving for, and Mrs. Fisher sought and found in the Universalist church, for a time, the supplies her soul demanded. But she soon outgrew that creed also, finding that truth knew no limitation of creed.

Of course, Mr. Packard regarded Mrs. Fisher's influence over me as very detrimental, and became her enemy and oppressor, so that her own experience led her to apprehend the spiritual oppression I was feeling from my husband's

intolerance towards me. She was thus capacitated to believe the truth in regard to me, so that she escaped the snare of this delusion which Mr. Packard's lies had made so nearly universal. And all that love and true esteem could do, I believe she did do, to make the truth apprehended and believed, viz., that I was a persecuted but not an insane woman.

It did seem that power was given Mr. Packard "to deceive even the very elect." That my friends should be so deluded as to believe this lie so generally, has ever been to me one of the strange mysteries of God's providence. How such a delusion could obtain and hold such a complete sway over the minds of so many is fearful! Who is safe from delusions?

Possibly the interests of the race demanded that one striking case should be allowed to occur, to prove the fact, beyond a question, that sane people are sometimes confined in insane asylums, and therefore the present safeguards are altogether insufficient to prevent this awful catastrophe. Conscious as I have invariably been of my every act, and knowing that it would be hardly possible for any other human to be any more reasonable and consistent in their whole line of conduct than I have uniformly been, I do say that if I could be called an insane person, and treated as one, any one in the wide world could be called insane. For in my case, uniformly sane conduct is no safeguard against insane treatment from my cotemporaries.

Even love the tenderest, and a true appreciation of my character, by my doting friends are no shield or protection. For it seldom falls to the lot of any one to have a more sensible and loving father than I had, or more fond or doting brothers.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DEFENSE OF MY SAINTED MOTHER AND MY SAINTED FATHER-IN-LAW.

MY own dear mother, who idolized her only daughter as the sum of all her earthly blessings, had been sleeping in her quiet grave sixteen years when this persecution commenced, and was therefore where spiritual forces were the only weapons she could use in my defense. I have often said, were my own dear mother alive this sad drama could never have been enacted. I have, therefore, no defense to make for her. Her record stands unspotted in that "she hath done what she could," in her spirit life, to alleviate the sad fate of her persecuted daughter, on the mundane sphere.

Though never conscious of the presence of my spirit friends, except through the mediumship of others, yet I fully believe they are present with us, and hold a power over us as truly, and perhaps more potently, than if embodied in a material form.

My own dear father-in-law,—Rev. Theophilus Packard, D. D.—of Shelburne, Mass., had been in his grave five years when I was incarcerated; and I fully believe that he, like my own dear mother, would have interposed insuperable barriers to the accomplishment of his only son's purpose, had it been possible for him so to do. He was my companion, counsellor, and teacher in my investigations of scientific truth for many years of my married life, while Mr. Packard was acting as colleague pastor with his father, in Shelburne, Mass. I have reason to believe I possessed father Packard's love and

confidence to an uncommon degree. I think there is truth in the remark sometimes made "there is not one of father's six daughters for whom he feels a more profound respect than he does for his daughter-in-law." Yes, I confidently believe that father Packard's record is unsullied and unmarred by any neglects to administer to me from his spirit-home when opportunities presented for so doing.

And in this grateful assurance I was permitted, in the providence of God, to be confirmed by a most remarkable and wonderful manifestation which it was my good fortune to witness in "Mrs. Boothby's materializing circle," in Boston, Mass., at 25 Appleton street, in December, 1877. I was accompanied in the evening to her rooms, by Mr. J. G. Chandler, a portrait painter, at 48 Essex street, and was seated, after a formal introduction by Mr. Chandler, in a circle of from twenty to thirty ladies and gentlemen, all entire strangers to me.

Mrs. Boothby was seated in a recess of her parlor, through which we passed in coming from her back to her front parlor. This recess was large enough to hold a good-sized bedstead, and in front of the arch in the front parlor, was suspended several breadths of damask and white curtains. There was nothing in this recess except a common camp chair which Mrs. Boothby took with her when she entered this recess, and dropped the curtains in front of her. The gas was lowered and the lights adjusted in accordance with her directions, and instantly the curtain parted in the front, and a female dressed in white, with dark hair and eyes, and black slippers, presented herself between the breadths of the curtain, and looking a moment around the circle, she very gracefully extended both hands a little from her form, and accompanied the act with a most graceful bow of welcome or salutation, and then dropping the curtain she retired into the recess.

The next moment the curtain was lifted from the side against the wall, and another beautiful female, dressed in a white tunic with large, loose, flowing sleeves, trimmed all around with a flounce of three inches in depth, with flowing curls, stepped entirely out, holding the curtain up with one hand, she approached a gentleman sitting near, exclaiming!

"Good evening, father, I have brought back your picture, and we thank you for it," at the same time handing him with her other hand a common-sized photograph picture. This picture he had given her three weeks before, and could never be found afterwards.

As she was retiring to the recess her father exclaimed, "Oh, Lula, dear, don't leave us so soon, come back! I have brought you some flowers," at the same time extending to her a small bouquet.

She returned and took it from her father's hand, saying, as she did so, "I will show them to my sisters," and retired and dropped the curtain.

Two hours after she brought them back, saying, "I have shown them to sisters. We have magnetized them so they won't wither. Do, father, keep them in a box by themselves, for our sake."

"I will do as you wish, my daughter," replied the father of these his three spirit daughters.

Very soon an old white-headed man presented his face at the aperture in the curtain, of about one foot square in size, and reaching out his long arm, clothed in a common white shirt-sleeve, and pointing directly towards where I sat, with his forefinger extended, he remained fixed in that attitude for some time, until some one across the room said, "He seems to be pointing to that stranger lady." At the same time, Mr. Chandler, sitting by me, remarked, "I think it is some one who wants to speak with you."

Upon this I inquired, "Is it me the spirit is seeking to designate?"

A distinct bow from the man at the aperture, gave it an affirmative answer.

I then said, "Who is the spirit who wishes to speak to me?"

"I am your husband's father!" was the reply, given in a clear, distinct, manly voice.

I then distinctly recognized his features, and said, "Father Packard! I do rejoice to meet you! Have you any communication or message which you wish to give me?"

"Yes, I wish to tell you that your friends, here in the spirit world, take a deep interest in you and your work. You have had a very bitter experience to pass through, and we have watched over you in every step of its progress with feelings of the deepest interest and tender sympathy. We were with you in all your asylum experiences, to comfort and help you, or you would have sunk under your burdens. But, my daughter, you are to have a glorious compensation. You have passed through the worst. Your books are having a far greater influence over community than you have any idea of. Your new book, "The Great Drama," contains great and important truths such as the world ought to know, and it is ready for it now. You will carry the enterprise of its publication successfully through, as the result of your indomitable perseverance."

I had just been to Hartford to contract for its publication.

"Thank you, dear father," replied I, "for your timely assistance, and for your encouraging words of cheer. Do please continue your ministrations, and I will try to prove myself worthy of such helpers."

Bowing again, very low and respectfully, he retired from observation. But as I, in reply to questions put me from this circle of strangers, made the remark, "This father Packard had the moral courage, although a Congregationalist minister, to investigate spiritualism in its incipient stage of

development, while his son lacked courage to do so; and from the very point where he turned his back upon spiritualism, from that time I can trace his degeneracy; while in his father's case, that was the germinating point of his progression,"—the deep, full, base voice of a man was heard from behind the curtain, responding with great emphasis, "That's so!"

So it seemed, although invisible to us, father Packard had been a listener to all I had said, and thus demonstrated this fact, by this his audible response. Are we not surrounded with a "cloud of witnesses"?

Soon after Mrs. Boothby remarked, "There is a very pretty dark-eyed and dark-haired little girl here, of about ten years of age, standing at my side, and she is very anxious to make herself known to some one of the circle out there. Can any one identify her?"

The thought immediately flashed upon my mind, "Is it not my dear little niece—Etta Ware?" who had been dead about two years, leaving her parents and only sister, two years older than herself, almost inconsolable by the untimely death of this beautiful bud of promise, and Mr. Chandler whispering, at the same moment, "Is it not your brother Austin's child?" led me at once to inquire: "Is it Etta Ware?"

Mrs. Boothby replied, "She says it is, and she is very happy indeed to be recognized by you."

I then said, "Does my dear little niece wish to deliver any message to her aunt?"

"She says she does," Mrs. Boothby replied.

"What is it, dear Etta?" I inquired.

"She says to me," Mrs. Boothby said, "I want auntie Packard to tell my dear father and mother, and dear sister Alice, that I am not away from them! but am with them a great deal, trying to make myself known to them. I do want

them to realize this fact, so I can come into communication with them.”

“I will deliver your message, dear Etta, and I hope you will sometime be able to make them conscious of your presence,” I replied.

Several times during the evening Mrs. Boothby said, “This pretty little girl is here again, and seems very unwilling to leave.”

“Oh!” thought I, “Is not the sting of death removed by ‘immortality being thus brought to the light of our own consciousness’ so that we can *know* of the truth of this glorious doctrine—that our dear friends are not dead, but only gone before, to watch for our arrival there—‘thus to meet to part no more’?”

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DEFENSE OF MY OWN FATHER.

My own dear father's record for the five years preceding the last six months of his life, which included the term of my imprisonment and two years of homeless life after it, demands explanation. I felt so highly indignant that my father should shield Mr. Packard in his abusive treatment of me, that I felt that I never would own him as father, until he had sought me out, and made restitution. Although he was rich and I was his legal heir to one-third of his property, yet I felt determined never to seek the shelter of his roof, if I had to beg of strangers for my daily bread. I had sent him the report of my trial and acquittal, and my brother Austin had seen me in Elgin; and if neither of these sources of light would lead him to doubt Mr. Packard's statements, I felt that he should never have the light of my presence to judge by, unless at his own seeking.

I continued to maintain this position for about two years after my liberation, and until I had sold about three thousand dollars' worth of books. Then, with my independent capital, I concluded to seek a nearer proximity, by going to South Deerfield, and stopping at my brother's, and there await events. The next day after my arrival at his home, brother proposed to take me over to my father's house, in Sunderland, a distance of about four miles. I went, and there met my aged father, then about eighty-three years old, and whom I had not seen for thirteen years.

He received me kindly, and insisted upon my stopping

(32)

with him, which I did for about one week, when I left, to seek the legal protection of my personal liberty which I found I so much needed, by an appeal to the legislature of Massachusetts, as heretofore mentioned.

My dear father reiterated the sad truth of which I had already become so painfully conscious—"that there is no law to protect a married woman"—in his expression :

"My daughter, it is impossible for me to shield you from your husband, for there is no law to sustain me in so doing. You are his. And you are entirely in his power. No law but the law of force, or mob-law, can be used in defending you against Mr. Packard. He can kidnap you from your own father's house, and he be legally sustained in this seizure of your person. And in this kind of kidnapping, your husband can command the aid of a sheriff to assist and shield him in the execution of this purpose, and my resistance of this outrage will imprison me, and do you no good. As much as I would gladly help and protect you, my daughter, I am powerless as your protector or helper!"

Mr. Packard was then my father's pastor, and he was paying a liberal share of his salary for his support! He had gulled my aged father and my kind step-mother so completely that they could only look upon me through Mr. Packard's eyes; and I saw another kidnapping to be inevitable, as it then appeared to me.

After getting my bill passed, and selling books for a few months in Massachusetts, I returned again to my father's house, where I rested from my toilsome work for about six months, in the bosom of his family, and, as it proved, under his protection, also. For as the scales of bigotry dropped from his eyes, he began slowly to apprehend the truth, that I had just as good a right to my opinion of religious truth as he—a Congregationalist minister—had; and therefore Mr. Packard had no right to call me insane, simply because

I had used my right of private judgment in religious matters. And as the most careful and diligent inspection, on his part, failed to detect the slightest evidence of mental aberration, he came to the logical conclusion that what he would term heresy, Mr. Packard had christened insanity, and, therefore, had been acting the base part of a persecutor, instead of protector of his daughter. When his eyes were fairly open to the apprehension of this truth, the fatherly feeling assumed the position which bigotry had before usurped, and led the man to assume the throne of judgment, instead of the bigot who had so long arrogated it.

Of all the legions of demons who here asserted their ruinous influence over the human family to bring them under subjection to evil, none can boast of greater conquests, in the destruction of all that is noble and God-like in human nature, than this giant monster demon—bigotry. For the bigot is “without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.” In fact, my experience has taught me that there is no more inexorable enemy of the human race than the religious bigot.

Therefore I say that the conquest which truth and love achieved over this demon, in my reverend father’s case, shows that he was not “totally depraved,” as he, like Mr. Packard, claimed that he was; but unlike him, has overthrown his own argument, by this *manly* conquest over this hateful demon. Indeed, so complete was this victory that the sight and presence of my persecutor became so abhorrent to him that his preaching and prayers from that time lost their edifying power over his renovated nature, and he withdrew from the sanctuary where Mr. Packard officiated, and sought the rest of the Sabbath, with his dear daughter, at home. So many others of Mr. Packard’s congregation followed his example, that it was soon thought the interests of the church and society demanded a change of pastors, which was forthwith secured.

This was the only society where Mr. Packard's sophisms and lies sustained him as a pastor, for any length of time after my trial at Kankakee, in 1864. He told them that the western society were so uncivilized, and in such a semi-barbarous condition, that no dependence ought to be placed upon the decisions of its courts, or the verdict of public sentiment. Believing his testimony, and having my own father for his defender, the people were "taken in" by this "arch deceiver," to their regret, as soon as my presence among them revealed the truth to their notice.

In this connection I will state the fact, that Mr. Packard's ministerial relation to the Presbyterian church and society at Manteno, Ill., virtually terminated at the time he put me into the insane asylum, although he continued to preach until after a new church was built and dedicated. Yet, from my removal a steady decrease of interest and number was inaugurated, until in order to save the church from utter extinction, the trustees informed him it was impossible, "on account of his family relations," for them to keep up, with him for their pastor, and therefore his resignation was requested.

He resigned accordingly, and absented himself from public worship henceforth, and remained at home cooking the family dinner, while the children were attending upon the ministrations of his successors.

Father Ware furthermore withdrew all fellowship from Mr. Packard, so that from this time onward, Mr. Packard regarded him as his worst enemy.

As the truth became more and more fixed in my father's mind, he, like a true penitent, made restitution to me so far as lay in his power, by changing his will, from giving me my portion "in trust," to an independent bequeathment, and also by giving to the public a certificate of my sanity, by which to counteract his former ones in support of Mr. Packard's course, so far as this course could do it. The certificate is as follows:

## FATHER WARE'S CERTIFICATE.

"This is to certify, that the certificates which have appeared in public in relation to my daughter's sanity were given upon the conviction that Mr. Packard's representations respecting her condition were true, and were given wholly upon the authority of Mr. Packard's own statements. I do, therefore, hereby certify that it is now my opinion that Mr. Packard has had no cause for treating my daughter Elizabeth as an insane person.

SAMUEL WARE.

SOUTH DEERFIELD, Aug. 6, 1866.

Attest,

{ OLIVE WARE,  
AUSTIN WARE."

When this was done he felt that he could die in peace, but not before.

At the expiration of this six months sojourn with my father, in Massachusetts, he died. And as I looked upon his peaceful corpse, as he lay in his coffin, dressed for the tomb, I could not but exclaim:

"Peace to thy memory! Dear father! Your work is done! Now, well done! for you have not only repented of the wrongs you have so innocently done your daughter, but have also made restitution, so far as lay in your power so to do in this life. Blessed be thy memory! My honored father!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### MARRIED WOMAN'S NEED OF LEGAL PROTECTION.

Mr. Packard's decline in public esteem and confidence was very rapid, from this point. And as his means of support, through his profession, failed, he and the three children, with whom he fled from the court, were soon reduced to want, and became objects of charity, supported by their friends.

Encouraged by the sale of my books, I ventured to assume the responsibilities contained in the following letter I dropped into the post-office Dec., 1866, directed to Rev. T. Packard, South Deerfield, Mass.

#### A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Whereas, in the providence of God, my own dear family have become objects of charity, and are now dependent, either upon public or private charity for their support and education. And, whereas, by the favor and smiles of a kind Providence, my personal efforts to secure for myself a maintenance, have been so abundantly rewarded and successful, as not only to secure for myself a competency, but also justifies me as I view it, in now assuming the pecuniary responsibilities of my own dear family.

Therefore, in order that society and their friends be relieved of the burden of their support and education, I, the wife and mother of this family, do hereby, of my own free will and choice, bestow upon my family, viz., Rev. T. Packard, Elizabeth, George, and Arthur Packard, this offer of a home, support, and educational advantages, upon the following conditions, viz.:

(37)

The property used for this purpose being the avails of my own hard labor, shall be retained in my own name, and shall be subject to my own control.

The location of this home shall be near some college, where males and females can, both receive a collegiate education at the same institution.

The State and town where this home shall be located, may be chosen by my family, to whom this offer is made.

It would be my decided wish, and highest pleasure to make this home a home for myself also; still I do not make this a condition of its acceptance, but willingly leave it to the decision of my family, whether this desire of my heart be granted or not.

This offer, if accepted, can be bestowed upon my family by October, 1867.

E. P. W. PACKARD.

Not hearing from this offer I provided a home for them in Springfield, Illinois, the place of my own choosing, so as to fulfill my part of the proposal by October, 1867. For this property I paid two thousand dollars. But, notwithstanding all, Mr. Packard declined my offer with indignant scorn, and the place is still in my possession, as the deed I hold in my own name shows.

After this I signed away my right of dower to two pieces of property in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in order that his means might be made available for him to use for his own and the children's support, during his life-time. I also sent board money for the children that they might be kept together, and presents of money and gifts to my children. And in the year 1869 I provided my children a beautiful home in Chicago, Illinois, at 1496 Prairie Avenue, for which I paid five thousand dollars of my own earnings, and of which I still hold a good title deed, in my own name. This valid title being the result of a bill I had succeeded in getting

through the legislature a short time previous, giving married woman a right to hold her own earnings.

In this offer of a home to my children I did not include Mr. Packard, since I had succeeded in getting the laws to allow me an equal right with himself to the children, and by this means I could have a right to my children without a divorce, and while a married woman. Remember, a married woman had no right at all to children, before the passage of this bill. After receiving them, as before stated, I lived with them and supported and schooled them until the fire in Chicago, when all my business capital was burned up with no insurance. My three oldest sons boarded Mr. Packard in another place, separate from the family, and these three sons now became boarders in my own family, at this home of my own providing.

And here I would pause in the narrative, just to note the principle of retribution and compensation at this point so very conspicuous. Five years previous, Mr. Packard, by his legal usurpation of all my rights, had made me a homeless wanderer, without a right to a child or one dollar of our common property, which then amounted to several thousand dollars, mostly in real estate. Thus, while he had a home, property, and children, he made me homeless, penniless, and childless. Now while I have a home, property, and children, he is homeless, penniless, and childless! I never sued for, or attempted to recover, any of the property he robbed me of, since it would have been useless as it was all legally his own, with no shadow of a right to a single cent in law, except the widow's dower, to which I had no right, until I became his widow! So long as he lived I could claim nothing as my own.

So this usurper claims he has done me *no wrong*, because he has done just as the laws allow him to do! And this is true, to the shame of this man-government of intelligent

American gentlemen! And their own dear daughters are all *liable* to suffer the same fate I have suffered, and they have made themselves powerless, by their own laws, to help their own subjected married daughters.

I say they were powerless to shield their daughters, *as married women*, but they had provided that they could become single women again, by a divorce, and thus secure and receive the protection of their identity, which had been suspended during coverture. And they had made divorce comparatively easy by their statute laws. And the question was often asked, why I did not get a divorce, as other women did, who had trouble in the marital relation. Because I did not wish to be divorced. What I wanted was protection in my position as a wife and mother. The responsibilities of these relations rested upon me, and I felt accountable at the tribunal of my conscience for the discharge of the duties attending them. And I did not wish to sanction an institution which I felt was at war with the best interests of society. For a man to have several wives living at the same time, and for a woman to have several husbands, seemed to be an approach towards barbarism. And as I understand the Bible, divorce is forbidden, except for adultery; and as this cause never existed in my case, I felt that the Bible condemned the act. I chose therefore to be his wife until death divorced me, if in any manner I could get my children without a divorce. Therefore I appealed to legislators to give me a legal right to children, while a married woman.

In our relation as it then was, Mr. Packard could hold every child from me for ever, for none of them were nursing children, and all the mother's claims ceased with the weaning of the child. Thus the common law absolved me of all personal obligations to the children from that hour—the law said, "the child has no need of a mother after it is weaned from her breast! All the obligations of the child's training

and support from this point rests wholly upon the father! The mother is a nonentity in her natural rights, henceforth!"

I knew this was the verdict of the common law, and I knew too that the higher law of my maternal nature did not sanction this verdict. And I knew too that the God within me would hold me responsible to this higher tribunal for the discharge of the duties of the maternal relation. Indeed, I felt that my maternal duties were paramount to all other obligations or duties. Therefore I determined that all of my children should have a mother's training—nothing but impossibilities should defeat this purpose. And my efforts with the results secured, as before stated, show how far this purpose has been achieved.

Again, I sought protection, as a married woman, because I had a right to be a married woman, and had the rights in my nature attending this relation, which ought to be protected. Therefore, as a humanitarian, as well as an individual, I sought for this defence of woman, in her right to be a married woman, and have her rights recognized as such in the laws. And in retaining my position as a married woman, I felt that my appeal to legislatures might be more successful because more consistent, than if I was a divorced woman, for being in the position of a married woman I was in eminent danger of being wronged still further, unless they helped me, by a law, that would help all other married women, similarly situated. Whereas, were I a divorced woman they might put me off with the plea, "you have all the rights now which we have, what more do you want?" "But I am married,—and therefore have no rights, and no laws to shield me,—not even so much as the slave has, for he is protected, 'as property,' by the laws, while I am not, even to that extent. Now do please protect *me!*" By doing so they protected all married women. And possibly, had I been divorced I might not have succeeded.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEFENSE OF MY CHILDREN.

AND here I will give my dear children the defense which truth accords to them, individually.

Theophilus Packard, Jr.—my oldest child—is now thirty-six. He was sent away from home at the age of sixteen, two years before I was kidnapped, to serve as clerk in the Post-office in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He never saw me after that time, until he met me in the asylum, as described in my "Modern Persecution."

He and my second child, I. W. Packard, who is two years younger, were almost the only champions, who, with unflinching tenacity, espoused the cause of my sanity, and sustained an uncorrupted record through the entire siege of my three years' imprisonment. But these two dear sons did stand, true and firm as the Alps, in their determination never to forsake their own dear mother, and to never be induced to look upon her through the goggled eyes of their father's insanity; although their father wasted an immense amount of ammunition, directly and indirectly, to coerce them to his terms, in regarding me as an insane person.

But all in vain! Thanks to the noble natures with which God had endowed them, they dared and had the dauntless courage to stand to the dictates of their own reason and their own conscience, in their own opinion of their persecuted mother, even in defiance of all the persecutions and most cruel threats their father could bring to bear upon them to induce them to prove traitors to themselves—

traitors to their own native manliness—by surrendering their own reason to human dictation.

Yes, the embryo *man*, within these two boys, of sixteen and fourteen years, was then and thus fairly weighed, and found "not wanting," in its God-like tendencies. And true as the needle to the pole, so true are these now more developed men to the high, noble aspirations of their God-like natures. They cannot become defaulters to others' interests, for they will be true to themselves, true to the dictates of their own unclouded reason, and their own unsullied conscience. They are successful business men, because honest, fair-dealing is the basis of their every business transaction. In this way they win the confidence of their cotemporaries, because they deserve it, by uniform uprightness and manly integrity.

In pursuing this undeviating line of rectitude, Theophilus, in a few years of experience in a mercantile business, as partner in one in the largest business firms in the City of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, has secured the high and distinguished honor of being ranked as No. 2 on the list of responsible business men in this country.

He now runs a bank, entirely on his own capital, and on his own responsibility, in Kellogg, Iowa. And I can vouch for the fact that the first man is yet to be found who can say that Theophilus Packard, Jr.—the banker—has ever cheated him out of a dollar of his rightful property.

And he has had the extra good fortune, which, in his estimation, eclipses all his other successes, of securing the very woman for his wife, which, of all others, is, in his own estimation, the best calculated to make him a suitable companion, as he has often assured me is the case. He has three smart children living, and has buried two little twin baby boys.

He is now building a house for his home, the first he has ever owned; all the avails of his own exertions. He had no capital to start with but his health and education, and these results prove he has made good use of them both.

And Oh! Mothers! let me here say for your encouragement, that I esteem it to be a great honor to be the mother of such a noble man! And now, to have his strong manly arm to lean upon, as I have had during all my persecuted life, is a comfort that far outweighs all the toil attending the rearing and training of this my tower of strength for my days of adversity.

My second son—I. W. Packard—is now thirty-four, living in Webster City, Iowa. He was trained a merchant, in what was formerly "Cooley & Farwell's" wholesale house, in Chicago.

Mr. Cooley, of this firm, was my scholar in a select school I taught in West Granville, Mass., when he was fourteen years of age. He was then very backward in his arithmetic, and my training seemed peculiarly adapted to secure the development his father so much desired, to fit his only son for the business he followed—a dry-goods merchant. And as he witnessed with a fond father's joy, the mathematical dormant powers my training had developed in his stupid boy, with the tears of gratitude coursing down his furrowed cheek, he exclaimed: "Oh! Miss Ware! you have saved to me my boy! Until you took his intellectual training under your charge, I feared his capacities were wanting to fit him for my business."

Twenty-five years from that time, an express package was delivered to my address, in Manteno, Illinois, containing several bolts of cotton, calico, lawns, pants' cloth, etc., with no intimation of its source, or why bestowed, until a few days after a letter from Mr. Cooley, of Chicago—this once dull schoolboy—announcing the fact that he sent me this present as a small token of the gratitude he felt for my services as his former teacher, adding: "You, Mrs. Packard, have been the making of me! and in one sense, all my prosperity is due you, as my germinator; and I esteem it a privilege to have at last found you, to show my gratitude in some way."

This finally served as a letter of introduction to my son's very desirable situation in his firm as clerk, and subsequently as one of the first salesmen in the firm of "John V. Farwell & Co." He served the interests of these two firms for seven years, with marked satisfaction to his employers, on a liberal salary, when he left their employ, with the few thousands he had saved of his earnings, and entered the "grain business," which he has followed ever since; and good luck has very signally followed him, in his exceedingly fortunate transactions; so that he has become rich; is the owner of several elevators, where he has furnished employment to his two younger brothers, George and Arthur, both as clerks and partners. Now the "Packard Brothers," control a heavy "grain business" in Iowa.

He has not only, like his brother Theophilus, made his business a success, by his honesty and upright integrity, but he has also, like him, had the better fortune to get just the wife he needs as his companion, as he often expresses himself, to my great joy, in these words: "Mother, of all the favors a kind Providence has bestowed upon me, I do think my loving Mary is the greatest and the best of all." They have one son and one daughter, upon whom the love of this loving pair is centered with exemplary pride, in their determination to bestow upon them the richest and best of all legacies—a happy, sunny childhood.

And it was with feelings of joy and maternal pride that I heard this tender, sensitive, loving child remark last summer, on a visit to my temporary home in Aurora, viz.:

"Mother, I am not going to board any more. I am now building, what they say is to be, the nicest house in Webster City, so that I can have a home for our children, where it is my highest ambition to cluster about it the greatest possible comforts and attractions, so that, if possible, I can give to my children as pleasant and joyous a childhood as you gave

us; for, mother, the happy childhood you provided for us, has been the brightest oasis of my life. I never think of those happy days, except with a feeling of exultant joy. Oh, mother! it has been so much better to me than any heritage of gold could have been!"

My third son, Samuel W. Packard, is now thirty-one, and is a lawyer in Chicago, of the firm "Cooper, Packard & Gurley," formerly "Cooper & Packard."

He too is a man of high-toned moral principles, and is one of the most strictly conscientious lawyers I have ever met. With Samuel, I rejoice to say, it has proved, as Mr. O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, said it would, viz., said he:

"Mrs. Packard, you need not give yourself uneasiness as to the results of your training this boy; for he is to develop into a man of the strictest principles of moral rectitude. The trouble you are now having with him is only in consequence of the tardy development of his moral faculties. His now stronger animal nature carries the sway over these more dormant or less developed faculties. But when the time comes for his moral nature to wake up into activity, the tables will be turned, and the animal will become the subject instead of the sovereign. His moral faculties are very large, so that when they do wake up, you will be proud of him! In fact, he will do for a preacher!"

I replied to this, "I intend to make them all preachers."

He smilingly replied, "You will have your hands full to do it of some of them!"

When this examination took place we were living in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and Mr. Packard was a very popular and acceptable pastor of the Congregationalist church of that city, and all my children were enjoying the superior advantages of Professor Howe's school, which I then considered as preparatory to a collegiate course, which we expected would follow, and then, as a matter of course, I expected

they would naturally choose their father's profession. And it was then my desire that they do so.

But the subsequent chapter in my life-drama soon blasted these expectations, and threw my dear children off from the brooding care of a mother's love, upon the rocky soil of family persecution, for their subsequent development.

And as I now look upon these facts from the standpoint of a more developed nature, myself, I can confidently say, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done," in God's appointing Providential events to be their future but sterner teachers.

I find, to my joy, that the seeds of virtuous action and stern, manly integrity, which I sought, with the greatest assiduity, to implant in the tender soil of their virgin hearts, has sprung up, under this training and culture of events, and perhaps has struck their roots deeper into the fibers of their own characters than it would have done in the more genial soil of maternal love and parental control.

But the experiences the training of Samuel has given me, has led me to feel that these propitious results are not an accidental event, but are the result of the natural laws of mind through which effects follow causes.

It has always seemed to me a moral necessity to always put a double guard about Samuel, in order to keep him anywhere in the traces with the others, and therefore, after he entered the law office of Lawyer J. N. Barker of Chicago, where he received his legal education, I would call upon him, and take him one side to inquire if he was true to the principles I had taught him, in his self-government; and even after he was twenty-one, I followed him with a mother's counsels and tender solicitude. And well do I remember on one of these occasions his saying:

"Mother, thanks to your fidelity, watch and care over me, and God's grace combined, I have conquered my evil pro-

pensities to such an extent, that they have nearly lost their power over me."

Thus this son, whom I have so often feared would be my lost child! has, at last, been redeemed from evil, and like his brothers, has become one of society's brightest ornaments, and a very successful Christian lawyer. He, too, has a lovely wife of his choice, through whose kind ministrations of love his life of toilsome, arduous duty is rendered comparatively easy and satisfying. And upon their dear little "Stella" is centered a world of affection, such as is seldom the lot of any child to receive. He is indeed the most fond and doting father I ever saw. In this respect he is a model father, and it has even come true, as I prophesied in "The Great Drama," "Happy will that woman be who can claim Samuel Packard as her husband!"

And thanks to the vital principle of reform found in our human natures, Samuel W. Packard has repented of his disloyal act towards his mother, and is now trying to make me the atonement his repentance dictates, in his efforts to further my reforms, by his legal knowledge, as well as by his proving himself worthy of the confidence I have placed in him, by making him my financial business agent.

And of my three daughters-in-law, viz., Mattie, Mary, and Clara, I can say they all have proved my co-workers in developing to a higher point of nobleness the Christian virtues of their highly esteemed husbands. And in each and all of them do I find a true and hearty sympathizer in my reforms, as well as a sincere and tender regard and respect for my character, personally, as their affectionate mother-in-law. I have no reason to believe that either of them ever believed me to be an insane person or as ever having been one.

My fourth child, Elizabeth W. Packard, was the oldest of the three children whom Mr. Packard took with him to

Massachusetts, when he fled from the court trial at Kankakee City, who was then about fourteen years of age. She had been left more than motherless, for the previous four years, by her father's ruthlessly depriving her of the mother care and training she so much needed at this very important age of budding womanhood, and for several succeeding years this then healthy child was compelled to bear the sins of this ruthless act of her father, in her impaired health induced by her childish ignorance of the laws of health, a knowledge of which she was cruelly deprived of by the loss of her mother's instructions.

She, like all my other children, has good intellectual capacities, and a natural love of books, so that it was with them all not a difficult matter to attain the first rank in their classes, as scholars. Thus all of them are capacitated for teachers, and several of them have been employed as teachers, for a limited time.

My daughter chose this for her employment, but her impaired health prevented her from following this profession long, and for years her health was such as not only to incapacitate her for self-support, but such as to render her an object of great care and solicitude on the part of her friends. Regarding maternal duties as paramount to all others, for the past three years I have retired from my public duties, to devote my energies entirely to the care and supervision of her so-long-neglected health. And by God's blessing attending these efforts, I now have the inestimable blessing of a healthy, sound, naturally developed daughter for my solace and comfort in my future labors. I am about to install her as my partner in my book business and legislative work, and she is henceforth to be my traveling companion and co-laborer.

And with her superior education and her good health, I feel that I am now reënforced for my field of labor, with a

force of all others the most acceptable to me. For the readers of "The Great Drama" see her there as she is, a kind, true, loving, naturally developed woman. I—her doting, fond mother—can see in her as yet not fully developed nature, a model woman—fitted to fill any post of womanly responsibilities with exemplary devotion.

George Hastings Packard, my fifth child, who was seven years old, and his brother, Arthur Dwight Packard, my sixth child, who was the eighteen-months baby when I was kidnapped, received, comparatively, so small a share of maternal training that they may almost be said to have been brought up motherless. For nine years I was not only deprived of their training, but was hardly allowed an interview with them of an hour's length, during all this time. But it was my grand purpose to get possession of them which stimulated my every endeavor, during this nine years of indefatigable struggle with the inhuman laws of the nineteenth century, which deny to married women any legal claim to any of her offspring after the "tender age" of infancy!

Still, George, at his tender age, was so impressible, and he had such an all-absorbing love for his mother, that his sister of ten years, who took the place of mother to these children after I was taken so cruelly from them, found it very easy to control George through his love for his absent mother. If he was sure the act would please his dear mother, it was enough to stimulate him to do it; and "it will make mother feel bad," was enough to deter him.

Time can only determine whether the future manly developments of these boys will show a lack of the maternal training which their older brothers were privileged to receive. I know they are well endowed with natural capacities, and I hope and pray that no moral obliquity may ever stain their now unsullied characters. As before stated, these boys of twenty-five and twenty years have been employed, for the

past years, by their brother, I. W., as clerks and partners in his "grain business," and they have manifested good business capacities, and sustain a respectable social position in society. Neither of them are married.

It is my privilege to add that I have no reason to think that any of my children now regard their mother as an insane person, or believe that she has ever been insane. But I regret to add that the time has been when some of them, I know, have been induced to doubt my sanity, through their father's influence over their youth and inexperience, and their want of a personal acquaintance with their mother.

Another thing I can proudly say—every child is strictly temperate. They were all brought up on cold water as their only beverage. No tea or coffee, as a beverage, was ever used while under the parental roof with their mother.

The father of these six children is now living in Manteno, Illinois, as a boarder in Mr. M. Wright's family, and supported by his three older sons, two of whom—Theophilus and I. W.—volunteered to assume this responsibility on condition their father would commit the training of the three younger children to their mother, after she had provided a home for them in Chicago. By doing which, he thus saved the additional cost of opposing my suit before the Supreme Court at Boston, which I had instituted to get them.

His health is poor, and his declining years are mostly spent in the solitude of his lonely room, with but little of the solace of love and human sympathy to cheer his approach to his more lonely tomb.

How much of the dark phases of his character—as a man in his marital relations exhibits it—are due to the organization with which his parents endowed him, it is impossible, with our present limited knowledge of the laws of generation, to determine. His parents were own cousins; and whether

their temperaments were at fault, we know not. But Mr. Packard seems to be true to *his* nature, since he seems to feel no guilt, as a wrong-doer, in what he has done; therefore he may be true to what he so tenaciously claims for himself, viz., that he *is* "totally depraved,"—and thus has violated no law of *his* nature in treating woman as he has. But I do claim that this "totally depraved nature" is the exception, not the rule. As a rule, I think men could not treat their good, true, and faithful wives—as he claims I have always been—as he has, without feeling a sense of guilt attending such actions; even if, as was true, the statute laws did sanction these acts.

Another point is due Mr. Packard's defense, as I have painted his character in "The Great Drama," which is, that while there I gave expression to no feelings except such as were the natural emotions which such conduct would inspire in any true, sensitive woman's nature, under those circumstances; yet, it must be remembered they were uttered while under the focal point of this blow-pipe of fiery persecution, and thus reflect its peculiar glow.

After the fire in Chicago my three oldest children married, and my three youngest children soon became self-supporting, leaving me again free to attend to my book business and legislative reform work. This I did, with the results as before stated.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW I SUCCEEDED IN MY BUSINESS.

But in business matters, it was with me as with other business agents, that misfortunes do not always come single, but in clusters or battalions, sometimes. By an extra effort, after my capital—my book plates, of two thousand dollars' value—were burned, I succeeded in starting again, without mortgaging any of my property or borrowing money, and had my books reprinted, after rewriting them, in an elegant type and style of binding, in New York city, at Pelletraus & Raynor's publishing house, at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars for one thousand books, including my new stereotype plates. After selling about half of these books, and after paying for the whole, lacking one hundred dollars, a fire in New York burned the remainder of my books and all my plates! This time I had an insurance of one thousand dollars on the plates, and with this insurance to start with, I reproduced the plates a third time, at the same cost, and came safely through, meeting every payment promptly, without borrowing a cent this time either.

And now I hope to be able to pay for my "Great Drama,"—of about four thousand dollars cost for the first edition of one thousand sets, of four books each—without mortgaging or borrowing!

I mention these facts to encourage the faint-hearted and doubting, to stimulate their energies, knowing that what has been done can be done again by the same indefatigable perseverance and undaunted courage, determining that with you

there is no such thing as failure. Defeats must be encountered—but failures must never be allowed to befall our undertakings. For by such herculean efforts are the spirit forces born within us.

Another fact in reference to reforms seems very noticeable from my standpoint of observation, which is this, viz., reforms succeed just in proportion as the need of them is apprehended by the public mind. Intelligence is power, and a most potent one in humanitarian progress. For instance, in inaugurating the reform of the laws in relation to married women, I found the remark made me by a judge, in the early part of my canvassing work, to be true, viz., "There is not one man in a hundred who knows what the laws for married women are." And in proportion as this truth came to be apprehended from an intelligent standpoint, just in that proportion was their co-operation secured. And the legislatures who had the most light placed before them, passed the most bills. For example, the Illinois legislature, who had the most light, passed three bills. Besides selling more books in Illinois than any other State, I made a present of a dollar-and-a-half book to each member of their legislature. And in each of the two States where two bills were passed, I presented each member of these two legislatures with a dollar book—and Massachusetts and Connecticut were the only two of the twelve States which passed two bills—and these three legislatures are the only ones to whom I donated each member a copy of my book. I have given several other legislatures printed appeals, varying in cost to me from five to twenty-five dollars for the whole amount thus bestowed. Liberality is the soul of successful achievement.

I have never taken the rostrum as a lecturer, except before legislative bodies. All my light has been scattered through the slower but more permanent avenue of the printed page. And instead of seeking newspaper notices, I have tried to

avoid them, feeling that silent forces are generally the most potent ones for woman to wield. And besides, I found out that men legislatures preferred to husband their own laurels, rather than credit their action to woman's influence. And self-moved acts are really more meritorious! It has therefore ever been my policy to have woman's influence, so far as I was concerned, felt rather than seen or heard.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE "LOVE-LETTER," WITH THE FACTS AND PRINCIPLES OF ITS DEFENSE.

As I have heretofore stated, the most potent enemy I have had to cope with in my legislative reforms has been Dr. McFarland. And since the most abusive weapon he has used against me, and with the greatest success, has been one I myself put into his own hands, I deem it a duty I owe myself, as well as my patrons and the community generally, to here make a full and frank explanation of the whole case, and there leave the subject where the truth of facts and principles place it, and then quietly and calmly await the verdict of public sentiment as my jury in the case.

The readers of "The Great Drama" will have noticed that while in the asylum I passed through various phases of asylum experiences, varying from the best to the worst position the asylum afforded its inmates. I was first treated with almost queen-like attention, or rather as a distinguished guest in the wards. Dr. McFarland's calls upon me at my room were characterized with the most polite attentions and marked respect. Indeed, his visits were anticipated with the greatest pleasure of any of my early asylum experiences. His manly deportment towards me led me to feel confident of his protection, as the superintendent, and of his due appreciation of my character and principles of virtuous action. Indeed, his treatment of me personally led me to regard him with feelings of profound respect, as a man of honor, of intelligence, and of real worth.

And while the doctor treated me in so distinguished and noticeable a manner, it seemed to insure the same respectful attentions from all the officials and employees. They all acted as if they were licensed to treat me with partiality and distinguished favor, as if I was the doctor's special favorite, as I seemed to be. Indeed, it became a topic of general remark and inquiry among the help about the house, what it could mean, that the doctor should treat a patient so uniformly like a distinguished guest? "Did you ever hear of such a case?" "Did you ever know of such a remarkable reception being given to an insane asylum patient?" From what I know of insane asylums I am prepared to believe that no one ever did know of another such case.

Now the feelings such manly attentions are naturally calculated to inspire, took possession of my womanly heart, and quickened my crushed self-respect into a new life, and germinated into fresh vigor the buds of hope and promise over which this blasting sirocco had passed, leaving naught but blighting and desolation in its track, and I found myself being blessed with a feeling of love for a true man. It seemed as though I had suddenly found one spring of pure gushing water in this great Sahara desert of my soul, and I appropriated it to my soul's thirst for love, as naturally as the body would drink of this fountain of water in the parched desert. And if it is a sin to drink with a keen relish of the cooling spring of living water upon a parched desert, then it is a sin for me to love a true man under these environments. My nature pays as instinctive homage to a true man, made in God's image, as the earth pays homage to the revivifying influences of the genial sun's rays upon it. And if it is a sin to resist nature's laws in one case, it is in the other, for both principles or laws are established by the same wise Ruler, and for the same beneficent purposes—the happy development of man into His own blessed likeness.

The laws of animal magnetism by which my love nature was quickened into energetic life by the strong magnetic power of this large, developed, healthy man, is as much a law of my moral nature as it is a law of the vegetable world for the earth's latent forces to be quickened into a new life by the strong magnetic power of the sun's rays coming in contact with it. And as this strong magnetic love force permeated into the very fibers of my existence, I felt its invigorating influence throughout my entire being—the physical, mental, and moral natures were all inspired and quickened into a new and healthy activity. And as a natural result of this harmonizing force, feelings of tranquillity, peace, and quietude pervaded this temple of my spirit.

This state of things continued for about four months, during which time I was allowed almost as much freedom as the matron, and even more deference was paid to my judgment than to her own, by the officials referring her to me as a tribunal of judgment in cases where her own failed to meet the exigencies of the case. I was allowed rides whenever I felt that my health or pleasure required it, and often did the matron ask me to ride with her to the village and assist her by my judgment in making purchases for the house. And fourteen times did Doctor McFarland place a carriage load of patients from other wards under my entire supervision, while I drove the horse for us to take an airing, the distance and time of which my own judgment dictated.

I have sometimes been absent a whole half day with a load of four or five patients, walking around the fair-grounds and the cemeteries, and never did a patient escape from me, or attempt to abuse the liberty I granted them, by trying to run away. I seemed to hold them to good behavior by the tranquilizing influence of my confidence and sympathy, which I freely bestowed upon all the patients so far as circumstances would admit. Indeed, my power over the

patients in the ward where I was, was so dominant that I could control them where the attendants could not, and sometimes the report would reach the office, that "Mrs. Packard has wrought a miracle" in the line of cures and control. But I wrought no "miracles." I always secured my results by conformity to the laws by which such results are obtained.

I knew the Doctor was a critical observer of all my actions, yet his taciturnity prevented my knowing what he thought of me, except through his treatment of me, which I had reason to infer was that of the highest appreciation of my intelligence and sanity. And this opinion received a flattering confirmation in the remark reported to me by Mrs. Judge Thomas, which she told me the Doctor made to her, viz.: "Mrs. Thomas, I should like to introduce you to a most remarkable patient I now have in the seventh ward, for she is the smartest woman I ever saw—very intelligent and highly educated."

During this sunny side of my asylum life I improved the opportunity for making observations into every phase of asylum life, and of asylum arrangements. The external view was a fair view—order and system marked all the arrangements—our meals were regular and promptly served, and in the seventh ward in a style not particularly abhorrent to culture and refinement. But in the treatment the patients received I could see much to censure and condemn. But my charitable nature led me to look with lenience upon the evils I saw, as in a measure inevitable, and as the result of causes beyond their control. However, as I saw that kindness had such a magic power over the insane—far more potent than abuse—I began to defend it to the attendants as well as practice it myself. But here I met almost invariably the defense of their rough, abusive conduct, that "the Doctor orders us to treat them as we do." Although I at first doubted this assertion, yet time proved it to be too true, and

I began to fear some of the base charges made against the Doctor from the windows of the lower ward patients might be true also. And one very mysterious fact was self-evident, viz., there were confined in this—one of the worst wards of the house—some very attractive ladies, who seemed to be perfectly sane, who insisted they were put here for the Doctor's especial accommodation. These facts were communicated to me, in confidential tones, while under their windows on the outside.

Of course my astonishment at such an announcement was unbounded, for in the Doctor's treatment of me on his every act was stamped the insignia of a pure-minded gentleman—a woman protector—not her subjector, and I therefore listened to such charges as impeached his purity with incredulity, and as the hallucinations of a diseased mind. But the day following this most unwelcome revelation, our attendant announced that the Doctor had prohibited any patient in the seventh ward from speaking to a patient of the lower ward from their windows on the outside.

I instinctively felt that this rule had been made on my account to prevent any further communications with these patients, and I of course yielded unquestioning obedience to this command. But several times after this I was saluted by name, from these windows, while I was off quite a distance, walking among the flowers in front of the building, and the same foul charge was repeated in tones so loud as to be heard at quite a distance from the building. Understanding the Doctor's order to mean a severing of all communications with these the accusers of his chastity, I took no apparent notice of them, which led them to repeat the charges in still louder tones.

The argus doctor must have been within hearing of these salutations, for the next order was issued to the carpenter to erect a high, solid board fence in front of all the lower

windows, so high that the lower ward patients could not see over it, and have inscribed on the door to this inclosure, "No Admittance." This order was executed, greatly to the dismay and discomfort of the occupants of this ward, as it obstructed the ventilation and shut out from their view all prospect beyond this solid fence a few feet distant. But protests from the sane and insane were alike unavailing in preventing this great calamity coming upon the lonely prisoners in these mephitic halls.

The Doctor's assertion overruled each and all the varied protests entered against this barbarous innovation upon the patients' right to light and air, viz.: "The trustees have ordered its erection for the good of the patients!" But it is my opinion that the trustees justified themselves in saddling the large sum which this long fence around the entire buildings must have cost, upon the taxpayers of Illinois, on the ground that the *Superintendent* thought "the good of his patients" required it! But if the trustees had said that the concealment of their superintendent's criminal conduct demanded it, they would have come nearer the truth, in my opinion.

As the evidence of the Doctor's perfidy and criminality dawned upon my mind, and gradually settled in a fact, I felt the imperative necessity of devising some self-defensive armor with which to shield my virtue and self-respect from insult. And the impulsive bestowment of a kiss upon my forehead one day while alone with him in his office, greatly stimulated my efforts in this direction.

Finding that all my efforts to ameliorate the condition of the patients, by my appeals to the attendants, were unavailing, I felt that a painful duty was made incumbent, in laying their condition before the doctor, hoping the sight might affect his heart, and lead him to exercise more humanity towards them, through his attendants. But how could this

be done? was the question. Whenever this topic was introduced I had always noticed he took his leave at once, and I saw he did so in all cases where the patient tried to make any complaint to the superintendent of abusive treatment, or neglects of any kind. He would just turn from them, speechless, and pass on. To shun the liability of being treated with this incivility myself, I concluded I would lay the subject before him in writing, which I thought he might be induced to read at his leisure.

Accordingly I wrote my reproof, wherein I delineated the abuses of which I had been cognizant, and the defense the attendants had given me, that he ordered this treatment, adding, "that if it was true, and he continued on in this barbarous course, I should be compelled to expose him when I was liberated." Still, he bore all this presentation of the picture of abuse and my threat to expose him, even, until he came to the last picture of his kissing me in his office, as an act of impropriety in him, as the superintendent, and the patients' protector; then his feelings burst their confinement, and he seemed determined, from that moment, to either rule or ruin me!

He commenced his first attack that very night, by taking me by the arm, after chapel service, and leading me into the eighth ward—the maniacs' hall! and there leaving me, with the direction to the attendants, "Keep Mrs. Packard in your hall, and treat her just as you do the maniacs!"

The bewilderment and astonishment of the Misses Tenny, my attendants, was only of a type of the amazement felt throughout the whole establishment, as this transfer was made known. "What does this mean?" "What has Mrs. Packard done to make the Doctor treat her, all at once, so differently?" "What is he punishing her for?" and such like questions, were being asked in every direction. But no one seemed to get at the real cause until Mrs. Mc-

Farland revealed the fact of my reproof of her husband for kissing me in his office, as being the whole cause. She said he would have stood all the other parts of my reproof well enough, if I had only left *that* out. But that was too much, "he should not stand that *from her!*"

Why would he not take this charge from *me* which he was daily taking from other patients with the most stoical indifference? And why is he so sensitive on this point, and so callous on all others? Is it because he is so innocent and pure? Or is it because he is so guilty and vile? Had I put a false construction upon this act which so nettled his pure soul as to arouse his manly indignation to the point of thus revenging his false accuser? Or, had this test so completely baffled his expectations of a new victim, that his angry feelings drove him to this desperate course? My reader must answer these questions to his own satisfaction, if answered at all, for I cannot answer them to even my own satisfaction. Conjecture is not the road I propose to travel upon in this appendix, but facts, as they took place, I claim to present, and these my reader can conjecture upon just as he feels inclined to do. If facts can vindicate Dr. McFarland's chastity I shall rejoice at such a vindication. But if facts condemn him, he must stand convicted in their presence.

Had I then known that this most dismal of all abodes which an intelligent human can be placed in, would be my abiding place for two years and eight months succeeding that blackest night of my existence, without being allowed to step my foot on freedom's soil for even once during all this time, I think I should not have had fortitude equal to the dismal prospect thus presented. For so it proved! and I have survived this horrid fate, to tell the story of my wrongs; for the Lord sustained me by a living faith in the principles of His government, and by living in as strict conformity to

the laws of my natural life as far as my environments would permit. As the details of my sufferings in this maniacs' hall are delineated in my other books, "Modern Persecution," I need not repeat them here, only so far as the elucidation of the principles involved render it necessary.

Instead of treating me as a maniac, as the Doctor directed, my attendants treated me, personally, with the respect of my sunny days, while the Doctor acted out his own orders to bestow upon me the maniacs' treatment, not only personally but in my surroundings, which he controlled. To insure me against any opportunity for writing any more, he took from me all my stationery, and forbade any one's furnishing me any afterwards; and removed my trunk and its contents to the trunk-room, leaving me stripped of every comfort or convenience; taking from me my toilet utensils, my towels, my wash-bowl and pitcher, my mirror, and even my chair; for the maniacs' rooms have no furniture except the iron bedstead and mattress and a few bed-clothes. And this angry despot, into which he now seemed so suddenly transformed, would not allow me even these comforts, alone, in a room by myself, but compelled me to sleep and room with three other patients in the same room, and sometimes one in the bed with me!

The patients of this hall were of the lowest class—the most filthy and indecent in their personal habits, so that the odor of the hall was almost intolerable, and as there was but one wash-basin in the whole hall for the accommodation of eighteen patients—and no baths then of any kind in use—our opportunities for personal cleanliness were very meager. The plan I devised to keep up my habit of daily bathing, I have described elsewhere, and also, how I cleaned the filthy patients and kept them clean, and also their rooms and the rotten beds, thus removing some of the causes generating such noxious and offensive odors. Not only the comfort of

the patients required this to be done, but my own self-preservation demanded it.

I felt that I had a right to life and health, and I knew too that to retain either depended upon my conformity to the laws of life and health.

Another manifestation of maniacal treatment the Doctor bestowed, was, in the stolid indifference he manifested in witnessing the almost deathly wounds I received from the furious maniacs—my sole companions. He would see me so disfigured with wounds, that I could hardly be recognized for weeks in succession, and yet not make a single inquiry as to how I got these wounds, and would not even so much as listen to my self-moved appeals to him to shield me from these exposures, by locking me in a room by myself; but on the contrary, would turn his back upon me while I was in the act of pleading for my life, and would walk speechlessly to the door, and passing out, would slam it in my face! leaving me just as exposed as ever. As much as to say, "What do I care for your life! I put you into this ward for the very purpose of getting you killed. And the sooner it is done the better!"

In the silent musings of my own heart, I would sometimes inquire, What is the cause of this sudden change in my surroundings—from noon-day splendor, and comfort, and appreciation, to midnight gloom and discomfort, utter abandonment and contempt? Have I through a reckless disregard of the first law of my nature—self-preservation—rashly brought upon myself this avalanche of abuse? Am I suffering the condign punishment of a rash act? If so, what am I to do to make an atonement for this incautiousness so as to regain my forfeited privileges and position? Who have I wronged, and to whom must restitution be made? Certainly not to the patients; for it was my championship of their cause which suggested the reproof which it seems would have been

tolerated, and I left unharmed if I had not appended to it what I intended, as a shield to my own virtue.

In espousing the defenseless cause of the abused patients, I have not exposed my own interests any more rashly than Queen Esther did in espousing the cause of the oppressed Jews—and yet, by not succeeding as she did, does that change the character of the act from one of virtuous self-sacrifice to one of hasty indiscretion or rashness?

Again, does the law of self-preservation justify me in giving the Doctor this test of my principles by the insinuations my allusion to his act of impropriety implied? When I decided upon making use of this act as a kind of shield, or a revealment of my virtuous principles, I then felt that one of two courses must be then deliberately chosen, viz., should I yield to self-destruction, or should I try to defend myself? I chose the latter, and by so doing I lost all the comforts of life I had left, and secured only abuse and persecution, and a greater exposure, if the Doctor chose thus to use his irresponsible power over me.

Again, had I not followed Christ's express directions, in reproving him for his sins, alone, first, instead of waiting until I got out, and therefore could not know whether he had repented or not; and whether I had therefore a right to expose his sins to the community, or not?

As I looked at the subject from all these various stand-points, I came to the conclusion that in giving the superintendent this reproof, I had violated no principle of honor, except it be the principle of self-preservation. Although self-preservation was the very vital principle which prompted this shield of defense, yet I may have been too sensitive to danger in fearing it, without a just and sufficient cause for fear, from this source. However, as I did fear this "kiss of charity," as Dr. McFarland termed it, might possibly prove a stepping-stone to insults, I felt the necessity of providing

some reasonable fortification that might prove invulnerable. And the result has demonstrated the wisdom of this course, for, with pride I say it, Dr. McFarland never gave me the slightest cause for suspicion or complaint, from this source, for ever afterwards.

Another consideration which the truth will justify me in noticing, is, the benevolent regard I felt for the Doctor's spiritual welfare. I felt for him the most profound respect, and it really pained me to see these very dark spots on this otherwise resplendent orb of manliness; and I resolved he should have the very highest proof of my regard, in my efforts to raise him to a higher plane of moral excellence; trusting that a success in this direction would be the safest and surest shield of defense I could desire.

In fact, the great underlying principle upon which this whole effort is based, is, that principle in woman's nature to desire a protector in the man-form. There is an aching void in the soul when a woman finds no strong, manly heart to look up to as a shield and tower of refuge from the storms and tempests to which she is exposed, in her earth-life, and the magnetic power which a man's love brings to her aid, strengthens and invigorates her weaker nature to brave these ills with greater courage and fortitude. This was the blissful experience my nature was basking in, when this awful revulsion was experienced. Who now had I to go to, to find this naked void filled? No men or women guests were permitted to visit this hall. I was forbidden to leave it, even for chapel service.

Alone, unpitied, and my condition unknown to a single friend on earth, where could I now look for that soul sympathy my soul so much needs in this, the darkest hour of my entire existence? I had no refuge but the invisible God to flee to, and I resolved, "I will trust and wait His will concerning me, in the discharge of the duties which these degraded

humans make incumbent." Yea, in alleviating their burdens and sorrows my own became bearable, and I rested my weary, lone, sad heart upon the principles of justice, goodness, and truth, where alone I found peace of mind.

The Doctor's occasional visits to the hall had lost all their charms for me, as his only satisfaction now seemed to be in torturing my feelings by every device his revengeful feelings could invent. So very oppressive was the load of misery his presence brought, that I dreaded the sound of his footstep upon our hall, even more than I before welcomed them in the seventh hall. Indeed, his magnetism became so abhorrent and so distressingly painful, that I was compelled as a self-protective measure to withdraw all communication with him whatever, even so far as not to answer any civil questions which he put to me, nor to return any of his salutations. This term of suspended intercourse extended over six months. I would talk with Dr. Tenny or any other one who accompanied him, and as Dr. McFarland would extend his hand to me, I would take no notice of it whatever, or him; but would speak and shake hands with Dr. Tenny in his presence, and invite him to be seated, adding, "You are welcome, Dr. Tenny, to my room! but Dr. McFarland is not welcome, for I cannot fellowship such a brute as he has proved himself to be by his base treatment of me, even so much as to even speak to him. He is beneath my notice, and unworthy of it." After listening to such talk as long as its edification would hold him, he would leave, saying, "I am sorry Mrs. Packard won't speak to me!"

I made no apologies to the Doctor for anything I had done, for I could not see that I had done anything wrong in setting his sins before him in the light of undisputed facts, hoping thus to get these evils remedied. But for six months, he, instead of relenting, seemed fully determined to either drive me to madness, or get me killed by the maniacs, which I

have no doubt was his intention in pursuing this course, and in God's sight I think he is my murderer.

At the end of six months, he began to show some signs of relenting, and he began to manifest a degree of humanity towards the patients, and for months had quietly submitted to his fate of being treated as a "nonentity," so far as my notice of him was concerned, and ceased entirely to aggravate me as before.

Wishing to encourage and stimulate any approach towards rectitude, I took occasion to test him one day by inquiring of him what he thought had caused my present illness, as I was then confined to my bed, feeling as if I had typhoid symptoms. He most readily answered my questions, and examined me carefully, like as a kind physician would do. I thanked him for his professional services and respectful conduct, adding that so long as he would continue to treat me in this respectful style, I would regard this conduct as evidence of repentance on his part, and on this ground would give him my fellowship and treat him with lady-like civility.

He was evidently delighted to have me speak to him again, and listened to my conditions of fellowship with grateful satisfaction, so that when he left, I regarded him as an enemy won, by adherence to Christ's directions. These my impressions were confirmed by his saying to me, a few days afterwards, that he thanked me for my reproof, and thought I meant it for his good!

Yes, this most heartless despot and murderer, so far as his intentions were concerned, began to show signs of a divine nature, which had so long lain dormant; by the manifestations of manly resolves to follow its biddings. And as the evidence of his penitence became more and more evident in his direct treatment of me, personally, and in his implied regard for my comfort in arrangements he made in the ward regarding my surroundings, such as removing the most dan-

gerous patients to other wards, some of whom had been assigned to the eighth ward almost synonymous with my removal to it.

One, Mrs. Triplet, who was universally regarded as one of the most dangerous patients in the whole house, and one whose proximity was most feared of any other female patient, by the employees, was not only removed to the ward at the time I was, and allowed to run at large without restraint in it, but was even ordered a seat next to my own at the table, by the superintendent, where, by the skillful use of the knives and forks at her command, she could easily have executed the threat which almost invariably accompanied her act of seating herself next me at the table. With the clinched fist of her large, powerful, corporeal frame, trembling in front of my face, she would exclaim in tones the most vehement: "I will kill *you!*" And often have I been obliged to leave my unfinished meal, to escape the shower of knives and forks and chairs the maniacs were hurling at each other.

But in spite of all my caution, and the armor of kindness and respect with which I was uniformly clad, in my intercourse with them, as well as all other humans, I would sometimes get such stunning blows upon my head as to render me insensible for a time. And once I came very near losing my sight by a blow I thus received.

Mrs. McFarland remarked, while Mrs. Triplet and several others of like character were occupants of my ward, and allowed perfect freedom there: "I dare not enter that hall, for I consider it would be at the risk of my life to walk through it!" And yet I was locked in there by bolts and bars, and had to eat and sleep with them.

Sometimes the night furniture of our dormitory—our pails—would be hurled about our room and beds so furiously as to expose our lives; while I, by climbing up upon the

top of my bedstead, could reach the transom over our door, and by calling loud enough I could sometimes awaken our sleeping attendants, at the extreme end of our long hall, to come to our relief, and thus save our lives, by removing the infuriated maniac to a room by herself.

Another arrangement which the Doctor ordered, and for which he provided means for doing, which received my highest appreciation and most grateful thanks, was a weekly bath for all the patients. By this arrangement I was relieved of an immense amount of labor, in bathing each patient, myself, with only a pail of water at my command, which labor was now transferred to the attendants, who now enjoyed the convenience of a large bath-tub for this purpose. And this additional supply of both warm and cold water in our wards afforded us an opportunity for inaugurating a higher type of neatness in the wards. From this time, I mopped each of the large dormitories and the entire hall floor all over with clean water, daily, which greatly improved the appearance and comfort of our ward. Indeed, from this time, the eighth ward was regarded as the model ward for neatness and comfort of the patients.

And after one year's occupancy of a dormitory with other patients, as my sleeping-room, I was allowed a room to myself, with a chair in it, and also an old box, which I used as my wardrobe for part of my clothing, which he also allowed. And in time I had the identical wash-bowl and pitcher and mirror restored to me which I induced Mr. Packard to purchase for my especial convenience before he left.

Thus I seemed to be gradually approaching my lost position, by transforming this den of misery not only into a tolerable but even a comfortable place of abode. And after this exchange of the furious for a more quiet class of patients, and visitors did not have to expose their own lives by calling

upon us, we were allowed the pastime of an occasional call from the outside world. And in addition, a daily paper was furnished me by Mr. J. C. Coe, and delivered by his wife, together with many comforts and luxuries, such as fruits and some nice desserts in the form of appetizing food. And inasmuch as I had been the "Doctor's favorite" for the first four months, I seemed now to have become the "Asylum's favorite" in the regard manifested for me by the employees, in their timely gifts and very kind messages accompanying them.

The workings of the Doctor's mind, as I read it, seemed to be on this wise: "I have abused Mrs. Packard. I did it to prevent, if possible, the exposure she threatened me, hoping she might, if not killed, become insane, so that her testimony would therefore become invalidated, and thus my interests be rescued from threatened destruction. But for this once my efforts to subject woman to my will have been signally baffled. In fact, I am the insane character I have given her, if *actions* are to become the test of sanity. And these facts are known—fully apprehended by the employees about this house—and their indignation has reached such a point that this house has been threatened with a mob twice on her account. I do not like to discharge her at this crisis, for she more than ever has a chance to ruin me by the record of her own abuses; and to keep her always hid is an impossibility. She certainly never has shown the least evidence of insanity while here, and she is educated and capacitated to write a book which would blast my reputation for ever. She fully believes in the duty of forgiving the sinner on the terms of repentance, and now can't I save myself by this resort? In fact, 'tis my only chance now!"

As the Doctor assumed this new character and began to *act* like a penitent, I really think he *became* one in reality, although moved to assume this character, at first, from mere

policy, not principle. In fact, the only principle about it was self-preservation. Now is not this a right principle to act upon? If so, can't "policy" be compressed into the category of the Christian virtues? If the "fear" of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, can't "policy," which has its birth in a "fear" of exposure, be the beginning of a reform, or the "beginning of wisdom"?

Again, the principle being true, that our feelings are the result of our actions, Dr. McFarland's very respectful actions towards me in carrying out his new policy, produced or generated respectful feelings towards me; and under the influence of these feelings, the "fear" which he had of me, from my exposures, became gradually transformed into a feeling of "reverence," and these feelings, being kept in activity by his continuance in right-doing, and stimulated as they now were by my civilities and Christian deportment, they naturally settled into the feeling of a manly love for me, based on respect and veneration.

This transformation of his feelings towards me became visible to my inner soul, and as its vitalizing influence permeated my whole being, the buds of hope began again to show new signs of life; and I realized, to my joy, the same transforming process going on in my own soul which I perceived in him. The fear which I had felt of his power to crush me, now was revered, as one to raise me; and as my energies were centered on this desired result—that of securing a protector of my soul-rights—I found my every attempt to encourage him by devotion on my part, developed the correspondent feelings of esteem and love for my manly protector, which, as yet, could only be perceived in the distant future by the eye of faith.

But the lines of telegraphic communication were evidently established in our inner being, and could be operated by a silent, unseen force, as real as the electric force of the tele-

graph. Therefore, my hopes from this time were sanguine, that Dr. McFarland would, in some way, become my protector and deliverer; and for the achievement of this glorious issue, I concentrated all my womanly forces to develop this embryo man into the man full grown! I so much needed to lift me out of this awful vortex into which this insanity scandal had plunged me.

The very remarkable and amusing incidents and experiences which my future from this point developed in our novel interviews, bearing on this point, are so minutely detailed in "The Great Drama" and "Modern Persecution," that I will not re-write or transcribe them here.

The various plans I suggested for the amelioration of the patients' condition were so well supported by reason and common sense and humanity, that the intelligent superintendent could not but sanction them, and give them his support, and thus insure their adoption. And I could plainly see, if he did try to ignore the fact, that by so doing, if Mrs. Packard was gratified, it was no hindrance to its adoption! When our reforms were fairly inaugurated, and in working condition, the state of the patients was so much improved that the remark was often made, "This house is a paradise compared to what it was before Mrs. Packard came!" And it did afford us all real satisfaction to see how much superior reason and kindness were, than injustice and cruelty, as governing or controlling forces.

When love was at the helm, guiding and swaying the intellect and the judgment, the results proved the influence to be salutary that was thus set in successful operation. So almost invariably did I succeed in what I undertook to accomplish, that Mrs. McFarland remarked, "I do think Mrs. Packard has more influence over the Doctor than I have, or any one else." And, "If I wish to succeed with the Doctor, I believe I will do as Mrs. Packard does—go to the trustees

and make complaint of the Doctor if I can't make him do as I want him to do without."

As to Mrs. McFarland's jealousy lest my control over her husband was greater than her own, I will say, that it is my opinion that when she sought the control which reason and sound argument dictated, I think she succeeded just as well as Mrs. Packard did. But when Mrs. Packard's more developed nature could produce reasons more cogent, and urge them more logically, just in that proportion did her success surpass Mrs. McFarland's—but no farther. When Dr. McFarland was under the control of his divine nature, it was reason and intelligence that controlled his actions—not Mrs. Packard or Mrs. McFarland. But when he descended from this high platform, and submitted himself to the control of his animal nature, he would be ruled by his wife, or his cook, or any other evil influence.

But when reason and conscience held the reins of his war-chariot, evil must be crushed beneath it, and goodness be crowned with the conqueror's laurels, for in his nature he had the God power. Latent as it often seemed to be, and eclipsed as it sometimes was, totally for a time, yet, true as the needle to the pole, so is the *true man* true to the right, when he takes the throne of judgment.

At length the time seemed to have arrived when some plan for my removal from the asylum presented itself as the subject for discussion, when I proposed to go before the trustees at their next meeting, and lay before them my radical views on Calvinism, or, as I expressed it, "fire a few guns at Calvinism," urging, as a reason for doing so, that they might see how insane I was! and then perhaps he might have them to sustain his position of my being insane! This met the case. He consented that a patient should go before the bar of judgment and plead her own case, a fact, I presume, never before heard of in the annals of insane asylums.

The details of this event are so fully given in my "Modern Persecution," that I will only add here that the trustees were fully satisfied of my sanity, and of my heresies also (they were Calvinists themselves), still they saw it was too late in this day of religious toleration to imprison for difference of opinion in religious belief, on the pretext or subterfuge of insanity, and therefore referred the whole matter to me and Dr. McFarland, to do as we chose to do, and as seemed best for us to do. After various discussions upon this subject, it was agreed, as stated in my preface to "The Great Drama," that I write a book as my means of self-defense from the charge of insanity, which was accordingly done.

But several times during the process of writing the book the "old man of sin" seemed to gain the ascendancy when my "charming powers" were called into unusual activity to keep this intruder from interfering with my right to tell the truth of him, as well as of everything else. Still, I held the reins of my own intellect in my own hands, and would not yield them up to this "old man," nor the "new man" either, for *he* never attempted to usurp them. But "the old man" and I had some severe battles. *He* claimed the right to control the contents of the book he superintended. I protested, and told him he had no right at all to dictate one word I chose to write in my book, and if he did enforce his claim, I should abandon the project altogether. I should write the book in entire freedom or not at all.

Finding me perfectly invincible to all such attacks, he wisely abandoned this mean business, and left me under the supervision of the "new man," where I had quiet rest and perfect freedom to do just as I pleased. He would bring such a tranquilizing influence with him, and leave me in such a state of elevation and kind of spiritual illumination, that he seemed, as it were, to father the book. It seemed as though I wrote under a fresh unction of inspiration, as the result of

every visit he made me at my room, and yet his words were few, but the intellectual illumination attending them seemed marvellous. I could appropriate his thoughts and assimilate them so easily with my own deductions, that the two forces of a male and female mind formed one perfect mental union of thought.

I do not pretend to explain the philosophy of the phenomena; it is the simple facts of my own mental experiences which I present, for the metaphysician to analyze and explain, if he chooses thus to appropriate them. But this I do say, that if there is such a thing as the male and female intellect being mated, it seemed as if I had found my intellectual mate in Dr. McFarland's intellect, in the quickening, invigorating, and inspiring influences his mentality imparted to my own.

And as our magnetisms mingled and blended in this book—the theme of mutual interest, I can say still farther, that ere I was conscious of the fact, our souls seemed to blend and fuse, as readily as did our intellects. And yet, not one word of sentimental love ever passed between us. I think he would have considered it beneath his dignity, as a man, to approach me with phrases of sentimental love, under the circumstances we were placed. I do not know what effect it would have had upon my feelings, if he had done so; yet I think it would have lowered my esteem of him to such a degree, that I could not have uttered the truth in saying what I now can say in truth, that he is the first and only man I had then ever met, to whom my whole soul could pay the homage of my womanly nature. I not only could, but I did love and reverence him, as the one of all others whom my heart chose, without leave or license from theory, custom, or practice. I simply loved him because I could not help it. Neither did I try to prevent it, for there is *no sin* in these magnetic laws of attraction. If there is, it is a sin to love

God or goodness, for I can't help doing so, for the laws of my nature compel me to do so.

Now as far as these laws of magnetism are concerned, it makes no difference whether the parties forming this natural union are married or single, any more than whether one lived in one state or in another. The law which holds them together is independent of all external surroundings. Neither is it a sin to exercise this love on a married man, any more than on a single man, for in either case the act is not one of our own volition.

But it is an act of our own volition whether we will marry this individual or not. This is another theme entirely, which I feel called upon to discuss a little in passing. However desirable it might seem to be, to form a matrimonial alliance with our mate, whether we are at liberty to do so or not, depends altogether upon circumstances, the force of which must be left to each individual case to be decided by their own reason and conscience.

But *for me* it would be a decidedly wrong and sinful act to get a divorce from an uncongenial partner, whom I had had the misfortune to marry, for the sake of getting my mate, or a congenial partner, in his place. For I think the laws of society under which we live ought to be respected, by our conformity to them, even at the sacrifice of personal comfort on our part. If such a custom should become general, it must disrupt the social fabric entirely, and we should soon return to the barbarous condition.

Therefore, if I am unhappily connected in marriage I think it is best to try to make the best of it, and get along as best I can. And I think with such a resolve, we can rely upon the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and if we will, we can take much satisfaction in doing the best we can. It may be just the best discipline in the world to develop us into the perfect image of our Saviour. At any

rate, it is the discipline our kind heavenly Father has placed us under, for we are there, and nothing takes place, except under the permission, if not the appointment, of the All-Wise Ruler of the universe. And the responsibilities of this family union are upon us and cannot be eluded at our option. We must be willing to assume the responsibility of shirking, for willing or not, we are compelled to bear the consequences of our own deeds. I, for one, would altogether prefer to try to bear the evils brought upon me by providential events, than the evils coming in the line of questionable or wrong doing on my part. For, self-sacrifice has its pleasures—its compensations—both here and hereafter, and these are healthier sources of enjoyment than personal gratification purchased at the price of a doubtful claim.

And further, it must be borne in mind that this is our developing state, whereby we are to become capacitated for the full fruition of our earthly aspirations, and that evil (or what seems to us evil) is used as a means to this end. The germination of some seeds, the peach-stone, for instance, requires the force of a powerful fermentation process to burst its confinement or environments, for its development; so some natures may require the most potent forces of an uncongenial marriage to even sprout them or put them upon the road of progression. What, therefore, is gained by seeking to avoid this process? Must not this force be grappled with in some other form, if not in the one Providence has assigned us?

I think it is far more becoming in us, as God's children, to quietly and submissively say, "The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?" by remaining at our post, and discharging, to the best of our ability, the duties our present responsibilities make incumbent. And the compensation in the long future will doubtless more than reward us for our present self-sacrifices. For some wise

reason congenial marriages do not seem to be the order of things in this stage of our development. Occasionally there is one, just so as to afford us a foretaste, or a specimen, of heavenly felicity. And if the consummation of all earth's trials terminate in a congenial marriage, I, for one, shall feel fully satisfied, even if the waiting or preparation time had been of so long continuance.

Even the foretaste of such a union as my experience with Dr. McFarland foreshadowed, has left a halo of light and joy in their rear, as will, I hope, stimulate me to the exercise of more patience and fortitude in passing through my intervening trials; for I am even now enjoying the heavenly marriage, in my spirit, while discharging the duties attending my present environments.

And so far as statute law is concerned, it has no effect whatever upon these unions of God's making—the union of affinities—or the blending into one union of the male and female magnetic forces. And neither would any outward form of marriage be necessary to consummate this union of hearts, already formed, if society were everywhere in a perfect state of ripeness or development. But as yet, this condition only exists “where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of light.” But until we arrive at this blissful stage of our development, our kind Father has seen it fit and best that these unions first receive the sanction of human laws to make them valid; or, at least, God has ordained the marriage institution, which human laws make valid, as well as the magnetic marriage of the higher sphere. And, as I look at it, both are equally binding in their place. I have no right to make this higher marriage to supersede the lower, while I am a member of society on its earthly basis. The *form* is just as necessary to insure the Divine approval in consummating it as if it was an uncongenial union which was to be consummated. The

laws of society demand it. The laws of a Christian civilization require it, to hold society together, in its respect for each other's rights.

Neither does the legal marriage interfere with the marriage of affinities, when brought in contact. This spiritual union may be as complete without the legal ceremony to sanction it, and be as perfect and as pure, even while the parties composing it are still bound to other parties by legal bonds.

Neither does an uncongenial marriage shut us out of the pleasures of loving goodness, wherever found. I did Mr. Packard no wrong in bestowing upon Dr. McFarland a higher love than his own magnetism evolved. I loved him none the less by loving Dr. McFarland more than I did him. It was a moral impossibility for Mr. Packard's organization to awaken the type of love Dr. McFarland's had done. This higher love had lain entirely dormant in my soul, because the magnet required for its development was never before applied to resurrect it into activity, or a natural life. And this new love did not incapacitate me for loving Mr. Packard as well as I could, or as well as before. Indeed, had he proved himself worthy, I think I could have loved him *better* than ever, in consequence of this love development in my own soul. At any rate, I should feel justified in offering to be his wife again, had he repented, while I should not have been justified in offering myself in marriage to Dr. McFarland, even if he was an unmarried man, even though my heart was his already, for circumstances beyond my control forbade it.

Our natures demand that even the sentiment of love be under the control of our reason, as well as every other emotion, sentiment, or appetite, or passion.

Our natures too demand freedom—not restraint—in their natural developments, yet all of their manifestations should always be under the control of our reason. My nature was

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in the exercise of its natural freedom in loving Dr. McFarland as I did, and I did not try to restrain it, but I *controlled* the manifestations of it by my reason. And the manifestation I made to him of the existence of this sentiment within my soul, as expressed in my "love-letter," which follows, I claim was justifiable on the plane of reason, sound logic, and truth.

The circumstances under which I wrote this letter, and which, as I viewed them, called for it, as an act of self-preservation, or a justifiable means of self-defense, were as follows :

In the inception of my book, Dr. McFarland proposed that I prepare my book so that it could be published in a series of books in pamphlet form, of twelve numbers ; and appended to this suggestion his offer to publish the first volume of this series, himself, at his own expense, just as soon as it was ready for the press.

As this plan seemed to be the most feasible of any we could devise, I adopted it, and set myself at work to carry it out, by arranging the matter into twelve separate parts or numbers. In about three months I had the entire book drafted in a penciled form, and the first volume nearly copied and ready for publication, when, to my utter dismay and bewilderment, Dr. McFarland fell back from his proposal to print the first volume at his own expense.

Here I was balked ! confounded ! disappointed ! chagrined ! Nothing but a rayless midnight gloom enshrouded my present and future. From the summit of blissful expectation I was plunged into the gulf of black despair. Nothing to hope for ! nothing to live for ! Hopeless imprisonment must now bound my prospects of earthly good. The bliss of freedom which I had panted for, so continuously and constantly, for three long dreary years, and which I so fondly hoped was just within an easy reach, now receded into the endless distance of uncertainty, doubt, despair !

What could I now do? Must I quietly submit to the inevitable, and at last yield up all I had hitherto achieved, and thus suffer an inglorious defeat of all my philanthropic plans and future successes in this life struggle? Yes, all, all must be baffled, defeated—if my book fails—for on this book now hangs all my hopes and prospects for this life. They all sink with it into one common grave!

I had argued and discussed this matter with the Doctor, and gently urged him to not thus forsake me utterly, and leave me in this terrible abyss of uncertainty, but to just put beneath my sinking ship, one single anchor of hope—one book in type—and I would ask no more. But vain my logic, vain my entreaties. All, all seemed for ever lost! My boat must founder amid the shoals and breakers of this dismal coast, where I had hoped to land in safety, ever since its boundaries had limited the horizon of my spiritual vision. But now I must sink even in sight of the shore that I have braved successfully so many an angry tempest to reach! alas! alas!

But stop! hold! the life-boat is on board! Flee to it and be saved! For the life-boat of *love* has weathered storms where all else has failed. I will test it! I will risk it! for it is my last—my only hope.

Under the inspiration of feelings corresponding to this picture of exposure, I penned the following letter, resolving to hand it to him in the privacy of my own room, fearing that by the sudden opening of my unfastened door some word might be caught by an inquisitive ear, and be misinterpreted or misapplied, if I attempted to give a verbal utterance to the sentiments it contains.

The following is the letter to Dr. McFarland, a copy of which I preserved:

JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 19, 1863.

DR. MCFARLAND—

*My True Friend*:—Rev. Dr. Humphrey, President of

Amherst College, used to say to his senior class in his private lectures to them on the subject of matrimony, "It is not best for you, young gentlemen, to marry until you get through your studies; but, gentlemen, when you see a 'fair tree' I advise you to mark it."

Now, Dr. McFarland, I like this principle. It contains an important practical truth; and since my principles allow me, although a woman, the inalienable right of choosing my protector, I have concluded to apply this principle to myself, by marking you as my future husband; for I have never seen a man, before I saw you, to whom my whole womanly nature could instinctively pay homage, as my head, as the husband should be to the wife. To such a one, alone, can I entrust the key with which to unlock the fountain of conjugal love within me, whose depths no mortal has ever yet sounded. This key I entrust to you, Dr. McFarland, with all the trusting confidence of a true woman.

The only response I ask of you now is, to help me carry the heavy pack of lies before the public, which Packard has put upon me to bear, so unjustly, as a vindication of my assailed character.

If, before I leave this institution, you issue the first edition of my first volume, however small, if not less than twenty-five copies, on your own risk, trusting simply to my verbal promise to pay you back the whole amount in less than three months' time after leaving this institution, I shall regard the act on my part as an engagement sealed to be yours alone, until death part us. You can continue to be, as you now are, a husband in a Far-land—so far off that none but my own eye can discern this relation in you, until God's Providence brings you near enough to recognize the relation with my bodily senses. I love your spirit—your manliness, now, but I must not love your person, so long as that love is justly claimed by another woman—your legal wife.

I am no widow, Dr. McFarland, for my heart has never been wedded. It is whole and sound and unappropriated, except as you, the first true man I have ever met, accept it.

I know this is a bold step for me to take, but you know I am dauntless in the right. I have a right to love a true man, even if he is in a far-off land, or a Far-land, and if he is *the true man* I take him to be, it won't offend him, or expose my honor or virtue to let him know it, too.

I have written my thoughts (or feelings rather) lest a verbal utterance be overheard. I wish no one, except your own private soul, to know of this act. It must be a sacred, profound *secret* between us, trusted entirely to your honor, as a Christ-like man. This note must be burned, since an exposure of it might imperil my virtue in the estimation of perverted humanity. But my own heart does not condemn me for the act, neither does God condemn me for loving his image.

Theophilus, my son, will be twenty-one the 17th of next March, and should he offer to protect me against another outrage from my husband, I will go with him as my protector, and take charge of my children, at that time.

Yours in the best of bonds,

ELIZABETH.

This letter is the "weapon," "the Columbiad" which Dr. McFarland has used so extensively, and is still using, to injure my reputation, and scandalize my character in public estimation. He first used it, as a public document, before the Investigating Committee, appointed by the legislature to inquire into the evil reports in circulation respecting Dr. McFarland's management of the institution, which had their origin chiefly from my pamphlets and books.

Of course Dr. McFarland saw the necessity of destroying the influence of my testimony over the minds of that Com-

mittee, in order to defend himself from their condemnation, and therefore did not scruple to bring forward this letter as the only tangible evidence he could produce as a witness against me, in defiance of every principle of manly honor, decency, and integrity.

To betray the confidence of a true and virtuous woman, which he, of all other men, had every reason to know that I was, if there ever was one, both in principle and practice, by betraying a "secret" which had been entrusted wholly to his integrity and honor, "as a Christ-like man," is an act of greater turpitude than the guilt involved in the secret itself. The secret itself, when rightly understood, as he well knew, was neither evil in itself, and implied none; but his base attempt to make evil out of it by his betrayal of a sacred trust, was an offense of great magnitude, and must inflict an indelible stain upon his honor as a man.

This was the view taken of the act by this Committee. One of the most experienced and developed gentlemen on that Committee told me himself that, "Of all the black charges brought against Dr. McFarland in all this investigation, none has sunk him so low, in my estimation, as this audacious betrayal of woman's confidence has done," and he added, "this is the universal feeling of the Committee."

By this letter I had simply given the Doctor a tangible proof of the heartfelt gratitude his gentlemanly protection of my rights of conscience had elicited. I could give him my *heart's* best, highest love, but I could not give him anything more, for I had nothing more to give—my hand was another's—money had I none. But my heart had never been appropriated, therefore that I could bestow, and as a spiritual installment, alone, could it be looked upon, under our present environments. But if, in the distant future in this or our future existence, this unsealed fountain of love possessed for him any attractions, it was his by a covenant,

which his own act could seal or not. If he would publish one volume of my book, I was willing to consider the engagement as sealed for ever. But he did not comply with these terms, therefore I am not bound to be his, by this offer of my heart.

But the manner the letter was received, at the time I gave it to him, led me to conclude that the terms would be complied with, and I understood him as having accepted the conditions. I simply handed him the letter and asked him if he would please read it then and there. He took it, and seating himself, silently perused the letter, and re-perused it, then he arose, and without uttering one syllable, approached me and offered me his right hand, which I arose and took, when he made me a low, respectful bow, accompanied with a slight pressure of his hand, and then left my room without speaking.

I considered this as an acceptance of my terms, and I think he intended I should so take it, for he soon after told me why he had delayed thus long—that he intended still to help me through with the book.

Of course, I was satisfied, and 'tis useless to say gratified, for the highest expectations of my future were all consummated in this the Doctor's final decision—as I regarded it. From that hour, the bow of hope ever spanned my horizon of asylum life, so that, come what would, I felt confident I had the promise of a true man to depend upon to help me through any misfortunes or reverses which might befall me henceforth!

But this confidence in Dr. McFarland's manliness met several severe rebuffs while in the asylum, after this, as the facts in my "Modern Persecution" have shown; still, even while he held every line of my precious book in his own thieving hands, during one of the dying paroxysms of this "old man of sin," my faith in it never failed, although every

other human in or about the asylum believed my book was now gone from me for ever! "He will burn it—Mrs. Packard will never see her book again!" was the universally prevailing feeling of both friends and foes.

But while passing under the severest peltings of this tempest of despotic wrath, I ventured the prophecy that "Dr. McFarland never will burn that book—but he will return it to me entire and unharmed!" And in less than three weeks he did return it to me entire and unharmed, with his apologies!

To the observer of these dramatic scenes, there seemed a mystery attached, to which none but myself held the key. This mystic key—this secret of the letter—was the talismanic power which finally and alone wrought out my deliverance from the grasp of this legally-constituted despotism!

And now, viewing this letter as my sole deliverer, shall I say, "I regret writing it"? No!—I cannot; although no act of my life has caused me so keen suffering as this has caused me, by the use to which it has been appropriated. Oh, how my sensitive female nature has writhed under the thought that must be inevitably attached to it by the sensualistic element of society! What part of woman's nature is held with more sacredness, and guarded with stronger safeguards, than she holds her virtue! To receive a stain there, seems to cast an eclipse over the entire group of female excellences, acquisitions, or accomplishments. And to be called upon to defend her virtue! What a sensitive position for a virtuous woman to be placed in! None can know with what feelings of disgust I have shrunk from this task, but those who, *being innocent*, have been driven to do it in self-defense.

But there is one thing I did regret, and do still regret most sincerely, that there is no way to get out of the power of this legally-constituted despotism. I regret that circumstances do exist that drive defenseless woman to use such means of self-

defense, simply because she has *no other resort*—no other safeguard for her virtue!—extended to the wives and daughters of this American Republic, who are now inmates of their insane asylums.

And if this portraiture of her exposures can be used as a means of calling public attention to this terrible evil, and thereby lead to a reform in this direction, *then* shall I feel fully compensated for the pain it has cost me to make this defense.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HOW DR. MCFARLAND USED MY LETTER BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Although my confidence in Dr. McFarland's integrity and honor was cruelly shaken by his removing me from the asylum as he did, and placing me in the hands of Mr. Packard, and appearing against me at my trial at Kankakee by sworn affidavits against my sanity; yet this confidence was not utterly destroyed, until he brought this letter forward before the legislative investigating committee, and the trustees, and his counsel, and the reporters, and asked me if I recognized the handwriting of that letter. I told him I did, saying, "It is my own handwriting, yet I do not know what the document is." I do not remember that I even suspected what it was; but as he had stolen many of my manuscripts while in the asylum, I supposed it was, of course, one of those. This letter I thought had long since been consigned to the flames, as I requested it to be.

But what was my astonishment to find, as the chairman of the committee, Gen. Allen C. Fuller, read the letter, that this document was that identical letter! Imagine it, if you can.

After reading it all through to a most silent and attentive auditory of the before-mentioned individuals, the question was put, "Mrs. Packard, do you recognize that as your own letter, as it reads?"

"I do. It was one I wrote and handed to Dr. McFarland."

"Then you acknowledge it as yours?"

"I do," and was about to make an impromptu explanation and defense, when the chairman—General Fuller—interposed and stopped me, by saying, "Mrs. Packard, you need not speak a word on this subject, on this occasion. You may give us your explanation, in writing, to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, in this room, and before these same witnesses, if they choose to be present."

"Thank you, Gen. Fuller, I esteem it a great privilege you have granted me."

For it was indeed a favor which I was fully prepared to appreciate, since this was at the close of a six hours' examination of my testimony, attended with cross-examination under one of the keenest lawyers Dr. McFarland could find in the state, who was brought into the room in the arms of four stout men, and laid upon a bed in consequence of a recently broken leg. But the Doctor dare not risk himself without this keen cross-questioner, who, Evarts like, left no point unchallenged where Dr. McFarland could gain any advantage over me by way of inconsistencies, absurd opinions in religious belief, or conflicting statements, or by trying to puzzle my mind, so that I might get into some sort of perturbation of which he could take advantage to impeach the value of my statements as a reliable witness, all of which efforts, even with Dr. McFarland as his prompter, failed to elicit anything to their advantage, so that the committee were evidently exulting over the signal victory truth had gained over all their artifice and strategic policy; when at the close of this long and severe strain upon my nerves and mentality, he produced this letter, which to a sensitive woman under any circumstances would have almost confounded her, their manly sympathies were aroused in my behalf, and dictated this very considerate method of meeting this attack.

I had employed no lawyer as my counsel to aid me in this emergency, for I needed none; because truth is its own vin-

dicator. I had no politic plan to work under or to execute to gain my point; but I wanted to simply state *facts* in a clear, calm, dispassioned manner, with openness and candor and frankness. And this I felt that I could do better than any lawyer, inasmuch as I knew these facts of my own experiences better than any one else did.

When I retired from the presence of this august body on the evening of June 6, 1867, in company with my only companion, Mrs. T. F. Shedd of Aurora, Illinois, I burst into a flood of tears, as we descended the steps of the "Dunlap House," in Jacksonville, Illinois, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am ruined! I am ruined! How could Dr. McFarland have treated me so outrageously?"

Mrs. Shedd tried to soothe and comfort me by assuring me I could stand it all—that I had done myself no wrong, nor any other one either; therefore I need not fear but that it would all work out right, in the end.

Comforted by her sensible logic and tender sympathy, after supper we retired to our room to seek the rest and repose I so much needed, in sleep—"balmy sleep!—kind nature's sweet restorer." As my head sunk upon my pillow, I fell into a deep, sound, quiet sleep, from which I woke not until 4 o'clock the next morning.

In this age of nervousness and sleeplessness this fact is a significant one, viz., that through all these three years' scenes of persecution, I never lost one night's sleep! (it was sometimes interrupted by exposure from the maniacs), but as in this instance, I could cast all my cares upon the Lord, and there leave them. What influence the ministrations of my spirit-friends had in securing this tranquilizing influence, I know not. But the *fact* that I could, and did so sleep, and that almost uniformly my sleep was either dreamless, or what seemed, if possible, more refreshing, it was accompanied with "sweet dreams," I do know.

When I woke the thought flashed upon my mind, "In six hours my defense of that letter must be ready to deliver into the hands of the committee! and I must keep a duplicate copy, and not one word is yet written."

Of course this thought aroused my dormant energies thoroughly, and I arose at once, without waking Mrs. Shedd, and after taking a full bath in cold water, I dressed in a loose wrapper, and seating myself before an open window, in the quietude and stillness of the early hour I penned the following

## NOTE TO THE COMMITTEE.

*"Gentlemen of the Committee:*

"Truth is my only apology for writing that letter, viz., the defense of true principles.

"First. I love God. This love is spontaneous—free— independent of my own free will or choice. I love him simply because I can't help it. I don't try to love him; if I had to try to love him, it would be no love at all. I love him because he is the embodiment of the principles of justice, goodness, and truth. And my nature, as God has made it, instinctively reverences these principles, they being the essence of power and protection.

Second. I love myself. The primary instinct of my nature is self-protection. I instinctively fly to, and trust in these principles as meeting this demand. By practically acting upon these principles of justice, goodness, and truth, I trust in God as my protector.

Third: Man is made in God's image. He is the personification of these great principles. In every true man I see a personified Deity. And just in proportion as man is true to his type—his original—just in that proportion do I reverence and love him as my protector. This love is universal—is free—is spontaneous; and so far as my observation extends, I have never found but one man in whom I could not see

some traces of the Divine image—that is, some resemblance to these principles of justice, goodness, and truth.

Fourth: My spirit, in its present embodied form, needs and calls for a protector. As man is strength and wisdom, I instinctively fly to him as this protector, rather than to woman; and just in proportion as he shields and protects me, just in that proportion do I love and honor him. It has been my fortune, or rather misfortune, to have never found, as yet, either a natural or legal protector of my rights of conscience, until I found it in Dr. McFarland: since my father—my natural protector,—and my husband—my legal protector,—had both cast me entirely and solely upon him, as my only protector of soul and body both, I felt myself driven to seek, in him, the protection I wanted. I tested him—I found him wanting. Should I yield to self-destruction, or should I try to defend myself? I tried the latter: but by so doing I lost all the comforts I had left, and secured only abuse and persecution. I had no refuge but my God to flee to.

I lived out the principles of justice, goodness, and truth, as best I could. The latent principle of manliness in Dr. McFarland seemed quickened into life under this influence. The God-man became visible to my inner soul. All his former abuse and cruelty could not conceal this revelation from my spiritual vision.

Instead now of cultivating a perverted human nature, by seeking to avenge my own wrongs, I left this vengeance in God's hands entirely, and applied myself most assiduously to carry out the instincts of a true woman—which is to forgive man on the ground of repentance in action, even without the confession in words; and then try to have our efforts to do them good, even outstrip their attempts to do us an injury, or in other words, "to overcome evil with good."

On this principle, I concentrated all my womanly powers on the single point of trying to fan this embryo manli-

ness into a flame. This proved a complete success. He became my manly protector, seemingly without an effort on his part. Now every noble, manly act of protection he extended to me, in the very gentlemanly manner which few men are able to do equal to Dr. McFarland, instinctively developed in my womanly nature, first, the feeling of gratitude—then of reverence—then of love.

Having now developed the man, I sought him as my protector—or as a means of defending my character—which is far dearer to me than my natural life. This, too, became a success. He allowed me to write an individual, independent book, free from all restraint or dictation, even from himself. This book is dearer to me than my reputation, and as I view it, is worth more to the world than many natural lives like my own. Indeed, I felt willing, and do still, to lay down my life for my book. Dr. McFarland had promised to publish my book, and on this hung all and every hope of my personal liberty.

This bright hope seemed about to be extinguished in utter darkness by his refusal to publish it as he had promised: leaving naught for me to expect but blasted reputation and life-long imprisonment. As my dying hope sought in vain for anything to trust in now, almost in a state of desperation, I ventured to make one more final appeal to this principle of manliness, which you find contained in this letter. This was the final victory. He then satisfied me in regard to his not printing the book, and allowed me to finish writing the book.

When he put me into the hands of my husband I regarded him as still true himself, and true to my interests; but that in putting me into his hands, he had only yielded to the force of circumstances beyond his control—that is, I believed him pledged to do all in his power to do to redeem my reputation from this most cruel brand of insanity.

But the revelations of the court-room at Kankakee, revealed

to my mind the traitor, instead of the man. I now found he had only assumed the mask of manliness, for the malign purpose of betraying my innocence, to shield himself. And the use he is now making of this letter demonstrates that I did not then misjudge him. I regard Dr. McFarland as now having been fairly weighed and found wanting. And the man who is false to a true, pure, virtuous woman, is false to himself and his interests, and will be sure to be false to others' interests. Such a man is fit only to disgrace any office or any trust committed to him.

Again, I hate evil—I can no more love evil than I can hate good. In this sense, I now hate Dr. McFarland—that is, I hate his evil, unmanly, brutal acts, while at the same time I pity the poor sinner. God knows there is not in my heart one feeling of malice towards Dr. McFarland, even now; while at the same time I can no more extend fellowship to him, in his present detestable character, than the prisoners of Andersonville or Libby prison can extend fellowship to Jeff. Davis."

I read the above document at the appointed time and place, in presence of nearly all that were present at the time the letter was read, including Dr. McFarland. But the currents of thought seemed a good deal disturbed, while I was reading it, by the nervous chairman of the committee, General Fuller, in his many fruitless attempts to light his cigar, and in constant perambulation about the room. I stopped several times for him to get seated, with his cigar lighted, yet, he either did not take the hint intended, or his nervous system was in such a state of perturbation that he could not assume the respectful attitude of a quiet listener; for after he had succeeded in lighting his cigar, he kept rapidly walking across the floor from one end of the room to the other, greatly to our annoyance and discomfort. Neither

did he take his accustomed seat at all, but marching up directly in front of me as I finished reading, he put to me the following impudent questions:

“Mrs. Packard, do you now, with your present views, regard the offer of marriage with Dr. McFarland, contained in the letter, as justifiable?”

“Under the circumstances I do. For the reasons set forth in the written explanation, with others.”

“Did you, Mrs. Packard, at the time of writing the letter, know that Dr. McFarland was a married man?”

“Of course I did.”

“Do you consider the letter, or intend the letter, an offer of marriage to Dr. McFarland?”

“I did, with those qualifications or conditions named in the letter.”

Oh, how my sensitive heart did writhe under this battery of shameful questioning! and it did seem to me like an unnecessary and uncalled for infliction, for *had* he listened, as he should have done, to the confession and explanation given in my written document, he might have seen such questioning was useless, so far as eliciting the facts in the case was concerned. And when I afterwards asked him the question, “How could you, General Fuller, put me upon that rack of torture, as you did, by asking me such questions to be publicly reported, to my increased dismay?”

“I intended to make you back down! That was my object!”

“‘Back down!’ General! Do you gain your victories on the battle-field by ‘backing down!’ or, do you face the enemy with the boldness and assurance which the truth and justice of your cause inspire? I *never* ‘back down’ on the truth, Mr. Fuller, and if you count on that kind of a conquest, I can insure you defeat, so far as *one* of your witnesses is concerned!”

“ Well, I —— ! you have more boldness than any four women that I ever before saw, combined ! ”

“ I claim, Mr. Fuller, that I need a quadruple share of courage to cope with such men as I have to deal with. ”

But subsequent disclosures convinced me that this severe trial of my feelings was a necessary link in this investigation ; for had the General not tested my mettle, as a truth-telling witness, as he did, he would not have made the remark I overheard him make in an adjoining room, with the door ajar, “ It won't do for us to try to whitewash this investigation and suppress truth, for if we do, Mrs. Packard will be down *on us* in some of her books ! ”

Yes, General Fuller, if you, or any other great man, venture to throw themselves across the track of human progress to obstruct the chariot of truth in its advances, while Mrs. Packard holds the reins of her own chariot, you will be crushed if you remain there. Woman, dauntless woman ! has taken the driver's seat in these days of innovation, and no steed is too fiery or too fractious to escape or elude her power of control.

The opinion the Doctor entertained of my document deserves a passing notice. While in Chicago not long after, I met a Mr. Jones, one of the trustees, who was compelled to leave before my document was read, and he invited me to come to his office and read to him that document in explanation of my letter, “ For,” said he, “ Dr. McFarland says, ‘ It is the most masterly defense I ever heard. It is a wonderful production ! It is marvelous ! and you don't know what you lost by not staying to hear it. ’ ”

It is a fact, there are but few men, comparatively, who have attained to that stage of manly development, fits to capacitate them to fully appreciate and rightly interpret that document ; but among that class I rank Dr. McFarland as among the first order in this list. But thanks to the inher-

ent principles of human progression, this number has been rapidly augmented within the last sixteen years, and is accumulating now with a constantly accelerated momentum. So that I fondly hope I may yet live to see the day when woman will not be under servile subjection to the sensualistic element of society in their judgment of her womanly arts.

Such being the Doctor's avowed opinion of this defense, I was comforted with the thought that *he* never will make use of it again to my injury, since this explanation has lifted me out of the vortex into which he had tried to plunge me, at least in his own estimation; and therefore he will not dare to be so false to his own judgment as to try to disguise the truth to my injury again. And besides, the verdict of public sentiment everywhere condemned his conduct as mean, in trying to shield himself under such an ugly mask. The act showed his cause to be in a desperate condition, if compelled to resort to such base means of self-defense. And after the newspaper excitement attending the publication of the letter, with the explanation, had passed over, I again settled down to the quiet discharge of the duties attending my canvassing and legislative work.

But vain are the hopes and false the expectations which are based upon the integrity or manliness of Dr. McFarland! for again and again am I disappointed, so that now I am driven to graduate my line of conduct upon the sure and only reliable foundation, that he is my most terrible antagonist, which I must prepare to meet in my every field of effort to inaugurate insane asylum reforms.

As an illustration of the verdict public sentiment awarded me at the time this letter was first published in the papers, with the "note of explanation" accompanying it, in connection with the report of the Investigating Committee, I will here append to this chapter an article which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, dated Dec. 26, 1867:

*“ To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune :*

“ The great anxiety with which the report of our State Investigating Committee has been anticipated, will cause every eye to fasten upon its various topics with the most intense and eager interest. Prominent among these is that part of the document which refers to Mrs. Packard.

“ The universal interest which the history of the lady has already excited, the great good she has achieved in her intrepid and unparalleled labors for the insane, by influencing our State legislature to change its laws for their benefit, surely entitle her to the most generous confidence of an intelligent public, as to all questions of interest that may still be pending respecting her past and present career of action.

“ Allusion is here made to a letter which, in a very peculiar exigency, this lady once wrote, in confidence, to the Superintendent, while under his care at the asylum.

“ The committee, in commenting upon this letter, justly reprehended Dr. McFarland for so unnecessarily producing it. The fact that he did produce this, proves the Doctor to be very severely straitened for self-defense, or he would not have resorted to such a straw to save himself from drowning. He thus made use of this only method, as a most desperate last resort, which could be tortured into the aid of his tottering cause, and being schooled into the knowledge of the world, he well knew that the ignorant and the unreasoning part of community would construe that letter unfavorably to her reputation.

“ But let us look at the facts, before we raise the voice of reprobation or surmise against a character which, tried in the ‘ fiery furnace ’ of affliction, has yet nobly stood the severest tests.

“ Suppose it was ‘ a foolish letter. ’ I cannot imagine how any one, ‘ pure in heart ’ himself, can see any impropriety of

motive in this letter. The very fact that she wrote it in such confiding trust and honest simplicity, is a proof of her innocence; for, had she been influenced by any improper motives towards the Doctor, there could have been no occasion for writing him at all.

“The initiated in guilty ways could easily see plenty of means by which to make improper motives understood, without exposing themselves, by writing it, to the risk of detection. But having no guilt, she saw no need of especial caution, and therefore expressed those spontaneous impulses which every pure and affectionate and deeply-suffering heart must feel in such circumstances. Instances abound everywhere in which persons suddenly saved from death, at once instinctively and impulsively wish to bestow upon their deliverer—hand—heart—a lifelong devotion of gratitude.

“Now it was an object of the greatest possible interest to Mrs. Packard to have her book published. She looked upon this as the stepping-stone to liberty—to darling children—to home—to life itself—to her re-instatement in all these long-lost blessings—with an intensity of desire which none but those who have lost them know how to appreciate.

“Now it was in the power of Dr. McFarland by one word to grant all these, and thus open her path to all that could make life valuable and precious. Had he done this to any person similarly situated, who, in return for such an act, would not have spontaneously accorded to him all the lifelong devotion indicated in her epistle to himself? It is presumed that all the sensible and thinking portion of the community will view this letter in its true light, instead of permitting it to be clouded by unjust aspersion.

“Mrs. Packard’s own defense of this letter will, if rightly considered, prove undoubtedly the best shield against the attacks of slander.

“Let not the friends of Mrs. Packard be alarmed! she will

surely justify their confidence. Her character has been subjected to the severest research and scrutiny in all the numerous relations of life she has sustained; yet not the slightest blemish or stain has ever been made to rest upon it. By her unparalleled industry she has made an indelible impression of good upon the age, and will live in enviable fame long after every mouth of malignant traducers has become for ever silenced.

A FRIEND OF JUSTICE."

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW DR. MCFARLAND USED MY LETTER TO DEFEAT MY BILLS BEFORE THE CONNECTICUT AND MAINE LEGISLATURES.

But in the Connecticut legislature the Doctor did not even have the asylum reform to tempt him to hostility; but he then and there came down upon me with this avalanche of scandal in the *New Haven Journal*, on the morning preceding the action of the committee on my bill to remove some of married woman's legal disabilities, and by its influence seemed to turn the tide of feeling into an adverse report upon my bill. This was in May, 1866, when I, at that time, was concentrating all my forces upon this single bill, and did not even suspect he knew my locality of effort, until this scandalous article appeared. My prospects of success were almost unclouded before this letter from Dr. McFarland appeared, wherein my letter was made the great power he there used to destroy my moral influence! An account of this movement is found in my "Modern Persecution."

In June, 1873, however, I succeeded, in defiance of his opposition, in getting a bill through for the establishment of a "Board of Charities," for the inspection of insane asylums. And my married woman's bill, although deferred, was not ultimately defeated, for, by a persistency of appeals, the first favorable impression was not eradicated, but settled into an act allowing married women their property rights.

There has as yet been not a single exception where I have succeeded in getting a bill through, but I have had to cope with this antagonistic force, either directly or indirectly, in

the progress of the work. Indeed, if I can elude this opposition, I count on success as comparatively sure.

For example: I will here give a detailed account of my Maine campaign work, as it may serve as a type of all others in my method of procedure, and as this has never been published in my other books.

In the first place, I canvass the State for several months prior to the meeting of their legislature, and hold personal interviews with as many of the prominent and influential men as I can come in contact with, and thus bring the features of the contemplated reform bill to their attention, and thus enlist their intelligent sympathies in its behalf. Before leaving them I usually succeed in securing them as patrons to a greater or less extent, of the literature I furnish for enlightenment on this subject, ranging from a five-dollar book to a dime pamphlet. I then obtain their consent that I use their name before their legislature as favoring this reform, and I accordingly record the name as one of my patrons. I confine my efforts almost exclusively to the men, as they are the government as yet, and as it is this power I am trying to enlist in favor of my bill, I use the voters as a power to move their representatives to carry out the wishes of their constituents, as embodied in this list of the names of my patrons. I confine myself to no particular party, either political or religious, as this is strictly a humanitarian—not a sectarian or a political reform.

I head my list of patrons with the clergymen in the place, unless it is a town or city where a governor or judge resides, in which case I get their names first. I then take the lawyers and physicians and all the prominent business men in order as they come, thus confining myself almost entirely to the offices of the proprietors in business. I very seldom visit the residences of the place.

As my method of doing business is entirely original, and

yet very effective, I will describe it so that other canvassers may adopt it if they choose.

I usually stop at a first-class hotel, where I can rely upon the honor and integrity of the proprietor, and in contracting with him for my board and accommodations, I include the privilege of making his office the depository of my books, where my patrons can get their own books by delivering up the checks which they have bought of me, which entitles the bearer to a book. I place my books in his office, and he gives me his receipt for the same, stating that he holds them subject to my order, signed by himself. This, his receipt, I take with me and show to my patron who purchases a book, that he may have this evidence that I have books deposited there for delivery on the presentation of my check.

I tell him I deliver my books then and there, and he pays me the price for the book. I then ask him if he is willing to get his own book himself, with this check, at the hotel office, and thus save me the trouble of transporting them, or he may take the book he has in hand—my specimen book—and I will send the check and get another for myself. Almost uniformly a gentleman will say, "I can call at the office on my way home and get my book as well as not, so you can take your book, without your going or sending for another." Or, "I can send my boy or clerk around with the check, as I see the bearer is entitled to the book."

In this way a great amount of time and labor is saved to the female canvasser, and many more books are actually sold; for if the book is paid for on the spot, you are sure it is a sale, but where a promise to take one at some future time is all we obtain, it is not a sure sale of a book. And besides it is far easier for a patron to pay for his book while his interest in it is at its culminating point under the influence of the personal magnetism of the agent, before he has had time to get cooled off, and begins to calculate upon

some other uses he can find for his money. And when the tickets are sold, the canvasser's labor is done, except to be sure he leaves as many books in the office when he leaves the place as he has unredeemed checks out.

Sometimes, although very seldom, one or more patrons do not get their books at all; and then it is returned to me, as it is my property, if he chooses to give it back to me in this manner. My most marked experience in this line took place in Worcester, Mass., where I deposited my books at a central book store, and took my receipt from the proprietor as usual, and with it to show where my books were deposited, I sold five hundred one dollar checks, entitling each bearer to a one dollar book.

Before I left I put a notice in the *Worcester Spy*, requesting that the check-holders would call and get their books, as the books were in waiting at the bookstore to be delivered at the presentation of the checks. I left quite a number on hand when I left the city, as this number of checks were out. In about three months I advertised again to have the check-holders get their books. But all in vain. Thirty-seven one-dollar books were returned to me as never called for, which I had to sell over again to other parties. But I always left my post-office address with my agent, so that in case any check should come in after the books were taken away, he could mail it to me, and I could return the book by mail to the owner of the check.

My checks are simply small visiting cards, upon which are printed, "The bearer is entitled to the first and second volumes of *Modern Persecution*, by Mrs. E. P. W. Packard," which name was in my own autograph.

After securing all the patronage in Maine which I deemed necessary to secure the passage of my bill, I proceeded to Augusta, at the opening of their legislature in January, 1874, taking with me the names of my patrons as my backers,

leaving in my rear the books they had purchased, to consummate, by their silent influence, the work of educating public sentiment into an intelligent support of the bill.

I then printed all their names in a neat pamphlet form of two leaves under the following heading, viz. :

“ A POPULAR BILL !

*Members of Maine Legislature :*

HON. GENTLEMEN,—As proof that the public sentiment of Maine is in favor of the passage of the bill, ‘To place the inmates of insane asylums under the protection of the laws,’ I place before you the names of three hundred and eighty-three of my Maine patrons—who are voters—and these men have endorsed the provisions of this bill and desire its passage.

MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Jan. 29, 1874.”

Then follow the names of these patrons under the name of the place of their locality.

Portland, for example, has under it Judge G. F. Shepley, Judge Wm. Wirt Virgin, and Judge Kingsbury, Jr., and followed by the names of my eighty Portland voting patrons. My Lewiston list is headed by Judge A. K. P. Knowlton. My Auburn list by Judge W. Morrill, Saco by Judge Moses Emery, Kittery Point by Commodore J. E. Howell, and so on.

These handbills I do not make a general distribution of through the Pages of the legislature, until about the time my bill is to be acted upon by a vote of the body of members; but the committees who consider the bill have it bestowed upon them at the time I present my argument in support of the bill.

Thus I bring my canvassing work to bear directly upon the legislative work, and these two forces combined form a

power not easily overcome or resisted ; for legislators, like other people, like to be popular, especially among their constituents, and if they desire to be sent to their legislature as their representatives again ! and what course is better calculated to insure this honor than to gratify their expressed wishes by giving their vote for a bill which has already received their indorsement ?

My legislative work is usually conducted on this wise. I stop at the hotel where the largest number of the members board, and in contracting for my room and board I include the privilege of not only depositing my books in their office, but also the right to use the public parlor as a place of meeting the members, singly or in company, to hold conversation with them upon the subject of my bill. It may not be necessary for me to add, but the truth will justify me in saying, that I do not use this as a lobby, where I can *hire* the members to vote for my bill ; for buying a vote has never been practiced in my line of legislative business, popularly styled "lobbying for a bill." But I do try to obtain their votes by an intelligent discussion of the intrinsic merits of the bill, and then leave them perfectly free to vote as they then feel individually disposed to do. And these interviews, like those with their constituents, often result in their self-moved expression of a desire to obtain a copy of one of my books, which wish I of course most cheerfully gratify, by selling them a check on the spot, which will entitle the bearer to a book like the specimen book I keep always on hand, found in the office of the hotel. Thus, instead of my buying their votes, they buy my books !

Since my experience with three legislatures, in giving each member a copy of my books, through their Pages, and never getting a "thank you" for a single copy in return, I have concluded that the soul or heart is an individual concern, not a collective affair, distributed throughout corporate bodies,

and therefore, in distributing my books, I find the effect is much more salutary upon my own feelings, and much more profitable to my financial interests, to deal with the members as individuals, and thus receive individual pay from the one who feels that by so doing he is receiving for the money thus expended, an equivalent in value.

I have sometimes bestowed a book upon the Governor, as a kind of complimentary expression of my grateful appreciation of his signature to my bill, after the bill was signed, but never before. Since self-moved acts are the virtuous ones, I aim to make the force of my influence to concentrate upon securing this action on the side I want, by an insensible control of their choice, through their freedom.

In contracting with the proprietor of the "Augusta House," where the carriage taking me in at the *dépôt* landed me, he very kindly advised me to take board and lodging at a neat little cottage opposite the hotel, where I could be comfortably accommodated in an elegant front chamber, warmed, and all by myself, for one dollar a day, whereas he must charge me three dollars a day and I must ascend four flights of stairs at that, to reach the only room he had left to offer me, adding :

"You can use my office as your book depository just the same, and also the parlor, as if you boarded and roomed here, and I will charge you nothing for these accommodations."

Thanking him for his disinterested advice and suggestions, I said to him, "Will you, sir, please be my counselor in my business matters, as I am a perfect stranger in this city, and know no one here? I wish to consult the most competent lawyer in this city to aid me in adapting my bill to the statute laws of this State, before I present it for introduction to the legislature. Will you please tell me the name of such a lawyer, and where he can be found?"

He replied, "I think the very best lawyer I can recommend for this purpose is Ex-Mayor Samuel Titcomb. He is a man of great learning and intelligence, and, having been a member of the legislature, he understands legislative work and has a greater influence over the members of the legislature than any other man in this city. I can recommend you to him not only as a wise counselor and an influential man, but as a Christian gentleman of the first order."

Of course his recommend "filled the bill" of my wants in this direction, and after removing my things into the delightful quarters which the cottage afforded me, I sought for, and found, the office of this able, Christian lawyer, about a mile distant.

I met just the reception this recommendation would lead me to expect, and he invited me into his inner, elegantly furnished office, and gave me a most respectful ear, while I laid my subject before him. And as the result of my nearly two hours' interview, I left much wiser than before; for I now not only found what my bill needed to make it right, and also had it made right, but I knew just the best man in the Senate to introduce the bill, viz., Hon. Senator Webb of Kennebec, and I carried with me a most complimentary letter of introduction to him from my lawyer, his intimate and personal friend.

Thus equipped, I sought the capitol the following morning, in company with a house member, who boarded at the same cottage with me, who kindly volunteered to introduce me to this Hon. Senator Webb to whom my "letter of introduction" was due; which he accordingly did. After perusing my letter and listening a few moments to my conversation, he said:

"I will introduce your bill with the greatest pleasure this morning, Mrs. Packard. But now allow me the pleasure of introducing you to the Governor," and leading the way, he took me to Governor Dingley's private office.

Here I had the pleasure and good fortune to meet Mrs. Dingley, the wife of the Governor, who, after a short interview with me and my honored guide, the Hon. Senator Webb, volunteered her company to go with me to the Senate chamber and see my bill introduced.

Thus, under the sheltering shield of the Governor's wife, I heard my bill introduced, after a most flattering and highly complimentary introduction of the author, to whom all eyes were directed by his concentrating so many encomiums upon the "accomplished and highly educated lady now present with us."

The bill was then read by the clerk, and was promptly referred to the appropriate committee, and ordered to be printed.

My senatorial eulogizer then arose and sought the ear of the chairman of that committee, and after a brief interview, he brought the chairman around to where I was, and introduced him, saying:

"Now, Mrs. Packard, I will pass you over to this honored chairman for you to make such arrangements in regard to your bill as you and he can agree upon."

Thanking him for the part he had so handsomely performed, I accepted the transfer, and thus released him from any further direct responsibility.

The chairman, with exemplary and manly deference to my wants and wishes, in desiring "despatch" as one of my wishes, offered to have a meeting of the committee on the afternoon of that very day, on the floor of the Senate, to listen to my argument in support of the bill. To which arrangement I acceded, and engaged to be in that same place again, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to defend my bill! while at the same time I should have preferred to have had the time a little farther extended, had he not so generously shown that he had done this from a special intent to gratify

my wish as I had expressed in "desiring the greatest possible dispatch to be secured, so that I might be released from their claims upon me, so as to attend to other legislatures, then in session."

Mrs. Dingley and I then retired; she to her husband's office, and I to my room; to improve every moment of the time intervening in preparation for this august occasion; for I was told that, from the style of instruction I had met with, I should doubtless have a full room of curious spectators to see this woman, who had been so highly extolled on the senate floor, by one in whom all seemed to have the greatest confidence, and for whom was manifested the most sincere respect. The time from eleven to two was soon past, with a hasty dinner intervening, and my toilet preparations to go through with, so that I was literally minus of time to spend upon my defense; and taking a manuscript I had used on previous occasions, I concluded I must depend upon an *impromptu adaptation* of it to the present one. I arrived a few moments ahead of time, and was trying to make the most of it, in looking over my manuscript, and also in debating the point in my own mind, whether I had best dispense with all my manuscripts, and risk an extemporaneous effort, or try to adapt my written argument to my new bill while delivering it as best I could, when, lo! as I was opening my eye-glasses, the spring broke, and I had now no eyes to read my notes with!

Thus the question of an entire *impromptu* speech was settled beyond debate, and I just began to try to frame my opening expression, when my name was announced, and I was shown to my position, as the orator for the occasion!

I could hardly help wishing, as I was taking my position, that I had not *so large* a bill of expectation to fill, as my morning eulogist had given me; for my small bump of self-esteem led me to fear that my "accomplishments and educa-

tion" would not prove equal to the high expectations with which I felt that the crowds of my hearers upon the senate floor had thus been inspired. However, as this feeling was attended with the earnest prayer that I might feel satisfied, by simply doing the best I could, I took my stand, and after the first sentence was fairly spoken, such a feeling of perfect, quiet self-assurance took possession of me, that I, from that moment, felt as much at my ease as if I was talking to parlor guests.

And the result proved that their very highest expectations were fully realized if their opinions which reached my eyes and ears, both through the press and verbally, were truthfully and honestly reported.

After my speech of over an hour's length, I had several challenges made, by an ex-governor and judge, who, from an especial interest he had in the financial interests connected with the appointment of the trustees, felt considerably nettled by my convincing logic in favor of the inauguration of a new board, lest the trustees be compelled to "play second fiddle" under it, in its practical workings. And since this ex-governor and judge was a member of the committee to whom my bill had been referred, he had a perfect right to cross-question, and demand proof of what I had stated, just as much as he chose to do. And he made free use of this right. And I also made free use of my rights of free speech in answering his objections, and in defending my own positions. By these discussions the session was extended into hours in length, so that an adjournment became necessary before the committee were prepared to act upon the bill.

Accordingly the following afternoon I met them in the same place to further discuss the bill. Not being familiar with the statute laws of Maine, I sought the services of my lawyer for this occasion, and after battling it alone with this judge for some time, I beckoned to my lawyer, the ex-mayor,

who came to my side, and bending over me, I whispered in his ear, "Why don't you come to my rescue, and take hold, and help me?"

"Because you don't need any help. All the lawyers in Maine can't do better than you are doing, nor so well!" was his reply.

"Well, do help me, and prompt me if you see I do need help, won't you, Mr. Titcomb?" said I.

"Certainly, if I see you need it; but I don't think you will need any help."

Saying this, he returned to his seat, and there remained until the close of our discussion, and did not rise again to my assistance, except once to whisper a thought in my ear, which I at once appropriated.

Another adjournment followed, and after three discussions the committee recommended the bill, with such amendments and qualifications as satisfied me, if it could be passed into a law. To insure this result, I commenced to write articles for the papers there, besides seeking every opportunity offered in conversing with the members, personally, and in engaging the wives of the members to work for the bill, when they could.

And during the three weeks I was there, visiting the capitol daily, when there was a legislative session, I never heard one remark in conflict with the opinion expressed one morning, by one of the members, a distinguished lawyer, in reply to my question, "What do you think of my article in the paper this morning?"

"It is direct, and to the point, like everything else you have said and written since you have been here."

Just as an illustration of the universal respect and courtesy extended to me by all parties, I will mention that one day as one of the pages of the Senate was passing a dish of apples around to the senators, I noticed the President of the Senate

—Hon. John E. Butler—beckon him to his side, and tell him to “Pass your apples *first* to Mrs. Packard,” which he accordingly did do immediately, and observed this order ever afterwards, and then passed them to Hon. Mr. Butler, the president, after he had passed them to me.

When my bill had passed its three readings in the Senate, I followed it to the House, where I now confined my presence and efforts. The bill passed two readings in the House, where it seemed to get “lodged” for a time; still, nothing adverse to its welfare could be detected, except this mysterious delay. But since my antagonist—the judge—was a member of this body, I feared a little that the popular current, although so strongly in my favor, might, by some strategic movement of his be turned against the bill, for I knew he felt a little sore at the conquests I had gained over him in argument.

Still, I seemed to retain the high position of respect and esteem that was so signally conferred on my first appearance among them, until suddenly, as a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky, I perceived a noticeable and very painful coldness, and an apparent avoidance of my morning salutations as I entered the House on the morning of the day set for the “third reading” of my bill.

What could this mean? I shuddered! I trembled in the vagueness of doubt and uncertainty and evil apprehension concerning my bill, until one of the members came, and sitting down by me before the session was called to order, inquired if I had seen the paper that morning. I told him I had not, adding, “Why? is there anything of particular interest in it?”

“There is a long article of a column or two, which bears on the subject of your bill. But since it is anonymous we cannot know surely who takes the responsibility of the article; but it certainly is from a source unfriendly to your bill,” he replied.

"But what is the character of the article?" I inquired.

"It is a shameless impeachment of your sanity, your honor, and your virtue. Now I wish to ask you, did you ever write Dr. McFarland a letter wherein you offered yourself to him in marriage, while in the asylum?"

"Oh! horrible! Has the enemy got into this camp before my bill is through? Can it be that Dr. McFarland is using this weapon here against me? Yes, sir, I did write him a letter, which I presume is the one you refer to; but, sir, the legislative committee, by their investigation, have vindicated me from its evil import, and oh! how can Dr. McFarland now use it to defeat my work?"

Then I knew why I was shunned so that morning, and why the morning papers were so all-engrossing to the members that morning. And, too, I now knew why the wives of the members, who before showed so much interest in my business, now passed me so coolly, without even giving me their usual morning salutation—and why they left me entirely alone in the House, while they all went to the Senate that morning—and I knew too why the Governor's wife in passing my seat stopped just long enough to say, "I am sorry for you, Mrs. Packard."

Yes, in my solitary loneliness, while I sat with my black crape veil covering my face, with my head resting upon my hand, with my elbow resting upon the arm of the sofa, during the opening prayer of the chaplain, I wept to think of this sad reverse in my before cloudless prospects. How untimely! Why could this attack not have been delayed one day longer? just one day, and my bill would have been passed. Oh! was there no force in the universe that could hold this—my enemy and persistent persecutor—in check long enough to get my bill fairly through before he made this attack upon my character?

With thoughts such as these, I did not try to obstruct the

avenue which nature sought as a temporary relief from this pent-up sorrow, by any effort to restrain the fast-falling tears,—but on the contrary I gave up to them, and for some time after the prayer, and while the business of the House was going on, I continued to weep on. But I could not help noticing that a peculiar kind of subduedness and quiet reigned, in the calm and noiseless manner the business was transacted; still, I did not look up until just the moment I saw Mr. Pullen, of the "*Portland Press*," a very tall, dignified gentleman, and a very influential member of the House, arise from his seat in the center of the hall and walk down through the center aisle, across the front of the body of members, and approaching me, bent his tall form over me and said, "Mrs. Packard, don't you feel so bad! You have moved the sympathy of every member of this body. Your bill will pass. Don't you fear!"

"Oh! thanks—a thousand thanks! for your kind words of sympathy. Oh! don't let the bill be killed! Do what you please in passing judgment upon me, but *Oh! spare my bill!*"

"We will pass your bill, Mrs. Packard." And saying this he returned to his seat.

Soon another member came, and seating himself by me, administered the same soothing cup of manly sympathy in his assurance that the bill would surely be passed. He added, "We, the members, realize the source from whence these rumors come—from your persecutors! who seem determined to destroy you if they can. But we look upon this act as a most ungentlemanly attack upon a woman's character, and we, as a body, condemn it entirely, not only as uncalled for, but as barbarous and cruel. Let me tell you, Mrs. Packard, you are known personally here too well to suffer this scandalous attack to have much influence over the minds of the members. You have the sincere respect of this body still,

and we shall cherish your memory with profound respect, in the light of your own lady-like deportment while among us."

"I thank you most sincerely for your compliments, but a thousand times more do I thank you for your assurances that my bill will pass. Would you, sir, advise me to reply to the article through the paper?"

"No, I would not. The dignity of silence, I think, will be your best way of meeting such an attack," said he.

"My feelings and judgment both indorse this course," said I; "and it has always hitherto been my only way of meeting it. I never have given even a newspaper reply to any of his previous attacks of this nature. Now, sir, is there anything more that I can do to help the cause of the bill, in your judgment?"

"No, I think there is nothing more that you need to do. You can now go on to Boston to attend to your bill there, and trust it entirely with us, with perfect safety that it will be passed."

He had hardly reached his seat, when the "third reading" of my bill was called for. One member remarked, "I think, in view of what has taken place, that it would be best to defer the final action upon this bill until another time," which was voted upon, and thus deferred.

The next morning, after settling with my lawyer, I left, and had hardly got established in my new quarters, at the "Winthrop House" in Boston, Mass., when a telegram was handed me from the Maine legislature, reading thus: "Mrs. Packard, your bill has this day passed without a dissenting vote!"

Thus it seems that, without this mighty antagonist to cope with, in his use of this cruel weapon against me, my work in the legislatures would be comparatively easy and pleasant. But as it is, it is painful to think what a sudden revulsion of feeling I am liable to suffer from this source. If Dr. McFar-

land had even the honor and justice to publish with the letter my "Note to the Committee," explaining the letter in my own language, it would not seem so inhumanly cruel and unmanly. But this he never does, and therefore this defense seems imperative, to remove obstacles in the way of my legislative work.

And that obstacles should be removed which retard or defeat this humanitarian work, seems, from my standpoint of observation, to be a very desirable achievement. To show that the bills thus passed are benign and salutary in their influence over the inmates of insane asylums, I will follow out this bill in its workings, as a single fair specimen of all the others I have succeeded in getting through other legislatures.

While in Augusta, I availed myself of the first opportunity presented to visit the insane asylum in that city, which was to accept of an invitation extended to me by Superintendent Harlow, of that institution, through one of the appointed commissioners to enlarge the institution or build another. He called at my boarding-place, and delivered Dr. Harlow's invitation in person, and at the same time offered to take me over to the hospital himself in his own sleigh, a distance of about two miles, if I would consent to thus accompany him. I gladly accepted the Doctor's invitation, as well as the Commissioner's offer to take me over in his sleigh; and we were soon on our way to the hospital. We were met by Doctor Harlow and his assistant, not only with civility, but with evident cordiality, and were invited to make just as free use of the keys of the institution, in our observations, as we could wish or desire.

Notwithstanding I had heard much to the praise of Dr. Harlow as a "model superintendent," I must say I was not a little astonished at this unqualified and unrestricted license thus awarded me, an entire stranger to him; for I had known

too much about asylums not to know that this was a rare act, and a rare reception and welcome to extend to insane asylum visitors!

I said to myself, "Dr. Harlow must either be a very good, fair man, or a very fair hypocrite. He either has nothing in his asylum which he is afraid to have known, or he is determined to remove all such apprehensions so completely as to lead us to take his word for it 'that he is all right,' at least without even seeking or desiring the confirmation of our own senses." However, since this afforded me such a rare opportunity for making observations in an insane asylum, I determined to make the most of it, at all risks!

And in doing so, I noticed another strange phenomenon for an insane asylum, viz., that neither the Superintendent nor his assistant manifested the least sort of uneasiness in my interviewing their patients, not even so much as to seem to try to get within even hearing distance of us, so as thus to embarrass the utterances of the patients in the least degree. Indeed, I was left in any ward alone with the patients just as long as I wished, or I could take any patient and closet myself with him or her in any side room just as long as I pleased, without seeing the least impatience manifested on the part of either these officials or the attendants.

Under these auspices of entire freedom I visited every place where a human being was kept, and looked upon them and talked with them just so long as I could desire to do so, to feel that I had reached the bottom facts of one insane asylum on this continent. And this is the only one I ever was allowed to explore in all my previous observations, and never have I found another since; and what is more, I don't expect to find another. For I am too well known as an evil hunter in insane asylums to be allowed to search for it myself in any but the State Asylum at Augusta, Maine, under the superintendence of Dr. Harlow. And it was not because my character was not

known in this institution that Dr. Harlow awarded me this great privilege, and the opportunity of finding evils if evils did exist, for in every ward my name seemed like a household word among them, and the simple announcement of my name brought a group of not only gazers around me, but also a multitude of caresses, congratulations, and thanks for what my efforts had already accomplished in ameliorating their condition.

Some would exclaim, "Oh! Mrs. Packard! you can't think how much our condition has been improved by the agitation you have aroused on this subject!

"We are being treated better and better every day since we heard of your efforts for us; and since we have heard of your coming to Augusta we have been treated ever so much better!

"Oh! do get your bill through, for I know I shall be liberated then if you do! for I never ought to have been put in, and now nobody seems to care whether I ever get out or not."

In answer to all their inquiries as to the prospects of my bill, upon which their deliverance seemed suspended, I would assure them that the legislature were their friends, and they seemed determined that justice should be done the inmates of their insane asylum. "Therefore be patient," I added, "and do the best you can until the committee which my bill inaugurates comes to make a direct and personal inquiry into your case."

Upon my second visit there I was in company with the committee to whom my bill was referred, and went in response to an invitation from the superintendent, Dr. Harlow, when the patients seemed so overjoyed and were so demonstrative in the manifestations of their joy, that the committee remarked:

"I didn't know but they would eat you up, Mrs. Packard."  
"I didn't know but we should lose you entirely." "You

seemed to absorb all their interest—they didn't seem to care for one of us at all."

As we were at last all grouped together in the asylum reception-room, waiting for our teams to take us back to the capitol, one of the committee remarked:

"Well, Mrs. Packard, with our good superintendent and our well-managed model institution, as you admit it to be, you do not think there are any patients in this institution that ought not to be here, do you?"

I replied, "I think, Mr. Chairman, there are fifty here confined as patients that ought not to be here!"

"Oh! Mrs. Packard, I am afraid you are too hard upon us; Dr. Harlow is too good a man to keep any here who ought not to be here," he replied.

"Well, gentlemen, pass the bill!" said I, "there can be no harm in testing this point by such a bill; for it don't hurt a good man to be watched, and a good man ought to be watched to keep him good, and a bad man may be kept out of the position when he leaves, by it; and if my opinion is fallacious, it ought to be known, and if it is true, these patients ought to receive the benefits of the bill. And, gentlemen, you know that the *discovery* of crimes never kills; their concealment—their successful concealment—is the true peril. It is fraud unpunished that disgraces. It is hypocritical appearances and dishonest practices *unwhipped of justice*, which constitute dishonor. And as the business of earth ought to make the manhood of heaven, you are responsible for perverting this law, by using the asylum business in making fiends of the superintendents, instead of men, by providing no safeguards as a wholesome check upon this now entirely irresponsible power."

Thanks to the Maine legislature of 1874! this has been tested, to the joy of fifty or sixty patients who have thus been released from an insane asylum imprisonment, by this act of

legislative justice! if the testimony of my lawyer in a postal to me is true, dated Augusta, April 6, 1874, viz.: "I learn that the act of 1874 will relieve the insane asylum of some fifty or sixty patients. Yours truly, S. T."

And as proof that the bill is salutary in its workings, I will append the testimony of Governor Dingley and Mrs. C. A. Quinby, the lady on this visiting board. I wrote to these parties to ascertain the facts in the case, to meet my antagonists in other legislatures, who said that the Maine bill had proved a "failure" in its operation! viz.:

GOVERNOR DINGLEY'S LETTER.

"STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
AUGUSTA, JUNE 20, 1874.

"MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD:

"*Madam*,—Yours of the 18th, inquiring as to the workings of the law enacted by the last legislature of this State, which provides for a Visiting Committee, consisting of one woman and two members of the Executive Council, to inspect the Insane Hospital, and present to the Trustees and Governor and Council such suggestions as may seem advisable, is before me.

"Thus far the law has worked well, and has been instrumental in bringing about improvements in the hospital, and in inspiring increased public confidence in its management. Especially was that feature of the law which requires that one member of the Visiting Committee shall be a woman, proved to be of peculiar advantage.

Respectfully yours,

NELSON DINGLEY, JR."

MRS. QUINBY'S LETTER.

"AUGUSTA, ME., June 20, 1874.

"MY DEAR MRS. PACKARD,—In reply to your question, 'Is

the new law, passed by our legislature, a success or failure? I would say that, as one of the Committee, from every source comes to me the commendation of it. The Committee have attended to their duty, and have had the satisfaction of seeing *much improvement* as a result. As far as my knowledge goes, all say it is a very necessary law, and capable of doing great good in all our insane asylums.

“ Say to the opposers of your bill, it is *not true* that it has been a failure, in my judgment, and that of the best men and women of our city and State.

Ever your friend,

C. A. QUINBY.”

The above are only fair specimens of many other letters I have from other governors and committees, giving their unequivocal testimony in favor of the bill, in its adaptation to the removal of the evils of our insane asylums. In fact, I have not heard one single testimony against the bill, or its workings, except from those superintendents who have their power to do evil thus circumscribed or limited. But such superintendents as Doctor Harlow, who are willing to stand where their own actions place them, do not oppose it, for they have no evil actions which they fear will be exposed by it, to their dismay.

Another point ought to be noticed in this connection, viz., that, to the joy of Maine tax-payers, this act revealed the gratifying fact that their present institution was now sufficiently capacious to accommodate all their citizens who ought to be imprisoned on account of their insanity; therefore the services of their Board of Commissioners for the enlargement of their old asylum, or the erection of a new one, could be indefinitely postponed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HOW DR. MCFARLAND USED MY LETTER TO DEFEAT MY BILL BEFORE CONGRESS.

But as the revelations of "The Mystic Key" will not be complete without my experiences in Washington, a somewhat detailed account is necessary in summing up my defense.

It was in January of 1875, that I found myself in Washington, an entire stranger, and alone, seeking some avenue through which I could, in some effective way, get a bill before Congress, that would require the Postmaster-General to put up a post-office box upon every insane asylum in the United States, both public and private, into which the inmates could drop their own letters, without interference from the asylum officials. To insure my success in this movement, I had been advised to first seek an interview with ex-Governor Jewell, the Postmaster-General, and enlist his sympathy in behalf of the bill, and, if possible, get a recommendation from him to Congress, that this measure be adopted.

I accordingly sought his office at the General Post-Office Building, and sent in my card by his page, asking to meet him in the reception-room adjoining his private office. Postmaster Jewell soon presented himself with my card in his hand to see what I wanted. I arose and met him in the center of the room, and while standing inquired if he could then, or at any future time, allow me fifteen minutes to present my subject to his notice.

He inquired, "What is your subject?"

I replied, "I cannot explain it short of fifteen minutes' time. Shall I be intruding upon you to take that time now?"

"I am very busy," he said, "yet I should like to know what your business is, now."

When I had occupied about two minutes in telling him that I wanted to get a post-office box put upon the insane asylums of the United States, and I wished to explain my reasons for desiring it, hoping I might thus enlist his interest in behalf of my bill, and by his advice and influence help me in securing this object, he suddenly interrupted me by saying, "Why don't you get a box put upon all our locked institutions, prisons and convents, etc.?"

"Because, Governor Jewell, I am afraid I should fail entirely, if I undertook the whole at once, and as I think our insane asylums need them most, I thought I would limit my bill to them in this movement; but I have not given you my reasons for so viewing the subject, as yet, but I flatter myself that when I have, you will agree with me in this opinion."

He quickly retorted, "I have heard enough! I don't wish to hear any more. I am not interested in the subject, and know all I wish to know already."

So saying, he turned to go away, when seeming to bethink himself, he turned as he reached the threshold of his private office, and said, in a manner which seemed to me like mock politeness, "You must excuse me. I have no time to give you. I have others in waiting; good morning!" and passed into his office, closing the door after him!

I resumed my seat upon the sofa to consider for a few moments what now was to be done. "Here," thought I, "is the man of all others in Washington, as universal report has it, upon whom I can rely with implicit confidence, not only as a perfect gentleman, but as a humanitarian, who of

all others, the people had told me, everywhere, would be my warm sympathizer in this philanthropic work. And now, what is the result of all these high expectations, upon which, I might almost say, all my hopes of success had been based? Blasted! Blasted in a breath! And my self-respect is hurt, too, by his unjust and ungentlemanly manner towards me. It even savors of contempt in its influence upon my sensitive nature. His assumption of suavity seemed so evidently 'put on,' that it did not conceal the scornful feeling underlying it, that I was a being beneath his notice or regard!"

After revolving these unhappy feelings in my mind for a few minutes, I took my silent leave, and returned in sadness to my lonely room, there to ruminate over my sore disappointment in my very first move to get my bill into notice, and to consider what next must be done.

As the result of these cogitations, I concluded that since following the suggestions and advice of so many others has proved fallacious, I will now follow my own suggestions; and having reached this point, I sought the lady of the house, to inform me regarding the customs and etiquette of Washington society, so that I need not blunder egregiously in the execution of my purpose. When I informed her my plan now was to seek an interview with President Grant, she was very incredulous about my succeeding at all there. Said she, "You can't get even into his presence, as I think, for he will only admit just such callers as he chooses; and if I am rightly informed, there are more refused admittance than secure it."

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said I; "I can't be worse off even if I am refused, and if I am admitted, as one of the fortunate few, it may perhaps help my cause."

I accordingly went alone to the "White House," and with no letter of introduction—with nothing but my visiting cards for my equipment, and my satchel of books! I inquired of the colored man porter at the door if Mrs. President Grant

was in. To his affirmative reply, I requested him to inform her that a lady friend from Chicago would like to see her. After seating me in the reception-room he sought Mrs. Grant with my message, and in about five minutes returned, saying, "Mrs. Grant would be happy to meet her friend in her drawing-room," and after entrusting my satchel of books to the porter, I followed him into Mrs. Grant's private reception-room—the most elegant room in the "White House."

She met me at the door with an extended hand of welcome, and as I interpreted my message as "being her friend" on the general basis of being a friend to her husband's administration, I saw a look of disappointment pass over her face as she said, "I was expecting to see some of my Chicago personal friends!"

"If we have not met as personal friends, I hope we shall part as such, Mrs. Grant. Now will you allow me to explain the object of my visit?"

"Certainly. Go on," said she.

After explaining in general terms the need and object of my bill, I told her I had called to see if I could get her signature to head my petition to Congress, which I should like to have accompany my bill.

She replied, "I shall be compelled to decline that honor, Mrs. Packard, as the President is unwilling I should have anything to do personally with public affairs."

"Very well, I accept your apology, as just and reasonable, and am satisfied to have every one follow the dictates of their own reason and conscience in their own actions, while at the same time I should have been highly gratified to have had your signature. Now," I added, "are you willing I should tell you why I came to espouse this cause?"

"Certainly, I wish you would, for I was just about to ask you that very question myself."

I then held her spell-bound as it were—for all her callers save

one were summarily refused admittance—for three-quarters of an hour, by a recital of the chief points in my experiences of persecution for religious belief, and in my experiences of the legal disabilities of married women by the legal use of the marital relation in effecting this persecution, when her astonishment and indignation expressed itself in these words :

“ Why, Mrs. Packard, why don't you write a book? It would be one of the most interesting books ever written, for I have learned now more in hearing you talk, than I have ever learned in all the lectures I ever attended! Why don't our lecturers tell us of these things? ”

“ I have written a book, ” said I.

“ Have you? Why, I have not heard of it! Where can I get one? I want two, one to read, and one to lend. ”

“ I have some in the reception-room in my satchel, which I entrusted to the care of your porter, as I came in. ”

“ Well, you get them, and I will send for my money, and get two of your books, ” she said.

I did as she requested, and she took two books and paid for them, and then said, “ Now, Mrs. Packard, I want you to come here to-morrow evening, and tell Ulysses all about these laws for married women—just as you have told me—for I don't think he knows what the laws are himself! Will you come? ”

“ I will, with the greatest pleasure, Mrs. Grant, for I desire an interview with the President very much. ”

As I arose to leave, she remarked, “ Now, Mrs. Packard, I will sign your petition with the greatest pleasure, and will most cheerfully do anything else in my power to aid you in your very praiseworthy undertaking. ”

“ Thank you, Mrs. Grant, for your proffered aid, and for your kindly sympathy; but how is it? did you not say when I first came, that you could not sign it on account of your husband's unwillingness that you should come before the public in this manner? ”

“Well, willing or unwilling, I will do it, because it is right!” was her prompt and energetic reply.

The next evening I went to meet my appointment, and was asked at the door if my name was Mrs. Packard; which I of course said it was. He then said, “The President wishes me to say to Mrs. Packard that he has an appointment this evening to dine with the King of the Sandwich Islands, of which Mrs. Grant was ignorant when she made the appointment. And he wishes me to say that he will be very happy to meet Mrs. Packard at his office at eleven o’clock to-morrow morning.”

“Please tell the President that Mrs. Packard will meet his appointment with pleasure,” said I, and left.

The next day, at the appointed time, my name was announced in the reception-room of the President’s office, where the large group of waiting guests were sitting waiting their turn to be summoned into his presence. I entered, and took a seat at the side of the table, close by the President, who sat at the end of the table, alone, in his private office. With as few words as possible I introduced my subject, and asked his advice. To which he replied:

“Mrs. Packard, I think your work is very commendable. It is a matter of surprise to me that no one has undertaken this work before. The insane ought to have their post-office rights protected to them as well as any other class of citizens, and it ought to be as much an offense or crime to intercept their letters as to intercept my own; for, insane letters can’t hurt any one! I get them every day, and they do not hurt me at all! And my advice to you is, that you get up a bill of just what you want, and get it introduced into both houses, without any petition at all accompanying it, and I will use my influence with the members to help you on, and this will be of more service to you than a petition, and save you a great amount of labor in getting it up, and signed. I

will speak to Mr. J. B. Packer of the House, the chairman of the committee to whom your bill will be referred, and request him to ask you to go before that committee and defend your bill. And here is my card," taking up a card and writing upon it his name, and handing it to me he continued: "Take this card as your introduction to my cabinet, and talk with them, and thus secure their influence in your favor, and tell them I approve of it, and they will work with me in helping on your bill."

After thanking him for his gentlemanly consideration of my cause, I withdrew, after an interview not exceeding ten minutes in length, which was due to Mrs. Grant, as she had so fully posted her husband as to the facts, that it entirely superseded the necessity of my repeating them, to capacitate her husband to become my intelligent co-laborer.

Thus I found, to my great joy, that although I had had the misfortune to lose the Postmaster-General, for some unaccountable reason, I had the better fortune to find I had secured the President in his stead, not only as my personal friend, through his wife, but as my able and powerful co-worker, as well as counselor!

Now, with the President's card, in his own handwriting, I felt myself fully equipped for my Washington work, for I well knew the power attached to this little piece of paper, not only to unlock the doors of his cabinet, but even the foreign ministers' doors were opened which would otherwise have been closed against me, and also to insure me a respectful reception, and a patient and attentive listener; and with these points secured, success seemed to be almost inevitable. For example, as one case is about a type of all others, including the President's cabinet, and the foreign ministers, I called at the Treasury building and asked an interview with Mr. Wilson—the Solicitor of the Treasury, and received in reply, "Can't be seen, too busy!"

Handing the President's card, I said, "Please take this in to Mr. Wilson, and ask him if the bearer can be admitted." Soon he returned, and with a marked change in his manner reported, "Mr. Wilson is now ready to receive the bearer into his private office." I found all other guests had been summarily dismissed, to attend to one of President Grant's guests! A patient and quiet hearing followed a very respectful salutation. Then follows his questions, viz.:

"Who sends you out, or what organization employs you?"

"I work under no organization but that of my own faculties. I am a self-appointed agent for this work."

"But who supports you in it?"

"No one, sir; I bear my own expenses, and work for nothing."

"That is cheap enough, I'm sure! But how do you pay your expenses. It must cost you a great deal to travel and meet all the expenses attending your work?"

"I support myself wholly by the sale of my own books."

"Do your books give an account of what you have been telling me?"

"They do. Here is one." And I handed him my book—"Modern Persecution," in two volumes.

"Did the President get one?"

"He did through his wife, and he told me to call on you, for he thought you would, like himself, approve of my cause."

"I do approve of it, and I will assist you by my influence, and buy your book, for you deserve and ought to be sustained in your great and important reform. What is the price of your book?"

"Five dollars for the gilt-bound, and three fifty for the plain-bound."

"I will take this copy—the gilt-bound—and pay you now, can I?"

"Yes, sir; and I thank you for your patronage and prom-

ised help. Who would you recommend for me to seek, as patrons, in this building?"

Thus I pursue my work of educating public sentiment about the city, and scatter my books at the same time, thus making my business self-sustaining.

After preparing my bill under the direction of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, an attorney-at-law in Washington, and showing it to the attorney-general of the post-office, and several other judges, to get their criticisms upon it, I gave it to General J. R. Hawley of the House, to introduce, and also to Hon. A. A. Sargent of the Senate, to introduce there. Both gentlemen introduced the bill, and it was referred to the Committee on "Post-Offices and Post-Roads," of which Hon. John B. Packer was chairman of the House committee, and Hon. Alexander Ramsey chairman of the Senate committee.

Through President Grant's influence, Mr. Packer invited me before his committee to defend my bill. It proved a success, and they paid me the uncommon compliment of requesting a copy of my argument for publication. Hon. Thomas C. Platt made the motion to the House, and it was printed, nine hundred copies of which now lie among the archives of the capitol, to be handed down to coming ages as a relic of the present age.

While at the capitol, I had the good fortune to get an interview with Senator T. W. Ferry of Michigan, and as he was on the Senate committee, he volunteered to get me a hearing before their committee at ten o'clock on the day specified. A lady from my boarding-house, who was watching her bill to recover damages for Indian depredations, accompanied me, when we met Senator Ferry at the door, who asked me if I felt competent to defend my bill, adding, "Hon. Mr. Hamlin, our chairman *pro tem.*, has been arguing against it, and I fear you will find it hard to get a favorable report on

your bill from our committee. But I want you to be short, so as not to consume too much time."

"Senator Ferry," replied I, "I claim that I am competent to defend my bill, or I should not be here asking the privilege of doing so."

Upon this, he introduced us into the committee-room, and seating my friend upon a sofa at one side, he led me to a large arm-chair at the head of a long table, on the sides of which sat the other members of the committee, and Hon. Hannibal Haulin at the end opposite me. On one side sat the clerk of the committee, an able lawyer, who was called upon first to read my bill, which is as follows :

"43D CONGRESS, )  
2D SESSION. } S. 1075.

*"In the Senate of the United States, Jan. 5, 1875.*

"Mr. Sargeant asked and, by unanimous consent, obtained leave to bring in the following bill, which was read twice, referred to the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, and ordered to be printed :

"A BILL

For the Protection of the Postal Rights of the Inmates of Insane Asylums.

*"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled :*

"That, for the purpose of securing the postal rights of inmates of insane asylums, the postmaster-general, whenever requested by the authorities of any State, be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause to be placed upon or in any insane asylum, private or public, within the territory of said State, a post-office box, into which the letters of the inmates may be dropped by the writers themselves ; which box shall not be under the control or surveillance of the officers of said

asylums, but subject to such outside censorship as the legislatures of the several States shall determine. The collection of the mail-matter deposited in said boxes shall be made at least once a week by an employé of the Post-Office Department."

At the request of the chairman, I then read my argument in support of the bill, and closed by asking the honorable chairman if he would confer upon me the great favor of reporting upon the bill at as early a date as possible.

"Your request shall be granted," was his reply.

A vote was then taken that the Senate print my argument if the House failed to do so, and Mr. Ferry took my copy for that purpose. He then took me out, and as he closed the door after us, he remarked, addressing the lady accompanying me, "Well, Mrs. ——, if you can make as good an argument for your bill, as Mrs. Packard has made for hers, I can insure its passage!"

"Oh!" thought I, "Senator Ferry is not ashamed of me, after all! I guess he thinks now that I can defend my bill."

This exceedingly gratifying conclusion received a very pleasing confirmation, a few days after, by meeting the clerk of this committee very unexpectedly, in the gallery of the Senate, who was there serving as door-keeper to the diplomatic gallery. He at once recognized me, and extended me his hand, saying, "I am the Clerk of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, and heard your argument in support of your bill, and I want to tell you what was said after you left."

"I should be very happy to know, as Mr. Ferry told me, as he took me in, that the prospects of my bill looked rather unpropitious, since the Chairman had argued so strongly against it."

"When you left the room, Mrs. Packard, Mr. Hamlin, the

Chairman, promptly remarked, 'Gentlemen of the Committee, to my mind the very able argument of Mrs. Packard has met every conceivable objection that can be raised against the bill. I am now prepared to vote for it with both hands! and I would recommend you all to give it your approval.' Not a single objection was raised against it, but on the contrary, I heard more encomiums pronounced upon your argument than any I ever before heard expressed, by any committee, such as, 'It was an able argument.' 'I hardly think any lawyer can be found who could excel that argument.' 'It couldn't have been made more convincing, as I look at it,' and such like expressions. Indeed, Mrs. Packard, it was, in fact, the best and most able argument I ever heard from a woman, and I think I may say in fact, the best I ever heard from any source. You have reason to be proud of this effort, for it is an honor, such as can be claimed by few, that your speech merits, as a literary production."

I thanked him most sincerely for his encouraging words of comfort, and I added, "I hope your compliments will not make me vain, but simply stimulate my efforts to make me try to deserve, in some small degree, the high encomiums thus so kindly conferred."

"You can well appropriate them for your encouragement, for really you are peculiarly well capacitated for the great work you have undertaken."

Such compliments from such a source are indeed very gratifying, but they are far from being satisfying in their nature, unless attended with the best of all compliments, viz., the success of achievement. This alone "can fill the bill," so far as my organization is concerned.

My invariable motto is, and always has been, "No such thing as failure!" Temporary defeats I must of course meet, but if the cause is a good one no failures must be tolerated! If I don't succeed, I "try and try again," and yet again, until,

as a member of the Massachusetts Legislative Committee there remarked, "We passed the bill because we could not do otherwise, for Mrs. Packard was so very persistent, we could not bluff her off."

Yes, in defense of my persistency, I told this very chairman, "I intend it shall, in truth, be said of me, 'She hath done what she could,' and I do hope it will not be said, in truth, of my committee, 'Ye did it not!'"

"Oh! Mrs. Packard, you must not be too hard upon us. You know all do not think alike upon the same subject, and some things might satisfy us that do not you."

"That is all true, I acknowledge, but, *do something* is what I demand. Nothing won't 'fill your bill,' surely!"

I remember, too, pleading with this same chairman in these words, "I am like the importunate widow, who will not take a denial, even if I am driven to *weary* you into a compliance."

"But why, Mrs. Packard, are you so persistent? You are well enough off. The bill grants you no favors or benefits?"

"Because, sir, I am pleading for those who have no helper! no one to plead for them! and although they may never know who their benefactor has been, to even thank me for espousing their cause, yet, I shall have the satisfying consciousness of knowing myself that a great favor has thus been conferred upon suffering humanity."

And it is with virtuous pride that I can say that this very satisfying meed of praise I so much desire was conferred by the committee's unanimous report in favor of my bill the very afternoon of the day I presented my argument, as copied from the records, viz.: "January 1875, Mr. Hamlin, from the Committee on Post-Offices, reported favorably on the bill to protect the postal rights of the inmates of insane asylums."

Thus was my bill favorably reported by both committees, and placed upon the docket, to await its order in being "called up" for the bodies to vote upon it, in accordance with

the recommendation of their committees, as it is hoped ; for it is the custom of Congress to entrust bills of this nature to the judgment of their committees, as a general thing, and give their votes in accordance with their recommendation.

Therefore the bill was left in as favorable a position as we could expect, but not so favorable as we could desire. I should have rejoiced to have taken it through both houses, and had it indorsed by the President's signature before I left, or before that session of Congress was adjourned. But this was an impossibility, since the appropriation bills were introduced just at the time my bill was reported, and these engrossed the whole attention of the members in the few remaining weeks of the session.

The next session, I secured the services of Hon. James Monroe, who from that time has taken charge of the bill, and had it introduced into the new Congress, where it was printed, as the House of Representatives Bill 452, and referred to the "Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads," and from letters received from Hon. Mr. Monroe, I see he is determined to be faithful to the trust committed to him in superintending this bill through Congress. May his efforts be speedily crowned with success !

During the last week of my seven weeks' sojourn in Washington, I one day met in the capitol Hon. Thomas C. Platt, the New York Representative, a member of my Committee, who informed me that, at the request of Dr. Sawyer, superintendent of the insane asylum in the District of Columbia, a meeting of their committee had been called for that evening, to listen to Dr. McFarland's opinion of Mrs. Packard's sanity. He said, "Dr. McFarland is anxious to prove to the committee that you are an insane person."

"Indeed !" said I, "has my enemy found me again ? Can I never elude his evil eye ? What will you do, Mr. Platt ?"

"Do ?" said he, "I told them that I did not understand

that *Mrs. Packard* had come to Congress to be passed! but that it was her *bill* we were called upon to pass. Is the bill sound and reasonable? is what we, as Congressmen, are to consider, not to test the state or condition of its defender."

"That is right, Mr. Platt! that has the right ring to it! Stick to that position and you will be prepared to meet him," said I, laying my hand upon his arm.

I do say that this Honorable New York Representative deserves a feather in his cap for devising this plain, common-sense, but knock-down argument, with which to meet this "Mystic Key," with its train of scandals, and it is my fervent prayer that, henceforth, there may be found in every legislature, where the Providence of God casts my lot to work for humanity, an Honorable Platt, or one like him, who can meet my antagonist with as effective a weapon as he brought into this Congress field to slay this great Goliath with. For Dr. McFarland seems determined to pursue me, his victim, with scandals to defeat my every effort, with a persistency equal to my determination to succeed in spite of him. And if by the revelations of "The Mystic Key," Dr. McFarland's power to intercept my humane work is weakened, if not destroyed, then the prime object of this book will have been attained.