

THE CARLETONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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Miscellaneous.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Physician and Superintendent of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane.

The number of patients remaining at the close of the year, 69
There have been admitted during the year, 73

Total enjoying the benefits of the Asylum, 142

There have been discharged during the year, 61

There remains Oct. 1st, 1840, 41

Of the 61 cases discharged, there have been

Recovered, 33

Improved, 13

Unimproved, 8

Eloped, 1

Died, 6—61

Of the 26 recent cases discharged, there have been

Recovered, 23

Improved, 1

Unimproved, 2—26

Died, 1

Of the 25 chronic cases discharged, there have been

Recovered, 10

Improved, 12

Unimproved, 8

Eloped, 1

Died, 4—35

Recovered of all the cases discharged the past year, 54 per cent.

Recovered of all the old cases discharged the past year, 28 1-2 per cent.

Recovered of all the recent cases discharged the past year, 88 1-5 per cent.

Recovered of all the cases discharged, 56 2-10 per cent.

Recovered of all the old cases discharged, 24 1-5 per cent.

Recovered of all the recent cases discharged, 89 per cent.

By reference to the above summary, will be seen the wide difference in the results of the old cases, and those which were recent. We would again repeat, what has been so often urged, the necessity of an early removal to the insane to an asylum prepared for their restoration. If much time is suffered to elapse before any proper effort is made for their recovery, it may be found when it is too late, that what was at first only a functional disease, has passed into an organic and incurable disorder.

Another mistake in regard to the insane is, the premature removal of the patient from the asylum. It frequently happens that when a patient is placed in a lunatic asylum, his wild and violent conduct soon gives way to calmness and comparative quietude, although he may be far from being restored. In the mean time he is visited by some of his friends and acquaintances, and finding him orderly in his behavior, they sadly misjudge that he might as well be at home as at the asylum. This opinion is frequently communicated to the patient, and his desire to return then becomes so great that there is about as great danger to retain him, disassembled as he will be, as to let him return home, and hazard a relapse. Sometimes the friends of the patient anticipate a recovery before an adequate trial has been made. This more frequently happens in old cases. The friends frequently think six months or a year is abundant time of trial, for even an old case. We have had several patients recover, who had made no improvement the first year. One patient was brought to the asylum in June, 1838. He had been insane two years, and during the last several months was so violent as to be caged and chained.—As soon as he was placed in the asylum he was put under a regular course of treatment, but no radical change occurred during the first two years of his residence at this place. In June, 1840, he was apparently in much the same state of mind as he was at the time of his admission; although his habits had improved. Soon after he began to improve, and in September he was discharged entirely well. Had he been removed at the end of six months, as is usually the case, and been returned to his former cage, he would undoubtedly have remained insane through life. This and other facts, prove that old cases are not necessarily incurable, and that some recover under the most discouraging circumstances; therefore a reasonable trial should be made with them. But the greatest chance of success are with the recent cases, most of which recover, when placed under proper curative treatment, at a lunatic asylum.

To show that chronic cases are not necessarily incurable, I will mention one or two that have been with us the past year, and have been restored to health and reason. In October, 1839, a lady who was a widow of superior education and former usefulness, was admitted into the asylum. She had been insane about six years.—When she was brought to this place, she was very wild, violent and mischievous. Her friends did not expect she would be restored, but supposed she would be made more comfortable at an asylum than at any other place. She was put under a regular course of treatment, and after the first six weeks, began to improve. Her improvement was slow, but gradual; at the end of six months she appeared to be perfectly restored. She remained with us until June, when she returned "in her right mind" to her children, to afford them that instruction which they can receive only from a mother.

Another case was admitted in February, 1840. He was a respectable farmer and forty-six years of age. He had been insane about five years, and during the last several months previous to his admission was loaded with irons, and chained to the floor in the county jail, where he resided. His

hands and his feet were chained when he was admitted. His chains were, of course immediately removed.—He was put under a mild discipline and regular medication; the result of which was, that he returned home well in June, and is attending to his farm comfortable and happy.

In every lunatic asylum there will always be a greater or less degree of mortality among the inmates. From the opening of this asylum, two hundred and thirty nine patients have been admitted, and only eleven have died, amounting to less than five per cent. In this respect, we shall not suffer by a comparison with the best regulated institutions of this or any country.

It is now nearly four years since the opening of this asylum. We have thus far escaped any epidemic or severe sickness. During this time two hundred and thirty nine patients have received the benefits of the asylum. Among these we have had patients manifesting every condition of insanity, from the lowest state of imbecility, by which he is incapable of attending even to the wants of life, to the violent and furious madman, who, reckless of consequences, exposes himself to all the dangers which are connected with such a state. And worst of all, we have had those suicidal cases, seeking every opportunity of self destruction, which an excited and diseased imagination could invent. Notwithstanding all the dangers and accidents to which we have been exposed, no patient has died from suicide, or accidental injury.

There are provided at the asylum, the usual means of amusement and exercise. But the best moral means we have found for the benefit of the patients, is useful employment in the open air. Employment on the farm has contributed very much to the promotion of the health and recovery of our male patients. It relieves the irksomeness of confinement, makes them pleasant and cheerful, improves their health, and promotes their recovery. Convalescents are more particularly benefited by it. By resuming their former accustomed occupations, their wild illusions disappear, their former associations and current of ideas return, and their reason becomes perfectly restored. It is a prominent object with those who have the care of the institution, that their employments shall be both pleasant to themselves and profitable to the asylum; and in this way, to become, as far as practicable, a self supporting institution.

One of the chief benefits of useful labor on the farm, to our patients, is, that it is productive and profitable. Knowing that this institution affords facilities for the recovery of the insane at a lower rate than at any similar institution in the United States, on account of its being a self-supporting one, they, who are convalescing, are much gratified that they can contribute their assistance towards accomplishing this benevolent object. The consciousness of doing something themselves, to relieve their afflicted fellow men, appears to afford them much gratification and happiness. I have often seen verified at this institution, the remarks of the illustrious Pinel, the author of the present improved mode of treating insanity. 'I have no where met,' he says, 'excepting in romance, with fonder husbands, more affectionate parents, more impassioned lovers, more pure and exalted patriots, [or more disinterested philanthropists,] than in the lunatic asylum, during their intervals of calmness and reason.'

It is one object, with those men who have the care of patients, to keep most of them, every moment, pleasantly occupied during the day; which will almost certainly procure rest and sleep at night. For this purpose, they are furnished with books and several of the newspapers and periodicals of the day. Our male patients, besides being employed in the garden, on the farm, and about the premises, make frequent excursions on foot, and not unfrequently go several miles for the purpose of fishing, procuring fruit, nuts, or to see some natural curiosity. They are also furnished with the usual amusements, provided at our best establishments. They play at chess, backgammon, draughts, cards, quoits, ball, &c. Our acknowledgments are due to several gentlemen of this village, who have generously presented us with a billiard table, for the amusement of those who have been accustomed to this healthy exercise.

Our female patients are constantly and usefully employed, according to their former habits and tastes. They usually ride every fair day, and engage in the various amusements and exercises of the institution. They employ themselves in drawing, painting, chess, backgammon, dominoes, battledoor, graces, &c. Those who have been accustomed to playing on the piano, take great pleasure in practicing on the same, at the asylum. Several of the female patients have beguiled many a weary hour by this delightful employment.

In our medical and moral treatment, we have pursued the same mild and firm course, which have resulted in the restoration to health of so many of our inmates. In our medical treatment, one great object is to restore every diseased part of the human system to its natural healthy functions. Among other means of moral management, it is the constant endeavor of those who have the care of the patients, to inspire them with self respect, to call into exercise as much self control as possible, and to grant them all the liberty consistent with their own safety and that of others. Our moral treatment is adapted to each individual case, and as far as may be, to the former habits, education, and taste of the patient. Our grand principle of classification, consists in placing those together, who will be of mutual benefits to each other, or at least shall be of no disservice.

The institution is now nearly full, and were it not for the circumstances that patients are constantly discharged, as well as admitted, many would soon be rejected for want of room. When we consider the affliction that is caused by this disease, and that we are all liable to be in the same situa-

tion, to need the aid which an establishment provided for this purpose can afford, are we not called upon as men, to endeavor to relieve the suffering of our fellow beings; and as christians, in imitation of our Divine Master while on earth, to endeavor to provide the means for binding up the broken hearted, and restoring the lunatic to the right use of his reason?—In the mournful catalogue of human sufferings, there is not one that so touchingly calls upon our kindly feelings for aid, or urges its claims with such a sad preeminence of woe, to enforce its appeals.—It would be good economy, as well as a generous philanthropy, to build the other wing of the asylum. While it would increase the labors and responsibilities of the superintendent, it would also furnish a greater income, without a corresponding increase of expenses, as it would not require an increase of officers, nor a proportional increase of attendants and nurses.

Our religious exercises have been continued as heretofore. The influence of Christian principles in calming and soothing the excited, in encouraging the disponding, is very beneficial, and aids the other means used for their restoration.—The principles of that religion, which breathes good will to men, cannot, but be consoling to the mind of those who are incapable of taking care of themselves, and who require of those that have the care of them the application of that maxim, 'whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

On the Sabbath, religious books are furnished the patients, which are read by many with great satisfaction. All amusements are laid aside on that day, and no labor is performed, except what is, indispensably necessary. By thus observing the Sabbath as rational persons, an influence is exerted over our patients which greatly tends to their recovery. We have allowed all to read the Bible and in no instance has the use of it been so injurious as the withholding it would have been; and to many, it has been the source of the greatest comfort.

In closing this report, I should do injustice to my own feelings, did I not bear ample testimony to the cheerful co-operation of those who are associated with me in these arduous and responsible duties.

We would again commend this institution to the same protecting Providence, which has thus far sustained it, humbly trusting that the means here used in behalf of "many that are ready to perish," will result in their restoration and usefulness.

WM. H. ROCKWELL.

Battleboro', Oct. 1st, 1840.

From the Boston Courier.

FLOGGING AT SEA.

In a recent notice of "Two Years before the Mast," I proposed to give in another paper, the account of the punishment of two sailors, in the ship in which the author sailed. An abridgment was intended, but on looking it over again for that purpose, it was found that very little could be suppressed, without marring the account as a whole. It will therefore occupy more than was expected. The reader, however, will not feel inclined, from any diminution of agonizing interest, to leave the perusal unfinished.

The brig had arrived upon the coast of California, for the purpose of trading, and taking in bides. She was now lying at the port, so called, of San Pedro, anchored at three or four miles distant from the shore; there being no sheltered harbor, no inhabitants and not a house to be seen, the nearest farm house being three miles in the interior. While lying here the fifteenth chapter thus commences:

For several days the Captain seemed very much out of humor. Nothing went right or fast enough for him. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy moulded fellow from the Middle states, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and if you once gave a dog a bad name—as the sailor phrase is—he may as well jump over board.—The captain found fault with every thing this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline spike from the mainyard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident but it was set down against him. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, awaiting for the captain, who was down in the hold where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in a violent dispute with somebody, whether it was the mate or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear—

'You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?' No answer, and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. 'You may as well keep still, for I have got you,' said the captain. Then came the question, 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?'

'I never gave you any, sir,' said Sam, for it was his voice that we heard though low and half choked.

'That's not what I asked you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?'

'I have never been, sir,' said Sam.

'Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you, by God.'

'I'm no negro slave,' said Sam.

'Then I'll make you one,' said the captain; and he came to the hatchway and spring on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called to us.—'Seize that man up Mr A—'

'Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll

teach you all who's master aboard!'

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

'What are you going to flog that man for, sir?' said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

'Let me alone,' said John. 'I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force;' and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter deck.—Sam, by this time, was seized up, as it is called, that is placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the brook of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and these was only two beside myself, and a small boy ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But besides the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist it is mutiny; and if they succeed and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again their punishment must come; and if they do not yield they are pirates for life. If a sailor resists his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?' The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. 'This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand; when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

'Now for you,' said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the fore-castle—'Bring that man aft,' shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a ship mate of John's stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John, but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter deck, bare-headed, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, 'Drag him aft! Lay hold of him! I'll scorten him!' &c. &c. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft, and he seeing resistance was in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast he turned to the captain who was turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for? 'Have I ever refused to do my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?'

'No,' said the captain, 'it is not that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions.'

'Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?'

'No,' shouted the captain; 'nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself; and he began laying his blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out, as he swung the rope, 'If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it—because I like to do it! It suits me. That's what I do it for!'

The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us—'Oh Jesus Christ!'

'Don't call on Jesus Christ,' shouted the captain 'he can't help you. Call on Capt. T——. He's the man? He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!'

At these words which I shall never forget, my blood ran cold. I could look no longer.—Disgusted, sick, and horror struck, I turned away, and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; and the falling of the blows and cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter deck, and at each turn as he came forward; calling out to us—'You see your condition? You see where I have got you all, and you know what to

expect! You've been mistaken in me—you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!—I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft from the boy up!—You've got a driver over you! Yes a slave driver—a negro driver! I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a negro slave!'

With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and whales in every direction and dreadfully swollen, and asked the Steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve or balsam, to put upon it.

'No,' said the captain, who heard him from below 'tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel.' He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The captain called to them to 'give way, give way!' but finding they did their best he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheet but during the whole pull—a league or more—not a word was spoken. We landed; The captain, agent and officer went up to the house, and left the boat with us. I and the man with me staid near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner and violently tempered, and under suffering, he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened, and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian bloodhounds, who the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the days work was done, we went into the fore-castle, and ate our plain supper, but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song—no 'sweethearts and wives,' a gloom was over every thing. The two men lay in their berths groaning with pain, and we all turned in but for myself not to sleep. A sound coming from the berths of the two men, showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, as they could hardly lie in one posture a moment, the dim swinging lamp of the fore-castle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind I thought of our situation, living under tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed if God should ever give me the means I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one.

The delicacy and feeling of honor which this event showed the crew of the Pilgrim to possess, is commemorated in the following paragraph;

On board the Pilgrim, every thing went on regularly, each one trying to get on as smoothly as possible; but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end. 'That is a long lane which has no turning.' 'Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by-and-by'—and the like proverbs were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end of the voyage, or of Boston, or any thing of the kind; or if he did it was only to draw out the perpetual surly reply from his shipmate—'Boston is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place.—You had better have your back sheathed, and your head copped and feet shod, and make out your log for California for life! or else something of this kind.—Before you get to Boston the hides will wear all the hair off your head, and you'll take up all your wages in clothes and won't have enough to buy a wig with.'

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us in the fore-castle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others with a delicacy I hardly expected among them, always stopped him or turned the subject. But the behavior of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a delicacy and a sense of honor which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life. Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account, and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing; but that he could never see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him; and John never, by word or deed, let any thing escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate that he had suffered.

The journal afterwards relates, that although the excitement occasioned by the flogging passed off with time, the effect of it upon the crew, especially upon the two men themselves remained;

'John was a foreigner and high tempered, and though mortified, as any one would be at having the worst of the encounter, yet his chief feeling seemed to be anger; and he talked much of satisfaction and revenge if he ever got back to Boston. But with the other was very different. He was an American, and had some education; and this thing coming upon him, seemed completely to break him down. He had a feeling of the degradation that had been inflicted upon him which the other man was incapable of. Before that he had a good deal of fun, and often amused us with queer negro stories—he was from a slave state; but afterwards he seldom smiled, and appeared to have but one wish, and that was for the voyage to be at an end. I have often known him to draw a long sigh when he was alone, and he took but little part or interest in John's plans of satisfaction and retaliation.'