

I observed Miss Fowler today holding her hand to her eye, which is looking inflamed; she is blind; a well-educated, delicate, gentle-woman. I take more than usual interest in her for that reason. I often sit beside her and she tells me of her mother, and wants me to go home with her to number one. She does not seem a lunatic, and she is neglected. I tied her eye up with my own handkerchief, and a wet rag on it. I did not mean to offend, I had done so before and it was not observed. Mrs. Mills came along just as I had done it; she jerked it off in anger, and threw it on the floor. I said to her, "That is not a Christian act," but she pays no heed; perhaps her morning work makes her feel cross.

I come back to my own room and write again; what shall I do? I cannot—how can I stay here any longer! and I cannot get away, locked in as prisoners in our rooms at night, fed like paupers. If I were committed to the penitentiary for a crime, I would not be used any worse than I am here. My heart longs for sympathy, and has it not. I have tried to soften Mrs. Mills' heart, and win her sympathy, but I cannot, and I cannot withhold my pity for those poor invalids who fare even worse than I.

MARCH 13.—I must write this while fresh in my mind, for fear I may forget. There is a Miss Short here—a fair-haired, nice-looking girl; she stands up and reads in the Testament as if she were in Sunday-school, recites poetry, and tries to play on the piano. I did not think her much out of order when she came, but she is now. She has grown steadily worse. Her father came to see her, and she cried to go home with him. I wished very much to tell him to take her home, but Mrs. Mills did not leave them, and I dared not speak to him. She has grown so much worse, she tears her dress off, so they have to put leather hand-cuffs on her wrists so tight they make her hands swell. I say, "Oh, Mrs. Mills, don't you see they are too tight, her hands look ready to burst—purple with blood." She paid no heed: