

corridor. The outlook is upon similar galleries in the quadrangle at the back of the building, and to a visitor, the sight of four tiers of palisaded verandahs, with a number of patients walking up and down the enclosed spaces, has a strange effect. These outside galleries are indeed, the airing courts of the asylum. There are no others. If the patients are allowed to descend, and to go out on the estate, they usually do so in regular order for a stated time, in charge of attendants, like a procession of charity school children. Those who work on the farm must be the happiest in the establishment.

In the fourth tier were placed the idiots and imbeciles—a melancholy sight necessarily, even when cared for and trained in the best possible manner, but especially so when there is no attempt made, so far as I could learn, to raise them to a higher level or educate them. If, however, they are kindly treated and kept clean, I should feel much less regret for educational neglect than I should feel pained by the state of the patients and their accommodation in the parts of the establishment next described. Far be it from me to attribute to these Sisters of Charity any intentional unkindness or conscious neglect. I am willing to assume that they are actuated by good motives in undertaking the charge of the insane, that they are acute and intelligent, and that their administrative powers are highly respectable. Their farming capacities are, I have no doubt, very creditable to them. It is not this form of farming to which I have any objection or criticism to offer. In the vegetable kingdom I would allow them undisputed sway. It is the farming out of human beings by the Province to these or any other proprietors against which I venture to protest.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the condition of the patients confined in the gallery in the roof, and in the basement of this asylum. They constitute the refractory class—acute and chronic maniacs. They and the accommodation which has so long been provided for them must be seen to be fully realized. To anyone accustomed to a well-ordered institution for the insane, the spectacle is one of the most painful character. In the course of seven-and-thirty years I have visited a large number of asylums in Europe, but I have rarely, if ever, seen anything more depressing than the condition of the patients in those portions of the asylum at Longue Pointe to which I now refer. I saw in the highest storey, that in the roof, an ill-lighted corridor, in which at least forty refractory men were crowded together;* some were walking about, but most were sitting on benches against the wall or in restraint-chairs fixed to the floor, the occupants being secured to them by straps. Of these seated on the benches or pacing the gallery, a considerable number were restrained

* I substitute this figure for that originally given, in consequence of the statement of one of my critics. I conclude that this number *sleep* in the roof, and that the others whom I saw occupy beds in the storey below. Of course the number of refractory men patients greatly exceeds 40.