

"The hospital that I superintend, in London, was built under the economical government of the Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald. This government had to build an hospital for a certain number of patients, and Mr. Macdonald wanted to know what it could be done for. The architect made plans, and estimated that the Institution would cost over a thousand dollars per patient, and said it could not be done for less. Mr. Macdonald said that it *must* be done for half that amount, and directed the architect to prepare plans of an asylum to be built for 500 dollars per patient. The hospital was completed upon those plans and specifications, and that hospital I manage now. It was built as well as it could be for the money, but it has required so many renewals and repairs, that I believe it is one of the dearest hospitals in North America to-day, and still it is not, and it never will be, a first-class hospital. It will never be a good building; no amount of money will ever make it one; it will always be a poor, dear asylum. You will, therefore, see that my experience, and consequently my opinion, are opposed to low priced asylums."

I am aware I was the first to recommend London as the most appropriate location for a new insane asylum. Its western centrality, facility of access by several railways, the contiguity of a considerable river, a general healthy atmosphere, and a land surface exempt from malaria, were, in my estimation, sufficient indications of the fitness of the locality. By request of a member of the Ontario Government, I accompanied him on an examination of several places around the city of London, for the purpose of selecting a good location for the contemplated new asylum. I saw only one that appeared to me to be in every respect suitable. It was a farm of 160 acres, on the west bank of the Thames, about 3 miles above London. It offered a beautiful and most advantageous site for the building, with never failing river-water supply at a short distance, and copious springs for pure drinking and culinary water, and I urged the early purchase, even at a nominal high figure, saying that a few thousand dollars extra, should be held as of no consideration in the securing of a suitable and beautiful site, for an institution which must last for ages.

My advice was not acceptable; so this minister and the premier went up one day, and pitched

upon a location which I never saw till after the buildings were up; nor was I taken, as I believe, within sight of it; and yet the honourable gentlemen referred to, stated afterwards in parliament, that I had approved of this location, and had said that "one could not throw up a rocket there but it would come down on a good site for an asylum." Had I ever so spoken, the rocket should have lighted on my own head, for then it would have hit upon a real lunatic site. What the two honourable gentlemen saw in, or on, this place, to commend it to them, as a fitting location for a large insane hospital, I pretend not to divine. It surely could not be that it presented a good stand for axe-grinding. I know what was Dr. Landor's opinion of it, and I know the long and hard work bestowed on it by him, to redeem much of the land from swamp infiltration, so as to make it firm enough for horses and cattle to pass over it, without sinking too deep. The thought of water supply and convenient sewage discharge was too childish a matter to find entrance into the brilliant heads of the twin explorers. The place was over two miles from the nearest point on the river Thames, and the house must depend for water on local springs, supplemented by interception of the land water caught by the farm tile drains. We know what was the upshot. Then came the sage afterthought of boring for an artesian spring. Month after month, if not year on year, saw this monotonous work creeping down, till even the hope-exhausted lunatics learned to call out when an additional foot was gained, "there's another five dollars gone." It was not an adequate premonition that another artesian boring had been made in the city, which finally gave water so offensive to smell, as to be unfit for any purpose save street watering, and it was not very eligible for even that. Deep and still deeper went the horrid bore, until at last, I know not how far on this side of the antipodes, up came the long longed for spouter: but such was the odor of the liquid that the superintendent had the bore plugged, at some safe distance from the bottom, and was content to receive a less copious supply, yielded by superficial strata. But for the honor of the department of public works, this water might as well have been accepted long before.

I have not learned what arrangement has been come to, with the residents along the devious