

which lead down the hill in front, and are hereafter to be used as gardens, are surrounded with high walls, for the place, as might be expected from the character of its inmates, is not only an asylum, but, as it should be, a strong house of detention also. Beyond these walls, whether sane or insane, the murderers once committed to Broadmoor never pass in life or death. Within these they live and die, and within these are they buried in the little cemetery attached to the asylum. It may at first seem hard that those who are restored to comparative sanity should still be condemned to the darkest and most terrible of all dooms—that of perpetual incarceration in a madhouse with the very worst class of maniacs, those whose homicidal frenzies no discipline can effectually check nor whose medical attendance entirely mitigate. Yet in reality this rule is a necessary even if a harsh one. There are several now in Broadmoor who years ago were only saved by accident from completing murder, and who afterwards passed two or three years in lunatic asylums. There in course of time the quiet, healthy life, freedom from mental anxiety, and careful medical treatment at last succeeded in restoring them to apparent sanity, and they were set at liberty. But the mind which seemed sane in the quiet good order of a well-regulated asylum, and amid the more marked mental derangements with which it was surrounded, soon lost its feeble balance when returned again to struggle with all the nervous excitements of the world. Some such have been once liberated are now at Broadmoor—committed to its never-ending confinement, not for having attempted, but this time for having completed, sometimes one, sometimes more murders under circumstances of peculiar cunning and premeditation. Some of these are still as bad as ever; some the quiet of the asylum and kindly care of Dr. Meyer have restored again to almost sanity for the second time. But the result will be the same in either case. Neither will ever more be trusted at liberty. A commitment to Broadmoor for murderous madness is as final as regards the chances of return to the world as death itself.

Broadmoor now contains nearly 500 inmates, about 400 men and 50 or 60 women. With a few rare exceptions nearly all are homicides, and we are probably much within the mark when we say that the victims of their united crimes would amount to nearly 1,000. Here one may occasionally see a female croquet party on the lawn, the players in which have been guilty in the aggregate of some 30 murders; or on the men's side, playing at bagatelle, a little group, with each of whose crimes all England at one time rung. Entering one of the large blocks devoted to the men, the visitor passes at once to the sitting, dining, and recreation rooms, which are all on the ground floor, the dormitories and infirmaries being above. In the sitting-room, which is nearly always full, the first thing which strikes him on entrance is, as a rule, the criminal type of all the faces. Any who have been in the habit of visiting our great convict prisons know what we mean by this expression. The low mental organization which one always finds associated with crime in the common run of criminals, the small head, narrow and receding forehead, and restless furtive eyes, are at Broadmoor intensified, and in most cases accompanied by a weakly, undersized physical development. Small ill-formed heads, narrow stooping shoulders, weak limbs, and shuffling hesitating gait, are the rule among them. These are the occupants of a "block" of a hundred, and are what they always call themselves, "Her Majesty's pleasure people," that is, people acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, and sentenced to imprisonment during Her Majesty's pleasure. Some are reading, some are writing, some playing draughts, a few shambling to and fro in moody silence like caged animals, while some sit staring with blank intensity upon the opposite wall, from which they never move their eyes. Here comes one who was, when at large, more dangerous to Her Majesty than Oxford himself, hopelessly mad from a vain love of notoriety, which he thinks he has attained, as the grand strut with which he enters the room shows clearly enough. The once terrible Captain Johnston is here now, cured to a mild and inoffensive idioty; and here, too, is Manaughten, as really mad as when he killed poor Mr. Drummond. Here is a non-commissioned officer, whose murder of his wife and family some years ago shocked all England. His only anxiety is now about his good conduct medal. Here, too, are several whom we have already alluded to as having been in asylums before for attempted murder, who have been discharged as cured, and having then perpetrated murder outright, have been committed to stay here for evermore. As a rule, those reading are the half-cured, and these seldom speak or are spoken to. Those writing so intently are generally preparing interminable memorials to the Home Secretary, or keeping the most insane of diaries to show the Commissioners in Lunacy as proofs of their cure and reasons for their discharge. The maddest of all are those who beset Dr. Meyer and the governors with endless arguments on the necessity for their being set at liberty at once. "Mark me," says one most solemnly, "I hold you now responsible for my detention, for the jury themselves acquitted me." The same individual, as a reason for not going to church, said, "Why, you see, I cannot; the presence of a sane man among these lunatics always disturbs them." I have noticed it myself, so for their sake I had better stay away. This man is rather dangerous and has committed murder.

All in this first ward, and in fact in all the wards, as far as it can be enforced, observe the same rules of early rising, at 6

o'clock in summer and 7 o'clock in winter. Their diet is nourishing and abundant. The men who smoke are, under the doctor's orders, allowed tobacco in moderation. They are encouraged to amuse themselves with reading and bagatelle, and, in fact, everything is done to keep them quiet, which is about all that can be effected here. With a class so dangerously afflicted, of course, anything like regular work as a labour is out of the question. All, it is true, would very gladly work. It is, however, only a very small proportion that can be trusted with such implements as spades, knives, scissors, or even needles and thread. In the quiet wards the patients have blunted knives and forks, just enough to keep up appearances and enable them to cut and eat their vegetables. In the "strong block" the food is cut up and the inmates have only a smooth horn knife and spoon with which to feed themselves. Yet in some few cases the labours of the lunatics can be utilized. Under the eye of vigilant attendants, a few are trusted to work in the garden. There is a cobbler's shop, in which every one at work, save the superintendent, has killed one or more people. You can pass through a row of tailors, where all are quiet and busy, but where all have a history of crime—where the earnest-looking man in the midst, whose very spirit seems absorbed in the movements of his sewing machine, is among the worst, and, if mad crime is to be taken as a proof of danger, the most dangerous of all. Outside are a small group of gardeners labouring with the minute labour of love upon the patch of ground committed to their care; and again you come upon a few painters with Edward Oxford, now a fat, elderly man, at their head, all busy, and Oxford himself carefully graining a door in beautiful style. Oxford has now perfectly recovered his sanity, and is the most orderly, most useful, and most trusted of all the inmates of Broadmoor. A small pecuniary reward is given to those who labour well as an inducement to others to do likewise, and this money they are allowed to spend in any harmless way they please. Out of his small earnings Oxford has between £50 and £60 carefully saved.

In the women's ward the same hours and rules are observed as in the men's, with only the difference which their additional fretfulness, vanity, and occasional acts of wanton, though not dangerous, mischief necessarily entails upon their management. The want of a refractory ward for the more violent of the women patients is sadly felt in this division, and the visitor's ear is often pained and startled by the prolonged hysterical outcries of those suffering under a sudden access of frenzy. Every possible care, however, is taken of them. Nearly all are quietly engaged in sewing or reading, while many, young and old, are walking rapidly to and fro in the airing ground beneath the window. It is very rarely that any of the women wish to be let out or make complaint of their detention. Their intellect seems to acquiesce at once, with a humble feebleness that is inexpressibly touching, in the necessity for their future restraint, and their mania seldom rises beyond little vagaries in the matter of dress or jealous anger among each other. The last comer in the women's block is one who murdered all her children in a fit of jealous vanity. The overweening airs of pride which this young woman still gives herself would be almost amusing in their exaggeration, if they were not also painful evidences of the hopelessness of her malady.

It is in the "strong block," however, where the most dangerous of all the male lunatics are confined, that what may be called the terrors of Broadmoor and its fearful collection of patients culminate. Here are confined the men whose murderous propensities and love of bloodshed seem almost inextinguishable. They are in the airing ground as we enter, a ground enclosed with tall, strong iron railings, within the area of which they are muttering and pacing to and fro, only a certain number within each sub-division of the yards, and with each gang sufficient warders to guide them, rule them, and, when their desperate fits of murderous insanity break out against each other, as they do sometimes, to overpower them when necessary. As we enter, a thin, slight, dangerous man advances to the bars and, clutching them, blasphemes with vague unmeaning oaths at visitors and all around, and then with a burst of laughter lets go his hold and shuffles away across the ground, cursing as he walks. Another takes his place—a man named G., the most dangerous of all at Broadmoor. This man, the surgeons say, is not so much mad as irrecoverably bad—a kind of modern Frankenstein, born apparently without a moral nature. Of all within the walls of this asylum there is none that will not at once betray his fellow in any attempt at escape, any concealment of weapons, any premeditated onset on the warders, save this man G. He alone possesses powers of combination, and can gain over his dangerous associates to do his will and keep it secret till it is done. He is here for most cruel murders, and is of all those in Broadmoor the most watched and dreaded. He is always asking to be let out and to be allowed to do work, but one might as soon trust a tiger with children as him with knives or tools. Beyond him is a man whom we will call F., red-haired, tall, lithe, and powerful, with a quick brow and frowning smile at the least token of recognition. Face to face with F., you are safe enough, yet neither warder nor doctor would ever turn their backs upon him, or woe betide them. He will kill, or try to strangle and kill any whom he can surprise unawares and from behind, though bearing this little failing, he is, when openly confronted, harmless and even timid enough, though very cunning. He, however, is one whose