

site which, on the other side, are the cells with the doors standing open, displaying a scrupulously clean, varnished floor, an iron cot furnished with horse hair mattress, the sheets and three blankets being all folded up and tucked neatly upon the pillow, while the strip of floor carpet is folded up and placed at the foot. Each cell is lighted by a window and warmed by steam heat; the better class (mentally—for each and every inmate is a county pauper) patients are locked in these cells nightly, when an attendant keeps his eye on them at stated intervals through the peep holes in the doors, each ward being fitted with a tell-tale electric time register that keeps the attendant up to his duty. Color greets the eye everywhere—red and blue dados, yellows and impossible magentas. No paper on the wall—everywhere bright paint, together with thirty or forty framed pictures, adorns the walls. There are big avaries full of canaries, large aquariums stocked with gold fish, together with potted plants galore. The cheerful fireplaces are strongly barred over. Such is a fair sample of a woman's ward there, not omitting the library of books that are changed from ward to ward monthly, thus taking two years before they come round again; also a letter box, free paper and pencils with which to indite missives to the superintendent, which have to be seen to be appreciated.

The women don't have all the luxury either, far from it, in fact the wards are identical with the exception that the men are furnished with bagatelle tables in lire of pianos. Naturally, in those wards devoted to happy-go-lucky athletic patients with a penchant for dusting the atmosphere with the human race in general, everything is screwed down, rubber takes the place of earthenware, while such tasty missiles as flower pots, epergnes, or a solid volume of Paley's Christian evidence, are conspicuous by their absence. In fact judging from the blasphemous reception we received on entering the homicidal ward, Paley might be used to advantage.

Then up they rushed, howled and swore,  
And the air went blue for miles  
The ratters shook and I took my hook  
As down came all the tiles.

The suicidal and epileptic patients sleep in dormitories containing about fifty cots each, the latter being provided with beds upon the floor, so that if taken with a fit they may not roll off and hurt themselves. Further, the attendants are with them night and day. A visit to an epileptic ward is not a very cheerful proceeding. As the doctor unlocked the door the attendants drew themselves up and saluted military fashion (the majority of them are retired soldiers,) while the patients seated along the walls gazed into vacancy, utterly oblivious to us, or to two of their comrades, one in a fit on the floor, and the other restlessly rolling around a padded cell, the door of which was open. None of them were smoking as the majority of the other male patients seemed to be occupying their time. While on the subject of smoking, the tobacco habit seems to be universal in England. Tobacco is given to the patients as a reward for obedience and the amount of work they perform.

Quite a contrast to this was our reception in the infirmary, where there were some patients slowly dying in bed, and others sitting, around the cheerful

place. Several of the inmates insisted on shaking hands with us, while one individual with a face on him that resembled to a marked degree that of a sheep, yelled enthusiastically across from his corner: "But oh, doctor I have composed a lovely hymn this morning." The doctor formally introduced us to "Mr. Brown our noted and distinguished composer." With a courtly bow he acknowledged the insinuation, "oh you flatter me doctor," and then there was no peace for any one. The man who will deliberately or innocently broach to a lunatic the hobby upon which he is maddest—well his blood be upon his own head.

The character of the institution was an old ex-mans' warsman, regarding whose age nobody seemed to be able to throw any light. On certain days only will he ramble about his past life and the sea battles he has fought in, that lead those who know him to place his age at one hundred years. As he sat up in bed smoking, he looked for all the world like Rip van Winkle, his long straggley beard and snowy white hair over a foot long, together with two piercing black restless eyes, gave him a wierd look. Two fingers of his hand were missing—the back was tattooed with the papal keys, etc. On inquiring how he lost them he at once gave evidence of being as mad as the proverbial march hare. He has been an inmate for forty-four years.

The asylum is provided with a large church, small Roman Catholic chapel, a splendid amusement hall in which dances are held, furnished with stage and drop curtain at one end, with music stands for a large orchestra, which was marshalled to play for our edification. Naturally the bakery, kitchens, laundry, tailor, carpenter, paint and blacksmith shops connected with such a large institution are very interesting. Of course the patients who work in them—supervised by attendants—are selected, and look a very harmless lot, and as I saw them mechanically spreading slices of bread with butter and stacking up piles of loaves and seed cake—they get the latter three times a week,—the insane longing and desire came over me to see these meek and mild idiots cause a little excitement and mild diversion by heaving pounds of butter at the head cook, knocking us out on "third base" with a goodly chunk of seed cake, or perchance laying out our portly conductor with a sample loaf. Not that I mean to insinuate that the staff of life was heavy; far from it, for the food of all descriptions was of first class quality, and had to pass inspection. The bake ovens, vegetable, soup and tea coppers were on a huge scale, holding about sixty gallons apiece. The vegetables were washed and prepared by aid of mechanical contrivances. The stores were quite interesting, the blankets being all wool sheets and everything being marked with a private stripe; boots and shoes for an army, tea chests stacked sky high, together with hogsbreads of sugar and bales of tobacco, etc. Adjoining the stores is situated the brilliant room for the amusement of the staff. It is fitted up in an elegant way—the doctor having invented a very ingenious electrical contrivance by which the score is registered upon a big dial on the wall on the push button principle, there being buttons situated all around the room and table within easy reach. The fire prevention

system is also very perfect and a fireman is always on duty.

As is the case in every asylum the women patients far outnumber the men. One of the most touching cases that came under my observation, was that of an old woman who had only two stumps left, having cut off one hand with an ax and thrust the other into the fire until it was burnt to a crisp. She was crooning over an old dirty rag doll. Mrs. Davis had previously sent her in a fine wax doll, which she had named the Princess, but she did not care for it at all, and had it stowed away under the bed. A goodly number of the patients seemed to be suffering from various forms of religious mania. One young woman in particular, as soon as we entered one ward, threw herself before the doctor under the impression he was the Messiah. Others of them develop love making propensities that are to say the least of it embarrassing to a stranger in a strange land. Others approach mysteriously and inform one with startling abruptness that they are Queen Catherine, or their throat is where their stomach ought to be, together with various knotty problems that would make one scream with laughter anywhere else but in an asylum. A great many of them talk and yell utter nonsense, and do not seem to take the slightest heed of each other in any shape or form. For each and every one the doctor had a ready answer that quieted them, and we were not slow in taking the cue; for it gets monotonous when the fortieth patient comes up and confidentially informs one that they are perfectly sane and want to get out, or that they are being starved to death, etc. To sympathize with them is fatal. But for the kindly attention of the keeper one would have to listen to their tale of woe till the crack of doom.

The primary reason that the asylums of the world are full to overflowing, will not bear discussing through the columns of a home paper, still a great many cases are from drink and are hereditary, father and son often occupying cells in the same institution. Happily there is always a chance for the younger ones, 45 per cent of whom are annually discharged as being permanently cured.

It is with a sigh of relief that one leaves the asylum with its awful object lesson to humanity, and takes a glance through the conservatories wherein are raised all the pot plants and flowers used to adorn the wards; and Doctor Davies' private hot houses, wherein are several hundred pounds' worth of valuable orchids collected from various climes the world over. Truly a man who has to deal with the seamy, morbed side of humanity daily, needs some such innocent relaxation. GEO. E. CARPENTER.

#### MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

SCIPIO, January 27th, 1897.

Dear Sir:—Please allow space in your valuable paper for publishing a few items of our missionary labors, which perhaps will be interesting to those who are laboring for the advancement of truth and righteousness here upon the earth.

Knowing the hundreds of Elders and Saints who have given us their faith in fasting and prayer, during the severe illness of Elder Joseph A. West, president of the Florida conference, I deem it but a tribute due, that I give a short account of the same to our many friends