

*Lunatic Asylum.*—The old gaol which has been described as standing at the head of the *place*, on one of the higher parts of the town, has been converted into a lunatic asylum. When I went through it, about forty patients, male and female, were confined in it, amongst which a greater diversity of cases occurred than is usually observable amongst the same number, from the raging madman and madwoman, to the drivelling and senseless idiot. There were females, in solitary cells, with iron clasps round their bodies, and fastened with chains to the walls, sitting with only straw heaped up around them, to conceal their nakedness, all the clothes with which they had been supplied from time to time having been instantly torn to shreds. Men in iron handcuffs, who were allowed to follow us, and apparently quite harmless in their demeanour, yet who, when at liberty, committed the most ferocious acts of violence against their fellow inmates. Many were lying in bed in a state of stupidity, who, if roused from it, would only fling themselves on the floor, and there continue, if left to themselves. Others were sitting in cages of iron like wild beasts. Those who were harmless and manageable were left in large rooms well ventilated and warmed by moderate fires, and seemed to be quite at their ease, and some were even cheerful; but the generality had a look of sadness and suspicion, common, I believe, to these unfortunate people. The wards for the females were quite distinct and remote from these for the males. I was struck with the sight of a young and rather a pretty girl, whose whole time was spent, as long as she was left to herself, and she was seldom disturbed, in thumbing over the leaves of a Bible, beginning at the first page and turning them