

With regard to cubic space, Mr. Ferres states that he and Mr. Meredith took the measurements of all the rooms then occupied as dormitories, and found that many of these did not afford more than 350 cubic feet of air to each patient, and none of them over 500 cubic feet. These are incontrovertible facts, and not to be got over by mere newspaper assertion to the contrary.

There are many other facts of which we are cognizant, with regard to this Asylum, such as the fact that the system of ventilation in the building is most defective, the dormitories open into corridors, receiving light and air from them. The air breathed by the inmates in the upper stories having already been breathed by those occupying the rooms underneath; there is no direct means of ventilating each room independently, and the light is borrowed light, supplied from the corridors or passage ways. This is certainly a sad picture of the only Lunatic Asylum in the Lower Province of Canada. As we said before, we presume that Mr. Couchon, having the sympathies of his former colleagues, there will be no lack of funds; and we have no doubt that if the \$2.75 per week is not sufficiently remunerative, an increase can easily be obtained. In fact, we, in Lower Canada, have no Insane Hospital; the establishment in Quebec is nothing more than a large boarding house, as has been pointed out by Mr. Inspector of Prisons, T. J. O'Neil, in the last report before referred to—"Beauport Asylum may, therefore, be regarded rather in the light of an extensive boarding house than a public institution."

Of this system of private institutions, under government inspection, we have somewhat to say, but as it is rather foreign to the subject under discussion, we can only condemn the principle as unjust to the community, and not likely to be of benefit to the inmates. Of the necessity for an Asylum, devoted to the treatment of the Insane in Lower Canada, there is no question, no such institution being in existence. In proof of this great want, we can give a case which came under our observation in the village of St. Scholastique, about thirty-six miles from Montreal. On a recent occasion, we visited the temporary jail in that place; the building was originally a farm-house, built of wood; there we found confined in a cell, not as large as a horse's stall, an unfortunate being who was so violent that he had to be locked up. The cell was dark, ill ventilated, noisome with the exhalations and excretions of its unfortunate occupant, who was wallowing in his filth, to remain there—if in mercy death does not put an end to his misery—until room can be made for him, either at the Beauport Lunatic Asylum, or at the "miserable make-shift at St. Johns." This case is one of acute mania, the result of injury, a portion of a building having fallen on his head. It is