

suicide and a death from violence in the institution occasionally, are, we consider, things not to be surprised at. The only matter of astonishment being—that under existing circumstances such catastrophes are not of more frequent occurrence. The present condition of the asylum is, we have every reason to believe, not unknown to the authorities; but as yet they have not taken any steps to remedy the evil. Electioneering and railroad speculating, which will undoubtedly assist in adding to the number of those suffering from aberration of intellect, are engrossing the attention of our public men, to the exclusion of the claims which humanity has upon them. The buildings for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind have not yet been commenced, and the Lunatic Asylums are allowed to be packed with our unfortunate fellow-citizens. Shame on the government which has allowed such a state of things to exist for a day. We would advise our medical readers to retain their patients at home, or send them to some good foreign institution rather than place them, under existing circumstances, in the Toronto Lunatic Asylum.

As to the Beaupert Asylum, we are persuaded that it is an institution, to use the words of an eminent philanthropist who recently visited it, not objectionable as a quiet residence for a lunatic.

What we want, then, are two good hospitals for the insane; one to be located in the vicinity of Montreal, the other in Canada West near a flourishing town or city; each of the buildings to accommodate 250 patients, and to include the most recent improvements introduced into the modern asylums of Great Britain and the United States, no matter what the expense may be.

THE LATE DR. McCULLOCH.

"It is with the deepest feelings of regret that we have to announce the death of Dr. McCulloch, of the prevailing sickness, yesterday morning [Wednesday, July 12.] at a quarter before five o'clock.

"He fell emphatically the victim of over-exertion.—For some nights previously he had hardly been able to obtain an hour's rest. On Monday evening at ten o'clock, as he was getting into a cab, weary and worn out, he said to a friend: 'Don't you pity me?'—and narrated at the same time the heavy labors he had to undergo. These were bestowed on rich and poor alike. At one o'clock the same night he was again called out; and the previous evening, so fatigued was he, that he fell asleep as he was talking to a friend. So that, when it is remembered that physicians are but composed of flesh and blood, as other men, it is little wonder that Dr. McCulloch is a victim.

"Thus fell one of the foremost and oldest and most loved and respected of the physicians of Montreal a heroic sacrifice to the welfare of others. His loss will be long and deeply felt, as well by his family as