

remuneration for my professional services to the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, to which I have not received even an acknowledgement. That I should be exposed to such painful embarrassment without any attention to my claims during a period of nearly two years, the smallest sum excepted on account, but not equivalent to rent and fuel, which I was to receive, is really too bad when considering that I have devoted my undivided attention to the responsible and very *onerous* duties of the office I hold. I do trust that what the Statute provides, as the salary of the Medical Superintendent, will be meted to me, it being the distinct understanding with myself and the Commissioners on my entering on the duty, that I was to receive the same. Your earliest attention to the subject will oblige

Your obedient humble servant,

WM. REES.

To the Honorable S. B. Harrison,
Provincial Secretary.

*From W. B. JARVIS, Commissioner Lunatic Asylum, to the Honorable R. S. JAMESON,
Chairman of the Board of Commissioners, Provincial Lunatic Asylum.*

TORONTO, 20th May, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I really think that we should as Commissioners take some steps for the relief of Dr. Rees with respect to his salary. His affairs are in a most embarrassed state, and the annoyance which I, as sheriff, am compelled to give him, is quite sufficient to render him incapable of attending to his duties. Can we fall upon any plan to obtain for him instant and permanent relief. In the matter of allowance for house-rent, although the subject has been repeatedly before the Commissioners, yet nothing has been done to benefit the Doctor.

Yours, &c.,

W. B. JARVIS,

Commissioner Lunatic Asylum.

personal interest in the consolation that such an evil has been found not in *many* cases, but in *most*, to admit of such mitigation?

"Let us consider who are the insane? not those only whom idle follies have bewildered, or vice besotted—or imprudence exposed to misfortune—or guilt overwhelmed with remorse—No! Among the inmates of mad-houses have been at all times found some of the most amiable spirits of our kind, some whose very virtues it would seem, being carried to excess, have disturbed the balance of their mind. Here we see one, who for some inscrutable purpose of Providence, doubtless wise and just, as we shall know hereafter, has in his blood, or in his brain, (for who can solve the mystery?) the seeds of hereditary insanity—There another, who has lost his reason by chaining down his mind to the abstract problems of mathematical science, or perplexing himself amidst the combinations of mechanical powers, or with the boundless infinity of Astronomical calculations. Who can have a claim to sympathy, if these have not? It is to such ardent minds that we owe in a great measure the elevation of our race:—Forgetting that "*they had their treasure in earthen vessels*," they allowed themselves to be nobly reckless in the pursuit of science, not heeding the great truth that none of nature's laws can be disregarded with impunity. To inferior men it would seem as if there were scarce a limit to the researches of some minds—yet none have felt more plainly and expressed more strongly than the Bacons and Newtons of mankind that there are boundaries which the human intellect must ever strive in vain to pass. Stopping with submissive reverence short of these limits they may continue to live the benefactors of their species, but rashly endeavoring to reach beyond them, nature breaks down under the hopeless effort. And we may be assured that if it were given to us in such cases to look into the mysteries of the mental structure, (if I may be pardoned the misuse of the expression,) it would often be appalling to perceive how frightfully thin is the partition which separates the noblest flights of genius, and the grandest speculations from the wild dreams of the visionary or the ravings of the Maniac.

"Then again how many of the best and purest minds sink under the oppression of religious melancholy? It is the unhappy error of their nature to dwell with gloomy dread only on the avenging attributes of a Creator whose works around them are every where teeming with benevolence and beauty. Grief too sends its votaries;—grief for wounded affections—or ruined fortunes; generally the most overwhelming in the kindest natures. And even with regard to those (perhaps the greater number,) whose intemperate excesses, or perverted passions, have led to the ruin of their intellect, how