

The following case has been communicated to us by a confrère, and, as it is to the point, we give it:

A poor servant girl, of excellent character, was attacked with erysipelas of the scalp, and sent to the Montreal General Hospital. After a severe illness she recovered; but shortly after became violently maniacal—indeed so violent as to require restraint. Her bodily health was not much impaired, and the case was evidently one requiring special and careful treatment, in a proper asylum. Nothing could be worse for her than to send her to the gaol, where nothing approaching proper treatment could, in the nature of things, be expected; and where the poor girl might be associated with the obscene or violent lunatic or filthy idiot. What could be done? Application was made to one of the judges for a special order, which application, after some consideration, was refused; and the poor creature—helpless—unfriended—insane—sick—was sent to a place intended for the vilest characters. Even her short and accidental residence will perhaps be a source of life-long humiliation.

A little farther on in the report will be found views very generally entertained in regard to the causes of insanity. The most fruitful of which is that moral sin, self-abuse; or, in plainer language, the filthy practice of masturbation; learnt at school by most boys, and carried on in after life by many, to the sapping of the foundation of all that is pure, holy, healthful and intellectual. This portion of the report should be read attentively by moral reformers, and all others, who are desirous of banishing forever this pestilential habit. We cannot do better than conclude these remarks with one extract, as a species of guide to those who are not acquainted with the peculiar conditions of health, or characteristic features which persons resorting to such practices nearly always exhibit. Friends too often attribute attacks of mania to disappointed love or religious fervour. On this head the doctor remarks:

“The skilful physician who measures the feeble, paltry, accelerated, yet lazy pulse—who feels the clammy, cool, somewhat repulsive skin—who notes the pallid countenance, the waxy features, and frequently foul breath—who tries to gain one steady, confiding, open look from his patient, and whose questions in a certain suspected direction are met with hesitation, equivocation, or affected mortification, well knows how much truth there is in the charge against Love: and he will, in similar cases, acquit Religion.”

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We have been requested to call attention to the following note addressed to members of the medical profession in Canada. Dr. Marsden is well known to the profession as a gentleman of acute observation and