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The medical profession at large have but rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with the disease, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that they fail to recognize it; or that they mistake it for other forms of cerebral disease, which "*the books*" exhibit under resembling aspect.   Dr. Conolly, whose authority is high, says that he never noticed the disease until he read *Calmeil's* treatise on it; and that he still finds its existence frequently unrecognized in private practice.   If such has been, not long ago, the fact in London, it may now be so in Canada.

The general paralytic enjoys a good appetite as long as he can swallow.   He is never sick,—that is to say, in his own estimation.   He is generally gay, frivolous, speculative, unaccountably, or unwontedly, benevolent and self-complacent. He is not, in fact, the man he once was. Everybody may see this; but few may suspect the cause; few may foresee the crisis to which he is joyously hastening. Nor even after he has been prostrated by the long impending stroke, and has rallied from the shock, and his thickened stammering tongue rings in the ear of the experienced observer his death knell, does he lose his self-satisfaction.   He still says he is strong and painless,—still well and long to live; and strange to say, he sometimes finds believing auditors, despite rational assertion to the contrary. The following case was one of this character, though not perhaps the most remarkable I have met with.

C. W., a man aged 30, of excellent previous habits, and superior intelligence; was admitted in October, 1860.   For three months previously, his wife had observed him changed in his condition and tendencies. He eat ravenously, and became selfish at table. He had one or two strange fits. She called in a physician, who pronounced the case one of cerebral disease and treated it circumspectly; but finally recom-