

two years, as good as ever. Suddenly, after this, a change "came over the spirit of his dreams." The cavity had partially filled, but whether by *bona fide* brain, or adventitious deposit, deponent saith not. Irritability in every act set in. Paroxysms of apparently ungovernable rage came on occasionally. Friend and foe were then alike to him, Destruction was then his delight, and everything "*come-atable*" was attacked with vigor, and if possible torn to pieces. These fits of passion only lasted for a few minutes, and months might elapse ere they recurred. After they passed away he was as quiet as usual. Had this fury been persistent, and continuous, it might justly be inferred that some *permanent* change had taken place in the brain after the accident, but their intermittent nature precludes such a hypothesis. The scalpel and microscope may discover no change of structure, but there must be molecular change—possibly cumulative—to explain the phenomena. Unless a change takes place, or he becomes incarcerated, he may become a man slayer, in his almost demoniac demonstrations. If in a strange country, as he is at present, and his previous history not known except from his own statements, a respectable jury will condemn him, and some M.D. will pronounce him a responsible person, and fit for the gallows. Possibly he is, for his father believed in "a rod for the fool's back," and wholesome dread checked his destructive propensities. J. M., an American officer, had bravely done his duty through all the battles of the Wilderness, and had been wounded at Coal Harbour. In the advance on Hatcher's Run, on Oct. 27th, 1864, a spent cannon-ball passed near his head, and, from the concussion of air, he was knocked over, but it did not touch him. In an instant he became a coward. It was deplorable to see the hitherto brave man skulk away to camp, without permission, with the roar of battle in his ears, and his battalion with its face to the foe. He smuggled himself on board a transport, and went home. I am told by his friends, that he has moody seasons. He says, that at times, he *feels* like doing some desperate act, but can control his impulse by mental effort. Some day the bndle may not be on Mazeppa, and a new horror may be enacted. The theorists of *insane impulse* would say that at such moments, when a tragedy takes place, insanity was present. Neither seem to have physical disease, but through the brain the equilibrium of the mind has been disturbed. Taylor says: "The great feature of insanity is *change of character*." Here it is, and with it full respon-