

purged and animated by a knowledge of the great past of their profession, of the secular processes and struggles by which it has been, is now, and ever will be struggling towards justice and emerging into a better conformity to the actual wants of mankind—then we must deal with it at our universities and our higher schools as all other sciences and all other great and difficult subjects are dealt with, as thoroughly, and with no less an expenditure of time and money and effort.—*Address by J. B. Thayer.*

GENERAL NOTES.

RESPONSIBILITY OF HYPNOTIST.—Judge Foute, of Atlanta, Ga., holds that a hypnotist is responsible for the acts of his subjects. During the performance at a local theatre, the subject of the hypnotist imagined he was a monkey, and grabbed a hat off a man in the audience and bit a piece out of it. The professor and his business manager refused to make good the cost of the hat, and the hypnotist was prosecuted. The charge was sustained by the court and the hypnotist was bound over.—*Ohio Legal News.*

THE LATE LORD SELBORNE.—The recent memoirs of Lord Selborne do not coruscate with wit; but there is one incident which is decidedly droll. The scene was Penmaenmawr. Discovered, Sir Roundell Palmer, (then Solicitor-General) walking down the village street with his two little girl, in white sun-bonnets. Enter to him a benevolent-looking old gentleman (Admiral Harcourt). The Admiral advances and holds out to the Solicitor-General a tract written in the Welsh language, saying, 'My good man, can you read?' 'I,' says Sir Roundell Palmer, telling the story, 'answered "Yes; but not Welsh," which I believe the tract-distributor understood as little as I did,' and then, according to the version of Sir Roundell Palmer's witty friends, the old gentleman went on to admonish him against 'frequenting public-houses.' This is delicious to those who are acquainted with the immaculate virtue of the decorous ex-Chancellor, and not the least amusing thing is that Sir Roundell Palmer hastens to disclaim this embellishment as 'mythical.' The story may rank with Lord Eldon in the stocks, and Lord St. Leonards in the lunatic asylum. Why, by the way, were not these volumes entitled 'Memoirs of the Earl of Selborne, or Virtue Rewarded,' like 'Pamela'? One is constantly reminded of an exclamation of a lively friend of his, 'What a bore you are, Palmer; one is tired of wishing you joy!'—*Law Journal.*