

amazed to see that he can read it, no doubt through some tiny crack imperceptible to us. Suppose we show to him, behind a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch thick, balls of coloured glass, calculated by their colours to arouse in him different emotions; the usual faculty is so super-perceptive that the patient feels through the screen the different vibrations of light and reacts correlatively. Show him, for example, behind this screen a blue ball, he will exhibit signs of sadness; show him a yellow one, and he will be all gaiety and hilarity, and so on. And at the same time with this extra-physiological development of his optic nerves, we remark that the movements of the cutaneous teguments and of the mucous membranes are utterly paralysed. On the one side we have riches, on the other poverty and complete loss of balance, experimentally produced in the distribution of sensitive nerve currents under the influence of hypnotisation. If we carry our investigations into the region of psychical action we find again disturbances of the same kind, the exaltation of certain faculties on the one side, and their extinction on the other. The same laws of repression and expansion which govern the evolution of these phenomena are to be found everywhere. In the period of catalepsy which follows the foregoing stage, if the sensitive nerves of the skin are in a state of absolute anaesthesia, on the other hand the emotional regions are proportionately liable to extraordinary excitement under the influence of various causes. If the patient sees a sketch of a merry face, he assumes a look of merriment, his features expand and he laughs heartily. If he sees a gloomy picture, he becomes gloomy and sullen and even bursts into tears. Coloured rays of light produce different kinds of feelings; so too do different substances when brought into contact with certain superficial nerves: and by this we recognize that some persons, endowed with a peculiar sensitiveness, are liable to develop in the sensorium emotional activities of a special kind, the principal types of which I have already reproduced by the help of photographs in one of my works.

The somnambulist phase which follows the two preceding presents again the same phenomena of loss of balance. In this condition, by the aid of a mechanical artifice, the patient has had the faculty of hearing bestowed upon him. So he speaks, he answers questions; his eyes being open, he appears to be in his normal condition; and yet here, too, he is utterly off his balance. While the realm of his consciousness and of his psychic personality is still torpid and dulled, other portions of his mental activity which we are accustomed to regard as the most characteristic sign of the presence of the mind—the faculty of speech, of reply, of converse with one's equals—reach a pitch of exaggerated exaltation. Memory and imagination display a wealth which no one ever suspected in the patient while in his normal condition. I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterwards in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterwards this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

Again, as a very curious fact in these hypnotic conditions, we may note the utter oblivion, the absolute lack of consciousness which the patients exhibit on awakening. They have not felt anything of the shock that has been given to their nervous system; and though they may have remained in the most tiring positions during the cataleptic period, though they have been made to take part as principals in robberies, murders, or arson, though all kinds of troublous feelings have been aroused in them, though they have been made to write, to give all sorts of fictitious presents, to make wills, sell goods, etc., when they recover consciousness they have no recollection of what has gone by. Their consciousness has been absolutely arrested, and all they have done has been simply the result of automatic action.

Since the discoveries of Braid, who exercised the power of hypnotisation by the help of a bright substance presented to the eyes, all subsequent authors have in greater or less degree followed the same lines. They have all dealt with the sensitiveness of the optic nerve, either by tiring it with a dazzling light, or by compressing it by a slight pressure upon the ball of the eye. Attempt has also been made to act upon the region of hearing; some patients are sent off into a state of hypnotism by a regular striking of the notes of the scale.

The sensitiveness of certain special nerves can also be laid under contribution. For instance, in certain hysterical persons who possess hysteria-producing nerves, one needs only to apply a slight touch to one of these nerves in order to induce a hypnotic state which usually is that of lethargy. In fact, we need only pinch lightly the lobe of the ear or the breast with our fingers, and we shall see the patients straightway stop talking, close their eyes, and sink back exhausted in a state of lethargy.

A suggestion made to one perfectly awake is also a process commonly employed in dealing with persons who have a tendency to hypnotism; the experimenter says to the patient, "You and I will count together up to six, and when we reach four you will be asleep." The effect follows the cause, and the experiment, if carefully managed, always succeeds. When the number four is reached the

patient closes his eyes, sinks back on his chair, and falls into a state of lethargy. All these methods can be indifferently applied when we have to do with persons who are overpowered, and are especially disposed to yield to the experiments of hypnotism, for it cannot be too frequently repeated that hypnotism does not control everyone; on the part of the patient to be treated there must be a special receptivity and a particular condition of his nervous system to allow him to undergo the treatment which is applied to him. Above all, he must yield readily and submit voluntarily to the treatment of the experimenter.

My own Process.—In view of the uncertainty and the frequent failures which accompany the use of brilliant substances, and particularly, too, of the sustained attention and the fatigue required to develop hypnotism in new patients, I conceived the idea of presenting the brilliant substance mechanically, instead of holding it in my own hands, giving it at the same time a rotatory motion in order to increase its influence. A patient required to keep his eyes fixed on bright particles which are revolving before him feels a sense of weariness after one or two minutes; he is insensibly fascinated, and to one's surprise one sees him gradually close his eyes and lie back in his chair, like a person falling fast asleep; he is then in the state of lethargy. Since I took to using revolving mirrors in order to produce hypnotic sleep I have never failed to be satisfied with the results. After two or three minutes patients of either sex who are operated on show themselves equally quick in feeling the effect, the young and the old alike. It can also be shown that this sleep, mechanically produced is not, as might be expected, a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, it is a peculiar kind of sleep, for which I suggest the term mechanical sleep. It brings about in the nervous system a very special condition, which is distinguished by a general anaesthesia of the integuments, a catalepsy of the muscles, and a tendency to act upon any suggestions made. The importance of the practical results of this new method, which brings about hypnotisation without fatigue and of prolonged duration, while it also enables one to subject several patients at once to the influence of hypnotism, is easily comprehended. Every day by its application I can have eight or ten patients in my laboratory, who are all hypnotised together by the influence of a single revolving mirror placed in the centre of them. There is also an extremely interesting point to be deduced from the use of this method, viz., that by being thus able to produce without difficulty a state of trance in a number of patients, the patients are brought to a special condition of the nerves, by means of which they become ready to accept other influences and to undergo therapeutic influence. By this means I have been enabled to bring about a series of valuable practical results, such as the stopping of sharp pains, the restoration of sleep to persons tortured by prolonged insomnia, the renewal of the powers of locomotion in paralytics, and, in short, a number of improvements of very distinct character and of long duration. Besides, I may say this in favour of the new methods which I have adopted, that out of two hundred patients actually brought under my notice, I have never observed a single accident. The process, therefore, is perfectly harmless, and, when employed with skill and prudence, I am thoroughly convinced that it can produce no harmful effects in the persons experimented upon.—*J. Luys in Fortnightly Review.*

A LEAF FROM MEMORY'S BOOK.

IN the *Scottish American* of the 4th June is a poem of such unusual merit that we desire to direct to it the attention of all lovers of poetry. The poet is a valued contributor to THE WEEK, Dr. J. M. Harper of Quebec, the well-known inspector of academies, and his subject is a description of a Sacrament Sunday as he saw it in boyhood's days, we presume, in his native district. The beauty of an Easter morn is drawn, the awaking of the inhabitants of a lowland vale sketched, the summons to church, the services, the close of day. While Scottish in sentiment and subject, the language is not Scotland's Doric, but in limpid English and with remarkable felicity of phrase, is the story told. The story is, of course, simplicity's very self, and its charm lies in the telling. The poet enters into the spirit of his subject, and in his sympathetic treatment of it lies the strength of the poem. He appreciates what he describes and describes fitly what he appreciates. A superficial reader would say the poem follows the lines of Burns' Saturday Night, but in the similarity of subject the likeness ends. The great characteristic of the poets of the Scottish school is their directness—their dealing with the concrete, their ignoring of the abstract. The introspective mood, the following of effects to their cause, the dallying with philosophic contemplation, none, from Ramsay to Burns, cared for. In this regard "Sacrament Sunday" is different, and in treatment is more akin to Herbert and Wordsworth than the poets named. In illustration take these lines:—

Oh Sabbath morn, the precious of the year,
Thy sweetness maketh meek the landscape's face,
And from the dews of prayer distills a tear,
To scent the heart a chamber fit for grace.
Where leads its course the Soul oft wisteth not
When faith turns down the bridge-path of doubt,
That winds about so oft a hapless maze;
Yet, ere thy paschal chimes have died away,
Truth's highway broadens as it finds the sheen of day.

On wing of dawn, new light illumines the soul,
And wrestles with the evil creeping in;
While conscience reads, alarmed, the memory scroll
Of motives sabled by the breath of sin.
Alas! how strength is weakness in the strife
We find within the narrowness of life!
How can we shrive the soul amid the din?
Not till it seeks its foster-strength in love—
Not till it finds, thro' faith, a wisdom from above.

Dr. Harper, however, can sketch a picture to life and with few strokes, as witness this description of what followed on the demission from the morning service:—

And then at length along the waking aisles,
Solemnity apace, all wend their way—
The younger first in haste for out-door wiles,
The older soon to bid them mind the day.
Friend greeteth friend in sober words and kind,
A converse fitting for the day they find,
While some, with miles to go, yet fain to stay,
To hear at eve the stranger's eloquence,
Have instant pressing welcome to their neighbour's spence.

In time dispersed, home duties them await,
The interval delayed, thrift urgeth haste;
Some seek the byres, some pass afield the gate,
To seek report of flocks or straying beast.
The housewife and her handmaids have their cares,
As each her portion of the meal prepares;
The auld man, thinking less to-day of waste
Than plenty for his waiting guests, moves round
To urge a sitting down, as soon as things are found.

As we cannot reproduce the poem we must give further taste of its quality. Here is a fine opening:—

The piety that scents thy glebe I sing;
Thy purple hills whose silver mists unroll
The waving gold of dawn; thy lowing plains
And hawthorn banks and braes, where hamlet meekness
reigns.

How truly does this verse describe the anxiety of the Scottish poor to appear "decent" on Sunday:—

The poor have little need for sumptuous laws,
To bridle pride or love for dress impair;
Yet hen the house the young folks seek their brows,
That seldom ken as yet a week-day wear;
If there's distress that thrift has never borne,
How doubly poor's the thrift, on Sunday morn,
That has no second well-kept garb to air
In God's own house; and so both old and young
Adorn themselves, as best they may, to join the throng.

This verse strikes us as touchingly beautiful:—

A blessing craved, as first the feast was blessed,
The patriarch-elders pass the emblems round—
The bread, the token of the world's unrest,
The wine the token of redemption found.
The frailties of the flesh each sad reviews,
The covenant-plagues broken each renews,
Still seeking good within—a higher ground.
What is't to find? Can man e'er reach the goal?
Is it to do or be that purifies the soul?

And so does this closing stanza:—

Our lives are God's, not ours to make or mar,
Our loyalty is His, in country near or far,
Our homes are His, within His commonweal;
And lingering o'er the scenes of by-gone time
Makes, more and more, both here and there, our lives sublime.

In an age, when so much spurious stuff is made to pass for poetry, we congratulate Dr. Harper in having given to the world a poem pleasing in subject, chaste in treatment, and ennobling in sentiment, and hope to hear of its appearance in the form of a booklet.—*Robert Sellar in the Canadian Gleaner.*

FLOGGED GENIUSES.

FIELDING tells us that there is in the library at Ratisbon a curious old Latin manuscript, which treats of the kicks and cuffs inflicted by various potentates of ancient times upon their statesmen and dependents—a dissertation which, probably, suggested to Tristan the Hermit, and some other compilers of curious items, the idea of recounting the indignities to which men of genius have, from time to time, been subjected. These records form a remarkable commentary upon the manners of past times—and of times not so very long past, either. Indeed, while reading them, it sometimes occurs to us that genius, in our own day, is neither altogether free from that erratic element through which it has so often fallen into the slough of abasement, nor has it unfrequently been subjected to the insolence of that patronage which, like the cat, carries sharp weapons concealed within its velvet paw.

Tristan, one day, heard an uproar, as of some terrible orgy, proceeding from the garden of a cabaret. On entering the garden, a strange scene met his eye. A company of strolling actors were holding high debauch there. Many of them were tricked out in their stage trumpery, and all of them were drunk, and they were carrying round in mock procession a young man most of whose clothes had been torn off him and stuck upon the bushes. They had daubed his face with streaks of paint, and his appearance was ludicrous and pitiable. Tristan, moved with indignation at this sight, asked what it meant. "This," replied one of the players, "is our poet, and we serve the lazy fellow thus, because he refused to join us in a game of bowls, preferring to occupy himself with his verses." The "poet" of these vagrant players was no less a person than Alexandre Hardy, who, although characterized by some wicked wit of the day as the Shakespeare of France, minus the genius of Shakespeare, is undoubtedly entitled to be looked upon as the father of the French drama. Hardy had sold himself, bodily, to the strolling troupe, and this is a sample of the life he led among them.

Voiture, in one of his letters, gives a graphic account of how he was tossed in a blanket by some of his playful