

sons of the town of Arras were seized and imprisoned, along with some foolish women and persons of little consequence. These were so horribly tortured, that some of them admitted the truth of the whole accusations, and said, besides, that they had seen and recognized in their nocturnal assembly many persons of rank—prelates, seigneurs, and governors of bailliages and cities—being such names as the examiners had suggested to the persons examined, while they constrained them by torture to impeach the persons to whom they belonged. Several of those who had been thus informed against were arrested, thrown into prison, and tortured for so long a time, that they also were obliged to confess what was charged against them. After this, those of mean condition were executed and inhumanly burnt, while the richer and more powerful of the accused ransomed themselves by sums of money, to avoid the punishment and the shame attending it. Many even of those also confessed, being persuaded to take that course by the interrogators, who promised them indemnity for life and fortune. Some there were of a truth, who suffered, with marvelous patience and constancy, the torments inflicted on them, and would confess nothing imputed to their charge; but they, too, had to give large sums to the judges, who exacted it at such of them as, notwithstanding their mishandling, were still able to move, should banish themselves from that part of the country."

The hallucinations produced by drugs and opiates we pass over with one brief extract from the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy was from the reawakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted state of irritability. At night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And at the same time a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned as noticeable at this time:

That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and dreaming states of the brain in one point. That whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness, was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams, so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process no less inevitable, when once thus traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.