

that I come to think of it, that I began to explain to my fellow-passengers that this was an illusion, and to show them how it was produced. Here ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise. And I am afraid that some of the ladies resent scarcely enjoyed the sight as much when its illusory and phantasmal character was explained, as they did while they retained the conviction, as they did for a time, that it was real. But the fact is, though it was early in October, and though it was balmy and summer-like on the plain, there had been a slight fall of snow in the mountain, just enough to cover the ground. The mountain pines which, in contrast with the snow, appeared to be almost as black as ink at the distance we were from them, fell into the back-ground, and formed what to our eyes seemed to be the dark surface of the mountain, while the snow, seen through the pines, was thrown forward and took the place of the trees. And the illusion was so perfect that from our point of observation the slightest defect in it could not be detected.

Another of these illusions occurred in the valley of the Hudson. I was going down to New York by the West Shore Railroad. And any one who has travelled by this route, especially at night, is likely to remember it, especially if he has been the occupant of an upper berth in the sleeper. Of course it is not at all comparable to a ride on a camel's back, in an African desert. It is, however, sufficiently lively to impress itself upon one's memory. The curves are somewhat numerous, and quite sharp enough for a train thundering along at the rate of forty miles an hour. And as each new direction that the road takes makes a corresponding re-adjustment of the level of the track necessary, so as to make the outside of the curve higher

than the inside, and when these occur a dozen or twenty times a minute, more or less, the oscillation is considerable. Well, I travelled by this road, on a fast train, and occupied an upper berth: the journey was, therefore, rather memorable; and left upon my mind an impression of the sinuosities of the shores of the Hudson that I had never received before.

There was, however, no illusion about this. Of its reality I have never had the least doubt. And yet it was to this I owed the experience that I am about to describe. If the road had been straighter and my sleeper had run more smoothly, in all probability I should have been fast asleep; and even if by accident I had been awake, I would have been less curious about the localities through which I was passing. As it was, I was curious to know where I was and whither I was going. Fortunately I had a window and the privilege of looking out. It was early dawn. The day had just broken. I found that we were running, or at least apparently running—so it appeared to me—along the margin of the Hudson. Of course I knew it to be the Hudson, but not from appearances. If I had not known that the route of the road lay along that river I would probably have concluded that we were running along the margin of the sea, or at least of some great lake. By some unaccountable freak of nature, the waters of the Hudson had so broadened that they had become an ocean and seemed to stretch out into infinity. The illusion was so complete that I should not have been surprised if I had seen the ships moving about on its surface.

Suspecting the unreality of the scene I tried all I could by the use of my senses to find something that would break the spell and destroy the illusion. Having been in the habit of travelling now and