

her back. The moment the steeple of—*Noire Dame de Liesse* was in sight, she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the car without assistance, and, no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home, the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely, or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor *Grimaldi* in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs, owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bed-side of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlour with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news, which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of *Grimaldi's* son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be; but in an instant *Grimaldi* sprung from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bed-side, and told his wife that their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief, he flung himself into a chair, and became again, instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, “an enfeebled and crippled old man.”

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks. She was spending some time at the sea-side, for change of air; but the evening gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at

eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard, she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavoured, if possible, to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment. At length, one evening, they succeeded, and, while she was engaged in an interesting conversation, the evening-gun was unnoticed. By-and-by she asked the hour, and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn; the gun fired, and she swooned away; and when revived, another fainting fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress *Clairon*, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who had destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or travelling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it at the very moment.

The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion *Pascal* had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted forever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of *Dalky Island*. It is said *Curran* and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing “a king of *Dalky* and the adjacent islands,” and appointing his chancellor and all the officers