

then rose to his feet, and touching the young man's forehead with his extended forefinger, he exclaimed in a stern voice, and in tones of command,—

"Your eyes are closed, I now control them, and you cannot open them! You may try, but you cannot do it."

The young man made an effort, but it was ineffectual, he had no power over the muscles. He shook his head.

"Speak! is it not so?" continued Rodolphe, still keeping his forefinger extended towards him.

"I cannot open them," said St. George, smiling at this extraordinary freak of nature, "but I am fully conscious of every thing."

"Doubtless yet," said Rodolphe, making three or four passes with his hand before the other one's face, "but now you are unconscious of every thing—of where you are—of who you are, or any thing else. You cannot tell me your name."

"You are mistaken," said the young man, "I am perfectly conscious, and can tell you my name."

"Ah," muttered Rodolphe, biting his lip, "he possesses a powerful organization. I can control his muscles, but not his mind—a thing that often happens. Clasp your hands over your head," he said.

St. George did as desired. The operator made three or four passes.

"Now," he cried, "you cannot remove them—they are fast. You may try, but you cannot do it."

The young man made an exertion to unclasp them, the attempt was ineffectual, they were completely locked.

"Now," continued Rodolphe, passing his hand over St. George's ears, "you are deaf, you cannot hear a word, now you will not hear again, until I touch your ears. Do you hear any thing?"

The young man looked at him, vacantly, and with uncon-