

CHAPTER XL.

B I O L O G Y.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE two men sat down, side by side, their hands falling heavily upon their knees, and their eyes closing as if in deep repose. Rodolphe then placed one hand on the head of St. George, and the other on that of his brother. For the space of five minutes, the whole group remained thus, till you could hear the heavy breathing of the two men, as if they were both in a profound slumber. To a stranger unacquainted with the foregoing circumstances, their appearance would remind him of some of those tales of old times, rife of necromancy and mystery. Rodolphe looked like a powerful enchanter, dooming the victims before him to sleep for a thousand years—so still, so motionless, so rigid had become their countenances, and so intent did the mighty enchanter appear in effecting his mysterious work. When five minutes had elapsed, he abandoned St. George, and placing both his hands on the head of his brother, he bent down until their breaths mingled, in which position he remained for nearly five minutes longer. Leaving him, he then turned to St. George, and pursued a similar course for nearly an equal length of time. Then bending down on one knee, he pressed the balls of his thumbs on the young man's eyebrows, and rubbed them horizontally, three or four times, immediately afterwards performing the same operation on the lids. He

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