

—for the most part unpleasing, though not hideous; expressive of no violent emotions, and succeeding one another at short intervals of time, as if melting into each other. Sometimes ten or a dozen appear in succession, and have always, on each separate occasion, something of a general resemblance of expression or some peculiarity of feature common to all, though very various in individual aspect and physiognomy. Landscapes present themselves much more rarely but more distinctly, and on the few occasions I remember, have been highly picturesque and pleasing, with a certain but very limited power of varying them by an effort of the will, which is not the case with the other sort of impressions. Of course I now speak of waking impressions, in health, and under no kind of excitement. When the two latter conditions are absent, numerous instances are on record of both voluntary and involuntary impressions of this kind, and singular as some of the facts related may appear, I am quite prepared, from my own experience on two several occasions, to receive such accounts with much indulgence.

(6.) A great many years ago, when recovering from fever, my chief amusement for two or three days consisted in the exercise of a power of calling up representations both of scenes and persons, which appeared with almost the distinctness of reality. One of these scenes I perfectly recollect. A crowd was assembled round a hole in the ice, into which a youth had fallen. His mother was standing in agony on the brink, and there were the floating fragments and something of a shadowy form under the blue transparent ice.