

having gone so far in this direction, I may perhaps be borne with if I add one or two more observations of a similar personal nature, which, though not bearing on the subject hitherto spoken of, seem to me not without some interest as contributions to that mass of unaccountable or difficultly explicable facts with which the history of vision teems so abundantly.

(18.) The first of these is one of constant occurrence to myself in railway travelling. When looking out on a sloping bank, the train going rapidly, if the sight be directed fixedly out in one direction, all near objects—stones, grass tufts, &c.,—are of course seen as if drawn out into horizontal lines. Now what I constantly perceive is the appearance of slender obscure lines like dimly seen dark wires at regular intervals asunder, crossing those linear streaky images nearly at right angles, and which always seem not to stand vertically up and down, but as if they reclined backwards on the slope of the bank. I find it best to let the eyes take their own focus without endeavouring to adjust them to any object.

(19.) It is generally taken for granted that to see any object whatever, the best way is to look straight at it, and get its image impressed on the centre of the retina. This is certainly, however, not the case with a single bright luminous point, if no brighter than a star of the third or fourth magnitude, as any body may convince himself by trying the experiment the first clear night. When two such stars of equal magnitude, within a degree or two of each other, are looked at, nothing is