

P.B.Randolph

The Wonderful
Story of
Ravalette

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE
WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE ***

THE
WONDERFUL
STORY OF RAVALETTE.

ALSO,
TOM CLARK AND HIS WIFE,

THEIR DOUBLE DREAMS AND THE CURIOUS THINGS THAT BEFELL THEM THEREIN;

OR,
THE ROSICRUCIAN'S STORY.

BY DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

“THE DUMAS OF AMERICA,”

AUTHOR OF “WAA, GU-MAH,” “PRE-ADAMITE MAN,” “DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD,”

“IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT,” “THE UNVEILING OF SPIRITISM,” “THE GRAND

SECRET,” “HUMAN LOVE—A PHYSICAL SUBSTANCE,”

ETC., ETC., ETC.

“The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being.”—

CHANNING.

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1863.

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P. B. RANDOLPH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN giving what follows to the world, no one can be more alive to the fact that this is the latter half of the nineteenth century, and that the present is emphatically the era of the grandest Utilitarianism, Revolution, Matter of Fact, and Doubt that the world ever knew, than is the editor of the following extraordinary tale. He has no apologies to make for offering it—no excuses, even as a novelist, for departing from the beaten track of “War, Love, Murder, and Revenge,” “Politics, Passion, and Prussic acid,” which constitute the staple of the modern novel.

Disliking all long exordia, we propose to enter at once upon the work before us, by inquiring: Is there such a thing as real magic—not the ordinary, chemical, ambidextral jugglery, that passes current among the vulgar as magic—but the real old mysterious thing, whereof we read in old black-letter tomes?

Utterly repudiating the pretensions of modern charlatans, and conscienceless impostors, who deal in “spirit photographs,” and utter misty phrases about “Life in the Spheres,” “Gloria,” and “Jubilo,” together with schemes to reform the world—namely, by means of Indiana divorces, improved “Lieceums,” “Air-lying dispatches,” via *Caput Assinorum*, and much other.

“Canting, radical jabber and jaw,
’Bout Mornia and Hornia, and Starnos and ’Cor,
Hocus and pocus, and nong-tong-paw;
All stupid crams, not worth a straw.”

Not because there are no spirits, for one case in a million of reported spectral phenomena, may be true, but *all* are totally unreliable—that is, they lie—and the person who places the least confidence in them in one

thousand instances, is sure to be deceived nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and only reach approximate truth and fact in the thousandth.

Spiritualism is yet the great *non sequitur* of the age, so far as the vast majority of mankind is concerned—for while one portion of its phenomena may be really spiritual, the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine portions are referable to something else than human ghosts. Spiritualism has done no good whatever, save in that it has called attention to new directions, thereby stimulating the spirit of inquiry; but in itself it is yet far from being among the certainties.

I here disavow all intention to deride true spirit phenomena, if such there be; nor do I question the transmundane life of man—for the belief in immortality is a part of my very being—but, while ignoring the claims, and deriding the absurd pretensions of the vast majority of modern Eolists and self-styled mediums, I repeat the question: Is there any positive means or ways whereby even a favored few can penetrate the mysterious veil that hangs like an iron pall between the great human multitude and the infinitely greater BEYOND? Is it possible to break through the awful barrier—to glimpse through the Night-Curtain that screens and shrouds us from the Phantom-World?—if such there be.

“Deep the gulph that hides the dead—
Long and dark the way they tread.”

Can we know it? Can we by any possibility scan its secrets? Nor are we alone in propounding questions such as these; for every intelligent person, at some period or other, puts them to himself and neighbor, but, in the majority of cases, vainly. The writer hereof, like the great mass of people, has often propounded these queries, the result being a confirmed and indurated scepticism—which scepticism was, almost ruthlessly, swept away by the extraordinary series of events about to be recorded in these pages.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE.



BOOK I.

CHAPTER I. THE STRANGE MAN.

“In the most high and palmy days of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

AND he sat him down wearily by the side of the road. Wearily, for he had journeyed far that day. He was footsore, and his bodily powers were nearly exhausted by reason of the want and privation he had undergone. His looks were haggard, and a *pathetic* pall, gloomy and tearful, hung and floated around him, invisible to, but sensibly felt by, all who lingered near, or gazed upon him. A sorrowful man was he.

And as he sat there by the roadside, he leaned his head upon the staff which he held in his hand; and as he bowed him down, the great salt tears gushed from between his fingers, and watered the ground at his feet. In other days the cypress, plant of sorrow, sprung up there, and throve in sad and mournful beauty, as if to mark and guard the spot whereon the strong man had lifted up his voice and wept aloud—once upon a time.

This was many years ago; and this was the occasion on which I became acquainted with the personage who figures so remarkably in this volume.^[1] At that time the writer practically accepted, but mentally disbelieved, all the religious and psychologic faiths of Christendom; and, had any man even hinted at certain mysterious possibilities that have since then been verified and demonstrated, I should most certainly have laughed in his face, and have reckoned him up as a first-class fool or idiot. Things have changed since then.

He was a man of middle height, was neither stout nor slender, but, when in full flesh, was a happy medium between the two. His head and brain were large, and, from certain peculiarities of form, really much more massive

than they appeared. The skull was long and narrow at the base, especially about the ears; but above that line the brain was deep, broad and high, indicating great powers of *endurance*, with but moderate physical force, it being clearly apparent that the mental structure sustained itself to a great degree at the expense of the muscles, his nervous system, as in all such organizations, being morbidly acute and sensitive. There was, naturally or organically, nothing about him either coarse, brutal, low or vulgar, and if, in the race of life, he exhibited any of those bad qualities, it was attributable to the rough circumstances attendant upon him, and the treatment he received from the world. By nature he was open, frank, benevolent and generous to a fault, and of these traits men availed themselves to his sorrow. With abundant capacity to successfully grapple with the most profound and abstruse questions of philosophy or metaphysics, yet this man was totally incompetent to conduct matters of the least business, requiring even a very moderate financial ability. Such are nature's contradictions, such her law of compensation.

As a consequence, this man, with abilities universally conceded to be good, was the ready victim of the first plausible knave that came along, from the "friend" who borrowed half his cash, and undertook to invest the balance—and kept the whole, to the printer of his books, who swindled him of both time and money.

His complexion was tawny, resembling that of the Arab children of Beyroot and Damascus. The shape and set of the chin, jaws and lips, were indicative rather of power than force. The mouth, in its slightly protruding upper lip, and two small ridges at the corners, betokened executive ability, passion, courage, affection, humor, firmness and decision. The cheeks were slightly sunken, indicating care and trouble, while the cheek-bones, being somewhat high and broad, betrayed his aboriginal ancestry, as did also his general beardlessness, for, save a tuft beneath the chin of jet black silky hair, and a thin and light mustache, he could lay no claim to hirsute distinction. His nose, which had been broken by a fall when a child, was neither large nor small, and as a simple feature, was in no respect remarkable; but taken with the other features, was most decidedly so, for when under the influence of passion, excitement or emotion, there was an indescribable something about the alæ and nostrils that told you that a volcano slumbered in that man's brain and heart, only it required a touch, a vent, in the right direction, to

wake its fires and cause it to blaze forth vehemently, transforming him in an instant from a passive, uncomplaining man, into the embodiment of virtuous championship of the cause that was true, or into a demon of hatred and vindictive fury. The good prevailed; for the evil spasm was ever a spasm only—save in a very few marked cases, where he had suffered wrongs, deep and grievous, at the hands of men whose meanness and duplicity toward himself he only discovered when they had gained their points and ruined him. These men he hated—and yet that word does not convey the true idea. His feeling was not vindictive, but was a craving for, and determination to exact justice for his wrongs. This satisfied, his ill will died on the instant. His eyes, or rather eye—for one was nearly lost from an accident—was a deep, dark hazel, and such as people are in the habit of describing as jet black. It shone with a lustre peculiar, and strangely magnetic when he let his soul go forth upon winged words from the rostrum, for he had been a public speaker in his time, and had won no small degree of fame on that field.

Once seen and heard, this man was one whom it was impossible ever to forget, so different was he from all other men, and so marked and peculiar were his characteristics.

Such, in brief, were the externals of the person to whom the reader is here introduced.

A very singular man was he—the Rosicrucian—I knew him well. Many an hour, subsequent to that in which he is here introduced, have we sat together beneath the grateful shade of some glorious old elm on the green, flowery banks of Connecticut's silver stream, and under some towering dome palm beside the bosom of still older Nilus, in the hoary land of the Pharaohs, of magic and of myth, he all the while pouring into my ear strange, very strange legends indeed—legends of Time and the other side of Time—all of which my thirsty soul drank in as the sun-parched earth drinks in the grateful showers, or the sands of Zin the tears of weeping clouds. And these tales, these legends put to shame the wildest fictions of Germany and the terror-haunted Hartz. Particularly was I struck with a half hint that once escaped his lips, to the effect that some men on the earth, himself among the number, had preëxisted on this sphere, and that at times he distinctly remembered localities, persons and events that were cotemporary with him before he occupied his present form, and consequently that his real age

exceeded that even of Ahasuerus, the Jew, who, in the dolorous road, mocked the Man of Calvary, as he bore his cross up the steep and stony way, for which *leze majeste* he was doomed to walk the earth, an outcast and vagabond, from that hour till Shiloh comes, according to the legends of Jewry.

My friend, during our intimacy, often spoke concerning white magic, and incidentally insisted on his curious doctrine of transmigration. Nor was this all: He taught that the souls of people sometimes vacated their bodies for weeks together, during which they were occupied by other souls, sometimes that of a permanently disembodied man of earth; at others, that of an inhabitant of the aëreal spaces, who, thus embodied, roamed the earth at will. He, when closely questioned, declared his firm belief that he had lived down through many ages, and that for reasons known to himself, he was doomed to live on, like the great Artefius—that other Rosicrucian—until a certain consummated act (wherein he was to be involuntarily an active party) should release him from it and permit him to share the lot of other men.

As a consequence of his dissimilarity from others he appeared to have been endowed with certain hyper-mental powers, among which was a strange intro-vision, not the fraudulent clairvoyance claimed and palmed off upon the world by the arch impostor of Poughkeepsie, and others of the same kidney, but something analogous to that attributed to the oracle-priestesses of Delphos and Delos. This power, which was not always present, enabled him to behold and describe things, persons and events, even across the widest gulfs of ocean; and to read the secret history and thoughts of the most secretive, self-possessed and subtle-minded man as easily as if it were a printed scroll. When this ecstasy was on him he looked as if, at that moment, he beheld things forever sealed from the majority of eyes, and that too both with and without his wonderful magic mirror. At first I doubted his pretensions, mentally referred them to an abnormal state of mind, and, until they were abundantly demonstrated, laughed at the preposterous idea, as I considered it, of any one seriously claiming such extraordinary powers in the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. As previously remarked, his complexion told that he was a *sang mêlée*—not a direct cross—but one in which at least seven distinct strains of blood intermingled, if they did not perfectly blend. Save when in high health and spirits, and

weather extremely cold—at which times he was pale—his color was a rich, light bronze, like that of the youngsters one sees in such profusion, scampering like mad through the narrow and tortuous streets of Syrio-Arabic cities, demanding “Bucksheesh” from every Frank they see. With his large, broad, high brain, arched and open brow, his massive, elliptical and angular top-head, he was a marked man, and when his soul was at high tide, and his deep and mystic inspirations thrilled and filled him to the brim, his eye beamed with unearthly fire, glowed like the orbs of a Pythoness, and scintillated a light peculiarly its own. Whoever saw him then never forgot the sight, for he seemed to have the power of glancing instantaneously through the world—Time, space—everything and everywhere. Judging by his speech alone, one would have thought his education might not have been altogether neglected, but that it certainly was of a kind and quality entirely different from that usually received in Christian lands. There was very little, if any, polish about him—not that he lacked urbanity, courteousness or smoothness—not that he was rude or rough in any way, but his placidity was that of the river, forest or lake, not that of the boudoir or the schools of *politesse*. He was extremely enigmatical, and the most so when he appeared most frank in all that pertained to his inner life and world; and was more sphynx-like to me at the end of ten years’ intimacy than on the first day of our acquaintance. He had, though poor, travelled extensively. Oriental in personal appearance and physical tastes, he was still more so in disposition and mind, and in all that pertained to dreamery, philosophy and the affections.

With this description of the principal personage of this narrative, I now proceed to sketch another part of the man.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] The same personage is the principal character in the romance of “Dhoula Bel, or the Magic Globe,” which will ere long be published.

CHAPTER II.

HIS EARLY DAYS—THE STRANGE LEGEND.

AND there sat the man at the side of the road—sat there mournfully, silently weeping—the strange man!—as if his heart would break, and not from slight cause was he sorrowing. Not from present want of food, shelter, or raiment, but because his heart was full, and its fountains overflowing. The world had called him a genius, and as such had petted, praised, admired, and starved him all at once; but not one grain of true sympathy all the while; not a single spark of true disinterested friendship. The great multitude had gathered about him as city sight-seers gather round the last new novelty in the museum—a child with two heads, a dog with two tails, or the Japanese mermaid—duly compounded of codfish and monkey—and then, satisfied with their inspection, they turned from, and left him in all his deep loneliness and misery, all the more bitter for the transient light of sympathy thrown momentarily upon him. Genius must be sympathetically treated, else it eats its own heart, and daily dies a painful, lingering death.

Throwing aside all his theories about preëxistence, and triple life, as being too recondite for either my readers or myself, we come at once to his natural, matter-of-fact history. At eight years of age he had been christened in the Roman Catholic Church, by the name of Beverly. From his father our hero inherited little save a lofty spirit, an ambitious, restless nature, and a susceptibility to passional emotions, so great that it was a permanent and positive influence during his entire life. His fifth year began and completed the only school education the boy ever had, and for all his subsequent attainments in that direction he was indebted to his own unaided exertions. His father loved him little; his mother loved him as the apple of her eye—and all the more because being born with a full and complete set of teeth, old gossips and venerable grey-beards augured a strange and eventful career; beside which, certain singular spectral visitations and experiences of

his mother, ere, and shortly after the young eyes opened on the world, convinced her that he was born to no common destiny—much of which has already been detailed at length in “Dhoula Bel: or the Magic Globe.” Two or three and twenty years prior to the opening of this tale, there lived at what then was No. 70 Canal street, New York city, a woman whose complexion was that of a Mississippi octoroon. She was a native of Vermont, had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in the State, if indeed she was surpassed anywhere. Her mind was as rich in its stores and resources as her person was in feminine graces. Her life up to that time had been a checkered, and in the main, a very unhappy one, for her refinement, nature, education, character and acquirements, were such as to demand a broader, higher, better social sphere than what, from pecuniary want, she now occupied and moved in. Another cause of unrest was that she was maritally mismatched altogether, for her husband, after years of absence, during which she had deemed him dead, and contracted a second alliance with the father of her boy, had suddenly returned, and never from that moment did she receive one particle of what her heart yearned for—that domestic love and sympathy, ever the matron’s due, and which alone can render life a blessing, and smooth the rugged, thorny pathway to the tomb.

Flora Beverly claimed immediate kindred with the red-skinned sons of the northern wilderness, but that blood in her veins mingled with the finer current derived from her ancestor, the Cid—a strain of royal blood that in the foretime had nerved noble-souled men to deeds of valor, and fired the souls of Spanish poets to lofty achievements in the rosy fields of immortal song. She had been tenderly reared—perhaps too much so—for her strange and wonderful beauty, flashing out upon the world from her large and lustrous eyes, and beaming forth from every feature and movement, had been such that she had become marked in community from early childhood, and her parents, looking upon her as a special providence to them, had unwisely cultured qualities in her that had better have been held in abeyance. By over-care and morbid solicitude they had nearly spoiled God’s handiwork, and she grew up an imperious, self-willed, exacting, and sensitive queen. She married, and expected to find herself the centre of a realm of unalloyed joy and delight, wherein her reign would be undisputed. The man she wedded took her for her beauty, expecting to realize a perfect heaven in its possession. Both were bitterly disappointed. The man could

appreciate only the external and superficial qualities and excellences of his wife, while her inner, higher, better self—her soul, was a *terra incognita* to him, which, like so many other husbands, he never even once dreamed of exploring; he had no idea whatever of the inestimable qualities of her heart, intellect, or spirit, and he had never found out that her body is the least a woman gives away—that she has gifts so regal for the man she loves, that glittering diamonds are sparkless, insipid, valueless in comparison.

And so, the first delirious joy-month over, they both began to awaken—the man to the fact that to him his wife was a “very pretty doll,” the woman that her husband was—a brute, whose soul slept soundly beneath the coverlets of sense, and herself its victim and minister. It was horrible; she lost heart, she despised this surface man, and sunk and lost bloom beneath the terrible weight of the discovery and its fearful results. Married, she had expected to move in a sphere very far above that which, by the laws of moral and mental gravity, she was compelled to occupy. Her horizon was henceforth to be bounded by that of her master and his associates. Her husband was vain of his conquest, and one of his greatest joys was found in parading and showing off her beauty to the best advantage, like a jockey does a fine horse—and feeling, jockey-like the while, “all this is *mine!*” Neither himself nor his associates in life could appreciate that more than royal loveliness which dwells within the breasts of educated and refined women—a beauty which eye hath never seen, which eye can never see, but which, like soft and delicate perfume, radiates from such to all who are fine enough to perceive it.

As a matter of course, she soon grew weary and disgusted with this surface-life. Feeling that she was unappreciated by the living thousands around her, she, with the true instinct of the Indian, spurned their contact, fell back upon herself, and then, with every tendril of her soul, turned and yearned toward the teeming millions of the dead. She invoked them to her aid, and religiously believed her prayers answered—as I do—and delivering herself up wholly to their weird care and guidance, thenceforward lived a double life—a shadow-life in the world, a real life in the phantom land. True to the natural instinct of the human heart, just in proportion as she withdrew from the world, so did she approach that awful veil which is only uplifted for the sons and daughters of sorrow and the starbeam. She became a seeress, a dreamer, and, in what to her was an actual, positive communion with the

lordly ghosts of the dead nations, whereof, in both lines, her forefathers had been chiefs, she sought that sympathy in her sorrows, and in her strange internal joys—that mysterious balm of healing, which the red man in his religion—or superstition, if you will—believes can only thus and there be had. And she found what she sought, or what to the spontaneous and impulsive soul amounts to the same thing, believed that she had found it. At first she had some difficulty in correctly translating into her human language of heart and word that which she took to be the low whisperings of the aërial dwellers of the viewless kingdom of MANATOU. She ardently longed for a more open intercourse with the dead, and, as herein stated, as well as in “Dhoula Bel,” was gratified.

Poor Flora! half-child of Nature and of Art, was destined to bear a child, and that child the man of these volumes—in the very midst of the conditions here sketched, under these conditions he was born.

As already stated, beneath this woman’s heart there slumbered the fires of a volcano, intense, fervent, quenchless, the result alike of her peculiar ancestry and peculiar training. Her full soul became re-incarnate in the son she bore; and with it she endowed the child with her own intense desire to love and be loved; all her mystic spirit, her love of mystery; all her unearthly aspiration toward unearthly association; all her resolute, yet half-desponding, quick, impulsive, passionate, generous nature; all, all, found in him a local habitation and a name, and that name was Genius.

Thus moulded came he into the world, doomed from birth to strange and bitter experiences—to face alone and unfriended the bitter blasts of wintry storms, and the burning heats of summer suns; to cling to the hope of speedy death, all the while grasping existence with ten-fold the tenacity of others, yet daily pleading for life—strange contradiction!—dear life, at the world’s stern bar; pleading daily, yet as often losing his suit, and being by that world sentenced to be utterly cast adrift on the fickle tide of Fate and Chance, and that too with a mind and body acutely sensitive, and constantly at war with each other.

Compensation is a universal principle. While so alive to pain, he was equally so to the jouissant emotions, and his delights, when they came, were keen, fine, exquisite, to a remarkable degree. As throwing some light on the character of this man—who is not a myth, but an actual existence—I will

here repeat the substance of an account himself gave of his early life and weird and ghostly experiences. He had been questioned in regard to certain powers of an unusual kind attributed to him, and the following reply was elicited:

“When I was a very young child, my mother dwelt in a large, sombre and gloomy old stone house on Manhattan Island. At that time New York was about one quarter as large as at present, and that house was a long way out of town. It still stands in the same place, but the city has grown miles beyond it. The building, in times of pestilence, fever, smallpox, and cholera, had been used as a pest-house, or lazaretto, and in it thousands have died of those diseases, and from there, in my fifth year, the soul of my mother took its everlasting flight.

“Scores of people there were ready to testify on oath that the old house was haunted by ghosts, who strode grimly and silently through the solemn, stately halls of that massive island castle. But it generally happened that the witnesses of these spectral visitants had neither time nor inclination to cultivate their acquaintance—save one, an apothecary named Banker, who cursed and swore at one of them on a certain occasion, whereupon the ghost slapped his face, and completely turned and withered his lower jaw by way of punishment for the *leze majeste*. With this exception, those who met one of these ghosts, invariably had urgent business in an opposite direction, and it was quite surprising with what wonderful speed lame persons got over the ground whenever a ghost was declared to be around, by those who being born with a ‘caul’ over the face, were thereby endowed with the spectre-seeing faculty; and as such gifted ones could see, I used often to wish I could meet some who had been born with *two* cauls, so that they might speak to as well as see them.

“Some people do not believe in ghosts. I do, ghosts of various kinds. I. It is possible to project an image of one’s self, which image may be seen by another however distant. II. The phantasmal projections of heated fancy—spectral illusion—the results of cerebral fever, as in drunken delirium, opium and other fantasies. III. The spirits of dead men. IV. Spiritual beings from other planets. V. Beings from original worlds, who have not died, but who, nevertheless, are of so fine texture as to defy the material laws which we are compelled to obey, and who, coming under the operation of those that govern disembodied men, are enabled to do all that they do. VI. I

believe that human beings, by the action of desperate, wicked wills, frequently call into being spectral harpies—the horrible embodiment of their evil thoughts. These are demons, subsisting so long as their creators are under the domination of the evil. VII. I believe in a similar creation emanating from good thoughts of good people, lovely out-creations of aspiring souls. Remember these seven. This is a clear statement of the Rosicrucian doctrine of the higher order of their temple. In the lower, these seven pass under the names of Gnomes, Dwarfs, Sylphs, Salamanders, Nereids, Dryads and Fays.

“One day, when I was about five years old, I returned from school, and found the clayey vestment—the fleshly form of the only friend I ever had, my mother, cold and prone in the arms of icy cold, unrelenting Death. Ah! what a shock was that to my poor little childish heart! She had that morning grown weary of earth, had serenely, trustingly closed her darling eyes, and I was left alone to battle single-handed against four mighty and powerful enemies—Prejudice, Poverty and Organization were three of them. The fourth is almost too terrible, too wild and fanciful to be credited, yet I will state it:

THE LEGEND.

“Many, very many centuries ago, there lived on the soil where in subsequent ages stood Babylon and Nineveh the first, a mighty king, whose power was great and undisputed. He was wise, well-learned and eccentric. He had a daughter lovely beyond all description. She was as learned as she was beautiful. Kings and princes sought her hand in vain; for her father had sworn to give her to no man save him who should solve a riddle which the king himself would propound, and solve it at the first trial, under penalty of decapitation on failure. The riddle was this, ‘What are the three most desirable things beneath the sun, that are not the sun, yet which dwell within the sun?’ Thousands of the gay, the grave, the sage and ambitious who essayed the solution, and failed, left the presence to mount the horse of death.

“In the meantime, proclamation was made far and wide, declaring that robes of crimson, chains of gold, the first place in the kingdom and the princess should be the reward of the lucky man.

“One day there came to the court a very rich and royal embassy from the King of the South, seeking an alliance, and propounding new treaties; and among the suite was a young Basinge poet, who acted as interpreter to the embassy. This youth heard of the singular state of things, learned the conditions, and got the riddle by heart. For four long months did he ponder upon and study it, revolving in his mind all sorts of answers, but without finding any that fulfilled the three requisites.

“In order to study more at his ease, the youth was in the habit of retiring to a grotto behind the palace, and there repeating to himself the riddle and all sorts of possible responses thereto. The princess hearing of this, determined to watch him, and did so. Now, poets must sing, and this one was particularly addicted to that sort of exercise; and he made it a point to imagine all sorts of perfections as residing in the princess, and he sung his songs daily in the grotto—sung himself desperately in love with his ideal, and so inflamed the girl herself, who had managed to both see and hear him, herself unseen, that she loved him dearer than life. Here, then, were two people made wretched by a whim.

“Love and song are very good in their places, but, for a steady diet, are not comparable to many other things; and, as this couple fed on little else, they both pined sadly and rapidly away.

“At length, one day, the youth fell asleep in the grotto, and his head rested directly over a fissure in the rock through which there issued a very fine and subtle vapor, which had the effect of throwing the young man in a trance, during which he fancied he saw the princess herself, unveiled, and more lovely than the flowers that bloomed in the king’s garden. He also thought he saw an inscription, which bade him despair not, but TRY! and, at the same time, there flowed into his mind this sentence, which subsequently became the watchword of the mystic fraternity which, for some centuries, has been known as that of the Rosie Cross—‘There is no difficulty to him who truly wills.’ Along with this there came a solution of the king’s riddle, which he remembered when he awoke, and instantly proclaimed his readiness to attempt that which had cost so many adventurers their lives.

“Accordingly, the grandest preparations—including a man with a drawn blade ready to make the poet shorter by the head if he failed—were made, and, at an appointed hour, all the court, the princess included, convened in

the largest hall of the palace. The poet advanced to the foot of the throne, and there knelt, saying, 'O king, live for ever! What three things are more desirable than Life, Light and Love? What three are more inseparable? and what better cometh from the sun, yet is not the sun? O king! is thy riddle answered?' 'True!' said the king; 'you have solved it, and my word shall be kept!' And he straightway gave commands to have the marriage celebrated in royal style, albeit, through the influence of a high court official, he hated poets in general, and this one particularly so, because he thought the young man had foiled him in one of the treaties just made. Now, it so happened that the grand vizier had hoped by some means to get a solution of the riddle, and secure the great prizes for a young son of his own; and, as soon as the divan was closed, that very day, he hastened to the closet of the king, and there still further poisoned the mind of his master against the victor, by charging him with having succeeded through the aid of sorcery, which so enraged the king that he readily agreed to remove the claimant by means of a speedy, secret, and cruel death that very night, to which end the poet was drugged in his wine at the evening banquet, conveyed to a couch openly, and almost immediately thereafter removed to the chamber allotted to the refractory servants of the court. This apartment was under ground, and the youth, being thrown violently on the floor, revived, and was astonished to find himself bound hand and foot in presence of the king, his vizier, a few soldiers, and—death; for he saw at a glance that his days were numbered. He defended himself from the charge of sorcery, but in vain. He was doomed to die, and the order given, when, just as the blow was about to fall, there appeared the semblance of a gigantic hand, moving as if to stay the uplifted blade; but too late. The sword fell, and, as it reached the neck of the victim, he uttered the awful words, 'I curse ye all who—' the rest of the sentence was spoken in eternity; but there came a clamor and a clangor as of a thousand protesting spectral voices, and one of them said, in tones of thunder, 'This youth, by persistence of will, had unbarred the gates between this world and that of mystery. He was the first of his and thy race that ever achieved so great an honor. And ye have slain him, and he hath cursed thee, by reason of which thou, O king! and thou, O vizier! and the dead man, have all changed the human for another nature. The first shall go down the ages, transmigrating from form to form. Thou, O vizier! shall also exist till thou art forgiven;—DHOULA BEL shall be thy name; and thou shalt tempt the king through long ages, and be foiled whenever the youth—who shall

be called the STRANGER—shall so will, for the sake of the love he bore thy daughter. This drama shall last and be until a son of Adam shall wed with a daughter of Ish, or thou, king, in one of the phases of thy being, shall love, and be truly, fully loved again, and for thyself alone. An eternity may elapse ere then!’ ”

“Ask me not,” said the young Beverly, “*why*, but believe me when I say that I *know* that ages ago I was that king; that the Stranger has been seen by my mother; that Dhoulah Bel still haunts and tempts me for the sin of ages. I know the fate impending over me, and that in this my present form I am a neutral being, for whom there is no hope save through the union of myself, a son of Adam’s race, with a daughter of Ish, one not of Adam’s race.... This, then, is the dreadful fate to which I was left so pitilessly exposed on the morning that my mother died on Manhattan Island—left to pay the penalty of a crime committed thousands of years ago.”

CHAPTER III.

A SPECTRAL VISITANT.

IT must be confessed that this was a singular story, and smelled very strongly of either Hartz-mountainism or its equivalent, imagination. He continued his story thus:

“I did not know all this at five years old, of course. The only thing I did fully comprehend was the loss of my mother—her strange silence—the woeful look of those who hugged my little head and said ‘Poor child!’ I tried hard to be manly and not cry, as they bade me, but it was useless, and the tears welled up in floods from my poor little childish heart. Have you ever lost a mother?

“As I nestled on the bed where she lay so very still, I asked the bystanding mourners where the talking part of my mother had gone to? If she would never talk to, love and pet me any more? and they said ‘Never more,’ and they repeated that dreadful but untrue refrain till my poor heart was full almost to bursting, with its load and pressure of grief; and then I threw myself upon her dear body, and cried till tears refused to flow, for I had lost my mother, sirs—I had lost my mother! Would that I could weep *now* as I did *then*; it would relieve my over-burdened heart. But I cannot, for the tear fountain seldom thaws. The floods still gather and well up, but they freeze ere they reach the surface, and the heart strings snap and crack, but they will not break. I wish they would, so that I might join, even for a while, that dear mother whom I loved so well.

“Childhood’s griefs are written with a feather, upon warm parchment, with stainless ink; but the heart’s greater woes are burned into the memory with a fiery iron stylus; the first lines speedily wear away; the last are ineffaceable. As I lay upon the cold breast of my darling mother, a woman said to me, ‘Do not cry, poor child! She is happy now! She has just gone up, on her

way to heaven!’ And I believed what that woman said; and I looked out through the deep foliage of the trees hard by; looked eagerly up into the sky, expecting to see her ascending soul; and as my eye caught the shadowy fleece of a melting silvery cloud, I thought and believed it to be my mother’s sainted soul. I half believe so still; for as the cloud vanished into nothingness on the breast of the blue, I distinctly heard a voice, gentle, soft, and sweetly mournful, like unto the dying notes of a wind-harp, lightly touched by the zephyr’s breath, whisper in my ear these words—which at that time I could not fully comprehend—‘Lonely one of the ages! there may be rest for thee in the life thou’rt now commencing. Let thy motto be—TRY! Despond not, but ever remember that how bitter soever our lot may be, that despite it all, WE MAY BE HAPPY YET! Peace, poor child! Thou’rt watched and guarded by thy mother!’ ‘and the stranger,’ added another, and more silvery voice from out the deep stillness of that noon-tide heaven. I knew that mystic voice—the first one—and felt that it was from beyond Time’s threshold. I trusted it’s sacred words of promise, for I had, child as I was, an unshaken faith, an intuition, if you will, that instant flowing to me, that my blessed mother still lived.

“From that hour commenced a strange, double existence to and in me. Two instances, perfectly true in all respects, I will relate, either of which forever settled in my mind that some human beings consciously survive the ordeal of death. Not long after my irreparable loss, I, along with several other children, went to bed in the roof chamber of that dark old house. Something had occurred of a merry turn, and we were all brimful of joy and glee, and our mirth was as loud as it dared be for fear of the ogres down stairs, who had a bad habit of enforcing silence through the medium of sundry straps and birch twigs. In the very midst of the uproar the bed-clothes were slowly, carefully lifted from off us by agencies totally invisible. We pulled them back; but again and again they were removed, and the movement was accompanied by a din and clatter, as if fifty cannon balls were rolling on the floor; and it immediately brought the ogres and their straps from down stairs to see what was the matter. So far as terror permitted we explained, whereupon the ogres looked scaredly wise, readjusted the quilts and retreated. No sooner had they left than the cannon balls began again to roll over the floor, and mustering courage to rise and grapple for the coverlet, which had again been pulled from us, I clearly and distinctly saw a female figure calmly standing at the foot of the bed, but not upon the floor, for she

floated like a vapor on the air. There was but little, if any, light in the room, save that which surrounded, and appeared to emanate from the spectral figure. She stood in the midst of a silvery or phosphoric haze. It was by no means phantasmal in appearance, but so clear, sharp, well defined did the apparition seem, that to this day I remember distinctly the figures on what appeared to be the dress she wore, which fact involves a mystery no psychologist has yet been able to fathom satisfactorily. The children who also saw this sight were terrified; I was not, for I felt she would not harm me, for the reason that mothers love their offspring, and that figure was my mother.

“Some considerable time elapsed after this. I had grown into a stout and active boy, having already drifted for some years up and down the world, and once found myself registered as cabin boy on board the brig *Phœbe*, of New Bedford, whereof one Alonzo Baker was captain—not of New Bedford—but the brig.

“In this vessel I served for several months, to the satisfaction of no one, myself included, being too small, weak and delicate for the arduous duties required of me, and consequently had to pay the usual penalty.

“Sailors, to a man, are superstitious, though less so now than in the days whereof I am speaking. Still, at present, it is not hard, in spite of the march of intellect, to find sailors who, between the dog-watch and eight bells, will spin you a yarn under the weather rail that will make a man’s hair stand on end like hairs on an enraged kitten.

“On board the *Phœbe* there were several old salts, and many were the tales they told of the ghosts of murdered sailors, appearing in the midst of dreadful storms, to encourage foremast Jacks, and frighten the souls of guilty mates and captains; and of course all this tended to deepen the vein of superstition and mysticism running through me. Often have I been apprized of the presence and power of the dead or of those who never die, and, when tempted to share the dangerous pleasures of my older comrades, been mysteriously saved.

“Sailors, like everybody else, are fond of power, and delight in lording it over those whom chance or accident places in their power; and on every vessel there is one man who is sure to be the butt and target for petty tyranny and abuse. On board the *Phœbe* this fell to my lot; and not being

able to forcibly resist, I took care to hide in my chest about a gallon of rum, into which about half an ounce of croton oil, from the medicine chest had previously been poured. I labelled the jug 'Poison.' Croton oil is the most infamously active purgative known. The sailors found the jug, read the label—didn't believe it—drank the liquor, and were actively engaged for several hours thereafter, as a consequence. A more earnest, swift-moving set of men were never seen. They had no relish for supper that night. They beat me unmercifully, but I was revenged. Still they abused me, until one day a sailor tweaked my nose in the galley, and for his pains received half a gallon of hot lard in the waist-band, which troubled him wonderfully.... At last I meditated suicide as a relief, and, in a paroxysm of rage and despair, such as boys only are subject to, actually ran aft to accomplish it by leaping over the taffrail into the surging sea, when I was arrested by a narrow blast of warm—almost hot air, which thrilled me to the very centre of my being, and almost pinned me to the deck, while at the same time there flowed into my soul an eloquent and indignant protest against my supreme folly, accompanied by the spoken words, 'Be patient! TRY!'

"It is impossible to attribute all these things to imagination.

"One evening, a long time after the occurrence just related, a company of ladies and gentlemen, in a house situated near the observatory, Portland, Maine, were conversing upon the general subject of ghosts, and rewards and punishments after death. When we sat down there were thirteen persons in the room, and thirteen persons only. We became deeply absorbed in the discussion, indeed so much so, that the host gave the servant strict orders not to disturb us, and to refuse admission to any person whatever. And thus we all talked freely, the servant seated in the hall, close by the door. No one was admitted. Presently one person, by reason of his eloquence and venerable appearance, engrossed all our attention by the thrilling things he told, although he did not join the conversation till over an hour after we had begun it; nor did his conversation appear at all intrusive. He was the *fourteenth* person, although we did not realize the fact till we were separating, and he had disappeared. Upon inquiry no one knew him, had ever seen him before, or observed his departure—not even the servant, who declared that for two hours no one had passed him either way. It was voted 'very strange,' and that for our own credit sake the matter should be 'hushed

up;' but we agreed to meet again at the same house, that day-week, to discuss the matter, and compare opinions arrived at in the interim."

CHAPTER IV.

A VERY STRANGE STORY—ETTELAVAR!

“ON the appointed evening a select party of us met pursuant to agreement; but not one had reached a solution of the mystery. In those days the impostor Davis had not foisted his blasphemous absurdities on the world; nor had his peculiar system of morals made rogues of the one half of his deluded followers, or shameless harlots of the other; nor had lunatic asylums then been packed, as they have since, with sufferers ruined by his teachings; nor were graveyards dotted with the mounds raised by weeping friends over loved ones driven to suicide by his doctrines. In those days a man’s wife was comparatively safe, nor were divorces half so common as they have since become. In those days husbands did not sneak off to Indiana, and by blank perjury procure divorce in order that they might revel in barefaced, shameless, open lust with their worthy paramours. In those days spiritualism had not broken in on the world, nor had the goblin philosophy made millions of fools and idiot fanatics out of material that God created for better purposes. In those days Joe Smith had not convinced thousands that harlotry is the straightest road to heaven; nor had Noyes founded his huge religious brothel in the centre of the State, contaminating the country for leagues around; and the handy system of ghostology, with its hundred truths and thousand falsehoods, had not then afforded a ready explanation of mysteries such as those I have recounted; nor had any man dared claim to be the confidential secretary of Almighty God.

“On the night in question our conversation became, if possible, more interesting and absorbing than on the first occasion, owing to the novel *fillip* it had then received. So absorbed did I become during the evening, that on one or two occasions I partially lost myself in a sort of semi-mesmeric coma, which gradually deepened as the discussion waxed warmer, until my lower limbs grew cold, and a chilling numbness crept upon me, creating

such a terror that I resolved to make my condition known, even at the risk of interrupting the discussion.

“I made the trial, and found, to my consternation, that I could not utter a syllable—I could not move an inch. Horror! The company were so engrossed with the matter before them, that no notice was taken of any change that might have been perceptible in me; nor did one person there suspect that I was not attentively drinking in the discourse.

“With inexpressible alarm, I felt that life itself was fast ebbing from me, and that death was slowly and surely grasping, clutching, freezing my vitals. I was dying. Presently—it appeared as if a long interregnum had occurred between the last previous conscious moment, and the present instantaneous, but positive agony—a sudden, sharp, tingling pang, like that of hot needles thrust in the flesh, shot through my brain. This was followed by a sinking sensation, as if the body had resigned itself to passive dissolution, and then came, with electric rapidity, a succession of the most cruel agonies ever endured by mortal man. When it ceased consciousness had ceased also, and I fell to the floor as one suddenly dead, to the amazement of the company, as was afterwards declared.

“How long this physical inanition lasted, I cannot now say, but during it the spiritual part of me was roused to a tenfold degree of activity, consciousness and power; for it saw things in a new and cryptic light, and far more distinctly than it ever had through the bodily eyes. An increase of hearing power accompanied this accretion of sight, and I heard a voice, precisely like that heard when my mother died, and when about to throw myself into the sea, which said, ‘Awake! a lesson awaits you;’ and with this there came a partial rousing from the lethargy, and I was led upstairs and threw myself upon a sofa, mechanically, at the same time fixing my eyes upon the bald white face of a rare old Flemish clock that occupied the entire southern angle of the room. Here I was left alone by my friends, who again resumed their conversation in the parlor below.

“Gradually the old clock-face seemed to clarify and expand, until, no longer obstructed by substance, I gazed out, and down, and up, through an avenue of the most astonishing light I had ever beheld. It seemed to me that I no longer occupied my body, but that, freed from flesh and time, I had become a denizen of Eternity; and on a fleecy vapor I was sustained in mid-air by

the potent arm of a strange-looking old man—the veritable and precise image of him who, ten days before, had occasioned us such a fright by his mysterious conversations and evanishment. He told me not to fear, but to repose implicit confidence in myself and him; that he would not injure me, but do me good; that his name was Ettelavar; that his years were ages long; that he was the companion of those who die—who die, and live again—and of those who never taste of death. All this, and more, he told me; and he said that his design was to serve both himself and me; that he was familiar with certain mighty secrets, that had been claimed to be possessed, through many ages, by the wise and learned of earth—the Narek El Gebel, the Hermetists, the Pythagoreans, the three temples of the Rosie Cross, the mediæval and modern Rosicrucians, and the scattering delvers after mystery in all ages, times, and places. He said that among the things that I might learn from him, were the priceless secret of compounding the Elixir of Life, the drinking of which, by mortals, would confer perpetual youth and surprising beauty. Then there was the Lethean Draught, and whomsoever drank thereof, forthwith forgot all care, was oblivious to all that concerned the Future, and lived intensely in the Present. Then there was the Water of Love, and whoever drank thereof became irresistibly magnetic to the opposite sex, and could kindle affection in the heart of ice by mere personal presence. Then there was the Wondrous Stone of the Philosophers, not capable of transmuting, by a touch, whole tons of grossest substance into solid, shining gold, but of making it chemically. Then there was the Magic Crystal Ball, in which the gazer could behold whatever he wished to, that was then transpiring on this earth, or any of the planets. ‘All this knowledge,’ said he, ‘I will expound to you, on certain conditions to be hereafter mentioned.’

“I relate these things in the briefest possible manner, and make no allusions to my feelings during the time I listened to the strange being, Ettelavar, further than to remark, that during the—temptation, shall it be called?—I seemed to be hovering in the aërial expanse, and realized a fullness and activity of life never realized before, and knew for the first time what it was to be a human being. My freed spirit soared away into the superincumbent ether, and far, very far, beneath us rolled the great revolving globe; while far away in the black inane, twinkled myriads of fiery sparks—the starry eyes of God, looking through the tremendous vault of Heaven. Picture to yourself a soul, quitting earth, perhaps forever, and hovering over it like a

gold-crested cloud, at set of sun, when all the winds are hushed to sleep on the still and loving bosom of its protecting God, and thine!

“By the exercise of a power to me unknown, Ettelavar arrested our motion, and the cloud on which we seemed to float stood still in mid-air, and he said to me, ‘Look and learn!’

“Like busy insects in the summer sun, afar off in the distance I beheld large masses of human beings toiling wearily up a steep ascent, over the summit of which there floated heavily, thick, dense, murky, gloom-laden clouds. Crimson and red on their edges were they, as if crowned with thunder, and their bowels overcharged with lightnings; and their sombre shadows fell upon the plains below, heavy and pall-like, even as shrouds on the limbs of beauty, or the harsh critic’s sentence upon the first fruits of budding and aspiring genius. ‘It is nothing but a crowd,’ said I; and the being at my side repeated, as if in astonishment, ‘*Nothing* but a crowd? Boy, the destinies of nations centre in a crowd. Witness Paris. Look again!’ Obeying mechanically, I did so, and soon beheld a strange commotion among the people; and I heard a wail go up—a cry of deep anguish—a sound heavily freighted with human woe and agony. I shuddered.

“On the extreme apex of the mountain stood a colossal monument, not an obelisk, but a sort of temple, perfect in its proportions, and magnificent to the view. This edifice was surmounted by a large and highly polished golden pyramid in miniature. On all of the faces of this pyramid was inscribed the Latin word FELICITAS; I asked for an explanation from my guide, but instead of giving it, he placed his air-like hand upon my head, and drawing it gently over my brow and eyes, said, ‘Look!’

“Was there magic in his touch? It really seemed so, for it increased my visual capacity fifty-fold, and on again turning to the earth beneath me, I found my interest almost painfully excited by a real drama there and then enacting. It was clearly apparent that the great majority of the people were partially, if not wholly blind; and I observed that one group, near the centre of the plain below the mountain, appeared to be under much greater excitement than most of the others, and their turbulence appeared to result from the desire of each individual to reach a certain golden ball and staff which lay on a cushion of crimson velvet within the splendid open-sided monument on the mountain. In the midst of this lesser crowd, energetically

striving to reach the ascending path, was one man who seemed to be endowed with far more strength and resolution—not of body, but of purpose—than those immediately around him. Bravely he urged his way toward the mountain's top, and, after almost incredible efforts, succeeded. Exultingly he approached the temple, by his side were hundreds more; he outran them, entered, reached forth to seize the ball and sceptre—it seemed that the courageous man must certainly succeed—his fingers touched the prize, a smile of triumph illumined his countenance, and then suddenly went out in the blight of death, for he fell to the earth from a deadly blow, dealt by one treacherous hand from behind, while others seized and hurled him down the steep abyss upon which the temple abutted, and he was first dashed to pieces and then trampled out of existence by the iron heels of advancing thousands—men who saw but pitied not, rather rejoicing that one rival less was in existence.

“ ‘Is it possible,’ cried I, internally, ‘that such hell-broth of vindictiveness boils in human veins?’

“ ‘Alas, thou seest!’ replied Ettelavar, by my side. ‘Learn a lesson,’ said he, ‘from what you have seen. Fame is a folly, not worth the having when obtained. ‘Felicitas’ is ever ahead, never reached, therefore not to be looked for. Friendship is an empty name, or convenient cloak which men put on to enable them to rob with greater facility. No man is content to see another rise, except when such rising will assist his own elevation; and the man behind will stab the man in front, if he stands in his way. Human nature is infantile, childish, weak, passionate and desperately depraved, and as a rule, they are the greater villains who assume the most sanctity; they the most selfish who prate loudest of charity, faith and love. I begin my tutelage by warning, therefore arming you, against the world and those who constitute it. If you wish to truly rise, you must first learn to put the world and what it contains at its proper value. Remember, I who speak am Ettelavar. Awake!’

“Like the sudden black cloud in eastern seas, there came a darkness before me; my eyes opened, and fell upon the old clock face. Its hands told me that it was exactly thirteen minutes since I had marked the hour on the dial. Since that hour I have had much similar experience, and it is this that affords ground for the unusual powers in certain respects, not claimed by, but attributed to me.” ...

Such was the substance of the young man's narrative, in answer to questions propounded to him long before the date at which he is introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER V.

LOVE. EULAMPÉA^[2]—THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE golden sun was setting, and day was sinking beneath his crimson coverlets in the glowing west. The birds, on thousand green boughs, were singing the final chorus of the summer opera; the lambs were skipping homeward in the very excess of joy; while the cattle on the hills lowed and bellowed forth their thanksgiving to the viewless Lord of Glory. Man alone seemed unconscious of his duty and the blessings he enjoyed. Toil-weary farmers were slowly plodding their way supper and bed-ward, and all nature seemed to be preparing to enjoy her bath of rest. Still sat the wanderer by the highway side; still fell his tears upon the grateful soil; and as the journeyers home and tavern-ward passed him by, many were the remarks they made upon him, careless whether he heard them or not. Some in cruel, heartless mockery and derision, some few in pity, and all in something akin to surprise, for men of his appearance were rarely seen in that neighborhood. At last there came along three persons, two of whom were unmistakably Indians, and the third, a girl of such singular complexion, grace, form, and extraordinary facial beauty, it was extremely difficult to ethnologically define what she was. This girl was about fourteen; the boy who accompanied her and the grey-haired old Indian by her side, was apparently about twelve years old. This last was the first to notice the stranger.

“Oh, Evlambéa,” said he, “see! there’s a man crying, and I’m going to help him!” The boy spoke in his own vernacular, for he was a full blood of the Oneida branch of the Mohawks, fearless, honorable, quick, impulsive, and generous as sunlight itself. To see distress and fly to its relief was but a single thing for him, and used to be with his people until improved and “civilized” with bad morals and worse protection. The Indian was Ki-ah-wah-nah (The Lenient and Brave) chief of the Stockbridge section of the

Mohawks. The girl, Evlambéa, nominally passed for his grandchild, but such was not the case, for although she might well be taken for a fourth blood, she really had not a trace of Indian about her, further than the costume, language, and general education and habit. Her name was modern Greek, or Romaic, but her features and complexion no more resembled that of the pretty dwellers on Prinkipo or the shores of the Bosphorus, than that of the Indians or Anglo Saxon. Many years previous to that day, this girl, then a child of three or four months age, had been brought to the chief and left in his care for a week, by a woman clad in the garb of, and belonging to a wandering band of gipsies, who, attracted by the universal reputation of the New World, had left Bohemia and crossed the seas to reap a golden harvest. This band had held its headquarters for nearly a year on Cornhill, Utica, whence they had deployed about the country in a circle whose radius averaged one hundred and twenty miles. The woman never came back to claim the child, for the members of the band suddenly decamped after having financiered a gullible old farmer out of several thousands of dollars in gold, which they had persuaded him it was necessary that he should put in a bag and bury in the ground at a certain hour of a certain night, in order to the speedy discovery of a large mine of diamonds that was certainly upon his farm, and would as surely be brought to light when the gold was exhumed after a certain time, which time was quite long enough for the band to dig up the gold and disperse in all directions, to meet again three thousand miles away. This bit of Cornhill swindling was considered rather sharp practice, even for that locality, and ended by shrouding the girl in an impenetrable mystery, and giving to the old chief a child, who, as she expanded and grew up became quite as dear to his heart as any one of his own offspring; and in fact, by reason of her superior intelligence, she became far more so, for mind ever makes itself felt and admired. Not one of the ethnological, physical, moral, or mental characteristics which mark the Romany tribes was to be noticed in this girl, and wise people concluded that she had somewhere been stolen by the woman, who from fear or policy had left her to her fate and the good old Indian's care.

Esthetics is not my *forte*, hence I shall not attempt to describe the young girl. The name she bore was marked on her clothing in Greek letters, which were afterwards rendered into English by a professor of a college whose assistance had been asked by the Indian.

Besides being known far and near as the most beautiful girl of her age, she was also distinguished as by far the most intelligent. She was undisputed queen on the Reservation, not by right, but by quiet usurpation. She looked and acted the born Empress, and her triplicate sceptre consisted of kindness, intelligence, and that nameless dignity and presence inherent in truly noble souls.

Such was the bright-shining maiden, who, attracted by the boy's cry and actions, now crossed over to the side of young Beverly. Observing his sorrowful appearance, she placed her soft hand tenderly upon his head, and said in tones heart-felt and deeply sympathetic, "Man of the heavy heart, why weep you here? Is your mother just dead?"

The young man raised his head, saw the radiant girl before him, and, after a moment's hesitation, during which he shuddered as if at some painful memory, murmuring, "No; it cannot be possible!—cannot be—in this part of the world, too! no!" he replied to her, saying, "Girl, I am lonely, and that is why I weep. I am but a boy, yet the weight of years of grief rest on and bear me down. To-day is the anniversary of my mother's death, and, when it comes, I always pass it in tears and prayer. Since she went home to heaven, I have had no true friend, and my lot and life are miserable indeed. Men call themselves my friends, and prove it by robbing me. Not long ago, there came a man to me—he was very rich—and said, 'People tell me that you are very skillful with the sick. Come; I have a sister whom the physicians say must die. I love her. You are poor; I am rich. Save her; gold shall be yours.' I went. She was beyond the reach of medicine, and it was possible to prolong her life only in one of two ways—either by the transfusion of blood from my veins to her own, or by the transfusion of life itself. I was young and strong, and we resolved to adopt the latter alternative, as being the only possibly effective one; and for months, during three years, I sat beside that poor sick girl, and freely let her wasted frame draw its very life by magnetically sapping my own. Finally, I began to sink with exhaustion and disease similar to her own, and, to save my life, was forced to break the magnetic cord, and go to Europe. As soon as it was severed she sunk into the grave, and then I returned, and received a considerable sum of money in the nature of a loan. This favor was granted me as a reward for my pains, time, and ruined health. I was to return it from the proceeds of a business to be immediately established. At that time I resolved to purchase a little home

for those who depended on my efforts for the bread they ate, and so wrote to a man who called himself my friend, but who is the direct cause of most of the evil I have for ten years experienced. This fellow pretended to deal in lands. I put nine hundred dollars—half I had in the world—in this man's hands, to purchase a fine little place of a few acres, which place he took me to see. I was pleased with it, and saw a home for those who would be left behind me when I was dead. A few days thereafter this ghoulish came to me again, and represented that gold bullion being down he could make considerable profit for me in three days, would I make the investment. I handed over the remainder of my money. The three days lengthened into years. Instead of being a capitalist he was a bankrupt—was not in the gold business, and had no more control of the land he showed me than he had of Victoria's crown. Meantime, my furniture was seized; I lost my name with the friend who advanced the sum; I became ill, and, in my agony, called this man a swindler. To silence me, he gave me a check on a bank. I presented it. 'No funds!' And yet he dared call himself an honest man. 'You have but to unsay the harsh things said about me,' said this semblance of a man to me one day, 'and I am ready to pay you everything I owe.' My mind was unsettled; I listened to him, and the result was that, by duplicity and fraud, more mean and despicable than the first, if there be a depth of villainy more profound, he obtained my signature to an acknowledgment that the money of which he had openly swindled me, then in his hands, was 'a friendly loan.' And then he laughed, 'Ha! ha!' and he laughed, 'Ho! ho!' at me and my misery, and actually suffered a child in our family to perish and wretchedly die for the want of food and medicine. But then he told me that he had buried it properly, respectably, up there in the cemetery, and it was the only truth I ever heard from his lips. But then he sent the funeral bills for me to pay—all the while laughing at my misery—while the lordly house he occupied was redeemed from forced sale with my money, and himself and his feasted luxuriously every day on what was the price of *my heart's blood*! Still, they all laughed, 'Ha! ha!' and grew fat on my blood. I still have the memory of a dead child, up there in the cemetery. Poor starved child! It is no satisfaction to me to know that this man will die a disgraced pauper, dependent on charity for bread. Still less is it to realize, as I do, that the brothel and the gibbet, the gambling hell and massive prisons, are shadowed in the foreground of his line, and that it will utterly perish from off the earth in ignominy and horror. I would not have it so, but fate is fate;

and I see, at least, one dangling form of his race swinging in the air! My prophetic eye beholds——”

As the man uttered these terrible sentences, he shuddered as if horror-stricken at the impending fate of this wronger of the living and the dead, and it was clear to the girl that he would have freely averted the doom, had such a thing been possible.

“Men and cliques,” said he, “have used me for their purposes—have, like this ghoul, wormed themselves into my confidence, and then, when their ends were served, have ever abandoned me to wretchedness and misery.

“Rosicrucians, and all other delvers in the mines of mystery, all dealers with the dead, all whose idiosyncracies are toward the ideal, the mystic and the sublime, are debtors to nature, and the price they pay for power is groans, tears, breaking hearts, and a misery that none but such doomed ones can either appreciate or understand. Compensation is an inexorable law of being, nor can there, by any possibility, be any evasion of it. The possession of genius is a certificate of perpetual suffering.

“You now know why I am sad, O girl of the good heart. I am weak to-night; to-morrow will bring strength again. But, see! the golden sun is setting in the west. Alas! I fear that my sun is setting also for a long, long night of wretchedness.”

“You speak well, man of the sore spirit,” replied the girl. “You speak well when you say the sun is setting; but you seem to forget that it will rise again, and shine as brightly as he does to-day! He will shine even though dark clouds hide him from us; and though you and I may not behold his glories, some one else will see his face, and feel his blessed heat. Old men tell us that the darkest hour is just before the break of day. I bid you take heart. *You may be happy yet!*”

“The precise formula of the Mysterious Brotherhood!—the very words uttered by the dead mother who bore me! How did this girl obtain it? When? Where? From whom?”

Beverly started, gazed into the mighty depths of her eye, was about to ask the questions suggested, but forbore.

“We may all be happy yet,” said she; “for the Great Spirit tells me so!” And she crossed her hands upon her virgin breast—breast glowing with

immortal fervor and inspiration; and she threw, by a toss of the head, her long, black sea of hair behind her, and stood revealed the perfect incarnation of faith and hope, as if her upturned eyes met God's glance from Heaven. The old chief and the boy at his side said nothing, but each instinctively folded his hands in the attitude of confidence and prayer. The combined effect of all this upon the young man was electric. The singular incident struck him so forcibly that he rose to his feet, placed his hand upon the girl's head, uplifted his eyes and voice to heaven, and, from the depths of his soul, responded "Amen, and Amen."

It was at this critical instant that I, the editor of these papers, chanced to come up to where this scene was being enacted. A few words sufficed for an introduction, and on that spot begun a friendship between us all that death himself is powerless to break.

Two hours thereafter, the chief, his son, the girl, the youth, were, with myself, partaking of a friendly meal at the old man's house. After the repast was over, the conversation took a philosophic turn, in which the chief, who was a really splendid specimen of the cultivated Indian, took an active and interested part.

Presently the old people took their pipes, the younger ones went to bed, and Beverly and 'Levambea, as she was almost universally called, walked out, and sat them down beneath an old sycamore that stretched its giant limbs like the genius of protection over the cottage. There they talked gaily enough at first, but presently in a tender and pathetic strain; and it was clear that there had sprung up between them already something much warmer than friendship, yet which was not love. When they rose to enter the house, the last words uttered by the girl—uttered in the same singularly inspired strain observed on their first meeting—were, "Yes! I *will* love you; but not *here*, not *now*, perhaps not on *this* earth. Yet I will be your prop, your stay, though deep seas between us roll. Listen! When I am in danger you will know it, wherever you may be. When you are in danger you will see me. Forget not what I say. Ask me no questions. Your fate is a singular one, but not more so than my own. Good night! Good-bye! We will see each other no more at present—*it is not permitted!*" And without another word she abruptly left him, darted into the house, passed up the stairs, and was gone like a spirit.

Next day, at the solicitation of the chief and others who took an interest in young Beverly, he consented to go with me to my home, many leagues from that spot; and, accordingly, in due time we arrived there, and for several months he was an inmate of my house; and, while under the shadow of ill health and its consequent sympathetic state, I became intimate with many of the loftier and profound secrets of the celebrated Rosicrucian fraternity, with which he was familiar, and which he gave me liberty to divulge to a certain extent, conditioned that I forbore to reveal the locality of the lodges of the Dome, or indicate the persons or names of its chief officers, albeit, no such restriction was exacted in reference to the lesser temples of the order—covering the first three degrees in this country—to the acolytes of which the higher lodges are totally unknown. Oh! how often have I sat beside him, on the green banks of a creek that ran through my little farm, and raptly listened to the profoundest wisdom, the most exalted conceptions and descriptions of the soul, its origin, nature, powers, and its destinies—listened to metaphysical speculations that fairly racked my brain to comprehend, and all this from the lips of a man totally incapable of grappling successfully with the money-gripping world of barter and of trade. Here was the most tremendous contradiction, in one man, that I had ever known or heard of. One who revelled in mental luxuries fit for an angel, yet had not forecast enough to foil a common trickster;—who blindly, and for years, reposed his whole trust in one whose sole aim was to rob him not only of his little competence, but of his character as a man—who suffered one near and dear to him to starve, literally starve to death, and then be buried, at the very moment that himself and his were luxuriating on the very money for which that man had bartered health, and almost life itself! Was it not very singular? I have wondered, time and again, how such things could be, and intensely so when he has been revealing to me some of the loftier mysteries of the Order; when talking of Apollonius of Tyanaë, the Platonists, the elder Pythagoreans; of the Sylphs, Salamanders and Glendoveers; of Cardan, and Yung-tse-Soh, and the Cabalistic Light; of Hermes Trismegistus, and the Smaragdine Tables; of sorcery and magic, white and black; of the Labyrinth, and Divine policy; of the God, and the republic of gods; of the truths and absurdities of the gold-seeking Hermetists and pseudo-Rosicrucians; of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, and the Alexandrine Clement; of Origen and Macrobius, Josephus and Philo; of Enoch and the pre-Adamite races; of Dambuk and Cekus, Psellus,

Jamblichus, Plotinus and Porphyrius, Paracelsus, and over seven hundred other mystical authors.

Said he to me one day, “Do you remember laughing at me when I first began to talk about the Rosicrucians? and you asserted that, if such a fraternity existed, it must be composed either of knaves or fools, laughing heartily when informed that the order ramified extensively on both sides of the grave, and, on the other shore of time, was known in its lower degrees as the Royal Order of the Foli, and, towering infinitely beyond and above that, was the great Order of the Neridii; and that whoever, actuated by proper motives, joined the fraternity on this side of the grave, was not only assured of protection, and a vast amount of essential knowledge imparted to him here, but also of sharing a lot on the farther side of life, compared to which all other destinies were insignificant and crude. I repeat this assertion now.”

FOOTNOTE:

[2] Romaic—Ευλαμπία—Eulampía—Evlambéah. “Bright-shining.”—Lovely, mystically beautiful.

CHAPTER VI.
NAPOLEON III. AND THE ROSICRUCIANS—AN
EXTRAORDINARY MAN AND AN
EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.

BEVERLY continued his very singular narrative, saying:—"You have already been informed of the singular doom that hangs over me—that I am condemned to perpetual transmigrations, unless relieved by a marriage with a woman in whom not one drop of the blood of Adam circulates—and even then, the love must be perfect and mutual. Thus my chance is about as one in three hundred and ninety-six billions against, to a single one for me. This doom has brought around me, as it did around others before me, certain beings, powers, influences, and at length I became a voluntary adept in the Rosicrucian mysteries and brotherhood. How, when, or where I was found worthy of initiation, of course I am not at liberty to tell; suffice it that I belong to the Order, and have been—by renouncing certain things—admitted to the companionship of the living, the dead, and those who never die; have been admitted to the famous Derishavi-Laneh, and am familiar with the profoundest secrets of the Fakie-Deeva Records; and through life have had ever three great possibilities before me: one of these—I being a neutral soul—is that of becoming after death a chief of a supreme order, called the Light; or of its opposite, called the Shadow—to which I am tempted by invisible, but potent agencies; and the third of which is the one I dread most—the perpetuation of the doom to wander the earth for ages, in various bodies, as the result of the curse pronounced by a dying man ages ago, as you already have been told, unless I be redeemed by a true marriage with a woman in whom not one drop of the blood of Adam circulates. I desire to avoid all three if possible, and to share the lot of other men.

"I have another mysterious thing to relate to you. Doubtless you recollect that the curse was uttered by the young poet—and that the mysterious voice

heard in the dungeon where he was slain, declared that thenceforth, until the doom was fully accomplished, this youth during all his ages should be known as the Stranger. Well, in the course of the centuries that rolled away, this Stranger became a member of an august Fraternity in the Heavens, known as the Power of the Light. You know, also, that I, who was the king, incurred the penalty of wandering till relieved; and you are also aware that him who was the Vizier was sentenced to a singular destiny under the name of Dhoulâ Bel. Well, he also became an active member of a vast Association in the Spaces, known as the Power of the Shadow. This is but one half of the mystery, for it became the object of both Dhoulâ Bel and the Stranger—who both knew that in my birth from the woman Flora—years before I underwent my present incarnation—that I would be in every respect a Neutral man; one having no tendencies whatever, naturally, to either good or evil, but only toward ATTAINMENT; and as such neutral man, it became possible to forego my doom, and to become supreme chief of either of the Orders named; hence both Dhoulâ Bel and the Stranger, beside their original, have the strong additional motive of making me subservient to their loftier views; and to achieve it, they frequently attend me in visible and invisible shapes—tempting, nearly ruining, and as often saving me from dangers worse than death itself—in what way has already been partly told, and will be hereafter seen.

“In one of my frequent sojourns in Paris, I became acquainted with a few reputed Rosicrucians, and after sounding their depths, found the water very shallow, and very muddy—as had been the case with those I met in London—Bulwer, Jennings, Wilson, Belfedt, Archer, Socher, Corvaja, and other pretended adepts—like the Hitchcocks, Kings, Scotts, and others of that ilk, on American soil. At length, there came an invitation from Baron D——t, for me to attend, and take part in, a Mesmeric Séance. I attended; and from the reputation I gained on that occasion, but a few days elapsed ere I was summoned to the Tuilleries, by command of his majesty, Napoleon III.,^[3] who for thirty-four years had been a True Rosicrucian, and whom I had before met at the same place, but on a different errand than the present. What then and there transpired, so far as myself was an actor, it is not for me to say, further than that certain experiments in clairvoyance were regarded as very successful, even for Paris, which is the centre of the Mesmeric world, and where there are hundreds who will read you a book blindfold; and two—Alexis, and Adolph Didiér—who will do the same,

though the page be inclosed in the centre of a dozen boxes of metal or wood, one within the other.

“On this occasion I had played and conquered at both chess and *écarte*, no word being spoken, the games simultaneous, and the players in three separate rooms. There was present, also, an Italian gentleman with an unpronounceable name; a Russian Count Tsovinski, and a Madame Dablin—a mesmerist and operatic singer. After awhile his majesty asked the empress, and the general (Pellisier), who afterwards became the Duke de Malakoff, if they would submit to a trial of mesmerism by either of the three professors of the art, named. They declined; whereupon the Emperor, speaking aloud, asked ‘if any of the company were willing to test, in their own persons, the vaunted powers of his excellency, the Italian Count?’ whose methods of inducing his magnetic marvels differed altogether from those usually adopted; inasmuch as he, like Boucicault, the actor, in his famous play—‘The Phantom’—makes no passes, scarcely glances for an instant at his subjects, and invariably looks *away* from, not toward, them. Now, it is a well-known fact that everybody believes everybody else, save themselves, subject to mesmeric influence, as is often demonstrated at the weekly *séances* of the Magnetic Society, held in the Rue Grenelle St. Honore.

“At the date of this Imperial *Séance*, spiritualism had not yet made public pretensions in France, and although the Scotch trickster, Daniel Hume, had crossed the Atlantic, and was at that time living at Cox’s, in Jermyn street, Picadilly, London—yet he had not then obtained the notoriety that subsequently became his, nor had half Europe ran after those in whose presence tables tipped by heel, toe, and genuine spirit power. Of course, then, spiritual phenomena, so called, being then under bann, it could not be, and was not depended on as a means of explaining what there and then took place.

“ ‘With great pleasure,’ said the Count, in reply to a request to exhibit his power. ‘With great pleasure, your majesty,’ and forthwith he turned and looked straight into a massive mirror that occupied the entire space between two windows of the saloon. As he spoke it struck me that, somewhere, at some time, I had met this Italian Rosicrucian, but where, for the life of me, I could not tell; yet I was certain that I had heard that voice, and still more certain that I had beheld that strange, sweet smile.

“The Count’s position before the mirror was such that, supposing his eye had been a flame, the reflected rays would strike the forehead of one of the company fairly in the centre. The person upon whom it struck had not the least suspicion of what was being done. He did not make the discovery until it was too late, for no sooner did the operator get him fairly in focus, then he clenched his hands, looked with ten-fold earnestness at the mirror, muttered to himself a few unintelligible words, and the gentleman fell to the floor as if his heart had been perforated by a bullet, or as if he had been struck down with a club. In an instant all was confusion, everybody thinking it a fit of apoplexy, except the Emperor, the operator, myself and the Russian.

“Several went to raise him, but before they could do so he sprung to his feet, began to sing and dance—the truth, at the same time, flashed upon the company, that the phenomenon was mesmeric—and in another minute to plead for his life, as if before his judges, with the prison and the axe before him. The scene was solemn to the last degree.

“Suddenly, and without a word from the Count, the pleading changed to a musical scena; and although, at other times totally incapable of singing or playing in the least degree, he performed several difficult pieces in magnificent style, on the harp and piano, accompanying the performances vocally, and in a manner that drew involuntary plaudits from every person present.

“This part of the performance was suddenly terminated; for the sleeping subject placed himself in the exact spot in which the Italian had stood, and, like him, gazed steadily at the mirror, and in twenty seconds the man who stood in the line of reflection fell to the floor, and a lady who, in going to his assistance, chanced to strike that line, instantly seized, raised him as easily as if he had been a doll, and with him commenced a dance unique, wild and perfectly indescribable. It was infectious, for in less than half a minute seventeen persons, high lords and stately dames, were wheeling, whirling, leaping, flying about the room in wilder measures than were ever performed by mad Bacchantes. They had all been magnetized by proxy.

“Astonished beyond measure at this extraordinary display, I retired, the better to watch the progress of the strange scene, to the opposite side of the saloon, and leaned carelessly against one of two colossal Japanese josses

that stood there. No person was anywhere near me, and in my surprise I murmured below my breath: ‘What astonishing power!’ and am certain that a person standing close at my side could not have discerned what I said, yet nevertheless the thought was scarcely framed before the Count turned square upon his heel, advanced straight toward me, smiled sweetly, strangely, as he did so, and said: ‘All this power is yours—and much that is still more mysterious—if you but say the word!’

“ ‘What word?’ asked I, surprised that a man should so readily read my thought—for it is impossible that he could have heard my exclamation.

“ ‘That you will voluntarily join the most august fraternity that ever earth contained! Think of it! We shall meet again.’

“ ‘When? where?’ I asked hurriedly, for the august company were observing us, especially the Emperor, who, beneath his heavy brows, was evidently paying quite as much attention to us as to the wonderful things then occurring across the room.

“He did not reply directly, but, by a continuation of his breach of etiquette resumed, saying: ‘By the exercise of the power I possess, and will impart to you, conditionally; you shall be capable of depriving any man of speech, and make man, woman or child perfectly subservient to your *silent* command, as the people yonder are to mine. There is Jean Boyard, in this Paris, who merely looks at any small object, and makes it dance toward him. You shall exceed him fifty-fold! On the Boulevard du Temple M. Hector produces a full-blown rose from a green bud, in seven minutes; you shall be able to do it in one.

“ ‘In the Rue de Bruxelles lives a girl—Julie Vimart—who exceeds Alexis and all the other sleepers, for she beats you at chess, tells you all you know, and much that you have forgotten; you shall do all that and more. In the street *Grand Père*, lives a boy who brings messages from the living, in their sleep; meets and converses with your friends—when *they* slumber, and describes them as perfectly as the sun paint their portraits in the cameras of Talbot and Daguerre; you shall have that power.

“ ‘In the Rue du Jour, is a *Sage Femme*, who cures all diseases that are curable, by a simple touch and prayer: you shall have that power greater than she can ever hope to. It is only necessary to say ‘I will have these

powers!’ and they shall be yours. They all are well worth having. I learned my secret among the magi of the East—men not half so civilized as are we of the West; but who, nevertheless, *know* a great deal more than the sapient men of Christendom—that is, less of machinery, politics, and finance; but a great deal more of the human soul, its nature, its powers, and the methods of their developement. Instead of being surprised at modern scientific revelations, we of the True Temple——’ ‘*What* Temple?’ I interrupted him to ask. ‘Of the *Supreme Dome* of the Rosie Cross,’ said he.

“The Emperor must have heard this question and its answer, for he directly crossed over to us, and actually joined this curious *tête-à-tête*. The Count bowed; did not seem at all embarrassed by the presence of the son of Admiral Verhuiei, the great Dutch founder of the Second Empire—or Emperor ——.

“ ‘As I was saying,’ the Count resumed, ‘instead of being elated at what Western science has done, *we* are ashamed of the tardy steps of “Progress”—Progress indeed! Where is it, save in wretchedness, poverty, crime, selfishness, and in the accrement of misery. Progress is more fancied than real. Civilization is a misnomer, utilitarianism a desecration of man’s soul, Philosophy an imposture, and learning altogether false!’

“I was pleased to see the Emperor join the conversation at this point, for two reasons: first, to hear what he had to say; and secondly, to observe whether the subjects on the floor could be kept under the Count’s influence while his mind was abstracted from them and centered on matters entirely different.

“ ‘Do not be disturbed at what he says,’ said his majesty, ‘for these Mesmerists are all slightly mad.’ And he smiled, while the Count shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed:

“ ‘With a method, however!’

“Then turning his attention toward the company, by some inscrutable power he stopped the dance, restored the subjects to their normal state, and almost instantly thereafter exercised it upon Madame Dablin, who straightway, with closed eyes, approached a grand piano, swept its keys with matchless skill, as a prelude, and then launched forth into one of the strangest, most brilliant, yet wild and weird fantasias, that genius ever dreamed of. I cannot

now stop to describe its effect upon the company, nor upon myself, for my whole being was absorbed at that moment in matters far more important to me than a mesmeric experiment, however interesting and successful it might be; for at best, its effect and memory would be transient and ephemeral, while, on the contrary, the things I might learn from the Italian might last so long as my conscious soul endured. I was not, therefore, disappointed when he resumed his talk. I cannot now repeat the *ipsissima verba* of what he said, but the substance, in reply to questions by the Emperor and myself, was in effect this:

“ ‘The soul and its qualities, passions and volume are all clearly marked upon the physique, and are apparent to all who possess the proper key; to all others, the difficulty lies in correctly reading these signs, and a still greater in assigning to each faculty its actual, its possible, and its relative strength and value. Every act that a man does has an effect upon both his body and soul, and the imprints thereof are indelibly stamped upon his features; therefore his past—even his most secret act or thought—can be read by the adept with as much ease as if his face were a printed page, the type being large, smooth and clear. Every man is susceptible of being controlled mesmerically by another, because no man is collectively stronger than his weakest faculty; a chain is no stronger than its most defective link. Now I control men because I know at a glance which is the most vulnerable portion of their nature. Self-love, Emulation and Will are the trinity in unity around which the Psychal Republic revolves. One of these is always vulnerable; subdue that, and you subdue the man. Now, when I perform such experiments as those now being exhibited, I first mesmerize, not the entire brain, but a single faculty, which in turn speedily subdues all the rest. The mind of man is a mirror! Conceded. Well, then, I forthwith, by an effort of will, entirely vacate my own mind, thinking of nothing but a revolving wheel. The subject reflects my action; then in fancy I sing, dance, play, and the subject reflects my thought by appropriate action.’

“ ‘But,’ said one, ‘suppose your subject understands nothing about these accomplishments. How then?’

“ ‘All souls understand them. Bodies may not; and I bring the soul under subjection, not the body merely.’

“ ‘This is a dangerous power to possess,’ said the Emperor, ‘and none but a good man ought to have it.’

“ ‘A bad man cannot become a true Rosicrucian, although men have turned their arms against the race, and the secrets of the fraternity, like all things else, have been trifled with and abused. Thus it is possible for an expert to cure a diseased man by the exercise of the power alluded to. But the rule is dual: it is also possible to kill a healthy man by the same mysterious means; and indeed it has often been done, especially by the natives of Africa.

“ ‘I persuade my soul that you are sick and will die, and if I keep up the will and wish, nothing is more certain than that both will be accomplished. Some men naturally possess enormous powers of will, and are able to project visible images, like those of a phantasmagoria—images of whatever they choose to fancy—a flower, a hand, arm, or a human form—and these spectra will be visible to scores of startled observers, who, in their utter ignorance of the human mind and body, and their respective and conjoined powers, believe them to be the veritable ghosts of dead men, and objects produced by them. I learned recently that in London is at this moment a young Scotchman, named Hume, who possesses this power to a remarkable degree, and also that of levitation, and who is coining fame and fortune by pretending that the psychical phenomenon is really and truly spiritual—which is not the case. I learned this great secret in the Punjaub, of Naumsavi Chitty, the chief of the Rosicrucians of India, and the greatest reformer since Budha.’

“At this point the Emperor asked the Count to exhibit a specimen of his spectre-producing power, to which the latter assented. First he walked rapidly several times up and down the saloon, gave directions to lower the lights, which was done, and then, as before, he stood still directly in front of the mirror for a minute or two, and then, in a sharp, cracked tone, repeated thrice the word ‘Look!’ We did so, and as I live, there flashed the semblance of a thousand chains of vivid lightning across the face of the mirror, along the floor, over the ceiling, up and down the walls; now like forks, then as chains of electric fluid; anon changing to fiery acorns, which gradually formed themselves into a fiery crown, rose gently, floated over the company for a few seconds, and then rested in the air about five inches above the head of Napoleon III.—a crown of fire!

“ ‘Mind,’ said he, after this splendid proof of his weird ability, ‘I do not aver that all the phenomena exhibited in these days as spiritual are produced as I have these; but I do say that not one-tenth part is attributable to spiritual agencies. That which is indeed spiritual is not all the product of dead men, but much of it proceeds from the Larvæ and inhabitants of the spaces between the rolling globes.’

“Then turning to me, he repeated his invitation to become an acolyte of the Temple; said we should meet again; and shortly thereafter the séance broke up, and I left the palace, greatly wiser than when I entered it five hours before.

“Calling a *voiture de remise*, I entered it and rode home to my hotel. Arrived there, I dismounted beneath the glare of a street lamp, and drew forth my pocket-book to pay my fare. On opening it, what was my surprise at finding a letter, closely sealed, within it, directed to myself. I paid the coachman, hastened to my chamber, and then, eagerly tearing the envelope, I read the following very singular letter, written in a female hand, and in the English language:

“ ‘MONSIEUR,

“ ‘Remember that you have met one human soul who knows and *thoroughly* understands your strange, mysterious and inexplicable nature—your heaven’s heights, your hell’s depths, your spacic breadth, your volcanic eruptions, your ocean of god-like calmness, and all-pervading, all-sustaining, holy stillness and quiet, wherein the soul in its magnificent grandeur sweeps over all space and all time, and lives an infinity of lives in its own self-created world! As such I see and know you. Yet in all this I see still other and a greater character to arise in your being than now exists there; I see a character is to arise, if you will allow the grander, diviner elements of your being, and also the heavenly elements that surround you, to blend into one united force of harmonic intelligence, that will mould your *entire self* into a man such as I cannot now describe. Two ways, my friend, are now before you. One so grand, so sublime, that I would (in order to explain it) demand the eloquence of a Patrick Henry, the strength of a Cæsar, the love of a *greater* still, the wisdom of a god; the other, not all these combined could give me power to depict.

“ ‘In the name of *Him* and humanity, choose the right.

“ ‘Such are the feelings of one who knows you.

“ ‘Listen—be quiet! your time is precious.

“ ‘Adieu!’

“This was Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, all combined, to me; and it continued so for a long, long time. It was evidently written by some one who, while fully aware of one of my weaknesses—a susceptibility to flattery—yet knew not the man himself. Still, the allusions to my awful secret were too palpable to admit a doubt that the writer knew far more than that strange letter said or hinted at. Was it the mysterious Count? If so, why did he take so great an interest in a stranger? I could not understand it.

“Of course I thought much of the Italian Count, and ardently longed to know more of, if I did not join, the mystic Fraternity whereof he was a member; but to no human being had I ever opened my mind upon the subject, either in Paris, or Naples, whither I repaired on my way to the Orient. Indeed, in the latter city the subject lay *perdu* in the cellars of my mind, for I sought to banish all care while in Italy, in order to drink full draughts of music—that balm for fevered souls.

“While there, I one night went to San Carlos to hear the opera of the ‘Barber of Seville,’ and to listen to the glorious strains of Mario, Grisi and Gassier. I had been charmed out of all my griefs by the celebrated ‘Music Lesson’ of the latter cantatrice, and as I walked homeward I hummed its notes as I passed along, and it rung in my ears long after I had lain down to sleep. With the peculiar caution of Americans generally, but of Californians especially—whose habits I had imbibed during my short residence within the Golden Gate—before retiring I had carefully examined the room, for Italians, especially Neapolitans, bear watching, to see that all was safe and right. It was so. Then securely fastening both doors and windows, I was soon drifting up and down the Dream Sea. Beneath my pillow was my money belt, in which was about two thousand dollars in gold, which, together with a revolver, loaded to the muzzle, was the property of my friend T——s.

“In the morning the room was as when I slept; but the charges were drawn from the pistol, and the gold lay on the table arranged in the form of a

triangle, surmounted by the letter ‘R,’ while, pinned to the bosom of my sleeping robe, was a note in English, in a bold, clear handwriting, but in red ink. That note was not there the night before; it could not have been placed there by human hands! ‘Do not fail,’ it read, ‘to remember the purpose for which you crossed the seas, for your enterprise concerns the future ages of the world! It is not yet accomplished. Achieve it. I will yet serve and save you.—E.’

“I was thunder-struck. Again some mysterious being was crossing my path; that being whose strange domain lay on either side of Time, and whose will seemed ever to hedge me about like a wall of fire, so that escape from the strange destiny that hung over me seemed almost impossible. I was in despair, for already had grey hairs shown themselves; I felt that I was growing prematurely old, and that the chances were greatly against me, a son of Adam, ever wedding with a daughter of Ish.”

FOOTNOTE:

[3] This is a fact—as is also the whole succeeding account of what took place at this extraordinary séance. The anachronism observable is purposely made.—ED.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

IT is no part of my (the editor's) design to recount all the adventures of Beverly, nor to trace his paths through Egypt, Syria, Turkey, nor Europe. Suffice it, that I became so interested in his story that I accompanied him on more than one long journey. Occasionally I would lose sight of him for months together, but by the strangest seeming accident we would meet again, now on the top of Ghizeh's great pyramid, now in the deserts of Dongola and Nubia; then in a French café, anon in the columned groves of Karnak and of Thebes. We often parted, and as often met again; and in the interim I had not failed to investigate certain grave secrets which he had confided to me. I did not fully believe his strange doctrines; but I am sure that he did, and therefore he commanded my sympathy and respect. As previously indicated, on my first acquaintance with him I was exceedingly sceptical in regard to the existence, in these days, of the Brotherhood of the Rosie Cross, and derided his assertions respecting their powers. True I had heard much, and read more, concerning the celebrated fraternity—an association that has proved a veritable God-send to scores of paper-stainers in all parts of the globe where letters reign, as witness Charles Mackay, Kingsley, Robert Southey, and fifty others, not omitting Bulwer Lytton, his "Zanoni," and "Strange Story," nor Hargrave Jennings and his "Curious Things" about "Fire" and the "Outside World."

In my varied travels through Europe and the East, as well as in this, my native land, I have met with scores, not to say hundreds, who boasted themselves Rosicrucians; and it is but a little while since there appeared, in a "spiritual" sheet in Boston, first a learned lecture, by a female "medium," on the Rosicrucians, and a long communication, purporting to come from a deceased adept of the Order, both of which were quite laughable by reason

of the total and utter ignorance displayed. Probably both of these “enlighteners” had heard or read of Dr. Everard’s “Compte de Gabalis,” and took that humorous bit of badinage as the real, simon-pure explanation of Rosicrucianism as, indeed, was natural, seeing that hundreds have fallen into the same comical error; for, upon applying the touch-stone to all these pretended adepts in the secrets, sublime and mighty, of the Order, it is found that, exceptionless, they are woefully deficient in even the rudiments of the genuine fraternity; nor have these modern pretenders any more real claims to the truth than the hordes of fanatics which swarmed all over Europe an age or two ago, and who brought ineffable disgrace both upon themselves and the sublime name which they stole.

A good gold coin passes very quietly through the world, but your counterfeit makes a great noise wherever it may chance to be; so with the pseudo-Rosicrucians. The latter created a sensation, and then disappeared, only occasionally jingling their bells to let the world know that the fools were not all defunct; while the true Brotherhood went on, and still goes on, quietly performing its mission.

Every student of history is, or ought to be, aware that the pretended “adepts” in past times laid claim to enormous amounts of the most wonderful knowledge, but when put to the proof, invariably failed to substantiate their claims. Such were the men who sought, and, in some instances, pretended to have succeeded, in accomplishing the composition of the Philosopher’s Stone and the great Elixir.

Vaughan, in his “Hours with the Mystics,” laughs at the idea that there ever was really such a society as that of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, and alleges that they were but the “Mrs. Harris” of certain romancers of the past two centuries; in other words, that they are altogether mistaken who suppose such a society ever had existence. Baron Fischer, now of San Francisco, declares that there really was such an order, but that it was composed of Fools, Fanatics, and Moon-struck Madmen, who in time became the laughing-stock of all Europe. On the other hand, Lydde, the traveller, asserts positively, in his great work, “The Asian Mystery,” that he has traced the Order, under one or more of its names, back into the very night-time of the world’s history. And Abdul Rahman, the Arabian author, boldly declares that *he* has proved the existence of this Brotherhood in ages so remote that Christian and Jewish history is modern in comparison.

Hein, Hun—Tse-Foh, the Chinese annalist, asserts, that the Order originated in Tartary thousands of years before the foundation of the Chinese empire, itself claiming an age of over thirty thousand solar years! From Tartary it went to Japan, thence to China, thence to Persia, thence to Arabia, thence to India, and, by stages, to Europe, having passed through Egypt, Jewry, and Phœnicia on its way down the ages.

So much for Vaughan; now for another “authority.” Under the letter “R,” in the American Encyclopedia, occurs the word “Rosicrucians,” followed by —“Members of a society, the existence of which became unexpectedly known at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Its object was ostensibly the reformation of Church, State, and individuals, but closer examination showed that the discovery of the Philosophers’ Stone was the true object of the fully initiated. A certain Christian, Rosenkrauze, who was said to have lived long among the Brahmins in Egypt, etc., was pretended to have founded the Order in the fourteenth century; but the real founder is believed to have been one Andrea, a German scholar, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, whose object, as is thought, was to purify Religion, which had been degraded by Scholastic Philosophy. Others think that he only gave a new character to a society founded before him by Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim. Krause, the author, says, that Andrea occupied his time from early youth with the plan of a secret society for the improvement of mankind. In 1614 he published his famous “Reformation of the Whole Wide World,” and his “Fama Fraternitas.” Christian enthusiasts and alchemists considered the poetical society, partially described in these books, as having a real existence, and thus Andrea became the author of the later Rosicrucian fraternities which extended over Europe. After a number of books had been written on the Rosicrucian system, and the whole exploded, the interest in it was revived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, in consequence of the abolition of the Order of Jesuits, and the story of their machinations, as well as of the frauds of Cagliostro and other notorious impostors.”

So much for the wiseacre who wrote this account at so much a line for the “American Encyclopedia.”

In juxta-position to the above, I quote part of pages 132-3-4 and 5, *verbatim*, of the autobiography of Heinrich Jung Stilling, late Aulic

Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden. London: 1858. James Nisbet, Berners street. 3d Edition. Says this incomparable man:

“One morning in the spring of 1796, a handsome young man, in a green silk-plush coat, and otherwise well dressed, came to Stilling’s house at Ockershausen. This gentleman introduced himself in such a manner as betrayed a polished and genteel education. Stilling inquired who he was, and learnt that he was the remarkable ——. Stilling was astonished at the visit, and his astonishment was increased by the expectation of what this extremely enigmatical individual might have to communicate. After both had sat down, the stranger began by saying that he wished to consult Stilling relative to a person diseased in the eyes. However, the real object of his visit pressed him in such a manner that he began to weep; kissed, first, Stilling’s hand, then his arm, and said: ‘Sir, are not you the author of the “Nostolgia?”’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘You are, therefore, one of my secret superiors’ (in the Grand Lodge of the R. C.) Here he again kissed Stilling’s hand and arm, and wept almost aloud. Stilling answered: ‘No, dear sir; I am neither your nor any one else’s secret superior. I am not in any secret connection whatever.’ The stranger looked at Stilling with a fixed eye, and inward emotion, and replied: ‘Dearest friend, cease to conceal yourself! *I have been long tried*, and severely enough. I thought you knew me already!’ Stilling: ‘No, Mr. ----, I assure you solemnly that I stand in no secret connection, and in reality understand nothing of all that you require of me!’

“This speech was too strong and too serious to leave the stranger in uncertainty. It was now his turn to be astonished and amazed. He therefore continued: ‘But tell me, then, how is it that you know anything of the great and venerable connection in the East which you have so circumstantially described in the “Nostolgia,” and have even pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount Sinai, in the Monastery of Canobin, and under the Temple at Jerusalem?’ ‘I know nothing of all this,’ replied Stilling. ‘But these ideas presented themselves in a very lively manner to my imagination. It was, therefore, mere fable and fiction.

“ ‘Pardon me, the matter is the truth and reality as you have described it. It is astonishing that you have hit it in such a manner—this cannot have come by chance!’ The gentleman now related the real particulars of the association in the East. Stilling was amazed and astonished beyond measure; for he heard remarkable and extraordinary things, which are not,

however, of such a nature as can be made public. I only affirm that what Stilling learnt from the gentleman had not the most remote reference to political matters.

“About the same time a certain great prince wrote to Stilling, and asked him ‘How it was that he knew anything about the association in the East, for the thing was as he had described it in the “Nostolgia.”’ The answer was naturally the same as that given verbally to the above-mentioned stranger. Stilling has experienced several things of this kind, in which his imagination exactly accorded with the real fact without previously having the least knowledge or presentiment of it. How it is, and why it is, God knows. Stilling makes no reflections upon the matter, but lets it stand upon its own value, and looks upon it as a direction of Providence, which purposes leading him in a distinguished manner. The development of the Eastern mystery is, however, a most important matter to him, because it has relation to the Kingdom of God. Much, indeed, remains in obscurity; for Stilling afterwards heard from another person of great consequence, something of an Oriental Alliance which was of a very different kind. It remains to be developed whether the two are distinct or identical.”

Thus far Jung Stilling. Quite recently I became aware of the existence of Rosicrucian Lodges in this country, obtained much information concerning the Fraternity, and have been privileged to publish the following Seven Paragraphs, concerning the exoteric practice of the Temple:

THE ROSICRUCIANS, WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

Honor, Manhood, Goodness.

TRY.

I. The Rosicrucians are a body of good men, and true, working under a Grand Lodge Charter, deriving its power and authority from the Imperial Dome of the Third Supreme Temple of the Order, and the last (claiming justly to be the oldest association of men on earth, dating from the sinking of the New Atlantis Isle, nearly ten thousand years anterior to the days of Plato), and as a Grand Lodge, having jurisdiction over the entire continent of North America, and the Islands of the Sea. The Grand Lodge, and

Temple, grant charters and dispensations to found or organize subsidiary lodges and temples, anywhere within the limits of its jurisdiction.

II. All Rosicrucians are practical men, who believe in Progress, Law and Order, and in Self-development. They believe firmly that God helps those that help themselves; and they consequently adopt as the motto of the Order, the word TRY, and they believe that this little word of three letters may become a magnificent bridge over which a man may travel from Bad to Better, and from Better to Best—from ignorance to knowledge, from poverty to wealth, and from weakness to power.

III. We constitute a large society in the world, and our ranks bid fair to largely swell in this land of Practical Men. There are hundreds of men of large culture, deep intuitions and liberal minds, who actually languish because they do not know each other—there being no organized body, save our own, which invites such men to join its ranks and find the fellowship which such men of such minds need. In our Lodges such men find all they seek, and more; in our weekly reunions the rarest and best intellects are brought in contact, the best thoughts are elicited, and the truest human pleasure experienced; forasmuch, as nothing impure, ignoble, mean or unmanly, is for an instant tolerated under any circumstance whatever; while, on the contrary, every inducement is held out to encourage all that is noble, good, true, beautiful, charitable and manly—and that, too, in a way totally unknown and unpractised in any other order, or association of men.

IV. Every Rosicrucian is known, and is the sworn brother of every other Rosicrucian the wide world over, and as such is bound to render all possible aid and comfort (except when such aid would sanction crime or wrong doing, or interfere with the demands of public justice, social order, decency, sound morals or National prosperity and unity). In all things else, every Rosicrucian is bound to help another, so long as he can do it with a clear conscience, and not violate his honor, derogate from his personal dignity, or sully his own manhood. In all things worthy, one assists the other; in sickness, sorrow, life, death, and the troubles and trials of the world and society. Each man is eligible to one, two, or three degrees; and after once becoming a true Rosicrucian, it is next to impossible that he can ever afterward come to want, either for protection in all that is just, counsel in difficulty, food, raiment, shelter, and all true human sympathy;—all of

which is freely rendered so long as the man remains a worthy DWELLER IN THE TEMPLE!

Thus the Temple ensures its acolytes against want, mitigates their sorrow, enhances their usefulness to themselves and the world, braces and sharpens their intellects, fires their emulation, encourages all manly effort, assuages their grief, cultivates their hope, strengthens their self-reliance, self-respect, self-effort; it frowns on all wrong doing, seeks to elevate man in his own esteem, teaches due and loyal respect to woman, the laws, society and the world; it promotes stability of character, makes its votaries strive for MANHOOD in the full, true sense; adopts “Try” and “Excelsior” as living, practical mottoes; and thus, both directly and indirectly, does the Temple of Rosicrucia seek to increase the sum total of human happiness in the world, within and without its walls.

V. Every man pays an initiation fee, and a monthly tax of one dollar. In return for which, the member has the advantage of all information the Lodge may be able to procure in the shape of lectures, debates, books, scientific papers, models, experiments in all the physical sciences, essays on philosophy, etc.; in addition to which he is allowed a sum, varying from four to fourteen dollars a week when sick, provided he needs such aid; he is visited, comforted, nursed, doctored, and, should he die, the Temple buries him—as a man and a Rosicrucian should be buried. If he dies an officer (and every man is eligible), his widow and children are properly cared for by the Order.^[4]

VI. This Order is a school of the highest and best knowledge the earth affords. It is unlike any and all others, for, in addition to being a Mutual Protection Society, it reaches out in far higher and nobler aims—only a few, very few, of which are alluded to in this hand-book, which is merely printed to save much explanatory talk on the part of Rosicrucians who are being continually importuned for information respecting the said Order. One of its main objects is to be a School of Men; to make men more useful by rendering them stronger, more knowing, therefore wiser—therefore happier. As Rosicrucians we recognize the immense value of Sympathy, Encouragement, Emulation and Persistency—

Nil mortalibus, arduum est.

THERE IS NO DIFFICULTY TO HIM WHO TRULY WILLS!

Whatever of good or great man has ever done, may still be accomplished by you and I, my brother, if we only think so, and set about in right good earnest, and no mistake. TRY! We proclaim the OMNIPOTENCE OF WILL! and we declare practically, and by our own achievements demonstrate, the will of man to be a supreme and all-conquering force when once fairly brought into play, but this power is only negatively strong when exerted for merely selfish or personal ends; when or wherever it is called into action for good ends, nothing can withstand its force. Goodness is Power; wherefore we take the best of care to cultivate the normal will, and thus render it a mighty and powerful engine for Positive Good. You cannot deceive a true Rosicrucian, for he soon learns how to read you through and through, as if you were a man of glass; and he attains this power by becoming a Rosicrucian only, nor can it be had through any other means whatever. The Temple teaches its acolytes how to rebuild this regal faculty of the human soul—the will; how to strengthen, purify, expand, and intensify it; and one of the first results observable after a man has become a true Rosicrucian, is that his vanity grows smaller by degrees, and beautifully less; for the first thing he fully realizes is that all he knows would probably make quite a large book, but that all he does not know would make a book considerably larger, and he therefore sets himself to learn. Where there's a will there's a way; and after getting rid of self-conceit, the man finds himself increasing in mental stature by imperceptible gradations, and finds himself a learned man by a process which he cannot fairly comprehend, and one which is neither appreciated or known outside of the Temple.

As a consequence of travelling on this royal road to knowledge, the Rosicrucian soon learns to despise the weakness of wickedness, not by reason of any long-faced cant being poured into his ear, but because he finds out practically that manhood and virtue are safe investments, while badness or meanness won't pay. It is the universal testimony of all who have become true Rosicrucians, that within its symbolic walls there is a deeply mysterious influence for good pervading its atmosphere, under which every man of the Order becomes rapidly but normally individualized and intensified in character, manhood, and influence.

VII. The doors of our Lodges are never closed against the honest, honorable or aspiring man; nor can any earthly potentate, no wielder of an empire's sceptre, no wearer of a kingly crown, gain admission by reason of his

eminence; for though he be a king, he may not be a MAN, a title far above all others on the earth—a title nobler than any other ever earned by mortals! We Rosicrucians are proud of our eminence—and justly so—for we are a BROTHERHOOD OF MEN! and recognize MANHOOD as the true kingship; hence we honor that man highest who knows the most, and puts his knowledge to the highest and noblest uses, not only toward his brothers, but in any field in the world's great garden, for are not we all brethren? Does not the one great God rule over and love us? Even so! No man can enter our doors by reason of his wealth, for riches, unless put to manly uses, are detrimental;—bad—positively injurious! No man can enter our doors by reason of his fame, politics, or religion. The Order has nothing to do with a man's politics or religion, and it matters not what a man's creed is, so long as he IS A MAN. The Baptist is welcome, but not *as* a Baptist; and so with men of all other faiths. No religion, no faith, no politics can be discussed from our platform, nor will their introduction be tolerated one moment. We accept men of all creeds, except such as outrage decency, manhood, sound morals, and public order, such as Free Lovers, Mormons, and birds of that feather; nor can any such person enter our ranks, no matter who he may be, or how high in fame or social place. No man is barred out of our Temple by reason of his poverty, for physical beggars are often kings in mind. All we ask or seek for in a man is HONOR, HONESTY, and ambition to KNOW MORE AND BE BETTER.

Usually the Lodges of Rosicrucia meet once a week to hear lectures, exchange courtesies, thoughts, news; to listen to invited guests, debate questions in art, science, and philosophy; to mutually inform and strengthen each other; to investigate any and all subjects of a proper nature, and to cultivate that manly spirit and chivalric bearing which so well entitles their possessor to be called A MAN. These are a few of the good things of Rosicrucia. We seek no man—men seek us. Our facilities for obtaining knowledge and information on all subjects are, as may well be conceived, unsurpassed—unequalled. Financially we are satisfied. A Temple of Rosicrucia never yet felt the pressure of an exhausted exchequer, and probably never will. But this last is the least commendable thing about the Institution; yet it uses money for good purposes, and therefore has its chest supplied. All other essential information respecting the Order can be obtained BY TRYING!

It will be seen that there is nothing magical here, yet I do not doubt but the members could tell strange stories if they chose.

Many, but by no means all, the Alchemists and Hermetic Philosophers were acolytes of that vast secret Brotherhood, which has thrived from the earliest ages, and, under different names in different lands, has performed, is still performing its mission. The members of this mystic union were the Magi of old, who flourished in Chaldea (Mesopotamia) ages before one of their number (Heber) left his native plains, and on foreign soil founded the Hebraic confederation. They were the original Sabi and Sabeans, who for long ages preceded the Sages of Chaldea. They were the men who founded that Semitic civilization, the faint shade of which we find, having leaped long avenues of centuries, in the mouldy records of early China, itself numbering its years by the thousand. Of this great Brotherhood sprung Brahma, Buddha, La-otze, Zoroaster, Plato, the Gnostics, the Essenes, and therefore Christ himself—who was an Essene, and who preached the sacred doctrines of the Mountain of Light. They were the Dreamers of the ages—the sun of the epochs—eclipsed occasionally, but anon bursting forth in glory again. They were the men who first discovered the significance of Fire; and that there was something deeper than Life in man; profounder than Intellect in the universe. Whatever of transcendant light now illumines the world, comes from the torches which they lit at the Fountain whence all light streameth upon that mystic mountain which they alone had courage and endurance to climb, and climbed, too, over a ladder whose rungs were centuries apart. Hermes Trismegistus, Egypt's mighty king, and that other Hermes (Asclepius IX.), was an adept, a brother, and a Priest—as was Malki Zadek before him—that famous Pre-Adamite monarch, that Melchisedek, who was reputed to have been born of a Thought, and to have lived for countless ages. And so with the Greek Mercurius. Theirs, too, was that wondrous learning wherein Moses was skilled; and at their fountain the Hebrew Joseph drank. Nothing original in Thaumaturgy, Theology, Philosophy, Psychology, Entology, and Ontology, but they gave it to the world; and when Philosophers thought they had gained new thoughts and truths, the records of the Order prove them to have been old ages before the Adamic era of Chronology, and to have been the common property of the adepts.

I have been led into these remarks and explanations, first, for the purpose of finally and authoritatively settling the vexed question concerning the Rosicrucians, and to throw light on that which is to follow.

FOOTNOTE:

[\[4\]](#) The Grand Lodge contemplates the enactment of laws looking to the providing for the families of members when sick, and to their burial when dead, which will be secured by the payment of additional fees from time to time. It also contemplates a system of life insurance of its members, who, by the payment of certain fees, may secure a certain sum to their families at death sufficient to maintain them in comfort, but not in luxury or idleness. The system will probably be one of graduated annuities.

CHAPTER II.

WHO WAS HE?—WHAT WAS IT?

“I MADE,” said Beverly to me one day, “my projected tour, and had returned much wiser than I went, but no nearer the consummation of my chief hope. I had begun the practice of medicine in the city of Boston, and occupied an office reputed to have been haunted by the troubled ghosts of sundry persons who were there attracted by some strange influence. I laughed at, and ridiculed the pretensions of scores of so called seers, who claimed to behold these flitting gentry.

“There came to my office one day—it was a very stormy day in the latter part of the winter of the year in the spring of which I was so neatly swindled—there came, I repeat, on a stormy day, when the snow fell thick and fast; when the fierce wind blew, and the Frost-king was busily engaged in putting icy manacles upon all that he could reach—a lady to consult me upon a case of scrofula in her child. At that time my reputation in that specialty was great and constantly increasing; for I had but a few months before introduced and practised the method of treating that order of diseases, taught me in Constantinople by the famous negro sage of that metropolis. I prepared the materials required, and stood waiting for her to leave the office, as I was anxious to continue the perusal of some Hieratic manuscripts lent me that day by a lettered friend in Dedham. She made no movement indicative of leaving; but instead, challenged me to a discussion of some spiritual subject or other, which challenge I, from an innate horror of all strong-minded male-feminines, respectfully declined. She called herself my friend, and was, if sticking to one is a title to the name. She possessed all the qualities of the best adhesive plaster—it was impossible to get rid of her presence. She declared that she constantly saw, and held conversations with the dead, and she would then and there give a proof of her qualifications in that direction; whereupon she was instantly seized with

an exceedingly violent trembling, accompanied with any amount of spasmodic jerks and twitchings. I had witnessed such things before, and consequently did not feel alarmed at Mrs. Graham's condition, but going into the rear office I procured a chair and sat down to wait for demonstrations; which, when they came, were but so many pretty word-paintings—commonplace counsel and advice addressed to me by what purported to be my mother—which latter, however, appeared to have forgotten her name, my own, and when and where she departed this life. I was perfectly certain that it was not my mother, and equally so that Mrs. Graham was not consciously acting the part of an impostor, and I accounted for the phenomenon on the Rosicrucian theory, then quite new to me, that she was obsessed, or possessed, by and with a distinct individuality entirely foreign to her own. To my mind the thing was certain that she, like scores of thousands of others are, was for the time being under the absolute control and dominion of a Will a myriad times stronger than that of any living human being that ever tenanted a body on this terraqueous globe of ours—beings perfectly intelligent, powerful, invisible, and totally conscienceless, wherein is a great difference from human beings.

“The lady came around in a few minutes, and I frankly stated my opinion to her. It was new and startling. ‘Not human spirits—yet intelligent? An intelligent thing—and guileful? It is dreadful! Horrible! What, then, is that Thing? Angels? No! Devils? If so, whence come they? Why? For what end?’

“These were terrible questions; and we talked about the matter, the lady and I, as we sat in the back office, near the fire, for it was very cold; and she sat leaning on the desk near the window, and I sat near the door between the offices, my back nearly touching it. The outer door, which opened on the stair-landing, was closed, and a wire was so attached to it that it could not be opened, or even the latch be raised, without touching a spring that instantly rung a bell that was suspended directly over my head in the rear office. I used this rear office as a reading-room and laboratory, and I frequently became so absorbed in my reading or chemistry, that nothing less than the ringing of that bell would suffice to divert my attention.

“And there and thus we sat and talked for more than three long hours. The strong-minded woman's soul had at last really been aroused; while I once more brought to the surface my Rosicrucian lore. In thought and speech we

traversed a score of conjectural worlds and labyrinths of Being; until, at last: ‘Are there, really, any intelligent, but viewless beings, other than man, in all the broad universe—I mean other than man as he is here, and disembodied likewise?—that’s the question,’ said the lady by the desk.

“‘*Of course there are!* MYRIADS!’ said a clear, manly voice in the room, right straight from the centre of the triangle formed by the desk, the door and the southern wall of the office! It was not the lady who thus replied to her own question! It was not I who spoke; nor, strange as it afterwards appeared, did the circumstance strike me as being at all out of the common. And, therefore, without an instant’s hesitation, I rejoined to the observation of the speaker, whom I subsequently remember to have observed was a thin, strange-looking, scrawny, shrivelled little old man, with the queerest possible little sharp grey eyes. He looked half frozen, and acted so, for he advanced toward some shelves and proceeded very leisurely to warm his hands over my laboratory furnace, between the door and wall. The lady appeared no more surprised than myself at the inexplicable presence of this singular intruder.

“‘I am not so sure of that,’ I replied, in answer to the words uttered by the strange old man—‘I am not so sure that there *are* such beings in existence.’

“‘Then you’re a greater fool than I took you for! Good evening!’ And he moved slightly toward the door, against which my chair firmly stood.

“‘Don’t go yet, for I want you to explain,’ said the lady. ‘Don’t you think he ought to?’ turning to me with a very peculiar earnestness expressed in her countenance, especially in her eyes—very peculiar eyes at all times, but lit up in the most extraordinary manner at that moment. ‘I think he ought to prove his statement, and not leave us in this state of uncertainty. It is positively cruel!’ And, as she spoke, her eye met mine, and fastened it as if the encountering glances were riveted together.

“‘There must be some magic in the soul that is only flashed forth on very rare occasions, else why did her glance so fix my gaze for ten seconds that I could not stir? At the end of that space of time the fascination ended, and, raising my eyes, I answered—

“‘Certainly! he ought to explain; and, of course,’ said I, turning toward the man—‘of course, you will explain yourself, and——’

“There was no man there! Not even a sign that he had been. He had disappeared, gone, utterly vanished—not through the window, for that was a clear fall of seventy feet to the ground, besides which it had been securely nailed down for over four months—not through the door, for my chair and back were against it!

“Mrs. Graham fainted, and fell prone upon the floor!

“I lived in Charlestown, and reached home rather early that evening. Not that I was frightened. Oh, no! but because home seemed cheerier than the office; for the weather was bitterly cold, and the storm-spirits were holding high, tempestuous revels in the common and the bay; and, ever and anon, as the shivering pedestrian jogged along, and turned the sharp corners of what is literally and emphatically, and in more senses than one, the most angular city in the world, the blast would meet him square in the face, side-ways, and all around him in the same blessed moment of time, no matter which way he headed; for a Boston snow-storm blows every way at once—here it is due north, around the corner it is south-east, behind you it is north-west; over the way it blows straight up, and in the middle of the street it blows straight down.

“It was hard work travelling the four miles to my home that night, for every step had to be wearily footed. True, there were street cars, but no man in Boston ever remembers one going the right way when most it was wanted; but everybody can find scores *coming*, when everybody is bent upon *going*.

“Well, after a perilous walk, I at last reached home, and gladly sat down to my comfortable supper of toast and tea in my snug little parlor—the same little parlor where I wrote my book and received the loan of money to publish it, which money I was afterwards deprived of by the financial acumen of as great a scoundrel as ever went loose upon the world.

“Oh, how it stormed outside! and oh, how warm and cosy was the little snug harbor into which I had just moored myself!

“It was the second cup of tea—orange pekoe it was, for I had bought it of a Chinaman in Boston, who knew all about tea—and the second slice of toast

that I was discussing, along with my daily paper, when suddenly there came a loud, imperative double knock at the door, similar to that of an English postman when in a hurry to deliver his letters. The door was immediately opened by a servant, who thought some one had been taken suddenly ill, and that I had been sent for professionally. But what was my astonishment when in stalked, with as much ease and *nonchalance* as if he belonged there, no less a personage than the mysterious little old man of the afternoon. I was thunderstruck. It was the same person who had treated me so rudely, and who had first come and then gone again so unaccountably, and who had induced an illness in Mrs. Graham that resulted in causing her to forever abandon her mediumatic practices—the same that has sent so many scores of people to premature graves, and will send thousands more. The strange man advanced toward the fire, and exclaimed—

“ ‘What a fright I caused you and your guest this afternoon! Ha! ha! It was capital—was it not?’

“And again he laughed, but this time in a manner and with a voice which, had it not been for the immense physical disparity apparent, I could have sworn was that of the Italian Count in Paris. But this supposition was hardly possible. The man before me was so decidedly *human*, that, by a rapid and comprehensive induction, I concluded that Mrs. Graham and myself had been victimized for sport by one who was perfect master of the mesmeric art. This hypothesis was quite plausible, only I could not account for the non-ringing of the office bell; and the idea seemed at that time quite preposterous that any one could successfully magnetize the clapper of a bell into silence. I learned more afterwards. Neither did it seem quite reasonable that this man had, before entering the office at all, exerted his power upon our sense of hearing, rendering us deaf.

“To his remark I replied, rather sententiously, with ‘Very!’ and said no more, for I did not fancy his joke, if such it was, nor his *brusquerie*, nor his decided lack of good manners, nor his rude speech; in fact, I did not fancy the man at all, nor anything about him. Not that he was hated or despised, but because there was something about him that made my very flesh creep again, and caused me to instinctively shrink from his contact.

“It is well known that one of the cardinal points of the Rosicrucian belief is that bodily life can be prolonged through whole ages in two different ways;

first, by means of the Elixir of Life; secondly, by means of mere will alone. In the first case beauty and youth accompany age; but in the second, age is apparent all along the centuries. This latter secret and the processes were revealed by a degenerate Rosicrucian in 1605; and all students of medicine are aware that great capital was made of it in later times by a French physician named Asgill. This writer undertook to publicly demonstrate and teach the art of life-prolonging, laying it down positively, that man is literally immortal, or rather that any given man alive could, if he choose, utterly laugh at and defy death; that he need not, if so disposed, ever die, if he used sufficient prudence, and forcibly and constantly exerted his will in that direction. Asgill used to complain of the *cowardly practice* of dying, considering it a mere trick, and unnecessary habit. The records tell us that several men have used both these means to perpetuate existence, and I have not the slightest doubt that it has been attempted and proved measurably successful; and now, on this stormy night, as I gazed on the withered wreck before me, it struck me that he was one of those wretches who had attained indefinite length of years by the second method, and, as a necessary consequence, had lost all fire, all feeling, all love, and all conscience. I shuddered as the possibility flashed upon me. He saw the motion, and a smile of ineffable scorn curled his lip as he did so. I abandoned my notion.

“People who observe things as they plod their way through the world, and who have at all made the human soul a study, have often been made aware that there is a certain nameless something that comes over a man, that with resistless eloquence persuades his inner soul that some danger approaches, some peril besets, some disaster impends over him. There are times, when calm reigns all around him, and peace blossoms in his heart, that he suddenly is apprised that Calamity is flapping her way toward him through the terrible nebulous gloom of the Future. Many a man and woman has felt this; and some such feeling, some such horror-form, now seemed hovering, cowering, crawling near me, and preparing to seize upon and fang my very soul, in the presence of the queer little man at my side. It was a mixed feeling of guilt and dread, and yet no guilt was mine. I had not cheated, robbed, lied, to my best friend. I had not fared sumptuously every day on the proceeds of villainy; *my* wife and daughters did not dress in purple and fine linen, bought with the money wronged from a poor man, or any man at all. I had not a fine piano, and parlors full of guests enjoying funds thus gotten; nor had I driven fast and fine horses of my own, fed and fattened on

the money of a man whose child was at that very moment struggling, gasping, choking in the clutches of grim death for want of bread and medicine. True, there were those who did all this—and the corpse of a pretty little girl attests it—but I did not; why then should I be afraid? There is no answer to that, and yet I was in dread.

“After saying ‘Very!’ I spoke no more, but striving to repress the horror creeping over me, I tried to look as indignant as possible, which he was not slow to observe; for he approached, slapped me familiarly on the back, poured out and drank a cup of tea and ate a rusk, which settled the question as to his being no ghost; then he dropped carelessly into my easy-chair, rubbed his little perked-up nose with his thin, little, bluish-pale fingers, and throwing himself forward, so as to look right up into my face, he laughed heartily, and then bawled out, rather than sung, at the top of his voice:

“ ‘The storm howls drearily,
Let you and I live cheerily;
And we’ll study things that never were known.
I’ve come from the West,
To see the man that I like best.
Don’t think I’m all depravity—
I’m in search of the centre of gravity—
And *you’ll* find out the Philosophers’ Stone.’

And then he again burst out into one of the wildest, most *outré*, and ridiculous laughs that ever fell on mortal hearing.

“The wretched doggerel that I had just heard was beneath my notice; and little did I know of the singer, and still less did I imagine that those lines were to me the most important I had ever heard.

“Gradually, and by imperceptible degrees, my prejudices began to wane; I conversed with him upon a variety of subjects, and the conference was maintained during four long hours, perhaps more; for if my memory serves me, it was nearly eleven o’clock when he arose from his seat, shook me cordially by the hand, said he was going, promised to call again ‘when he wanted to serve me,’ and then, opening the doors, passed out into the midst of one of the most fierce and vindictive tempests that ever desolated the shores of Boston Bay. A singular thing was this: in the depth of winter, this

man, who refused steadily to speak concerning himself, was clad in the very thinnest summer raiment, not having enough even for a northern June, much less for such fearful weather as prevailed on the night of that 4th of February—a night when the glass in Boston told of cold twenty degrees below zero, and in New Hampshire nineteen lower still—a night so bitter that many and many a man went to eternity, borne thither on the frosty pinions of the Ice-king.

“ ‘After all it is a man, and mesmerism furnishes a key to all this seeming mystery,’ thought I; and with this consoling supposition I went to bed, and there reproduced all that he had said or done. Now, although little was said in regard to himself, yet, from that little, I gathered that he was an Armenian by birth, that his name was MIAKUS, which is the ancient Chaldaic for Priest of Fire. He told me this as he bent down to kiss a sweet little prattling Cora, and said that he was very fond of children, and felt particularly so toward the little fairy, who, seated in her chair, was busily engaged in laying down the law to a culprit kitten, who, it appeared, had been guilty of *leze majeste* to her Christmas doll. After the child had been sent to bed, Miakus produced from his bosom a little square, flat case, apparently of rose or olive wood, and about seven inches across by two and a half deep.^[5] It was locked, and the key, a silver one, hung by a golden clasp to an ordinary steel watch-chain round his neck. The little man laid this case upon the bureau, where it lay undisturbed, although it became clear to me that his business there was in some way associated with that box and myself. It was equally clear that his air was more than half assumed, and that, in spite of his *nonchalance* and *brusque* surface, great trouble reigned beneath; for, occasionally, as he spoke, there was a melancholy cadence and plaintive modulation in his tones, that, to practised ears, spoke, if not of a breaking heart, at least of one most deeply injured and bereaved. This circumstance affected me much, for, through life, I have been one who grieved with those in grief, and joyed with those in joy. Then, after a little, he told me that one of his objects was to initiate me into certain mysteries of white magic, to teach me how to construct the magic mirror in which the majority of persons could glance through space, see and talk with the dead, and in all things, save a few, have an unerring guide through life. Said he—‘I have such a curious looking-glass in yonder box, and perhaps—and perhaps not—you may test its qualities before I leave you. The fact is, I feel down-hearted, have been so all day, and all the more because I hurt your *amour*

propre by calling you a fool, which, of course, I do not apologize for. It struck me that I would take advantage of the weather to chat with you, without infringing upon your business, and that, possibly, you might learn something and I find relief in teaching you, and thus withdraw us both for a time from the great Failure’—by which he meant the world. ‘I am weary of myself, the world, philosophers and philosophy. There’s nothing good but magic! You have been a fool while striving to be wise; and are ambitious to *know* what you have hitherto merely imagined.’

“He rose, took the case, laid it on the table between us, and, while playing with the key, continued—‘If you really desire to pierce through the gloom that pall the human senses, you must abandon all human loves and passions, most especially all that relates to woman; for woman’s love destroys—in the very moment of man’s victory over her, she triumphs—he yields his life, and offers up existence itself on her altars, and then she laughs! Is it not so? Does not every man’s experience corroborate this? Strong as iron alone, no sooner does he reach the goal of love than he is lost in a sea of weakness, lethargy, deadness! Bah! avoid woman. You want high knowledge, and must pay high prices. God gives nothing—he sells all; and he who would have must purchase, and the price is suffering. So with love. Its life is bought with the coin of death. Woman is like the ivy vine mantling round some hoary tower, and the more you are ruined the closer she clings, and the closer she clings the more you are ruined! Listen. No one acts without a motive. I have one with regard to yourself, and it is a selfish one. It so happens that the possessor of the magic mirror can in it behold all other horoscopes but his own, beyond a certain point; and, if he would know it, he must consult other seers. Now, there are certain beings in existence whose future cannot be read except by certain persons specially constituted. You are one of the latter, I am one of the former; and such as we only meet at the beginning and the end of epochs and eras. The present is one of these. I will present you with the mirror when you have done me this favor; I will teach you the art of their construction; and I will give you a verbatim copy of the answers you shall make to the questions I shall ask you while gazing in its awful depths. To this I pledge a word that never yet was broken, and an oath that never will be. For this purpose I have followed you for years, patiently waiting for the hour that dawns at last. To successfully do the thing I ask, two things are essential. 1st, That, in a perfectly pure state of body, health, mind, intent, and morals, you gaze into

the glass. 2d, That, while doing so, you make no resistance against certain sleepful influences that may assail you, which influences will not be mesmeric, nor assisted by myself in any way, but is the sacred slumber of *Sialam Boaghiee*, which can only be enjoyed once in a hundred years, and then only by persons who are singularly constituted as you are—whose veins are filled with the mingled blood of all the nations that sprung from the loins of the Edenic protoplast, the Biblical Adam, and who, temperamentally, and in all other respects, save sex, are perfectly neutral. Certain great advantages will accrue to you from this concession that are unattainable without. From this slumber you will awaken doubly; first, to the old life without; and, second, to another and a fuller though stranger life within, and to the power of comprehending innumerable mysteries that lie enshrouded in dim regions far beyond the ken of ordinary man. Dreamer! you shall comprehend your dreams. Rosicrucian! you shall comprehend the Light, the Tower, and the Flame, and where Artefius and Zimati failed you shall find success! It is difficult, if not impossible, to either over-rate the advantages to be derived by the possession of the power I allude to, or to define and characterize it in words, mainly for the reason that, although the idea stands out well marked and distinct before the mind, yet the language which you speak has no terms of symbols adequate to its naming or expression; for, at best, words are coarse raiment for thought, and no more show the beauty of what they cover, than the preposterous costumes of Christendom display the superlative glories of the human form. The soul that sleeps this slumber passes through a gate which even the privileged dead cannot enter, save once in a century, and then only by reason of neutrality, for positive people are to be counted by the billion on either side the grave, negative people outnumber them ten million to one, while neutrals are, like cold heat, very rare indeed. I trust we shall yet assist each other.’

“Now, I had, two hours before, on seeing him eat and drink, hastily abandoned my ghostly hypothesis regarding the little queer old man. But now, as he talked so strangely, and so grandly indicated the Door of the Dome of all possible human knowledge and attainment, the mystery that wrapped him changed its character, but enveloped him in a ten-fold gloom and shadow, that continually grew more thick and dense, so much so, indeed, that, but for his eating, and the fact that several persons in the house beside myself had seen and exchanged speech with and touched him, I

certainly should have doubted the evidence of my senses, and set the whole thing down, from the scene in the office till his departure, to the account of a disturbed imagination. There was a something unearthly about his voice and manner; and once, when he turned his chair, the upper part of his right thigh came in direct contact with the red-hot stove, and I watched it there until the chair was ruined by the fire, and the smoke of its varnish and seat fairly filled the room, and yet he was not burned, but coolly rose and opened the door for the smoke to escape, and then resumed his seat as if nothing whatever had happened; and, two or three times in the course of the evening, I not only felt a chilly atmosphere proceed from him, but distinctly saw his skeleton beneath his thin, parchment-like skin, as if but the thinnest integument had been loosely thrown over it to hide its naked deformity by some mouldy tenant of the grave, doomed to expiate its offences by again walking the earth with embodied human beings. Could it be that I had struck the truth, and that this mysterious Miakus was in reality such a vampire as we read of in German story?"

FOOTNOTE:

[5] Both the incidents of the magic mirror are actual, literal facts, as is also its curious construction and effects as herein related. I have witnessed many astonishing experiments with mirrors constructed as was that treated of in the text. I have seen several exactly similar—one in Zagazik, Lower Egypt, in the hands of a Hindoo magician, two in Cairo, one in Thebes, two in Constantinople, and one in London. In the East, owing to the scarcity of the peculiar material wherewith the space between the glasses is filled, they cost enormous prices, and then can only be had by a Christian through favor. In this country, or England, they might cheaply be made. I have one in my possession that I would not part with for three thousand dollars, so wonderful, so astonishing are the effects witnessed in and through it.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

PHOSPHORUS AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

“MARVELLING,” said Beverly, continuing his wonderful story—“Marvelling on the strange events of the day and night, as said before, I retired to my chamber, but not to rest, for ere the morning dawned upon the world again, there came to me an experience that in some respects totally changed the current and character of my life. These incidents are already recorded in my narrative concerning ‘Cynthia and Thotmor,’ long since given to the world. [6]

“On the morning following this eventful night, I repaired to the office of a reputed to be Philosophic tooth-doctor, whose brain is a far more curious museum than the one near his office. With him I conversed awhile, and by him was introduced to a real thinker, whose name, I think, was Blood. After smoking a segar—and *each other*—in his laboratory, I repaired to Nichols’, the chemist, made a few purchases, and forthwith went to my office.

“Now, it so happened that sometime previously I had purchased a chemical apparatus, conducting my experiments secretly, and mainly after twelve at night—for the purpose of repeating La Brière’s great experiment for the removal of the poisonous and igneous properties of Phosphorus without decreasing its revivifying and medicinal qualities. I had experimented untiringly for five months, at a cost almost ruinous to me, but still with an invincible conviction that I should succeed, and give my secret to the world, instead of perishing like the poor Frenchman, who burst an artery from excitement at his success, having made about eleven ounces that fulfilled his entire expectations. Part of his process only survived him, and many a man, like myself, had attempted to fathom the secret and gain the enormous fortune that must result from complete success, but hitherto in vain.

“The experiment was a most important one. Churchill had produced his hypophosphites, and they had lamentably failed of the intention; hence, in working at this mine, I had avoided his and others’ formulæ. Success, I felt, would not only benefit my own private practice, but would be of incalculable service to the medical profession, and still more to that large class of persons who by over mental exertion, severe intellectual and sedentary occupations, and by passional and other imprudent excesses, had deprived themselves of the wine of life, by draining themselves of nervous force; and become spiritless, semi-insane, gloomy, and despondent. Such a discovery I knew would place in the hands of the profession a true, positive, but perfectly harmless aphrodision nervous stimulant, invigorant and tonic. It was, therefore, worth all the time, trouble, and expense I devoted to it, for it would be one of the best things medical science had yet given to the world.

“It had long been demonstrated: 1st. That Phosphorus abounded in the bones, nerves, and tissues of the human body, but especially in the human brain. 2d. That Phosphorus was invariably present in large quantities in the brains of healthy men who had been killed, and analysis thereafter made; and invariably as the brain thus analyzed was that of an intellectual, fine-strung, high-toned, ambitious, executive, or spiritual person, just in proportion was the volume of phosphorus found in their remains; while the low, the ignorant, coarse and brutal had comparatively little phosphorus in them. 3d. It had been proved that in the administration of phosphorus to old people; to the class of patients who seek private advice; to those exhausted by mental labor or excess, it invariably acted as a revivifier, and seemed not only to restore health, strength, and fire to the body, but to rejuvenate and tone up the mind to its pristine strength, power, and activity; while insanity, idiocy, brain-softening, and causeless terror, disappeared in the ratio of its exhibition, for one half of the diseases of civilization result from the waste of phosphorus from the system, and for thirty years medical chemistry had sought to so prepare the article that it would at once assimilate with the tissues and fluids. It had not succeeded. True, La Brière *had*, but then his secret was dead. I resolved to restore it; and after a hundred failures, produced what he had named Phymyle.

“I tried its effects upon myself; then several physicians on themselves; and finally, it was tried upon patients at their own request, and the result left not

a nail to hang a doubt on, that I was perfectly justified in crying ‘Eureka!’ This preface is essential to the understanding of what follows.

“Now, it so happened that a few days before I saw Mrs. Graham, that I had placed about four pounds of phosphorus, together with about five times that weight of other materials, in a strong glass vessel, in a sand-bath, ready for the production of, perhaps, one quart of the precious medicine; and the first thing I did on entering my office from the dentist’s, was to light the gas beneath it. For a few minutes I stood watching the rich and beautiful scarlet and purple vapor as it rose and curled through the neck of the retort, and the long glass pipes leading to the condensing apparatus.

“While thus intently engaged, I was suddenly startled by the exclamations, ‘Careless fool! Look out! Run!’ Mechanically I obeyed, leaped into the outer office, and had scarcely done so, than there occurred a loud explosion. The retort had burst into a million fragments, shattering the windows and apparatus into fine pieces, and scattering some pounds of ignited phosphorus upon the floor. Here was trouble. But not to the speaker—for, quick as light, he tore the carpet off the office floor, and hurled it, phosphorus and all, into the snow-drifts in the yard below, which soon melted under the intense blaze of that almost quenchless fire, until, having consumed itself, nothing but a white smoke was left to tell the danger I and the house had been in.

“The fire out, and my fright subsided, I turned to see who it was that had so opportunely saved me, and found the little old man smiling and smirking before me.

“ ‘What! is it you, then?’ I asked, at the same time cordially extending my hand toward him.

“ ‘I rather think it is!’ said he, grasping it, ‘and very lucky for you it was that I chanced to happen along

“ ‘So early in the morning,
Just after break of day,’

said and sung the Enigma, continuing: ‘You are not an overwise chemist, my dear doctor, else you would never expect, either that Phosphorus gas could reach the condenser, with the stop-cock shut, or that a glass retort,

already cracked, would long resist the immense pressure of the accumulating and continually heating vapor. I see you have turned Hermetist and Alchemist—Rosicrucian like! and that you are determined to blow yourself up, or else

“ ‘Find out the ’lixir Vitæ,
Or stumble across the Philosophers’ Stone,’

and the little old man clapped his hands and danced about the room in the most exuberant glee.

“ ‘But, my friend,’ said he, ‘as constant trying means eventual success, I have not the slightest doubt but that you will yet become a very rich man, as well as a long-lived one; for, to tell you the truth, you have come nearer this morning to compounding the Elixir of Life—that very Elixir for which Philosophers have toiled during thousands of years, in vain—than any man that ever lived. For instance: had you placed a less quantity of phosphorus in the retort; more of the first and third, and less of the second, fourth, and fifth ingredients, with a slower heat, and the addition of two ounces of —, and —, and one of —,’ mentioning the articles, ‘you would have, indeed, made the water of perpetual youth and health—that wonderful chemic which purifies the juices, removes obstructions, clarifies the fluids, and renders man physically invulnerable to miasmas and disease—to all things destructive to life, except, of course, material injury. What d’ye think of that? Ha! ha!’ and again he burst out in a roaring squeak:

“ ‘I’ll discover the centre of gravity,
You’ll find out the Philosophers’ stone.’

“It has been the habit of the wiseacres of this world to deride the idea that it is possible to make gold; to laugh in face of the notorious fact that nature is constantly making it, and that, too, of gasses in the earth, as all things else, save souls, are made. It has been fashionable to laugh at the idea of compounding a material capable of freeing the system of all its gross and clogging impurities—the only friction to the wheels of life; a mixture which would exhilarate, purify, strengthen, and supply to the body the chemical and dynamic forces of which it is constantly being robbed. But these wise people will have done laughing by-and-by; not by any means must it be

thought that I, for a moment, entertained the silly notion of the alchemists and false Rosicrucians—of finding a material which when brought into contact with metals would change them into gold. We of this century are too knowing for that; nor that I hoped to discover, from the application of the old man's suggestions, that wonderful fluid alluded to awhile since; but I did believe it possible that I could compound a draught that when quaffed would repair the waste of nature, and believed until that moment, that in Phymyle I had found it. What, then, was my astonishment when the weird old man whispered in my ear that I stood upon the brink of the grandest success conceivable, that the grand Secret of secrets was all but in my grasp? To describe my sensations at that moment is impossible, and the more so because the old man told me the whole process and constituents.

“What cared I even if it *was* necessary for me to go to Jerusalem, and gather the precious seeds of a fruit that grows upon its walls, wherewith to prepare the water? In other years I did go, and the treasured seeds are mine.... In that awful moment of success I blessed the old man and internally vowed that in return I would read his horoscope, and sleep the sleep of Sialam; for was not the desire of my soul gratified? Why then should I not return the favor?

“Such, in that tumultuous moment, were my thoughts. Soon I became calmer, and then, ‘How came the old man to know the materials that were being used?’ ‘Perhaps he saw the fumes, and thus knew them!’ But how of the contents of the condensing-chest through which the vapor was forced for the purpose of nullifying its injurious qualities? for no living human being had seen me compound or place them there. How came he to know the purpose for which this compound was being brewed? How had he become aware of the dream, the hope of my soul, the fixed purpose of my life during long and wearisome years?

“All these queries served but to envelop their subject in a deeper robe of mystery; and while they were passing he stood at my side gazing curiously at the now white vapor, as it writhed and curled upward, and out upon the air, through the broken panes.

“It was very, very singular!

“In a little while the wreck was cleared; the old man left me, promising to call again that day, and I went out to order new apparatus, some glazing,

another carpet, and to visit a number of patients; after which I returned. It was about three o'clock, and I had not been long in before Miakus, true to his word, came also."

FOOTNOTE:

[\[6\]](#) See the book called "Dealings with the Dead," second series.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“ ‘LET me give you a piece of advice,’ said Miakus, ‘for you need it. First, never intrust any secret to a friend, which, if revealed, would bring trouble or disgrace. Never interfere in a brawl or quarrel, no matter who is right or who wrong; but always let the world do its own fighting, while you stand by to avail yourself of any advantage that chance may disclose; and lastly, keep what you know until there shall be a market for it. Now we will test our magic glass,’ and forthwith we went into the rear office, which by that time had been refitted, so far as glass and carpet were concerned.

“In his hands he bore the rose-wood box, which he laid upon the table, while, by the aid of four gimlets, he fixed a silken screen, or curtain, entirely across the room, having previously closed the shutters to exclude every ray of daylight from the apartment.

“ ‘That,’ said he ‘is a magic screen. You have seen a magic-lantern exhibition. Well, this is to be a similar one, *without the lantern*. I now open this box, as you see, and take from it this mirror, which is, as you observe, merely two plates of French glass, with strips of wood around their edges to keep them half an inch apart, and so that a fluid poured between them shall not escape. Nothing depends for success upon either the box, the curtain, or the glasses, but all depends upon the peculiar fluid between them, which is, as you perceive, of a dark brown color, but at a distance, quite inky to the eye.

“ ‘I now hang this mirror by this hook, to the ring sewed to the upper central edge of the screen. Then closing and locking both the doors, thus, I place these two chairs for you and I to sit upon. Then I take this reflector and place it near the gas jet in such a manner as to throw a strong light—a perfectly circular and brilliant disk upon the very centre of the glass tablet,

thus,—and he suited his actions to his words; after which we took our seats before the curtain, and I observed that the liquid between the glasses was of such a nature as to reflect a sort of semi-opalescent hue.

“ ‘Before proceeding to demonstrate the truth of Hamlet’s remark to Horatio,’ said the experimenter at my side, ‘I find it essential to give you a why and wherefore. Know, then, that not only is there a mysterious and powerful sympathy between man’s body and all things outside of it, but it is still more true that a greater one exists between these outside things and his soul within, as is proved by the astonishing power over it exerted by various substances, most of which, especially the last eight, ought to be banished from the earth and be accursed for ever—for instance, Belladonna, Cantharadin, Beng, Opium, Hasheesh, Dewammeskh, Hyndee, Tartooroh, Hab-zafereen, Mah-rubah, Gunjah, and many other vegetable preparations that might be named, and every one of which will not merely affect the body, but the tremendous mystery that lies concealed within it. They expand the soul, but they also damn it! Let us ascend from gross matter to the volatile—Light, for instance. By concave mirrors we can throw an image in open space that shall be seen by thousands. We chain a shadow, and whoever has a photograph possesses one such prisoner. We make a few passes over a glass of water, and charge it thus with any specific quality we choose, nauseous or pleasant, and it produces corresponding effects upon the patient who takes it. Here you have mind and matter united by an act of mere volition. But we go still farther: for we select materials, and with them render the water still more highly sensitive. We then charge it with our souls, to such an extent that it shall comatize a man’s body, and illuminate his soul to the sublimest degree of clairvoyance. Still higher: it is possible to compound a liquid that shall seize on, and for a time retain, by its subtle power, any mental image thrown upon it. Still higher: there are direct and positive affinities and co-relations between every thing and person on this earth and off it. By certain knowledge, certain persons are able to select those things that possess certain affinities to and for the inhabitants of the upper worlds, and the dwellers in the Spaces. Now that glass disk before you contains such a liquid, thus compounded—’

“Here he gave me the most minute explanations of the process of constructing such curious mirrors, and how to charge them with a liquid which I at once saw must of necessity be electrical, magnetic, highly odyllic

and ethereal. Then he told me how to charge it differently for different uses—as a toy, a means of medical diagnosis, for the purpose of interpreting dreams, seeing earthly things, discovering lost treasures, reading the past or the future, and for many other purposes, as no one mirror would serve more than one end, or work in more than a single direction, unless specially constructed for such general use, which would render them too costly.

“ ‘Properly prepared,’ he continued, ‘your mirror becomes so amazingly sensitive as to not only receive and retain images of things too subtle for solar light, but to bring out and render them visible. Nor is this all. There is light within light, atmosphere within atmosphere, and intelligent beings who dwell within them, and who can commune with man only through such mirrors, upon which they can photograph the information they wish to convey, either by scenes depicted therein, or by words projected thereon. Now, observe. Thoughts are things—they are real, substantial actualities, if not actual matter. They are things that have shadows, shape, form, outline, bulk. Some are flat, others are sharp, cutting, pointed, and go on boring their way through the world from age to age. Others are solid, round, bulky, and stagger when they strike you or impinge upon the world. Thoughts live, die, and grow. Now, attend. Gaze steadily and firmly; desire to see something, no matter what.’

“I smiled incredulously, and observed that one could see one’s face in any bit of glass.

“ ‘True,’ replied he, ‘but you have never seen your soul; and this bauble will show you that. It will reveal events already past, that are now occurring, or that will transpire in the future, on the earth or off it.’

“Much doubting what he said, I told him that, just then, the sceptical mood was on me, and my belief must be forced. He well knew the singular constitution of my mind, and that, in spite of much contrary seeming, I was one of the most obdurate sceptics concerning the supernatural that ever lived. To most of those who have known me, or read what I have written in past years, it may appear strange that I, who have been the accepted champion of all things spectral, should now make such a seeming confession. But human nature is a very strange compound! My heart, my loves, desires, and emotional nature were all on the side of the ghostly, and eagerly grasped and nursed the occult and weird; and when these reigned in

my soul I bravely defended the spiritual theory against all comers. I rose to sublime heights of inspiration and speculation, and being thereby rendered morbidly sensitive to affectional influences, readily yielded to the specious social sophistry of the hour, and, for a while, pursued a course from which, had not reason been utterly blinded, I would have shrunk with ineffable horror; but, being surrounded by scores of thousands similarly deluded, it was impossible for a while to break through the accursed meshes of this devil's net into the clear, cool light of truth beyond.

“This was one side of the life-web I was weaving. But there came moments wherein enthusiasm was exchanged for something like sober-mindedness; and then intellect rejected most of what heart had drank in, and challenged the conclusions of my own and others' in regard to the Phantom-Philosophy. People cried, ‘Inconsistent!’ ‘Variable!’ mistaking honesty for whim—and just as if anything or person was ever consistent!

“In the present *séance*, logic held the reigns of mind, and I laughed, which Miakus observing, said: ‘Laugh on, laugh on; but you must be careful or the laugh will be against you. Truth is a dainty and a jealous dame, and never relishes practical jokes at her expense. But, look! the mirror begins to operate.’ And, instantly bending down, he veiled his face in both his hands, and remained thus for perhaps a minute, when he spoke, saying, ‘What see you in the glass?’

“ ‘Nothing,’ I replied, ‘but the images of ourselves.’

“ ‘Have patience! Look again! Try!’

“A short silence then followed, when—

“ ‘Do you see anything yet?’

“ ‘Yes; but nothing extraordinary. Only a clear spot—an atmospheric-looking aperture in the centre of the glass. Yes! now there comes a change—faint, misty, dusky shadows flit across; but nothing positive or distinct.’

“ ‘Is that all?’

“ ‘It is.’

“ ‘Look again.’

“ ‘Clearly and distinctly I see the fore-quarters of a large greyish-white dog. It grows! Now it is complete! The image stands out, bold and clear, *from the mirror!*’

“So perfect was this appearance, that I could not realize that it was a phantasm. The thing was impossible. It looked like the reflection of a dog in a looking-glass, and I actually turned my head, not to look for the dog, but for the picture of one upon the wall, that might have caused the image in the mirror. There was no such picture. The old man enjoyed my surprise, and muttered—

“ ‘Nothing supernatural, ha? Remember that idiots, bigots, and fools only dispute the existence of that which others do, but they do not understand. True, many pin their faith in a hereafter upon the curious phenomena attributed to disembodied souls, but they err in so doing. The demonstration can never be afforded through any process of either phenomena or intellection. Of that, be assured. Immortality can never be thought; it must be felt. Your philosopher cannot possibly grasp the idea, because it is not an idea at all. It is a reality, and comes to man never through the intellect, but ever and always through other channels of the spirit—comes over roads that begin on earth and terminate directly at the foot of God’s throne. Thus, when storms fall on the philosophic soul it shrinks and plays the coward. Not so the truly intuitional man. He feels, and, feeling, sees God through the gloom; and that, to him, is an insurance against loss or annihilation. He rides triumphant over circumstances that bar themselves effectually against all philosophers. Even when the shadow rests heaviest on the sky of life, such a soul beholds God enthroned in auroral splendor everywhere; he catches the sound of his voice from every echoing hill and dell, and it speaks to him of life everlasting, and its tones carry a thrilling demonstration of an hereafter that all the spiritualism of the earth could never impart.’

“Now while I looked upon the mirror I silently marvelled whether it were possible, through that glass, to solve the grand secret of the ages, and the old man’s speech could not possibly have been more apropos than it was. But in a moment afterward I felt indignant at having beheld such a figure, when he had promised I should see my soul, and told him so. ‘Let not that offend you,’ he replied, ‘that figure is not spectral, it is correspondential. What is the type of enduring fidelity, perfect trust and confidence,

unbounded love and faith, if its symbol be not a dog? Such is the quality of your soul, nor is it very bad.’

“There now came a broad clean space on the glass, and the whole of it became clear and pellucid as the finest crystal; and in its very centre appeared a tiny, but very brilliant speck of white light, and its lustre increased till it became painful to gaze upon it. Gradually this expanded, and there came a space in its middle clearer than the brightest noon-day, into which I gazed with rapture, for the intense light faded away into a sort of hazy-vapor surrounding this spot.

“ ‘Into such, and through such do I wish you to look for me. But not now. The time is not propitious. That which you behold is the lense of a mystical telescope, wherewith you may scan and sweep the fields where revolve a myriad worlds like this, and of other millions whereof man is yet profoundly ignorant. Through it you can and may witness not only the worlds of which I speak, but also their tenants and all that they are doing.’

“ ‘What! Do you mean to tell me that through that telescope, as you call it, a living man can behold all that is going on in Mars and Jupiter?’

“ ‘Aye!’ said he, ‘and half a million planets, suns and systems more. It will reveal the fate or fortune of any one, alive or dead. But to the proof.’ As he spoke, it seemed that a sort of tube of light extended itself toward my eyes, and through it I beheld, as in a diorama, each and all of the terrible and painful scenes of what I believe to be my most recent life on the earth. I beheld all my few joys and successes, and all the countless agonies of body and soul, by which they had been girdled. Men met the phantom of myself, with smiles upon their faces, and seemed to speak in honied phrases, to make themselves believed, and then these shadows stabbed at the listener and he fell, but did not seem to die, for a grisly phantom ever hovered over him, but from pity forbore to strike.

“The scene changed. It appeared to be a rural village—the date, in fiery figures on the corner of the field, was 1852. It was a barber’s shop, and a light, happy-hearted youth was therein pursuing his avocation, and earning bread and health. This youth was apparently gifted to look beyond the veil, and into the dim regions of the dead; and it seemed that this was known, for presently people flocked about him, and the scene closed.

“Again the magic picture presented this man as in public life; cliques made use of him, flattered his vanity, and he was led into errors of conduct and judgment, but none so great as manifested by others around him; but, on the instant that this man discovered his error, and announced it, ten thousand daggers were levelled at his heart, ten thousand tongues defamed him—and for what? Because he had been true to his knowledge, his conscience and his God. He fell beneath the strokes of those who had sworn themselves his friends and the friends of all mankind. See him now with his heart bowed down.

“It shifts; and lo! the man appears again. Consumed by the fires of hatred, envy, ingratitude and venom of his former friends, he has risen again. ‘*Je renais de mes cendres*,’ was the motto on the banner that he floated to the breeze. He changed his mode of life. One of those who were the very first to take him from his labor, and bring him before the world, still clung to him, declared that even death should never alienate him (for the pantomime was as readable as speech), and the deceiver was believed.

“Again the phantorama changed. The barber-orator had reached to competence—had gained much gold, a deal of philosophy, and but very little wisdom with it all, for he still believed the speech of people; measured men and women by the standard of his own heart, and believed that honest say was honest mean. He had forgotten that, after all, this is but a baby world, and still went on in the same old way, trusting and suffering.

“He had one to provide for—a female relative—in whom his heart was bound, but this was not reciprocal. The relation was that of religious duty on his side, and self-interest on hers. Still the man nobly struggled for her—so it seemed—and the picture faded, but another came. His ‘*friend*’ by fraud obtained all the man had, and then, with malignant purpose, defamed the female to his dupe, having first reduced the man to beggary. All this, working on the barber, nearly upset his reason, and the victim raged in his agony, and the financier laughed at him, and fed sumptuously, daily; and, having previously obtained by double fraud, a signature to the effect that robbery was a legal loan, gloated over the misery he had caused, and denounced the victim himself had made. Once more the picture flew on, years had gone by, the despised man—despised because his skin was darker than his destroyer’s—had risen into eminence and fame.

“It changed again. *Disgrace, poverty, the prison and the halter had avenged him.*

“ ‘The way of the world!’ said Miakus, ‘but recollect that

“ ‘Ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!’

What could you expect else from so small a portion of a man? Trust no one. This was fate. Fate cannot be evaded. Submit. It will be well in the sequel. WE MAY BE HAPPY YET!’

“Again those words! and uttered by Miakus, too!

“My mind framed a desire to behold something of the future that should be as plain as the pictures of the past had been, and if there was any means whereby the blows of fate might be softened, any field in which to live and act free from the loneliness hitherto endured, and when next my eyes glanced through the magic tube, there passed across the field of vision a solitary human head and bust. So swiftly did it glide past that only an electric sense of its beauty remained with me, but there was a something that told me the head I saw was that of Evlambéa—that by woman alone could redemption come. But then the curse said, ‘A daughter of Ish,’ and she was a child of Japhet.

“Scarcely had this figure flitted by than the glass became clouded, black, and finally resumed the appearance it had when first taken from the box.

“ ‘Nothing further can be seen to-day,’ said Miakus, ‘I have already endowed you with priceless gifts. You can go forth to the world and heal the sick, restore the insane, make mirrors and the Elixir, and read the past and future, and yet all this is as nothing to that which you may expect after you shall have solemnly sworn to sleep the sleep of Sialam for me.’

“Readily acknowledging all he said, gratitude prompted me to assent, and the words were on my lips, when suddenly the same bust and head passed before me very slowly, within one foot of my face. It was unmistakably Evlambéa, and the countenance looked tearfully reproachful as it once more disappeared; but even as it did so there came a soft, low, musical voice, but sorrow-toned, saying: ‘*When I am in danger you will know it, wherever you may be; when you are in danger you will see me, though seas between our bodies roll!*’ The identical words uttered by the girl at the door of the chief’s cottage, years ago, when we had so sadly parted!

“Thus mysteriously warned, my consent was withheld. Miakus looked pitiful and disappointed. He said nothing, however, but silently repacked his paraphernalia, said he wished me well, and then, passing with me into the street, we struck hands and parted.

“It were useless attempting to describe my feelings, consequent upon these strange events. I could not help being grateful for the favors shown me by the Enigma, and yet was I certain that I had, by ghostly aid, triumphed over a great temptation, and that Miakus might, after all, mean me no good. Involuntarily clinging to the memory of the maiden of the valley, I blessed her from my soul, and offered up a prayer that, if it were possible, she might be the redeeming angel for whom my lonely soul so ardently longed and sighed.”

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I. RAVALETTE.

“YEARS rolled away,” continued Beverly. “I had visited California; had there made friends, as I had reason to suppose, and knew that I had foresworn wealth and place in favor of usefulness, poverty and knowledge; and had there helped to found an institution which, while it was capable of diffusing infinite blessings to all around, languished for want of seven good men and true. Yet it, like all other blessings vouchsafed to man, may be so trodden down that it die; but nothing is more certain than that it will rise again to the life everlasting.

“Months passed, and a continent and an ocean lay between the Golden Gate and me. I was on my second journey toward the Orient, and had taken London and Paris on my way. My objects in the journey were triple: First, to visit the Supreme Grand Dome of the Rosicrucian Temple; to make my obeisance to its Grand Master; to study its higher doctrines, and visit the Brethren. Second, to obtain the materials, in Jerusalem, for the composition of the Elixir of Life; not that I intended to make *it*, but because I wanted to use *them* in my medical practice, which I purposed to resume on my return to America. And, third, I needed rest, relaxation, and change of scene; for I felt that if I did not go, what between the fraud I had suffered, the wretch’s scandal, the woman, the dead child in the cemetery, and a variety of other troubles, I should die; and if I died—what then?—And so I went.

“The scene I now present before you is Paris; the date, any day you choose to imagine between the 16th of August, 1863, and the 11th of June, 1854. I had just contracted for an anatomical Venus and cabinet, designed for one of the Rosicrucian Lodges in America, and had paid out some fourteen hundred dollars thereon, when, being weary, I strolled to the Batignolles, from there to La Plaisance and Luxembourg, when I met a person whom I had known in London, and he advised me by all means to again visit the Emperor, and also to go to certain localities named, before I left Paris. Promising that the advice should be followed, I accordingly one day found myself in the Palace of the Louvre, not for the first time, however, but for, perhaps, the tenth. On each of these occasions my time had been mainly spent in admiring and examining the contents of the *Galleries Assyrienne* and *Egyptienne*. The bas-reliefs, or coarse engravings rather, had commanded my attention on previous occasions, along with the sphinxes of Rhampses and Menepthah, as well as the curious statues of Amenophis, Sevekhatap, Osiris, and Seti, from all of which I had learned much of that strange civilization of the long-agone, usually assigned to the past four thousand five hundred years, but which had in reality utterly perished from off the earth at least ten thousand years earlier than the first year of that date! for, but a little while before I saw those statues Mariette had exhumed from the sands of Egypt, the celebrated sarcophagi and mummy, to which the best Egyptologists, including the Chevalier Bunsen, had, with one voice, assigned an age of not less than twelve thousand years.

“On this visit I stood rapt in wonder and conjecture before the cuneiform inscriptions upon a series of tablets, and which archæology has never yet interpreted—Bunsen, Layard, Botta, and Champollion having all alike failed in the attempt.

“During the five or six last visits to the museum, I had observed near me, apparently engaged in the same work as myself—the attempt to cypher out the meaning of the inscriptions—an old gentleman, evidently French, and as evidently belonging to the small remnant of the old *Noblesse* yet surviving on the soil of *le Grand Nation*, judging from his carriage, air, and manner—refined, polished, yet simple in the extreme; and from the benigance that beamed from his countenance, it was clear that there was happiness and content in his breast, and that he was a benefactor to, as well as a devoted student of, all that was interesting concerning mankind.

“On previous occasions when we met there had passed between us merely the compliments of the day, and those general courtesies due between well-bred people. This time, however, as if by mutual concession and attraction, our greeting was much warmer and more prolonged; for, after saluting, we drew chairs before the tablets and began conversing about the arrow-headed characters; and the old gentleman, whose name was Ravalette, said: ‘Sir, how is it that I see you daily here, taking copies, and trying to decypher letters that the best scholars in Europe have abandoned in sheer and hopeless despair? Surely a youth like you cannot hope for success where they have failed?’

“ ‘True,’ was the reply, ‘*they* may despair, but is that a reason why others should? I believe I shall yet correctly read these enigmas of the ages.’

“The old man smiled at my antiquarian enthusiasm, and merely remarked, that Meses and the chronologists had better be looking out for their laurels, else the parvenus of the present day would not leave many to be gathered.

“ ‘It is my invincible conviction,’ said I, ‘that these sculptures were wrought many ages prior to the making of the pottery found beneath the valley of the Nile; and that the inscriptions on yonder porphyritic tablets were engraved there a hundred centuries before the date of Adam—an individual, by the way, whom I certainly regard as having had an origin and existence in the imaginations of ancient poets, a mere myth, handed down the night of Time as an heirloom to the ages—at least all such as had a taste for things they could not comprehend—and had an existence *there only!*’

“ ‘Then you do not entertain the belief that all men sprang from only one source?’

“ ‘Yes—no. Yes; because God created all. No; because there are at least ten separate and distinct families of human kind!’

“ ‘But may not all these differences spring from climate and the diverse localizations and circumstances attending upon a wide separation of the constituents of an original family?’

“ ‘No; because that will not account for different languages, physical differences, and anatomical diversities. It is utterly impossible for any sane man to believe that the Jaloff and other Negroes, the Maquaas and other Indians, the Mongols and other Tartars, the Kanakas and other Islanders, the

European and other Caucasians, all sprang from one pair. Indeed the thing is so plain, from a merely physical point of view, without entering at all into the mental and psychical merits of the case, that he who runs may read. Observe, I have said nothing about superiority or inferiority, merely content to let Physiology speak for herself.’

“ ‘Well,’ said Ravalette, ‘you inform me that you desire to learn, being already learned to some extent. The views you entertain upon the Past are, in some sense, consonant with my own; and if you are willing to be taught, I am willing to instruct; and in any case, no harm can come of the abrasion of ideas, but perchance much of good.’

“I was delighted to hear Ravalette talk in this manner; for I felt that he was in some sort, notwithstanding our relative disparity of years, a congenial spirit, and I longed for him to unfold to me the rich fabric of his thought and experience. I had concluded, from a word dropped here and there, that he was at heart a believer in the Faith of Christendom, but in order to silence the lingering doubt I still entertained on that point, I put to him the following questions, and attentively noted the substance of his somewhat curious responses thereto.

“1st. Question. ‘You, Monsieur Ravalette, have doubtless travelled much, and seen a great deal of this world of ours?’

“Here he interrupted me by saying, ‘*And several others beside!*’ I asked for an explanation, but he merely waved his hand and motioned me to go on. I did so. ‘Let me ask you if the result of your observations abroad, amongst men of different nations and faith-complexions, has not been a strengthening of your belief in the Mosaic teachings, generally, and in what is popularly known as Christianity?’

“Answer. ‘No! In the many countries I have visited I found human nature essentially the same as we find it here in France. Men are ever the same at heart. Inwardly they are all alike, sincere, beautiful, good, and religious; outwardly, the same selfish, heedless, careless, and materialistic beings, as untamable, set, willful, and unreasonable as the heartiest cynic could wish.

“ ‘Wherever I went I found the True Religion theoretically believed, but practically ignored and set aside on the score of inexpediency.

“ ‘In all my travels I found but one religion, yet that religion passed current under a vast variety of names. All men alike believed in good and evil, a Heaven of some sort, and some sort of Hell likewise. I found that while at bottom Faith was everywhere the same, yet the names by which that faith was known, differed widely in different places and latitudes. For instance, I found that the Catholic or Papal, the Protestant or reformed, the Hindoo and Brahminical, the Boodhistic, Lamaic, Greek, Polytheistic, Atheistic, Deistic, Magian, Guebre, Islamic, Fetisch, and all other systems and modes of belief, were, instead of being antipodal, in fact the same at bottom. This may surprise you. Doubtless it would, were I to leave the subject just as it is. But I will explain. They are all one at bottom, inasmuch as that each and all of their respective and apparently dissimilar devotees do homage at the same shrine, of the same Great Mystery. The modes and names differ with latitude, but the *meaning* and the principle are everywhere the same.

“ ‘Popular estimate or opinion can never be a true criterion either of persons, thoughts, events, principles, or things. We grow daily beyond our yesterdays, and are ever reaching forth for the morrow. The world has had a long night, as it has had bright days; and now another morn is breaking, and we stand in the door of the dawn.

“ ‘I agree with you that could the dates on the tablets here before us, be revealed, they would prove that human history really extends much further back into the night of Time than the period assigned by Moses as its morning.

“ ‘Human monuments are in existence that indubitably prove not only that the world is much older than people give it credit for, but also that civilizations, arts, sciences, philosophy, and knowledge infinitely superior in some respects to what exists to-day, have blessed the earth in by-gone ages, and been swept away, leaving only scattered vestiges of the wreck behind to inform posterity that such things have been, but are not.

“ ‘But what is still stronger food for thought, is the fact that amidst these ruins of the dead Ages, we find others that are evidently relics of times and civilizations still more remote—the débris of a world-wreck remembered only by the seraphim! A demonstration of this assertion is found in the pyramids, the date and purpose even of the building of which is wrapped in conjecture, and has been for ages past. The authentic history of Egypt can

be traced for over 6,000 years, yet even in that remote past the pyramids were as much a mystery as they are to-day.

“ ‘This is not all: The catacombs of Eleuthas contain what in these days would be called “Astronomic diagrams,” showing occultations of certain stars by certain other stars. This is proved by one diagram showing the relative place in the still heaven of each star of the series; another displays an approach toward obscuration, and so on through thirteen separate stages, the last being a complete emergence of the occulted star on the opposite side.

“ ‘Now, it so happens that we have astronomers in our day who pique themselves on their mental power and mathematical correctness, and these inform us that a period of 57,879 years must elapse before the same phenomenon will occur again, and that not less than 19,638 years must have elapsed since it did occur! Now I foresee an objection in your mind. “How is it known that the ancient diagrams refer to any two *particular* stellar bodies?”

“ ‘The answer is: From the relative positions of known stars in the heavens whose places correspond to the positions of stars in the diagrams, for the *mapping* out is quite as perfect as it could be done to-day, even with all the nice appliances of micrometrical science now extant.^[7]

“ ‘Who built Baal-bec? is a question that has been vainly asked for over 3,000 years, and then as now, men repeated “Who?” and echo said “Baal-bec!” and says “Baal-bec” still.

“ ‘In a barren, sterile, sandy plain, which the augurs of the artesian borers proved to have been once a rich and fertile bottom-land or prairie, a very short distance westward of the Theban ruins, there once existed a vast and magnificent city, so splendid that the modern capitals of Europe are mere hutted towns in comparison. This is proved by what has been exhumed from Earth’s bosom. In that city of palaces is the wreck of one, which, from its situation with respect to other ruins, must have been merely a third or fourth-rate edifice in the golden days when AZNAK flourished; yet the portico of this fourth-rate structure, situated in a suburb of the city, the name of which suburb was KARNAK, consisted of 144 Porphyritic columns, 26 feet 6 inches apart. Each one was 39 feet 5 inches in circumference, and not less than 52 feet high, and every one was hewn out of a single stone!

“ ‘Moreover, this fourth-rate palace was two miles, five furlongs, and eight feet long, by actual measurement of the ruins, and it required a journey of quite nine miles to go around it.

“ ‘This palace faced the Sacred River (Nile), from which led a broad avenue lined with colossal statues on each side, as close as they could stand, for a distance of over one English league, and every one of these statues commemorated either a king or a dynasty of that more than regal country.

“ ‘Now, mark what I say: Proof, positive proof exists that this palace, itself so imperial, so grand, so immeasurably superior to aught of the kind attempted by man in this “Progressive age (?)” was, after all, but a mere addition, an inconsiderable wing, a sort of appendage, a kind of out-house to one of the main edifices of that immortal city.

“ ‘No man knows, or for four thousand years has known, who built AZNAK—who laid the stones of KARNAK—who cut marble monsters weighing two hundred and thirteen tons out of a single block of stone, and that stone so hard that no modern steel will cut, or even scratch it!

“ ‘Railways! steam power! wheels! pulleys! screws! wedges! inclined planes! levers, did you say?

“ ‘Sir, all these things existed long ago, else how could solid obelisks of five hundred tons weight have been transported a distance exceeding one thousand one hundred miles, from the mountains where they were hewn, to the places where they were set up, and where we find them to-day?

“ ‘Without all the appliances enumerated, how could these monuments, some of which measure eighty-nine feet in length, have been erected after they were brought; and take notice, that some of these stone monsters were placed upon pedestals, themselves ten or twelve feet high?

“ ‘It would strain the treasury of a modern state to pay the expense attendant upon the erection of half-a-dozen such—as was proved here in Paris in the case of the Obelisk of Luxor, the smallest of two that stood before the Temple of Thebes, and which cost France over two million dollars to place where it now stands. Without steam power and railways, how could such immense masses of stone have been transported over and through vast plains of shifting, burning sands, especially for such immense distances as it is certain they were brought? A single further remark on chronology, and I

have done. It has been established among the learned, that it takes not less than a period of ten thousand years for a language to be perfected, and then die out, to give place to an improved but entirely different one. Now, observe: Champollion declares that he, through the assistance of modern Egyptian, was able to master ancient Egyptian. This furnished a key to certain hieroglyphs; these latter proved instrumental toward simplifying a series of three more. He concludes that he has sufficient evidence to establish the fact, that several successive languages had been spoken in the two Egypts (Upper and Lower).

“ ‘But let us return to the original topic of conversation. How is it that you expect a mere dream will aid you in researches of a nature so profound as these? How do you suppose that a mere idle dream, even supposing you to have one on the subject, could furnish you with the key? There might be fifty persons, or fifty thousand, for that matter, each one of whom might feel an interest and have a dream about it, and, like yourself, discover a fancied key, and yet upon comparing notes no two dreams and no two keys would be found alike amongst the whole fifty or fifty thousand!’

“Vulgarly, this was a ‘poser;’ still, an answer was expected, and so I said: ‘Very true, there might; but the true key would be that which, whenever and wherever it was applied, would yield uniform and concordant results.’

“This reply appeared satisfactory to the old gentleman, who, after a little further conversation, invited me to attend him to his residence and partake of a dinner with him at his own table. ‘Tis but a short and pleasant walk,’ said he; ‘my house is situated in the Rue Michel le Comte, close to the grand Rue du Temple, and we shall reach it in a very little time.’ Cheerfully accepting the invitation, I took the old gentleman’s arm, and together we proceeded to his residence—which I found to be one of those stately old mansions built by the nobles of the times of Louis le Grande. We entered, and in due time sat down to a repast at once rich, liberal and friendly, and which gave me a very high notion of the man who presided over it. Wine of the rarest graced his board; plate of the richest adorned it; servants most attentive served it; coffee of the best followed, and tobacco of the finest finished it; all of which strengthened Ravalette in my esteem. After partaking of his elegant hospitality, he proposed a walk, and accordingly we withdrew from the house together, and arm in arm strolled into the Rue du

Temple, and kept that route until we reached the limit of Paris in that direction, and entered one of its suburbs known as Belleville.

“Before quitting the street where I dined, I had taken the precaution to mark well the locality of the house, and to note its number on my ivory tablets, which I invariably carried with me.

“And now we ascended the hills overlooking Paris; and then we descended to the plain, and gratified the eye in viewing the rich market gardens, and the conservatories of choice and rare flowers, cultured carefully for the tri-weekly markets on the esplanade de la Madeleine and the Château d’Eau. Again ascending the hill, we entered a café together, and together partook of some frozen coffee and other ices, after which he took me to see a guinguette—or tea garden—lately established for the common people, where the customer for ten sous might ape royalty, and sip his coffee from silver cups, and take his wine from Sèvres porcelain. Here we both talked to the proprietor concerning the novelty of his enterprise, and made inquiries as to whether his customers—who were all of the lower classes of society—did not bear a great deal of watching, and whether they did not now and then run off with a few silver spoons, a chased goblet, or a silver-gilt fruit dish?

“ ‘No,’ replied the man, ‘I have seen enough of life and mankind to warrant the step, apparently foolish, certainly quite novel, which I have taken; and I have found out that, treat a man as if you regarded him a thief, and you do much toward making him one. Watch a man closely, and you that instant suggest rascally thoughts to him, which may bear fruit, and that fruit be crime. But place full and free confidence in those you deal with, and let the fact be known, and your conduct sanction your words, and take my word for it, your confidence will very rarely be abused, if at all. My place is the resort of thousands; my invested capital is large, yet I have never lost ten francs from the costly experiment of making the poor man realize the comforts and habits of the rich at the expense of ten sous.’

“We could but admire the tact of Monsieur Popinarde, and frankly told him so as we left his place, for we felt that there was a rich vein of truth at the bottom of his philosophy of confidence, as he chose to call it. After leaving this place, Ravalette and myself, still arm in arm, pursued our walk in the environs of Belleville, and there, amidst the sweet music of nature, the

melody of the sunshine, the warblings of birds, the quietude of the deep green canopy of leaves, the humming of distant sounds, and the serenity of unruffled spirits, we entered upon the discussion of a topic of singular interest. That topic was, 'The human soul, and its resources.' I shall only record the latter part of this conversation. Said the old gentleman—

“ ‘Then you really believe, as did a very ancient society of philosophers, known to some students of the past as the Sacred Twenty-four, that there is a kind of natural magic in existence, far more wonderful in its results than the lamp of Aladdin, or the ring of the Genii?’

“ ‘Most certainly I do.’

“ ‘How have you learned of its existence, and how do you propose to become a novice, and avail yourself thereof for certain contemplated translations? Perhaps you believe in Elfs, Fairies, Genii and Magicians?’ said he, half laughingly.

“ ‘I do not absolutely know,’ I replied, ‘that such a magic exists, yet firmly believe it does. The idea came to me I know not how. By striving, perhaps, it may be found. There are steps leading to it, doubtless, and, if we can discover the first (which I think we have already in Mesmerism), we can follow till we reach the great goal. I do not believe that Elfs, Fairies, Genii and Magicians are altogether mythical personages. There must, it seems to me, be a foundation of truth underlying the rich and varied accounts of such beings that have filled, and still do fill the reading world with wonder.’

“ ‘Very good. But, tell me, have you an idea that such things belong to this world or the world of spirits?’

“ ‘At that instant it seemed as if I lost my self-hood, and that a power foreign to my soul for a moment seized my organs and answered for me—

“ ‘*They belong to neither, but to a different world!*’

“ ‘Ravalette, at this answer, looked in astonishment; and, after gazing attentively at me for nearly a minute, muttered, in an almost indistinguishable tone, the words, ‘It shall be!’ You spoke of Mesmerism as the first step toward the true magic, which you believe, and I *know* exists; and you thought it might be made successful use of in the obtainment of knowledge not to be arrived at by or through ordinary means, methods or

agencies. Tell me in what manner? Surely not through ordinary clairvoyance, which ever reveals foregone facts, and none other; and, therefore, can be of little use to the true student? You believe, as I do myself, that all ancient history, as it comes to us, is at best a mere fable, or bundle of myths generally, albeit, certain portions are composed of romance, that is to say, are tales of fiction founded on a basis of fact, the superstructure being ten thousand times larger than the foundations would justify, provided things went at their proper value and importance. How, then, through the mesmeric force, do you expect to dive beneath this superincumbent ocean of fancy, and fetch up what few grains of truth yet sparkle at the bottom? Can you answer me that?’

“Ravalette smiled, gazed sorrowfully at me, and then went on—

“ ‘Believe me, my excellent young friend, that Mesmerism is a fine thing for inducing a “superior condition,” enabling one to write books which send their readers to suicides’ graves; to discover the art of marrying other people’s spouses; for procuring “Air-line” dispatches, and filling lunatic asylums with poor reason-bereft creatures; for stultifying a man’s conscience, and for emboldening one to pass for a philosopher when one is but an ass!’ and Ravalette smiled gravely. ‘Distrust all mesmeric railways,’ said he, ‘for many of the passengers, like Andrew Jackson Davis, after riding on that train for many years, have landed either in the swamps and mires of fantasy, or on the sides of moonshine mountains, called “Mornia,” and “Hornia,” “Forlornia,” and “Starnos,” and “Sternas,” and “Cor,” and “Hor,” and “Bore,” “Gupturion,” and “Spewrion,” and forty thousand more!’

“I bit my lip with vexation; for I had devoutly believed in and loved the subject and its advocates. I had always loved Davis, and highly admired his philosophy and writings, especially since a great free convention he once held in Central New York. I was aware that he had foes—people who refused to believe that God had appointed him his mouthpiece; who pointed to the graveyard in Quincey, Massachusetts, where lie the bodies of John and Hannah Grieves, surmounted by a stone that tells that these poor suicides came there, lost, ruined, from reading his books. I was well aware that there were painful rumors concerning a couple of divorces, and that some friends of mine had cut their throats in order to all the quicker reach the ‘Summer-land’ which he so elegantly described; but still I loved—still

love him dearly. But now, when Ravalette suggested that he was a humbug, it struck me that Ravalette was right; for I suddenly recollected that once the great clairvoyant lost a little dog named ‘Dick,’ which his seership could not trace. I remembered that nineteen-twentieths of his prophecies from the ‘superior condition’ never came to pass, while the twentieth any school-boy could guess at. I recalled the fact that his philosophy was most decidedly medical—highly emetic, and very cathartic—and that his followers soon lost what little common-sense they formerly had, else it were impossible for them to accept the teachings of one who constantly contradicted himself. Still, I respected and loved him dearly, albeit Ravalette had utterly demolished his pretensions; and I saw clearly that, in believing the stuff he wrote and talked, I was like one who reads ‘Jack the Giant-killer,’ or ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ or ‘Baron Munchausen,’ and believes the stories real and true.”

FOOTNOTE:

[7] For the fullest and most extremely interesting proof—nay, demonstration of human antiquity—that Adam was *not* the first man, but that men built cities over 50,000 years ago, read “Pre-Adamite Man,” S. Tousey, N. Y.

CHAPTER II. SOMETHING CURIOUS.

“RAVALETTE continued: ‘Mesmerism’s day has gone by. Already it is found to be impossible to produce the same effects with it as were produced a few years ago, while the bastard thing that now goes by its name, is of such a nature and character that it speedily either disgusts all sensible people, or very soon lands its friends into a deep quagmire of such alkaline properties, that all the little common sense they had at starting gets thoroughly mixed therewith, and forms a compound which they carry back, instead of what they brought; and when they get home again, they peddle it out as “Divine Philosophy,” when in fact it is an excellent article of soap—regular *savon extraordinaire*, warranted to extract brains, decency, money, and everything else worth having, from all who meddle with it—it *washes* so very clean. If your railway does not accomplish this, yet in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred of journeys that terminate differently, it lands its passengers in the populous Town of Fantasy, in the which all things look real, but are as hollow and as substanceless as mere Forms can be, and that is next to nothing. In fact, most of the popular clairvoyance may be said to resemble an edifice having

“ ‘Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.’

There are, of course, a few, very few exceptions to the rule, but the rule obtains vastly.

“ ‘The sentimentalities of a puling, hysteric girl, half afflicted with catochus, and the other half love-sick—as most modern clairvoyants are—count small in the list of Fact-truths, and the mad ravings of crack-brained somnambules of the other gender go for hardly as much, for the first has at

least a degree of poetry about her, but the latter none at all. No, no, friend, do not place too great reliance on the ability of Magnetism to aid your researches, for you will run a narrow chance of disappointment, and regret when too late that from Nature's stable you selected the very worst animal of the lot; one that is ring-boned, lame, spavined, and very baulky withal. Take my advice, and choose a better.'

"As the old gentleman finished what I at first regarded as a diatribe against Animal Magnetism—a thing, by the way, that I always doted on—I *felt* silent, and was so for the space of a minute, during which time I rapidly reviewed my entire experience in, and knowledge of, Mesmerism, and the result of the inspection surprised me not a little, for on a calm, disinterested view of the whole subject, I found it utterly impossible to gainsay or invalidate his position and assertions. Yet it was equally impossible to help feeling chagrined, and in no small degree mortified to have my pet hobby thus mercilessly cut up and dissected, laughed at, and thrown out as dog-feed. 'Twas very hard fare, at least to me, and at first seemed unfair also. For a long time I had almost worshipped it as a divine science; holding it to be the true Spiritual Telegraph, by means of which we earthlings might flash thought, not only to the bounds of the globe and the Present, but also to the ends of Time and the Ages Past, or nerved by Hope and Curiosity, dispatch a message to the Great Future and drag back the answer. It was looked upon as the great Messenger of Light, through whom we might easily read the records of a Past so distant that the coal-beds are but yesterday's creations in comparison. And here, at one fell stroke, Ravalette had toppled the castle remorselessly about my ears. I bit my lip with vexation, and for awhile was silent as, together, we walked up and down a sort of natural esplanade on the sides of the hill next Paris. Mechanically as we walked back and forth, I trod in the footprints made while going, on each return, and just as mechanically observed that Ravalette did the same. One thing struck me as curious, even while my mind was profoundly engaged in the search for arguments wherewith to confute and break down the old gentleman's positions; and that fact was this: The shoes worn by Ravalette were of a very singular pattern, totally unlike any I had ever seen before. Upwardly, they were decidedly triangular—almost perfectly so. Previously this fact had escaped my notice; now, it struck me as being *very* singular. But what was equally surprising was, that instead of the ordinary heel and sole, his feet-gear had four circular rims of brass, covered with

rubber, and the track he made on the yielding, but plastic ground was indeed remarkable. The track and the shoe almost upset my cogitations. I looked up and observed a smile on Ravalette's face as he saw my surprise at beholding the novelty of one cross, two crescents and two triangles, and a solid bar (part of the cross), ornamenting the sole of a shoe, if shoe it could be called.

“‘That,’ said he, divining my thought, ‘is and yet is not a mere fancy of mine. I have a peculiar reverence for those figures, as you may plainly see.’ And with this he drew my attention to an exquisite brooch or pin in his bosom.

“This rare jewel, which I had previously seen but not noticed particularly, consisted of a triangle formed of a crescent or quarter circle and a compass, or, as the instrument is improperly called, a pair of compasses. In the centre of this was a tiny cross formed of minute stars, and just where the two bars met was a rose just blooming, and colored with enamel to the life. Gazing still closer at this novel breastpin, with the aid of a fine eye-glass, I discovered a legend engraved in minute and strange characters upon the rim of the crescent; upon the left quarter of this crescent was a pelican feeding her young with her heart's blood; midway was a tiny black rose, and on the right corner was one of deep crimson.

“The workmanship was exquisite, indeed quite extraordinary, for the entire jewel was not larger than a golden dollar. He also showed me a large and massive seal, pendent from his watch, and on its face was engraved a ladder of twelve steps, the first and fifth of which were broken. The foot of this ladder rested upon a broken column, near which lay a mason's trowel, and its top leaned against the beam and ring of an anchor, reversed, the lower part being lost in what represented a cloud. After I had sufficiently admired the seal, he semi-playfully drew forth his watch, to which it was attached by a fine gold ‘rope’-chain, and observed: ‘I have more of the same kind,’ at the same time placing it in my hand.

“The watch was an ordinary smooth-backed, hunting-cased gold chronometer, worth perhaps fifty or sixty pounds sterling, the extra value being acquired by an anchor fouled, done in diamond points upon the internal face. The opposite side presented some excellent enamel-work representing the cardinal points of the compass. Three stars gave light from the West; a tomb, with its door partly open, stood in the East; broken

columns adorned the South; and a circle composed of small triangles was in the North; in the centre of this circle was a rose on the bars of a dotted cross; the whole executed in the same exquisite style as that marking the seal and pin.

“To a question as to what it all meant, an evasive answer was returned. Waiving all my solicitations to explain the emblematic devices, the old gentleman resumed his remarks, by observing: ‘Never mind now what these things mean; you will know one of these days. At present let us continue our talk on other matters. A little while ago you observed that Mesmerism was a force Spiritual; but I am not so sure that you are correct. In my view it is a power Physical—ultra physical or material it may be, but physical still.’

“ ‘What!’ said I, in amazement, ‘human magnetism, that mighty agent or power, which effects such grand effects, and works such wonderful effects, Physical? Impossible! The very idea, excuse me, is absurd; the assertion is simply ridiculous!’

“ ‘So I once thought,’ rejoined Ravalette, ‘but think so no longer; and, mark me, the time is not very distant when you will come to my side of the question. I will endeavor to illustrate the point, one point of many, that confirms my view. For instance, the serpent tribe. We know that those reptiles charm birds and other animals, and that they exert an influence upon their prey precisely like that exerted by the magnetizer upon his subject, with this difference, that the human subject exhibits none of that peculiar terror manifested by the lower orders of being when under the spell of fascination, and this difference arises from the fact that the animal has a clear instinct that the power is exercised for its destruction, which the human subject is, of course, entirely free from.

“ ‘We see the snake exert the same marvellous power that the human magnetizer does, and observe effects resulting therefrom no less remarkable, and yet no one for an instant supposes that serpents are spiritual beings.’

“ ‘Now you are completely at my mercy,’ thought I, as I responded: ‘Certainly the snake is a spiritual being so long as he is alive, and exerts volition. He is a spiritual thing just as much as you or I.’

“ ‘And dead?’ said Ravalette, inquiringly, ‘is a mere lump of clay—nothing more.

“ ‘Then, Monsieur Beverly, the argument is against you, and is mine *par un coup majestique*! for the snake charms just as powerfully when his skin is stuffed with straw and cotton, as when with his own proper flesh, blood, and bones. Innumerable experiments, instituted expressly to test this question, have been made, and it has been over and over again decided that the charming or fascinating power is just as strong after as previous to death. This has been settled by the actions of birds, who utter the same plaintive and pathetic cries, exhibit the same terror and other phenomena, in presence of a stuffed as in that of a living serpent. This is a strong point in my favor; but one that is still stronger, indeed quite irrefutable, shall now be adduced. Persons employed in the *Jardin des Plants*, and other zoological institutions, find it dangerous work to clean out the dens of certain serpents, even for weeks after the occupants have been removed, for the effluvium—which, I take it, you will not claim to be other than physical—which they have left behind, and which constantly exhales from the floor and sides of the den, is found to be identical with that aura or sphere which it is known they exhale when excited by the presence of prey; and the affects of this emanation from the den are precisely those that characterize the action of the living, present, excited snake. Now, these facts had long been noticed, and the results attributed to the fancy of the human subject, until, at length, an unusual circumstance led to the institution of a course of experiments to set the matter at rest forever.

“ ‘India is the paradise of *charming* snakes, and a commission was sent thither by the joint governments of England and France, to test this matter thoroughly. This commission settled upon Candeish, a province of the Decan, where serpents most abound, and the experiments were made simultaneously in the towns of Nunderbar, Sindwa, Dowlea, Chapra, Jamneer, Maligaum, Chundoor, Kurgoon, Chorwa, Bejagur, Hurdwa, Asseergurh, Hashungabad, and Boorhumpore; and they were made with thirty different species of serpents, on eleven hundred and fifty-three human subjects, of twenty-three different nations, and all sorts of temperaments. First, these persons were subjected—under proper precautions, of course—to the mesmeric glance of hungry, quiet, and enraged serpents. In all three cases the effects were bad, all the subjects alike complaining of constriction

of the chest, loss of memory, and a very strange sort of vertigo. As soon as the last symptom manifested itself, the curtain that separated the serpents from the men was dropped, and proper baths and other restoratives resorted to. Secondly—these same persons were all invited subsequently to a feast, as a reward for their services. Serpents were securely fastened in wooden boxes beneath the seats of three hundred and sixteen of them, and of these two hundred and eighty-four manifested the same symptoms as when under the direct gaze of the serpents. Two months afterwards ninety-four of the same persons, unknown to themselves, were placed to work in an apartment built of the boards that had composed the serpent dens, and the effects, a third time, were absolutely identical! Now, in this light, what becomes of your spiritual hypothesis! It is gone to the four winds of earth. But to set the matter entirely at rest, and to give your spiritual notion respecting Mesmerism its eternal quietus, let me call your attention to the fact that if a man, any man, sits before a swinging disk of black glass, and fixes his eye upon it, he will eventually be as deeply magnetized and as lucidly clairvoyant, as he would under the operation of the most powerful magnetizer on the globe!’

“I felt that the tables were turned, and that the old gentleman held me at his mercy. However, he forbore to triumph, but went on, saying—

“ ‘I do not say that the soul of man is physical, but I know that his spirit is so; for I proved that over sixty years ago, to my complete and entire satisfaction. Do not, I beg you, consider me a Materialist, or that I dispute the existence of spirit. Far from that! Your humble servant is a firm believer, not only in spirit, but in a great Spiritual Kingdom, more vast, varied, and beautiful than this Material one; and believe me, *mon ami*, when I affirm that not more than one man in ten thousand has any adequate idea of what he means when pronouncing the word Spirit; not one man in thrice that number can properly define it.

“ ‘Furthermore, *as a prelude to what may yet befall you*, permit me to say that, in the face of modern philosophy, and in direct contrariety to popular belief, it is my opinion that spirit cannot produce on spirit the singular movements and effects witnessed in mesmeric and analogous phenomena; but I do not at all doubt the ability of matter to effect it all. Yes, my friend, I believe that matter alone, without extrinsic aid, is competent to the production of the magnetic wonders, and a hundred others still more

marvellous. For instance, I do not believe that any merely mesmeric power whatever, much less the dream-force of ordinary sleep, can, or, under any conceivable circumstances, could enable you to correctly read the inscriptions on the tablets in the Louvre, or probe the secrets of Karnak, Baalbec, Nineveh, or Ampyloe; but I can name purely material agencies that are more than adequate to the accomplishment of these, and infinitely greater things. I know a material means that will enable the soul to lay bare before its gaze the deepest mysteries of the highest antiquity, strip the Past of its mouldy shroud, and triumphantly lift the veil that conceals the Future from our view—or rather, your view.’

“The strange old man ceased, and, for a little time, my mind lingered on his concluding words. It was plain and clear, so I thought, that he alluded to certain medicaments which have long been used for the production of a species of ecstatic dream, and so I replied—

“ ‘You are doubtless correct, and can, by physical agents, produce strange psychical phenomena, and curious exhibitions of mental activity and fantasy; but, beyond all question, you over-rate their importance and power, for not one of them is adequate to the office of enabling a clear, strong mind to move within the sphere of the Hidden, but the Real.’

“ ‘To what do you allude particularly, *mon ami*?’

“ ‘I allude to various chemical and botanical compounds; for instance, those plants which furnish a large per centage of the chemical principles Narcotine, Morphia, and others of the same general characteristics, as Opium, Beng, and Hemp, the preparations of the delightful but dangerous ——, the equally fascinating decoctions of ----, not forgetting Hasheesh, that accursed drug, beneath whose sway millions in the Orient have sunk into untimely but rainbow-tinted graves, and which, in western lands, has made hundreds of howling maniacs, and transformed scores of strong men into the most loathly, drivelling idiots.’

“We lapsed into silence, which at length was broken by Ravalette, who said, as he clasped my hand with fervor—

“ ‘My dear young friend, there is here, in Paris, a high and noble society, whose chief I am. This society has many Rosicrucians among its members. Like the society to which you belong, ours, also, has its head-quarters in the

Orient. Ever since I have known you, I have been anxious to have you for a brother of our Order. Shall I direct your initiation? Once with us, there is no branch of knowledge, mystic or otherwise, that you will not be able to attain, and, compared to which, that of even the third temple of Rosicrucia is but as the alphabet to an encyclopædia.’

“Much more he said, but I had no desire to join his fraternity, and firmly but respectfully told him so; whereupon he cut short our conference by rising, as he did so, observing—

“ ‘You may regret it. I can tell you no more. The society exists; if you need it, find it—it may be discovered. But see! my groom and horse have arrived, and have long been waiting. I must, therefore, leave you. Take this paper; open it when you see proper to do so. You will quit Paris to-morrow, next day, or when you choose. You may turn your face southward, instead of to the north as you proposed. Seek me not till in your hour of greatest need. In the meantime, I counsel you to obey, to the letter, your *highest* intuitions. Adieu!’

“And so we parted. I loved Ravalette, but not his fraternity. This conversation with Ravalette, and, indeed, my entire intercourse with him, was invested with a peculiar halo of what I may justly call the weird. It was evident that all his words and allusions contained a deeper meaning than appeared upon the surface. His conversation had filled my soul with new and strange ideas and emotions; and I felt that he had left me at the inner door of a vast edifice, after skillfully conducting me through the vestibule. What worlds of mystery and meaning lay just beyond, was a theme of profound and uneasy conjecture. I felt and knew that he was no common or ordinary man; and well and strangely was this proved afterwards.

“I had solaced myself with the hope that, by deferring my contemplated tour through Picardy and La Normandy, I should draw closer the bonds of common sympathy between us, and be made wiser through the abrasion of such an intellect as his. How suddenly and how rudely was this hope shattered!

“When he dismissed me so abruptly, after baiting my soul with such a splendid lure, I could but feel both astonished and aggrieved. Thousands would have been too small a price to pay for even one day more of his society; but, alas! thousands could not purchase it. Still, I learned a lesson.

There are things in this world more valuable than even boundless material wealth—knowledges, that neither Peru's treasures nor the mines of Ind can buy; and that Ravalette possessed an abundant store of these priceless riches, there was not a single lingering doubt.

“As his last words sounded the death-knell of all my fondly air-built castles, I became apprised of a fact that had heretofore escaped my notice; and this was, that, for the last ten minutes, a mounted groom, having a led horse in hand, had stood patiently waiting under a large tree at the south-eastern terminus of our promenade. As the old man placed the sealed paper in my hand, this groom advanced and assisted his master to mount, and, as soon as he was firmly seated in the saddle, they both gave rein and spur, and, urging the steeds into a round gallop, both horsemen were out of sight before I could recover from the stupor of surprise into which the proceeding had thrown me.”

CHAPTER III.

NOW COMES THE MYSTERY—A MAN GOES IN A CAB IN SEARCH OF HIS OWN GHOST.

“PERHAPS three minutes elapsed before a full recovery took place, and, at the end of that period, I had come to the conclusion not to be baulked in quite such a cavalier style, but to seek and obtain one more interview, come what might therefrom. With this intention, I dashed along the hill-side, and at full speed through the principal thoroughfare of Belleville, till I reached the *barrière* leading into the Rue Faubourg du Temple, where, calling a *cabriolet*, I ordered the driver to land me in the Rue Michel le Comte—where, a few hours previously, I had dined with Ravalette—in the shortest possible space of time.

“A curious thing took place while giving my orders to the driver. It was this: Everybody knows that, at any of the *barrières* leading from Paris, a large crowd of blouses, men and of office, women and children of the lower orders, may, in fair or foul weather, always be found—loiterers, having nothing to do, apparently, except to lounge about, to see and be seen. Such a crowd I found at the *barrière*, and amidst it I noticed a *bonné*, or nurse, having in charge three beautiful children, one of whom, a lad of seven years, appeared to take an unusual interest in myself, doubtless observing that I was in a great hurry to accomplish something. This child, as it saw me, ran to the nurse, and said, ‘*Ma bonné*, Franchette, what’s the matter with the gentleman? Is he sick? What makes him look so queer?’

“ ‘Hush, child,’ said the woman in reply; ‘that gentleman is in search of what he won’t find this long time!’

“ ‘What is that, Franchette?’

“ ‘That gentleman is in search of *his own ghost*, *mes enfants*!’ replied the nurse, as the children clustered around her to hear the answer.

“ ‘*Ma foi!*’ echoed the crowd of idlers, as they caught the woman’s words—whether spoken in jest or seriously I cannot say—‘*Ma foi!* the gentleman takes a cab to go in search of his own ghost!’ And the cab drove off as these words were echoed by a hundred tongues.

“ ‘What the devil does it mean?’ asked I of myself, rather irreverently, as a Guebre would say, had one heard me. ‘What does it mean?’ What put such a queer notion as that in the woman’s head?’ And, while cogitating for an answer, the cab stopped before the required gateway. Hastily dismounting, I paid the man half a gold louis, refused the offered change, but, dismissing him with a word of praise at his alacrity, I hastily rang the bell to summon the concierge or porter. That personage speedily made his appearance, all the quicker from the unwonted vigor applied to the bell-rope.

“ ‘Is your master in the house, *mon ami*?’

“ ‘*Oui, monsieur*: he has not been absent to-day.’

“ ‘What! Not been absent, when he left me not thirty minutes ago? Impossible! Monsieur Ravalette *must* have been absent.’

“ ‘But who *is* Monsieur Ravalette? I know of no such person. Monsieur Jacques d’Emprat is my master, and not the person you have mentioned!’

“Here was a fresh mystery. ‘Call Monsieur Jacques d’Emprat, if you please.’

“ ‘*Certainement, monsieur*. Jeanette, my dear, go upstairs and tell the patron here’s a gentleman wants to see him.’

“Jeanette, a little girl of twelve years, flew to execute the errand, and in a few moments the landlord himself appeared; and I was surprised to find that the well-aproned butler who had attended upon us at dinner and the proprietor of the house were one and the same person. An explanation soon followed, and I learned that Ravalette, who was an entire stranger to the landlord, had come there *two* days previously for the purpose of engaging a sumptuous dinner for *two* persons, that being the landlord’s business—a caterer. For the dinner he had paid a round price in advance, and had given the proprietor a small silver coin of peculiar workmanship as a memorial of his visit. This coin or medal the man produced, and, lo! it was a perfect facsimile, on a larger scale, of the jewel I had that very day examined in the scarf of Ravalette at Belleville. To my question as to when he last saw my

mysterious friend, the patron answered: ‘I do not know him, where he is, when I next shall see him—nothing whatever. He left with you, and has not since returned. He is evidently a mysterious man; and were it not that I have this little medal to commemorate his visit, together with three hundred and ten francs in gold in my pocket, which he paid me for the wines and dinner, I should more than half believe that he was the Devil himself out for a lark in Paris. But the Devil never pays in gold, so those say who ought to know, and I am sure Ravalette paid me in bran new coin, which, on account of its beauty and full weight, I just tied up in one end of my long leather purse, meaning to give it to my daughter, at school in Dijon, for a birth-day gift. Here’s the money, as you perceive, nicely tied up, and sealed with wax, just as I fixed it an hour or two after Ravalette paid me.’

“With these words the honest landlord drew forth a most formidable-looking *bourse*, one end of which was, as he said, securely tied with twine, and sealed with a great blotch of red wax.

“ ‘Yes, monsieur, here’s the cash; I cannot show it to you, because I don’t like to break the string or wax; but as a sound is worth as much as a sight, you shall hear it jingle to your heart’s content.’

“And so saying, he struck the purse against the side of the gateway; but, instead of the merry clink of gold coin, we heard only the dull sound of a far less valuable metal. This startled him not a little. He changed color, then drew his knife, and in an instant cut the string, and emptied the contents of the purse upon his open palm.

“Horrible! Instead of bright golden Louis, he held in his hand a small pile of leaden disks? Each one of these disks had a number and a letter on it, and one of them was engraved, on the obverse side, with the simple words—‘Place the coins in order.’ We did so, and found that each letter formed part of a word. When they were all placed, the inscription read, ‘All is not gold that glitters!’

“My soul quailed before the mystery. I could scarcely move or speak, so great was my bewilderment; and as for the patron, it is impossible to describe his terror and consternation, as he stood there, with open mouth and protruding eyeballs, gazing on the coins upon the board where he had laid them. I too looked upon them; and even while we did so, a terrible thing took place; for the letters upon the disks changed color before our

very eyes, first to a light blue, changing to deep crimson, and finally assuming a blood-red color. When, at the end of thirty seconds, this color did not change, we looked closer at them, and, to our absolute amazement, found that the characters themselves had altered, and instead of the sentence above quoted, we read the following:

“ ‘Remember Ravalette! Fear not!’

“With a cry of agony the man dashed the accursed coins to the ground, and instantly fell himself in a deathly swoon. A great excitement now ensued. The porter, Jeanette, and half a dozen other inmates, rushed to the assistance of their fallen master.

“Tenderly and carefully we bore him into the house, and speedily resorted to those well-known means of restoration used in such cases, which it were superfluous to mention; suffice it that, at the expiration of half an hour, the man revived, and bidding him and the rest a short good-bye, and promising to return on the morrow if I did not quit Paris, I took my departure.

“Before I left, however, it occurred to me that I would secure the marvellous coins, or, at least, a few of them; and for this purpose I, accompanied by the *concierge*, who had seen his master dash them away, went into the court-yard where he had thrown them. Carefully and long we searched over the smooth stone pavements. The marks where they had struck were there, but not a single coin could be found. It was absolutely certain that no person *in* the house had picked them up, for all these were in attendance on the patron. It was equally certain that no one from the street had done so; for the gate was fast bolted and shut, and had been ever since I had entered the premises to inquire of the porter.

“At length we gave up the task of finding them as utterly hopeless. I looked at the porter and shook my head; the porter looked at me and shook his head in return, as much as to say, ‘It is a very strange affair!’ At that moment a voice, coming from God knows where, for it seemed to issue neither from above nor below, in the house or out of it—a hollow, half-pathetic, half-cynical voice, echoed our unspoken thought—‘*It is a VERY strange affair!*’ The horror-stricken porter crossed himself devoutly, and, falling on his knees, began to pray, while I in the meanwhile undid the bolts, opened the port, and rushed into the open street.

“The thing was altogether of so weird a character, that I almost doubted the evidence of my senses; yet, on recalling all the circumstances from first to last, the testimony affirming the events was altogether too strong, overpowering and direct, to be doubted for an instant.

“In books of ancient lore; in the old Black letter volumes of antiquity; in the recital of the exploits of Appolonius of TYANÆ; in the Life of Darwin; in the story of Grugantus, and in the ‘Records of the Weird Brethren of Appulia,’ I had read of Magic Marvels, almost too wonderful for the belief of those ignorant masses contemporaneous with the authors and heroes of the various legends. But in the light of modern learning, all these things had been resolved into three primitive elements, and these were: 1st., and principal. Ignorance of the Masses. 2d. The clouds of superstition which for long ages hovered over the world. And, 3d. The amazing skill possessed by the various arch-impostors of antiquity. Thus I accounted for much that was reported to have taken place in ‘y^e Old^{en} Ty^{me},’ but how to explain away what myself and several others had just witnessed, on the same easy and general hypothesis, was a task altogether beyond achievement. To attempt to get rid of the difficulty on the supposition of mere ‘Fancy,’ was simply ridiculous: and yet, while one does not feel at liberty to admit the idea of Magic, here were circumstances of such a tremendous character, as to utterly forbid and defy explication upon any other ground whatever.

“This was the current of my thoughts as I left the street of Michel le Compte, and turned up that of the Temple. As I slowly walked along, buried in a labyrinth of conjecture, the idea suddenly occurred to me that perhaps, after all, Ravalette and the people of the house in the Rue Michel le Compte, might merely have been performing parts in a very cleverly designed, and capitally acted drama; though how to account for the kaleidoscopic changes of the coins, I could not at first imagine. ‘Ah!’ said I, at length, ‘I have it! Hurrah! Bravo! Eureka, ten times over! The secret’s out, and I’m the man that found it!’ A sudden thought occurred to me, by the aid of which, even the coin mystery, was cleared up most satisfactorily; and that which ten minutes before was a profound and horrible mystery, was now, apparently, as clear as the noontide sun. Here is the train of reasoning which led me to this hopeful result: Ravalette was a wealthy and eccentric gentleman, who, observing my natural enthusiasm for the antique, and aptitude to the occult, had determined to either amuse himself and

friends at my expense, possibly for the purpose of curing some of them of what, perhaps, he regarded as the same weakness; or, taking pity on what he looked upon as a sad and dangerous infatuation, had resorted to this rather costly experiment, in the hope that at its termination a perfect cure might be effected. The people in the house were, together with the woman and children at the *Barrière*, his confederates in the scheme. He was a learned man; saw that I could not be easily taken in; and therefore brought the wonders of chemical and ventriloquial sciences to his assistance—the latter in the affair of the floating voice, the former in the matter of the coins or disks. These coins had been coated with a substance that would, on exposure to the atmosphere, exhale away; and with this exhalation the first set of characters would of course disappear. Beneath this external coating was another, which, on contact with the air, would assume a peculiar color; beneath this, in turn, was another, and still another; the last of all, being that on which was written the last series of letters composing a sentence. The appearance of these words was the cue to the patron to utter his cry, dash the coins from his hands, and pretend to swoon. In the commotion resultant therefrom, attention would be drawn from the cause of the apparent disaster, and afford ample opportunity for their removal. The sentence, ‘*It is a very strange affair,*’ would be the very one naturally suggested under the circumstances, and had happily been selected as the most fitting one to afford exercise to the ventriloquist employed; and this apparent echoing of an unspoken thought would add additional piquancy to the scene, and materially assist in piling up the horripilant.

“There! was not that a fine specimen of analysis? It was almost perfect, and would have answered most admirably had it not been for one little thing, and that was, simply, that *it was not true*—a trifling objection, perhaps, yet one absolutely fatal. Why, will be seen hereafter.

“I was just about half satisfied with my ingenious speculation, and no more, after the first burst of joy at my supposed discovery had subsided, and cool reason once more took the helm. Be it true or false, I determined to go back to Belleville and pursue my investigations a little further. A passing omnibus soon brought me to the *Barrière*, and to my great joy I saw the identical party that had made the curious remark about my being in search of my own ghost. The nurse and children were intently watching the evolutions of a set of nomadic marionettes, and listening to the stereo-type

drolleries of the man in the box who worked the little puppets. Luckily the whole party, with at least three hundred others, were so taken up with the antics of Polichinel and his shrew of a wife, that the young ones nor the nurse saw me. I therefore stepped into a coffee-shop close at hand, called for a *tasse*, and then sent one of the waiters to fetch the woman with the three children dressed in yellow velveteen. The man obeyed, and speedily returned, followed by the party sent for.

“Upon seeing who it was that had summoned her, the young woman felt alarmed, fearing that the remarks she had made, when I entered the cab an hour or so previously, had offended me, and that my present business was to cause her to be punished for her insolence. For of all places on this civilized earth, Paris is the one where a stranger is best protected from injury or impertinence—at least, it then was. I soon set the woman’s mind at ease on that point; and having purchased some *gâteaux* for the children, and the same, with a vessel of coffee, for the nurse, I requested her to be seated, and tell me what caused her to use such curious terms, with regard to myself, a little while before.

“ ‘Lord bless you, sir,’ she said, ‘I did but repeat what an old man said who stood on the side of the carriage opposite to that by which you entered. I had just crossed over from his side when you saw and heard me. As you came running down the street, everybody saw you, and that you were in a hurry, and several persons made observations as to the cause of your great haste. Said one, “The man’s mad!” said another, “His woman has just run off with a lover, taking his twins along for company’s sake, and he’s after them with a sharp stick!” Said the old man at my side, “He’s in search of what he won’t find very soon.” “What’s that, sir?” I ventured to ask. “He’s in search of—ahem!—in search of—*his own ghost, my dear!*” said the old man, as he darted up the street. The notion was so funny, that I remembered *it all the while I was crossing* the street—a very long time for us *Bonnes* to recollect anything, *mon cher ami*; and when Auburt there asked me what ailed you, why, I looked wise, and repeated the grey-beard’s observation, and—another cup of coffee, if you please—that was all.’

“I breathed freer. ‘But tell me, my dear, what sort of man this old fellow was?’ ‘Certainly—another *gâteau, garçon*; monsieur will pay for it—certainly!’ and the young woman went on to describe—Ravalette! as well as I could have done myself, had that mysterious individual stood before me

then and there. It was enough. I was satisfied, and determined to push my inquiries further. I thanked the girl, paid the bill of thirty-five sous, left the place, and hurried as fast as I possibly could to the flower-gardens, that, it will be remembered, Ravalette and myself had visited together. I went to the first one, and asked the gardener if he had seen the old man who had been my companion on a recent visit, an hour or two before?

“ ‘*Old* man? Well, you *are* a funny man, to call a boy of seventeen years an *old* man! I recollect you well enough, for you bought a fine bouquet, one of the damask roses composing which you now carry in your button-hole. I remember you well enough, and the beardless stripling, your companion; but I have not seen him since you both left together.’

“ ‘Bah, my friend!’ said I, ‘it won’t do. I know perfectly well that my comrade here was *not* a youngster, but a man of full seventy years of age, if a single day!’

“ ‘*Sacré bleu!* You’d better tell me I lie at once, and be done with it! You may *say* it was an old man, but I’ll be cursed if it wasn’t a young one, not yet out of his teens; and what’s more to the purpose, I’ll back my opinion, and bet you an even bottle of *Jean Lafitte*, forty-two years old, that the person who accompanied you here this day was a small, thin, sallow-faced youth of not over fifteen years! Will you take the wager?’

“ ‘Yes, and forty more just like it; but who shall be our umpire, and decide the bet?’

“ ‘Why, let the witnesses, my men, and my wife or daughter, decide. I’ll warrant they won’t lie for the sake of a bottle of wine. Are you agreed?’

“ ‘Yes, call them on; I’ll trust them.’

“ ‘Of course you may, for they are honest folks. My wife let you both in at the door; I sold you a bouquet; one of my men went round the garden with you, and the other ran to fetch change for the five-franc piece you gave me to take pay from. Here, wife, Joseph, and Pierre; come here all of you. I’ve made a bet with the gentleman, and want you three to decide it.’

“In a moment the persons called stood before us, and the gardener said to me: ‘Now, monsieur, you and I will go to the other end of the garden; when there, I will describe to you the person who accompanied you here this afternoon. Then we will call the witnesses, one at a time, first separating

them, so that they cannot agree upon a uniform story for or against me, but give the truth exactly, as the truth appears to each one.'

"Nothing could be fairer than this proposition, and therefore I gave my assent to it immediately; whereupon the two men were sent to stand at opposite ends of the garden, his wife took her place in a third, while her husband and myself went to the fourth. Having arrived there:

" 'Your friend,' said the gardener, 'was just as I have described him, with this addition, that he wore polish-leather shoes, a Leghorn or Panama hat, carried a switch cane, wore light jean pantaloons, a coat *au saque*, and vest of white Cashmere. Remember this. Now, Joseph, come here,' said he, raising his voice and motioning the man toward us. 'Be so good as to describe the person who came here to-day with this gentleman.'

" 'I will with pleasure, master. The *negro* who came with this gentleman was very fat and heavy, had large splay feet, tremendous hands, broad, flat face, a nose that would weigh a pound, and lips twice as heavy. His hair was woolly, teeth very white and regular; and he wore low shoes, green cap, knee breeches, red vest, and purple jacket!'

"It is difficult to say which of us two looked most astonished when Joseph finished his portrait of my companion. Joseph was the man who conducted us around the garden. We were the only visitors of the day, and—

" 'Damn it, Joseph, you must be crazy! for the man was'——

" 'Hold on!' said I to the gardener; 'remember the terms of our wager, and say nothing till all have been questioned on the subject;' then, turning to the man, I said: 'Go to your corner, Joseph. Pierre, come hither;' and he came.

" 'Now, my friend, we want you to accurately describe the individual who accompanied me to these gardens to-day. Tell us exactly how the person appeared to you. Will you, my friend?'

" '*Oui, certainement.* The *old lady* you mean. *Malateste!* It makes me laugh—*pardonez moi, monsieur*, but I can't help it—it makes me laugh to think about her, *ma foi!* What a queer old lady it was, to be sure! Such a little pinched-up face; and what a nose and chin, look you! Ecod! it was for all the world *la casse-noix*—a regular pair of nut-crackers! Certes, I took her to be the grandmother of Methusalah, or sister to Adam's first wife. Oh, ho, ho—he, ha, *peste!* I shall die o' laughing! And then *such* a dress! Not a single

article of cloth about her, but all she wore made of thin green-and-blue morocco; and then such dainty slippers, looking for all the world as if made of the wings of *Pappilon*! and such a head-dress—withered flowers, and two bushels of faded ribbon! *Par le grande Dieu*, the lady *was* a queer one!’ and Pierre went back to his corner, laughing as if he would explode.

“The gardener looked astonished beyond all measure. How *I* looked cannot be told; but how I *felt*, no mortal pen could possibly describe. We both kept silent, and advanced to where Madame *la Jardinière* stood, patiently waiting her turn to be questioned, and impatiently wondering what was the matter with Pierre, the fellow laughed so uproariously, and enjoyed ‘the feast of memory’ with such a decided gusto.

“ ‘*Ma chère femme*,’ said my comrade, ‘will you please be so good as to describe the person whom you admitted here to-day along with monsieur? Certes, I believe the Devil himself is at the bottom of the business, for no two persons are agreed in description. But you, my darling, *you*, who are all the while reading poetry books;—all about Vido (Ovid?), and Virgil, and Spearshaker, and all those great people—you can describe this person perfectly; can’t you, my sweet?’ and the gardener looked imploringly at his plump and buxom *compagnon de lit*.

“Now, of all mortals it is most unsafe and dangerous to flatter a French woman, and madame was French all the way through; consequently she determined, on so fitting an occasion, to prove her husband’s encomiums perfectly well founded; and she began the display with a quotation from the Bard of Avon’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

“ ‘*Ah, mon ange avec les bottes*—my angel in boots—do you not know that Joseph has been a poet ever since I instructed him in trochees, dactyls, spondees, dythyrambics, hexameters, iambics, acatalectics, and—anapests—and’——

“ ‘Oh, may the devil fly away with all of your Anna cats, or Mary cats!—damn all cats! And as for your Anna Pests—why, what’s she got to do with Joseph? Is she another grisette the fellow’s running after? Why, that’s fifteen different women in fifteen weeks. I can’t see how the fellow’s constitution stands it: and then *you’ve* done the introducing business? Shame on you—you ought to be’——

“Here I stepped in and told the gardener that his lady did not mean *cats* or females, but simply *feet*, measures, and scansion of poetry. This mollified him, and the lady courtesied to me, and resumed:

“ ‘Yes, darling—*ogre*’—this last was spoken *sub voce*—‘yes, dearest, the gentleman’s right. Joseph is a poet; Pierre is a lunatic; and the gentleman

himself is beyond all question as deeply in love as he can get; and these are the reasons why neither describes the person who attended with him alike. That prince of soldiers, who because he was so terrible in war, when he shook his spear, the English call Shake-the-spear, says that—

“ ‘Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend more than cool
Reason comprehends.
The lover, the lunatic, and the poet are of imagination
All compact. One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic, sees
Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things,
The poet’s pen turns them to shapes, and gives
To airy nothings a local habitation and a name.’

“ ‘But what, my dear, has all this to do with the questions I asked you? Look here, Ninette; I believe it’s you that’s gone mad, rose in love—*sacre!*—I wish I could catch you and your Shake-the-spear loving once. I’d fix him and you too, my lady, that I would! I’d fix his flint so that he wouldn’t shake any more spears around my garden, that I would! Will you have done with all your rigmarole, and tell what you know?’

“ ‘Certainly. The gentleman’s sweetheart, who came with him to-day, and who went with me into my private room to arrange her hair and adjust her petticoats, was as fine and pretty a young blonde of eighteen years as ever sat a man’s heart beating triple bobmajors against his ribs. Such ankles, such feet, such a bloom upon her cheeks and lips!—ah! and such a *tournure!* such hips, such embonpoint! *Sacristie!* it’s lucky I was not a man when I fixed her crinoline, or, *ma foi!* I should have gone mad and run off with her, leaving monsieur to mourn his loss, while I revelled in the essence of love with his *fiancée*. Besides that’——

“ ‘Stop, stop, Ninette—for God’s sake stop! I have lost a bottle of *Jean Lafitte*, forty odd years old, and lost my brains besides!’

“Here the whole five of us collected in a group, and an explanation followed which instantly banished all mirth from Pierre, and all poetry from *la Jardinière*.

“Declining all thoughts of the wager and the wine, I left the party in a maze of stupor, and sped as hastily as I could to the *Guinguette*, or Tea-Garden, where, it will be remembered, Ravalette and myself had entered to converse with the proprietor regarding his novel and costly experiment in the way of feasting poor people *a la les richeuse*.

“Entering this place, I put the same question to the proprietor that I had to the gardener and the man of Michel le Compte; but instead of surprise at his answer, I was absolutely dumb-founded, for the man insisted that I entered the shop *quite alone*, but that I had conversed with him in two separate and perfectly distinct voices, *au ventriloque*—which he had regarded as very singular, but concluded that I was a student of ventriloquism, and took every opportunity to test my proficiency, and had now come back to ascertain what success attended the experiment.

“I was too much horrified to speak; but, simply nodding my adieux, took my departure in a mood much easier to be imagined than described.

“Not yet content, I made inquiries as to whether any one had seen two horsemen of a peculiar description pass through any of the streets of Belleville.

“Nobody had seen any such, or indeed any horsemen whatever. I was thunderstruck.

“‘I’ll track them!’ I cried, as a last resource; ‘for the place where we walked, where the horse and groom stood waiting, and where the old man mounted, was a soft, yielding, grassless turf. This will decide whether I have been dealing with the living or the dead, and that too in this broad daylight.’

“I ran thither. Not a trace of a horse’s hoofs; not a single vestige of Ravalette’s footprints save one, and that one the fac-simile of the description formerly given. My own foot-marks were plain enough, but only the one other was to be found! Here the mystery grew thicker and thicker, nor could I see the first glimmer of a way to clear it up.

“Slowly and despondently, I retraced my steps toward Paris, taking care to inquire as I went, whether any person had seen two men on horseback go toward Charronne, Villette, Menilmontant, or through the Barrières. I might just as well not have asked.

“But the chapter of devilry was not yet concluded, for what subsequently took place actually threw all that had gone before it entirely in the shade. These things I will now relate, first premising my narrative.

“One day, about a week before I first spoke to Ravalette in the Louvre, I happened to be spending an afternoon in the Palais Royale, along with my friends the Barons di Corvaja and Du P——t, to both of whom I had taken letters from America. On the day alluded to, I met at D——’s room in the Rue Beaujolais, and then and there became acquainted with, an English gentleman of easy means and polished mind, by the name of Carr. This gentleman resided with his family in a splendid mansion in the Rue du Chemin Vert. After a long and interesting conversation, we parted, but not till Mr. Carr had cordially taken me by the hand, expressed a desire to maintain the acquaintance, and invited me to call on him at his residence in the Rue du Chemin Vert. I felt gratified at his frankness, and accepted his polite invitation. Mr. Carr named the day, and I agreed to go; and accordingly had spent the evening and took tea with him, his family and a few select guests, some five or six days before the eventful day, the achievement of which I have just recounted. The thing which I am about to narrate is not only strange, but in many respects horrible, and my mind is agitated to the last degree by the astounding occurrences—things which I beheld with my own eyes, felt with my own senses, realized with my own spirit; and yet I scarcely dare give credit to that which I am sensible *cannot, could not* have been an illusion. My soul is filled with wonder; and I hasten to give a true version of the affair while all is yet fresh and vivid before me; indeed, it will ever be so, till age shall numb my faculties.”

CHAPTER IV. MURDER WILL OUT.

“THE circumstances were, briefly, these:

“I attended, as before observed, the *fête sociale*, at the house of my friend Mr. Carr—Leonard Carr. The party was given in honor of a young literary friend of the family, who had recently gained great renown as a writer of fiction. To this young man I was introduced just before we all sat down to the festive board to partake of the many good things so bounteously set before us.

“After the repast was concluded we all adjourned to the parlor and entered into conversation. Topic after topic had been discussed, and at length the ‘Turning tables,’ then so rife in all parts of the world, and Paris especially, became the theme of observation and criticism.

“ ‘Bah!’ said Mrs. Carr, ‘I deem the whole thing silly, besides being one of the most contemptible humbugs ever ran after by a pack of silly people—I was going to say—fools: I am convinced there is really nothing in it, and that all this stuff about moving furniture, and ghosts, and other spectral gentry, is but the product of heated fancy, if not of heads and hearts devoid of truth, principle, and moral rectitude; stories got up for swindling purposes, and to gull that credulous pack of ninnies known as “The Public,”—and a precious set they are, to be sure! Who believes, for instance, a tithe of the reputed wonders of the famous American “Miracle Circle,” or that they are anything more than clever tricks played off by a set of waggish fellows on a gullible community of Yankees, having in view the ultimate object of exposing and exploding the whole so-called spiritual mysteries? I don’t, I’m sure.’

“Poor lady! She little dreamed under what cruel circumstances she was doomed so soon to verify the truth of the Latin motto,

“ ‘Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis sapit,’

so meaningfully quoted to myself by Ravalette. Little did she then dream, in the plenitude of intellect, that not many days would elapse ere she admitted all she now so mockingly and scornfully derided and laughed at, and that ere long she would cower in the very extremity of terror and mental dread, before these very mysteries she now so dogmatically denied.

“Her husband took upon himself the task of answering her, thus relieving us guests of the always unpleasant office of holding a wordy contest with a woman. He said:

“ ‘You are, my dear, permit me to say, in behalf of myself and these gentlemen, a little too hasty in your conclusions, too sweeping in your remarks, and in the characterization of the wonderful phenomena of these latter days. I know, my love, that you will give *me* credit for rather more than the usual share of suspicion, scepticism, and doubt, regarding certain marvellous things said to have recently taken place in England, America, and even here in Paris. You know that it is my nature to admit nothing as proved—especially of such an implied nature—without absolute demonstrative evidence. The proof must be irrefragible—the testimony unbroken and indubitable, else I accept nothing. I certainly do not believe in spirits, much less that such things come to this world and flit and move around us, taking interest in all our affairs, and meddling with our business in a thousand ways, as it is alleged they do by those who believe in them. And yet, with all this, I confess that I have seen things that stagger me—indeed, that demonstrate beyond dispute the existence of a power, mighty, secret, occult, and working out its marvellous designs without the slightest human aid or influence whatever. Mind me, I do not attribute any or all of these results to spiritual agency, but I do say that the force at bottom is marvellously intelligent, and for all the world like that of man’s. For instance, you will remember F——, who came from America to astonish the French. Well, actuated by curiosity, I resolved to form one of a circle of six who had made arrangements to test his powers at his own rooms. Accordingly we met him by appointment at the Café Jououy near the Palaise Royal, and together we seven started for his hotel. Now, as I walked along, the idea suggested itself, that perhaps the fellow had made arrangements in his rooms to surprise us by a resort to some mountebankish

performance, and therefore, in order to try his sincerity, and at the same time guard against any mere trickery or legerdemain, I suggested that we repair to apartments elsewhere than at his hotel. To my surprise he assented to this arrangement without a murmur, and we repaired to a room at the house of one of the company, Monsieur Benjamin, in the Rue de Clichy. When there, we all sat around a small table with our fourteen hands laid flat upon its top. For a while nothing occurred, save a few knocks or thumps upon the table, which F—— attributed to spirits, but which I suspected his knees produced. While thus we sat (it was broad daylight, and the sun shone brightly through the windows), we distinctly saw, and *I* actually, palpably felt of, a *fifteenth* hand. This hand was apparently solid flesh and blood. It appeared to be that of a mulatto girl of fifteen or sixteen summers, and one of the party subsequently told me in confidence that it was the very facsimile of the right hand of a girl whom he once knew in the Isle de Bourbon, and who had destroyed herself by poison for love of the very man who told me the story! This hand came from beneath the table and extended itself eight or ten inches over the edge at first. Then it gradually rose in the air, displaying a magnificent set of fingers, upon the middle joint of one of which appeared the semblance of a large and peculiarly-shaped brown mole, surrounded by three smaller ones, and it was by these marks that my friend pretended to recognize it. The hand was attached to about two-fifths of a fore-arm, completely covered with the semblance of a lace sleeve, terminating at the wrist in a jewelled band, and at the other extremity by a flaring and projecting ruffle. The hand, after a while, rose into the air, where it floated for two minutes. It then descended, seized hold of a small silver bell upon the mantel and rung it sharply all over the room; after which it replaced it, took hold of a pencil and wrote forty-seven words upon the ceiling of the lofty-vaulted apartment; threw down the pencil, patted each of our hands, and then gradually faded away in the air, just over the centre of the table. We rose after it had gone, placed a stand upon the table, a chair upon that, so as to reach the writing on the wall (which yet remained there), and found a short message to the company in general, and signed by the very name of Mr. ——’s *inamorata of the Isle de Bourbon*! Now, my dear, was all this hum-bug?’

“To this, the lady, whose scepticism would not abate one jot, even in the face of such an—to all but a Rosicrucian—overwhelming demonstration as this, replied:

“ ‘Why, I presume you had all taken a little too much wine, fell asleep, got up, wrote on the wall, and—Bah! It’s all humbug! and that settles the question at once!’

“The lady was silent, and the literary lion—I will call him Mr. A——, for whom the party was gotten up, entered the arena of conversation, and observed that: ‘Spectral or Spiritual science—he preferred the former term—was yet but in its infancy in Christendom, provided what a casual acquaintance of his, a man of extraordinary research in all things occult, and whom he had met under peculiar circumstances but a little while before—affirmed to be true with regard to the faith, philosophy, and practices of a certain branch or rather family of the Hindoos or other Eastern tribes.

“ ‘This individual,’ pursued Mr. A——, ‘is a firm and devout believer in Spiritualism, and yet contends that not over two-tenths of what passes current under that term, is really that which it is claimed to be. Nay, further: he declares, and gives his reasons why, which latter are very just and tenable, that not more than once in fifty times are the actions and speeches delivered under trance the result of Spiritual action; but that when not the absolute offspring of imposture, which is rarely the case, other, and very often *purely physical* causes are at work, which are frequently far more potent than what is known as “spiritual influence,” inasmuch as the results are productive of better, greater, and more satisfactory phenomena, and of far more interest and value to mankind, and which have been entirely overlooked in the haste and zeal with which people seek to gratify their thirst for the marvellous, by attributing whatever baffles their powers of analysis to a supermundane origin.

“ ‘This person,’ continued Mr. A., ‘asserted also that he could himself produce similar and even far more wonderful and startling effects, by means entirely material, than many which are claimed to originate beyond the earth. “This,” said he, “I can do under circumstances that will forever put the quietus on one portion of the spiritual theory. There is a science in existence that may very properly be called Spectreology or Phantomism, whose wonders vie with the best of those emanating really from the spirit world!” During his travels in the Orient, he said, the *modus operandi* of several startling effects had been imparted to him by a person named Ramo Djava, and that, were it not for his greatly impaired health, which rendered the experiments alluded to highly dangerous, he would give public displays

of his power. As to the means used, that must remain a secret, for he had promised to initiate only one person, and that not till his dying hour. But, at all events, he was willing to demonstrate, before a select few, that there really is more between earth and heaven than even the loftiest savants dream of.

“ ‘Having my curiosity thus excited, I, with great difficulty, prevailed on this person to consent to give a display of his ability, before a select circle of eighteen. I have invited five persons, and the present company will exactly complete the requisite number, and I cheerfully extend you all an invitation to be present at half-past six o’clock precisely, at the mansion of our mutual friend, the Baron de Marc, this day week!’

“This ended the conversation on that particular theme, and, shortly afterwards, the party dissolved, agreeing to meet again on the night mentioned, which, strange coincidence! was the very one of the singular adventure with ‘the ghost of Ravalette;’ for, to tell the truth, I had by this time begun to suspect that my old man of the Louvre—he who appeared under three different aspects at one and the same time, nay, under *five*, and who was heard to speak, though himself unseen, by the man of the Guinguette—was something more than mortal.

“You must bear in mind the fact, that the party and conversation at Mr. Carr’s took place *before* I had ever seen Ravalette at all to speak with him. And now, if you please, we will continue the train of events in progress before I made this digression.

“You will remember that, after making fruitless inquiries for the two horsemen, and an equally fruitless search after foot-prints on the soil near Belleville, that I took my way toward Paris, slowly, on foot, musing deeply as I went along. As I passed down the Rue Faubourg du Temple, the tolling of a distant clock announced the hour of four. I remembered my engagement at the Baron’s, but, as I had fully two hours left in which to dress for the occasion, I determined to drop in at D’Emprat’s, in the Rue Michel le Compte, as I went by, and hear whatever might have turned up in my absence.

“I reached the street, and was greatly surprised to find a large and highly excited crowd of people before the gate, and the more so, as I beheld the

surplices of at least a dozen priests of the Order St. Lazare, elbowing their way, and trying to pass both in and out of the house.

“With heart palpitating with vague and dread uneasiness, I approached an intelligent-looking man, and, assuming a carelessness by no means felt, asked him the cause and reason of the gathering.

“ ‘Lord bless you, sir!’ he said. ‘Do you not know that the devil and five of his imps have just been on a visit to that house, and carried off three or four of the inmates through the roof in a flame of *blue fire*? If you don’t know it, I assure you it is a fact!’

“I saw in this answer the legitimate effect of superstition, and that the man’s cloth belied his intelligence; I, therefore, drew out a sheet of paper and a pencil, and began to flourish them in the eyes of the crowd for the purpose of attracting its attention.

“My *ruse* succeeded; the people set me down as a reporter of the press, and instantly gave way right and left; so that I had but little difficulty in gaining an entrance to the building. Once there, I soon learned that the poor D’Emprat had relapsed into the swoon occasioned by his first fright, and had passed thence into the most frightful convulsions, exclaiming all the while, as the thick foam rolled from his bloodless lips, ‘Oh, the devil! the devil has come for my soul, *because I killed Baptiste Lemoine thirty-seven years ago! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! They will drag me to hell! Ah, God!*’

“His wife had exerted all her influence and power to stifle these dangerous cries, but without avail. His cries still increased in fury, until at last the police had forced an entrance into the house, and were speedily followed by a score of priests, who, hearing that the devil was in Paris, in proper person, were very anxious to try the effect of a little shower-bath of holy water, as well as to get a sight of their arch enemy, whom, doubtless, the vast majority of them regarded secretly as nothing more than a man—or, rather, devil—of straw.

“The news spread like wild-fire that the devil had appeared, and to the questions asked by priest and bailiff of the porter, he confirmed the rumor, and told, as best he could, the incidents of the afternoon. His story did not rest here, however, but, taking two of the officers aside, he told them something which caused them to start back in the wildest horror, and cross

themselves most devoutly. The result of the interview was, that the officers cautioned the porter from uttering one word of what he had just told them to any person else. After this, they all again entered the room where D'Emprat was still struggling in all the terrors of delirium, still accusing himself of a long-committed homicide, still calling on God and the priests to save him from the clutches of the devil, whom he averred he saw beside him armed with fork and trident, ready to drag his unfortunate soul to perdition and the damned. During all this fearful scene, Madame D'Emprat was doing all she could to quiet her husband, but without avail. The man went on harder than before. The ghosts of evil deeds were there, and avenging angels lashed his soul to frenzy.

“ ‘Be still,’ she cried, ‘for Jesus’ sake, be still! They will carry you to Bicêtre, and from there to *le Boureau*, and you will die *au coupe tête*!’^[8] Oh, be still! or, if you must talk, say something else than *that*!’

“Every word uttered by the woman and the man was quietly written down, unobserved, by one of the officers, who used my pencil and paper, and the back of his comrade as a desk.

“What strange, mysterious power was it that caused me mechanically to purchase a pencil and paper on my way from Belleville down to Michel le Compte?

“God’s ways are mysterious, altogether past finding out; and I inwardly praised him as the mighty fact became apparent, that the people of the house were *not* in league, as I had conjectured might be the case, with Ravalette; and that the mysterious agent of Divine Retribution was *not* of an infernal nature, be it or he whatever else. A load was lifted off my heart—too soon, alas! to be let down heavier than before.

“ ‘You did not kill him, D'Emprat! So don’t say you did any more!’ exclaimed the woman in the accents of despair.

“ ‘ ‘Tis a *lie*! I did!’ yelled the unfortunate man. ‘I killed him with the hatchet in the cellar, and buried him under the grey horse’s stall in the stable!’

“ ‘My God! we are ruined!’ screamed the now frantic woman. ‘I always suspected that you killed my brother, but never believed it until now. And, yet, I do not even now believe it; for’——

“ ‘*I can prove it*; for I well remember a bloody hatchet, and that master never would let me clean the stable of the grey horse; and that I have watched him dig gold from the ground there, and heard him accuse himself in his sleep!’ said the *concierge*, coming forward.

“ ‘Then, D’Emprat, and you, madame, I arrest in the name of the law; and you, porter, as a witness. Officers, do your duty—take the prisoners—clear the house!’ said their chief.

“Five minutes afterwards, the unfortunate people were being led to prison, and I was on the way to my hotel to dress—even under such circumstances—for the *soirée* at the Baron’s, but in a frame of mind that little fitted me to be a spectator of philosophical experiments. Yet my word was pledged, and go I must, and go I did—six o’clock finding me in the Baron’s parlor.

“I am perfectly sensible that, even in what I have narrated, the credulity of many persons would be taxed to the utmost. It is easy enough to believe that such things as I have described occurred long ages ago, in the green and halcyon days of Magic, but it is difficult to imagine such things as taking place in the broad light of this nineteenth century. Millions, aye hundreds of millions, have believed, do, and, in coming years, perhaps ages, will believe in the startling records of a magic similar to that I have detailed, and which is described so briefly, yet so graphically, in the Book of Exodus; and yet these people will strenuously insist that the day of such things—of such exhibitions of the Upper Magic—has for ever passed away, totally unmindful of the great fact, that, when the astonishing things there recorded were accomplished, there must of necessity have been a law—a natural law—in accordance with, and by which, they were done, and that no law of Nature has ever yet been repealed; consequently, they must exist to-day in as full perfection and power as ever.

“What remains of the present affair to be told, may, with what has already been related (and the truth of which may be ascertained most readily by correspondence with the parties named), be implicitly relied on as correct in all essential particulars; and yet, the occurrences that took place on that eventful night are of a kind so horrible, so utterly monstrous, that, at times, I almost believe that we all—twelve healthful men, and six women—were laboring under some strong delusion. I should still cling to this belief, with the pertinacity of a miser to his golden god, the bigot to his creed, or the

drowning wretch to the narrow plank that promises a renewal of life's tenure, were it not that facts, appalling in themselves, forever and utterly *preclude* the possibility that I—that *we*—were mistaken and deceived. What these facts were, will be most clearly shown in the sequel.”

FOOTNOTE:

[\[8\]](#) On the guillotine.

CHAPTER V.
SÉANCE AT THE BARON'S—DIABLERIE
EXTRAORDINAIRE.

“With features horribler than Hell e’er traced
On its own brood; no Demon of the waste,
No church-yard ghoul, caught lingering in the light
Of the blest sun, e’er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
The Impostor now, in grinning mockery shows.”

“WHEN I reached the house I found the company above enumerated seated in the parlor, and all most anxiously awaiting the appearance of the individual who was to afford us entertainment, and, if possible, some instruction also. For awhile it appeared that we were doomed to be disappointed. The expected party had promised to attend at thirty minutes to eight, and it was nearly that time already, and still there were no signs of his coming; but, as St. Eustache tolled out the half hour, a ring at the door-bell announced his arrival.

“The man was a tall and comely personage, apparently of Irish extraction, and had nothing whatever about him at all remarkable; indeed, he was a very so-soish sort of individual, who at first refused his name to everybody, because, to quote his own words: ‘If I remain *incog*. I shall not be lionized, which in other terms means “bored,” and pestered by persons seeking to gratify a morbid and impertinent curiosity—people who look for full-grown miracles, and expect to find them, instead of studying arts and sciences, and therewith increasing their knowledge and enriching their experience by a more intimate acquaintance with philosophic truths, and the recondite mysteries of mighty Nature.’

“The gentleman was very polished and polite, entering freely into conversation, and seemed altogether so well pleased with his audience that he threw off all reserve, laughed, joked, made puns, played upon words, and kept us in good spirits for half an hour, at the end of which time he gave us his name as a profound secret, to go no further. That name was a singular one. It was Mai Vatterale—a very curious name! He soon proposed an adjournment to the back parlor, and after reaching it he proceeded to arrange the chairs, six in a line, in the form of a triangle; after doing this, Monsieur Vatterale signified to the Baron that his part of the preliminaries was completed, whereupon that gentleman, turning to his guests, said: ‘I was informed on the day that the present meeting was arranged with Monsieur, that in all cases it was absolutely necessary that the physical systems of all who assist at, or witness his experiments, should be duly fortified with food, for what particular reason I cannot imagine, nor is it necessary that I should inquire, seeing that it is his rule, of which all present were duly notified, so that all might forego their usual repasts at their own homes, and partake of a little *souper* with me, previous to commencing our experiments, and’——

“‘*Permettez moi, s’il vous plait,*’ said Vatterale, courteously. ‘*Si cela vous est agréable*’—it is my custom, and is for the purpose of preventing any ill effects that might result from a shock of the nerves, which, believe me, you will be apt to experience before we have done.’ Of course such an explanation, indicating, as it certainly did, no small degree of preventive solicitude on the part of the illustrious foreigner, was perfectly satisfactory, and was accepted in a proper spirit by the whole company.

“‘This way, ladies; this way, gentlemen, follow me,’ said the Baron, gaily giving his arm to his wife, and leading the way to his splendid *salle a manger*.

“The worthy noble had called it *un petit souper*, but the magnificent *spread* before us rendered it a somewhat difficult task to imagine what would constitute a *grand* supper in his estimation. To describe it is no part of the task I am engaged on; and, therefore, I shall merely observe that it was a most *recherché* affair. The furniture of the table, as well as the viands themselves, was of the most sumptuous description, everything on it being of the richest and heaviest gold and silver plate—heir-looms of the old Noblesse, from whom the Baron was descended.

“Dinner or supper once over, we all left the table, and once more adjourned to the back parlor, and took seats in the chairs arranged in a triangle, the ladies, six in number, occupying those which formed the western arm thereof. When we all were properly and comfortably seated, there was quite a large vacant space before us, into which Vatterale placed two chairs facing each other, and also two foot-stools covered with damask plush-velvet close together in the other angle. He then proceeded to lock all the doors leading into the apartment, tied all the keys together with a piece of scarlet ribbon, and then hung them to one of the glass prisms pendent from a large gas chandelier directly over the centre of what I may call, not inappropriately, our circle. The jets of this chandelier, seven in number, were all in full play under a strong head of gas, and the room in all parts was quite as light as if the sun shone into the windows, two of which occupied the northern end of the parlor, both being very richly curtained, and both quite shut. I repeat, lest trickery in what followed should be suspected by yourself, that the seven jets of gas were brightly burning, and continued so all the evening, except when extinguished, without the aid of *human hands*; and as they were put out, so also were they relighted more than once.

“Having disposed of the bunch of keys, Vatterale went to both windows, examined them closely, fastened them down securely—that is to say, the lower sashes; for he let down one of the upper ones, and threw the eastern external blinds wide open, and fastened them so. Of course, the master of ceremonies had never been in that dwelling before, and of course could not have obtained information respecting it by the usual methods of visit and inquiry, yet, turning to the Baron, he requested him to ring for the servant, and through the closed door bid him *remove an ornamental iron sofa from the chamber immediately above our heads, into the dark bed-room on the third floor*, as its presence where it then stood would materially affect the experiments to be made!

“This request, made under such circumstances, surprised us all, but particularly the Baron, who stared at the man who made it, as if he regarded him as one risen from the dead; and it was, forsooth, rather a startling circumstance, to say the least. He admitted that there was such a room, and such a dark chamber, *au troisième*. Yet how the man knew it, was very strange, considering that he had been in the house but a short time, and had

not left us for a moment, nor spoken a single word to any of the servants, save on entering, to inquire if this was the Baron's residence.

“Scarcely had we recovered from the surprise natural on such an occasion, than we were again made sensible that we were dealing with an extraordinary man, for, turning to me, he begged the loan of a small metallic coin which I had received as a present from Mr. Carr less than ten minutes before Vatterale entered the house, and which coin was remarkably curious and valuable on account of its high antiquity, and it was one of the only two known to be in existence, and had been begged for me by Mr. Carr, from his friend Blaise de Jongé, the celebrated Eastern traveller, and had only been sent in a note to Mr. Carr, by that eminent savant, the night previous. Having received the coin, Vatterale placed it in his pocket, and then taking out a set of ivory tablets, wrote a request thereon, and handed it to Madame la Marquise de la Fronde, an elderly lady, foster sister to the Baron. The request was altogether so singular and so novel, that the old lady immediately read it aloud: *‘Will Madame la Marquise have the goodness to retire to the alcove and remove from between her feet and stockings the metallic plates, and, separating the zinc from the copper ones, place each metal plate with its own kind, and restore them to her feet outside the hose!’* The lady almost fainted with astonishment, for she averred that no mortal knew that she wore such plates, but that she had for ten years, and found them, by reason of the electric currents they elaborated and imparted to her system, highly beneficial to her health. She retired as requested, and, returning in a minute, convinced us of the marvellous seeing faculty of the mysterious Mai, by exhibiting the plates, which were precisely as he had described. She again retired, and, shortly returning, resumed her seat. These preliminaries being concluded, Vatterale brought into the open space before us a small portmanteau, which he carried in his hand when he entered the mansion. From this he now took a coil of wire—indeed, three small coils tied together—also a saucer of large dimensions of stone China, or thick, very thick porcelain, a large vial containing a colorless liquid, a box of paste or gum, two large, and entirely empty, thin bottles—so thin that we all looked through them at the light, as he handed them to us for that purpose. They were as clear as the best window glass, as thin and as brittle, apparently, as the finest crystal. From the same receptacle he also took what looked like three rolls of paper, one very large when unfolded, the others quite small indeed. The larger bundle he unrolled

and spread upon the floor, on the space between the chairs and *fauteuils*. It was about three feet in diameter, and was painted in all sorts of colors, and figures entirely nondescript. The centre of this article was immediately that of the triangle, ‘The Symbolical figure of the Universe, or Oneness,’ as he called it, and of course was directly beneath the large chandelier. This done, he placed the saucer right upon the centre of the symbolical chart, if I may so term it. Then, unfastening the coils of wire, he laid one along the laps of the gentlemen on one side, and fastened it by means of a link and hook to two others, which passed in front of the other two sections of the human trine. The wire held by the ladies (for we all were directed to grasp the wire before us with one hand, and the hand of the next neighbor with the other) was common iron, wound with silver foil; the one before myself was steel, wound with gold wire; and the other was of solid gold, wound, as were the others, at intervals, with floss silk. The ladies grasped with the *left* hand, and joined their right, while with the gentlemen this order was reversed. The next proceeding on the part of Mai, was to place half of the gum into the saucer; upon this he emptied the vial of colorless liquid, and set fire thereto. It burned with a clear and steady bluish flame. The gum was gradually consumed, and a peculiar and most delightful fragrance floated through the room.

“During the burning process, the operator sat upon the stool, and gazed fixedly and intently upon, or rather toward, the open sash, while the rest of us were chatting merrily, and wondering what would be the result of all these weird and curious preparations.

“I said the rest of us were merrily chatting, but must qualify that observation by excluding from this employment one person, and that person was—myself, for I found it utterly impossible to mingle in the conversation with that abandon and unreserve which characterized the others. It was altogether beyond my power to forget the tremendous experiences of that very day, which I had undergone. A weight was on my spirit that could not be lifted off. The ‘Ghost of Ravalette’ seemed to be invisibly hovering over me, and although unseen, his presence seemed to be palpably felt by me. The events at Belleville constantly obtruded themselves before the eye of the mind; the affair at the gardener’s, the singular result of his impromptu wager, the woman at the *Barrière*, and, above all, the frightful occurrences at the Rue Michel le Compte, with its sure—absolutely sure—termination

on the Guillotine—the miserable and ignominious death of D’Emprat, and the unearthly means whereby his deed of crime—the crime a horrible murder, committed thirty-seven years before—the unearthly and mysterious means, I repeat, by which his guilt was brought to light—this, all this, so oppressed me that I could not take a present interest in what was transpiring about me. Indeed, I cared little for either Mai or his tricks—which, from observing the method of his preparations, I had already not only despised, but put down to the score of legerdemain—clever and surprising, but still nothing more than legerdemain.

“How rudely this conceit was broken up, how horribly I was convinced of my mistaken estimate of the man before us, will very soon be seen. As for his skill in detecting the coin, the sofa, and the plates, I had already secretly accounted. I remembered Caspar Hauser, and several other *Sensitives*, who could detect the presence of metals by what may be called ‘magnetic sense.’ His description of the dark bed-room *au troisième*, was very simple, for nearly all old houses have such chambers on that floor; this was an old house; Vatterale saw it, and made what preliminary capital he could from his acuteness. With the present weight of experience; with the memory of the deeds of the mystical Ravalette still fresh in mind, of course I could not be very highly interested in such displays of minor magic as I felt convinced were very shortly to be made by the conjuring gentleman before us.

“Suddenly the man whose pretensions I had just been inwardly criticising, partially raised himself from the stool, threw back his head until his long, wavy locks fell upon his shoulders, and muttered between his teeth, as if the word-birth was extremely painful, ‘HE IS COMING!’ and we noticed that his face, naturally of a dingy yellow, suddenly became of an ashen-hued paleness, and his eyes darted forth luminous sparks that were plainly visible even amid the glare of that brilliantly-lighted apartment; and at the same instant he placed his right hand over the region of his heart—that is to say, over that part where nine-and-ninety of every hundred suppose the heart to be, namely, under the left breast. He did this as if to repress a rising pang, then turning to his audience, he exclaimed—‘Look sharp! Be firm! be fearless! be attentive! but if you would avoid danger, a nameless, but great danger, stir not, move not from your seats. Grasp the cord, retain each other’s hands, make what remarks you may deem proper, *but stir not an*

inch—a single inch from your seats, happen what may! I am going to surprise you.’

“We all assented verbally, and not a few of the company began even to joke him on his sorcery and magic, when we all started from our seats, but were instantly motioned back by an anxious frown and a commanding, magisterial wave of his right hand. The simultaneous movement on our part, was caused by a *yell*, for such it was, that proceeded, not, as might be anticipated, from a female, but from a Mr. Theodore Dwight, an American gentleman, hailing from Philadelphia—and at the present time still dwelling there.

“This person, as all who know him will certify, is no weak, puling, nerveless man, for a man more the opposite of all this could scarce be found in a month’s search.

“The sound which came from his lips was a shriek of terror, horror, and agony combined, as might well be fancied to come from the throats of the damned souls of the nether hell. It was, indeed, a paroxysm of deadly fright. In an instant all eyes were turned toward him. He was paler than a corpse, the very image of Death itself; his eyes protruded from their sockets, and he trembled as if he stood before the final bar; his lips refused to tell the cause of his distress, but his gaze was intently fixed, with an immovable expression of horror, upon *the saucer* on the floor. Instinctively our eyes followed the same direction, except Vatterale’s, who still was looking toward the open sash. With this exception, I repeat, we all looked toward the floor, when, great God! what a sight was there! The saucer was still there, but the two small rolls of paper *were gone!* *They* had disappeared, but in their stead we distinctly saw—for, recollect, there were seven full jets of gas in full blaze right over our heads—we saw, I reiterate, with our eyes—physical, bodily eyes—three horrible beings, somewhat resembling overgrown scorpions—only, that instead of claws, they had—*hands and arms!* for all the world like those of a newly-born negro child! These detestable *things*, for I dare not blaspheme the Great Eternal by calling them creatures, were about five inches broad on the back, by some eighteen in length. Their color was a deep crimson, mottled with purple, green, and yellow stripes and spots, and they were completely covered with scales, like those of an armadillo. Conceive, if you can, of a tarantula or spider so large, and which—each one of them—moved about on the very tips of twelve

legs, sixteen or eighteen inches long, and all the while whirling and twirling its *hands and arms* (two of each), eighteen inches long and three-fourths as large as its body, and you will form a tolerable picture of the repulsive, unsightly, hideous monstrosities crawling, or rather ‘stilting,’ round that saucer on the floor.

“Each one of these loathsome *things* had four large, protruding eyes, closely resembling those of the monster Frog of India; but these eyes, unlike the frog’s, were not leaden-hued; instead of this being the case, I think no spark of fire ever shone brighter—in fact, they fairly gleamed with what I can indicate by no other term than infernal redness; for it seemed that at every flash they emitted the concentrated venom of a gorgon; and beneath the fearful spell we all sat perfectly immovable with fear.

“What our agony would have been had the accursed things ventured to move toward us, I dare not even imagine, but they still and ever kept in the one track, moving with orderly march around that saucer on the floor. We felt and knew that they were living, actual realities, a genuine and horrid trinity of *facts*, and not a mere optical illusion, or the result of a play upon our fancies, mesmeric or otherwise. This opinion was confirmed by the most positive and blasting testimony, for, as they solemnly, demoniacally marched about the centre of that symbolic chart, they left a trailing streak of greenish—*dead, hard, greenish* ichor or pus, behind them at each revolution, and a few drops of this fell upon the Baron’s carpet. Some months afterward he and I exchanged letters on the events of that night, and he assured me that not a single chemical amongst the hundreds applied for the purpose had been of the least effect toward removing the stain. ‘The carpet has been discharged of its colors and re-dyed, yet no dye will cover those spots!’ This was not all, for on one of their rounds they nearly quitted the chart, and the Baron struck at them with his foot, whereupon one of them spirted forth a fetid liquid, which fell upon his boot, and made a mark there as if the leather had been seared with hot iron!

“ ‘Talk not to me of legerdemain after this! Speak not to me of optical illusion, or deceptive appearances, in the face of such facts as these, for here are marks,’ wrote the Baron to me, ‘here are palpable evidences that defy contradiction. They were made on that night, and there they yet remain, and, albeit I cry, “Out, damned spots!” they will not, but persist in remaining absolute confirmations of vivid, strange, incontrovertible *facts*!’

“ ‘But why did you not get up, under such circumstances, all of you, and escape from the room?’ is a very natural and perhaps not unreasonable question, that may without impropriety be asked just here, and I reply: For several reasons; among which a few shall be named. First, the doors were all securely locked, and although we had seen Mai mount a chair, and hang the keys to one of the glass pendants, yet upon looking there, we found that they, as well as the two rolls of paper, had disappeared. Secondly, the windows were fastened down, besides being many feet from the ground—at least fifteen—and to leap that distance was altogether out of the question, even had we thought of it, which we did not. Thirdly, the earnest and solemn warning given by Vatterale before anything took place; his assurance that if we obeyed his injunctions not to stir—that, although we might be frightened, yet no harm could or would befall us—acted, amidst all our terror, as a sort of stopper upon any precipitate movement, after the first shock was over.

“We could not quit the room provided even all the doors had been flung wide open. Hast never heard tell of the *fascination* of Danger? If so, then know that it was upon us in all its terrible force and power. We were bound, chained, rooted, riveted to the spot, by a potentiality never to be questioned, never to be despised, for its might, when once it fastens upon its victim, is merciless, gripping, stern and unrelenting. We felt that to stir, was to incur the hazard of an unknown, unguessed-at danger. ALL were fascinated by terror; to move was to add ten-fold to its power! It was a feeling akin to that experienced by the native of Ind, who roused from his mid-day slumber, wakes to feel the clammy folds of the cobra-capello, the dreadful hooded serpent of his clime, slowly writhing and winding beneath his garments about his naked flesh; and who realizes, as his heart stops beating and his blood runs icily with agony, and as the great big beaded drops of cold sweat ooze out from every pore, that to stir, to breathe, to even quiver under the pressure of his mortal fear, is certain, irrevocable, positive death—knowing as he does, that nor man nor beast hath ever yet lived a single hour after the fangs of the hooded snake have once opened a passage for the entrance of the King of Terrors!

“And such was the pall that rested upon the eighteen persons in that room, as the detestable trinity moved slowly around that saucer on the floor; their eyes—their great, horny, bulging eyes—all the while scintillating and

flashing with the very essence of intense malignity—malignity as of a devil! The female portion of the company I fear may never recover from the shock that night received. They did not faint, or scream, or swoon, as perhaps it might have been suspected they would under such diabolic circumstances, simply, however, for the reason that the tension of soul and nerve was altogether too severe and great to permit, even for an instant, the reaction which is an absolute prerequisite to relief by or through the methods indicated.

“Probably the length of time that elapsed from the shriek of our comrade, till the final disappearance of the three monsters, did not exceed three minutes, yet in that brief space we had undergone years of terror.

“Truly, the real lapse of time is not to be reckoned by the beats of the clock, but only by sensations and heart-throbs. Mai, at the termination of the time specified, rose from his stool, took a small basket from his portmanteau, and then fearlessly seizing the *things*, one at a time, he carefully doubled up their legs under them, and placed them in it. Then taking the two crystal bottles already alluded to, he placed them lengthwise on the chart, with their necks and apertures facing each other, after which he resumed his seat upon the foot-stool, addressing no word or sign to the spectators of his movements. And now it began to grow dark! The jets of gas appeared to burn less clear and fully, just as if some one was slowly turning the cocks which let it on, with a gradual movement. In a little while the room was darkened, though not exactly dark, for there was still a dim half light—a sort of semi-blue, semi-dull red, misty radiance, just sufficient to enable us to distinguish objects vaguely, indistinct and dimly.

“ ‘Stir not! fear not!’ said the thick, husky voice of Vatterale; and before we could reply, a scene commenced, such as it hath seldom fallen to man’s lot to witness.

“ ‘Allow me to explain a modern mystery,’ said Vatterale, ‘but first let me remove your fears. Look!’

“Scarcely had he spoken these words, than the room was suddenly illuminated, as if the very air was aglow with the most brilliant light, and we saw the two bottles quite plainly. As we gazed upon these, there came from one the appearance of an enormous serpent, which proceeded to coil itself up, until its bulk thrice exceeded that of both the bottles. Then there

came still another, and another, until no less than twelve lay there, coiled up in a loathsome pile; but as the last one emerged from one bottle, the first one entered the other, until all had disappeared as they had come.

“ ‘I will now show you that you cannot always trust your own senses,’ said Vatterale, ‘nor account for what you see;’ and he straightway emptied the basket, and broke the bottles. All three were empty! Not a sign of snake or scorpion was there!

“ ‘Again, I will show you a curious thing. You will please call a servant, seat her on one of those chairs, and bid her on a wager hold a skein of silk while it is being wound—merely to keep her attention—that is all. But,’ and he spoke very earnestly, ‘whatever you see or hear, I beg you will not utter a single word.’

“This was assented to; a skein of silk was ordered, but not till the gaslight had displaced the other.

“ ‘It will be just seventeen minutes before the girl is ready,’ said Mai; ‘and while waiting, I will *demonstrate a fallacy*. The creatures you have beheld to night are real, but ephemeral—they are Will-creations, and perish when the power ceases to act which called them into being. As proof of what I say, Behold!’

“From the floor in the eastern corner of the room there straightway begun to arise a light mist, which increased in bulk until a ball of vapor, three feet in diameter, floated in the air. Thus it remained for a minute; and then, right before our eyes, began to condense and change its shape, until at the end of four minutes, it had assumed a human semblance—but, Heavens! what a caricature!

“At first it was a mere vapory outline, but it rapidly condensed and consolidated, until what looked like a hideous, half-naked, bow-legged, splay-footed monster stood before us. Its height was less than three feet; its chest and body were nearly that in width; its legs were not over eight inches long; its arms were longer than its entire body; its head was gigantic; and it had no neck whatever, while from its horrible head there hung to the very ground the appearance of a tangled mass of wire-like worms. Its mouth was a fearful-looking red gash, extending to where ears should have been, but were not. Eyes, nose, cheeks, chin, lips or forehead, there were none

whatever. Do not imagine that this creature was merely an appearance; it was not, for although born of vapor, in five minutes it became solid as iron, demonstrating the fact by stalking heavily across the floor right into the centre of the open space between us—the chains being dropped as it approached—where it stood, slowly swaying to and fro, as if its heart was heavy.

“ ‘Show your quality,’ said Mai to the thing. ‘I will,’ it hissed, and straightway proceeding toward a table, it stood by it a few minutes, and it became apparent that it was charging the wood with something from itself, for soon the table began to turn, to tip, to move, to rise and float in the air, precisely as is done in spiritual circles.

“ ‘Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will please act just as if that before you was a human spirit, invisible to you, and desirous of imparting information. I dare say you will be surprised at the results. You see already that it is a capital table-mover, and I beg you to test its mental and physical powers also—for I assure you there is nothing to fear, now that I give you leave to break the silence—which was quite essential in the first part of the curious experiment.’

“Thus assured, several of us asked the thing to show us what it could do. Whereupon it made motions as if it wanted to write. Paper and pencil being placed upon the table, it seized the pencil with its long claw-like fingers, and its hand flew over the page like lightning, and in ten seconds it finished, and striking the table three heavy blows with its fist, signified that it had finished; whereupon Mr. D—— reached for the sheet, and read therefrom one of the most tender messages conceivable, from a dead mother to a living son. Even the hand writing was a perfect *fac-simile* of his mother’s; the name—Lucy—was correct, and certain dear and peculiar phrases, used by her when alive, were given with minute precision and fidelity; as, for instance, ‘sweet one, mine,’ instead of ‘my sweet one.’ Mr. D—— turned pale. ‘Is it possible I have been so imposed upon—so horribly deceived?’ said he, for he was a devout follower of the modern thaumaturgy.

“Several further tests, equally successful and decisive, were then given by this ghostly thing, both by writing, tipping, rapping, and the production of beautiful phantom hands, faces, flowers, and other objects, many of which were not only singular but magnificent. Probably thousands of persons have

seen the curious pencil drawings, executed by ‘mediums,’ and which are said to be portraits of ‘Spiritual flowers’—for most certainly they resemble nothing growing on this earth. Well, in less than five minutes the horrible thing there at the table, the eyeless monster, executed thirteen such—and they would pass current as splendid specimens of ‘Spirit art.’

“ ‘Now,’ said Vatterale, ‘for something else.’ And then addressing the thing, he said: ‘You will now render yourself viewless, and show what you can do. And first let us have some music.’ Then turning to the company, he said: ‘Real spirits love the light, but such as *that* invariably act most efficiently in the dark—for then they have the advantage of the elements condensed upon their forms—a semi-material investiture—and can come in direct contact with material substances, which, in the case of real spirits, is exceedingly difficult of accomplishment.’

“During this speech, our attention was diverted from the incarnated to the incarnator—for it must not be forgotten that the entire phenomena exhibited by this wondrous personage, were the creatures of his conscious will, brought into being and again cast out by a thought, and according to a *known and transferable formula*. True, there were others in whom this creative faculty existed, but then such persons either exercised the power involuntarily through the mechanical processes of mind and will, or else they are but the proxies of the Larvæ. When he ceased speaking the monster was gone from our sight, but not from our hearing, for Mai gently waved his hand, and as he did so there came to us the softest, gentlest, sweetest, and the most soul-stirring strains of music that ever fell on human hearing. Above, below, around, now here, now there, close at hand, and then afar off, it sounded; and the only comparison I can make is, that it sounded like a solemn requiem chaunted by angels over the perished form of what was once a god—the tones were so pathetic, so solemn, so supremely sorrow-freighted—reminding one of the plaintive

“ ‘Huhm, meleagar malooshe,
Huhm meleagar, ma-looshe,’

only that it was ten-fold more profound, and stirred depths the other could never reach.

“This strange music was a perfect corroboration of the theory advanced by the Italian Count at the séance before Napoleon, already mentioned; for, allowing that the being who made it was a real and independent existence, it was impossible for such conceptions to exist in it, for the reason that none but a mighty soul could create them, and the thing itself was exceedingly, revoltingly low in the scale of organization. But, on the other hand, if the thing were the creature of Mai’s will, it was conceivable that it vocally expressed his unuttered thought, itself totally unconscious of either the music or its meaning.

“It ceased. It still remained invisible, and Mai proposed that Count de M ——— should hold one end of an accordion, while the thing invisibly held and played upon the other. This was assented to, and the instrument, bottom up, was held at arm’s length, directly beneath the light. *It was placed on*, in masterly style, while in that position. It, as well as a guitar, harp and piano, were played on when no one was near them, and nothing to be seen; and then, at the command of the arch-magician, the whole performance was repeated by the terrific thing in its perfectly visible form.

“Presently, a knock at the door told us that the servant sent for had arrived, with the silk in her hand. She was admitted; the thing retired from view.

“ ‘Marie,’ said the Baron, ‘a wager is laid that one of these gentlemen cannot unwind a skein of silk which you are to hold, both of you being blindfolded. I wager that it can be done. If I win, you shall have three days to visit your family, besides something to carry to the old people and the little ones. Now, you must not laugh or speak while the silk is being wound; if you do I lose. Will you try?’

“ ‘Certainly,’ replied the girl; ‘and you shall see that I will not laugh. Oh, *papa, maman*, I shall have three days! *Mon Dieu!* but it is a fine thing!’ And, taking the seat offered, she suffered the silk to be placed across her wrists, and be blindfolded by the Baroness.

“This having been done, Mr. D——, at a sign from Vatterale, took the end of the cord, and began slowly to unwind it.

“ ‘And now begin,’ said the latter, speaking toward where the thing had disappeared. The command was heard. It came forth, touched the girl’s hand, and instantly she was thrown into a profound trance, whence another touch revived her, but not to wakeful consciousness. Instead of this, she rose, threw down the silk, approached several musical instruments in succession, and played upon them most exquisitely. The thing touched her head, and she made love in the most tender terms to three gentlemen in succession, declaring to each in turn that he was her ‘eternal affinity,’ and had been so from the foundation of the world.

“Again it touched her; and, suddenly changing her manner, she declaimed in lofty strain. Now she was Charlotte Corday, then Maximillian the Incorruptible; again, she was the Maid of Orleans, and then a simple Indian maiden. Now she was Malibran, and sung divinely; anon, she was a strong-minded woman, and talked about the Divine creative work of woman;—about love—that man had made it special when it should be general, and, therefore, free. She raved about the Bible, called it excellent soft bark; called the Saviour the Nazarene; spoke of the Deity as the Great Positive Mind; declared she was His private secretary; prated about Starnos and ’Cor, Summer Lands, Gupturion, Mornia, divorces, and how to get them; progress and humbug, milky ways, and the people of Jupiter, with a hundred other follies, but which she, unlike her exemplars, for the time believed. The scene continued for at least two hours, at the end of which time Mai dismissed the thing, and restored the girl, who was totally oblivious of all that had occurred. She received sundry pieces of gold from those present, and left the room, doubtless desiring to unwind more silk at the same rate.

“ ‘I will now show you something equally curious,’ said Mai, ‘and, perhaps, quite as interesting as anything you have yet beheld. Look!’

“We did so. Simultaneously, and from all parts of the room, there now arose, as from the floor, innumerable minute globules of various-colored fire—red, green, blue, purple, scarlet, gold, silver, crimson, white and violet—leaping, flashing, dancing and frisking about, as if endowed with sensuous, joyous gaiety. Apparently, there were thousands of them, all

moving in disorder through the air, now lighting on the picture-frames suspended from the wall, now collecting in great masses in front of the splendid mirrors, and, anon, gliding along the floor, under our seats, through our feet, over the chairs, and about the carpet, as if in the very wantonness of sport, their every motion being accompanied by a hissing sound, in kind, though not in volume, like that emitted by an ascending rocket as it rushes through the air. Presently, they formed themselves into crowns, just such as I had seen years before, in that same Paris, float over and crown Napoleon at the behest of an Italian Count. In an instant I associated the two circumstances, and, turning to the magician, was about to speak, when, as if divining my purpose, he nodded to me, and said aloud

“ ‘I told you we should meet again! Be patient—this night must pass. Accept the present I left for you at your hotel, and do not forget that we shall *meet again!*’ and he became silent as before, while the company scarcely knew what to make of this abrupt, and apparently meaningless speech.

“I had solved one problem. Vatterale and the Count were one and the same person; but who and what were the other two—Miakus and Ravalette?

“The fiery crowns concluded the exhibition, and at a late hour the company separated, and each sought his pillow.”

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL OF THE EDITOR.

“Too excited to sleep, I threw myself upon the sofa, and turned the strange series of events over in my mind. Two things were absolutely certain, nay, three—1st, That neither Ravalette, Vatterale, nor the Italian Count, were men as are other men; 2d, that not one of the company suspected this fact; and 3d, that myself was the object, sole and alone, of these extraordinary visitations. Above and beyond all these, it was plain that my destiny was rapidly approaching a crisis, and that the Stranger (mentioned in the legend), as well as Dhoula Bel, were still influencing me for purposes which I could not divine to their full extent. I had already become a Rosicrucian, had passed through five degrees, had visited the Orient, and was about to go again, had learned many dark and solemn mysteries, been instructed in several degrees of magic, knew all about the Elixir of life, the power of will, the art of reading others’ destinies, of constructing and using magic mirrors, and how to discover mines of precious metal, and had deeply regretted that the terrible oath whereby the true Rosicrucian binds himself never to seek wealth for himself, and never to accept riches as the price of the exercise of his power, prevented me from availing myself of its advantages. I knew that on the altar of knowledge I had sacrificed all the deeper interests of my nature. I knew that my heart yearned for woman’s love—that she held one portion of my soul captive at times, but never filled it—that there was a possibility of escaping what I dreaded, could I meet and mingle with a certain soul in whose body ran no drop of Adamic blood; and I almost resolved to abandon all hope, perform the part required of me by my tempters of Belleville, the Tuilleries, and Boston, when suddenly I remembered the paper that Ravalette had placed in my hand, as also the present left for me by Vatterale, but, resolving to omit all care concerning them till morning, at length I succeeded in falling into an uneasy slumber,

from which I awoke late on the following morning to find that you, my dear friend [the Editor], had just arrived from Alexandria, and had called upon me.”

CHAPTER VII. THE GRAND SECRET?

IT now devolves upon the Editor of these pages to complete the narrative of Beverly, his friend.

I had just reached Paris from Marseilles, where I had arrived a few days before, by way of Malta, from Alexandria. On reaching Paris it was my intention to rest but one night there, and then pursue my way *via* Rouen, in Normandy, to Di ppe and England, and thence home to America. Like all other travellers, I desired to spend a week in Paris, but business prevented, consequently I made preparations to leave the famous city on the day following my arrival; but I resigned myself to this necessity with all the more fortitude, for the reason that by so doing I should be able to retain the company of a very pleasant gentleman, whose society I had enjoyed continually from Cairo, where we first met, to Paris, and which I might, by making no stop in the latter place, continue to enjoy all the way home, as he intended to start just so soon as he rejoined his daughter, who, for about three years had been receiving her education in Paris, and whom he was about to conduct to his home—a newly-purchased one in New York.

The history of Mr. Im Hokeis and his adventures, as related to me on our journey, are so well worth repeating that I shall give a short abstract, even at the risk of enlarging this chapter.

“I was born,” said he, “on the banks of the Caspian Sea, of the family of Hokeis—a sacred family, in whom was invested the highest order of Priesthood, and on whom devolved the care of the sacred fire, for we were Guebres, and the fire must never be extinguished, nor had it been, so say our records, for many thousand years, for Religion with us is quite a different thing from what it is among the men of Islam, India, Rome, or the West. We pride ourselves upon the purity of our faith, and its superiority to

all that is professed by the children of Adam, quite as much as we do our Pedigree from *Ish*, the great founder of our race and a powerful pre-Adamite king and conqueror.”

I cannot now afford time to repeat the arguments by which Im Hokeis demonstrated the startling proposition that there *were* other people living on earth besides those who claimed Adam as their founder. All this may be found elsewhere.^[9] He said that he was destined from birth to be chief priest of the Faith, and had married a woman of his tribe and rank, at the early age of seventeen. Near the time he was about being ordained, war had broken out between the Guebres and their Persian tyrants. Himself and wife were captured, taken to Herat, and there condemned to lose their eyes, from which horrible fate they were rescued by a member of the British Embassy, with whom they remained for nearly three years, by which time they had mastered the English language. While in the service of the minister, Hokeis had the good fortune to save his life, in consequence of which a friendship sprung up between them so strong, that when the Embassy returned to Britain the two Guebres went with it. Arrived in London, Hokeis received an appointment as interpreter, and soon accumulated means, after which he entered into a direct trade with Persia, and although, during the nine years in which he was engaged therein, heaven had not sent him any children, yet it had blessed him with abounding wealth.

At length, in the thirteenth year of their married life, their prayer was answered, and it became evident that God was about to send them a child. He did, and a beautiful girl was born, but the eyes of her mother were closed in death at the moment it first saw the light.

One day the nurse, who was a relative of Hokeis’ wife, was wheeling the child around the walks of Hampstead Heath, when they wandered within the precincts of a gipsy encampment, and the girl was persuaded to have her own and the child’s fortune told. The complexion and features of the twain led to remarks on their nationality, and by skillful manœuvring the gipsy woman ascertained that the couple before her were Guebres by birth, and had been by religion. The mummery over and the fee paid, the girl went home with her charge. They were followed, and on that very night, while the nurse slept, the child was stolen. Search was made for the gang of gipsies—the abduction having been clearly traced to them, by reason of a note left behind by the robber, stating that the child would be well cared for

—but in vain, for on the very next day the whole gang, thirty in number, had sailed in a packet from the London Docks, for America.

Many years rolled by, when one day, as the disconsolate father was walking in the garden of the same house whence the child was stolen, he was accosted by an old beldame, who asked him what he would pay in gold in return for information respecting his child. It is needless to narrate the successive steps taken. Suffice it that within twenty-four hours the father and the gipsy were on the ocean, going as fast as steam would carry them toward the Western World.... The child, now a regal woman, was found, and father and daughter lived with each other for a time in New York, where a fine property had been bought; for the old gentleman so liked the New World that he determined to settle there for life, after his daughter had been properly cultured in Europe, whither he soon took her, and then, after transmitting the bulk of his fortune to America, went on a final visit to his people in Persia, his friends and co-religionists in the East. I had met with him as already stated, when on his return from Egypt to France.

This brings us to the night of my arrival in Paris. It being impossible to join his child that night, Hokeis and myself drove to a hotel in the *Palaise Royale*, and were at the satisfactory end of a supper, when a person who was totally unknown to either of us entered the *salle à manger*, and, making a profound obeisance to us both, said: “*Salute!* I come to tell you, Im Hokeis, that you will not quit Paris to-morrow. But at the hour of four you will take your daughter to the house that is last but one on the left ascending the *Boulevard de Luxembourg*. You will ask me no questions, but will obey. My authority I thus give you,” and he whispered three words in the ear of Hokeis, that caused the latter to start as if he had been shot. *He had received the secret countersign of the priests of fire!* Then turning to me, he said, “You will go early in the morning to the *Hotel Fleury*. There you will find Beverly, your friend, join him; go where he goes, and quit him not for an instant for the next two days—*his salvation depends upon it!* Now I go. Forget not the words of *the Stranger*.”

I was thunderstruck. Hokeis and I talked much that night before we slept. What we spoke of is easily to be conceived.

This brings me to my next meeting with Beverly, whose fortunes we will now follow.

It will be remembered that Ravalette had given him a paper just before they parted in Belleville, and that Vatterale had also left something for him at his hotel. Bearing this in mind, observe what followed.

In a bold, strong hand was written these words in the note placed by Ravalette in the hands of Beverly when they parted in Belleville—"When you need me—when you are ready to become one of us—when you have given up all hope of ever probing the mystery of my existence and your own—then seek me in *the house that is last but one on the left ascending the Boulevard de Luxembourg*.—Ravalette."

The identical direction, and almost in the very words given by the mysterious personage to Hokeis, in the hotel of the Palais Royale on the previous night. The circumstance made a great impression on my mind, but prudence forbade all mention of it to Beverly. He seemed quite glad of this opportunity of solving the strange riddle, and, to my great delight, begged and insisted that I should spend the day with him, and in the evening we would investigate the subject together; and that I readily consented, may be easily imagined. There were several motives prompting me in this affair—curiosity, friendship, and a vague hope of baffling what Beverly regarded as his doom. Those who have read carefully what has here been written, will remember that Beverly had convinced me that there was more in the strange legend, regarding the king, the princess, the riddle, the murder, and the curse and its fulfillment, than the majority of people would be willing to concede. In short, I was decidedly inclined to believe in Dhoul Bel and the other doomed one, but I had no faith whatever in either Miakus, Ravalette, the Italian Count, or Vatterale. I did not believe all these names belonged to one person, and I finally settled down on the following theory, point by point:—1st, That there was in existence a society, having its head-quarters in Paris, the members of which were practisers of Oriental magic and necromancy, in which they were most astonishingly expert. 2d, That the organization had for its object, not the attainment of wealth or political position, but abstract knowledge, and the absolute rule of the world through the action and influence of the brotherhood upon the crowned heads and officials of the world. 3d, That this association was governed by a master-mind, and that mind was Ravalette's. 4th, That this society had cultivated mesmerism to a degree unapproachable by all the world besides. That they had exhausted ordinary clairvoyance, and eagerly sought a brain which

would admit of the most thorough magnetization, and whose natural tendency was toward the mystical, transcendental and weird, yet strong, strong-willed, logical, emulative, daring and ambitious; and that, to discover such, their agents had traversed all four continents of the globe; and that finally they had heard of Beverly, whose fame as a seer was world-wide; that they had found him, and, beyond doubt, had learned the strange particulars of his life, the legend, and his hope. They had seen him, and at once decided that, under their wonderful manipulation, he could be placed in a magnetic slumber many degrees more profound than is possible in one case in five millions, and reach a degree of mental lucidity and psychovision that would not only surpass all that the earth had yet witnessed in that direction, from Budha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and the Oracles of Greece, down to the days of Boehme and the Swede, since when there has been no clairvoyant really worthy of the name. True, there were semi-lucides in abundance, but these either were only capable of reading or noting material objects, and, at best, repeating the thoughts of other men, or giving the contents of books as original matter, heaven-derived—as the self-styled “great (*sic*) American seer” gave forth the contents of a volume written by Pierpont Greeves, mixed and muddled up with a few really sublime thoughts taken from the minds of his scribe, his mesmerizer, and the highly intellectual coterie who gathered round him during his séances. 5th, They knew that, unless Beverly’s will accorded with their desire, it would be useless to attempt to gain their ends through him; and hence, all their efforts by playing the shining bait of magic for the purpose of inducing him to consent to anything in order to gain their power. Hence, too, their gift of the secrets of the Magic Mirror, the Elixir of Life, of Youth, of Love, and a score of others equally curious and invaluable to the student of the soul. 6th, It was clear that, while these men knew much of the Rosicrucian system, they were not in full harmony or accord with that brotherhood.

Thus I reasoned, and it was easy to account for the scenes in the Boston office and at Beverly’s home—the apparent immunity Miakus enjoyed from the effects of the fire, which burnt the chair but not his thigh, I accounted for on the ground that chemistry helped him, as it had a score of “fire-kings” beside.

Thus far, I felt that my theory covered the whole ground of this clever fraternity; but when I recurred to the scenes witnessed by no less than

eighteen people at the house of the Baron, I confess, candidly, that it utterly failed. Still, I totally rejected all supernaturalism as connected with the affair, and, attributing the whole to expert trickery, I determined to lay a trap to catch the performers in the very act, and flattered myself that it would be successful. “Ho! ho! Mr. Vatterale, I’ll show you!” I exclaimed, as I shook Beverly’s hand, and leaving him, to bathe, dress, and breakfast alone, I hurried out, ostensibly to go to the post-office, but, in reality, to visit the head-quarters of the Paris Police, which I did, and, when there, briefly but clearly stated my belief that a friend of mine was being victimized in the manner stated; to all of which the chief official lent an attentive ear, caused my *proces verbal* to be recorded, directed me how to proceed so as not to alarm the suspected parties, and promised to have a *posse* on hand very close to the house on the Boulevard de Luxembourg by the hour named. On my way back to the Hotel Fleury, I dropped in to see if Hokeis was home, but found only a note, informing me that he had gone to Versailles after his daughter. I rejoined Beverly.

FOOTNOTE:

[9] The argument proving the existence of the human race thousands of years anterior to the date of Adam, may be found in “Pre-Adamite Man.” By Griffin Lee. New York. S. Tousey. 1863.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOULEVART DE LUXEMBOURG.

IMPATIENT as I was for the hour to arrive, in which all my doubts might be forever solved, yet Beverly was still more so. No condemned man ever wished more ardently for the moment when, by the halter or the glaive, the grand secret should be revealed to him, than did my friend for that in which he should know the best or the worst for him.

Three o'clock found us within a stone's throw of the house designated as the rendezvous, and the three or four little shingles in front of it with "Appartements à louer," "Chambres garni," and "Cabinets meubles," told at once that it was one of those middle-class establishments where a person might hire rooms and live undisturbed for a whole lifetime, provided the rent was duly paid.

Into the square, paved court of this house we entered, and before the least inquiry was made, the *concierge* came out of his crib, saluted us respectfully, and said: "You are two of the gentlemen expected here to-day by the occupant of the second floor. Please ascend. You will find him in the first room to the left," and the old fellow hobbled back to his nest, and instantly began pegging away at the heel of a shoe, which he was engaged in healing and heeling when we entered the court.

Following his directions, we ascended a broad, winding stairway of stone, and found ourselves on a landing. From this landing one stairway ascended, and another led to the court below. At the further end, but on the side, was a door, and at the hither end another. The house itself stood quite isolated from all others, and the windows of the rooms, it was clear, must overlook the boulevard and a lane crossing it at right angles. We entered the first door, and found ourselves in a very plainly-furnished, large, square room, having two windows at the end, two more on the side, a cupboard, recess, and two

large folding doors, both standing wide open, so that, finding no person in the first room, we passed through them into the second, but still failed to see or even hear the least indication that their occupant was anywhere around. I was glad of this, for it gave opportunity for an examination of the premises; therefore calling the *concierger*, I asked him the name, occupation, and period of occupancy of his second-floor tenant, to which he very readily responded, by saying that his tenant was a foreign scholar named Elarettav; that he was wealthy, had lived there five years, and saw very little company, never dined or eat in the house, and in short was a very fine man, indeed—he paid two louis a month for porter’s fees! The *concierger* left, and I carefully remarked the place, and found the floor and ceiling was of stone, as are all French houses. The cupboard was low, narrow, and filled with wine bottles and glasses, far more like a student’s quarters than a grave philosopher’s like Ravalette, if, indeed, that personage was the same described as Elarettav by the porter. The recess was small and simple, and contained nothing but a cot bedstead and its appropriate furniture. I concluded that there was no preparation for magic, if any was intended, and as this notion passed through my mind, the clock struck four, and we heard the footsteps of a man in the other room, notwithstanding the door was not seen to open. We went to that other room, and, “Ravalette, as I live!” exclaimed Beverly; and, sure enough, there stood, calmly smiling, just such an old gentleman as I had heard described.

“You have sought, and you have found me! I hope you will profit by the finding,” said he to Beverly; “and you, sir, have done well to accompany your friend,” addressing me in a tone slightly insulting, and all the more so from being slight. It was evident that he did not relish my presence in the least, and as for me I had no sooner set eyes on my man than I felt assured of the truth of my theory, and that I stood in presence of one of the ablest intellects on earth—a man capable of all that had been attributed to him, and one who would reach his goal and carry his point at all hazards, even if in doing so it were necessary to sail through seas of human blood. I flatter myself on my ability to measure men and to circumvent deliberate villainy, and no sooner had I heard the tones of Ravalette’s voice, and seen the clear-cut features of his face, than I at once suspected some sort of foul play was on the tapis, and which I determined to thwart, even if I had to give him the solid contents of a couple of Derringers and a Colt’s revolver, which I had taken care to provide myself with before venturing into what might have

been the den of unscrupulous wretches, for aught I knew to the contrary. It may be that Ravalette read my thoughts, for he certainly looked uneasy, but said nothing, for at that moment the *concierge* threw open the door and announced “*Monsieur Hokeis et fille,*” and my travelling companion and his daughter—the most voluptuous and glorious looking woman that I had ever beheld in any land, not even excepting the glowing beauties of Beyrout or Stamboul—entered the room.

Ravalette seemed to have been expecting them, and did not appear at all surprised at their uninvited presence; but the effect upon Hokeis and his daughter, the very moment they beheld his face, was perfectly electrical, yet totally dissimilar, for Hokeis instantly threw himself upon his knees before Ravalette, bent his head, and folded his hands in an attitude half supplicatory, half adoring, and said:

“Oh, dread genius of the Fire and the Flame! do I see thee here? Alas! I am a wretched man, but thou art powerful and will forgive! My defection was not my choice, but that of accident, and in the religion of Isauvi have I found more peace than ever in thy temples of the temples of Astarte!”

My brain fairly reeled beneath the tremendous rush of emotions, conflicting as a whirlwind, excited by this extraordinary scene; while, as for Beverly, his face was like an ashen cloth, his limbs were like an aspen.

The next moment these emotions underwent an entire change, for the woman, who appeared not to have taken the least notice of her father’s action or speech, went straight up to Ravalette, placed her jewelled hand upon his shoulder, looked him straight in the eye, as if she would wither and crush him at a glance, and in a voice low, but clear and deep, said: “And so, thou fiend, we meet again! Art going to essay more of thy tricks and magic spells? Art going to set more snares for the daughter of Im Hokeis? Wretch, thou art foiled again! What, tell me, what! thou fiend of Darkness, couldst thou gain by persecuting me now, as in my loneliness? What wouldst thou gain by seeing me wedded—to ‘no matter whom’—as you said, so long as I was wedded? Why have you haunted me, asleep and awake, tempting, driving me toward a marriage? What hadst thou to gain? You do not answer. Well, I will answer for you:

“Do you remember a day, long years ago, when I was a child, beyond the great salt sea, that you came to an old man’s door and craved shelter for the

night? Well, I do. You were received by the generous Indian. You shared his table, his pipe, and his cider. Then, as you sat by the fire, you noticed me, and must needs tell my fortune. You did so, and truly. You said that in one month from that day I should meet a sad-hearted youth, weary, weeping, miserable, lonely; that he would engage my heart, and that I would easily be led to love and wed him; but that *if* I did so, black clouds would lower over us, and that our morn of love would bring a noon of dislike, an evening of sorrow, and a night of crime, ignominy and death. You said that my union with any other man would bring all that could render life desirable. I believed you, for a hundred things that you foretold came to pass. At length, three weeks of the month elapsed; and one night I had a dream, and in it I saw you, and the young man, whom in the body I had never yet beheld. In that dream you repeated all that you had said before, and then you disappeared; but your hateful presence had no sooner quit me than there came a glorious being, robed in majesty and beauty, who bade me heed you not, but to love this poor creature whose shadow was then before me—to love, but not confess it till the proper time should come;—that if I wedded another than him I might be happy, but that if I married him I would redeem a soul from a terrible fate. He bade me resist you, and to encourage the youth, cheer up his heart, and tell him not to despair, *for he might be happy yet*. He also”—but she had not time to say another word, for Beverly rushed forward, pushed Ravalette away, seized the woman’s hand, kissed it, and exclaimed:

“ ‘Evlambéa!’

“ ‘Beverly!’ ”

And in an instant they were locked in each other’s arms.

It was indeed the friend of long-gone years, and yet I had not even suspected this fact, even after hearing the story of Im Hokeis and the gipsy adventure.

I felt that this drama was getting deeper every minute, but had not time to think of one half of what was occurring ere the door was opened by no less a personage than the Commissary of Police, followed by two of the *garde de ville*, while, through the open door, I saw that the stairs and landing were literally crowded with *gens d’arms*.

The drama was getting very serious.

Ravalette stood unmoved, and smiled, saying:

“Your trouble is in vain, monsieur! You are not wanted here, and will immediately return whither you came, while monsieur here, who engaged you to come, is at liberty to remain.”

This cool speech disconcerted the official a little, but he replied: “It is my duty to protect all who demand it for themselves or others.”

“True; but in this case no act has been committed or designed that could in the least afford just ground for such a demand. Still, as you are here, why here you may remain until you are satisfied of the truth of my remarks. Pray be seated.”

The term “intensely dramatic” would not begin to give an adequate notion of the “situation” at this particular juncture of affairs. The only person who was completely at ease was Ravalette. As for Hokeis, the brush of Michael Angelo and Raphael combined could not have done justice to his portrait, nor have limned one-hundredth part of the intense and overwhelming astonishment and horror depicted on his countenance at what he beheld and heard. No two persons looked at the affair in the same light, nor regarded the Enigma from the same point of view, neither did they comprehend each other, but all were comprehended by the great master before them.

For a while an unpleasant silence reigned, which was at length, much to my surprise, broken by my Rosicrucian friend, Beverly, who, looking Ravalette straight in the eye, said:

“Whoever you are, I forgive you for the attempt to prevent myself, a son of Adam, wedding with this woman, Evlambéa, the Bright-shining Daughter of Ish; I forgive you for persecuting her toward a marriage with another, which marriage must have doomed me to a fate I have for centuries shrunk from; I forgive you all the woe you have caused me, because gratitude for what you have done for me exacts this; and because I suspect your agent saved my life when the retort burst in Boston, when I was repeating La Brière’s experiment with phosphorus. Through you, or such as you, I have learned priceless secrets. The mystery of Magic Mirrors I am grateful for being taught. The secret of ages—the art of making the Elixir of Life, whereof whosoever shall drink shall never know decay, but so long as once

a year he shall quaff thereof, may enjoy perpetual youth—I am inexpressibly thankful for. I shall never use this secret for that purpose, but five of the seven ingredients, when mingled, constitute what chemistry has sought in vain; and bequeathing this portion of the formulæ to my friend, and through him to the medical world, I shall atone for my few faults by giving life to thousands.

“Freely, without force or compulsion, I solemnly promise to sleep the sleep of Sialam before I quit this house, and in it will truly answer you all I may be able to, on condition that you previously clear up the mystery surrounding yourself; thus voluntarily giving you what an age of fraud would not enable you to obtain, you first solemnly promising, by Him by whose will you exist, be you man or demon, not to influence me, either now or when I shall slumber.”

A gleam of sudden joy flashed from the eyes of the strange being before us. He looked like a bridegroom in the fullness of his joy, and clasping both hands—pale, thin, bluish-white hands—upon his breast, he looked up and said:

“So be it! I solemnly bind myself, by the most terrible oath conceivable, that I accept all your conditions.”

Then going to the recess mentioned before, he brought thence a semi-circular screen, a little taller than a man, and about four feet in diameter. This he requested the Commissary of Police to examine, who did so, and declared it to be nothing but a common bedside screen.

“You are right! it *is* nothing but a bedside screen. Such as it is, however, I request you to select for it any spot you choose upon the stone floor of either of these rooms. I shall want to go behind it; and that you may not harbor a thought of an intended evasion on my part, I request that you call your men into the room and give them orders to *shoot me* if I attempt to pass them!”

“Just as you please, monsieur! Pierre, call the guard.”

In obedience to this summons, the *corps de garde* filed into the room, twenty-seven strong, and as soon as the last man entered, the officer addressed them, saying, as he pointed to Ravalette, “This gentleman thinks to escape. See to it that he does not pass you alive. The very instant that he

appears unattended by myself, fire upon him. I so command you: see that my orders are executed. Does that suit you, Monsieur Ravalette?"

"Perfectly—perfectly! nothing could be better," said the latter.

"You will place fourteen men around the house to watch the windows, and the other thirteen you will distribute on the stairs and landing," said the commissary.

"It shall be done," said the sergeant, as he marched his men from the chamber—but not till I had placed a double-barrelled Deringer and a Colt's revolver, both freshly capped and loaded, in his hands—for I hated Ravalette; man or demon, I hated him religiously—that being the strongest kind of dislike—and I had an intense desire to ascertain whether he was bullet-proof or not.

During all this time, the father, daughter, lover, myself, and the commissary's two comrades had said nothing, but at a sign from Ravalette we took our seats in such a position that we commanded the hall-door, that between the two rooms, the recess, the cupboard, and the windows on either side. The commissary placed the convex side of the screen toward us, in the middle of the room, and then taking a seat by my side, said, that so far as he was concerned, all was ready, and from the pallor of his lips, the tone in which he spoke, and from the frequency with which he crossed himself and muttered an orison, compounded of bad French and worse Latin, it was clear that he wished his hands well washed of the whole affair.

"I, too, am ready," observed the wizard, "and I, who have nothing to conceal, declare that I am he whom yonder man—Im Hokeis, and his Guebre-tribe, have for centuries believed to be the God of Fire and of Flame. The mystery of my being cannot yet be solved. I am not alone! The mastery, over Matter and over Magic, is an inheritance of the ages. We who were once as others are, became doomed ones by reason of the curse of a dying man, and like Isaac Ahasuerus, the Hebrew of Jerusalem, who cursed and spat upon the Man of Sorrows when bearing his gibbet up the steep lane of the Dolorous Way, and whom the Meek one cursed, and bade tarry on earth till he came—even so is he not alone. Powerful in all else, not one of us can read his own future; but for that must depend on gifted ones like yonder Beverly. Such are seldom born; but when they are, there is only one opportunity to make them subservient to our aid—they must be unwedded

in soul, else they cannot enter the sleep of Sialam, and in no other way can the scroll of Fate be read for us. Hence the obstacles thrown in his path and in that of yonder girl.... It is possible to shift our fate upon the neutral, whoever he may be; but in this case a strong motive existed to saddle the centuries upon yonder man, who has, in various forms, been my contemporary since ages previous to the laying of the foundations of Babylon and Nineveh.

“There is one more in being—by him I have been foiled—the Stranger—and still another—the mother of this Beverly’s body. I hoped to win him by Magic; I have failed. He has seen me thus, as I am,”—and so saying, Ravalette slowly moved around the screen, continuing to speak all the while, until he reappeared on the other corner—and saying, “and thus.” We were astonished beyond measure at the change that had, in less than twelve seconds, taken place.

Ravalette no longer stood before us, but instead, we saw a thin, lean, little, wrinkled old man, the perfect opposite in everything of the person we had just conversed with. “Miakus! as I live—the man of Portland and of Boston—the same!” exclaimed Beverly, as the figure passed once more from view behind the screen, and almost instantly reappeared in a totally dissimilar guise. “And thus!” said the wizard. “My heaven!” said Beverly, “it is Ettelavar, my mysterious guide and teacher in the kingdom of Trance and Dream!”

Again this strange being passed around the screen, saying, “and thus,” as he reappeared successively as the Italian Count and Vatterale. The wizard said, when in the last form, “Mai is but a transposition of I am; ‘Miakus’ is ‘Myself,’ Vatterale is an anagram of Ravalette, and a school-boy would have told you that Ettelavar is but Ravalette reversed—the name meaning ‘The Mysterious.’ To you, Beverly, I have been all these. Behold me now as I really am,” and he passed around the screen, and reappeared again as a little, withered old man, clothed in flaming red from head to heel.

“The Vampire, Dhoulā Bel!” shrieked both Beverly and Im Hokeis in the same breath.

What passed during the next half hour, it would not be proper for me here to relate. Suffice it, that at the end of that time Beverly had fallen asleep, apparently of his own free will. What followed will be seen in the next, and concluding chapter of this work.

CHAPTER IX. THE SLEEP OF SIALAM.

DEEP was the silence, hushed were our breaths. Quick beat our hearts, tearful were our eyes, for a greater than even Death was in that room on the Boulevard de Luxembourg!

Seated in a large office-chair, his limbs stiff and cold with the damps of dissolution; his face paler than the Genius of Consumption; his heart and pulses totally moveless; his eyes wide open, and so upturned that not a speck of aught but the uncolored portions thereof were visible, was my friend. In previous years I had often seen him and hundreds of others in both the mesmeric and odylic trance—the latter being the very common semi-comatic state into which sensitive persons often pass by the merest effort of volition, and in which they give off such high-sounding platitudes and call them philosophy transmitted direct from spirit-land to erring mortals, when the fact is, that the whole phenomena—when not simulated, which is not the case in over nine hundred and ninety cases in each thousand of its display—is but the concurrent action of a diseased body and an abnormal, unhealthy mind, and in many cases morals also, for it makes no matter how good or well-intentioned the subjects may be in the start, they are sure to yield before the accursed blast, and only the fires of hell itself can stop their mad career and turn them back to normal paths.

Not such a trance was that we now were witnessing. In the course of five minutes there came a change in the sleeper's face, which became lighted up as if at that moment his soul beheld the ineffable glories of the great Beyond.

He spoke: "Now!"

As this one word escaped his lips, the door of the room was silently opened, and two men entered and were about taking seats, when the Commissary of

Police suddenly rose, made a low obeisance, saluted one of them in military style, and exclaimed, "The Emp——"

"Silence!" said the person addressed; "all are strangers here!" And then turning to Dhoulah Bel, with whom he appeared quite familiar, this person said to him, "At last?"

"At last!" echoed the latter; whereupon the two new comers helped themselves to seats.

The whole affair had gone thus far so directly opposite to all my calculations; events had taken such sudden and totally unexpected turns, that I ceased to marvel at this new game of cross-purposes, but determined to watch the results carefully, whatever they might be. Of course I expected that the new comer would now take the lead of affairs. But no; for Dhoulah Bel, as I shall henceforth call him, addressed the shorter of the two intruders as follows:

"Why do you, too, seek to thwart me? Many years ago I found you a student of magic in your lonely prison, whither you had been consigned because you had failed on two occasions. I rescued you, gave you liberty, influence, power, prestige, and seated you firmly on the proudest throne on earth; I have made you famed and feared; I have humbled Britain in your name; for you I have broken the power of ages—the Papacy; for you I have severed Austria, and built a new empire on the earth. For you I have fomented the most awful war the world has ever seen, and have divided a nation of brothers into two parties, each thirsting for the other's blood; and while you have been the silent automaton, I have prompted your speech and moved the wires that govern the world, asking nothing whatever in return, and yet you are here to thwart me who have ever been your friend. Why is this?"

"I admit—nothing. I am a man of Destiny!"

"Shall I reveal it?"

"I care not."

"Well, I forbear; but let this sleeper tell it."

"I am content. Interrogate him. This is the hour, and this the scene for which I long have waited. Let the oracle speak."

“Listen to me,” said the taller of the two intruders. “Ye have both been proxies of a power beyond us all; and even as I, the Stranger, have foiled each of ye, yet my action was decreed. The drama of ages may end to-day. Not one of us can read his own future; there is but one on earth who can read it, and there is but one hour in which it may be done. That person is here; that hour has come. Not with the magnetic afflatus of puling, babbling somnambules; not with the boastful confidence of self-styled explorers of mythical Summer Lands, or imaginary spheres; but with a vision, simple, pure and accurate, shall yonder sleeper sweep the horizon of the future, and reveal it. Therefore let there be quietude and peace, while the mystic scroll is being read.”

Then turning to the slumberer, he said: “What seest thou, O Soul? Look! investigate! reveal! What seest thou concerning France and her ruler?”

“France will experience another Revolution. It will begin in Water and end in Blood and Fire! but the end will be delayed. Crown, Sceptre, Dynasty—all are swept away before the resistless tide of Political Reformation, and the last noble and priest shares the fate of the last crowned head—exile and death.”

“What of the other Nationalities?”

“Prussia, under a new *régime*, becomes indeed a Fatherland to her people; Belgium, Holland, and other of the Germanic lands, become consolidated with empires now existing; Spain’s night draws near—her colonies, erected into Black Republics, leave her to sink in loneliness, until at last she becomes, with Rome, an integral part of the great Italian Empire; Austria becomes dismembered; Hungary and Poland coalesce and form a new power on the earth; Turkey passes into Greek hands; Syria into Russian; England loses Canada, India, Oregon and Ireland, which latter becomes a Republic; the United States, rejoined, absorbs Canada, Mexico and all British America—her Black races found an empire which will extend from her southern borders to Brazil, under the rule of a series of Presidents; China, Christianized by the Taepings, becomes a first-class power in the East, blotting out Japan and a score of lesser kingdoms; while India and Australia become respectively an Empire and a Republic; and all this within sixty-three years from the seventh decade of the century!”

“What of Religious changes? Speak! Let us know!”

“All Religious systems in the world, outside of the Christian, will gravitate toward, and finally be wholly absorbed by it; and while this is taking place, there will be a quiet revolution occurring in that system itself; Catholicism, modified and divested of certain objectionable features, will become the right wing and conservative portion of the Religion of the entire world, while the radical portion of that Church, and of all other churches, will secede, rear the standard of Free Thought, proclaim the Religion of Reason, espouse the Reformatory men and principles of the age, declare itself a Positive, Eclectic, and Progressive Faith, abjuring the doctrines of Original Sin, the Adamic, Mosaic, Hebraic Atonement theories, and everything affirmative of Miracle, Final Judgment, and a Hell. This party will be in a minority, and the left wing of the grand Religious system of the world; it will constantly receive accessions of recruits from the other and barbaric element of society; but so rapid will be the human march, that the right flank of the grand army will constantly crowd the left and occupy its ground, while the latter will as constantly move on toward new fields, as new ideas are developed and seen.”

“Now, Prophet, what of thyself?”

“Speedy death, relief from sorrow, a lot with other men, and comparative happiness—on the other side of time.”

“What of the Rosicrucian System?”

“I have already sketched it under the name of the left wing. But ere long there will arise a great man—a German—a Prussian, who will declare that system to the world, and who will be *the* Man of the 19th century; and yet his astonishing power and influence will not be felt until he shall be dead and the twentieth century shall reach its third decade. That man lives to-day—in obscurity—totally unknown; he is in America, but will arise to his work in Europe, and will be to the intellectual and philosophical world, what Budha was to India, Plato to Greece, Thothmes III. to Egypt, Moses to Jewry, Mahomet to Arabia, Luther to Europe, and Columbus to the New World. THIS GERMAN IS THE COMING MAN! He will first be heard of in New York city, in connection with a small, but powerful journal that will soon see the light, and begin its work in that great Metropolis. Supposing the whole field of possible human progress and achievement to be embraced within the circle of twenty-six, then this man’s field embraces the figures 3,

8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19; 20, 18, 9, 14, 9, 21, 19,—and his motto will be TRY! The figures are easily solvable. This man will be simple, earnest and unostentatious, but firm, steadfast and uncompromising. His resources will be millions, and he will command all the gold he needs for the great work to be accomplished. He will boldly announce the grand Doctrines of the THIRD AND CULMINATING Temple of the Rosie Cross; and his followers will be as the sands of the sea in number, and their principles will, in time, be as resistless as its waves. He will begin his work personally, and by agency *before* this great Rebellion in behalf of Human Slavery shall have been ended. Mark that!”

As the sleeping man gave utterance to these inspired prophecies, the less tall of the two strangers appeared disturbed, and almost rising to his feet with excitement, he said:

“Then this man’s career will resemble my own?”

“As fire resembles ice. This man’s career will be peaceful; his path will not be stained by one single drop of blood. No maimed men will curse, no widows weep, no orphans cry for vengeance, nor will the ignorance of the people constitute the lever of his power, nor be the instrument by means of which he will vault into a throne!”

“But I am strong!—Mexico!—Empire!—The Latin race!—The Church!—Maximilian! What can break this chain, supposing I establish the last link, as I intend to?”

“Fate! The United States will, in that case, soon find time to breathe upon France and the New Empire! That breath will settle as a cloud, but, when it rises, *two* dynasties will have disappeared *forever*!”

“Damnation!” exclaimed the questioner, and he stamped his feet and ground his teeth with rage almost demoniac.

“There will be *two* damned nations, if that programme is carried out,” said the sleeping man, in tones musical and calm, as if he was discussing the merits of a play rather than prophesying the fate and destinies of Empires.

For a moment there was silence. At length Ravalette spoke—

“And now my turn. What, O sleeper! what of me?”

The seer smiled blandly, stretched forth his hands toward both the tall personage and the Enigma. They went forward, grasped the sleeper's hands in their own, and—

“The Enmity of Ages is ended!”

“It is ended!” repeated the tall one.

“It is finished! Thy work is done—and mine—and thine”—indicating Ravalette—said the seer. “Henceforward, there is rest for the weary—there is rest for thee! No longer doomed to walk the earth, we three quit it. Our paths diverge from this moment. Above our heads is a scroll, on which is written—

‘YE MAY BE HAPPY YET!’ ”

“Thank Heaven!” said Dhoula Bel.

“Thank Heaven!” repeated the Stranger.

“It is finished!” said Beverly, and, as he spoke, Dhoula Bel moved behind the screen, and, the very instant that he did so, there came the sharp crack of fire-arms in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied with any amount of oaths uttered in not very choice French.

Immediately, running to the door along with the Commissary of Police and one of his comrades, I demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.

“By the Holy Evangelists! I fired straight into his head, and it didn’t faze him an inch!” said the sergeant.

“And I struck him square in the middle of the head, and *that* didn’t harm him in the least!” said another.

“And I put two Derringer bullets and four Colt’s fair into his breast, at ten inches, and blast me if all six didn’t fly back and hit me!” exclaimed a third.

“And I’ll swear that he didn’t come through the open door, for it was fast shut, with my hand on the knob, every second of the time!” said the fourth.

“It was the devil!” said a fifth.

“Or his imp!” said the sixth.

“And I’ll swear he never passed by me on the lower stair!” observed the seventh man.

“Come hither into the room and tell us what you are driving at,” said the Commissary.

“I’m driving at nothing just now,” said the sergeant, as he came in “but I have been trying to drive some bullets through the devil! Do you remember telling me not to let a certain person go out, even if I had to shoot him to prevent it?”

“Certainly I do. Go on.”

“Well, the first thing I knew, that gentleman stood outside the door, and said, as he made faces and ran out his tongue at me, ‘I’m going out in spite of you, monsieur.’ ‘*Are* you, indeed?’ ‘Of course I am: just see me do it,’ said he, and he marched straight for the stairs, and four of us undertook to clinch him, and did so. Gentlemen, have you ever picked up a hot potatoe? Well, I have, and did not let it drop quicker than we four let go of that individual; only that instead of burning us, it felt for all the world like one feels at the Polytechnic when he takes hold of those infernal things with wires to them, and which discharge a quart or two of lightning into you before you can say Jack Robinson! We let go of the gentleman very quickly, and he passed two or three steps downward, all the while laughing at us, which made me furious, and I fired point-blank at him, and we all attempted to cut him down, but you might just as well have tried to kill a shadow. Messieurs, that man disappeared in the smoke of our pistols! He never *passed out in visible form!*”

During the sergeant’s relation I had determined to see if Dhoula Bel had really left the room, and for that purpose I carelessly walked toward the window and past the screen. *There was nobody* whatever behind or near it. I walked back, said nothing, but resumed the seat I had formerly occupied.

“Are you sure of what you tell us; that you are wide awake, and not dreaming?” said the Commissary.

“As certain as I am that he is not now in this room.”

“Which shows how easily people may be deceived,” said a voice from behind the screen, and instantly thereafter Dhoula Bel himself walked out into the middle of the floor—stone floor it was—and after pointing his finger scornfully at the sergeant and his men, he deliberately walked back behind the screen again.

My hair stood up with fright and horror; not so the seven brave Frenchmen; for with one accord they rushed toward the screen, exclaiming: “But we have you now, man or devil!” dashed it away with a single blow, and—

There was no one whatever behind it.

The sergeant fell as if he had been shot.

Determined to preserve myself from surprise, I steadily kept my seat and watched the Stranger and his companion. The latter rose from his chair,

advanced toward Hokeis and his daughter, who had both sat silent and spell-bound during the whole of this extraordinary scene of diablerie, and spoke a few words in a low tone to them.

While this was going on, the tall Stranger passed into the other room, and within a period of twelve seconds I rose and followed, but he too had disappeared!

There was a marriage in Paris next day. A son of Adam had wedded with a daughter of Ish.

Two weeks later we carried an invalid to the baths of Switzerland. We remained there two months, then, finding that he grew worse, conveyed him back to Paris.

Three months elapsed. A funeral cortège wound up the paths of Père le Chaise. A coffin was lowered into a new-made grave. Upon its brink stood an old grey-haired man upholding and consoling a beautiful but sorrow-hearted woman—one who had but recently been a bride.

Four months passed: I was on the eve of quitting France. I went to the cemetery, and for an hour sat by a tombstone, on which was sculptured these words—

“BEVERLY, THE ROSICRUCIAN.

“Je renais de Mes Cendres!”

That was all!

Across the sea, I tread my native soil again. I have availed myself of the knowledge imparted by my friend.

Last night, in returning from the Rosicrucian lodge to which I have the honor to belong, I called upon a lady friend in the ——th Avenue. In her arms she held a bright and glowing child—“a boy,” said she. “Is he not beautiful? Is he not like his father?”

“Wonderfully like,” I replied. “What is its name?”

“Osiris Budh! Curious name, isn’t it?”

“Very!” I replied, as I took my leave—“very!”

CONSUMMATUM EST.

Transcriber’s Notes

The cover image was created by the transcriber and is dedicated without reservation to the public domain.

Variations in spelling, punctuation and hyphenation have been retained except in obvious cases of typographical error (see list below).

[Page ii](#): added missing period after B
P. B. Randolph

[Page 7](#): added missing “ at begin of poem
“In the most high and palmy days of Rome,

[Page 10](#): changed : to ;
The good prevailed;

[Page 12](#): changed analagous to analogous
but something **analogous** to that

[Page 29](#): added period in heading
CHAPTER III.

[Page 30](#): changed : to ;
first lines speedily wear away;

[Page 36](#): changed : to ;
shameless harlots of the other;

[Page 39](#): changed 2 occurrences of : to ;
but do me good; that his name was Ettelavar;

[Page 59](#): changed unpronouncable to unpronounceable
with an **unpronounceable** name

[Page 61](#): changed accompanying to accompanying
on the harp and piano, **accompanying** the performances vocally

[Page 62](#): Added ' at end of paragraph
if you but say the word!

[Page 90](#): changed by to my
my back nearly touching it.

[Page 92](#): changed towards to toward
turning **toward** the man

[Page 93](#): changed soundrel to scoundrel
of as great a **scoundrel** as ever went loose upon the world.

[Page 108](#): added period at end of sentence
to tell the danger I and the house had been in.

[Page 111](#): changed weired to weird
when the **weird** old man whispered in my ear that I

[Page 114](#): changed distahce to distance
you perceive, of a dark brown color, but at a **distance**,

[Page 115](#): changed " to '
Now that glass disk before you contains such a liquid, thus compounded--'

[Page 141](#): completed quote with '!'
in an almost indistinguishable tone, the words, 'It shall be!'

[Page 147](#): added period at end of sentence
for the entire jewel was not larger than a golden dollar.

[Page 160](#): added ' at end of paragraph
just as I fixed it an hour or two after Ravalette paid me.'

[Page 164](#): completed unclear end of line
left the street of Michel le Compte, and turned up that of the **Temple**.

[Page 165](#): removed '
assist in piling up the horripilant.

[Page 174](#): changed gardiner to gardener
I put the same question to the proprietor that I had to the **gardener**

[Page 174](#): changed . to ,
Not yet content, I made inquiries

[Page 181](#): changed " to '
Now, my dear, was all this hum-bug?'

[Page 203](#): changed griping to gripping
fastens upon its victim, is merciless, **gripping**, stern and unrelenting.

[Page 212](#): added ' at end of paragraph
quite as interesting as anything you have yet beheld. Look!'

[Page 230](#): added " at and of paragraph
" 'Beverly! ' "

[Page 249](#): changed . to ,
Across the sea, I tread my native soil again.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE
WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE ***

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