

Chapter 10

In The Wilderness—The Journey

**THE DEAD PROFESSOR—HOW TO DIE OF STARVATION—
THE STARVING POOR—THE SUNSPHERE—
DYING METRON—PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT AND HEAT.**

There is an instrument whose manifold uses few of earth's children really appreciate until they are compelled by necessity to use it. Should the gardener desire to open the earth for the reception of the precious seed, he takes this instrument to break apart the stubborn clods withal; when the plant he sows has grown to be a stem, he uses it to prune the branching shoots and trailing tendrils. The mineralogist applies it to sever the rough quartz from the pure gold or shape the precious gem. The reaper uses it to cut his sheaves, the housewife to slice her bread, the butcher to prepare his meat, the cook to carve it; the surgeon uses it to cut, to probe, to amputate, to cure; the assassin uses it only to kill, and thus from a single blade of steel all of life's uses for good or ill may be evolved; nay more; these multitudinous uses cannot be performed without it, and though in one single instance it may kill in the hands of crime, the knife that prunes and trims, dissects and amputates, and ministers to every form of art and science, may surely be esteemed as very good, even if its name is "sorrow." And yet it takes a life of many bitter trials to realize the manifold uses of this same keen knife, sorrow! I know this lesson now, though it has cost me many a year to learn it.

I did not know it as I sat, a helpless, lonely being, more than a child in years, but far less than a man in self-reliance, beside the silent, rigid form of him that had been my idol, my very life, my more than self, the inspiration that had made me—anything! I had been in the presence of death many times before, and despite all the lessons of the Brothers, tending to render me callous to the sight, it had always affected me painfully, depressing me physically, and filling my mind with a sense of blank mystery which derived no satisfaction from the doctrines of annihilation insisted on by my philosophic associates; but when the subject of these revulsive emotions was my more than father, O, heaven! as I look back now on the dumb anguish of that terrible hour, the hour I passed in such awful stillness and mystery with the best beloved of my life, I pity myself, and could almost weep for the miserable being, then too deeply sunk in despair to weep for himself. But at length that dreadful hour of silent watching ended; with its close, two fixed ideas took possession of my mind: The first was that Professor von Marx was no more—utterly, irretrievably dead and gone, and gone forever; the next, that I, too, must die, for life without him would not be wretchedness merely, to me it seemed an impossibility.

Accustomed to act upon rapid flashes of thought, the future with all its bearings seemed mapped out before me the moment I roused myself to quit the chamber of death. My Spiritualistic readers may question why I did not derive hope and comfort from the vision which had, in the semblance and tones of my beloved friend himself, apprised me of his disease. In answer, I could not at that time derive either hope or consolation from such a visitation. Facts make their impression on the mind in proportion to its tendencies and receptivity for special ideas. My mind had been bent into materialistic forms of belief. I had been constantly censured for indulging in any of the "vagaries" of religious aspiration; taught to regard immortality as the attribute of the elements only, and the apparitions of the dead, like those of the living spirit, as magnetic emanations from the body, which might subsist for a brief period after death, but which could maintain no continuous being when once the body became broken up by the process of natural disintegration.

Even the many flashes of wondrous light, irradiated as they were, too, with intelligence, which had appeared to me in the semblance of the beautiful Constance, I had been taught to regard as subjective images only, projections from my own fervid imagination, taking shape in the "astral light," where the impressions of all things that ever had been, remained imperishably fixed. This was my creed at the time when I silently stole down the stairs leading from the death-chamber, and passed out into the quiet street. It was deep night in London. A pale spring moon shone fitfully through the rifts and rents of a stormy sky. The air was chill and blighting, and my neglected attire was not calculated to protect me against the damp, chill winds which moaned around me. I was all alone on earth, for though dim memories of friends and kindred flitted through my mind, they were all shut out by the one engrossing thought of him. A vague idea possessed me that some one on earth might be sorry for my loss and miss me; but I could not centralize this idea on any one in particular, save on him, and he was gone.

Professor von Marx had succeeded so far in filling up my whole being with himself that I perceived nothing real, nothing tangible in existence but his image; and now that he was no more, quenched, nothing—what remained for me but to become, like himself, no more, quenched, nothing? With a rapidity truly astonishing to those who have not studied the philosophy of extraordinary mental states, I ran over the different methods by which I might arrive at the bitter end, but I rejected at once all that might incur, even for my worthless remains, publicity or curiosity. I would not be pitied or mouthed at, speculated over or talked about. In my utter desolation, I shrank even from the possibility of human sympathy or contact with pitying mortals when I was, dead. I would hide away, die in secret, where none could find me. I finally determined I would starve myself to death, and thus gain time to see the world passing away and myself fading out of time before I was launched upon that ocean of oblivion, which had swallowed up my better self.

One more thought of him I permitted my mind to indulge in ere I abandoned myself to my fate. Strange to say, that thought was not one of tenderness or regret; it was a sentiment of reproach—reproach that one, to whose mighty will destiny itself seemed to bow down, should have thus forsaken me; or rather I inwardly questioned why he did not take me with him—he who so loved me, he who alone of all mankind could understand me! It was but a few short weeks ago that, in his half-dreamy, half-satirical way, he had affected to predict for me a splendid destiny. "Young, rich, and handsome Louis!" he said. "Youth, wealth, and beauty—are not these the conquering graces before which the world bows down?" Alas! alas! Did he even then contemplate casting me on the world, reliant on those adventitious aids to guide the stumbling feet that he had led so blindly? With what a strange mixture of anguish and bitterness did the memory of those cold, speculative words, return to me now! Oh! did he know me then so little as to deem that any possessions could be aught to me when he was gone? Gone! Ay! that was the word that put all questioning to rest forever.

On I sped—past the quiet rows of houses and through the silent streets; on through miles of dreary suburbs, where the ugliness of waste places and half-built roads became softened in the gloom of midnight; on through lanes and fields—I scarce knew where, yet by an instinct that seemed to propel my eager steps, I pursued my way until I had left the city and all its hateful wilderness of slumbering life behind, and penetrated to the woods that skirted the north of London. I believe I was traversing one of those suburban districts known as Hampstead or Highgate. I had been driven there some months before, and was greatly attracted by the beauty and retirement of those woody heights, which at the time I write of, nearly thirty years ago, were almost in the country.

I had no idea of the distance I must traverse to reach that spot, or the direction in which I should go, yet I wished to be there; and ere the deep pall of night yielded to the gray dawn of morning, I had attained my goal, and sinking on the ground beneath the shadow of a deep and almost pathless wood, I felt as if I had arrived at my last earthly home. Being unaccustomed to steady walking for any great distance, the excessive fatigue I had undergone, no less than the stunned condition which succeeded to the anguish of the preceding hours, induced a deep sleep, from which I did not awaken till the sun was high in the heavens, so high indeed, that I perceived the day must be far advanced.

Unlike most persons who awake from the first sleep that succeeds some mighty sorrow to a gradual consciousness of the truth, I awoke at once to the mental spot from which I had sunk to sleep. There might have been but one intervening second between the great agony with which I lay down and rose again, to take up the burden just where I had dropped it.

Instinctively noting the features of the place where I had sought shelter, I perceived it was not the deep retirement I desired to find. The woods were thick 'tis true, but they resembled more a grove of trees whose pleasant shade might attract suburban loungers to my retreat than a lonely spot where a hunted hare might die in peace. That was no place for me; and quick as the thought occurred, the action followed on it. I started from the ground, and determined to make my way yet farther on—to a safer solitude, one where no wandering foot of man might track me. I arose stiff, weak and weary. At first I could scarcely drag my tired limbs from the spot where I had lain; but as I moved, I gained elasticity of limb, and strengthened by my will and feverish purpose, I walked on for several hours, walked on in fact, till night again overtook me. I passed through many pleasant places, country roads, and shady lanes. I left behind me handsome villas, nestling cottages, and homes where happy people seemed to dwell, where children's voices and merry village tones resounded through the air. I passed them all, like a spectre as I was, shrinking from sight, sound, or companionship. The very echo of a human voice drove me away.

Some wretched tramps in fluttering rags, with lean and hungry faces, passed me on the road, and looked wistfully into my face. An old and white-haired man, with very threadbare clothes, was tottering on amongst them, and fixed on me a pleading glance. One human feeling still remained within my seared heart, prompting me to throw my purse amongst them. How glad they seemed! How I hastened on with wavering steps to escape from their noisy thanks! Did they know that the youth "so young, so rich, so handsome," looked upon them so old, so poor, so hideous in their rags and poverty, and sighed to think he was not one amongst them? Undoubtedly they belonged to each other. There were fathers, sons, and brothers there perhaps; friends at the least they must be. But who and what was I? Father, brother, friend—all, all were gone for me.

On, on I sped—on till night again overtook me. On the banks of a deep and sullen river I reached a thick and extensive wood. Pushing my way through the tangled underwood, a

few steps brought me to a deep and rugged dell, whose gloomy depths seemed as if they had never been traversed by human feet. The solitude and utter desolation of this wild haunt were all I sought.

Here I would stop and wait for the destroyer. Another long, long night, but not as before a restful one. Aching in every limb and racked with feverish thirst, I spent that weary night in pain unutterable. The morning came, and with it a new and strange sensation. The gnawing pangs of hunger now beset me. It was two days and nights since I had tasted a morsel of food, and this sensation of racking hunger was something new and urgent. I knew it was a part of the programme, a scene in the drama I had set myself to enact; but I had not considered, for indeed I did not know, how painful it would prove.

As the sensation deepened, my spirit seemed to pass out in the old familiar way and take note of many distant scenes, but only of those where hungry people were. I saw none but those who were hungry, because I suppose I was attracted to no others. I saw beggars, little children, old men and women; poor laborers who had nothing to eat, and would not have till a long day's work was done. All were hungry, sad, and sullen. I saw those English work-houses where the wretched inmates were always hungry, besides a great many little children who looked eagerly and longingly into the shops where provisions were kept. Many a little, emaciated, pale creature I saw crying for bread; and besides these, my unresting spirit seemed drawn as by a spell to the interior of wretched huts, up to roofless garrets, and down into noisome cellars, where miserable people lingered—people of both sexes and all ages; but all were, like me, so very hungry! All of them had little or nothing to eat; and the multitudes I saw thus, seemed to me to be more in number than I had deemed of the whole human race. It was a ghastly yet wonderful sight this, and awful to know that in one vast, rich and mighty city were hungry wretches enough to constitute a nation.

Presently I began to speculate upon the different effects which this one great pang produced on different people. Some of those whom I gazed upon were merely restless, then fretful, irritable, angry, sullen, savage; all these were stages in the great woe, but only the first stages. The next was a fierce, wild craving, and after that the natures of these hungry ones became wild and brutal, whilst all the nervous force of the system concentrated about the epigastrium, and then they were all hunger, just as I was all despair. Kindness, pity, shame, honesty, and virtue—all were merged in the intolerable sense of urgent hunger; but this was an advanced stage of the pang, and was very terrible to witness.

The physiological conditions of these people, too, were opened to my clairvoyant vision as I flitted amongst them, a phantom drawn to them by the irresistible ties of sympathy. Had I been at the ends of the earth, and there existed but one hungry creature at its center, I should have been infallibly drawn to that one, so potential is the strength of spiritual sympathy. How strange, yet orderly and strictly natural, I found to be the routine which ensues in hungry systems! First there was the sense of demand, the want which a craving stomach makes known to the intelligence, for the sake of its own repair. Then came the mustering of the gastric and salivary juices, promoted by the thought of food. These secretions flowed in tidal currents to the salivary glands and gastric follicles, and if there was nothing to act upon, they began to dry up and become inflamed, and this it was that produced that gnawing sense of pain which attended the first stages of hunger, and communicated to the nerves an intense degree of irritability. In the next stage I perceived that the mucous membrane lining the digestive apparatus was in a measure consuming itself; also I saw how the entire force of the nervous system mustered to the point of suffering, and manifested sympathy with the epigastric regions.

Hour after hour I traced by involuntary but inevitable clairvoyance the entire progress of this ghastly phenomenon, want, acting upon hundreds, aye, thousands of victims in and about the happy, well-fed, rich, and splendid Babylon of the world—London. I noticed as a curious fact in the physiological results of starvation that whilst the tissues of the body generally, wasted, dried, and consumed themselves, the nerves never wasted, never failed; on the contrary, their power of sensation grew more and more acute with every moment's bodily pang. Still more, I perceived that the ganglionic nerves which supplied the nutritive system attracted to its aid the force of the cerebro-spinal nerves, so that—mark it well!—there could be little or no other sensation than that which arose from the intolerable sense of hunger and thirst; and thus it was made plain to me why poor wretches under the influence of this sharp pang are rarely moral, kind, or gentle. The nervous force which should be distributed through the intellectual and emotional regions being all absorbed by the fierce cravings of the digestive system, there can be no operation for the affections, the reason, or the morals. And yet again let me pause and remark upon another singular and noteworthy revelation of these clairvoyant wanderings. I saw the entire chain of connection between the brain and every fibre of the body; noted how conclusively motion and sensation, waste and repair, were all represented on the brain, and I marveled why no brain meter had as yet been invented, first as a means of detecting disease in remote parts of the system, and next as a gauge by which physical conditions could determine corresponding states of the mind. In the starving miseries from whom all the nervous force was abstracted from the brain to the stomach, there were no cranial nerves in operation, save the pneumogastric, and these acting upon the surrounding fibres in the cerebellum, necessarily prompted the appetite to revenge, destructiveness, acquisitiveness, and all the lower animal instincts.

Methought had I been destined to a continuous life, I should forevermore have felt the deepest sympathy for the poor and hungry. I pictured to myself how glad I should have been to have fed the ghastly multitudes I saw, and how unreasonable it was for society to expect gentleness, piety, humility, and kindness, where the gaunt demons of want and poverty held their sway.

Would that every legislator in the lands of civilization could have shared the perceptions of my wandering spirit in those dreary hours of suffering! Surely one great change would ensue in the laws of nations, making it a crime in legislation to permit any human being in the realm to go hungry, whilst for any citizen to die of starvation should be a blot sufficient to expunge the land where it occurred from the list of civilized nationalities. I think it must have been towards the sixth or seventh day of my terrible probation that the character of my wanderings changed. I had lost count of time, and being racked by intolerable thirst, I thought I might assuage that dreadful craving, and yet not prolong much my hours of torture. I made out then, to stagger to the edge of the river, and by dipping boughs of trees into the water, and laying my burning head upon them or applying them to my lips, I found the fearful sense of thirst in some measure allayed.

It was so soothing to bathe my hands thus in the cool river that I lay down very close to it, and but for fear some one might find and recognize the poor remains floating on its surface, gladly would I have made it my winding-sheet, and thus have ended the awful struggle at once. Firm to my proposed plan, however, I contented myself with the luxury of the dripping boughs, and when I found sleep overtaking me, I crept back again to the shelter of the secluded dell. I believe there were several heavy storms of rain and hail, drenching the ground and adding racking pains to my fast stiffening limbs, but my resolve never failed, though physical tortures began to increase upon me. A time came, however, when these terrible pangs became subdued, indeed at times I almost forgot them; besides, let me add, the sense of hunger I endured, unlike that which afflicted the poor, was voluntarily incurred.

I bore my sufferings willingly, because I did so in the hope of release from still greater misery. The sentiments of rage, envy, indignation, and bitterness, which would add such additional anguish to the pains of hunger in the starving poor, were not present in my case; on the contrary, every pang that racked me was a response to my insatiate yearning to die and be at rest.

But I have said there came another change, and this it was. With the last minimum of my strength I had collected and surrounded myself with dripping boughs dragged through the cool river, and on these and my handkerchief, steeped in water and pressed to my parched lips, I laid myself down in the deepest recess of the wood I could find, to take my last, long sleep. Then it was that a sweet and restful sense of dying stole over me. Bright and wonderful visions, too, gleamed before my eyes. In every department of being I saw the spirits of nature. With involuntary lucidity I gazed down into the earth beneath me, and beheld whole countries peopled with grotesque forms, half spiritual and half material, resembling in some respects the animal and human kingdom, but still they were all rudimental, embryotic, and only half-formed. I saw the soul-world of earths, clays, metals, minerals, and plants. In those realms were beings of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of intelligence, yet all were living and sentient. Everywhere gleamed the sparks of intelligence, the germs of soul, semi-spiritual natures, clothed with semi-material bodies corresponding to the varieties of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, with all their infinite grades of being.

Some of these spirits of nature were shining and beautiful, like the gems and metals; some coarse and unlovely, like the earths and roots; all were endowed with some special gift corresponding to the plane of being which they represented. In moistening my hands and face with the dripping boughs I seemed to be brought into rapport with the countless myriads of watery spirits, and throughout all departments of elemental life, recognized a sort of caricature representation of the births, deaths, kindreds, families, associations, and wars that pervaded the human family. Later on in time, though how long I never knew, I saw sweet and lovely lands filled with a sweet and lovely people mirrored in the shining air and nestling amidst the flowers and grasses; in fact the air became translucent to me. I saw immense realms filling up the spaces of our gross atmosphere, which were permeated with a wonderful number of countries, each formed of finer and more sublimated vapors, gases, aromal essences and ethers than the other. In some of these realms, the flowers, bloom, and essences of earth, became spiritual emanations, which crystallized into far rarer and more beautiful flowers, blossoms, and airs than any which earth could display.

The lower strata of these aerial regions were filled with very small, sometimes grotesque, but generally beautiful people. Some of them were no taller than the daisies and buttercups of the field, some were as high as the bushes, and some towered up to the tops of the forest trees. Most of them were fragrant, flower-loving, merry beings, whose incessant habit of singing, dancing, leaping, and sporting in the sunbeams, filled me with joy. Many of these were short-lived races bubbling up with the ecstasy of a life which began and ended with the power of the sunbeam; others lived long vegetable lives of many centuries, haunting the woods, groves and forests, and seemed especially interested in all that belonged to sylvan lives and pursuits. I again repeat that all these elementary tribes were divided off into different strata of atmosphere, or inhabited different parts of earth, filling every space from the center to the circumference, where new planetary existences commenced. All were endowed with varying degrees of intelligence, special gifts, powers, and graduated tones of life and purpose, and all appeared to me first as a spark, spear, tongue, or globe of light, pale, ruddy, blue, violet, or of different shades of the primal hues, and all at length assumed the forms of pigmies, giants, plants, animals, or embryotic men, according to the particular grade they occupied in the scale of creation, or the tribe, species, and kingdom to which they corresponded.

I learned many, many things of the immensity and variety of being which seem either impossible to translate into human speech or which "are not lawful to utter." I perceived that heat was life, flame its substance, and light its manifestation. I mused upon the contending theories of the philosophers concerning the sources of light and heat, and I know now, though perchance I might never be able to prove my knowledge, that the true source of light and heat were in the life and restless motion of the living beings that pervade the universe. The thought struck me, reflected from the teachings of conventionalism, that the sun must be the source of all the light and heat that permeates the solar system. Directly the shadows of this opinion crossed my mind, my spirit was lifted up into the spheres of responsive truth, and lo! instantly the sun became revealed to me like an orb of molten gold. Oh, what a wonderful and glorious sight this world of ecstatic being presented to me! I beheld it full to repletion of swelling, glittering seas, rivers, fountains, lakes and streams, all dancing in the radiance of many-colored illuminations from the internal element of molten light. I beheld forests, groves, hills, vales, high mountains, and unfathomable caves and dells, all crystallized out of living light, all imprisoning prismatic rays, not of one, but of countless shades of color.

The air, though translucent beyond our conception of the most attenuated ether, was still shimmering with the billions of glittering creatures that floated in it and disturbed its shining waves as they moved. Vast firmaments, spangled thick with suns and systems, swung over all, a crystal arch, in which immensity seemed to be outspread. From these glorious galaxies of worlds, countless meteors were being forever thrown off, sailing through space like chariots of fire.

The movements of the sunny worlds on high were plainly discerned, too, and instead of a silent, moveless plain of stars, like that which overarched the earth, the wheeling, whirling stars were rushing on in their several orbits, shooting, darting, speeding round and round some vast and unknown center, on a glorious scale of heavenly pyrotechnics which dazzled the straining eyes into wondering ecstasy.

In lower air were sailing cars and airy ships, carrying the rejoicing people of these sunny realms from point to point in space, whilst some were floating by their own resistless wills, upheld by a perfect knowledge of the laws of locomotion and atmosphere. Thus they swam, sank, ascended and sustained themselves on waves of air like happy birds, and oh, what a gracious race, what a nobly-created form of life they revealed to me! Tall and elastic, sunny-haired, blue-eyed, with slender, majestic forms, vast, globe-like heads, and lovely, placid faces, all attired in robes of snowy white, azure, or sun hue. Their cities were full of trees, flowers, and spire-like towers, with glittering domes and minarets crowned with metallic ornaments. These cities were divided off by white, smooth roads and shady trees, and a wealth of flowers that made the senses ache to inhale their perfume. Vast palaces of art and science were there devoted to the study of the universe, not in part, but all.

Thus these children of the sun comprehended fully music, rhythm, speech, motion, chemical, astronomical, and geological laws. In short every form of art or science was known and taught in these vast and gorgeous cities. Labor was rest and exercise; work was knowledge put in practice, and food was the simple gathering-in of rare and precious plants, and herbs, and fruits that grew by nature where the beings of nature might demand them. Oh, what a glory it was to live upon this happy, happy orb—to be a child of the gracious sun! I thought by only looking on this radiant world all sorrow vanished, and its very memory would never come again.

Before the vision closed I perceived that for millions of miles in space, beyond the sur-

face of the sun-world, were glittering zones and belts of many-colored radiance, forming a hazy rainbow, a photosphere of sparkling fire-mist visible to the eye of spirit alone, all crowded up with lands and worlds and spheres peopled with happy angel spirits of the sun. But ah me! I veil my presumptuous eyes as I dream again of these heavenly regions, and thoughts, thoughts like scintillations from the mind of Deity, fill up my throbbing soul as the memory of this wondrous world of heaven and heavenly bliss recurs to me now. The awful glory vanished, and when the gorgeous panorama faded, I knew where the light of our poor, dull planet's daybeams came from. I saw that the magnetic oceans flowing from this radiant sun sphere, combining with our earthly magnetism, created by mutual saturation that freight of heat and light, motion, and all imponderable force, the sum of which was life. I saw that the light and heat and life which permeates all being, is evolved by galvanic action generated between the photospheres of the parent mass, and circumferential satellites. Hence at those points which in the revolutions of time are turned from the central orb, no galvanic action is proceeding; the result is lack of action, lack of galvanic force, hence darkness, night. Life per se is motion, motion is light and heat. Light and heat are magnetism; and this causes the action and reaction ensuing between the negative photosphere of the earth, and the positive photosphere of the sun. This simple scheme, so like a schoolboy's lesson, pervades all the billions upon billions of marching and countermarching worlds, bodies in space, and all that in them is, in the boundless universe.

Recalled at length from these blinding, wildering visions, by my own near approach to the mystic gate where human life ended, and all beyond was veiled to me in shadow land, the weary, dying body put in its claim for sympathy and thought, and I was about to make a last instinctive effort to drag myself again to the river's brink, when my attention was attracted by a strange, chiming sound, such an one as had often before warned me of a spiritual presence. This time, however, I fancied I heard a peal of very distant bells, such bells as ring out from some great city in majestic strains of joy and gladness; very distant, and subdued by distance to the sweetest tones, melting almost to echoes; still they rang in my dull and heavy ear. Then came a more distinct sound, like the rushing of mighty wings, and then, though my eyes were closed, I could see through their heavy lids, vast sheets of corruscating light, darting like gigantic fans over the entire quarter of the heavens which lay to the North.

At first I thought—if thought it could be called that resembled a faint light streaming over a pathway where the clouds of death were fast mustering—that a great display of the splendid aurora borealis was illuminating the scene; but in a moment the light became collected from space around, and centered on a radiant figure that stood before me, in size gigantic, in form like that of a man, in substance a fleecy mass of fiery glory. "I am Metron, the Spirit of the North," this being said, speaking in the same chiming tone as the distant joy-bells. "I am thy guardian spirit, chief of the Elementaries amongst whom thy soul hath roamed so long. Thou hast not dreamed nor fancied what thou hast seen. When all shall be revealed in the light of spiritual reality, matter shall prove to be the phantom, spirit the substance of creation. The visions of the body are dim, uncertain, changeful; those of the soul are real, although often broken and refracted through the prismatic hues of matter. Thou hast drank at the fountain of the real, for the first time in thy life, alone and unaided by another's will. A little while, another brief season of probation ended, and thou must live and walk, learn and know, by spirit teaching alone.

"I am he to whom the task of guiding thy spirit through the first stages of the universe has been intrusted. Lean on me, beloved one; and now for a season, rest and sleep be thine! In the hours that shall be, when thou livest again and art thyself alone, call on me, thy guardian spirit—and Metron, Spirit of the North, will ever answer."

Darkness, cold, death-damps, and deep, deep stillness succeeded. What do I last remember? Let me try and think.

A voice, sweeter, softer, tenderer far than Metron's, whispered in my ear: "Louis! my darling, suffering Louis! All will soon be over now, and then thy rest will come.

Did I speak? Did I answer then? I know not. If I did the words must surely have been: "O Constance, let me die and be at rest forever!"*

* Nearly the whole of the foregoing and succeeding chapters were rendered into English by the author himself, and although submitted to the Editor for correction, have been left untouched, the Editor finding it difficult to modify the author's peculiar style of constructing sentences, without marring their intention.—ED. G. L.

