

Chapter 13

Mr. Dudley's Diary Continued

**MAGICAL SEANCES—THE NINE DAYS' TRIAL—
STARVED TO DEATH—THE RESCUE—PROFESSOR VON MARX
APPEARS TO THE BROTHERHOOD IN SPIRIT.**

February 10, 18—. On looking over the fragmentary entries that my diary presents during the last few months I am painfully conscious that the records are not of a sufficiently consecutive character to weave into the body of this narrative, at least not without more revision than I have now time or opportunity to bestow on them. During these eventful months there has been so much that has been new and marvelous to us all; even we, who have been accustomed to witness the exhibitions of abnormal spiritual powers through our clairvoyants and somnambulists, as well as at our magical seances, have been so startled at the extraordinary phenomena introduced amongst us by our German friends, that we seem to have commenced a new era in our experiences, and I feel the necessity of recording our testimony with more than usual care and caution. Strange rumors, too, are abroad that new and wonderful disclosures are being made to mortals amongst the matter-of-fact, commercial Americans, and by what can we suppose? Actually, it is affirmed by spirits in person! spirits of the dead, or rather the spirits of those the world calls dead, who, so say these floating rumors of a waking "Arabian Night's Dream," are not dead at all, but alive, and as inhabitants of a progressed world, have found a way to telegraph to the friends they have left as bereaved mourners, assuring them they are all in life, in the full possession of their faculties; see us, know us, love us still, and come into communication with us by sounds and signals that they find the means of making, through those very persons who were formerly our somnambulists, seers, and mesmeric subjects.

May not this be the secret of the young Chevalier's wonderful and abnormal surroundings? He and his father claim that all we see and hear is the work of the elementaries whom they command, and planetary angels who attend upon them and signal to them through this youth's trances and the professor's magical power over spirits.

We are all lost in conjecture. Whatever be the new dispensation dawning upon us, if something still more potent than magnetism, still more occult than somnambulism, be at hand to startle us from our dreams of earth and earthly things, then must this magical friend of mine and his strange companion be its heralds. For my part I cannot see whither we are drifting, scarcely can I discern my way amongst the scenes of mystery that are now deepening around me. Professor von Marx is very jealous of his young seer's gifts. He himself is reticent and fearfully sensitive. The wonderful powers these men possess should be at the

command of science, yet they are all limited to our most secret sessions, and scenes which, if reported, would scarcely obtain credit, even with those who best know and trust me, are permitted to pass by like the phantasmagoria of an unquiet dream with hardly a record. How true it is that the greatest gifts seldom accompany the best dispositions to use them!

These German magicians, whose impulses are as erratic as the visions that they produce, have now been absent some months. They left us as suddenly as they came; their purpose was to travel through North Britain, as I understood, but now I learn that after making some visits among our associates in Scotland and Wales, they have disappeared altogether.

February 25. Letters have been received from Professor von Marx. He is coming back to London for a few days, and sends me word he wishes to join our next meeting of the Orphic Society on Friday night. How did he know we had called a special seance for Friday night? but pshaw! why do I question? He knows everything, and what he doesn't know the Chevalier can tell him. No matter, he will be dearly welcome to us all. He leaves his son in the North, he writes me word, rusticating in a quiet village for the benefit of his health. Of course they won't stay long apart; however, I will now go to his lodgings and find out when to expect him.

March 3. Professor von Marx has now been with us nearly a week. He attended one seance at the Orphic Circle on the evening of his arrival, and by desire of our guardian spirits, we are to have another session to-night. Great results are promised us, but I scarce know why, there is a singular depression on my spirits, and one which seems in a measure to affect our whole society. Let us hope that the to-night's seance will serve to disperse the clouds.

MINUTES OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE ORPHIC CIRCLE, HELD MARCH 3.

Present the usual number of members and officers, the neophytes, Estelle, Sarina, and Marcus, two Brothers from Malta, and one honorary member, Professor Felix von Marx. John C. Dudley, Recording Secretary.

After the customary preliminaries of opening our session, and the business arrangements had been disposed of, it was announced that this was an "open meeting," at which visitors might be introduced, whilst the proceedings should be subject to general discussion, or if desirable to publication. [I may here state that our society was a private, if not absolutely a secret one, hence our sessions were only canvassed openly, or the phenomena occurring therein reported beyond our lodge-room, when we received intimation from our guardians (planetary angels) that the meetings were to be "open ones." The seance called for the 3d of March, and one which was announced to follow, were to come under this category and be open to reports of what might transpire.] Considering the high expectations with which we had come together that evening, our session was less animated than we had anticipated. Professor von Marx was unusually sad and abstracted.

Amongst other subjects, we discussed reservedly, but somewhat pointedly, the reflex action likely to be produced upon a magnetizer by his subject. We were led to consider this subject all the more earnestly, by the obvious depression and restlessness manifested in Professor von Marx's manner in the absence of his beloved protege, the Chevalier de B_____. The professor took the ground that no such reflex action could ensue if the operator was well-composed and self-centered. Lord L_____ and Sir Peter S_____ were in favor of the reflex hypothesis, and I cited the professor's own change of manner and deep anxiety, now that he was absent from his best subject, in contrast with his invariable

composure and self-possession when, as in earlier visits, his friend was present with him at our circle. Von Marx acknowledged the disturbing effect of the Chevalier's absence upon his mind, but added in a tone of stern self-reproach, that it was ever a failing in the true adept to cherish human affection, and that the intense emotion which was expended on personal interests, always marred the procedures of deliberate science.

Our experiments with the neophytes on this occasion were less satisfactory than usual, and they evidently felt the oppression cast by the overpowering influence of the professor's disturbed mind. We exchanged greetings successfully with the circle at L _____, and neophyte Alexander's "atmospheric spirit" visited us from M. _____.

We had some interesting visions in the mirror, but the crystal spirits could not obtain force enough to appear. At the usual hour, when our "Rulers" were accustomed to give us some spontaneous phenomena by way of climax to our meeting, we asked through our best lucide present Mil. Estelle, if the Chevalier de B _____ could not visit us. Starting hastily from his seat, and speaking in violation of our usual order, the professor exclaimed: "No, no! I would not have it so—that is—I beg pardon of all present, but I would prefer to waive this visit."

Instantly, the lucide became demagnetized, the "Rulers" vanished from the mirrors, and the lights became quite dim, the fires sunk in the braziers, and the whole scene bore testimony to our visitor's indiscretion.

Recovering his composure in a few minutes, the professor apologized for his irregular action, and reluctantly assented to our wishes. The formulae, which I am not at liberty to describe, by which an "atmospheric spirit" or "flying soul" is summoned, being gone through, the professor produced, as if by a strong effort, a piece of a waving lock of black hair cut from his beloved pupil's head, and with still more hesitancy than usual, submitted it to the fire of the brazier. As the leaping flames seized on the beautiful lock, von Marx, as if repenting such a sacrifice, drew it hastily away. A small portion of the crisped hair, however, adhered to the brazier, but no sound of invocation moved the magician's lips. The lights were again sinking, and the neophytes shrank back, trembling and disturbed, when a blast of cold air rushed through the apartment, a deep-drawn sigh resounded in our ears, and the lights flashed up for a moment disclosing what seemed to be the form of the Chevalier de B _____ extended on a visionary couch, apparently in a deep sleep. It was the first time the apparition of a slumbering "flying soul" had been amongst us, and as the Chevalier had often thus spiritually visited and communicated with us before, we attributed his present entrancement to the professor's failure in fulfilling the conditions of evocation. Yet we all beheld him plainly, and sympathized with the professor as he bent over his adopted son's form with apparent sentiments of rapt interest and admiration.

"Waken him!" whispered Sir Peter S _____. "We would speak with him."

"Not for worlds!" murmured the professor, extending his arms towards the vision. "He will waken all too soon. Sleep on, my Louis, and—farewell!"

In an instant a strange, distant cry seemed to resound through the apartment, and the form of the sleeper started up and seemed to cast itself into the professor's arms. Something of an indescribable character that I have never seen or realized in any other presence than that of these Germans, then seemed to cast a spell over us all, preventing us for the moment, from seeing, hearing, or collecting our thoughts. It has often been repeated in the presence of the Chevalier de B _____, and is the nearest approach to my idea of "glamour," or that

which the Hindoos have a word for signifying illusion, I ever experienced. It lasts but a few seconds, and on the occasion I write of, came and went like the lightning's flash. When it was dispelled, the couch, the "flying soul," and the professor himself were all gone. Nothing could restore composure to our Lucides after this, and our circle broke up after arranging with our guides to meet again on the following night. Lord L_____ was instructed to notify the absent members, also to invite Professor von Marx's special attendance, he having promised to be present at our next seance.

How shall I record the events which immediately succeeded my last entry, or attempt to hand down to posterity statements so entirely out of ordinary human experience that I could scarcely hope to obtain credit for them did I testify to their truth on solemn oath before the world? Although at the present time Modern Spiritualism, with its array of well-attested marvels, has become a fixed fact, and at the time when these lines will meet the public eye, the details I record will have become the accepted belief of millions, still the circumstances which surround my narrative present an air of incredibility, which the matter-of-fact, commonplace methods of the Spiritualists are wholly lacking in. I write of apparitions, phantoms, sounds, and motions which appealed to unaccustomed witnesses; came upon us with all the awful paraphernalia of magical surroundings, and at a period when our hearts were possessed with an overwhelming dread of revelations from the world of spiritual existence.

The Spiritualists now meet in jolly parties, and hail their spiritual visitants with fun and frolic, hence the very same manifestations which custom has invested with the prestige of a fashionable amusement were, in the time of which I write, surrounded with a halo of preternatural light, borrowed in part from the occult reputation of supernaturalism, but still more colored by the stupendous interests and heartfelt sympathies which were awakened in our spiritual seances. Bear with me, then, my readers, whilst I relate to you a scene whose weird horrors would now be received calmly and with the same meed of applause which you would bestow on a successful operatic performance, but which, at the time of its occurrence, excited such terror and deep agitation in every witness's mind that nothing that has ever occurred since has sufficed to efface its terrible memories.

Let me recite the narrative from the ordinary extracts in my diary, which read as follows:

March 5. Meeting in session and duly inaugurated. Present: Twenty members, all our officers, and the four Lucides of the month.

One hour passed away after the opening of the session, but Professor von Marx did not appear. At 10 p. m. our Lucides, without a word exchanged, and as if by a concert of action, rose and assumed their places at the four quarters of the lodge as if we were not in open but secret session. All four were deeply entranced. Soon after this movement, they sang a sweet and exquisite improvisation, at the close of which they joined in a well-known hymn, their fine voices attuned to such a pure and rich harmony, that every heart present felt its resistless spell. It was not until the singers had ceased, that we perceived, by the dim light of the four altar lamps, Professor Marx was amongst us. He had entered noiselessly and unseen by any one; in fact, how he had entered was a mystery, the seance being conducted with doors locked and guarded. The professor had not taken his usual place amongst the members, but stationed himself in one of the seats assigned to visitors, although there were none admitted that evening.

Before we had time to greet him or remark upon the suddenness of his appearance, he addressed us, speaking in a singular, far-off tone of voice, which affected every listener with an indescribable sense of awe. His words were, as far as I can remember, to this effect: "My

time is short, my power to address you limited. My beloved one is in fearful peril. Summon him not, nor inquire his fate for nine days. When that time expires, I will come again and direct you what to do. I have fearfully wronged him, and it is for you, John Dudley, to help me make reparation. I have tampered all too presumptuously with the sacred forces of a human soul, and ere I can find peace or rest, I must redeem my error. Aid me!" He paused, yet a spell was on us all so strong, that not a creature moved or a voice replied.

As for me, my tongue clove to the roof of my month. A nameless horror possessed me, and though I looked fixedly at the speaker, and could trace distinctly, even in that dim light, every line of his pale and anxious face, my eyes seemed blighted, and I would have given much for the power to turn them away and fix them on some other object. As he paused, he bent his eyes upon me, and so pleading, wistful, and yet piercing became their expression, that I felt as if I could not endure that glance another moment, when lo! he slowly melted out before us into thin air. As he disappeared, the room shook violently, every object rocked as in an earthquake; the lights flamed up, then sank, and seemed on the point of expiring; deep sighs, and one or two low moans resounded through the apartment; the air was suffocating. "Great heaven! what is all this?" cried one of the members. "Let me be gone; I cannot stay in this dreadful place!" said another. In a moment there was a general movement towards the entrances; the veils were thrown aside, and the whole of the party were hurrying back and forth through the room with restless and irrepressible agitation.

Whilst I sat in my place staring vacantly at the spot from whence the "atmospheric spirit"—as we deemed the apparition to have been—had disappeared, one of our lucides, in her natural tone, said hurriedly, shaking me by the arm at the same time: "Mr. Dudley, Mr. Dudley, arouse yourself! That was no 'flying soul,' but Professor von Marx's spirit. For heaven's sake, hasten to the professor's lodgings, though I fear me it is too late. He is dead! I feel sure he is dead, and the poor young Chevalier is abandoned."

March 6. Yes, Professor von Marx is dead! Our circle broke up and dispersed immediately after the scene last recorded, and accompanied by our president, the venerable Lord V_____, I hastened off to the professor's lodgings, which were at a considerable distance from my residence, in fact, close down by the river side. It occupied some time before my servants could be summoned, my carriage brought around, and Lord V. _____ and myself set down at the old mansion which my friend had selected as the retreat of himself and his adopted son.

It was near midnight then, when we reached the house, but we found the domestics all up and in the utmost perplexity and consternation. The professor had desired to be called at six o'clock that evening to dress for dinner, but when his valet reached him in fulfillment of his orders, he found him cold and rigid, as if he had been dead some hours. Medical aid had been summoned in vain. The proprietor of the house had despatched messengers to me, but as I had been dining out, and was subsequently engaged at our lodge, I could not be found, and there was no means of apprising me of the fact save through the extraordinary apparition which we had so recently witnessed. "Apoplexy," heart disease," etc., etc. these were the medical verdicts on a case which none could understand and no science account for.

March 10. My position is becoming most embarrassing. The people with whom Professor von Marx lodged, inform me the poor young Chevalier arrived the night after his father died, and passed up the stairs without speaking a word to any one. How long he remained they cannot tell, but in the morning they found he had left the house and gone no one knows whither. It is a mystery to us all to discover how he heard of his friend's decease. I had despatched special messengers to him with the sad tidings, but they could not have reached

him before the very night when he appeared in London. Taking into account all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, I don't feel at all sure that the individual seen was really the Chevalier in person. How do we know but what it might have been only his "atmospheric spirit," or what the Germans call the Doppel Ganger?

For my part I am so bewildered with the attempt to find my way amidst these dark and occult paths, that I become lost, and uncertain how far we are justified in lifting the awful veil which divides the realms of spirit and matter. Half my time I know not by what or whom I am surrounded, or how to discriminate between the real and the phantom people that flash before my eyes.

Remembering the mysterious charge we have received, I dare not seek for this poor young man before the prescribed nine days elapse, and yet I am filled with the deepest anxiety on his account, and long to tender him the consolations of friendship and sympathy. More difficulties yet beset me. Professor von Marx has left his entire property to his adopted son, and named me as his guardian and trustee. His will is clear and lucid, and was evidently made for the hour, suiting so well the present crisis that it would seem as if he had foreseen and provided for the very moment of his decease.

March 11. No tidings yet of the Chevalier, and the singular emphasis with which the apparition demanded a nine days' suspension of all inquiry, paralyzes any attempt on my part to discover what has become of him, yet my business advisers urge me to seek out the young heir without loss of time, and my best friends begin to wonder why I take no steps in this direction. Urgent advice and suggestions to "act promptly" pour in upon me from all quarters, and even my servants are regarding me with furtive and suspicious glances. I suppose every one will soon begin to set me down as crazy—an opinion that I shall not, I fear, be very undeserving of, unless something occurs to relieve my mind from the terrible anxiety that now possesses it. The hardest task I have yet had to encounter is to resist the pleadings of my dear wife and children, who constantly urge me to institute inquiries for the missing heir, whom, they persist in believing, has been "made away with," through the same magical arts that have (as they allege) destroyed the unfortunate professor. It would be in vain for me to attempt combatting such an opinion, absurd as it appears; equally impossible for me to explain why I am determined to commence no search until after the nine days have expired.

We have called two special meetings of the Orphic Circle, but alas! the visions seem to be closed. Our somnambules are themselves so much disturbed and their minds so agitated by the prevailing excitement, that they are unable to come into those conditions of passivity necessary to procure reliable visions. They all seem to concur in the opinion, however, that the Chevalier is still living, and destined, as they predict, to grow out of his present semi-earthly condition and attain to a high and noble manhood.

March 15. This night completes the prescribed season of inactivity, and at 10 p. m. the Orphic Circle will meet to advise with, whatever powers may be pleased to attend us, upon the necessary steps to be taken for the discovery of our unfortunate young friend. Amidst all manner of annoyances, estranged looks, covert reproaches, and open rebukes, I have faithfully adhered to the commands of the mysterious phantom and abstained from all attempts to discover the Chevalier's retreat. I only know that he left his country retirement and appeared at his former residence in London. At neither place have any tidings been heard of him since; and his unaccountable absence from the funeral of his adopted father, which we delayed until yesterday, leaves us no longer a shadow of hope that he will voluntarily appear amongst us.

To-night, the ninth since the apparition of Professor von Marx at our circle, must decide how far we can look for help from the invisible world; if that fails us, to-morrow's dawn will see me surrounded with every instrumentality that human effort can afford, to make our search successful.

Many days have elapsed since I made my last entry, but the events that have crowded so thickly upon me have prevented my fulfillment of that which has now become to me a solemn life duty, namely, to record as plainly and truthfully as language can set forth the facts of spiritual intervention in human affairs, and to draw the mysterious and awful veil which has hitherto shrouded those realms of passion and influence, from which the invisible springs of human action mainly proceed.

On the night of March 15 our session commenced at 9 p. m., and our lodge was opened with the usual formalities. Our four neophytes were stationed by the altars, each with the mirror and crystal appropriate to the time. The four lamps which sufficed to dispel the darkness of the lodge were lighted, the braziers duly served, and the fumigations carefully attended to. After the opening hymns had been sung and the invocations commenced, the lamps began to flicker with the usual unsteady motion which indicates responses from the spirits summoned, and in a short time they went out one after another, leaving the room only faintly illuminated by the colored fires from the braziers.

Around the central altar we now perceived that the crystals were beginning to be covered by bright coruscations of sparkling light. With sensations of unwonted awe and breathless interest, we noticed also, that small tongues of flame and globes of pale light loomed through the darkness at different parts of the hall, sailing around, and gradually disappearing near the altar. At length we observed that the whole apartment was becoming lighter and lighter. From whatever source the illumination proceeded, it completely overpowered the light of the braziers, until it gradually filled the whole place with a soft, hazy twilight. Then it was that we discovered around the central altar, a circle of crouching, dark forms, who, with veiled heads and misty robes, seemed to be supported on seats faintly outlined, and stretching away, row after row and circle after circle, until they reached from the first or inner circle, up to the remotest portion of the roof, completely filling our vast lodge-room and ascending as it seemed even beyond the roof, in the form of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. This spectral company, although clearly outlined in the mysterious twilight of the room, obscured but did not conceal the other persons or material objects present, which shone through them as if they had been merely shadows.

I find on comparing notes with the other members of the circle, the appearances I have thus briefly described were realized by all pretty much alike. Let it be remembered, however, that what I have attempted to depict in cold, matter-of-fact language, can never be thoroughly realized except by the awe-struck witnesses, nor could any word-painting, however vivid, do justice to the tremendous and harrowing impressions produced on every mind by the presence of this immense company of formless, nameless shadows. I might live for centuries ere the memory of that solemn and terrific scene could be obliterated I might behold death and carnage, the red battle-field, or mortal catastrophe in its direst form, yet nothing could ever equal the insupportable horror of that phantom gathering. I recall it now, with sentiments of dismay which no time has served to diminish. Presently, in the midst of the awful stillness, there came a sudden movement amongst the spectral forms; with one accord they all rose to their feet, and as they did so, a sighing, sighing sound, filled the apartment, like the uprising of a vast multitude, accompanied by the rushing of a mighty wind. It was evident that something or somebody had come into their midst, whom these shrouded phantoms rose to receive. During what ensued, they all remained erect and mo-

tionless, yet still dimly visible in the peculiar and unearthly glare that illumined the lodge. Then, without perceiving any other form or realizing who spoke, except from the tone and substance of what follows, a voice, which all present recognized as that of Felix von Marx, speaking from the circle of braziers which surrounded the central altar, addressed us thus:

"My Louis is dead; he lies in the wood by the side of the river on the road to which I will direct you through Estelle, and from whence you, John Dudley, must bring him to your home. Take him to your heart, and do your duty by him as a man, a friend, a father. Your course towards him will be inspired, and all your actions guided by those who have his soul in charge. They will give you the daily bread of wisdom so long as he tarries with you. In the life that has passed for him, for me, I have greatly wronged him—filled his soul with mine, clothed his spirit in my own, consumed, absorbed, and killed him. His spirit has fled in yearning after mine, but during the dread hour of mortal death, the Father of Spirits has permitted his angels to repair the mighty wrong, allowed his soul to gain another birth, struggle into a new life, attain another being; moulded anew by pain and anguish, the crushed germ of his new-born soul has been revived by pitying angels. The body sleeps now, but the spirit hovers near, upborne in the hands of ministering spirits, who weave afresh the vital cord that binds him to mortal life, and when you have rescued the suffering frame from its grassy deathbed, the reunion of the new-born soul with its earthly tenement will be effected. Rescued to be a revelator in the new dispensation, spared to take his place as a builder in the temple of the new religion, his real life-work must begin under your fatherhood, John Dudley; and the Lord and Master of life, the Father of all, do so to you, and more also, as you do to him, my victim, and my child. Now speed away, and hasten! hasten!"

The voice ceased, or rather the last accents seemed to die off in a prolonged and singular wail, hushed by the sougning sound before described, as if the vast concourse of moving phantoms were about to resume their crouching attitudes, but no, they sank down, down, with a long, subsiding sigh, until they melted into the ground beneath our feet. The lights streamed up from the braziers; the veils of separation and banners that floated from the walls stirred and waved as if moved by a strong wind; sweet odors streamed for a moment through the room; a few distant chords of music rang through the air, then all was still, and everything resumed its place and aspect, as if the whole past scene had been nothing but an unquiet dream.

By the time the hour of midnight had sounded from the city clocks, Estelle, our best clairvoyant, Lord V_____, and myself were seated in my barouche, with four of my best horses in harness. The night was wild and threatening. Heavy banks of clouds from time to time obscured the moon and cast their murky shadows across the path which our flying horses traversed. Our clairvoyant, in a deep magnetic trance, directed our path at every turn in the road. I myself sat on the box and drove, Estelle being placed by my side, two outriders following, to render such service as we might require. We traversed Hampstead Heath, and guided ever by our admirable somnambulist, we struck off several times from the direct road; until towards morning, after five hour's ride, pursued without pause or interruption, we reached the banks of a deep and sullen river, and began to near the outskirts of an extensive wood.

So frequent had been the divergencies we made under our somnambulist's direction, that I had lost all track of the road we pursued, and the spot we had now reached was entirely strange to me. On gaining the point in question, Estelle gave me a preemptory sign to stop, and for a few moments her attitude of breathless silence induced me to fear she was losing the mysterious thread of influence that had guided us thus far. My doubts were soon dispelled, however, and a new-born hope set my heart wildly throbbing, as the young girl

hurriedly bade us alight and give our carriage and horses in charge of the grooms, who were to wait for further orders. Then crying, "Follow me!" she sprang forward into the wood, moving with a pace so swift and a step so light, that it was with the utmost difficulty Lord V _____ and myself could track her through the darkness by her white garments. As we advanced, struggling painfully forward amidst the tangled underbrush and overhanging boughs of half-fallen trees, we saw a distant light sailing through the air and descending towards the ground, where it seemed to hover for a few seconds, then sunk rapidly and became extinguished. At the same moment a cry from Estelle warned us to quicken our pace, and obeying the impatient waving of her white handkerchief, we stumbled and groped our way on until we reached the edge of a ravine, at the side of which, a few steps below the path, we found Estelle, awake, in her normal state, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, kneeling on the ground beside the cold and lifeless form of him we came to seek. His garments drenched with rain, whiter than snow, with staring, open eyes fixed in the awful glare of death on the silent stars, with stiff, thin hands clutching as if in agony, masses of earth and up-torn grass—there lay the piteous form of the once beautiful and highly-gifted heir of the great Professor von Marx.

Speculation was idle; pity gave place to rapid action, sympathy and grief to quick resolve. Raising the dead form, for such it appeared to be, in my arms, with Lord V _____'s help I carried him from the dreary wood to the carriage, and ere noon of the day which was just then dawning, I placed him beneath the shelter of my own roof. I brought back to my anxious wife and children a sad and piteous spectacle 'tis true, a mere skeleton, with scarcely a shadow of the brilliant grace and beauty that had once distinguished him; but I knew the invisible powers that had rescued him could restore the life they had so miraculously saved. I knew that the future called him, and the hand of waiting destiny could raise him from the very bier. I was neither surprised nor excited, therefore, when the physicians I had summoned, reported that the faint flutterings of the still throbbing heart, gave promise that my cares and anxiety would yet be rewarded, and Professor von Marx's solemn trust of fatherhood had not been bequeathed to me in vain.

