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AGNES:

OR,

THE POSSESSED.

A

REVELATION OF MESMERISM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE IN A COTTAGE," "LOVE IN HIGH LIFE,"
"LUCY SANDFORD, A STORY OF THE HEART," "IN-
SUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S
DAUGHTERS," "ARTHUR'S TEMPER-
ANCE TALES," ETC. ETC.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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TO THE READER.

THE disbeliever in the phenomena of "Mesmerism," so called by some, as well as the advocate of the new science, will find in this story many things not in agreement with their views on the subject. The writer, while he admits the existence of the power called Mesmerism, assigns to it a disorderly, and, therefore, evil origin; and in the history drawn, exciting as it is, and to many minds improbable, has not, he believes, given an exaggerated picture. If any think so, let them ponder well the following admissions, recently made public by a professor of the "art and mystery," who is entitled to credit. He says:

"I have had many subjects, who, when to all appearance perfectly awake, would believe that a piece of blank paper was a bank note of any denomination which I asserted it to be. At Saratoga Spa, in the presence of Judge Marvin and many other gentlemen, I made a young man of excellent character take worthless paper for bank notes, and give me a written obligation for a large amount of money, which he supposed he had received. Suppose him to be the cashier of a bank—would not this be a dangerous power in the hands of a dishonest man? Or suppose him to be worth a large amount of property in real estate—he might be made to transfer it by deed in the presence of witnesses while he was under this influence, and witnesses not suspect that he was in a state different from usual. The witnesses would go into court and swear that he seemed perfectly rational and master of himself, and yet he would be in such a condition that he could not perceive any thing to be different from what it was asserted to be by the operator. Black would look white, if the operator declared it to be so. Copper would feel and look and sound like gold, if the operator affirmed it. In a word, the subject and all his property and other legal rights would be at the mercy of the operator. He could be made to sign anything—a deed or marriage contract, a confession of murder, or anything else.

"Others can judge, as well as I, how far this power will be abused; but I perform my duty in giving a warning to susceptible subjects. Let them not lightly disregard it. They should know that when once thoroughly inducted by one person, they can *easily* be inducted by *any* person who is *permitted* to attempt it. They should know that they may be made to perform very improper actions, without being aware of it or afterwards recol-

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lecting it. They should know that they may be made to commit actions which in the eye of the law are criminal, without really intending to do any wrong whatever. A woman may be made to believe that any person is her father, or brother, or sister, or husband, and she will act accordingly; and afterwards she will have no recollection of it, excepting such as the operator pleases. It is my opinion, founded upon experiment, that one person in twenty is susceptible of this peculiar influence."

AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED:

A REVELATION OF MESMERISM.

CHAPTER I.

“We are fearfully and wonderfully made!”

Among the mental and physical wonders for which the present age is distinguished, not the least wonderful is Mesmerism, so called from its supposed original discoverer. The phenomena it presents, have astonished the wise as well as the simple, and, in many instances, brought down men of profound learning, acute perceptions, and commanding intellect, as humble worshippers at the shrine of Mystery. The cry of “humbug,” “collusion,” and all that, greeted the advent of this psychological wonder, and has continued to accompany it in every step of its progress, from men who believe in nothing as real but what they can touch with their hand of flesh and blood, see with their bodily eyes, or perceive by some physical sense. The file leaders of this class of men are among the learned, whose pride of their own intelligence has made them believe that there was nothing in either heaven or earth that had not been dreamed of in their philosophy. But while they were sneering, hundreds were opening their eyes and ears, and seeing and hearing things that left no reasonable doubt of the truth of what they witnessed.

Since the time when Col. Stone gave a history of the startling facts in mesmerism that fell under his observation, the public have grown more familiar with the subject, and ceased to be astonished at relations far more astounding than any thing he made known. Wonders have been added to wonders, until wonder itself has ceased. Every where professors of, and experimenters in, this new science have sprung up, and ventured, like the impious Roman who boldly passed within the veil of the temple, to encounter influences of whose origin, nature and tendency they are entirely ignorant. Some of these have found it much easier to “call spirits from the vasty deep,” than to remand them to their dim abodes; especially has this been the case with those who have been insane enough to submit themselves to the hands of mere experimental “operators,” by whose influence all that really made them men—viz., rationality and freedom—was, for a time at least, taken away. Seeing with the eyes of

another, and perceiving by his senses, is not the natural and true order in which man was created, and whenever he departs from the true order of his being, he sustains an injury that is more or less vital according to the nature of the perversion. The will of man is that in him which is inmost—it is that which really makes him a man. Can this be disturbed, laid quiescent, or be brought under the control of another, as is always the case in mesmerism, without some injury being sustained? No truly reflecting man can for a moment question this. The thing is self-evident. To state it, is to cause it instantly to be perceived.

CHAPTER II.

Two men were walking leisurely along a shaded road in the less thickly settled part of a beautifully located New England village. They seemed to be in earnest conversation, for sometimes their leisure pace would be broken, and they would move on rapidly, and sometimes they would pause and face each other, the younger of the two men gesticulating, at such times, violently.

“Deceived!” said the latter, in one of these pauses, speaking in an excited voice, “I tell you, Mr. Allen, I cannot be deceived. Of what use are our eyes and ears, if their evidences are not to be believed?”

“I might ask the same question, Ralph,” replied his companion, “after leaving one of Mons. Adrien’s exhibitions. But the juggler would tell me that he had imposed upon my senses. Believe me, you are too credulous. There is no such power as these men pretend to exercise. It is a new trick of the mountebank.”

“No, Mr. Allen,” returned the young man, in an earnest voice; “it is no new trick of the mountebank, but an undeniable verity. I have been, night after night, to witness Florien’s experiments, and have tried in every way to detect collusion between him and his subject, but in vain. Vigorous as were my first denunciations of the whole thing as an imposture, I have been compelled to give way under the pressure of an accumulation of facts, that only a man perversely blind and stubborn could refuse to admit.”

Mr. Allen shook his head.

“Depend upon it, there is deception somewhere,” he replied. “Such things as you relate are impossible; as, for instance, the transference of sensation from one body to another. Why, the thing is absurd. You say that salt was laid upon Mons. Florien’s tongue, and that immediately

his subject tasted it; that she felt a blow upon his person, yet remained herself altogether insensible to external influences. Why, I wouldn't believe this if one rose from the grave and said it was so. I could not; for it is in violation of natural laws."

"So you would no doubt have said in regard to the now known power of electro-magnetism, had you lived fifty years ago, and some one had then told you that by means of a galvanic battery you could turn a wheel or set a car in motion."

"That does not follow, Ralph. I would have known that the battery possessed the power of communicating a shock by the sudden transmission of a large volume of electricity; and knowing this, it would not have been hard for me to have conceived that a more gradual and steady emission of a current of electricity might act upon some agent that would steadily react against it, and produce continuous motion. Enough was known of electricity and the power of the battery fifty years ago, to demonstrate clearly that it was a material agent, for it produced a shock when brought in contact with bodies of matter in a peculiar state of fitness to receive impressions. But this animal magnetism, as it is called, is altogether a different thing. I cannot, by thinking, knock you down, let me think ever so hard, because my mind cannot touch your body, except by means of its own body. I must use my hand to make an impression upon you. All my bodily senses are my own, and are the means by which my mind receives impressions from the physical world. The idea of your perceiving what my tongue tastes, is perfectly absurd."

"No doubt it seems so to you, Mr. Allen; and so, I confess, does it seem to me, when I think about it. Nevertheless," said the young man, "all, and a great deal more than I have related to you, has come under my observation, attended by evidence that no man who pretends to believe his senses can doubt. I have tried to discredit all I have seen, but as well might I try to discredit the fact that the sun shines in heaven. But here comes Mr. Carter. Suppose we talk to him about it. I saw him at Mons. Florian's."

"Carter!" returned Mr. Allen, in a slight tone of contempt. "No doubt he believes it, for he believes in every thing new and wonderful that comes along. Any thing that he might say wouldn't strengthen my faith much."

"Carter is no fool," remarked Ralph.

"Though to me, I must confess, he often talks like one," said Mr. Allen.

"He has strange notions of things, I will own; and is quite original and independent in his modes of thinking. And what is more, he never seems at a loss for a reason to sustain what he professes to believe."

"Such reasons as they are," said Mr. Allen.

By this time the subject of their remarks was so near to them, that it was no longer prudent to give utterance to their thoughts, lest their

words should fall upon his ears. Mr. Carter was a man some few years past the prime of life, of irreproachable character, independent spirit, benevolent feelings, and great singularity in respect to his modes of thinking, as compared with those around him—at least such was his reputation. Sometimes his neighbors spoke very hard of him, especially those who were rather more puritanical in their notions than the rest, because, although he professed to have a high regard for religion, he did not attend worship on the sabbath with any among the various sects and denominations that flourished around him. But his life, in all that pertained to his business and social intercourse with his neighbors, was so irreproachable, that even the over-zealous could not fix a condemning mark upon him, and were forced to be content with saying that if Mr. Carter were only pious he would be one of the best of men living.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Carter,” said Ralph Percival, as the individual to whom we have just alluded came up.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” returned Mr. Carter. “Taking a walk, I see, this pleasant afternoon.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Allen, “Ralph and I have been walking and talking into the bargain, but, so far as the latter is concerned, to little good purpose, I believe.”

“Ah! what has formed the theme of your unprofitable conversation?”

“Mons. Florian.”

“Humph!”

“You have witnessed his experiments, I believe, Mr. Carter?” said Ralph.

“Yes.”

“More than once?” asked Mr. Allen.

“Yes, several times. Have you attended any of his exhibitions?”

“Me?” speaking with affected surprise. “No, indeed! I never put myself in the way of being humbugged.”

“You mean,” said Carter, smiling, “that, satisfied with yourself as possessing all truth, you will not put yourself in the way of learning any thing new, as it is now impossible that there should be any thing new under the sun.”

“I don’t say that, friend Carter. But there is certain data in the mind by which we are able to judge of things as being true or false. By this, I judge all that animal magnetism presents, as true, to be false.”

“While by the very rule you apply, I judge all to be true; that is, so far as its phenomena are concerned.”

“A strange conclusion, I must affirm.”

“You have not looked at all into the matter, I understand.”

“No, not I.”

“And have judged all to be fraud and collusion, without stooping to an investigation,” said Mr. Carter.

“It needs no investigation so far as I am concerned,” replied Mr.

Allen. "When I read that Baron Munchausen, while going through the woods on a certain occasion, eating cherries, saw a fat deer near at hand, and put cherry stones into his gun and fired at the animal without killing him; and, moreover, further read, that while passing through the same woods on the following season, he met the same deer with a cherry tree, loaded with ripe cherries, growing out of his head, I take the liberty of disbelieving the whole story without investigation. Just as absurd and impossible, to my mind, as this, are all the stories of animal magnetism. How you, or any other sensible man can accredit them, is more than I can tell."

"Do you understand any thing of the laws that relate to the mutual connection between mind and matter?" asked Mr. Carter.

"No, I do not; nor does any body else," replied Mr. Allen.

"The first part of your answer is no doubt true; but of the latter I am not so certain. As mind acts upon matter, there must be some laws governing its action. Is not this so?"

"Oh, yes. That is clear. The relation between mind and matter is so important a one, that there must be fixed laws governing that relation."

"Are you prepared to believe that mankind will never understand these laws?"

"I should not like to say that, Mr. Carter; but I very much doubt whether this day and generation will behold their demonstration."

"Why not this day and generation as well as any other?"

"I don't think the world is prepared for it yet."

"What is your reason for not thinking so, friend Allen?"

"I don't know that I can give any particular reason, Mr. Carter, but such is the impression upon my mind."

"May not your impression be an erroneous one?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Have you no interest in knowing something of the laws that appertain to the mind and body?"

"I suppose I have. But the impossibility of knowing any thing certain upon the subject, has prevented me from wasting time in fruitless and bewildering investigations."

"Don't say impossibility, Mr. Allen."

"Next to impossibility then. But tell us, neighbour Carter, inasmuch as you have witnessed these exhibitions and seem to take an interest in them, what your opinion is in relation to the new science, as it is called? I infer that you highly approve of the exercise of this real or pretended power of one mind over another."

"I beg that you will spare me from all such inferences, friend Allen. I may believe in the fact that a man has committed murder; but the approval of that act is another thing," said Mr. Carter.

"You then believe the whole thing to be bad."

"I haven't said that yet."

“What is your opinion, Mr. Carter?” asked Ralph with some eagerness of manner. “I have been looking on Mons Florian’s experiments with bewildering astonishment. While the facts compel my belief, the causes of such astounding phenomena are profoundly hidden from my eyes. All my psychological theories are driven to the four winds. I am in a maze of doubt and uncertainty.”

“My opinions on the subject are not settled,” replied Mr. Carter; “but the more I see and reflect, the more clearly does it seem to my mind that the power exercised by the mesmeric operator, is a very dangerous one.”

“But it is often used, you know, as a means of curing diseases,” said Ralph.

“I know. But the question in my mind is whether it is anything more than casting out devils by the power of Beelzebub. Certainly, as far as I am concerned, with the light the subject yet affords, I think very much as the woman did who had the ague and fever.”

“How was that?”

“She was told that if she would kill a chicken before sunrise, and without letting any one know what she was going to do, bury the right foot in a certain spot, and repeat a form of words that was given to her, the ague would go away on the second day afterwards, and never return. After patiently listening to what the friend who advised this course had to say, she very emphatically declared, that she would rather be afflicted by the hand of the Lord, than cured by the hand of the devil.”

The two companions of Carter laughed heartily at this anecdote, and Mr. Allen said,

“If what is related of Animal Magnetism be really true, I should be very ready to agree with what you suggest, Mr. Carter, that it has its origin in an evil source. Satan has many devices, and has the power, we know, of transforming himself into an angel of light.”

“I have thought over the subject a great deal,” remarked Carter. “At times the whole thing puzzles me exceedingly. It is said that by means of this power, a person can be rendered entirely insensible to pain; and that in this state the most difficult and dangerous operations may be performed without the patient’s experiencing any suffering.”

“I saw a tooth drawn from the mouth of a young lady, in the mesmeric state, by Doctor Elmer,” remarked Ralph.

“Did she exhibit any indication of pain?” asked his companions.

“Not the slightest.”

“Really, that surpasses my belief,” said Mr. Allen.

“But I saw it,” returned Ralph, speaking with some warmth.

“I didn’t doubt that, Ralph,” said Mr. Allen. “What I doubt is the inference you draw, that she did not feel any pain. She *must* have felt pain.”

“But she has assured me over and over again, that she had no know-

ledge of the operation whatever, until she awoke and found that she had lost a tooth."

"Can you accredit her words? Is she a person worthy of belief?"

"I would as soon believe my mother guilty of falsehood, as suspect an evasion of the truth in her. She stands beyond suspicion in this respect. It was Agnes Wellmore."

"It was!" said Mr. Allen in surprise. "When was this? I never heard anything of it before?"

"It took place only yesterday, and I should not have mentioned it, only the turn conversation has taken seems to require me to do so. Agnes, you know, is in delicate health. Her nervous system, from one cause and another, has become highly susceptible of impressions, and, as a consequence, her sensibility to pain is very great. For months she has suffered with a distressing tooth-ache, which has often been so bad, as almost to take away her consciousness. I am intimate, as you are aware, with both herself and family, and took occasion from this intimacy, often to urge upon Agnes the propriety of having the tooth that caused her so much pain, extracted. But she had such a dread of an operation, that I never could induce her to submit to have it drawn. During the past week she suffered greatly from this cause. I suggested to her to let Florien magnetize her, if he could, and while in the somnambulant state, to have the tooth extracted. To this she at first strongly objected, but I talked to her so much that she at last consented to let him try to magnetize her. If he was successful in his effort, she would, after that, seriously take into consideration the propriety of having her tooth drawn while in the magnetic state. Yesterday I called upon her in company with Mons. Florien. I could see that she felt a strong repugnance to have him attempt to magnetize her; but as he had come for that especial purpose, she could not make any objection.

"After conversing a short time, Florien drew his seat close opposite to where Agnes was sitting, took her hands in his and held them for about a minute, looking steadily into her face all the time. Then he lifted his hands to a level with her forehead, and commenced making downward passes, drawing each hand along in the direction of her arms, but without touching them. All the time he looked her fixedly in the face, while his mind seemed deeply intent upon accomplishing what he was trying to do. This was continued for full twenty minutes, before Agnes showed signs of insensibility. Then her eyes gradually closed, her muscles became rigid, and her face assumed rather a painful expression, and was slightly distorted. I did not like to look at her."

"She had fainted, or was in a spasm," said Mr. Allen, giving a long expiration, that showed him to be deeply interested in the narrative.

"Wait until I am done, and you will not think so," replied Ralph. "Is she in a magnetic state?" I asked of Florien, in a whisper, for it seemed to me that she must rouse up if I spoke aloud. "Here is her

arm,' he said, reaching it towards me, while he made three or four passes along it with his hand: 'try if you can bend it.' I was astonished to find that the whole arm was as rigid as a piece of wood; all my efforts to bend it were unavailing. 'Unclasp her hand,' he said. I tried to do so, but the fingers would not yield. 'Now bend her arm,' he continued, as he made two or three quick upward passes along her arm. I took hold of the limb, and moved it as easily as I can now move my own arm!"

"Incredible!" ejaculated Mr. Allen.

"It does seem so, but it is nevertheless true," resumed Ralph. "Florien next stood a little distance from where Agnes was sitting, but directly in front of her, and looked at her fixedly, with his brows drawn down, and his whole face and attitude expressive of an intensely-felt purpose. I did not like the look of his face, and as to his eyes, there was something snaky about them. I turned from him to observe Agnes. In a little while I noticed slight muscular twitches in various parts of her body; then she would bend over towards Florien and seem to be listening intently. At length she rose up from her chair and advanced several paces towards him; then moved backward and re-seated herself. 'She is perfectly susceptible,' he now said to me, 'and is in a profound magnetic sleep. It is a pity her physician is not here; he could take out her tooth without her experiencing the slightest pain.' 'How long can she be kept in this state?' I asked. 'As long as I please,' he replied. 'Let her remain as she is then,' I said, 'I will try and find the doctor.'

"I hurried away, and was fortunate enough to meet Doctor Elmer in the street shortly after leaving the house. I told him what I wanted, and he immediately accompanied me to the house of Mr. Wellmore. The aunt of Agnes was present, having awaited, with Florien, my return. We now conversed aloud of what was to be done, while the doctor took out his instruments and made his preparations for extracting the tooth. He cut the gum without causing in his patient the slightest indication of pain, and then laying hold of the tooth with his forceps, wrenched it out of her head, not a nerve or muscle quivering!"

"Without waking her up?" said Mr. Allen, with a look of astonishment.

"Not a muscle stirred! There she sat, her head resting against the hand of Florien, and the bloody tooth in the forceps of the doctor, but the expression of her face was all unchanged. I could scarcely believe my senses."

"When she awoke, did she feel no pain?" asked Allen.

"After the blood had been wiped from her lips, and all evidences of the operation removed, Florien made half a dozen rapid passes in a reverse direction to those by which he had put her to sleep, when her eyes opened naturally, and she looked around upon us with a quiet smile. She did not notice, at first, that she had lost a tooth. But in a

few moments she looked towards Dr. Elmer, put her hand to her mouth, and started to her feet as suddenly as if she had felt an electric shock, while her face became flushed, and then grew pale. We smiled, and then she understood that her tooth had been drawn while she was asleep. 'Here is the offending member,' said the doctor, producing a large jaw tooth. 'Did it hurt you, any when I drew it?' 'Hurt me?' said Agnes, with a bewildered air—'I did not feel it.' 'But you must have felt it,' said the Doctor. 'It would be impossible to tear such a tooth from the jaw without pain.' 'I have felt no pain,' returned Agnes, 'and can now hardly believe my senses when I perceive the cavity in my mouth, and look at the tooth which you say you have just extracted.' 'I'll believe anything after this,' said Doctor Elmer, beginning to pace the floor, and seeming utterly confounded. He has been one of Florien's bitterest denouncers, and never spoke of him except as the 'Humbug Florien.' The drawing of the tooth he fully expected would explode Florien and his science entirely."

"Are you sure all this is not romance, Ralph?" said Mr. Allen, as much confounded as Doctor Elmer was represented to have been.

"Go and ask Doctor Elmer; he will tell whether I have been romancing or not."

"Well, friend Carter, what do you think of that?" asked Mr. Allen, turning to the one he had addressed.

"I suppose it's all so," was the brief reply.

"As a means of preventing pain, in all operations, would you not think the use of mesmerism perfectly legitimate?" asked Ralph. "In fact, do you not look upon it, viewed in this light, as a great blessing?"

"That question I am not prepared to answer in the affirmative," returned Mr. Carter.

"What is your opinion of the matter?"

"That, at present, all prudent people had better let it alone."

"Do you think it was wrong to use it in the case of Agnes Wellmore?"

"I am not prepared to say that it was either right or wrong. But, of one thing I am certain, I would think a good while before I would let Mons. Florien put his hands upon a daughter of mine, or bring her under subjection to his will."

"But think how the health of Agnes was suffering from her aching tooth," said Ralph.

"All of us ought to have sufficient strength of mind to bear the pain to which, in the course of Providence, we may be subjected. A decayed and aching tooth, if the pain cannot be allayed, should be removed, and the pain of its removal ought to be submitted to with fortitude."

"But if Providence places within our reach the means of allaying pain, ought we not to accept of the boon with gratitude?" asked Mr. Allen.

"Certainly, if we are sure that in using these means, we are not in-

inflicting upon ourselves some greater injury. I do not think that we should use improper means."

"No, of course not. But how are we to determine Animal Magnetism to be an improper means?" asked Ralph.

"It were the better way to determine it to be a proper means before using it," said Mr. Carter. "This, it seems to me, would only be acting from the dictates of common prudence. How do you know that the submitting of Agnes to the influence of Florien, and permitting him to throw her into so unnatural, and I must say, shocking a state as the magnetic sleep, may not so disturb the even balance of her mind, as to destroy, in a great measure, the freedom of her will? Notwithstanding her ill health, and high degree of nervous susceptibility, Agnes has a strong mind and acute perceptions. To have, with firmness and moral courage, overcome her natural shrinking from pain, and in this state have submitted herself to the operation she so much dreaded, would have elevated and strengthened her whole character, and made her more capable of bearing any mental pain, the endurance of which might be necessary for the regeneration and purification of her spirit."

"I have never looked at the subject in that light," replied Ralph. "I suppose it would be much wiser to determine that a thing is innocent before using it, than to adopt its use before being certain as to its quality."

"Certainly it would. And this is just the position I hold to Animal Magnetism. I must know a good deal more about it than I do at present, before I come within the sphere of its influence, or take within that sphere any one over whom I have control. And you must permit me to say, that I think you to blame for inducing Agnes Wellmore, against her own feelings, to submit herself to the control of a power that may permanently disturb the equilibrium of her mind."

"Perhaps I have been too hasty. But my motive at least was good," said Ralph.

"The goodness of your motive cannot save Agnes from injury, if the influence under which you have brought her be an evil one," replied Mr. Carter.

"Of course not;—but I must be permitted to hope, that no evil consequences will result from this simple experiment. Agnes was not half an hour in the magnetic sleep. I have seen her to-day, and she looks brighter than she has done for a long time."

"Freedom from pain would naturally produce this result," said Mr. Carter.

"I know. This I bore in mind. But, apart from what might be expected from entire freedom from pain, I was pleased to notice a firmer condition of the nerves and a more general feeling of health. It is said, that the effect of animal magnetism on a person suffering from disease and nervous debility, is very beneficial; and I have already been led to

hope that if Agnes would submit to be magnetized frequently, it might restore her to health."

Mr. Carter shook his head, but did not remark upon Ralph's concluding sentence.

"You seem to stand in a kind of non-committal attitude to this mesmerism," said Mr. Allen, after Ralph had ceased speaking, his last words having elicited no reply from Mr. Carter.

"Yes," returned the last named person, "I am always in this attitude towards such things as I do not fully understand. I open my eyes and look at whatever presents itself; never, like you, crying 'humbug,' 'collusion,' or 'imposture,' but examining the new wonder in the length and breadth of its pretensions. Thus far in life, I have escaped deception, for the reason that I never adopt any thing because it comes with specious pretensions; but because I see in it good and true principles, and an agreement with the laws of order established by God. I have seen enough in my short life to satisfy me that we live in an age of wonders, and that more wonderful things than the world has ever yet seen, are in the womb of time. All that is true I wish to receive as it flows down to the earth, and for this reason, I hold my mind in an affirmative state; that is, I call nothing false that I do not understand; but I am at the same time careful not to call it true. I admit that it may be true, and then examine it with minuteness and great caution, lest I be deceived by mere appearances. Thus far in my life, I have not been doomed to see any thing that I received as truth, proved to be false. What I believe is often called false; but new and undoubted evidences of its truth come daily and hourly to my mind. I often feel as if I were ascending a mountain; for the horizon of my mental and moral perceptions is steadily widening, and I can look back and see points in the way that I have come, where I stood doubting as to which was the right course to be taken. And thus, my young friends, it should be with all of us. You are both old enough to have fixed in your minds certain principles as a groundwork to your whole characters, upon which a superstructure of correct opinions on all subjects may be built. You, friend Allen, have the fault of being too incredulous, while our friend Ralph goes off into the opposite extreme. You may never be deceived into the belief of some new and false pretension, but you are fated to stand still while the world is advancing, unless you correct this habit of mind;—on the other hand, Ralph is in danger of falling into the error that you are seeking to avoid. To both I would say—open your eyes and see; but be careful that you are not over wise, and

'See what is not to be seen.'

Mr. Carter here bade the two friends a good afternoon. They walked homeward more thoughtful and less inclined to give utterance to their thoughts than they were before he joined their company.

CHAPTER III.

ON the evening succeeding the day on which our narrative opens, a young lady sat alone with a book in her hand beside her table, on which stood a shaded light. The room she occupied was elegantly furnished, and the walls hung with choice pictures, showing the owner to be a person of taste, and enough of this world's goods to gratify it. The young lady was rather above the middle height, slender, yet symmetrically formed, with dark glossy hair that fell in a profusion of ringlets upon her neck, and played about her cheeks, upon which a soft tinge sweetly relieved the exquisite purity and whiteness of her skin. Her dark hazel eyes, from which the long lashes were occasionally raised, as she lifted her head and assumed a thoughtful attitude, pondering on what she read, had a depth of expression but rarely seen. At such times, brow, eyes, and mouth presented evidences of bodily or mental suffering that could not be mistaken. But these, instead of detracting from, seemed to heighten and give interest to her beauty.

The young lady sat thus alone, now reading and now pausing to reflect upon what she had read, or, because other thoughts and images forced themselves upon her mind, and thrust aside the themes upon which she was endeavoring to fix her attention. While thus engaged, a visiter was announced. He proved to be a young man about her own age, or, it might be, a few years older. He was near the middle stature, well formed, and with a manly air and intelligent countenance. He greeted the young lady familiarly, and she returned his greeting with an air as frank and familiar as his own. They were evidently on terms of interest and confidential intercourse; for their hands lingered in each other's grasp, and they looked into each other's eyes with looks of tenderness and regard.

"I expected you earlier," said the maiden. "What has kept you so long away?"

The young man thought a moment before answering, and then replied,

"I called in after tea to say a word or two to Mons. Florian, and he kept me longer than I at first intended to stay.

"Mons. Florian? Indeed?" The young lady's countenance brightened. "What had you of interest to say to him?"

"A good deal. But I wanted to ask him particularly about one point."

"What was that?" asked the young lady.

"How far, in his opinion, the 'subject' of mesmeric influence had his or her freedom of will disturbed."

"A singular question, it strikes me, Ralph," remarked his companion

"So Mons. Florian said."

“How came such an idea to cross your mind?”

“It was suggested by Mr. Carter, in a conversation I held with him this afternoon.”

“What, Carter? Old Mr. Carter, the ——,”

“Yes, Old Mr. Carter, who is said to have so many odd and singular notions; but who, to me, always has a very sensible way of talking, and seems to see deeper into things than most people I am in the habit of meeting.”

“What had he to say on the subject?” asked the young lady.

“Oh! a good deal. He blamed me for inducing you to be magnetized, in order to have a tooth drawn.”

“I don’t clearly see what cause of blame he could find in that.”

“He seems to think that mesmerism is an evil influence, and that all who have any thing to do with it are in danger of something, he hardly knows what.”

“I suppose not. How there can be any thing evil in that which enables you to have a painful operation performed without suffering, is more than I can see. I should call it good, not evil.”

“So Mons. Florian says. Still, what Mr. Carter suggested in the conversation I had with him to-day, haunts my thoughts all the while. He spoke so gravely, and seemed so rational in all he set forth, that I was irresistibly led to the impression that there might be all the danger he suggested.”

“I have been magnetized,” was the triumphant answer to this, “and I don’t think my freedom has been at all disturbed. I believe I have just as much control over my mind as ever I had, and a good deal more than when I was half maddened with pain, and every nerve quivering with excitement.

“You felt a strong repugnance to being magnetized, I believe?” said the young man.

“Yes. I could not bear to have Mons. Florian come near me. When he came into the room, it was as much as I could do to keep from flying from it, overcome with an undefinable dread of his touching me.

“How long did this continue?” asked Ralph, whom the reader has already recognized.

“Until I allowed him to take my hands in his, and then it gradually subsided, until I felt nothing of it.”

“Do you feel it now, in thinking of him?”

“No, not in the slightest degree.”

“If you had another tooth to extract, would you be willing to let him magnetize you?”

“Perfectly.”

These answers did not appear to give Ralph very particular pleasure. He became grave and thoughtful, until rallied by his companion, who

evinced a good deal of interest in knowing what had passed between him and Florien.

"Your conversation with Mons. Florien must have been a very interesting one," she said.

"It certainly was. If all he relates of Animal Magnetism be true, we, as yet, have seen nothing of its real wonders. According to him a book, a piece of money, or any article may be magnetized, and then sent to a person to whom it will communicate the influence."

"Astonishing! But can you really believe this?"

"I have been forced to believe so much that, at first sight, appeared equally incredible with this, that I now dare not refuse credence to any thing that comes along. Just think of one person's sending a magnetized article to another, and thus putting his whole consciousness to sleep. The thing is really frightful!"

"It does look bad," remarked the young lady, in a tone that showed her interest and curiosity to be so highly excited that her mind did not clearly perceive the dangerous tendency of the power declared by Florien to exist.

"He says," resumed Ralph, "that it is only necessary for one person who has a stronger magnetic quality than another, and therefore able to magnetize him, to take any article, a piece of coin for instance, and hold it in his hand long enough for the heat of his body, with its magnetism, to penetrate it, and then, place that coin in the hand of the other person, to throw him into the magnetic sleep, or at least sensibly to affect him."

"Is it possible!"

"Yes; he says he has done it over and over again. He also says that I have sufficient magnetic power to effect you easily."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"I wish I had known that. You, instead of Florien, should have magnetized me yesterday."

"Suppose I try the experiment of which he spoke," said Ralph, taking a half dollar from his pocket. The repugnance which the young man had felt a short time before was now all gone.

"I have no objections," replied the young lady. "But I don't believe your magnetized half dollar will have any effect upon me."

"Nor I. But we will put Florien's declaration to the proof."

Ralph held the half dollar in his hand until it had attained the temperature of his body. He then placed it in the open hand of Agnes, where it lay for a few moments without any effect becoming apparent.

"Just as I sup—"

Before Ralph had finished the sentence the hand of his companion closed with a spasmodic jerk upon the coin, and a tremor ran up her arm, that soon began quivering from the shoulder to the tips of the

fingers, and agitating the whole body, while her face exhibited a series of rapid muscular contortions

"Good Heavens, Agnes!" exclaimed the young man in alarm, seizing her hand and endeavoring to get the magical half dollar from its grasp. But his efforts were vain. He could not move a finger.

Alarmed beyond measure, Ralph was about calling the family, when the spell he had put upon Agnes subsided, the coin dropped upon the floor, and his companion sat unmoved before him.

"I shall not try that again, very soon," he said, relieving the oppression of his chest by a long breath. "I was never so much frightened in my life. How do you feel?"

"O! very well," replied the maiden, with a smile.

"Wasn't you alarmed?"

"No: I can't say that I was."

"What kind of a sensation was produced?"

"I can hardly tell. It was pleasant enough."

"Could you not have held your arm still?"

"No. I had no power over it."

"Astounding! I almost doubt my own senses. You say the sensation was not unpleasant?"

"Oh no. It was pleasant. I seemed in a kind of ecstasy."

"Did you experience a similar sensation when Florian magnetized you?"

"At first, as I told you, his approach was exceedingly disagreeable. It seemed as if I could *feel* his presence like something pressing against and repelling me. It required all my efforts to refrain from rushing from the room. I never was so distressed by the presence of any one in my life. But after he had commenced magnetizing me, I gradually lost this repugnance, until it entirely left me, and was succeeded by the most delightful sensations."

"Can you not describe their nature?"

"I can hardly find words to do so. Of bodily existence, I seemed to have no perception. My mind became wonderfully clear, as if seeing in a new and purer atmosphere. My whole soul was elevated and filled with an overpowering consciousness of its immortality. But I can recollect nothing that I heard or saw while in this state."

"Have you ever felt a desire to be restored to the state in which you then were?" asked Ralph.

"At times, when I think of the subject, this desire comes over me."

This declaration made Ralph again thoughtful. But the more he thought the more bewildered did his mind become.

"Why do you look so grave?" asked the young lady.

"These things are enough to make any one look grave. Whither are we tending? What is to be the result of all this? If one person is to have such entire control over another as mesmerism gives, who knows

for what dreadful end it may be used? It seems to me that no one is safe. A natural repugnance to the thing is nothing. This repugnance may be entirely overcome, as in your case."

Agnes smiled at the young man's warmth.

"I do not see any thing so dreadful in all this as you appear to see," she said. "No one need be magnetized without his consent."

"Florien says differently. He says, that after he has magnetized a subject, who is particularly susceptible to the influence, for a few times, he can put him to sleep by merely looking at him, and willing him to go to sleep. He declares that he has done it often. And he says, moreover, that his present subject, a lady whom he has been magnetizing for nearly a year, for the cure of a complication of diseases under which she is laboring, is now so much under his control, that he can put her to sleep if she is in another room, and altogether unapprised of his intention."

"That I am very much inclined to doubt," said Agnes.

"I doubted, at first, even his ability to put any one into the magnetic sleep," returned the young man. "I called all mere pretension and imposture. But I could not long withstand the evidences of my own eyes. I laughed, as you know, at his declaration, in one of his lectures, that an operation might be performed while the patient was in the magnetic sleep, without any pain being felt. And yet I have seen Dr. Elmer draw a tooth for you without your being aware of the fact. The magnetized coin, I but half credited. All these are wonderful—past human belief; and yet my eyes have seen them. If I admit these to be true, it requires but little stretch of credulity to believe any thing that may be related of this mysterious agency."

"No one need become a regular 'subject' in a magnetizer's hands, and thus be brought so completely under his control," said Agnes.

"*Unless an undue and disturbing influence were obtained over the subject by a SINGLE act of mesmerism, no entire control would result from repeated acts.* Every stroke of the hammer upon a piece of iron, bears its due relation to the rest in the process by which the iron is brought into its required shape. If the first stroke make no impression whatever, no accumulation of such strokes will at all affect the metal. Is not this clear?"

"Perfectly. But in the case of mesmerism, a single submission to the mesmeric influence, does not compel an individual to submit to it again and again, until he is brought completely under the mesmerizer's control."

"I am not so sure of that," said Ralph, musingly.

"But the thing is absurd, Ralph. I have been magnetized by Mons. Florien. Do you suppose he could induce me to submit myself again to his hands, unless I chose to do so?"

"He could not, certainly, against your will. But the question in my mind, Agnes, is, how far the person who has once been magnetized

may or may not be *willing* to have the process repeated. The gist of the whole matter lies in the effect of magnetism upon the *will*."

"I do not clearly comprehend you, Ralph."

"Is it not possible for the feelings to change towards a person who was at first repugnant? How often is it that we even form an attachment for an individual whom we could not bear to approach us at first."

"Well?"

"This change is generally gradual."

"I know."

"Just such a gradual change may take place in the feelings of a person towards mesmerism. Your first sensation was that of almost unconquerable repugnance."

"I know it was."

"That has already died away, and now you even feel, at times, a desire to come under the operator's influence. Desire is from the will. Your will is therefore changed, and this is what leads you. If that is in favor of mesmerism, what holds you back from all the direful evils it may be in its power to entail?"

"You are a strange being, Ralph," said the young lady, smiling. "I sometimes hardly know what to make of you."

Ralph returned the smile of Agnes, but did not, for some time, make any further remark, and then he changed the subject.

CHAPTER IV.

THE village of M——, where the persons we have introduced to the reader's notice resided, was distant from Boston about sixty miles. It contained a refined and highly intelligent circle, of which Agnes Wellmore was looked upon as a brilliant member. To Ralph Percival she had been for some time betrothed; but, on account of her ill health and one or two other causes not necessary to mention, the marriage had been delayed. At the period of which we are now writing, no particular time had been fixed for their union, although it was understood that it would not be put off much longer.

The presence of Mons. Florian, an itinerant lecturer on mesmerism, had created a good deal of excitement in the village. His experiments were the first that had been witnessed in M——, and of course produced a marked sensation. Some scouted at the whole thing as an imposture, while others believed and wondered. Florian himself appeared to be a man of a good deal of intelligence and much force of mind. His manners were attractive, and he possessed the ability to interest nearly all with whom he came in contact. The success of his lectures and experiments were of a character to induce him to prolong his stay for several weeks, during which time he became acquainted with many persons in the village, and at length received invitations to the houses of some of the first families in the place. During his stay, a large party was given, to which he received an invitation. This party Miss Wellmore, Ralph, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Carter attended. The presence of Mons. Florian turned the attention of all to the subject of magnetism; and the evening had not advanced very far, before a dense circle was formed around the Frenchman, who found himself beset with ten questions to one that it was possible for him to answer, so thickly were they crowded upon him. At length a pale, thin, nervous-looking young man, who had evinced a restless incredulity in regard to all the mesmerizer had declared in reply to the questions asked him, said with a confident air:

“I don't believe you can mesmerize any one here!”

Florien merely smiled, while his quick eye glanced around the room. Ralph was near, and observing the direction of his eye, saw it rest for a moment upon Agnes. This produced in him a sensation of uneasiness and repugnance.

“What do you say to that, Mons. Florian?” spoke up Mr. Allen, seeing that the Frenchman did not reply.

“I can do it,” he said briefly, with a shrug, “if I may be allowed to choose my subject.”

After some slight debate this was agreed to, provided no objection were made by the person whom he might choose. When this was finally determined, Florien advanced a few steps towards Agnes, and said—

“I choose this young lady.”

No objection being made by Agnes, a murmur of approbation went through the room, for Agnes was known to be so far above deception, that the effect upon her would result in a conviction to all present of the truth or falsity of Florien's pretensions. This occurred only an evening or two after Agnes had been mesmerized and her tooth drawn, and before that fact had become generally known.

Mons. Florien drew a chair immediately in front of Agnes: before taking her hands in his, he looked her, for the space of nearly a minute, steadily in the eyes. He then took hold of her hands and held them a short time. After this, the downward passes began, which were not continued over five minutes, before the eyes of Agnes closed. At this point, Ralph called her name in a quick, rather loud voice, and Agnes partially roused up, answering to the call, but not opening her eyes. Florien continued his passes, Ralph every now and then pronouncing the name of Agnes. But each time this was repeated it made less and less impression upon her ear, until she ceased to hear altogether.

“You may fire off a cannon now if you please, and she will not hear you,” said Florien, in a triumphant tone, rising up and standing in front of his subject.

The young man who had challenged the mesmerizer to this proof of his skill, stepped forward and struck his hands together, producing a loud noise, close to the ear of Agnes. But she remained as immovable as stone.

“Try as you will, you cannot waken her,” said Florien, with a smile. “I have locked up her senses, and you cannot open them.”

Various were the means resorted to by the many who were still incredulous, but all to no effect. Agnes remained statue-like in her chair. Tests were applied that no one, in whom external consciousness and sensibility to external impressions remained, could have withstood. After all these things had been resorted to over and over again, and were at last abandoned as useless, Florien said to an individual standing near him:

“She does not hear you when you speak to her?”

“No,” he answered.

“But she will hear me, and answer me, when I address her.”

“I doubt it,” was the reply.

“Agnes,” said the magnetizer, not moving from where he stood, and speaking in a tone not the least elevated above that in which he had been conversing.

Agnes' immediately assumed an air of attention, and appeared to be listening. The change in her was noticed by every one.

“Lift your right hand,” said Florian.

Agnes slowly lifted her right hand, and held it in a horizontal position

“Now let it fall.”

It sank as slowly upon her lap.

“Do you hear me speak?”

“Oh, yes,” she said promptly, in a low but very distinct voice.

“I am going to bandage your eyes. Can I have your handkerchief for that purpose?”

“Yes.” And she held her handkerchief towards him.

“Are you all satisfied, or do you wish further proof of the fact that this young lady is in a mesmeric sleep?” said Florian, looking round upon the company.

“Go on, go on,” was uttered by many voices.

Florien then proceeded to bandage the eyes of Agnes very carefully.

“Now,” he said, “I will cause her to tell you the nature of any substance you may present to me.”

A young lady handed the magnetizer an orange.

“What do I hold in my hand, Agnes?” he asked.

After a moment’s hesitation Agnes replied—

“It is round—it is fruit.”

“Is it sweet or sour?” Florian put it to his mouth and extracted some of the juice.

The lips of Agnes moved as if she were tasting something.

“It is sweet,” she answered.

Those present soon satisfied themselves that what she had said was true.

A great variety of similar experiments were tried, all with a like result.

“I will now show you something more curious still,” said Florian, removing the bandage from the eyes of Agnes; “or, I should rather say, I will try to do it. All subjects are not alike susceptible: if I fail in what I am now about attempting, you must not set the failure against the science. Other experimenters have done it frequently, but I have never succeeded for want of a good subject. In the one I now have by the courtesy of this company, I find a remarkable susceptibility to magnetic impressions. At the risk of a failure, I will try some experiments that I am very desirous of succeeding in myself.”

“What are they?” asked Ralph, evincing some anxiety.

“You shall see in a moment,” replied Florian. “They are very simple. Will some one hand me a glass of water?”

The water was brought. After drinking part of it, the magnetizer handed it to Agnes, saying as he did so—

“Take a glass of water. It will refresh you.”

Agnes drank a part of the water.

“Now,” said Florian, “let any one of the company whisper in my ear what he wishes me to will the contents of that tumbler to be, and I will make this young lady believe that such are its real contents.”

"Will it to be wine," whispered Mr. Allen.

"Drink some more of that water, Agnes," said Florian.

"I don't wish any more," she replied.

"Take a little more. It will do you good," he urged.

"If it will oblige you," she said, raising the glass, "I will drink more; but I don't really want it."

The moment the tumbler touched her lips she drew it away quickly, saying, in a voice of surprise—

"It is not water."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, it is wine."

"Wine, indeed! What kind of wine?"

Agnes raised the glass again to her lips, sipped some of its contents, and, after tasting them for an instant, said,

"I don't know."

"Will it to be castor oil," whispered another to the magnetizer.

"Taste it again," said Florian; "I am sure you must know what kind it is."

"I am no judge of wine," returned Agnes.

"Did you ever drink Madeira?"

"Yes."

"Taste and see if that is not Madeira."

Agnes raised the glass towards her lips again and sipped some of the water, but instantly ejected it from her mouth, shaking her head, distorting her face, and exhibiting every indication of having tasted some nauseous substance.

"What ails you, Agnes?" asked Florian.

"It isn't wine!" she replied, with looks and gestures of aversion.

"Will the contents to be coffee," said Ralph, whose interest in these experiments had, for a time, conquered his repugnance to seeing Agnes the subject of them.

"Taste it again," said Florian. "You must be mistaken."

But Agnes shook her head.

"I am sure you are. Look into the tumbler and see for yourself. Is not that wine?"

Agnes raised the tumbler towards her forehead, and holding it in that position, appeared carefully examining what it contained.

"Is not that wine?" repeated Florian.

"No. It looks like coffee."

"Taste it."

Agnes now put the tumbler to her mouth, but very cautiously.

"It is coffee, sure enough," she said, as soon as she had tasted it, and then drank off the entire contents of the glass.

"I will now magnetize any object in the room that may be pointed

out to me," said Mons. Florian, "and by so doing, make it so heavy that she cannot lift it. What shall it be?"

"Let it be this copy of Cowper's Poems," was whispered to the magnetizer.

Florien took the book and laid it beside another book on the piano. He then made a number of passes over it, and pronounced it magnetized.

"Agnes," he now said, "I wish you would bring me that volume of Cowper's Poems that lies on the piano."

Agnes arose without hesitation and walked to the piano. She first picked up the wrong book, but laying that down, she took hold of the magnetized volume, and made several ineffectual attempts to lift it from the place where it lay.

"It is too heavy; I can't lift it," she said.

"Try hard. I want the book."

But every effort proved vain. The book lay as immovable under her hand as if it had been glued to the spot.

"I will now," said Florian, "magnetize the carpet beneath these folding doors, so that she cannot pass from one room to another."

This was done, and then Agnes was called by the magnetizer to go into the front parlor. She attempted to do so, but her steps were arrested at the folding doors. She could not pass the magic line that had been drawn by Florian.

"Let her be awakened," was now the general voice; for all felt that Agnes had been long enough in this unnatural state; and some began to fear that it might not be a very easy thing to restore her to the full possession of all her powers.

Florien took her back to the chair where she had been first seated, and with a few upward passes of his hands, restored her to consciousness. Hundreds of questions were asked her by her astonished friends, to all of whom she gave the simple answer that she knew nothing of the state in which she had been, and, to herself, appeared just to have awakened from a pleasant dream.

"I could much more easily believe that I had been in a dream, than believe all this to be true," said the young man, whose incredulous remark had prompted Florian to offer to magnetize some one present. In a little while after this had been said, Florian came up to him and asked him if he would permit him to place a quarter of a dollar on his head. The young man was standing near the centre of the room.

"You may do so if you like," replied the young man, indifferently.

Florien placed the small piece of money he had named upon the young man's head, and then looked him steadily in the face. All eyes were turned towards the centre of the room. The deepest silence prevailed. Suddenly the young man's arms started out from his body and became fixed at an angle of some thirty degrees; his face was slightly distorted; he was as if riveted to the floor! He tried to cry out, but his tongue was para-

lyzed! Florien now removed the coin from his head, and the young man, free from the spell he had placed upon him, sprang eagerly from the spot in which he had been standing. The magnetizer looked at him and smiled.

"Would you like me to fasten one of your feet so firmly to the floor, that you cannot remove it except I permit you to do so?" he said.

"No," replied the young man, a good deal excited, "I have had enough of your confounded tricks. I believe you are a wizard."

"I am a magnetizer," coolly returned Florien.

A laugh went through the rooms at the young man's expense, in which he could not himself help joining.

"You are certainly not afraid of his fastening your foot to the floor, Harry," remarked one of the company.

"If he could fasten down my whole body, as you have just seen has been done, do you think it would be a very hard matter for him to fasten my foot to the floor. Humph! You had better let him try you!"

"He may do that in welcome," was replied to this. "I'll give him my foot if he fastens it to the floor."

This challenge Florien did not seem much inclined to accept. The young man who made it was much more stoutly built than the magnetizer, of a bilious sanguine temperament, and in full health.

"Try him," said several voices in the room.

"I don't think it would be of much use," replied Florien, surveying the vigorous proportions of this volunteer subject. "He has too much animal spirit for me."

"Come, then, Harry," said two or three; "you will have to give Mons. Florien another chance. We must see him fasten somebody's foot to the floor."

Urged to do so on all hands, the young man rallied his courage, and consented to have the proposed experiment tried on his foot. He took his stand again in the middle of the floor, and Mons. Florien commenced magnetizing his leg from the knee downwards, by making the usual passes. This was continued for several minutes, the Frenchman seeking to accomplish the object at which he aimed, with his usual earnestness of purpose. At length he raised himself up, and asked the young man to lift his foot from the floor. The attempt to do this proved unavailing; the owner of the foot had no power over it! The muscles refused to obey the behests of his will!

"Are you sure you can't move from where you are standing?" asked one and another.

"Yes. Just as sure as that I am standing here," replied the young man.

"My leg is completely paralyzed. Come, Mons. Florien, take your spell off of me. I am perfectly satisfied, and so are, I presume, the company."

A few upward passes threw off the influence, and the young man stepped from the spot where he had been standing.

Satisfied of the magnetizer's power by the proof he had given, no further exhibition of it was asked, the company gathering in little circles for conversation, the subject, in most instances, being the strange things that had just been witnessed. Ralph Percival now took occasion to search out Mr. Carter, whom he had noticed as observing with great attention all that was passing, without taking any part in it, or encouraging by look or word a resort to the experiments which had been tried.

"What do you think of all this, Mr. Carter?" he said, on finding him.

"I don't like it, my young friend," was the decided reply.

"Nor can I say that I do. But isn't it all very wonderful?"

"Wonderful enough; and so were the works of the Witch of Endor, and the doings of the old soothsayers, magicians and sorcerers, about whom we read in the Bible."

"Do you think they understood any thing about Animal Magnetism?" asked Ralph.

"That is more than I can tell. But I think this man Florian, must be acquainted with some of *their* arts."

"I don't like the power he seems to have over Agnes. See! He is in earnest conversation with her at this moment."

"Nor do I, Ralph. It can do her no possible good. You have influence with her. Can you not awaken her fears as to the consequences that may follow, if she permit herself to be frequently magnetized?"

"I have already made a slight effort to do so; but without accomplishing any good. At first she could not bear this Florian to approach her. But her repugnance to him is gone. The thought of being mesmerized, when the subject was first mentioned to her, caused her inward pain; but she now rather desires to come under this strange influence than to avoid it."

"Bad! bad!" said Mr. Carter, shaking his head. "If you love her, Ralph, exert all the power you possess to keep her from going any farther on that road to ruin."

"What do you mean?" asked Ralph, with a look of alarm.

"I mean this, my young friend. You understand, I suppose, that our life here is given that we may become prepared for a higher, better, and purer life, when we die!"

"This I fully believe."

"And I suppose you are also aware, that we only progress in our state of preparation for this purer life, while our minds or spirits are in a perfect state of freedom to do evil or good, and we choose the good because it is good, and reject the evil because it is evil."

"That I suppose is also true," returned Ralph.

"It is, most undoubtedly—for only so far as we resist and put away evil, because it is sin, and choose good because it is good, do we make

any advancement in spiritual life," said Mr. Carter. "And it is also true, that we never stand still. We must always be either advancing or retrograding. Now, I am deeply impressed with this idea, the result of much thought, that no mesmeric subject, while he or she remain such, can advance a single step in spiritual life."

"What has led you to this conclusion, Mr. Carter?"

"Is not the liberty of such a person interfered with? Is not the even balance of his mind disturbed? It must be so. The Lord gives man a rational mind and a free will, and never interferes with them—if he did, man would be no longer a free agent, but a machine acted on by a superior force. Now think closely. Is not the mind of a mesmeric subject controlled by the magnetizer? Is it not, for a time, deprived of its own organ of sense, by which it acts in the natural plain of its existence, and forced to see, and hear, and feel, by means of another's senses? In such a state is any one free to choose evil or good? to do right or wrong? No. For a time he is deprived of his self-hood. Is no longer a man, but a machine by which some other mind acts. Ralph!—the very thought makes me shudder. I would not take the first step in this downward road for millions of worlds!"

"By what strange power do these men work?" said Ralph. "It cannot be by a Divine power."

"They work by the power of evil spirits. No power in heaven would lend itself to such disturbing action upon the human mind."

"Do you then believe that Mons. Florian holds communication with spirits?"

"No; but I believe that he acts by means of spirits, without understanding the character of his co-workers, or even suspecting their agency."

"And these you believe to be evil spirits?"

"Do you believe an angel would engage in the work of bringing one mind so into such subjection to another mind, as for a time to make that mind act only from the other's volitions? No—I am sure you cannot think this."

"I certainly cannot. If there be any spirits at work in the matter, they are not good spirits."

"And must of course be evil, and from hell," said Mr. Carter, warmly.

"I will not attempt an argument against that conclusion. It seems too clearly deduced."

"My young friend," said Mr. Carter, after a few moments of silence, "as you value the well being of that young lady, do all in your power to break off the unnatural connexion that has been established between her and this unknown adventurer. You cannot tell how entire may be the control which he will establish over her, and not knowing his character, you cannot tell how great an injury he may do her, apart from the effect produced upon her mind by magnetism itself."

A shudder ran through the frame of Ralph, and he turned his eyes,

with a feeling of concern, towards Agnes. Florien was near her, and they were engaged in earnest conversation.

"There was a time," he remarked to his companion, "when the presence of this man was exceedingly repulsive."

"But it is far from being so now."

"Very far. Even the mention of his name will, at any time, awaken her flagging mind into interest."

"All very bad."

"I feel that it is; and cost what it will, my utmost efforts shall be made in order to break the influence he has over her."

Ralph and Mr. Carter remained in earnest conversation during the rest of the evening. When they parted, the young man felt a repugnance to Animal Magnetism almost amounting to horror. His mind was fully made up to use all the means in his power to prevent Mons. Florien from ever again crossing the path of his betrothed.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Ralph next met Agnes Wellmore, he found that she took more interest in the developments of Animal Magnetism than in anything else. Florien had called upon her since the party, and had loaned her two or three publications on the subject, which she was reading with great avidity.

"Mons. Florien tells me," she said, "that if I will submit myself to be mesmerized frequently, he has not the least doubt but that my health will be fully restored."

"I don't believe a word of it," returned Ralph, speaking with the warmth he felt.

"I am sure," returned Agnes, "that I am better since I was magnetized than I have been for a long time. The doctor was here to-day, and says that my pulse has not been as indicative of health for months as it now is."

"There may be other causes for this besides magnetism," replied the incredulous lover.

"What other causes can there be?" asked Agnes.

"The removal of that aching tooth, from the pain of which you have sometimes been almost beside yourself, has had much more to do with your improved health than mesmerism," was the young man's reply.

"Even admitting that," said Agnes, "I am indebted to mesmerism for its removal."

“Although it might have been removed without the aid of this very questionable agency.”

“It would not have been, that I can assure you,” said the lady, in a half offended tone.

“I don’t know that,” remarked Ralph, appearing not to notice the slight disturbance of feeling exhibited by Agnes. “I am not willing to believe you so entirely wanting in fortitude. Pain is hard to bear, but when, from its endurance, some great good is to be obtained, we ought to have sufficient resolution to submit. Doing so, I am satisfied will always give strength to the mind as well as health to the body.”

To this, however, Agnes would not listen. Nothing, she said, could induce her to have another tooth drawn, unless she was reduced to a state of insensibility, by means of Animal Magnetism

“If I had a leg to be cut off,” Ralph responded with considerable warmth, “no mesmerizer should lay his hands upon me. I would keep my senses and bear the pain like a man.”

“That would do you no good,” said Agnes.

“At least it would do me no harm,” replied her lover.

“Of that I am not sure, remarked Agnes. “Excessive pain must disturb the whole nervous system, and undermine, in some degree, the health.”

“Far sooner would I suffer the loss of bodily health, than run the risk of acquiring some form of spiritual disease that might make me forever unhappy.”

“I don’t think there can be much danger of that,” said Agnes, more thoughtfully. “Why do you think so?”

Ralph then endeavored to convey to the mind of Agnes as clear an idea as possible of the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. Carter, avoiding, of course, all the references that were particularly made to herself. But it produced little impression upon her, and led her to express surprise that her lover should attach so much importance to the words of “an old dreamer, like Carter.”

Agnes Wellmore was a girl possessing many strong points of character, not the least of which, and forming the basis of all the rest, was a resolute and decided will. She had received a good education, and had greatly improved her mind by reading and reflection. Her temperament was ardent, and her imagination vivid. At the age of thirteen she had lost both her father and mother, and since that time had lived with an uncle and aunt, who were strongly attached to her. Mr. Harriden, the uncle, was considerably advanced in years, having very nearly reached the age of three score and ten. His love for Agnes partook more of the fondness of old age than the intelligent care and vigilance of thoughtful manhood. He believed her as near perfection as a young woman could be, and saw nothing wrong in what she approved or did. Her aunt loved her with the same blind affection. Instead of endeavoring to

inspire her with fortitude to bear the pain of a necessary operation, while she was suffering from toothache and nervous excitement, they shrunk with quite as much of dread from the idea, as she did herself. They gave her no strength, but rather encouraged her weakness. When a resort to mesmerism was named as a means of taking away all sensibility to pain, they had nothing to say on the subject—all was left to her decision. The result struck them as wonderful,—they could never get done talking about it as one of the grandest discoveries and greatest blessings the world had ever seen.

Thus encouraged in her predilections for magnetism, at home, the mind of Agnes was but little moved by the opposition, and, to her, singular fears expressed by her lover. The books loaned her by Mons. Florian contained much to excite her imagination and blind her judgment. The details therein given of the curative effects of magnetism, attracted her more than any thing else; and this was by no means surprising, for she had been, for a long time, a sufferer from ill-health, and naturally enough felt an interest in any thing that promised a relief from pain. Among other affections from which she suffered, was a nervous headache, the attacks of which were becoming more frequent. This headache generally lasted from one to three days. During its continuance, the pain often became so intense as almost to deprive her of reason. The appearance presented by the sufferer at such times was truly distressing. Her face was pale, sometimes almost livid, the muscles distorted and rigid, and her eyes drawn upwards in their sockets, giving her the appearance of a person suffering in convulsions. These attacks generally left her in a low, nervous state, her spirits depressed, and her mind temporarily enfeebled.

This malady she described to Florian, and he assured her that she would find great benefit, and, perhaps, permanent relief from mesmerism. He had known many cases, very much resembling hers, that had yielded to this curative agency after all other means had failed. At length, after a good many conversations on the subject with her uncle and aunt, Agnes made up her mind that she would let Florian magnetize her once a week during the time he remained in the village, and see if she would derive any benefit from it. Ralph opposed the resolution strongly, but without effect. Florian was sent for. The magnetizer promptly agreed to operate upon her as often as she desired it, promising to remain a few weeks longer in the village than he had at first intended doing, for the purpose of observing the effects of his art on one who showed in such a remarkable degree, a susceptibility to magnetic impressions.

As privately as possible were the experiments upon Agnes conducted, she submitting herself to them with an air of satisfaction that was painfully apparent to Ralph, who always made it a point to be one of the witnesses of what was done and said. The first time Florian mesmerized her, which was previously to her tooth being drawn, it took twenty minutes to produce insensibility. The second time, which was at the

party, seven or eight minutes were all that were required to shut up all the avenues of communication with the external world. On the third occasion, which was at the beginning of the experiments now alluded to, she was sound asleep in just four minutes.

It is not our purpose to detail minutely all the phenomena that were exhibited by Mons. Florien during the few weeks that his experiments on Agnes were conducted. It is sufficient to say, that all the most remarkable results of mesmerism were obtained. Florien declared her to possess higher powers of *Clairvoyance* than he had ever witnessed, or read of except in one or two instances. His own subject was nothing in comparison with her. And to such an extent did he acquire an influence over her, she having finally consented—despite all the arguments, opposition, and solemn protests of Ralph Percival—to submit to the magnetic operations once a day, instead of once a week, that she became at last so susceptible, that Florien could put her to sleep by merely looking at her.

It cannot be denied, that the health of Agnes visibly improved during the existence of these experiments, which extended through a period of nearly six weeks, and were continued some time after Florien had ceased giving lectures or public exhibitions in the village. Once in this time she had an attack of headache. A couple of hours after its commencement, and when all the symptoms were becoming aggravated, she requested to have the magnetizer sent for. Florien came, and with half a dozen passes and a single determined effort of his will, threw her into the magnetic state. In this condition she was kept for half an hour, and then brought back to consciousness. On awakening, she was entirely free from pain; and what was more remarkable, the attack of sick headache was entirely thrown off, and did not return.

“It is no use for you to talk to me now, Ralph,” she said, after this. “As well might you try to convince me that food would do me harm instead of good, as to make me believe that animal magnetism is evil. Does a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters? Can evil produce good? I will not believe it!”

With no clearly defined idea as to what animal magnetism really was, and startled and bewildered by its strange and, to him, contradictory results, Ralph could do little more than set up a blind opposition to the enthusiasm which Agnes displayed in the cause of the new science. In what Mr. Carter had said to him, there appeared some truth, but it was only a faint glimmer. The alarm his words had excited in his mind was altogether vague, and, therefore, so much the more oppressive, for it left him in a painful state of unconsciousness as to the real danger that threatened the one he loved next to his own life, and ignorant of the precise point at which he should stand guard in order to repel the advances of evil. What troubled him most, was the too evident desire felt by Agnes to be mesmerized; a desire that she could not, or cared not to conceal. He

remembered the repugnance she at first exhibited, and how this gradually wore off, giving place to indifference, which was now superseded by an actual desire to come into an abnormal state. Such a state he clearly saw to be a disorderly one, and being disorderly, he very naturally inferred that it was governed by evil influences, for none other could reign over disorder. Evil influences, he further saw, always lead to over-action and excess, and tend to destruction. But, to all such modes of reasoning, the avenues leading to the mind of Agnes were, for the time being, closed. She could see nothing in the light of her lover's more evenly balanced mind.

The more closely Ralph looked at Mons. Florien, the less he liked him. This may be accounted for, partly, on the score of his repugnance to his art, and especially to his influence over the mind of Agnes. But there was a deeper ground for it than this; although the exact nature of that ground was unknown even to Ralph himself.

For a week after, by consent of all parties, the experiments upon Agnes had ceased, Florien still remained at M——, and called to see Miss Wellmore, and talk of animal magnetism daily. His whole mind was full of the subject; he could talk of nothing else, and think of nothing else; and was evidently loath to part from one who possessed, in so remarkable a degree, the faculties of a sleep-waker.

“If I could only remain here,” he said to her, as they sat together the day previous to the one he had fixed for his departure, “in order to investigate the higher phenomena of this wonderful art by means of your remarkable powers, it would give me the greatest pleasure of my life. I may never again meet with one so gifted as you are. To this science my whole existence is wedded. The most astounding results will yet be attained by its means—nothing less, I am satisfied, than a full penetration into the invisible world, and a revelation of the causes of all things which there lie concealed from our eyes. Could any one fix in his mind a higher object than this? Could your life, my dear young lady, subserve a higher destiny? You, if you will, may, I am well assured in my own mind, pass up through the thick clouds that darken our grosser vision, and bring back from the invisible world the intelligence that will gladden and thrill the hearts of all. Long enough has mankind groped on in their uncertain way; the time has come for light to break in upon the world. Already has the morning star arisen as a gladdening precursor to the coming dawn, and now a faint aurora may be seen lifting up like a curtain the darkness which has long hung like a pall over the eastern horizon. It is in your power, I verily believe, to hasten the coming of this approaching day. It must come by means of some one. Who knows but that you may be indeed the heaven-sent agent?”

Florien had never before spoken out so plainly to Agnes of what he thought and felt. His words, as well as his manner, awoke in her mind an enthusiasm corresponding with his own.

"To the attainment of such vast results," she replied, "I would willingly devote my whole life. But my duty to others precludes, for the present, the possibility of my entering upon the high mission you suggest as the one for which I may be destined."

Florien's eyes fell to the floor. He sat in a thoughtful attitude for a long time.

"Do you ever visit Boston?" he at length asked.

"Sometimes."

"Will you be there during the fall?"

"I cannot tell. Why do you ask, Mons. Florian?"

"Because I expect to spend a part of the fall and winter there. Your nervous headaches will, I fear, return in a few months. You have not been long enough subject to magnetic influences to fully remove the cause of this disease. If it does return, it will probably be with increased violence. You will need a repetition of the remedy."

"I understand," said Agnes. "I shall certainly endeavor to make a visit to Boston during the fall."

The countenance of Florian brightened.

"Two ends will be thereby gained," he said. "Your health will be improved, and we shall have an opportunity of renewing those interesting experiments which the necessity of my going away has caused to be broken off. Have you relatives in Boston?"

"No; but I have friends there whom I visit at least once a year."

"We must correspond," said the Frenchman, after a pause, speaking as from a sudden conclusion of his mind. "Have you any objection?"

"None. We are both deeply interested in this great subject. Any light that breaks in upon your mind, I should esteem a favor to have effected upon mine."

"Very well. We will correspond."

With this understanding Mons. Florian parted from Agnes, and the next morning, much to the satisfaction of Ralph Percival, left the village of M——. The young man knew nothing of what had passed between the mesmerizer and his betrothed at their last meeting. This she thought proper to conceal from him.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR some time after the departure of Mons. Florien from the village of M——, his remarkable experiments formed the theme of general conversation. Some even doubted the evidence of their own senses, and went so far as to insinuate that there must have been trick and imposture. Ralph, from the relation he bore to Agnes, often found himself placed in a very unpleasant and awkward position; for it not unfrequently occurred, that some of the incredulous ones, forgetting his presence, would intimate, pretty broadly, that collusion had existed between Agnes and the Frenchman. In more than one instance, his prompt notice of such remarks reminded those who had made them of their indiscretion.

Deeply and truly attached to Miss Wellmore, and believing that their marriage had been already long enough delayed, he now urged Agnes to appoint an early day in the coming fall for the solemnization of their nuptial rites. This the maiden, strangely enough, it appeared to him, did not seem inclined to do; but rather showed a disposition to postpone the wedding until spring. It was in vain that he urged an earlier union. Agnes was firm. Finally, April was appointed as the month in which they should be united in the bonds of matrimony.

As Florien had predicted, a very long time did not elapse, before the nervous headache, from which Agnes had been temporarily relieved, came back upon her, with accumulated violence. In vain did she urge upon Ralph, who had shown on a former occasion, that he possessed magnetic power over her if he would use it, to attempt relief by mesmerizing her. The young man steadily refused to meddle with an art of which he understood but little, and that little of a nature to make him believe its origin to be in things evil and disorderly. In the agony she suffered, Agnes sometimes charged her lover with want of true affection for her.

"You have the power to relieve me from pain, but you will not," she would say. "You don't love me."

"No, Agnes," he would reply upon such occasions. "It is not that; I love you too well to do you wrong. You have tried this unknown power, but it has not cured you. The relief has only been temporary, and now the disease has returned with added violence."

"It cannot do me harm," the sufferer said. "Has it thus far done me any harm? Can you point to the injury?"

"If I were to do so, you are not in the state to see it now."

"Cruel! cruel!" ejaculated the girl, in an agony of both body and mind, turning her face away, and burying it beneath the bed clothes.

Her aunt and uncle now urged Ralph to try by means of mesmerism, to give Agnes relief. But he refused, while his bosom heaved with grief and anguish at witnessing the intense pain under which the one he most dearly loved upon earth was suffering.

"Was I not right in this?" he asked of Mr. Carter, to whose house he went about an hour afterwards.

"At first thought I should say you were, my young friend," replied Mr. Carter. "And yet, my mind is not clear on the subject."

"Evidently, this power is grounded in something disorderly and evil," said Ralph.

"And is therefore a perversion of something good," returned Mr Carter. "It is doubtless true, that surrounding our spirits in an atmosphere in which they breathe and move, as perfectly suited to their powers and operations as is the atmosphere to the material body by which it is surrounded, and that this atmosphere is a medium of communication between spirits, transmitting their thoughts and affections from one to the other as perfectly as our air transmits sound or light. By means of this atmosphere a mesmerizer may, after he has brought his subject so entirely under his control, as to shut up his external consciousness, communicate with him directly, or by the aid of spirits, by which we are all surrounded, and which correspond to the state of our affections."

"But the fact of the existence of this means of spiritual communication does not pre-suppose the right of one spirit to bring another under the control of his will."

"Not at all. That I look upon as a perversion of true order. The time has no doubt come, when, in the Divine Providence, the laws which govern in the spiritual world in which we are as to our spirits, are about to be more fully made known to us, in order that, from this knowledge, we may be better able to rise above the evils that we have inherited. Evil and only evil, and lusting for dominion over his fellows man, as soon as he is let into a knowledge of these laws, or rather of one of the effects that flow from them, immediately begins to use them for selfish purposes by bringing the minds of others into abject submission to his will. This I am satisfied is wrong, both in the one who uses the power, and in the one who submits to it."

"Even for curative purposes?" said Ralph.

"On that point, my mind is not now quite so clear as it was," replied Mr. Carter. "Disease is, in itself, a state of disorder, flowing primarily from spiritual causes. We find that a large portion of the medicines which we use for the cure, or rather counteraction of diseased conditions of the body, are poisonous substances, that, if taken into the human system in large quantities, would occasion death. All poisonous substances have an evil origin, and yet, they are made to subserve an important use in curing diseases. The science of medicine seems to be based upon the law of counteraction of one evil by the use of another.

Not only are mercury, arsenic, prussic acid, and various other deadly substances, made use of by the physician, but he strikes a lancet into the veins, scarifies the body, applies blisters, cups and leeches, and other means that, if continued beyond a certain point, would inevitably occasion death. All these things are evil, but they are used as means of expelling a greater evil. How far spiritual means, that are disorderly in themselves, may likewise be lawfully used in the cure of diseases, is a question that I am not able to determine clearly. All my first impressions are against their use, and I never lightly disregard my first impressions."

"Is it not possible," asked Ralph, "that there may be a power somewhat lower than the spiritual power, so to speak, that Animal Magnetism uses, by which a relief from pain may be procured? In fact, is the relief that evidently does follow an effort on the part of a magnetizer to bring another under his control, the result entirely of mind acting upon mind? May there not be a magnetic fluid pervading the whole body, which is nothing more or less than the first principle or receptacle of life; and may not an undue disturbance of this always result in disease or pain? And further, may not one in sound health, or with a superabundance of this fluid, or animal spirits, be able to restore to a state of equilibrium, by some mysterious power not yet understood, the disturbed fluid in one who is suffering from certain forms of disease? And further, may not all this be done without any disorderly influence being exerted over the mind of the person who is sick?"

"You suggest a very important inquiry, certainly," said Mr. Carter. "Without doubt, there is some such a fluid as you suppose."

"If I could believe that such were the case, and that by making passes similar to those used by magnetizers, I would merely restore this fluid to a state of equilibrium, or add to its diminished quantity in Miss Wellmore, I would fly to her bedside and seek to give her relief."

After casting his eyes to the floor, and remaining in deep thought for some time, Mr. Carter said—

"Do you think you could make use of the ordinary forms employed in mesmerism, and yet keep your mind free from a desire to subject the mind of Miss Wellmore to the control of your will?"

"Oh, yes. For I would not, under any consideration, voluntarily bring about such a result."

"The end we have in view will often protect us from evil, provided we do not use, knowingly, disorderly means for the attainment of the end we propose to ourselves. If there be a certain magnetic action of the purer essences and higher principles of one body upon another, and this action will enable one body to exert a healthy influence upon another body that is diseased, such action I should call orderly and legitimate. Keep steadily in your mind the end of relieving Miss Wellmore from pain, at the same time that you carefully avoid all intention of subjecting her mind to the control of yours, and I think you need not fear to attempt

giving her relief, in the mode now under consideration. What is your own opinion?"

"There seems to be force in what you say," returned the young man, thoughtfully. "If I can, by simple manipulations, take away the intolerable pain she is suffering, I am sure that I ought to do it. No harm could possibly result from the use of such means."

"I think not. Among the German settlers in Pennsylvania, 'Pow-wowing,' as it is called, has long been used as a means of allaying pain. It is done by moving the hand over the injured or painful part, something after the mode used by magnetizers, accompanied by the utterance of some mysterious form of words. The pain of bruised or broken limbs, rheumatism, burns, &c., are said to be mitigated or entirely relieved by the 'Pow-wowers.' They do not pretend to any power over the mind, nor do they exercise any. They simply aim at the cure of certain diseases, or to give relief in pain; and I am credibly informed that they are often very successful."

"I will try it," said Ralph, after thinking for a few moments, turning away as he spoke, and leaving the house of Mr. Carter. He proceeded direct to the dwelling of Mr. Harriden. Agnes was still suffering most terribly.

"Are you no better?" he asked tenderly.

Agnes looked at him reproachfully, and merely murmured—"No."

"I am willing to make an effort to relieve you," he said.

"By magnetism?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Any thing for relief," said the almost distracted girl, rising up in the bed, and clasping her hands across her forehead. "I shall go wild if it does not come soon."

Ralph proceeded at once to make use of the means he had proposed to himself. He took the hands of Agnes in his, and held them for some time. Then he commenced making the usual passes, keeping his mind all the time fixed upon the disease under which she was suffering, and in the wish and effort to subdue it. This was continued for at least twenty minutes, when Agnes, who did not become insensible, but only appeared to sink into a drowsy condition, replying to the oft repeated question of Ralph, said that she felt no pain. She was then gently laid back upon her pillow, and was sound asleep in a moment after. Not magnetically asleep, but reposing sweetly in natural slumber.

It was many hours before Agnes awoke; when she did awake, she was free from pain. Ralph hardly knew what to think of all this. He had stepped his foot upon unknown ground, and was at a loss whether he should proceed, remain where he was, or retire, so far as all future action was concerned, from a position that no observation he could make would determine the true latitude and longitude.

At intervals of three or four weeks, a return of the headache usually

took place; and then Ralph had to apply the means of relief he had at first used, which generally proved efficacious. He always did this with a feeling of reluctance that was generally very hard to overcome.

Anxious and minute observation of the effect produced upon Agnes by no means favored a continuance of these experiments. At last Ralph said to her one day, after he had mesmerized her—for it was nothing less than that in the end—and she had come out of the state of insensibility,

“Depend upon it, Agnes, all this is worse than the disease.”

“Why so?” she inquired, evidently disturbed by the remark.

“Because it is affecting you more vitally than disease even can do. It is disturbing your free volition.”

But Agnes replied that this was mere fancy.

“I know it is not so,” she said. “Your old idle fears have come back to haunt you. That it is all good, I ask no other evidence than the freedom it gives me from pain.”

Argument Ralph found entirely useless, and he gave up, after a time, all attempts at changing her views. But he never again could be prevailed upon to use what he believed to be a deadly power, even at the earnest solicitation of one more dearly loved than any thing on earth.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT September, Agnes first spoke of her intention to visit Boston, fixing upon the middle of November as the time at which she would go.

"How long do you think of remaining?" asked Ralph, when this declaration was first made to him.

"Until after the first of January," she replied.

"So long?" he merely said.

"Will it appear very long to you?" she asked, looking earnestly into the young man's face, and speaking, he thought, in a saddened tone.

"Yes," he said. "The days will be weeks and the weeks months to me. The time will pass wearily enough. But I hope you will enjoy yourself."

Whether the young man meant his last sentence as a rebuke, we know not. It was felt as such by Agnes.

"You don't wish me to go?" she said.

"I will not say that."

"I am sure you do not. I almost wish that I had not promised to make this visit."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because it is plain that my absence will make you unhappy," said Agnes.

"I hope I am not so selfish as to wish to deprive you of any pleasure," replied the young man, endeavoring to speak in a cheerful voice. "It will make me happy to know that you are so."^h

"Then you must let the days be days, and the weeks weeks, Ralph," said the young lady, speaking in a tone of earnest cheerfulness. "We can see each other's thoughts daily, on paper, and memory will bear vividly enough the image of our faces. We shall not really be separated, for a thought will make us present one with the other. It is the last season, probably, that I shall have to spend with my young friends in the city."

"Say no more, dear Agnes!" replied the young man. "I would, on no account, have you to forego this visit. Our meeting will be sweet, after the absence, and fully compensate for all."^h

As the time fixed by Agnes for her visit drew near, her friends observed that she became more than usually thoughtful and abstracted. She went from home less frequently, and while at home, rather preferred to be by herself than much with her aunt and uncle. Particularly did Ralph notice this change. Often while he sat conversing with her

would she sink into a state of reverie so complete as to cause her to forget the presence of her lover, and to be altogether unconscious of what he was saying. When aroused from this state, she would look confused, and seemed to be troubled. Sometimes she would make no remark on the circumstance, whatever, and sometimes merely say—

“I don’t know what is coming over me.” Or—“You must think me very stupid.” Or—“Pardon me; my mind strangely wanders to-night.”

In these brief allusions to her states of abstraction, Ralph could see nothing that gave him a clue to the real cause. Doubts and questions on a subject like this could only produce unhappiness; and as doubts and questions would arise in the mind of Ralph, the young man was constantly in a very anxious and disturbed state.

The nearer the time for Agnes’s departure came, the more absent-minded did she grow. To the closely observing eyes of Ralph, there was apparent something more than dull abstraction. Plainly enough could he see that some anxious struggle was going on in the bosom of his betrothed. There were times when he supposed this might refer to himself, and be caused by a gradual waning of her love. But the earnest tenderness evinced for him, both in her words, looks and actions, would dispel this idea almost as soon as formed. No change in this state of mind, other than its increase, took place until the time arrived at which Agnes was to leave for Boston. The tenderness of her parting with Ralph, dispelled from his mind every lingering doubt, if any yet remained. He felt that her love was as pure and unswerving as ever. But with this satisfaction was mingled most anxious feelings in regard to the object of his affections. She was changed and unhappy—that was too plain; but as to the precise nature of the change and cause of her unhappiness, he could only form vague conjectures.

It happened that no one known to Agnes or her friends was going to Boston, from M——, just at the time fixed upon for her journey. Ralph urged her to put off the period of her departure for a week, when a merchant of his acquaintance was going down and would take charge of her. But she preferred to go alone rather than wait. She said she had gone several times without company, and felt now quite indifferent whether she had any or not.

After his final parting with Agnes, Ralph felt an oppressive weight upon his bosom. In his mind there was a vague fear of something that grew into an overpowering impression that evil was hovering over and ready to fall upon the one he loved. More than once did he make his mind up to take the next stage, and follow her to Boston, and save her from the impending danger. But, as his mind grew calmer, he saw the folly of acting from such idle and unfounded impressions.

It was understood that Agnes was to write immediately on her arrival in the city. This letter was expected by Ralph on the second morning

after her departure. Before the post-office was open that morning, Ralph was at the window.

"Is there a letter for me?" he asked, as the clerk unlocked the door, and came out to remove the window shutters.

"I think not, Mr. Percival," replied the clerk. "I don't remember, in sorting the mail, to have noticed one for you. But I may have overlooked it."

"You must have done so. There certainly is a letter for me from Boston."

The clerk removed the shutters, and then went back into the office to see if there was a letter for Ralph, who was trembling with impatient hope.

"No," said the clerk, "there is nothing for you, Mr. Percival."

"You certainly must be mistaken," returned Ralph.

The clerk ran over the letters again.

"There is nothing, sir."

"May you not, by accident, have filed it up under the wrong letter?"

"It is barely possible, but not probable," answered the clerk.

"As the letter I expected this morning is one of great importance," said Ralph, "may I ask, as a particular favor, that you will take the trouble to run over all the letters you have? It will only take you a few minutes, and will be conferring a great obligation upon me."

"I will do it with pleasure," returned the clerk, commencing at A, and going regularly through to Z, while Ralph waited in almost breathless expectation. The "nothing" that the clerk uttered as he turned the last letter that he held in his hand was felt by Ralph like a blow. He stood irresolute for a short time, and then said—

"Is there nothing for Mr. Harriden?"

"Nothing," replied the clerk, after making the required examination.

"But," he added, "I notice a letter here for Miss Wellmore, the niece of Mr. Harriden."

"I will take that," said Ralph.

The letter was handed to him. It bore the Boston post mark, and the direction was boldly written—evidently by the hand of a man.

"Do these letters often come to Miss Wellmore?" inquired Ralph, who was suddenly impressed with a vague suspicion. He asked the question in a tone of affected indifference.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk.

"How often?"

"At least once a week, and sometimes oftener."

"Do they always bear the Boston post mark?"

"No. Sometimes they are from New York, and sometimes from other places."

"When did this arrive?"

"Yesterday."

“Have you any idea from whom they come?”

“No. I never think about that. But I now remember to have noticed several times after seeing Miss Wellmore drop in a letter, that there was one in the box directed in a lady’s hand to that Mons. Florian, who flourished here some months ago.”

“Good morning,” said Ralph, turning abruptly away, bearing with him the letter directed to Agnes, which he had not the least doubt came from the magnetizer. He paused not until he reached his own room, when he locked the door inside and threw himself panting upon a chair. The question next to determine, was his right to open the letter that had come into his possession. It was directed to Agnes, and, therefore, he had no abstract right to break the seal, or to come at a knowledge of its contents. But, taking into consideration the fact that he was under a marriage contract with her, and that this letter might contain facts that it was essential to his happiness as well as her own that he should know, he argued strongly the propriety of reading it. The debate lasted for nearly half an hour, and was finally settled by his lifting the letter suddenly and breaking the seal. The first thing that struck his eyes as he opened the folded paper, was the name of Florian. Eagerly did his mind devour the contents. They were as follows:

“MY DEAR YOUNG LADY:—I am all impatience to see you, and enter upon those high investigations connected with our sublime science, which have been so often alluded to in our correspondence. I will meet you on the arrival of the cars, and conduct you to your friends. Are you sure they will throw no impediments in the way of our experiments? I hope not. They understand, you say, that the principle object you have in view, in spending some time in Boston this fall and winter, is to obtain the aid of magnetism as a means of curing the diseases from which you are suffering. I hope they approve of this. But I will not invite doubts. In a very short time you will be here, when we shall enter upon a series of experiments from which will come some of the most brilliant results ever achieved in this new field of investigation. I am all impatient to begin. You will not fail to come.

“Yours, &c.,

FLORIEN.”

“Madness!” exclaimed Ralph, springing to his feet, as he finished the letter. “Still in the power of that arch-fiend of hell!”

The young man rather stamped than paced the room for some minutes, his whole mind a perfect whirl of confusion. Then he sat down and read the letter again, more deliberately, and with a calmer mind. The wild turbulence of his feelings gradually subsided, leaving the anguish of his mind more real and hopeless.

“She is lost!” he murmured, resting his head upon his hand, with a

feeling of hopelessness. "The spell by which she is bound, I cannot break. She is wrapped in a web of enchantment. But shall I leave her in the entire power of that villain? No! To-morrow I will go to Boston, and, if she will not return with me, put her friends upon their guard. Heaven only knows where this will all end! Well do I now understand the cause of her recent strange state of mind, and the pain she felt in parting with one whom she had been so cruelly deceiving."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the next day Ralph started, as he had proposed, for Boston. The journey occupied but a few hours, as most of it was by railroad. But to him it seemed nearly an age. After leaving his trunk at a hotel, he went immediately to the residence of the friend at whose house Agnes always staid when in the city.

"Is Miss Wellmore in?" he asked of the domestic, who came to the door.

"Miss Wellmore?" said the domestic. "No such lady lives here."

"I mean the young lady from the country."

"Oh, yes! But she hasn't come yet. We are expecting her every day."

"Not come yet!" ejaculated Ralph, turning pale, and leaning against one of the door posts. "She left home day before yesterday."

"But she hasn't come yet," said the girl, innocently.

"Is Mr. A—— in?" Ralph now asked.

"No, but Mrs. A—— is at home."

"I will see her. Tell her that a friend of Miss Wellmore's has called and would like to speak to her for a moment."

Ralph went into the parlor, and in a few minutes Mrs. A—— entered the room.

"I have this moment learned that Miss Wellmore is not with you," he said, without ceremony.

His anxious looks and agitated manner startled the lady.

"No, she is not here," she replied. "We have been expecting her every day; but she has not yet arrived."

"She left M—— day before yesterday."

"For Boston?"

"Yes, ma'am. I put her in the stage myself."

"Day before yesterday, did you say?"

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Where in the world can she be?” said Mrs. A——, looking now almost as much alarmed a R. ph.

“Heaven only knows!” ret. ned the young man, with a half distracted look. “Where can I find M. A——?”

“At his store,” replied the lady.

“I will see him at once. Some means must be taken to find her.”

Saying this, Ralph turned abruptly away, and ran, rather than walked, from the house. He found Mr. A—— at his store, and hurriedly related the object of his visit. After the first expressions of surprise and pain were over, Ralph asked if Mons. Florien were not lecturing in the city.

“I have not heard of his being here,” replied Mr. A——. “Why do you ask?”

“Because I am afraid that he has something to do with her strange absence. He was in M—— this Spring, and magnetized Miss Wellmore several times; and I have reason to believe that one cause of her present visit to your city arose from her desire to be magnetized by him again.”

“She expected to be magnetized by some one, I know,” replied Mr. A——, “for so she wrote to my wife. I supposed that her friends were aware of this. She said, in one of her letters, that she had derived great benefit from mesmerism, and that she should avail herself of the opportunity which her visit to Boston would give, to have this curative agent applied by the hands of a celebrated professor who would spend a part of the fall and winter in our city.”

“Florien, of course.”

“It may be so. But I have not heard of his being here.”

Mr. A—— then called the clerk, and asked if he had heard any thing of Mons. Florien being in the city lately. But the young man replied that he had not.

“Strange!” said Ralph, speaking partly aloud and partly to himself. “He was here, that I know.”

“When?” asked Mr. A——.

“Read that letter and it will tell you,” replied Ralph, drawing Florien’s letter to Agnes from his pocket, and handing it to the merchant.

“Good heavens! young man, this is a serious affair!” exclaimed Mr. A——, as he folded up the letter. “How came this into your hands?”

“It was received in M—— the day after Miss Wellmore left, and has been the cause of my visit to Boston. You have no doubt heard that she is under an engagement of marriage. I am the one with whom that engagement exists.”

“Your name then, is Mr. Percival.”

“Yes, sir. That is my name.”

“I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Percival,” said the

merchant, offering his hand, "but I wish it had been under circumstances of a less embarrassing nature."

"So do I, from my heart," responded the young man.

"There can be little doubt of Miss Wellmore's having fallen into the hands of this Florian," said Mr. A——, after a pause of some moments. "He has, in all probability, met her, as he proposed, at the cars, and now has her concealed somewhere in the city, for the purpose of making upon her the experiments he speaks of in this letter."

"Doubtless your suggestion is true. The thought makes me shudder! We must discover where they are, and rescue her from the power of his infernal arts."

"What is done must be done quickly," said Mr. A——. "Let us go at once to the principal hotels, and see at which of them he is or has been putting up."

Acting upon this suggestion, the two visited every hotel in the city, making at each the most particular inquiries, but without gaining the slightest intelligence of the individual of whom they were in search. Night came, yet not the first clue that would unravel the mystery of the young girl's absence could be found. The search was kept up until a late hour, but with no better result.

On the next day, the matter was communicated to the police, by whom a systematic and thorough search was made for the missing girl, or the individual who was charged with having abducted her. But this proved alike ineffectual. All that could be ascertained was, that several letters had been received at the post-office in the previous two weeks, directed to Mons. Florian, and delivered to some one who had called for them; and also, that a young lady, answering to the description of Agnes, had come in the cars from M——. This last information was gained from the conductor of the train; but he said that he did not remember having noticed her after the arrival of the cars.

This, unsatisfactory as it was, proved to be all the information that could be gained after a week's anxious and untiring efforts; and the search in Boston was abandoned as hopeless. It was plain, the more the matter was considered, that Florian had contemplated getting possession of the person of Agnes, and in order to make this possession more secure, had visited Boston under some assumed name, and left it the moment he secured his prize. What seemed most unaccountable was, how he could have prevailed upon her to accompany him. This was suggested by Mr. A——.

"There is no mystery in that," said Ralph, in a sad voice. "By an effort of his will he can make her his passive slave."

"Impossible!" said the merchant.

"I have myself seen him throw her into the magnetic sleep while she sat at the piano, with her back toward him, and when she could not have been aware of his intention to do so. It is awful to think of; and makes

my very blood run cold!" The young man shuddered as he uttered the last sentence.

"I dreamed not of this," said Mrs. A——. "Can it be possible that such a power can be exercised over one person by another?"

"It is certainly true in this case. By what agencies he acts, I know not, unless it be by the power of hell. It maddens me to think of it!"

"If this be really so,—that is, if Florien is able to put Agnes to sleep by a mere effort of his will, she is of course a perfect slave in his hands, and can be used by him for his own ends," said Mr. A——.

"The thought will drive me mad!" exclaimed Ralph, in an agony, striking his hand against his forehead.

But all his anxieties and anguish of mind were unavailing. He remained in Boston for a week, and then returned to M——, in order to make preparations for a longer absence, and a more extended search for the absent girl. He found the aunt and uncle of Agnes, to whom he had communicated his failure to discover her, almost distracted with grief and alarm. But all this availed not.

An examination of Miss Wellmore's trunks and drawers, made it very evident, that she had not contemplated a meeting with Florien for the purpose of going off with him. She had taken none of her little *bijouterie*, and had left carefully locked in one of her drawers, all the letters she had received from the magnetizer. These, with other evidences, equally conclusive of the fact that she had not contemplated an abandonment of her home, were found, and satisfied her friends that her absence, be it from what cause it might, was a compulsory one.

In a few days after his return from Boston, Ralph started from the village of M——, determined to leave no means in his power untried, in order to find the person of Agnes Wellmore.

CHAPTER IX.

To New York, as the great centre of all that was good and bad, Ralph Percival first directed his course. There he was strongly inclined to believe Florian had retired, and would under some assumed name, seek to develop the remarkable *clairvoyant* powers that Agnes had shown herself to possess. As in Boston, so in New York, the aid of the police was called in. An officer of great shrewdness and thorough acquaintance with the city, was offered a large sum of money by Ralph, if he would successfully aid him in obtaining the object of his visit. By the advice of this individual, all his movements were governed. The first step he took was to call upon a mesmeric lecturer who was then in the city named Cheston, and make his acquaintance, carefully concealing from him, however, the object he had in view. On his second visit to this man, at his rooms in Broadway, he found him in conversation with a person who wore blue glasses, and had his face more than half covered with hair. This person left almost immediately after he came in. There was something about the man that caused Ralph to fix his eyes upon him, and to continue his observation until he withdrew.

"Who is that person?" he asked, as the door closed after him.

"I think he told me that his name was Armour," replied Cheston.

"Who or what is he?"

"That is hard to tell. He has been to my rooms several times, and appears to be very much interested in mesmerism. He is making, he says, some very interesting experiments; and was about relating to me what they were when you came in."

"Mesmeric experiments?"

"Yes."

"Did he say of what character?"

"They had reference to *clairvoyance*."

"I should like to witness them," remarked Ralph, in a half careless half thoughtful manner.

"You seem to be a good deal interested in this subject," said Mr. Cheston.

"Yes, I take considerable interest in it," returned Ralph.

"Have you seen many experiments?"

"Not a great many. The most curious that came under my observation were performed by Mons. Florian."

"Ah, indeed! I know Florian very well. He is a powerful magnetizer."

"Where is he now?" asked Ralph, endeavoring to appear indifferent;

but his voice slightly faltered as he spoke. The man looked at his visitor curiously for a moment, and replied,

"I do not know. I think he went to Boston not long ago."

"When was he last in New York?" pursued Ralph.

"He was here and gave lectures four or five weeks ago."

"So recently?"

"Yes. He lectured in this room. His subject was not a very good one, however, and gave him very little satisfaction. He told me before he left that he had some prospect of obtaining a much better one in Boston, and if he succeeded, he would astonish the world. Mons. Florien is a great enthusiast on this subject. He will never rest satisfied with ordinary results."

"Have you learned whether he was successful in obtaining his subject?"

"No. I have heard nothing of him since."

"He is not in the city, then."

"No. Not unless the man you just saw leave this room be he."

"Why do you say that?" Ralph spoke with a sudden energy, that made his auditor start.

"He had the voice, and all the manners of Florien," returned Cheston.

"Then you think this man was Florien in disguise?" said Ralph, struggling to keep from becoming too apparent the deep excitement he felt.

"I didn't say so," replied the man.

"But that is your inference."

"I made no such inference. I only meant to allude to the fact that this man's voice, as well as his manners, strongly resembled Florien's. Nothing more."

"May it not be Florien after all?" asked Ralph, forgetting himself and evincing far more interest in the matter than was prudent.

"Why should he come here in disguise?" asked the magnetizer.

"Perhaps he has got his Boston subject, and wishes to remain quiet for a time until he goes through with his experiments. You know this man professes to be making some interesting experiments."

"Rather an unlikely story that," said Cheston, laughing. "Oh, no! This is not Florien."

"Where did Mons. Florien put up while in New York?"

"At the Clinton, I believe!"

"You don't know where this man stays?"

"No."

As soon as he could leave the rooms of Mr. Cheston, without seeming to go away in too great a hurry, Ralph withdrew, and sought the officer, under whose direction he had placed himself. After relating what he had seen and heard, the officer declared it to be his opinion that the man he had seen was the veritable Florien himself in disguise.

"His complexion was florid, was it not?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He was stout,—about my size?"

"Very near your size."

"His glasses were a very dark blue,—darker than we usually see them?"

"Yes."

"His whiskers and moustaches were coarse, and gave him a gross, sensual look."

"You have described him exactly."

"I know the man," said the officer. "He has been in New York about a week."

"Where does he stay?" asked Ralph.

"I do not know. But it will be easy to find out. We must put half-a-dozen sharp fellows on his track immediately. He isn't about a great deal. I have only noticed him on the street twice, and then he seemed in a great hurry."

"That is the man, without doubt," said Ralph, trembling with excitement. "Oh! if he should take the alarm and escape us. If it is Florian, he knew me; and the fact that the man I saw retired as soon as I entered Cheston's rooms, satisfies me that he is the very one we are seeking."

"A short time will determine that," remarked the officer. "In the meantime, do you return to your hotel and remain there until you hear from me. You may be wanted at any moment in the next twenty-four hours, and must be on hand."

Young Percival and the officer then separated, the former going to the hotel where he lodged. Hour after hour passed, until nightfall, without any word coming from the officer. Ralph was nervous and impatient. He sat down to the table, when dinner and tea were announced; but he could not even force himself to eat. It was ten o'clock before any word came from the officer. Then he received a message, desiring his immediate presence at one of the police offices. The young man obeyed the summons with the utmost alacrity.

"Have you found him?" he eagerly asked, on meeting the officer.

"I have found the place where he resides for the present," was answered.

"Is he there now?"

"That I cannot tell. He was seen entering the house to-day."

"Where is the house?"

"It is number — Greenwich Street. We will go there at once and see if he is within."

The two men then proceeded, with rapid steps, towards that part of the city where the man for whom they were in search had been seen to enter a house. On arriving at the street and number for which they were seeking, Ralph went to the door, while the officer remained on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Mr. Armour at home?" he asked promptly, of the servant who came to the door.

"No, sir," was the reply, as promptly made.

"How soon will he be in?" asked Ralph.

"He has left here, sir," said the servant.

"Left!" exclaimed Ralph. "When did he leave?"

"About two o'clock, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I brought down his trunk, and saw him go away in a carriage."

"Did the young lady go with him?" It was with the utmost difficulty that Percival could command his voice sufficiently to ask this question in a tone not calculated to excite suspicion and put the servant on his guard.

"Yes, sir. She went with him, of course," replied the servant.

"Did they leave the city?" pursued Ralph.

"I believe not, sir. I think they only went to another house."

"Do you know the place to which they have gone?"

"No, sir. Nothing was said, and I didn't feel at liberty to ask any questions. They went away very suddenly."

"I am very sorry," said Ralph. "I wanted to see Mr. Armour very badly. Don't you think you could ascertain in some way, where he has gone?"

"I haven't the least idea where it is, sir."

"Doesn't any one in the house know?"

"I believe Doctor T—— does; but I don't think——"

"Who is Doctor T——?" eagerly inquired Ralph.

"He lives here, sir," replied the man.

"Is he in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I wish to see him."

"Will you walk in, sir?" and the man gave way for Percival to enter, who stepped in quickly, and was shown to the parlor. In a few minutes a man of middle stature and pleasant, rather prepossessing countenance, wearing an embroidered dressing-gown, and having showy Chinese slippers on his feet, entered the room.

"Doctor T——, I believe," said Ralph.

"Yes, sir, that is my name," replied the doctor.

Ralph felt his presence of mind and assumed calmness leaving him; but he rallied himself with a strong effort.

"Your servant tells me that Mr. Armour has gone away," he said, with as much apparent ease of manner as it was possible for him to exhibit. "Can you tell me where I will be likely to find him?"

"I cannot," the doctor replied, with a bow and a smile. "He left my house suddenly while I was out, and told no one where he was going."

"Do you think he has left the city?"

"That I cannot tell, sir."

"Then you can give me no information about him, whatever?"

"None in the world," said the doctor.

"Do you not expect to hear from him?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, yes. But that will depend upon him altogether. At present I am ignorant of his whereabouts as you are."

"He came recently from Boston, I believe?" said Ralph.

"I think he did. Are you from Boston?"

"No, sir."

Then there was a pause.

"Is the lady well whom he has in charge?" This question had been on Ralph's tongue three or four times, but he was afraid to trust himself to utter it.

"Very well," replied the doctor.

"Has she had a return of her nervous headaches?"

Doctor T—— looked at Ralph earnestly, and appeared to think hurriedly for a few moments. He then said—

"I believe not, sir. She appeared to be very well while in my house."

"She has remarkable power as a *clairvoyant*," said Ralph, venturing a little farther.

"Very remarkable," replied the doctor, who was evidently thrown off his guard, and somewhat mystified by this question.

"I presume you take as much interest in this subject as Mr. Armour himself?"

"Not quite so much," replied the doctor. "He is looking at the subject psychologically, while I am investigating it as a medical man and a man of science."

"There is no doubt of its possessing curative virtues," said Ralph.

"Oh, no. It is also valuable as a means of discovering the exact location and nature of diseases, the symptoms of which do not give us the information which we seek."

"Have you ever met with a magnetic subject who could thus indicate the location of diseases?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the doctor. "Matilda does this."

"Matilda! Who is she?" asked Ralph, completely thrown off his guard. But he recovered himself in a moment, and said, "Oh, yes! yes! I had forgotten her name."

Doctor T—— again looked at him earnestly, and with evident suspicion. Ralph tried to renew the conversation, but the doctor evinced a total indisposition to consent to its renewal. The young man's direct questions were evaded, and he was made to feel that his visit was considered obtrusive. Under this aspect of affairs, he deemed it best to retire and confer with the officer who was awaiting him without. On

joining that individual, and relating all that he had heard, Ralph was assured that Armour would be overhauled before noon the next day.

"Is it not possible to find him to-night?" asked Ralph. "He may leave the city by some one of the various lines that depart in the morning. He is aware of my presence in the city, and will hardly remain."

"I shall take good care to have a man at each of these places, with authority to arrest him if he attempts to leave. Four of our best officers have seen him and know him, and they will take charge of this duty. In the morning I will send the right kind of a man to find out from this servant, if he can tell, the carriage driver who was employed to-day by Armour."

"But he may not know," said Ralph.

"No matter. We have a register of every hackman in the city, and can, with proper diligence, ask the required question of each one in a few hours. This will give us what we want."

Ralph did not go to bed that night, but walked the floor of his chamber until the dawn.

CHAPTER X.

It was near twelve o'clock on the succeeding day, before our young friend had any intelligence from the officer who had taken his business in hand. Ere that time, he was almost beside himself with anxiety and suspense. At last the officer appeared.

"Have you found him?" Ralph eagerly asked.

"Not yet. But I believe we are close upon his track. He did not leave the city this morning, and of course is some where in it;—if in the city I can find him. We have the name of the hackman who took him away from Doctor T——'s. He has been engaged all the morning, but returns to his stable about this time. We shall probably find him there now."

The two men proceeded to the stable of the hackney-coachman, who had returned as the officer had supposed.

"Your name is Ross, I believe," said the officer.

"Yes, sir; that is the name I answer to for want of a better," replied the man, with an air of vulgar familiarity.

"You took a gentleman and lady from Doctor T——'s, in Greenwich street, at two o'clock yesterday?"

"The deuce I did!"

"To what part of the city did you take them?" resumed the officer.

"I took them where they wanted to go," said the hackman, who seemed annoyed, either at the questions themselves, or the manner in which they were put.

"I asked you a civil question, and I am at least entitled to a civil answer," returned the officer, a little warmly.

"I am not so sure that you did ask a civil question. My business is to drive people any where they may wish to go; after that I have nothing more to do with them. I never tell tales out of school."

"You don't know me, I presume," said the officer.

"No, I do not; and don't wish to know you. If you want my hack, I am at your service"—the man here touched his hat with a respectful air,—"I'll drive you any where you may choose to go, and forget the place in half an hour after."

"You have a convenient memory, I see," remarked the officer.

"Oh, yes! That is a part of our business."

"As I said, I don't think you know me," said the officer again.

"I certainly have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," replied the man.

"I thought not."

The officer then said something to him in a low tone. Instantly the man's manner changed. He took off his hat involuntarily, remarking as he did so—

“That alters the case.”

“Of course. You can now remember, without doubt, the place to which you drove the lady and gentleman you took from Doctor T——’s yesterday.”

“I can, pretty nearly. But I did not notice the number of the house. It was in Hudson Street, pretty far up.”

“You can take us to the place?” said Ralph.

“I can take you pretty near to it. Within two or three houses! It was somewhere about the middle of a block.”

“Very well,” said the officer—“Come along at once. We’ll hire you instead of your hack.”

The driver put on his coat and went with the officer and Ralph. A Canal Street omnibus was taken, which soon conveyed them to the neighborhood they were seeking.

“This is the row,” said the hack driver, after they had left the omnibus and walked a short distance. They stood at one end of a long row of houses, that a man might live in for a month without being able to find the one to which he belonged, unless he looked at the number every time he came home.

“Very well,” replied the officer; “but which is the house?”

“It is somewhere about the centre of the block.”

“Is it the centre house, do you think?”

“Indeed and I do not know. It was in this row that I took them; but the exact house I cannot tell to save me.”

“Didn’t the man tell you to drive to a certain number?” asked the officer.

“Yes sir. But I disremember what it was. I never can recollect numbers.”

“Humph! And is this as near as you can come?”

“Upon my soul it is! I took the gentleman and lady to one of the houses near the centre of the row, but which it is, I couldn’t tell to save me.”

“Very well,” said the officer. “You can go. You will probably hear from me again before night.”

Ralph handed the man a dollar, and he made his bow and left them.

“I’m not altogether satisfied with that fellow,” remarked the officer. “He’s a cunning dog. I know him of old, and he knows me. If we don’t succeed in finding the object of our search here, I will have him up at one of the police offices, and see if I can’t make his memory a little more accurate. But at present, we must make the most of what he has communicated. The only way of proceeding is for you to begin at about the third house, and inquire for Mr. Armour at each door until

you arrive at the third house from the other end. This can be done without putting any family on its guard, for the inquiries made at one house will be unknown to the family adjoining."

No other more feasible mode of proceeding suggesting itself, the officer withdrew from observation, while Ralph commenced the search. At the third house where he asked the usual question,

"Is Mr. Armour within?" he thought he saw a slight hesitation on the part of the servant before she said—

"Mr. Armour does not live here, sir."

"I know; Mr. S—— lives here," replied Ralph, promptly. "Mr. Armour is only here temporarily. Is he in, or has he stepped out?"

The girl looked confused at this; hesitated a moment, and then said—

"A strange gentleman was here yesterday. I don't know his name. But he went away again."

"Was there a lady with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure they have gone away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know where they have gone?"

"No, sir. They were not in the house over two hours. I think they left the city. They took their baggage away with them."

"Is this a boarding house?" asked the young man.

"No, sir."

"Is Mr. S—— in?"

"No, sir."

"Is the lady in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her that I would like to speak to her for a few moments."

The servant did not ask Ralph to walk in; but left him standing at the door while she carried his request for an interview to her mistress. In a short time the girl returned, and said—

"Mrs. S—— says you will excuse her, she is engaged."

"When will Mr. S—— be in?" asked Ralph.

"At dinner time," replied the girl.

"At what time do you dine?"

"I will see," and the girl retired again.

"We will dine at half past three, to-day," she said, on returning.

"Where is Mr. S——'s place of business?" asked Ralph

"I don't know."

"Will you inquire, for me?"

The girl again retired. In a little while she came back and said that it was somewhere in Pearl Street; but Mrs. S—— didn't know the number.

With this unsatisfactory information, Ralph left the door, and rejoined the officer, to whom he related his interview with the servant.

"We must find Mr. S——," said the officer. "Did you notice the initials of his name?"

"Yes. They are O. T. ——"

"The Directory will give us the number of his store. Come! We must follow up this business more actively."

"I'm afraid it's of no use," said Ralph.

"Why not?"

"What that girl suggested, is doubtless true. They must have left the city yesterday by one of the afternoon lines."

"It may be so. But we shouldn't take it for granted. If we do we cannot prosecute the search with sufficient vigor, and he may, in consequence, elude us, if still here."

On examining the directory, Mr. S——'s place of business was found to be at No. — Fulton Street, whither Ralph proceeded alone. On asking for Mr. S——, he was directed to where he was sitting in the back part of his store. He was a tall man, with dark complexion, and a strong and rather repulsive cast of features.

"You reside at No. — Hudson Street, I believe?" said Ralph.

"I do," replied the man.

"Can you tell me whether Mr. Armour is in the city?"

"Who is Mr. Armour?" asked the man, knitting his brows and looking sternly at Ralph.

"The man who came to your house, in company with a young lady, between two and three o'clock yesterday afternoon; and left it again an hour after, according to the testimony of your servant."

Ralph spoke in a firm voice, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon Mr. S——.

"Oh! you mean Monsieur ——." The man checked himself.

"Florien," said Ralph—"Yes, that is the man I am inquiring for. He has assumed the name of Armour. Can you tell me whether he is in the city?"

"The man who left my house yesterday afternoon, had in charge a young lady for Boston. He started, as I understood, in the evening line, for that city."

"For Boston?"

"Yes."

"Are you certain?" asked Ralph, eagerly.

"He said he was going to Boston. That is all I know. I have no reason to doubt his statement."

Ralph had now more than a dozen questions to ask about Agnes—for he naturally enough supposed that she was the person who had been at Mr. S——'s house on the preceding day; but Mr. S—— was not disposed to answer any more of his questions, and the young man was compelled to leave him without obtaining any thing more than a repetition of

the fact that the persons who had left his house had taken the evening line to Boston.

Despite the strongly urged suggestions of the officer, that this might only be a ruse to get him out of the city, Ralph insisted on going to Boston that night. To him it seemed highly probable that Florian, finding himself so closely pursued, had deemed it most prudent to restore Agnes to her friends either in Boston or M——, and avoid thereby the risk of serious consequences to himself. Full of this idea, the young man left New York that evening in a high state of nervous excitement. He had taken but little food, and had slept none for three or four days. From New York to Stonington, he walked the deck of the steamboat incessantly. From thence to Providence and Boston, he sat with his head drooped upon his breast, almost as immovable as a statue. It was eight o'clock on the next morning when the cars arrived at their destination. Without changing his clothes, shaving, or partaking of food, Percival commenced his search for Agnes, by first going to the principal hotels and examining the register of arrivals in each. At the second house where he called, he found that there had been, on the previous day, an arrival from New York of a Mr. Armour and young lady.

"Is Mr. Armour in?" he asked of the bar-keeper, with as much calmness as the high state of nervous excitement and anxiety under which he was laboring would permit, and then waited in breathless suspense for his answer.

"I believe so," replied the bar-keeper.

The bar-keeper spoke indifferently, scarcely noticing or thinking of the person who made the inquiry. But those indifferent, and, to him, unimportant words, made the knees of Ralph tremble against each other.

"I wish to see him," said Ralph.

The bar-keeper pulled one of the bell-ropes. To the servant who came, rather tardily, at the summons, he said:

"Go up to No. 46, and see if the gentleman is in."

It would have been next to impossible for Ralph to have waited for the servant to go and return, so he followed quickly after him, and stood with him in front of No. 46, while he tapped at the door. There was no answer. The servant gave a louder summons, but it produced no better effect. He then took hold of the door, and, opening it, looked in.

"Not in, sir," he said, carelessly.

"Are you sure?" and Ralph forced the door from the servant's hand with a vigor that sent it back sharply against the wall, revealing the whole interior of the chamber at once to his eyes. Truly enough said—the room had no occupant. Ralph almost groaned aloud with disappointment.

"Do you know this man?" he asked eagerly, laying his hand upon the arm of the servant.

"What man?" The servant disengaged himself from Percival's grasp.

"Mr. Armour. The man who occupies this room."

"I know him when I see him."

"Have you seen him this morning?"

"Yes, sir. I saw him at the breakfast table."

"What is the number of the lady's room, who came with him?"

"I don't know."

Ralph turned and hurried down to the bar. By the register, he ascertained the number of the room occupied by the lady who had arrived with Mr. Armour.

"Show me to No. 10," he said to a servant, in an agitated manner. The servant looked at him a moment and then obeyed the direction. Arriving at No. 10, Ralph gave a hesitating knock at the door, and immediately heard footsteps approaching from within. It was a moment of agonizing suspense. The door opened—a female stood before him—she was young and beautiful—but it was not Agnes!

"Is Miss Wellmore within?" Ralph asked in a husky, tremulous whisper.

"This is not Miss Wellmore's room," replied the young lady.

"Which is her room?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't this No. 10?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you arrive from New York yesterday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"In company with Mr. Armour?"

"Yes, sir."

These questions were asked and answered hurriedly; the lady looking with evident alarm at Ralph, whose excited manner and wild looks made her believe his mind to be wandering. The servant who had accompanied him to the room, seemed to be under a similar impression, for he remained close to Ralph, with his eyes steadily fixed upon him, and his lips compressed as by some firm resolution.

A moment after the lady had answered the young man's last question, she said, pointing to a person who was just coming along the passage,

"There is Mr. Armour, sir."

Ralph turned quickly. Before him stood a tall, well-built man, whose face he had never seen before.

"Is your name Armour?" he asked, with much excitement of manner.

"It is," was replied.

"From New York?"

"Yes."

Ralph retreated a few paces, stood for a moment, and then walked slowly away. Those who looked at him observed that his steps were unequal, and noticed him sometimes to falter and sway from one side to the other, like a drunken man.

"Drunk or crazy!" said the man who had answered to the name of Armour, as he stepped into No. 10, and the door closed upon him and its fair young inmate.

Some hours afterward, Ralph Percival came to the dwelling of Mr. A——, to whose family Agnes had proposed making her visit when she left M——, wandering in mind and incapable of giving any account of himself. He was immediately placed in the care of a physician, who found him under a high state of nervous excitement, and in a condition of great danger. The pressure upon his brain was intense, accompanied by considerable inflammation. The ordinary modes of depletion used in such cases were resorted to, and all the skill of the physician called into requisition to prevent death or some serious organic lesion of the brain. Even after a suppression of the worst symptoms had been obtained, and the mind of the patient restored to something like a healthy action, the danger was little diminished, for a knowledge of the uncertainty of the fate of the one who was so dear to him, produced a new excitement, and well nigh baffled all the physician's skill. It was nearly three weeks from the time he arrived in Boston, before he was well enough to be removed to his friends in M——; and as long a space of time elapsed before he was in a condition to renew his search after Agnes, of whom no intelligence had yet been received, although the police of the principal cities in the Union had been fully advised of the fact of Miss Wellmore's mysterious absence, and were all on the alert.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Agnes Wellmore parted from her lover, and commenced her journey of a few hours to Boston, she sunk into a state of reverie as painful as it was deep. For Ralph Percival she felt not only a pure and earnest love, but she had a high respect for his character and intelligence. Her own mind was one of considerable strength, and she had been in the habit of reasoning with much accuracy from premises to conclusions and forming opinions for herself up to the time that her intimacy with Ralph commenced. After that, she began gradually to look at most subjects by means of his as well as her own intelligence, and inclined more and more to the habit of referring things to his judgment before coming to settled conclusions herself. On Mons. Florian's arrival at M——, Ralph became captivated by his wonderful performances; but, in this instance, neither the feelings nor judgment of Agnes coincided with his. She felt a strong repugnance to the whole thing, and, as has been seen, consented to be mesmerized in order to avoid pain, in opposition to all the instincts of her nature. But after coming once under the mesmerizer's influence, notwithstanding the views of Ralph had become changed, and the young man strove hard to make her see the danger he apprehended from the use of what he now considered disorderly means, Agnes could see little or no force in any argument he brought forward on the subject; or, if she did, her leaning towards mesmerism soon entirely obscured it. The reader has already seen to what extent she came under that influence before she left M——

For about a month previous to the time of her leaving for Boston, Agnes found that she could think of little else than mesmerism. She mused on the subject through the day and dreamed of it at night. There was a constant influx into her mind of ideas connected with this theme, against which she often strove to oppose a barrier, but in vain. The letters from Florian, which she regularly received, constantly furnished her with new views on the subject, and kept alive her interest. These letters were written with the skill of one who had an end to gain, and understood well the character of the individual he was desirous of winning over to his own purposes. Their effect upon the mind of Agnes was all he could wish.

As we have just said, Agnes sunk into a deep and painful reverie. The fact of parting with Ralph, had agitated her heart with the tenderest emotions. She loved him deeply, purely, ardently. But she was conscious of now acting towards him with duplicity. Her real purpose in

visiting Boston, she had concealed from him, because she knew that he would object in the strongest terms to her going; were he even to imagine the true reason. And besides, the act would naturally tend to awaken unjust suspicions in his mind. Florien, she thought of only as a man possessing a wonderful and almost supernatural power. What he said of mesmerism she fully believed; and was, moreover, inspired with an unconquerable desire to place herself in his hands, in order that she might become the medium of bringing down from the unknown and invisible world the knowledge of things more wonderful than any yet heard of or even imagined. This Florien assured her over and over again, would be the result, if she would permit her remarkable power of seeing with the eyes of her spirit, while her natural perceptions were in a state of quiescence, to come into their highest activity. It was in order to give the mesmerizer a better opportunity for developing this faculty, that Agnes went to Boston. No other motive would have been strong enough to induce her to bear some two months' separation from Ralph; not even the hope of relief from the nervous pains she suffered. To part with her lover, under these circumstances, could not but produce sadness. Over and over again did she regret, before she reached the end of her journey, ever having left her home.

As a natural consequence, this state of mind led her to reflect upon the nature of her lover's objections to mesmerism, and to look at them more seriously than she had ever done. Over and over again had he expressed to her his belief, that where any one gave himself into the hands of a magnetizer, and permitted him to take away his freedom and his reason, were it for ever so short a time, his mind would be disturbed from its even balance, and he would be more inclined than previously, to let the magnetizer try his experiments upon him;—and further, that this willingness would increase in a ratio with the frequency of the experiments, until he would become little more than a subject of the will of another. To all this she had been in the habit of expressing an unqualified dissent. But now, from certain inversions of thought, that enabled her to see more clearly what was her own true state in regard to mesmerism, she more than half admitted that there might be the danger he appeared so much to dread. This admission being made, it formed the plane for an influx of ideas that she had hitherto entirely shut out from her mind. The more she thought, the more clearly did the force of Ralph's arguments, the conclusions of which were in her memory, present themselves. Regret for the unadvised step she had taken, next arose; and these led her to the wise conclusion not to permit Mons. Florien to magnetize her until she had given the subject at least a week's careful reflection; in view of the evil results likely to follow a continuance of his experiments.

“Better suffer a life-time of disease and pain,” she said to herself, “than have freedom and reason removed from their empire over the mind.”

This was the state of Agnes when she arrived in Boston. In the blindness of the one purpose she had in view, she had neglected to mention to any one but Florien the precise time at which she would arrive. She was not certain whether he would meet her, not having received the letter that declared his intention to do so, and she sincerely hoped he would not. In her then state of mind, she felt as if she would much rather find her way alone to her friend's house, than be escorted by him. It must be owned that she had a fear of coming into contact with him, lest his presence should dissipate the good resolution she had just formed. But Florien was too much interested in the fact of her arrival to forget the time. He was at the depot for the cars, and ready to receive her.

"How glad I am to see you, my dear Miss Wellmore!" he said, grasping her hand,—“I have a carriage ready to convey you to your friends. Come!”

To refuse this civility was out of the question. Even the wish to do so soon faded from the mind of Agnes. The baggage was quickly placed behind the carriage, into which she entered with Florien. The driver mounted his box, cracked his whip, and away they dashed over the rattling pavement. The noise made by the sounding wheels was too great to permit of conversation. Agnes shrunk back in her seat, her companion sitting directly opposite, and soon became lost in her own reflections. These for some time were clear and well defined, embracing the subject of her relation and duty to Ralph Percival. Gradually, however, her thoughts became dreamy and obscure, and she was conscious of an effort to arouse herself; but it was feebly made. Then a delicious languor stole over her, while all around became lucid as crystal, and music, more soft and sweet than her ears had ever known, stole, with its exquisite melody, upon what seemed newly awakened senses.

When next fully conscious of her existence as a being in the natural world, Agnes found herself in a room, amid a crowd of people, with lights gleaming all around her. She was seated in a large rocking chair, with her head reclining against the back, and very near to her sat Florien and a lady, both with their eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Agnes became immediately sensible of a jarring motion, and also of a heavy laboring, crashing, and rushing sound.

"Where am I?" she eagerly asked, making a motion as if about to rise.

"Do not be alarmed! Compose yourself, my dear young lady!" said Florien, in a low earnest voice.

"But where am I?" she repeated, an expression of terror settling upon her face.

"You are safe, and with friends," returned Florien.

"Yes, with friends," said the lady, his companion, with a winning smile.

Agnes drew her hand before her eyes, and tried to collect her bewildered thoughts. She soon clearly understood that she was on board of a steamboat—but why she was there, and whither she was bound, were questions she tried in vain to answer. As she sat thus, she could distinctly perceive that a languor was again stealing over both her body and mind. She made a strong effort to throw this off, but without succeeding. A thought of what it was and whence it proceeded, flashed over her mind, and caused her to make a more resolute attempt to rise above it, but it was all in vain.

When again fully awake to what was passing around her, the scene was changed. The jarring, laboring, rushing noise had ceased. All was still, and the daylight came softly in through a shaded window. She was no longer on board of a steamboat, but in a room, and reclining upon a bed. Agnes now recollected, distinctly, her arrival in Boston, and her entering a carriage with Mons. Florian to be conveyed to the house of the friends she had come to visit. From this point all was a blank, until she found herself in the cabin of a steamboat. Then came another blank, and now, here she was, in a strange house in a strange place.

“Gracious Heaven! What can it all mean?” she exclaimed, in a low, deep voice, when she fully understood the strangeness of her position, rising up and looking around her with a wild bewildered air.

The instant she spoke she heard a movement in the room. A lady who had been concealed from her view by the bed curtains, came quickly to her side, saying, with a smile, as she approached—

“Be calm, my dear young lady! You are with friends.”

“But where am I?”

“Do not disturb yourself. In a little while you will know all.”

“Know what? Heaven help me! But this must be all a dream. Oh! that I could awake.”

Agnes covered her face with her hands, as she said this mournfully, and sunk back upon the bed. Her attendant remained silent until she again aroused herself, which she did after the lapse of two or three minutes.

“There has been some strange spell upon me,” Agnes said, rising up in bed, and looking with an earnest, bewildered air into the face of the woman who stood at the bed-side. “Something is wrong—wrong—wrong! For the love of Heaven! tell me where I am, and why I am here.”

The anxious expression of the young lady’s face changed into a look of alarm—almost to terror, as she eagerly scanned her attendant, and waited for her reply.

“Do not give yourself needless anxiety,” replied the stranger, in a quiet voice, smiling as she spoke. “In a little while all will be explained to you. You are as safe as if in your own home.”

"But whose house is this?" asked Agnes.

"It is my house," returned her companion.

"Your house?" Agnes shrunk from the woman. "Then I am here with your consent."

"Yes. But you are safe from all harm."

"But why am I here? Tell me that!"

"Be patient, and in a little while all will be explained. Your destiny is a high one, and you have taken your first step in the accomplishment of that destiny. Do not falter, nor pause, nor go back. You have a mission to perform—let me conjure you to perform it well!"

"You speak to me a strange language, madam!" said Agnes. But as she said this she remembered that words of similar import had been uttered in her ears by Florien. A dim light began to break upon her, that grew clearer and clearer, until the truth itself was fully revealed.—She understood all, but shuddered as the cloud that had obscured her mind, lifted itself and passed away.

"A destiny! A mission!" she murmured, again closing her eyes and thinking with all the energy she possessed. "Yes—yes—yes. I see it now. I have lost my freedom! I am enslaved by a power that is wonderful in its mysterious potency. A mission! A destiny! God help me!" And a shudder ran through her frame. For some time she lay silent; then rousing up, she said, in an earnest, appealing tone, "Oh! save me from this fearful destiny. You are a woman, and I will believe that you have a woman's heart. I have been wrongfully withdrawn from my friends. Neither my own consent nor theirs has been obtained by those who first destroyed my consciousness and then took possession of my person. Set me free. Let me go back, and my heart will ever bless you! Oh! lady, let me not plead in vain." The poor girl clasped her hands in an agony of supplication. The distress evinced by Agnes touched the woman's feelings.

"Do not grieve yourself," she said, with much tenderness, pressing her hand upon the white forehead of Agnes as she lay upon the pillow. "You have no cause for grief. You have been removed from your friends, it is true, but, in a little while you will be restored to them unharmed; and the world will be wiser for your brief absence. You know the wonderful gift you possess. It can now be brought into full and undisturbed exercise, which could not have been the case had you remained with your friends. Be patient—be hopeful—be humble—and fix your eyes upon the high destiny, to accomplish which, God has set you apart."

A gush of tears was the only reply that Agnes made to this appeal. For a long time she wept bitterly. After she grew calm, she asked if Mons. Florien were in the house. On being answered in the affirmative, she expressed a wish to see him.

"He will see you whenever you desire it," said the woman. "But first you must have breakfast, and change your dress. You have eaten

nothing since yesterday. I will order your breakfast to be sent up immediately." The woman then rang the bell, and to the servant who came, gave the required order.

On rising from the bed, Agnes found that her trunk was in the room. By the time her breakfast came up, she had made all needful changes in her dress, and restored her person to its usual neat appearance. But she did not attempt to taste the food that was set before her.

"Eat, my dear young lady!" said her companion, with evident concern at her indisposition to partake of food. "You have tasted of nothing since yesterday."

"I cannot eat," returned Agnes, shaking her head. "I would choke in the attempt."

"But you cannot do without food. You must eat."

"Do not urge me. It is useless. Let me see Mons. Florian. He must take me back," replied Agnes, with energy.

"You shall see him. But he will not take you back now. I am sure he will not."

"He *must* take me back! What right had he to remove me from my friends? How *dare* he do it!" The eyes of Agnes flashed with indignation, and her voice expressed as strongly what she felt.

"All this is unworthy of you—of the high mission upon which you are sent," replied the woman, calmly. "You must rise above it—far above it."

"But why need I be removed from my friends? Why need my liberty be taken from me?" asked Agnes. "As Heaven is my witness, I will not submit to it! I will at once leave this room and this house, and throw myself upon the protection of the first person I meet! Never will I submit to an outrage like this!"

Agnes moved towards the door as she spoke, with a determined air; but the woman sprung before her, and turning the key in the lock, removed it and thrust it into her pocket.

"Pardon me," she said, in the same quiet voice in which she had from the first spoken. "I cannot permit so rash a step. You shall see Mons. Florian immediately if you desire it."

"In your presence?" asked Agnes, quickly, as she leaned against the wall, overcome with the various emotions that were contending in her mind.

"Certainly; if such is your wish," replied the woman promptly.

"This is your house you say?"

"It is. Or, rather, my husband's house."

"Your husband's! Who is your husband? What is his name?" eagerly asked Agnes.

"That question I cannot answer," returned the woman.

"Am I not to know your name?"

"No. It would do you no good, and might do us harm! for but few

could understand the high motive we have in view in what we are now doing."

"Where am I? In what city?"

The woman replied, "This neither are you to know!"

Agnes drooped her head and sat lost in deep thought for some minutes. Then looking up, she said,

"In your own house, you can do as you please?"

"Yes, if I do right," was replied.

"Then promise me that Mons. Florien shall never enter this room, unless you are present all the time he is here."

"I promise," was the ready answer.

"For that I thank you!" replied Agnes, gratefully. "Now let this man who has basely violated the confidence I reposed in him, be called."

"Say not basely, dear lady!"

"Yes, basely. Let me see him, that I may tell him so to his face."

The woman rung the bell, and to the servant who came to the door, gave some directions in a low voice. The servant retired, and in a little while there was a gentle rap without. The door was opened, and Florien entered. Agnes was standing in the centre of the room. The mesmerizer bowed low and respectfully, and then approaching, offered Agnes his hand. But she shrunk away, at the same time fixing her eyes sternly upon him.

"Pardon me—" he began, but he was interrupted by Agnes, who said, in a firm voice—

"No words, Mons. Florien! I want no words, but acts! Restore me at once to my friends, and let oblivion cover the past."

"But, my dear young—"

"Silence!" Agnes drew up her tall but slender person majestically, and stamped her foot upon the floor. "I will hear nothing! Release me from this place, or consequences that you would do well to avoid, may follow. Sir, you have ventured too far!"

"I will retire," said Florien, in a low, but calm voice, turning and walking toward the door.

He had his hand upon the lock, when Agnes cried in an agitated voice—

"Stay, Mons. Florien!"

The mesmerizer paused, and half turning, looked partly over his shoulder. Agnes advanced two or three steps.

"Will you do as I wish?" she said.

"Not now," was replied. "I cannot."

"You must—you must, Mons. Florien! You had no right to do as as you have done."

"I have done you no wrong, Miss Wellmore," returned Florien—"none whatever."

"You have taken away my liberty! Is that no wrong?" said Agnes.

“This is but temporary, and, I think, in the end, even you will not call it a wrong. Think of the object in view. Think of the great results that are to be the consequence. Do not forget these.”

“I can remember nothing but that I am a prisoner, and made so by the use of unlawful means. I was faithfully warned against the power you possessed, as a disorderly and dangerous one; but I disregarded those warnings. But now my eyes are opened. I have felt that power. But you shall exercise it on me no more. I will oppose you with a resolute will. You shall not again find me a slave to do your behests!”

Agnes spoke with energy, while Florien fixed her eye, and held it in the steady glance of his own. It was in vain that she tried to remove it. Like a bird in the charmed circle of its fearful enemy, she soon began to move to and fro, as if struggling to escape. In a little while she dropped, slowly, into a chair, which the woman, who remained in the room, had placed near her; her head sunk upon her bosom, her eyes closed, and a painfully sad expression settled upon her fair young countenance.

“Poor creature!” said the woman, tenderly, as Agnes sunk into a profound mesmeric sleep. “It goes harder with her than I supposed it would. How wonderfully susceptible she is! Even while she set her will in strong opposition to yours, by a single act of volition did you bring her under your entire control.”

“I am sorry she takes it so hard,” returned Florien. “But it cannot be helped now. She is in our power, and we must use her for the important ends we have in view.”

“Shall I call the Doctor?” asked the woman.

“Yes. We must lose no time. We cannot tell the day when we may be deprived of her wonderful powers.”

The woman again rang for the servant, by whom she sent a message to her husband. The Doctor, as Florien had called him, soon made his appearance. He was a pleasant-looking man, of middle stature, with rather an intelligent face, but more remarkable for his showy dressing-gown and slippers than for any thing else.

Meantime, Agnes remained sitting upon the chair, with every sense locked up, and for all that was known by those who were presuming to trifle with a power of whose origin and nature they were profoundly ignorant, with every sense of her soul likewise asleep, and all her wonderful organism in the possession of some evil spirit who used it, for a time, as his own.

CHAPTER XII.

WE will not detail minutely the singular results that were obtained by Florian during the time that Agnes remained in the magnetic sleep. They were such as ordinarily attend a state of *clairvoyance* in subjects whose high susceptibility to nervous impressions is the result of chronic nervous derangement. She not only saw and described minutely what was in the operator's mind, but went beyond this, and saw and described things of which he had no knowledge whatever; besides developing kindred wonders of her state, bearing a close family likeness to those detailed at length by Townshend, Deleuze, Leger and others, and also described in the *Zoist* and other periodicals devoted to this subject.

After Agnes had been retained in the magnetic sleep as long as those who had her under their control chose to continue their experiments, a memorandum of which was kept, Florian restored her to her natural state, and immediately retired with the doctor, leaving her in charge of the doctor's wife.

A despairing gush of tears evinced her perfect return to consciousness. The woman who remained with her, tried to speak words of comfort, but Agnes threw her off by saying, indignantly,

"You, too, are leagued against me in this unholy compact. Your softly spoken words and smiles are all heartless."

"You are a weak and silly young creature," replied the woman, "thus to war with your high destiny. But you will think and feel better soon. In a few days all this nonsense will leave you, and you will join us with an ardor equal to our own in these intensely interesting pursuits. I must leave you now, and I hope, when alone, you will think more wisely than you now do. You have yet partaken of no food,—I will send you some up, and must beg of you, for your own sake, to use it as you need."

Saying this, the woman retired, locking the door after her. The room in which Agnes was confined, had but one window, which was closed by a Venetian shutter. This, soon after the woman had retired, she examined carefully. The shutter proved to be fastened on the inside with a new spring-bolt, that could not be moved except by the application of a key. The key of course had not been left within her reach. On looking through the shutter, she perceived that she was in the third story, and that the room she occupied was back. There was no means of escape this way, nor of making herself heard by any one.

Food was, after some time, brought to Agnes. Her long fast had now excited hunger, and she partook of it with a good appetite. She saw

nothing more of Florian until evening, when he came in accompanied by the doctor's wife, sat down and endeavored to enter into conversation with her; but Agnes would hear of nothing but an immediate restoration to her friends. This he assured her should be speedily done; but would not say at what precise time. He tried, but in vain, to reconcile her to the circumstances under which she was placed, by representing the great use to society that would result from her wonderful facility for sleep-seeing. At length he said—

“You will permit me to magnetize you this evening?”

But she replied, emphatically, “No! Never again, with my consent, shall you do it.”

“I can do it without your consent, Agnes,” he said to this. “But I wish to have your full concurrence in what we are now doing.”

“That you can never have. With my free consent, never will I again come under your influence, nor that of any man who practises your infamous art!”

Florian started, and looked with surprise, not unmingled with anger, upon the high spirited, beautiful girl, he had drawn into his power.

“What do you mean,” he said, by applying such an epithet to mesmerism.”

“Just what my words convey. Could an angel from heaven thus enslave a mind as you, by some agency that you have invoked from the spiritual world, have enslaved mine? No. Your agent is not an angel but a demon. But neither you nor your evil agent shall long have dominion over me. I will yet be free from your power!”

Finding that all parley was vain, Florian made an attempt to throw her into the mesmeric sleep, which she perceiving, endeavored, by simply opposing the efforts of her own will, to prevent. But she was as powerless in his hands as before. In a little while, every sensation of body and mind was laid asleep, and she once more became the passive subject by which spiritual phenomena were elicited. After this, Agnes seemed less repugnant than at first, and was more easily affected. Several times Florian put her to sleep by sending her books that he had magnetized. This was done by way of experiment.

After these experiments had been conducted some three or four days, Florian and the doctor began to speculate upon the results they had obtained as well as upon the causes that led to them. The theory of Florian was, that he held the spirit of his subject in such entire subjection, that she only saw what was in his mind, and obeyed the command of his will. But there was something beyond this that could not be accounted for on such a theory. She could see and describe things of which he had no knowledge. This he explained by supposing that, in some of the higher states, her spirit went forth from the body. The doctor at first agreed with this, but either in reading or from thinking, he had struck upon a different idea which rather startled him. What

that idea was, will appear in the following conversation, which took place after a series of experiments with Agnes had been made.

"I cannot understand it all, on your theory," said the doctor, in reply to something that the other had said. "I am strongly inclined to doubt, in fact, the whole truth of your theory."

"On what ground?" asked Florien.

"You believe the mind of Agnes to be active, while under the control of your mind."

"I do."

"Well, I very much doubt whether her mind acts at all."

"But it does act. It must act. Does she not describe what I will her to describe, and do what I will her to do? In fact is not the action of her mind perfect? You question the action of her mind. What can you mean?"

"I am very much inclined to believe," said the doctor, "that, by mesmerism, her mind is put entirely to sleep, and that some spirit, perceiving this, instantly takes possession of her body, and speaks and acts by its organs under the direction of your mind."

"Absurd!"

"If this is not so, how can you account for the fact, that the person who has been mesmerized is, after coming out of that state, entirely ignorant of all that has transpired while he was in that state? If his mind acted at all, some record of its action must remain. *Self-consciousness is one of the attributes of the human soul; but this, somnambulists do not generally possess.*"

Florien attempted to argue against this. But he was not able to do so with satisfaction to himself.

"It is little better, then, than mere possession," he said.

"It is no better, if what I suggest be true," replied the doctor. "It is, to all intents and purposes, the possession, temporarily, of a human body, during the total unconsciousness of its rightful owner, by some wandering spirit who delights in—what shall I say—doing good? *I am afraid not.*"

"Does the same thing take place in natural sleep?"

"No. Sleep, as you have expressed it, is a *natural* state. But that state into which the mesmerizee comes, is unnatural, and cannot therefore be governed by natural laws, or, in other words, the ordinary laws of order that govern the human mind. We all know that the mind still retains its self-consciousness, for it awakes from sleep with a recollection, more or less distinct, of dreams. But in the mesmerized subject, from the time the senses become locked up until the spell is removed, all is a dead blank. Depend upon it, it is mere possession!"

Florien shook his head, and replied,

"No—no! It cannot be. The idea is preposterous! How could a spirit, as you suggest, take possession of the human body?"

“As to the precise mode in which it is done, I cannot say. The fact that such possession may take place is no harder of belief than the fact you assume, that you possess the mind of your subject, and control it as you will. Indeed, the more I reflect upon the matter, the more difficult of belief does your theory seem, when compared with the one I have suggested. That which makes a man is freedom and reason. His will is the inmost principle of his spiritual being, and is where freedom resides. Touch this—take away his power to think and act in freedom, and he is no longer a man. Now I can much more easily believe that a man’s whole mind may be laid asleep, and another spirit be permitted to act, for a time by means his body, than I can believe that his mind can come under the control of another mind so fully that he shall not be able to think or act for himself.”

On the day after this discussion took place, Agnes was thrown into the mesmeric sleep as usual. When she awoke, she became instantly aware that she was in another place. The room was smaller, and the furniture entirely different. She was sitting in a chair, and the wife of Doctor —— was standing near her.

“Where am I now?” she asked, on becoming fully awake.

“We have given you a new chamber,” said the woman.

“In the same house?” asked Agnes, looking her steadily in the face.

There was a slight hesitation, and then the woman answered,

“No. We have changed for a time, our residence—but we will go back again.”

Agnes asked no more questions, but sunk into a state of dull abstraction, from which she did not arouse herself for some hours, and then not until the appearance of Florian. For some days she had made but feeble efforts to oppose the magnetizer’s influence; but the fact of having been removed from one place to another, without having been in the smallest degree cognizant of the circumstance, fretted her mind, and when she saw him, fired her resolution, and caused her to make another vigorous struggle to be free. But it was little more than the fluttering of the bird while yet beneath the net. It required a stronger effort on the part of Florian to lay her excited and struggling spirit; but he was none the less successful in reducing all into quiet and leaden insensibility.

After the lapse of a couple of weeks, Agnes found herself, on coming out of her magnetic sleep, one day, back in her old apartment in the house of Doctor ——. But as to the city or street in which that house stood, she yet remained profoundly ignorant. Here, week after week went by, the poor unhappy creature sinking more and more, every day, into the condition of a slave to the mesmerizer. All the means of resistance to the mysterious power he had gained over her, that were suggested to her mind, she had tried, but in vain. His very presence subdued

her, and under the power of his strange eye, she sunk into unconsciousness.

True to her first promise, the wife of Dr. — never left her alone with Florian. She attended her in all the experiments that were made, and did everything in her power to make her condition comfortable.

One day, it was nearly two months from the time Agnes had disappeared from the eyes of her friends, she was magnetized by Florian as usual. After a number of curious results had been obtained, and all the phenomena carefully observed by Doctor —, and the mesmerizers, with a view to an elucidation and confirmation of their theories, to which each seemed to grow more and more wedded; the two men fell into a discussion, which grew so warm that Florian forgot his "subject," who slowly awoke from her unnatural slumber. Something that fell upon her ear, just as her mind began again to act, impressed her with a strong desire to hear what they were talking about, and caused her to assume all the external appearances of unconsciousness that had but a few moments before been real.

"Depend upon it," said the Doctor, "it is possession and nothing else. That girl's body, now, I am satisfied, is in the entire possession of some spirit, with whom and not with her spirit, you have been conversing."

This was what fell upon the ear of Agnes, and arrested her attention.

"That, to me, is inconceivable," returned Florian. "If her body be possessed by another spirit, where is *her* spirit in the mean time? It must be either in or out of her body. If out of her body, where is it? If in her body, how can two spirits be in possession of one bodily organism at the same time?"

"I am yet too ignorant of the laws which govern mere spirits," said the Doctor, "to be able to answer such questions either to your satisfaction or to my own. But it is much easier for me to believe that a spirit might take possession, temporarily, of a human body, than it is for me to believe that the self-consciousness of any one could be destroyed."

"This is often destroyed in insane persons," replied Florian. "How very common a thing is it for a person who has been deranged for years, to come out of that state, with only the things that transpired previously to his falling into it, impressed upon his memory. Do you believe insane persons to be possessed of spirits?"

"I have always believed that," said the Doctor.

"You have?"

"Yes. And this was what led me to think of a mesmerized subject as in a state of possession, somewhat similar."

Agnes felt a cold shudder run through her frame, at this remark. To be possessed of spirits! the thought was horrible.

"Nor am I alone in this opinion. In an old and curious document

on mesmerism, bearing the date of Stockholm, June 15, 1787, I find this passage."

The Doctor then read from a paper which he drew from his pocket, the following:—

"Every magnetizer, after having brought his patient into a state of sleep talking, may, at pleasure, not only convince himself that the sleep talker is *a different being from the patient*, but also come to the knowledge of *who that being is*, and of a thousand other wonderful things respecting another life, religious truths, and the inward state of man. A magnetizer, speaking only *to the spirit as to another man*, and not to the sleeper, can by rationally directed, and well digested questions, render it practicable for the spirit to make itself known, *as a being different from him whose tongue he makes use of*. This communication seems not to fall within the sphere of *those beings who speak through the organs of the sleeper*, before, by the Lord's permission those present by their questions, thus arranged, have opened their way. But every one who will institute these experiments, must be careful not to abuse them by an improper curiosity; for such an abuse would not fail to provoke the infliction of well-deserved chastisement. We make this remark after mature deliberation, and for reasons which have great influence upon our hearts; and are prepared to meet every objection or contradiction, and even, if necessary, that ridicule and mockery which may be heaped upon us by the unthinking and spiteful rabble—who in every thing of this description, see nothing but an object of scorn and sarcasm; for these persons push their talents high, in never investigating a subject, or to see it in any other, but that distorted and obscure light, which best suits them."

* * * * *

"The state of the somnambulist, during the magnetic sleep, may be called ecstatic, in order by that epithet to indicate *a suspension of the functions of the will and understanding*, in the exercise of which, man's ordinary being, or *esse* consists. Such a state plainly demonstrates, that what is said or done through the sleeper's organs, is *not the act of his soul*, but of some *other being who has taken possession of his organs*. So long as the magnetized person exhibits painful paroxysms, such as convulsions, &c., it is a sign that the spirit of disease, which certainly cannot be a benevolent being, is still present; but this spirit has no power to speak through the organs of the patient, unless he is fully possessed; a dreadful condition, of which we have seen some appalling examples, of which statements have been prepared, to the truthfulness of which there are many credible witnesses; this condition is, to a certain degree, the same with that of those who are deprived of their reason."

* Letter from the "Exegetical and Philanthropic Society," at Stockholm, to the "Societas Amis Reunis" at Strasburg; June 15, 1787.

While the doctor read this extract, Agnes listened with the most profound and eager interest.

"I do not understand that last part," said Florian. "What is meant by the spirit of disease?"

"The idea entertained by the authors of this document, seems to be, that, in disease, a certain evil spirit is in the body of the diseased person, keeping up and increasing the morbid action; and that by magnetizing such a person, a more benevolent spirit takes possession of his body, and drives out the spirit of disease. 'So soon,' says this document, 'as the magnetized person begins to talk in his sleep, it is a sure sign that a spiritual being and friendly to the person (as being his guardian angel or good genius, and possessing the same measure of goodness and wisdom with the patient) has succeeded, if not entirely to remove the disease or rather the spirit of the disease, has at least in so far rebuked its influence, that he, who is a benevolent being, is able to speak and act through means of the patient's organs, and to give suitable advice to those present to promote his recovery; as also to impart information on all subjects which do not transcend his own knowledge.'"

"All a mere fancy," Florian replied to this.

"It may be in regard to the character of the spirit who speaks by means of the organs of the subject. Certainly, I for one, would be very unwilling that any spirit should use my body for his own purposes, or to subserve the will of a magnetizer."

"If your theory, or rather the theory of the authors of the document you have quoted, be true, would you not be willing to have the 'spirit of disease' cast out by means of another spirit?"

"I am not so sure that I would," replied the doctor. "Besides, there is one fact connected with mesmeric cures, which has often struck me?"

"What is that?"

"They are rarely, if ever, permanent."

Florien sat thoughtful for some time, and then said—

"That does seem to be the case."

"I have noticed it in all cases that have fallen under my observation," returned the doctor. "As a means of cure, therefore, it is not to be depended upon."

"As a means of taking away sensibility to pain, it certainly is of great importance. We have both witnessed the performance of long and dangerous operations that occasioned the patient no suffering whatever."

"True. And in this particular I esteem it most highly. But I would esteem it much higher, if I could fully understand from whence its extraordinary influence proceeds, and could be assured that it did not originate in something disorderly and evil."

"Your mind seems to have gotten into a doubting mood," said Florian. "You were as enthusiastic as myself a short time since."

"The fact is, Mons. Florian," said the doctor speaking with a good

deal of emphasis, "I somehow or other, grow less and less satisfied with our experiments every day, extraordinary as they are. I am afraid we will do this excellent young lady some serious harm; and if such were to be the case, I should never forgive myself. It is no light thing to take away the self-consciousness of a human being, and give into the possession of some spirit, we know not of what nature, the wonderful organism of his body."

"But I do not believe that, doctor!" Florien interrupted him by saying.

"Or worse, then," resumed the doctor; "put his mind under the control of another's will. But how this can be, is beyond my conception. Freedom is one of the essential attributes of the mind, and this is always accompanied by self-consciousness; you cannot take these away, and yet give to the *mind* rational activity, such as is possessed by the somnambulist. Therefore, it is clear to my mind, that the sleep-talker is a different being from the subject, and uses a material tongue not rightfully his own."

In this way the discussion was continued for some time, Agnes giving to all that was said the closest attention. At length Florien asked whether they should go on with their experiments then, or restore the subject to her natural state.

"I think we have pursued the matter far enough to-day," replied the doctor.

"Perhaps we have," said Florien, who stepped towards Agnes, and made a few reverse passes. She lifted her head, and looked around the room, but said nothing. Both the doctor and the magnetizer now asked her various questions, touching her recollection of what had passed during the continuance of the mesmeric sleep. Her answers were brief, but conclusive, as to the *entire annihilation of self-consciousness*. They then retired, and, soon afterwards, the doctor's wife, and Agnes was left alone with her own thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.

“DREADFUL!” was the exclamation of Agnes, rising quickly to her feet, as the door closed upon the trio in whose hands she had been for nearly two months, and beginning to pace the floor of her chamber with hurried steps. For at least half an hour she continued to move rapidly to and fro in her chamber; sometimes clasping her hands together; sometimes binding them across her forehead; and sometimes glancing upward with a look of anguish and despair. At last, she sunk upon her knees by her bedside, and burying her face in her hands, remained in this attitude for a long time. When she arose, her countenance was more serene and hopeful. She again commenced pacing the floor, but more slowly. Her mind was acting with a healthy vigor that it had not known for weeks.

“I must, I will throw off this direful influence,” she said aloud, as she continued to walk the floor of her chamber. “It cannot be according to the order of God’s laws, that one of his creatures should be thus enslaved by another. If I cry to Him, will he not deliver me? I know He will! Hitherto I have tried by my own strength alone to break these mystic fetters. Now I will try in his strength. They talk of benevolent spirits taking possession of a human body. It may be so; but I wish no *such* benevolent spirits to take possession of mine. Let me be free—free as God made me and would keep me! Pain! Disease! You are welcome! thrice welcome! compared with this terrible state. If this is the price of exemption, I will not pay it: it is too dear!”

The mind of Agnes rose into a temporary enthusiasm: but still, the exact mode by which she would seek to resist the mesmerizer’s power was not determined. Some kind of an invocation to Heaven, when he came into her presence, and a looking to the Lord for aid and protection, she felt sure must bring around her such a sphere as would resist the spell he had hitherto been able to place upon her. The more she thought of this, the more hopeful did she become. When the wife of Doctor — came in to see her, as she usually did after she had taken tea, she found her quite cheerful. While they were conversing, Agnes said to her suddenly—

“Were you ever magnetized?”

“Yes,” was the unhesitating reply.

“By whom?”

“By my husband.”

“Did Mons. Florien ever put you into the magnetic sleep?”

“No. I would not permit any one but my husband to do so.”

“Why?” asked Agnes, struck with the singularity of the reply.

The woman did not answer the question immediately.

“Why?” repeated Agnes, looking earnestly into the woman’s face.

“I prefer that my husband should do it,” she said, evasively.

“Cannot Mons. Florien, who possesses such remarkably strong magnetic power, put you to sleep, as he does me, without your consent?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“He has never magnetized me. You must first *consent* to let a person attempt to magnetize you, before he can have any power over you.”

“Then we are free, absolutely, unless we think proper to part with our freedom, by first giving our consent to be magnetized.”

“So I understand it; and for this reason nothing could tempt me to come into the state of somnambulism, except through my husband.”

“That you are wise in this respect, my own unhappy case testifies,” said Agnes, sadly.

“You will soon be restored to your friends, I hope,” the woman ventured to say.

“How soon?” asked Agnes, eagerly.

“I cannot tell how soon.”

“In a week?”

“I do not know.”

“In a month?”

“I cannot tell.”

“In a year?”

“Do not ask me, for I know nothing certain. But both myself and husband will do all we can to induce Mons. Florien to complete his investigations as quickly as possible. Already, great results have been obtained. To a man of his ardent temperament and love of the science he is prosecuting so eagerly, it is hard to give up the means by which he is eliciting so many new and strange phenomena. This stands in the way of your immediate return to your friends. But, bear it patiently; the time will soon come.”

Many eager questions arose to the lips of Agnes, but, from motive of prudence, she forbore asking them. They had reference to the means by which a magnetizer’s influence might be resisted.

Nearly the whole of that night Agnes lay awake, pondering upon the one subject nearest her heart. She had tried to prevent Florien from depriving her of consciousness, by fixing her thoughts intently on some passage from a favorite author, and thus keeping them in a state of activity, but without effect. She had also tried to attain the same result, by keeping her lover’s image in her mind; also by resolutely determining

that her will should not be brought into subjection to the will of another; with various other expedients, all equally unavailing. But now she resolved that she would call in the aid of the All-Powerful.

Towards morning, she came to a distinct conclusion as to how she should avail herself of Divine aid. She had been taught, in early years, that the Lord was present in his Word to all who read or heard it read, provided they were in a state of acknowledgment of the Lord, and revered his Word as holy. "If an evil spirit approaches to take possession of my body," she reasoned, "when Florien commences to magnetize me, that spirit will perceive the Word of God in my mind, if I think intently upon a portion of it, and will be driven away." The final conclusion of Agnes was that she would repeat the Lord's Prayer, as a portion of the Word of God, mentally, when the magnetizer again approached her, and fix her mind intently upon it; continuing to do so as long as he remained near her. After this determination had been formed, she fell to sleep, and slept till long after daylight. Her breakfast being served, Agnes partook lightly of food, and then waited with an anxious spirit for Florien to make his appearance. This he did about ten o'clock, accompanied by the Doctor and his wife.

To Agnes, this was a time of fearful interest. The moment her eyes rested upon Florien, that moment did she commence saying the Lord's Prayer, slowly, thinking of the words and their import, as she mentally repeated them, and elevating her affections in sincere and earnest devotion. She did not reply to any question that was directed to her, nor notice any remark, but with her hands laid across each other and held tight to her bosom, and her eyes cast upon the floor, she walked with a slow and measured pace backwards and forwards in her chamber. There was some change about her that was immediately perceived by those who had entered.

After waiting for some moments, Florien fixed his eyes keenly upon Agnes, contracted his brow, and commenced making a strong mental effort. This was continued for one, two, three, four, five minutes, but Agnes still walked the floor, her attitude unchanged, and the expression of her countenance, except that it was more serene and elevated, the same. From standing in one position, Florien now commenced walking by the side of Agnes, occasionally making a pass with his hand, at the same time that he exercised a more intense effort of his will. But it availed not. The maiden walked with a firmer step; and now her eyes were lifted from the floor and cast upward, while tears fell over her cheeks.

"Delivered! and by the power of God!" fell audibly from her lips. But still she walked the floor, and still were her hands held tightly against her bosom.

"Agnes, sit in that chair!" said Florien, speaking in a low, calm, yet firm voice.

But she gave no heed to his words ; still walking backwards and forwards, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her lips moving.

“ Agnes, if you do not sit down, we will place you in that chair by force.”

This was spoken low, but resolutely. The effect was the same. Florien now stepped up to her, and grasping one of her arms tightly, said—

“ Doctor, take her other arm. If she will not sit down, we must make her. I am sorry to use force, but it must be done. Our experiments must not be arrested at this important stage.”

The doctor seemed disposed to hesitate, and his wife openly demurred. Agnes stood passive ; her eyes now partly closed and her lips moving. Florien grasped her other arm, drew her with some force back to a chair, and seated her in it.

“ Now, sit there !” he said, preparing to make the ordinary mesmeric passes. But Agnes arose quickly.

She was again forced down. The doctor now stood behind her, and, placing his hands upon her shoulders, held her strongly in the chair, while Florien commenced a series of manipulations that were vigorously continued for full a quarter of an hour.

“ It is of no use,” spoke out the doctor, at the end of this time, withdrawing his agency in the matter, and stepping back a few paces.

“ No, Mons. Florien,” said Agnes, rising and looking her persecutor in the face, with a calm dignity and elevation of countenance ; “ your power over me is at an end. I am free. I had a friend of whom you knew nothing. I waited long, too long, before I called upon Him ; but, when I did call, He came instantly to my aid. That friend is God !” Agnes raised her eyes, and pointed upward. “ Magician, I defy you in the name of God ! You cannot stand against Him !”

Florien was confounded. Before the flashing brightness of Miss Wellmore’s eyes, his own fell to the floor. He was subdued and humbled, for his power over her was gone. Turning quickly away, he left the room. As he closed the door after him, Agnes sunk upon the chair from which she had just risen, the tears gushing from her eyes and falling over her cheeks like rain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE doctor and his wife followed quickly after Florian, and the weeping girl was left alone. For a long time her tears flowed freely, but they were tears of joy at her deliverance.

Both the doctor and Florian, as well as the wife of the former, now held a council in relation to the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"We must get rid of her as speedily and as safely as possible," said the doctor. "If she cannot be magnetized, she is of no use to us; and every hour she remains in our possession exposes us to danger. If a search were now to be made, under a police warrant, as was the case not long since, she could not be so easily disposed of as she was then by magnetizing her, and depositing her in a chest under the bed. Discovery would be inevitable."

Florien sat thoughtful with his eyes upon the floor, and did not reply for some minutes. At length he said—

"I am not yet sure that she is beyond my power. The unusual excitement of mind under which she appears to be laboring, was the real cause of her non-susceptibility. To-morrow she will be in a calmer state. Then you will see her yield as readily as before."

"I doubt it, very much," said the doctor's wife. "There was something more than excitement of mind about that girl this morning. Her manner, looks, and tone of voice, had in them something that I cannot describe. When she spoke in those deep, emphatic tones, and defied you in the name of God, I felt awful. There was a superhuman power in her words. I felt that she uttered the truth, and that she had on her side the Friend whose aid she had invoked. As the doctor has said, my opinion is, that we had better get her away as quickly as possible."

"All that was put on for effect," replied Florian, with an expression of disgust and impatience. "I will try my skill again to-morrow."

"You may do as you like, Mons. Florian, so far as that goes," said the doctor, "but for me, I shall remove my furniture to-day, and make all needful preparations for leaving the city as speedily as possible. With my wife, I am of opinion, that you cannot again put this girl to sleep; and this being the case, I don't see how she is to be taken back to her friends, without her perceiving the way by which she goes back; and being able to give them some clue by which we may be discovered. Already we are under suspicion. Both the young man, her lover, and the police have their eyes upon us."

“You are too easily alarmed, Doctor. I would not think of acting so precipitately.”

“This is a serious business, Mons. Florian. A discovery may cost us dear. I am for getting into a place of safety while I can. My furniture I shall at once remove, and have it stored in the warehouse of my friend S——. Then I shall be ready to leave the city, if necessary, at a moment's warning.”

“Do you approve of this course?” said Florian, turning to the doctor's wife.

“I certainly do,” she replied. “A wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself.”

“Well, I shall not attempt to control your movements. But as for me, I shall not give up my subject yet. She is by far too valuable. Having taken so much trouble, and run so much risk, I am not disposed to yield my advantage now. To-morrow I will make another attempt, and if I succeed, I'll have her in New Orleans before three weeks pass over our heads.”

“As you like,” said the doctor, rising and ending the conference. “As for me, I shall at once proceed to do what I have said. Anna,” addressing his wife, “make all your arrangements for having the things moved. I will go down and see S——, and return immediately with cars.”

Agnes saw no one until two o'clock, when the doctor's wife came in with her dinner; but she noticed that there was an unusual bustle, noise and loud talking through the house. This continued during the day. Once she heard voices near her door, and listened eagerly. She could distinctly hear Mrs. —— saying with some energy,

“No, no, no! I gave her my promise, at the first, that while here, you should not see her, unless in my presence. This promise I have religiously kept, and I mean to keep it. She is at least entitled to some consideration.”

The reply to this Agnes could not distinctly hear. It was made in a passionate manner. All she could make out, was that the speaker, who was Florian, would soon have her beyond her or any body else's control. The prisoner shuddered, and leaned against the wall, sick and faint.

Half an hour afterwards she heard some one approach the door,—the footsteps were those of a man—and apply a key to the lock. Agnes stood breathless with alarm. After trying the key for some time, without being able to make it spring the bolt, it was withdrawn and the person went away. Three times during the afternoon were similar attempts made, but none of them proved successful.

That night, to Agnes, was a sleepless one. At day-dawn she arose, feverish, anxious, and excited. What she heard Florian say at the door had filled her with alarm. The prospect of her release was still remote.

He, it was evident, was not disposed to let her go. When Mrs. — came in with her breakfast, looking unusually serious, Agnes asked her many questions; but the woman, while she spoke kindly, and even tenderly to her, evaded them all. As she was going out, she said, looking earnestly in her face,

“Continue to resist, in Heaven’s name! It is your only hope.”

“In Heaven’s name I will resist!” Agnes replied, glancing upwards.

In an hour afterwards, Florien, the doctor and his wife came into her room, when a scene almost precisely like the one we have described as taking place on the day previous occurred. The magnetizer again completely failed in his art, and retired discomfitted and angry.

How to get Agnes away, now became a serious question. The doctor proposed to wait until night, and then remove her under cover of the darkness to the house of a friend; and from thence take her somewhere out of the city. But Florien, whose mind was fretted, became impatient, and insisted upon her being removed at once, and in order that this might be done, he went out and procured a carriage. When he returned, there arose a warm discussion between him and the doctor. The latter urged that it would be next to madness to attempt to take Agnes away in broad daylight.

“She has but to cry out, struggle against us, and call for help, the moment she passes beyond the door, and then we stand at once exposed.”

“Gag her!” returned Florien, angrily.

“That shall not be done,” said the doctor’s wife, with indignant warmth. “Humanity has some claims. Better deceive her by a promise of restoration at once to her friends. Say that you are about to take her to the steamboat, or railroad office, and send her home. If you say this, there will be no trouble. And in my opinion, you had better do it as well as say it. I believe she would pledge herself to secrecy if you were to release her now.”

“I wouldn’t give a snap for all such pledges,” returned Florien. “But if *you* can deceive her, and thus make her quiet, you may do so. As to going back, really, that is yet out of the question.”

“You will be wise, Mons. Florien,” said the doctor, “if you abandon your subject while there is a chance of doing so. A day—an hour—and it may be too late.”

“No; I will not,” replied the Frenchman, passionately. “Having gone this far, I will go to the end.”

“As you like,” said the doctor. “But we will wash our hands clean, from this time.”

“Very well. I will take the responsibility. The girl cannot go back.”

“Mons. Florien,” said the doctor’s wife, “Consider.”

“I will consider nothing but the success of my experiments.”

Just then the street door bell was rung loudly. In a little while it was rung again with an energy that caused the trio to start and look with alarm into each other's faces. Then they heard some one entering by way of the basement, and ascending the stairs with the quick heavy tread of a man upon some exciting errand. Instinctively they retired with noiseless steps to the room occupied by Agnes, and fastened the door on the inner side. Agnes had heard the loud ringing of the bell, and also the rapid tread of the person who had entered. There was something familiar in that step which caused her heart to bound and her cheek to flush with eager excitement. She was in an attitude of deep attention when they entered. Without a moment's hesitation, Florien drew a handkerchief over her mouth and forced her down upon a chair, saying at the same time, in a low voice to his companions,

“Assist me to keep her quiet or all is lost!”

The doctor and his wife gave the required aid, and thus they awaited the result. Soon the person who had entered the house, knocked loudly at the door. Agnes struggled hard to get the bandage from her mouth, that she might cry out, but Florien held it firm. There was a pause, and then, with a loud crash, the door sprung from its hinges and Ralph Percival stood before them.

CHAPTER XV.

THE recovery of Ralph Percival from the illness which had been brought on by over excitement attending his search for Agnes, was much slower than it would have been had the cause of excitement not continued to exist. The absence of the one he loved, and the fearful uncertainty attending that absence, kept his mind in a constant state of feverishness. Fully a week before he was in a condition to leave his room, Ralph, in the face of an earnest protest from his physician, left the village of M— and proceeded by the most rapid conveyances to New York. From the moment reason became active, after the violence of his disease had abated, Ralph entertained but one idea on the subject of Miss Wellmore's absence. He believed her to be in the hands of Florian, and a prisoner in the house of Dr. T— in Greenwich street, New York. This belief he had affirmed to those around him before it was possible for him to leave his room, and by them it had been conveyed to the police officer in New York who had the matter in charge. This officer, however, sent back word in a few days, that, under the authority of the mayor, he had proceeded to the house designated, and searched it carefully, but without finding any thing to confirm the suspicions that had been entertained.

On arriving in New York, Ralph called upon this officer.

"Have you nothing encouraging yet?" asked the young man, as he took the officer's hand.

"Nothing, I am sorry to say," returned the officer. Then he added, in a changed voice, "But, my dear sir! you are not in a condition to be here. Your right place is in bed, and under the care of a doctor. Did your physician consent to your leaving home?"

"I came without his consent. I would have died had I remained longer inactive, while the fate of one in whom I have so deep an interest is shrouded in such a fearful mystery. I must see Dr. T— myself, and must, myself, go over his house and look in every nook and corner. Nothing less will satisfy me."

"But I have, myself, searched that house, Mr. Percival," returned the officer, "and can assure you on the very best testimony, that of my own eyes, that she is not there."

"They may have conveyed her away at that time. You went with a formal process, and gave them warning."

"How else will you go?" asked the officer.

"I will go unannounced and unattended. I will enter without asking

permission, and force myself into every chamber in the house! I will see every thing just as it is."

"The experiment may prove a dangerous one, my young friend," replied the officer. "You may be thrown from the house by the outraged owner, or handed over to the police."

"If the latter should occur, I will call upon you to explain my position. I shall not be very severely handled by your mayor. But it is no use for us to talk about this matter; I must see into that house! I care not for the consequences."

"When do you purpose going?"

"Immediately."

"Defer it for a couple of hours," said the officer, "when I will go with you to the neighborhood, and be in attendance with two or three stout men, who will render you any assistance that may be needed."

To this Ralph agreed. But it soon afterwards occurred to him that the officer might only be going to take steps to prevent his doing what that individual evidently looked upon as rash, improper and useless. The moment this occurred to him, he left his room at the hotel, and hurried off in the direction of Dr. T——'s house.

By this time Ralph was in a high state of excitement, as might well be supposed. When he left home he had only walked out three or four times, and then only for a very short distance. Then it was with slow and unequal steps. But now he walked erect, and with a firm tread. His mind had risen superior to the weakness of his infirm body.

"She is there! I know she is there," he muttered as he strode along. "If I find *him*—cursed villain!" The lips of Ralph parted with a grim smile, and he made an unconscious gesture, that caused people who were passing near him, to turn round and follow him with their eyes. On he went, at a rapid pace, seeing nothing around him but the guiding forms of the houses that lined his way. To Ralph, in his feverish state of mind, the impression that Agnes was in the house of Dr. T—— was as distinct as if he had received undoubted evidence of the fact; and he hurried on towards the place with an eagerness that gave wings to his feet.

"This is the place, surely!" he at length said, stopping in the neighborhood of the house where he remembered to have been when last in New York. But now he looked from door to door, without seeing the name of Dr. T——. He tried to recall the number but his memory failed him, although when he arrived in the city, he recollected it distinctly. A carriage stood in front of the house he supposed to be the one of which he was in search. At the house adjoining he rang the bell and inquired where Dr. T—— lived.

"He did live next door," was received for an answer.

"Does he not live there now?"

"No. The family have moved away."

"Do you know where they have gone?"

"No, sir."

"When did they move?"

"They moved out yesterday."

"There is a carriage before the door," said Ralph.

"That's for the house above, I reckon," was replied. And the servant closed the door in his face.

The young man descended the steps that led up to the door, and now perceived that the house where Dr. T—— had lived, was shut up.

"Is any one in this house?" he asked of the driver, who sat on the box of his carriage, immediately in front.

"Yes sir," was replied.

"Are you sure?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, yes. I just brought a man here, and am waiting to take him and some others away."

"Where are you going to take them?"

"I don't know. He hasn't told me yet."

Ralph eagerly ascended the steps, and pulled the bell. After waiting for half a minute, he rang it again, three or four times, jerking the bell handle violently. But no one answered the call.

"Are you sure there is any one within?" he said to the driver.

"Certainly I am! Didn't I tell you I just brought a man here?" replied the driver.

Ralph pulled at the bell again with a vigor that made the tingling response it gave distinct in the street for half a block or more.

"Try the door. Perhaps it is open," suggested the driver.

After waiting for a few moments for an answer to this summons, Percival took hold of the door knob and turned it. But there was no ingress. Lock or bolt held it fast.

In the bewildered eagerness of the moment, the excited young man threw himself against the door, in the vain effort to force it open. But it did not yield to the shock.

"Try the basement," said the man on the box.

"Try what?"

"The basement door. That may be open."

Ralph ran quickly down into the area, and was fortunate enough to find the door there unlocked. He entered, and passed hurriedly up the stairs. All was still and deserted. The rooms had been stripped of their furniture, and echoed loudly to his heavy tread. In the parlors he found no one. Up to the chambers, in the second story, he went, but all was tenantless there. His heart sunk in his bosom—he paused a moment; but a movement overhead caused him to bound wildly up to the third story. The doors of all the chambers stood open but one, and that, upon placing his hand upon the lock, he found to be fastened.

He knocked, and waited for a moment, or two. But no one answered, yet he could distinctly hear the movement of persons within. He

knocked again, and louder. But there was no reply. Then stepping back a few paces, he threw himself against the door with his utmost force. It flew open and he stepped into the room. The sight that met his eyes, made his brain, already whirling, perfectly wild. Agnes sat directly in front of the door, with a bandage over her mouth, which was held by Florian, while Dr. T——, whom he remembered, and a woman, were endeavoring to hold her fast. Maddened by the sight, Ralph instantly drew a pistol and fired upon the magnetizer. At the same instant, Agnes, with a wild scream threw herself into his arms, and both sunk insensible to the floor.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE officer, after leaving Ralph, had not gone far, before it occurred to him that the young man might not wait his return, but go immediately upon his reckless errand. This thought caused him to go back to the hotel. As he had feared, he found that Ralph had left. The officer started at once in pursuit of him, for he did not doubt but that he had gone to the house of Doctor T——. On arriving there he found the door standing open—and, as the doctor's sign was down, and the house seemed to be vacant, he entered without ringing. He had advanced but a few steps along the passage, when something on the floor attracted his attention. Stooping down he examined it closely, and then said as he rose up—

“Blood, as I live!”

He could now see, from this point, a dark red trail along the passage and up the stairs. This he followed quickly, until he arrived at the third story, where were several large pools of blood. Still following the marks, he entered a chamber, and there found the individual for whom he was in search, lying upon the floor, with a female form beside him—both insensible. A pistol lay near them.

The officer was about turning away to go for assistance, when the female sighed, uttered a moaning sound and rose up slowly. It was some moments before she had sufficient command of her senses to understand where she was, and comprehend the reality of her position. As all this grew clear, she uttered an exclamation, and stooping down attempted to raise the insensible form of her companion. The officer, whom she had not observed, now stepped forward, saying, as he did so,

“Let me assist you to place him on the bed.”

Agnes Wellmore started at the sound of his voice, and turning, looked wildly at the stranger. Her lips moved, but she could not utter a word.

“I am a friend,” said the officer, stooping as he said this, and lifting the body of Ralph, which he laid upon the bed. After a slight examination he asked if the young man had received a blow.

“I cannot tell,” returned Agnes. “I only know that he came and delivered me out of their hands.”

“A pistol has been fired, and there is blood upon the floor. Whose blood is it?”

“Blood!” exclaimed Agnes, shuddering, as her eyes rested upon a number of little dark pools and large red stains upon the floor.

“It is blood, but not his blood,” said the officer, seeing the eyes of

Agnes glance from the floor to the bed. "He has been ill, and over excitement has paralyzed his brain. I will go for a physician immediately."

"Oh, sir, do not leave me!" exclaimed Agnes, as the officer moved towards the door. "I dare not remain here a single moment without a protector! They will take me away where no one can find me."

"Who will take you away?"

"They who have kept me a prisoner so long. Oh! sir, in pity do not leave me!"

"Then I will just go to the street door, and send a messenger," said the officer. "Do not fear. Your persecutors will not return again."

He then went down and stopped a carriage that happened to be passing. With the assistance of the driver, Ralph was removed from the chamber and placed in the vehicle. The trunk of Agnes was lashed on behind, and then all three were driven to the hotel which the young man had left but a short time before.

The poor, bewildered, excited captive hardly understood whether she were free or not, until their arrival at the hotel. Many times, as the carriage dashed rapidly along, she was on the point of crying aloud to the passengers in the street; but she restrained herself.

Ralph was still insensible. The officer had him conveyed to his room and a physician instantly summoned.

"What is the cause of this condition?" was his first inquiry on seeing the patient.

"He has been highly excited," replied the officer, who was still in attendance.

"Has he been sick?"

"Yes. Very ill, and from a sudden prostration like this. Anxiety, excitement, and want of sleep produced fever and delirium. From this he was but half recovered, when he left home and came on to this city in search of a friend who had mysteriously disappeared. An hour ago he found that friend under circumstances calculated to excite the strongest mind. The agitation it produced was too powerful. And here is the result."

The doctor asked no more. The officer's explanation made the case clear.

Agnes, with a pale face and lips apart, stood eagerly listening to every word.

"Is his life in danger?" she huskily whispered.

The doctor looked at her for a moment, and then, without replying, resumed the thoughtful attitude he had taken after the officer had ceased speaking. The pulse of the insensible man was in his hand.

"Speak, in the name of heaven, Doctor!" exclaimed Agnes, with a wild look and gesture. "Is he in danger?"

The doctor started in surprise, and glanced first at Agnes and then at the officer.

"If there is hope, doctor, say so," spoke up the latter, in an earnest voice.

"There is always hope," was replied, and the physician resumed his musing air. After determining what was best to be done, he ordered the necessary treatment, and then retired to have a more particular conversation with the officer, who related as much of what had occurred as he deemed useful for the doctor to know.

The narrative deeply interested the physician, at the same time that it excited his indignation at the outrage that had been practised upon Agnes.

"She, too, may stand in need of medical treatment," he said. "The agitation of the moment, after the long period of excitement through which she has no doubt passed, may prove too much for her physical strength. Has she no friends in the city?"

"I do not know."

"She ought to have. Her position among strangers is a delicate one."

"It is, certainly."

"Had you not better have an interview with her on the subject?" said the physician.

"Perhaps it would be better for you, doctor, to have some conversation with the young lady. I never saw her until an hour ago. Your profession gives you a right to approach her which I do not possess."

The doctor reflected a moment or two, and then said he would return and have some conversation with Agnes.

When he re-entered the apartment, he found the young lady bending over the insensible form of Ralph, weeping passionately. She arose as he came in, and made an effort to restrain the outgushing of her feelings.

"Calmness, my dear madam," said the doctor, "is, at this time, of all things, most important. You are not, yourself, in a condition to bear excitement, and, by yielding to your feelings, may put it out of your power to render that attention to this person which his case needs."

"I will try and be calm, doctor," returned Agnes, making an effort to control herself. "But, oh! tell me truly, is there any hope?"

"In my mind there is great hope," replied the doctor, yet speaking in a voice that brought but little hope to the mind of her whose heart was so eager for a word of encouragement. "Still, I must not conceal the fact, that the case is a critical one, and will require the most careful attention, both on the part of nurse and physician."

"I will be his nurse," said Agnes, quickly.

"You look more like becoming the tenant of a sick chamber," replied the doctor. "You had better let me provide an experienced nurse."

"Oh, no! no!" quickly answered Agnes. "That office must not be in any hands but mine. I am not sick."

"Have you friends in the city?" asked the doctor.

Agnes said no.

"Are you certain? Think."

"I know of none in the city."

"Is there no one here acquainted with your family?"

Agnes thought for a little while, and then shook her head.

"Has this young man friends in the city?"

"I do not know of any."

"You will write to your friends at home?"

"Oh, yes; the moment I can write."

Agnes then turned towards the bed upon which Ralph lay, and said—

"How still he lies, doctor! he looks as if he were dying."

"His vital system acts but feebly. But, in time, I hope to see him rally. He has been fearfully excited."

The doctor then asked a question touching her recent strange imprisonment; but she seemed to shrink from him, and avoided making any answer.

"I will leave a prescription for you," said the physician, thinking it best to pursue his inquiries no further at that time,—“you will send out for it, and be sure to take it, for, unless you do, you may not be able to bear up under the fatigue of watching in a sick chamber.”

Agnes promised to do as he wished. After repeating some directions in regard to Ralph, the doctor retired, promising to call again that night.

As soon as the officer saw that the young man had all proper attention, he started forth, determined if the parties who had acted so foul a part with Agnes were in New York, that he would ferret them out, and bring them to justice. The insensible condition of the young man deprived him of all the information he would otherwise have been able to give, which might have offered a clue to the certain detection of the guilty parties.

He first proceeded to the house where Agnes had been found, and made a careful examination of the premises. It was plain that the pistol of Ralph had done some execution, for blood had flowed in liberal quantities. It was most probable, the officer concluded, that some one had been dangerously wounded.

After remaining here for a short time, he went to the adjoining house.

"Who lived in the house next to you?" he asked of a servant who came to the door.

"I don't know," was replied.

"Did you never see any of them?"

"Sometimes. Not often."

"When did they go away?"

"They moved their things yesterday."

"Did you see any of them here to-day?"

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"A couple of hours, I suppose. I saw a sick man taken off in a carriage."

“ With a lady ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Did you see any one leave before that ? ”

“ No, I did not ; but our chambermaid says she heard a pistol go off in the house, and directly after it two men and a woman came out and got into a carriage that was standing before the door, which drove off at full gallop. ”

“ Ah, indeed ! Is the chambermaid at home ? ”

“ She is. ”

“ Just ask her to step here, if you please. ”

The man hesitated a little, and then went in and called the chambermaid.

“ Did you notice what color the carriage was ? ” asked the officer.

The girl thought a little while, and then said, “ green. ”

“ Are you sure ? ”

“ Oh, yes. ”

“ I suppose you did not know the coachman ? ”

“ Oh, yes. His name is Barney Megan. ”

“ Thank you, ” said the officer, abruptly turning away. He knew Barney very well, and in ten minutes afterwards found him at his regular stand.

“ Well, Barney, ” said he, coming up to him.

Barney touched his hat.

“ Barney, you took two men and a woman from a house in Greenwich street, between two and three hours ago. ”

“ So I did. ”

“ Where did you drive them ? ”

“ To a house in West Broadway. ”

“ Can you take me there ? ”

“ Oh, yes. ”

“ One of the men had been shot, was he much hurt ? ”

“ I don't know ; but I should think he was. He bled a good deal in the carriage. I had to wash it out. ”

“ Which one was hurt ? ”

“ The one with the spectacles and big whiskers. ”

“ Humph ! The ball went right ”

“ You know who he is ? ”

“ Perhaps I do. But here ; drive me down to West Broadway, and let me out half a block from the house ; ” and the officer entered the coach.

The driver did as desired, but the inmates of the house positively denied the fact stated, and appeared very much astonished at the pertinacious officer, who, in spite of protestation, still lingered and insisted that the persons he sought must be in the house.

At last, however, he had to retire, completely baffled. Barney was

positive that he had taken the officer to the right place, and the people at the house were just as positive that no persons answering the description given, had ever been there,—and beyond this, not a step could be taken. It was all in vain that the house was watched, and, finally, entered and searched. No trace of the fugitives appeared, and the pursuit was, at last, after new efforts to get upon their track, hopelessly abandoned.

When the doctor called, late in the evening, to see his patient, he found but little change. He lay in a deep quiet, while the irregular action of his low pulse showed that, feeble as it was, the vital action was much disturbed.

Agnes was restless, and exhibited a most nervous state of anxiety. All that could be said to quiet her was urged by the doctor, but with little effect. The fears of the unhappy young lady were too highly excited. In spite of remonstrance on her part, the doctor insisted upon the attendance of an experienced nurse, in whose care he placed both of his patients.

The morning brought little change, except that Ralph had become restless, and muttered and talked in his delirium.

Ten days elapsed before reason again shed its light upon the young man's mind. Under the skilful treatment of his judicious medical attendant, his bodily powers slowly recovered from their great prostration, but his mind still continued to wander. With what tender solicitude did Agnes now watch over him! How earnestly did she seek to penetrate with her loving voice the shut door of his reason, and awaken it from its long slumber! Every expression of his eye, every inflection of his voice was noted, half hoping, half desponding, hour after hour; yet there were but few signs of returning intelligence.

One day she was sitting near him and looking sadly into his pale face. His eyes were closed in sleep, and had been so for an unusually long space of time. The physician had left half an hour before, and pronounced him much better. His sleep was so easy and natural that he would not have him disturbed. While Agnes sat thus looking at him, his eyes opened and became fixed upon her with an expression so different from what they had worn, that she knew, in an instant, that reason had returned. After looking at her for some time, without speaking, Ralph closed his eyes again, but there was an expression of intelligence upon his face, and his brow contracted, showing that he was in earnest thought. When he opened them again, he said, in a low, feeble voice, while a faint smile played over his features—

“It is not a dream! You are safe, Agnes?”

“Yes, safe; and saved by you, Ralph,” replied the maiden, in a low, tender voice. “But don't think of this, now. You have been very ill; and your physician enjoins quiet and freedom from all excitement.”

“Where am I?” asked the invalid.

"In your own room, at the hotel."

"In New York?"

"Yes."

"Where is that Florien?"

"I do not know." A shadow fell upon the brow of Agnes.

"Is he dead?"

"I cannot tell. I have heard nothing of him since the morning you delivered me from his power; and hope I will neither see him, nor hear of him again. But you must not think of this now. Perfect quiet is absolutely essential."

Ralph was about replying, when Agnes placed her fingers upon his lips, saying as she did so,

"Your physician's orders are imperative. Your life depends upon your freedom from excitement. In a few days you will be able to converse on this subject freely, but, until then, it must not be alluded to."

It required a powerful effort on the part of Agnes to maintain an appearance of composure. An impulse that it was almost impossible for her to control, impelled her to throw herself in a passionate burst of tears upon the bosom of her lover, and weep herself there into calmness. But such an act, she felt, would have perilled his life, and she therefore laid her hand upon her wildly throbbing heart, and held it down.

For an hour, almost, Ralph lay with his eyes resting upon the face of Agnes, who sat holding one of his hands. When he attempted to speak, she would lay her finger upon his lips and whisper:

"You must not talk now."

By the next day he was so much better, that Agnes ventured to answer a few of the eager questions that were on his lips; but her replies sent the flush of indignation so suddenly to his face, that she found it necessary to fall back again into silence.

"Wait, wait," she said tenderly; "only wait a little while, and you shall know all. But now you are too weak to think about so exciting a subject."

"I know I am," he said; "but tell me one thing,—have they got that villain?"

"No. He escaped the officer, although every effort was made to arrest him."

"Perhaps he is dead. Blood, you say, was on the floor. I may have killed him."

"I do not know. But don't let us talk of this now."

"If living, he will remember me for life, as I will remember him," said Ralph, while a flush of angry exultation glanced over his face.

"You must—you must be quiet, Ralph!" exclaimed Agnes, in alarm.

"Remember, it is ten days since—"

"When?"

“Since you were laid upon this bed; and unless you dismiss this subject from your mind, and remain composed, it may be ten days longer before you rise from it, if you rise at all.”

“Ten days!” said Ralph, in a surprised voice. “Ten days! so long?”

“It has been a long sleep, Ralph. But you are awake now; and it will be your own fault if you sleep again.”

The young man appeared surprised. He gave a long sigh, and then closed his eyes and lay very still.

From this time, the recovery of Ralph was rapid. In a week he was able to sit up and walk about his chamber. Then he received from Agnes a full history of all that had transpired from the time he had parted with her at M——, until the exciting moment when he burst into her prison-house, and delivered her from the hands of her tormentors. Whatever of painful doubt and fear had lingered in the mind of Ralph, was fully dispelled by this narrative, which was given with all the artlessness and pathos of truth. The account she gave of the manner in which she had resisted the magnetizer’s spell, deeply moved him.

“What an infernal power!” exclaimed Percival, after Agnes had concluded her history.

“Thank God; that I am delivered from this power of evil!” fervently responded the young lady. “There was a time when I despaired. Like a bird in the charmer’s circle, I could not resist the spell that was on me. But, in my own utter weakness, there came deliverance from above.”

As soon as Ralph had gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigue of travel, they left New York and returned home. Up to this time, not a whisper of intelligence in regard to Florian had reached their ears. It was plain that the shot fired by the young man had wounded him severely, perhaps fatally. He might have died, and the cause of his death been concealed by his friends; or he might still be suffering from the injury he had received from the ball. It would have been some satisfaction to have known his fate.

The return of Agnes to her old home, created almost as much excitement as did her abduction. But there were a few who could not credit her relation. That was asking too much of their credulity. They had seen some of the minor wonders of animal magnetism, and doubted, even while they looked on the evidence of their own senses.

“It is all very well for Ralph Percival to believe her story, if he is simple enough,” one would remark aside to his friend; “but I would need rather more evidence than any young lady’s simple statement to make me credit it. Carried off by a mesmerizer against her consent, and kept the slave of his will for a period of weeks! That’s rather too tough for me.”

“And for me too,” replies the friend. “I can believe a good deal, but that is rather too tough. Miss Wellmore is certainly the last one I could have believed guilty of an error such as the circumstances of the

case presuppose. But I could believe her to have wandered, rather than credit her statement."

Remarks like these were not of rare occurrence. Some, with less delicacy of feeling, or with an utter want of thought, would hint their scepticism in regard to the mesmeric power exercised over Agnes, even to Ralph himself, much to his annoyance. Occasionally a doubt would intrude itself upon the young man's mind, and he would struggle to expel it, though not always with success.

The time for the marriage, as determined upon in the fall previous, drew near, and both Ralph and Agnes made preparation for the nuptial ceremonies.

One evening, a few weeks previous to the wedding day, Agnes, as soon as Ralph entered, said, with unusual animation—

"I have, at last, intelligence of that Florian."

"Indeed! From where?"

"Here is a letter from the wife of Doctor T——. It is without date, but bears the New York post mark. It was sent to that city, she says, by the hand of a friend."

Ralph took the letter and read it hastily. The following is a portion of its contents.

"You doubtless wish to hear what has become of Mons. Florian. He was wounded in the arm by the person who broke into your room on the morning when we all separated for the last time in terror and confusion. The bone was badly fractured, and produced inflammation; this, from some cause or other, could not be allayed, and mortification ensued. The consequence was, that the arm had to be amputated, to save his life. He suffered a great deal of pain. A month ago he returned to France. He often expressed regret at his conduct towards you; and now thinks that the end he had in view did not fully justify the means he made use of. He says that he has enough of magnetism. And so, I can assure you, have both my husband and myself. For the part we took, I may at least be permitted to ask your forgiveness. I protected you as fully as was in my power, and never permitted Florian to see you except in my presence. He often desired to do so, but I faithfully adhered to the pledge I gave you. It may be but right for me here to say, that I never left you while you were in the magnetic state, and that during these times, your person was held sacred from all unwarrantable liberties. You returned to your friends as pure as when you left them. May the God you so successfully invoked in your distress, bless you, and make your future life happy!"

Percival drew a long breath as he finished reading this letter.

"Punished, but too lightly," said he. "Well! let him go, and bear with him for life the sign of his iniquity. He was in the service of a hard master, and, verily he has his reward."

Whatever of unpleasant doubt had remained on the mind of the young

man, as he looked forward to a union with Agnes, was removed by this letter. In due time the marriage was celebrated, and in the quiet joys of wedded life they forgot the wild excitement of that brief period in which a disorderly, and, therefore, evil power, possessed the mind of Agnes, and destroyed her freedom to will and act from the dictates of reason.

Let all who wish to retain, undisturbed, the free volition that God has given them, be warned by this example. Though the history be fictitious, the power of mesmeric agency has not been in the least exaggerated, as any one who cares to inform himself may know.

To all, the writer would say, Beware of mesmerism! Its origin is in perverted order, and it cannot, therefore, have a good influence.

APPENDIX.

It cannot but prove interesting to the readers of the preceding narrative, to have some well authenticated facts deduced, touching the mesmeric phenomena, from the thousands that are published. In the first extract given, it will be seen that we did not in the least exceed the record in the experiments described as having been made by Florian. Deleuze relates the following :

“ Dr. C. then requested a tumbler of water to be brought, and after drinking about half of it himself, he roused Miss B., who had apparently sunk into a profound and quiet sleep, as she afterwards did repeatedly, and requested her to drink some of it. She did so, when Mr. H. drew to a corner of the room, and, after writing on a slip of paper, beckoned me to him and simply held the paper before me, on which was written, ‘*Will the contents of the tumbler to be castor oil,*’ or words to that effect. He then beckoned to Dr. C., who went to him, and reading the sentence, indicated by a nod that he would cheerfully do it, and retaking his seat, which was placed between two and three feet before Miss. B., he said, without moving a limb, or uttering a syllable more, ‘*Come, Lurena, drink a little of this, and you will feel better, I think ;*’ alluding, as I supposed, to a severe headache, of which she had spoken to us in the course of our conversation, before the Doctor’s entrance. She raised the tumbler to her lips, and suddenly replaced it in her lap, with evident nausea and aversion. Dr. C. ‘*Come, drink a little of it. It is very good.*’ Miss B. ‘*Good!*’ moving her lips, ‘*you know it is not good!*’ Dr. C. ‘*Why?*’ Miss B. ‘*Why? It makes me sick.*’ Dr. C. ‘*O, no ; drink one mouthful.*’ She did so ; and had she witnessed the ceremony of taking pure castor a thousand times, the apparent effect on her could not have been more true to nature. Mr. H. again summoned the doctor, and whispered too low to be heard by any other person in the room, ‘*Will, now, that it is snuff.*’ He returned, and repeated only words resembling those used in the first experiment. On looking into the tumbler, she seemed to smile ironically, and said, ‘*Drink this! drink this! you know I cannot ;*’ with an expression of countenance which any one, seeing snuff to be the contents of a tumbler about to be drank off, must have assumed. I then

requested Dr. C., in the same manner, to '*will it to be pleasant lemonade.*' After long persuasion, without a word or gesture, however, which could have indicated the nature of my request, on Dr. C.'s part, she put the tumbler cautiously to her lips, and tasting, drank the whole of the water that remained. Dr. C. 'Well, Lurena, how do you like that?' Miss B. 'Why, it's very good, *but a little too sour.*' Some one of the strangers present now requested in a whisper that he would '*will the tumbler to be filled with an ice cream.*' I sat at Miss B.'s elbow, and watched both her countenance and Dr. C.'s words and motions. Collusion, or anything like a secret understanding between them in what followed, *I believe to have been impossible.* Dr. C. 'Come, Lurena, drink what I have got for you now. You will find it very good.' Rousing, she looked into the empty tumbler, and continued silent. On further inquiry, she said, 'You know I cannot drink it.' Dr. C. 'Why?' Miss B. '*I've been waiting for a spoon this half hour.*' A spoon was then brought and given her. She raised the tumbler, and imitating to perfection the manner of a lady taking an ice cream in a fashionable and elegant circle, she finished it, and replaced the tumbler in her lap, as one waiting for a servant to take it. Dr. C. 'Well, is not that good?' Miss B. 'Yes, it's very good, but a little too highly flavored for me.' I should have mentioned that while eating it, she put her hand to her face in apparent pain. Dr. C. 'What is the matter with your face?' Miss B. '*Why, it makes my teeth ache, it's so cold.*' I then requested Dr. C. to take the tumbler from her, and, in a whisper scarcely audible to him, to '*will a black kitten to be in her lap.*' He assented, and, taking his seat before her, as I did mine at her side, he said, without previously uttering a syllable even in whisper to any one, or making the least motion, 'Lurena, come, wake up and see what you have in your lap.' She seemed gradually to wake. 'What have you in your lap?' Looking down, she instantly began to draw her arms up with aversion at the object seen, but remained silent. Dr. C. 'What is the matter? Is it not pretty?' Drawing her arms still further up, she said, evidently offended, 'Pretty? no. What have you put *that* in my lap for? I shan't take it! I won't!' Dr. C. 'O, yes, take it.' Miss B. 'I won't.' Dr. C. 'Well, if you do not like it, give it to me.' Lifting it precisely as one would by the nape of the neck, and tossing it, she said, '*There, take the dirty black thing!*' The preceding experiments were tried, in consequence of our having heard that similar ones had been made without failure in any instance; and I am as certain as I am of being able to see or hear any thing directly before me, that no direction, either by whisper, pause, or gesture, was given by the magnetizer to the magnetized; and I know that the directions I gave Dr. C. could not have been anticipated by him or any one else."

A French writer gives these very curious experiments:

"Rosalia, on whom the following experiments were made, is a young girl of about eighteen years of age, of a somewhat sanguineous tempera-

ment. Her nervous system does not appear to be too much developed. She would enjoy very good health, if, from the age of puberty, she did not suffer, from time to time, rather violent pains in the stomach. Her education is that of a poor artisan, solely occupied in supporting by the labor of her hands an aged and feeble mother. To this must be added, in order to have a physical and moral appreciation of the subject, that Rosalia never left a province which was very distant from Paris.

“Rosalia being in a state of somnambulism in a separate and well closed closet, a ball of wool is magnetized by the person who put her to sleep, and placed in one of the hats of the men, which were thrown carelessly in a corner of the room. The somnambulist is then introduced into the apartment, and invited to seek out *an object*, without giving this object any other designation. She begins by walking around the room, touches different pieces of furniture, but stops not; then, at length, after having carried her examination towards the corner above mentioned, she discovers the ball of wool, which she brings with her without hesitation.

“Rosalia is asleep for some minutes. An incredulous doctor, with the intention of satisfying himself, as to whether the magnetic action may be really concentrated on inanimate objects, carries away the magnetizer out of the room, and proposes to him to operate on a step of the stairs—the tenth was the one chosen by the doctor. The tenth step, setting out from the bottom of the stairs, receives the magnetic passes. At the moment of withdrawing, the magnetizer wishing, in his turn, and at the same time to make an experiment of his own, declares that he mentally places a barrier above the tenth step, to prevent Rosalia from continuing her route. Things thus prepared, the doctor leads back the magnetizer, whom he no longer quits, to the somnambulist still asleep. According to his express wish, she is aroused without being touched, and merely by some gestures made at a distance. It is only after a serious examination of the perfectly normal state of the young girl, that, on the order of the incredulous doctor, Rosalia takes a taper in order to go to bed. In so doing she must necessarily pass by the stairs to the magnetized step. After five or six minutes they go in pursuit of her; the doctor passes first, and what is his astonishment, when, having arrived at the bottom of the stairs, he perceives the young girl standing up and immovable on the tenth step. The following dialogue then takes place:

“‘Rosalia, what, then, are you doing there?’ ‘I am asleep, sir.’ ‘And who has put you to sleep?’ ‘The step on which I stand: there escapes from it a hot vapor, which has ascended to me legs, and has put me to sleep.’ ‘Well, then, since you are asleep, you are going to bed?’ ‘I cannot, sir, because there is a barrier which prevents me from passing.’

“Rosalia, being asleep, was placed at the extremity of a room, with her head turned towards the wall. An incredulous person requires that the magnetizer, placed at the distance of several feet from the somnambulist, should break one of the feet of the chair on which she was sitting.

Scarcely were two or three passes directed towards the object designed, than Rosalia rises abruptly, and cries out, 'My God! I am a going to fall, my chair has but three feet.' Another time, in the absence of Rosalia, the floor of the room was magnetized, with the intention of changing it into ploughed land. When the girl, who is fast asleep, was introduced, she refuses to advance, and pretends that the furrows prevent her from walking, and that she knows not where to place her feet. The same floor also assumes the appearance of a frozen river, &c., according to the demand made on it.

Of Matter.—These facts consist in proving that Magnetism may give to matter a virtue which it does not possess of itself. Examples:—Rosalia is in a closet adjoining that in which her magnetizer is, and in a state of somnambulism. Before a bracket are placed, casually, two chairs, one of which is very light. This is precisely the one which the magnetizer is requested to load with a considerable weight, which he sets about doing by means of numerous passes. The operation being over, the somnambulist is introduced. After some experiments of another kind, she is asked to take one of the chairs and sit near the fire. Chance made her select that one of the two which was really the heavier. Rosalia brings it with ease up near the fire. A lady being in want of a seat, Rosalia is asked to go for the other. She goes up to it, takes it with her two hands, then seems to make a violent effort to raise it; the chair remains immovable. At the request of those around her she tries again, but still without success; however, her muscles are tense, her face is flushed; at last, she cries out, with a voice, altered, as it were, by the violent efforts she had made, 'My God! I never shall be able, it is too heavy.' A book was magnetized on the chimney-piece, with the intention of making it adhere to the marble. At the request made to Rosalia, she goes to bring it, but her efforts to raise it are unavailing; only, as the will of the magnetizer had no other end than to affix to the marble that part of the cover in contact with it, Rosalia opens the book, turns over the leaves, but without being any more able to tear it from the chimney-piece, than if one of the sides of the covers were really affixed to it. Thus, again, a saucer having been magnetized, Rosalia is requested to take and carry it. At the moment she presents it, her fingers were contracted tightly on the china, and she declares that she cannot let it go. Such was the will of the magnetizer, communicated through the medium of the object.

“We now come, we might almost say, by an insensible transition, to a series of facts which still constitute a particular class. For we have seen that the modifications occasioned in the form of objects were such in the experiments of the ploughed land and of the frozen river, that they may be well considered as creations completely new. It will be understood then, at least by analogy, that the magnetic action may create objects entirely imaginary. Here are some examples of it. Rosalia, in

a state of somnambulism, converses with some persons. An incredulous spectator entreats the magnetizer to place on an unoccupied seat an open pair of scissors. Some passes are made on the seat pointed at. After about a quarter of an hour the somnambulist is made to rise; then, as if brought by mere chance, she is invited to sit on the seat which has just been magnetized: Rosalia refuses. 'Why, then, will you not sit down?' they ask her. 'Because I do not wish to hurt myself.' 'Come, now, do sit down.' 'No, sir, there are scissors there that would hurt me.'

"Another time, at the request of a person who does not yet believe, a wooden pillar was raised magnetically in the centre of the room; there is attached to it mentally a cord which is to go round the neck of the somnambulist. Rosalia cries out almost at the instant: 'Ah! sir, how this squeezes my neck.' 'What then?' 'The cord fastened to this wooden pillar.' On asking her where this pillar is, after she was freed from the imaginary tie of which she complained, she gets up and points with her finger to the very place where the magnetizer had raised his fantastic pillar.

"Rosalia is sleeping her magnetic sleep calmly on the sofa. Her magnetizer raises her feet, then passes his hand between them and the floor. This signal, according to the request made of him, is to place a stool under the feet of the somnambulist. Actually, from this moment, the two feet of Rosalia remain in the air as if they were supported by an object placed beneath them. When strong pressure is made on them, they are forced to yield; but then the entire body follows the movement, and instantly as the action ceases, the two feet rise together in the position given them by the magnetizer. This is somewhat the effect experienced by a person jolted in a vehicle; the point of support on which the feet rest, rises and falls, without, however, the relations of position of the different parts of the body being sensibly changed. After having remained a long time in this way without evincing any fatigue, Rosalia is asked why she keeps her feet raised. 'Because,' says she, 'I have placed them on a stool.' Without enumerating a greater number of facts of the same kind, in order to terminate this order of phenomena, here is a case which it is useful to notice, because we shall have occasion to recur to it. Rosalia is in a closet adjoining a drawing-room, in a state of somnambulism; the communication between these two apartments is closed, but another door giving egress from the drawing-room to a staircase has remained open. The magnetizer places a barrier there magnetically; then Rosalia is introduced by a stranger. She is then requested to go out to the staircase; but she declares that she cannot do so, 'because,' says she, '*this door is barred.*' In order that she may pass through, it is necessary that the magnetizer should, in a manner, break the charm.

"Not only, as has been just seen by the above examples, can the magnetic action create for Rosalia objects, completely imaginary, but, further, at the will of the magnetizer, it deprives her of the power of see-

ing objects which really exist, and which are placed in states so as to be perfectly distinct to her in the ordinary state. Thus a simple magnetic pass is sufficient for a piece of furniture, a person, a portion of a room, to disappear from the eyes of a somnambulist. Question her by surprise, lay for her all the snares you will, never will she see any of the persons or things that her magnetizer shall have rendered invisible, and what should scarcely leave any apprehension of fraud in this experiment is, that those who may be so disposed with respect to the subject of invisibility will try in vain to call forth in the somnambulist a laugh, astonishment, fright, &c., &c., or any other impression whatever.

“All those who have given their attention to magnetism have remarked, that one of the characters of somnambulism is not to leave any recollection on awakening, except, however, the magnetizer may have had the intention of making an idea survive the cessation of the magnetic effect. Then the thought conceived under the sway of the agent is continued in the ordinary state, and almost always produces the expected result. This observation must necessarily incline one to think, that perhaps it might be possible to transport into the natural life of somnambulists some other phenomenon of their magnetic existence. With respect to invisibility, numerous experiments have left no doubt of this possibility. We shall content ourselves by quoting merely the following fact. Rosalia is asleep. A thick layer of carded cotton is applied to her, covered with a bandage fastened behind her head. In this state she is brought into the midst of people whom she does not know. Among these they select, for the purpose of rendering invisible, a strange person whom she never could have seen. After some magnetic passes, this person goes with two others clad in the same manner behind a screen. The bandage is then taken from Rosalia,—she is demagnetized. She resumes her habitual countenance, converses as usual with those around her. Suddenly an arm rises above the screen. Rosalia is one of the first to perceive it; a second arm then appears,—she sees it again; but when the third is raised near the others, she persists in saying that she sees but two. The third arm is really that of the person rendered invisible. This experiment is repeated ten times, twenty times, always in a different way; *never* does Rosalia perceive the person that had been rendered invisible, though that person changed clothes with those who were placed behind the screen with him.”

Townshend, whose facts were elicited under a series of experiments conducted with a sincere desire to find the truth, and who would not, therefore, wilfully deceive himself, relates enough to satisfy the most confirmed doubter in regard to mesmerism. A single extract is taken from his book:

“The first time that I mesmerized Anna M——, a work-box, which she had never seen before, was held before her. She stooped her forehead towards it in a manner that struck me, and immediately named

what it was. The box having been opened, the sleepwaker again bent her forehead till it was nearly parallel with its surface, then rapidly named the various objects it contained, and, taking them up one by one in her hand, seemed desirous of examining them more particularly. But, to my surprise, she waved the articles about before her, as if trying in what point of view she could best descry them, holding them to various parts of her face and forehead, and exclaiming, as if perplexed, 'Where, then, *are* my eyes?' At length she seemed best satisfied when holding objects before her forehead, at the distance of a few inches, declaring that she saw them most distinctly there. In order to put her assertions to the proof, I held my watch before the forehead of the sleepwaker, without descending it to the level of her eyes. She took it from me, and, not lowering it in the least, held it so turned as that it formed an acute angle with her forehead, immediately above her eyebrow. It is to be remarked, that she thus presented the watch to her forehead, first on the right side, then on the left, as if to submit it to the scrutiny of a double organ. After this she named the exact hour and minute. The hands having been altered, she found the time with equal correctness.

"A poppy being held before her forehead, she said, 'I see a red flower, but I do not exactly know its name.'

"Remembering that an experienced mesmerizer had told me that sleepwakers in general perform most readily any thing which gives them pleasure in their waking state, and observing, in conformity with this statement, that Anna M——, who was an expert needle-woman, took particular interest in the work-box and its appendages, I proposed to her to proceed with a piece of work which was at hand. She immediately took the work, and, holding it always on a level with her forehead, went on methodically with the hem of the piece of muslin I had given her. When necessary, she turned down a new fold, and in every respect performed her task as well as she could have done awake. The work, submitted to female judgment, was pronounced to be a capital piece of sempstress-craft, the stitches being even, and not one of them dropped.

"After this we often gave Anna M—— work to do in the mesmeric state, when parties of ten or twelve persons have been present, to witness her extraordinary development of vision. She continued to hold every thing to her forehead; and with her hands raised to that level, in a position which, under ordinary circumstances, would be difficult and painful, has embroidered delicate flowers upon muslin, and even threaded her needle, without apparent effort.

"As it is my sincere desire to give a correct picture of mesmeric sleepwaking, I would on no account represent this power of vision as greater than it really was, or omit the inconsistencies which attended its exercise. That it was by no means even or constant, cannot but be acknowledged, though I am by no means prepared to develop the cause of its caprices. Thus Anna, though giving incontestable proofs of vision

by the forehead, could not be brought to distinguish printed or written letters in the mesmeric state, except on one occasion, when she read her own name, which I had written in a large hand, and held at once before her forehead. It seemed to me that her new visual faculty was always in its best condition when spontaneously exerted, and that any effort on her part, any over-anxiety to fulfil our requisitions, marred it altogether. I have often asked her to name an object, which I have allowed her to examine as she would; but she has not named it, though apparently striving earnestly to do so. Again, she has indicated other things spontaneously, when it was quite impossible for her to have discerned them in the ordinary manner. It was when she was sitting quietly, and apparently forgetful that she was an object of observation, that she displayed the most remarkable phenomena of vision. One instance, however, is better than a thousand assertions. She was sitting with her head so much bent down as to bring the upper part of her forehead parallel to the wall of the apartment. In this position, with her eyes closed, it was impossible for her to have seen, in any usual way, objects that were immediately fronting her. So placed, I observed her smile, and asked her why she did so. 'I am smiling,' she said, 'because I am pleased to see Mrs. — opposite to me.' 'You see her, then, well?' I inquired. 'Yes; she has a cup of tea in her hand.' Upon this the lady in question adroitly changed the cup of tea for a book, upon which Anna immediately remarked, 'But now she has taken a book.' The lady then opened the book, and held it by the two sides, spread out exactly on a level with the forehead of the sleepwaker, who said directly, 'Oh! she holds the book quite open by its two ends.'

"This experiment, neither suggested nor in any way conducted by myself, was interesting to me in no trifling degree, and was convincing to all who witnessed it.

"Another singular circumstance was, that no one could put on an ugly mask that lay about the room, and to which Anna, in her mesmeric state, had a great aversion, without her testifying, by faces expressive of dislike, that she was aware of the circumstance. We have tried this when the sleepwaker was occupied by other things, and with every precaution of making no noise, &c., yet the result was always the same.

"When placed before a looking-glass, she could indicate, more correctly than at any other time, the gestures of persons standing near her, and seen by reflection. I have pulled out her comb, and she has arranged her hair again perfectly before a mirror, holding her forehead parallel to its surface. Being asked if she saw herself with her eyes open or shut, she replied, 'Open, to be sure;' and, when I reasoned with her on this point, she replied, 'I see as if my eyes were open; and so they appear to me open.' It is singular that another sleepwaker gave me exactly the same answers under the same circumstances.

"A gentleman who was once present during a mesmerization of Anna

M——, being placed 'en rapport' with her, laid his hand upon her forehead, when she exclaimed, 'Why do you cover my eyes?' He then touched her eyes, and asked, 'What part of your face am I touching now?' The sleepwaker seemed perplexed, and at length answered, 'It is a part of my cheek, is it not?'

"When asked to point out where different persons were placed in the apartment during her sleepwaking, she never failed to do so, however their respective positions might be changed, leaning her forehead forward all the time, and presenting it to each individual. At the instant of recognising each person, she always gave one or two convulsive starts, as if her forehead came in contact with some invisible thing.

"The account that she gave of her visual perceptions was sufficiently confused. These are her own words relative to this subject, taken down on one occasion by a friend: 'It is all clear through my forehead. Sometimes I see so clear! But then, again, there is a sort of light cloud that comes over the clearness, and then I can hardly see anything. I do not see as with my two eyes, but *here* (passing her hand across her forehead), with my brain.'

"Already, in various accounts of experiments, I have mentioned E. A——, a boy aged fifteen, whom I had opportunities of frequently mesmerizing. This patient, of all whom I have ever seen, manifested in sleepwaking the most extraordinary development of visual power.

"Though the power of vision was greatest in the forehead, yet at times, and especially when he was excited, and not in any way called upon to exhibit, (for such requisitions often seemed to fetter his faculties,) he seemed to see on every side of him, as if his head were one organ of visual perception. This is no exaggeration, as the following instance will show: He was once sitting on a sofa in the mesmeric state, when a gentleman with whom he was well acquainted came behind the sofa and made all kinds of antics. On this the sleepwaker exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. D——! do not suppose I cannot see you; you are now doing so and so' (describing all Mr. D——'s gestures). 'You have now taken a paper-cutter into your hand, and now a knife. Indeed, you had better go away, and not make yourself so ridiculous.' Another time he was sitting at a table, writing music, with his back to the door, when a servant entered the apartment: 'Oh, Mademoiselle L——! is that you?' he said. 'How quietly you stand there with your arms folded.' He was quite correct in all he said. Directly after this I took up a bottle from a table behind the patient, and held it up to the back of his head, asking him if he knew what I held. He instantly replied, 'A bottle to be sure.'

"I have tried various methods of bandaging the patient's eyes. I have tied a broad and thick silk handkerchief over them, and then I have held down with my fingers or the palms of my hands the whole of the bottom part of the bandage. This method seems to me as perfect as any. It did not at all impede the sleepwaker's vision. In addition to

this, (the same result always ensuing,) I have laid strips of wadding over the eyes before applying the handkerchief, and I have firmly secured every possible interstice between it and the cheek with cotton. In the presence of Dr. Foissac, strips of diachylum were added to all the above apparatus, in order to fasten down the edges of the handkerchief to the cheek; but the sleepwaker saw as well as ever. On several occasions I bandaged his eyes, adding the cotton and the wadding *before* beginning to mesmerize him, when he assured me that he could not distinguish day from night. Then, having passed into sleepwaking, he has immediately given proofs of perfect vision, quite as perfect, indeed, as that enjoyed by persons whose eyes are open and unbound. Again, on awaking, (the bandage never having been stirred during the whole period of his sleepwaking,) he has found himself in perfect darkness. The transition was marked. One moment, drawn by the strong attraction of my presence, he was following me about the room, through intricacies of chairs and tables, with perfect ease; the next, he was standing helpless, not caring to be near me, and if called upon, unable to move, except with the groping hesitation of a blindfold person. I remarked that he did not wake so easily with the bandage on as when he had no bandage. The action of the transverse passes that I used to that effect seemed modified by the interposing substance. The striking proofs of vision that the patient gave when properly bandaged were, that he read in books, and distinguished cards, their colors, suit, &c., often playing with me at various games upon them. I remarked that in sleepwaking he was quite adroit at the game of cassino, which I had almost vainly tried to teach him in the waking state. It will be allowed that for a person, even bandaged in a slovenly manner, to perceive at a glance the combinations on the board, would be no easy matter; yet this he did with rapidity, completely bandaged as he was.

“Remembering that E. A—, on his father’s testimony, had, in natural sleepwaking, seemed to perceive objects in total darkness, I was curious to see whether, in mesmeric sleepwaking, he would manifest a similar phenomena of sensation. I, therefore, having mesmerized him, took him with me into a dark press or closet, of which I employed a friend to hold to the door in such a manner as that no ray of light should penetrate through the crevice or keyhole. Then, like the hero of ‘The Curse of Kehama,’

“I open’d my eyes and I closed them,
And the blackness and blank were the same.”

“My utmost efforts to see my hand only produced those sparks and flashes that waver before the eye in complete obscurity. Having thus ascertained the perfect darkness of the closet, I drew a card at hazard from a pack with which I had provided myself, and presented it to the

sleepwaker. He said it was so and so. I repeated this to my friend, whom I then told to open the door. The admission of light established the correctness of the sleepwaker: it was the card he had named. The experiment repeated four times gave the same satisfactory result. This peculiar development of vision was, like the other faculties of the sleepwaker, capable of improvement through exercise. At first he seemed unable to read in the dark; then, like a person learning the alphabet, he came to distinguish large single letters, which I had printed for him on card, and at length he could make out whole sentences of even small print. While thus engaged in deciphering letters or in ascertaining cards, the patient always held one of my hands, and sometimes laid it on his brow, affirming that it increased his *clairvoyance*. He would also beg me to breathe upon the objects which he desired to see. He used to declare that the more complete the darkness was, the better he could exercise his new mode of perception; asserting that, when in the dark he did not come to the knowledge of objects in the same manner as when he was in the light: 'Quand je suis dans l'obscurité,' he said, 'il y a une lumière qui sort de mon cerveau, et qui tappe justement sur l'objet; tandis que, dans la lumière, l'impression monte depuis l'objet jusqu'à mon cerveau.' Often, when I could not see a ray of light, he used to complain that the closet was not dark enough, and, in order to thicken the obscurity, he would wrap up his head in a dressing-gown which hung in the closet. At other times he would thrust his head into the remotest corner of the press. His perception of colors, when exercised in obscurity, sustained but little alteration. He has named correctly the different tints of a set of colored glasses. It was, however, worthy of remark, that he was apt to mistake between the harmonic colors green and red, not only when he was in the dark, but when his eyes were bandaged.

"Many persons can bear testimony to the accuracy of the above experiments. I have sought for witnesses and invited scrutiny, feeling that such things as I had to narrate could scarcely be credited on the word of a single person."

In addition to these extracts, a few more from Townshend are given, which show the perfect control which, in mesmerism, one mind obtains over another. They are taken from different parts of the work.

"Upon first passing into the mesmeric state, Theodore seemed absolutely insensible to every other than the mesmerizer's voice. Some of our party went close to him and shouted his name, but he gave no tokens of hearing us until Mr. K——, taking our hands, made us touch those of Theodore and his own at the same time. This he called putting us 'en rapport' with the patient. After this Theodore seemed to hear our voices equally with that of the mesmerizer, but by no means to pay an equal attention to them."

"Even after having been placed 'en rapport' with all present, the

patient seemed incapable of hearing any voice but mine, unless the person who spoke were in actual contact with me and with herself at the same time. On one occasion, when I was asking her if she knew what some object was that I held before her, her father told her very loudly that it was a wine-glass (which it actually was), but the patient did not profit by the intelligence; for, on being again questioned, she said impatiently, 'I do not know; I cannot tell.' Her name, shouted close to her ear by different members of her family, seemed to make no impression whatever upon her organs of hearing; while, on the contrary, she attended to the slightest word that I addressed to her."

"In proportion as persons sink deeper into mesmeric sleepwaking, their external senses seem blunted, one by one, and so far there is certainly a relation between the mesmeric and the natural sleep. The eye, as we have seen, yields first to the slumbrous influence. Long after this organ has ceased to act, the hearing retains all its acuteness, and the sleepwaker is able to indicate what sounds are going on around; but at length the 'porches of the ear' are closed as well as the 'curtain of the eye,' and the patient, though still alive to feeling, is dead to every sound save that of the mesmerizer's voice. I have proved this times innumerable; so frequently, indeed, that it is better to give the general results of the experiments I have witnessed than to state one in particular. Often have the members of my family, or visitors, who, perhaps, were but little inclined to believe in mesmerism, tried to awaken Mademoiselle M——, or to startle her by sudden noises. Logs of wood have been dashed against the floor: plates have been suddenly broken; her name has been shouted out close to her ear, in vain. Other persons present have shown that they were startled, but not the sleepwaker. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions, when asked if she heard any thing, she has replied, 'No, I heard nothing; but I thought, just now, something pushed against my chair;'" a mode of expression which deserves to be remarked, as analogous to that used by deaf persons to describe the sensations given them by the concussion of the air produced by great sounds."

"The scientific person to whom I have once before alluded, and whose testimony is valuable, inasmuch as his habits of mind led him ever to separate illusion from truth, assured me, when in the mesmeric state, that he could hear no sound whatever except my voice. I made another person speak who was in the room on that occasion, and the sleepwaker was unaware that any thing had been said.

"Another patient (E. A——, to whom I shall have occasion to allude hereafter) said, when I was singing, 'You should ask Mr. V——' (a musician who was in the room) 'to accompany you.' I did so; but, though Mr. V—— made a loud accompaniment to my voice, E. A. kept calling out, 'Why does he not play?'"

"I have already remarked that, when the mesmerizer eats, or drinks, or smells any thing, his patients go through the same motions, as if the

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 impact of the substances were on their own nerves. But this, it may be said, might be referred to the simultaneity of motion which I have shown to exist occasionally between the sleepwaker and the mesmerizer. I have, however, a very strong proof that the former has really an impression on the nerves of taste corresponding with that of the latter. Three of my sleepwakers (on whom alone I tried the experiment) could in no way distinguish substances when placed in their own mouths, nor discriminate between a piece of apple and a piece of cheese; but, the moment that I was eating, they, seeming to eat also, could tell me what I had in my mouth. Once I tried this, before many witnesses, on the sister of Theodore, with some pieces of fig which I had carefully concealed, and the experiment answered perfectly.

* "Again, Anna M— heard my watch ticking when I held it to my own ear, though not when she held it to her own. In the former case, she assured me that she heard the sound exactly as if the watch were close to her own ear."

"The attraction towards the mesmerizer testified by the patient, is of a nature totally distinct from the promptings of passion. If compared to any love, it must be likened to self-love; for it seems to result from the identification of the vital and nervous system of the two parties." * * *

"When we consider these and other proofs displayed by sleepwakers of sensitive and motive sympathy with their mesmerizer; when we reflect that they are actually heedless of injuries inflicted on themselves, but tremblingly alive to all that he is made to suffer, we may well imagine that he stands to them in a very peculiar and vital relation: nor can it seem wonderful that, when severed from him, they should acknowledge a schism in their being, and seem out of all unity with themselves."

* * * "Nothing can be more evident than that it is an instinct, not a passion: the springs of life are touched, and the powerful impulse of self-preservation is set in play. So, also, the repulsion from all others than the mesmerizer is but a measure of the attractive force which draws the patient there, where he exists even more than in himself."

THE END.

