ETIDORHPA; OR, THE END OF EARTH
ETIDORHPA; OR, THE END OF EARTH
# Table of Contents

**PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.**
**A VALUABLE AND UNIQUE LIBRARY.**
**ILLUSTRATIONS.**
**PROLOGUE.**
**ETIDORPHA.**
**CHAPTER I. "NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN ALONE."**
**CHAPTER II. A FRIENDLY CONFERENCE.**
**CHAPTER III. A SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.**
**THE MANUSCRIPT OF I—AM—THE—MAN.**
**CHAPTER IV. A SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE.—THE ALCHEMISTIC LETTER.**
**CHAPTER V. THE WRITING OF MY CONFESSION.**
**CHAPTER VI. KIDNAPPED.**
**CHAPTER VII. A WILD NIGHT.—I AM PREMATURELY AGED.**
**CHAPTER VIII. A LESSON IN MIND STUDY.**
**CHAPTER IX. I CAN NOT ESTABLISH MY IDENTITY.**
**CHAPTER X. MY JOURNEY TOWARDS THE END OF EARTH BEGINS.—THE ADEPTS' BROTHERHOOD.**
**CHAPTER XI. MY JOURNEY CONTINUES.—INSTINCT.**
**CHAPTER XII. A CAVERN DISCOVERED.—BISWELL'S HILL.**
**CHAPTER XIII. THE PUNCH-BOWLS AND CAVERNS OF KENTUCKY.—"INTO THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY."**
**CHAPTER XIV. FAREWELL TO GOD'S SUNSHINE.—THE ECHO OF THE CRY.**
**CHAPTER XV. A ZONE OF LIGHT DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH.**
**CHAPTER XVI. VITALIZED DARKNESS.—THE NARROWS IN SCIENCE.**
CHAPTER XVII. THE FUNGUS FOREST.—ENCHANTMENT.
CHAPTER XVIII. THE FOOD OF MAN.
CHAPTER XIX. THE CRY FROM A DISTANCE.—I REBEL AGAINST CONTINUING THE JOURNEY.
INTERLUDE—THE STORY INTERRUPTED.
CHAPTER XX. MY UNBIDDEN GUEST PROVES HIS STATEMENT AND REFUTES MY PHILOSOPHY.
MY UNBIDDEN GUEST CONTINUES READING HIS MANUSCRIPT.
CHAPTER XXI. MY WEIGHT DISAPPEARING.
INTERLUDE.—THE STORY AGAIN INTERRUPTED.
CHAPTER XXII. MY UNBIDDEN GUEST DEPARTS.
CHAPTER XXIII. I QUESTION SCIENTIFIC MEN.—ARISTOTLE’S ETHER.
CHAPTER XXIV. THE SOLOLOQUY OF PROF. DANIEL VAUGHN.—"GRAVITATION IS THE BEGINNING AND GRAVITATION IS THE END: ALL EARTHY BODIES KNEEL TO GRAVITATION."
THE UNBIDDEN GUEST RETURNS TO READ HIS MANUSCRIPT. CONTINUING HIS NARRATIVE.
CHAPTER XXV. THE MOTHER OF A VOLCANO.—"YOU CAN NOT DISPROVE, AND YOU DARE NOT ADMIT."
CHAPTER XXVI. MOTION FROM INHERENT ENERGY.—"LEAD ME DEEPER INTO THIS EXPANDING STUDY."
CHAPTER XXVII. SLEEP, DREAMS, NIGHTMARE.—"STRANGLE THE LIFE FROM MY BODY."
INTERLUDE.—THE STORY INTERRUPTED.
CHAPTER XXVIII. A CHALLENGE.—MY UNBIDDEN GUEST ACCEPTS IT.
CHAPTER XXX. LOOKING BACKWARD.—THE LIVING BRAIN.
THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.
CHAPTER XXXI. A LESSON ON VOLCANOES.—PRIMARY COLORS ARE CAPABLE OF FARTHER SUBDIVISION.
CHAPTER XXXII. MATTER IS RETARDED MOTION.
CHAPTER XXXIII "A STUDY OF SCIENCE IS A STUDY OF GOD."—COMMUNING WITH ANGELS.
CHAPTER XXXIV. I CEASE TO BREATHE, AND YET LIVE.
CHAPTER XXXV. "A CERTAIN POINT WITHIN A SPHERE."—MEN ARE AS PARASITES ON THE ROOF OF EARTH.
CHAPTER XXXVI. DRUNKENNESS.—THE DRINKS OF MAN.
CHAPTER XXXVII. THE DRUNKARD'S VOICE.
CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE DRUNKARD'S DEN.
CHAPTER XXXIX. AMONG THE DRUNKARDS.
CHAPTER XL. FURTHER TEMPTATION.—ETIDORHPA.
CHAPTER XLI. MISERY.
CHAPTER XLII. ETERNITY WITHOUT TIME.
INTERLUDE.
CHAPTER XLIII. THE LAST CONTEST.
THE OLD MAN CONTINUES HIS MANUSCRIPT.
CHAPTER XLIV. THE FATHOMLESS ABYSS.—THE EDGE OF THE EARTH SHELL.
CHAPTER XLV. MY HEART THROB IS STILLED, AND YET I LIVE.
CHAPTER XLVI. THE INNER CIRCLE, OR THE END OF GRAVITATION.—IN THE BOTTOMLESS GULF.
CHAPTER XLVII. HEARING WITHOUT EARS.—"WHAT WILL BE THE END?"
CHAPTER XLVIII. WHY AND HOW.—"THE STRUGGLING RAY OF LIGHT FROM THOSE FARTHERMOST OUTREACHES."
CHAPTER XLIX. OSCILLATING THROUGH SPACE.—EARTH'S SHELL ABOVE ME. [14]
CHAPTER L. MY WEIGHT ANNihilATED.—"TELL ME," I CRIED IN ALARM, "IS THIS TO BE A LIVING TOMB?"
CHAPTER LI. IS THAT A MORTAL?—"THE END OF EARTH."
INTERLUDE.
CHAPTER LII. THE LAST FAREWELL.
EPILOGUE. LETTER ACCOMPANYING THE MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT.
THE LIFE OF PROF. DANIEL VAUGHN BY PROF. RICHARD NELSON
ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF PROF. VAUGHN, BY REV. EUGENE BRADY, S.J.
ETIDORHPA.
ETIDORHPA AS A WORK OF ART.
REVIEWS OF ETIDORHPA.
PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

The foot-note on page 160, with the connected matter, has awakened considerable interest in the life and fate of Professor Daniel Vaughn.

The undersigned has received many letters imparting interesting information relating to Professor Vaughn's early history, and asking many questions concerning a man of whose memory the writer thinks so highly but whose name is generally unknown.

Indeed, as some have even argued that the author of Etidorhpa has no personal existence, the words John Uri Lloyd being a *nom de plume*, so others have accepted Professor Vaughn to have been a fanciful creation of the mystical author.

Professor Daniel Vaughn was one whose life lines ran nearly parallel with those of the late Professor C. S. Rafinesque, whose eventful history has been so graphically written by Professor R. Ellsworth Call. The cups of these two talented men were filled with privation's bitterness, and in no other place has this writer known the phrase "The Deadly Parallel" so aptly appropriate. Both came to America, scholars, scientists by education; both traveled through Kentucky, teachers; both gave freely to the world, and both suffered in their old age, dying in poverty—Rafinesque perishing in misery in Philadelphia and Vaughn in Cincinnati.

Daniel Vaughn was not a myth, and, in order that the reader may know something of the life and fate of this eccentric man, an appendix has been added to this edition of Etidorhpa, in which a picture of his face is shown as the
writer knew it in life, and in which brief mention is made of his record.

The author here extends his thanks to Professor Richard Nelson and to Father Eugene Brady for their kindness to the readers of Etidorhpa and himself, for to these gentlemen is due the credit of the appended historical note.

J. U. L.
A VALUABLE AND UNIQUE LIBRARY.

From the Pharmaceutical Era, New York, October, 1894.

In Cincinnati is one of the most famous botanical and pharmacal libraries in the world, and by scientists it is regarded as an invaluable store of knowledge upon those branches of medical science. So famous is it that one of the most noted pharmacologists and chemists of Germany, on a recent trip to this country, availed himself of its rich collection as a necessary means of completing his study in the line of special drug history. When it is known that he has devoted a life of nearly eighty years to the study of pharmacology, and is an emeritus professor in the famous University of Strassburg, the importance of his action will be understood and appreciated. We refer to Prof. Frederick Flueckiger, who, in connection with Daniel Hanbury, wrote Pharmacographia and other standard works. Attached to the library is an herbarium, begun by Mr. Curtis Gates Lloyd when a schoolboy, in which are to be found over 30,000 specimens of the flora of almost every civilized country on the globe. The collections are the work of two brothers, begun when in early boyhood. In money they are priceless, yet it is the intention of the founders that they shall be placed, either before or at their death, in some college or university where all students may have access to them without cost or favor, and their wills are already made to this end, although the institution to receive the bequest is not yet selected. Eager requests have been made that they be sent to foreign universities, where only, some persons believe, they can receive the appreciation they deserve.
The resting place of this collection is a neat three-story house at 204 West Court street, rebuilt to serve as a library building. On the door is a plate embossed with the name Lloyd, the patronymic of the brothers in question. They are John Uri and Curtis Gates Lloyd. Every hour that can be spent by these men from business or necessary recreation is spent here. Mr. C. G. Lloyd devotes himself entirely to the study of botany and connected subjects, while his brother is equally devoted to materia medica, pharmacy, and chemistry.

In the botanical department are the best works obtainable in every country, and there the study of botany may be carried to any height. In point of age, some of them go back almost to the time when the art of printing was discovered. Two copies of Aristotle are notable. A Greek version bound in vellum was printed in 1584. Another, in parallel columns of Greek and Latin, by Pacius, was published in 1607. Both are in excellent preservation. A bibliographical rarity (two editions) is the "Historia Plantarum," by Pinaeus, which was issued, one in 1561, the other in 1567. It appears to have been a first attempt at the production of colored plates. Plants that were rare at that time are colored by hand, and then have a glossy fixative spread over them, causing the colors still to be as bright and fresh as the day that the three-hundred-years-dead workmen laid them on. Ranged in their sequence are fifty volumes of the famous author, Linnaeus. Mr. Lloyd has a very complete list of the Linnaean works, and his commissioners in Europe and America are looking out for the missing volumes. An extremely odd work is the book of Dr. Josselyn, entitled "New England Rarities," in which the Puritan author discusses wisely on "byrds, beastes and fishes" of the New World. Dr. Carolus Plumierus, a French savant, who flourished in 1762, contributes an exhaustive work on the "Flora of the Antilles." He is antedated many years, however, by Dr. John Clayton, who is
termed Johannes Claytonus, and Dr. John Frederick Gronovius. These gentlemen collated a work entitled the "Flora of Virginia," which is among the first descriptions of botany in the United States. Two venerable works are those of Mattioli, an Italian writer, who gave his knowledge to the world in 1586, and Levinus Lemnius, who wrote "De Miraculis Occultis Naturæ" in 1628. The father of modern systematized botany is conceded to be Mons. J. P. Tournefort, whose comprehensive work was published in 1719. It is the fortune of Mr. Lloyd to possess an original edition in good condition. His "Histoire des Plantes," Paris (1698), is also on the shelves. In the modern department of the library are the leading French and German works. Spanish and Italian authors are also on the shelves, the Lloyd collection of Spanish flora being among the best extant. Twenty-two volumes of rice paper, bound in bright yellow and stitched in silk, contain the flora of Japan. All the leaves are delicately tinted by those unique flower-painters, the Japanese. This rare work was presented to the Lloyd library by Dr. Charles Rice, of New York, who informed the Lloyds that only one other set could be found in America.

One of the most noted books in the collection of J. U. Lloyd is a Materia Medica written by Dr. David Schoepf, a learned German scholar, who traveled through this country in 1787. But a limited number of copies were printed, and but few are extant. One is in the Erlangen library in Germany. This Mr. Lloyd secured, and had it copied verbatim. In later years Dr. Charles Rice obtained an original print, and exchanged it for that copy. A like work is that of Dr. Jonathan Carver of the provincial troops in America, published in London in 1796. It treats largely of Canadian materia medica. Manasseh Cutler's work, 1785, also adorns this part of the library. In addition to almost every work on this subject, Mr. Lloyd possesses complete editions of the leading serials and pharmaceutical lists published in the last three quarters of a

Several noted botanists and chemists have visited the library in recent years. Prof. Flueckiger formed the acquaintance of the Lloyds through their work, "Drugs and Medicines of North America," being struck by the exhaustive references and foot-notes. Students and lovers of the old art of copper-plate engraving especially find much in the ornate title pages and portraits to please their æsthetic sense. The founders are not miserly, and all students and delvers into the medical and botanical arts are always welcome. This library of rare books has been collected without ostentation and with the sole aim to benefit science and humanity. We must not neglect to state that the library is especially rich in books pertaining to the American Eclectics and Thomsonians. Since it has been learned that this library is at the disposal of students and is to pass intact to some worthy institution of learning, donations of old or rare books are becoming frequent.
ILLUSTRATIONS.

Table of Contents

FULL-PAGE.

Likeness of The—Man—Who—Did—It. Frontispiece

PAGE.

Preface Introduction—"Here lies the bones," etc. iii.

"And to my amazement, saw a white-haired man." 7, 8.

"The same glittering, horrible, mysterious knife." 29, 30.

"Fac-simile of the mysterious manuscript of I—Am—The—Man—Who—Did—It. 35, 36.

"My arms were firmly grasped by two persons." 47.

"Map of Kentucky near entrance to cavern." 85, 86.

"Confronted by a singular looking being." 95, 96.

"This struggling ray of sunlight is to be your last for years." 101, 102.

"I was in a forest of colossal fungi." 117, 118.
"Monstrous cubical crystals." 131, 132.

"Far as the eye could reach the glassy barrier spread as a crystal mirror." 147, 148.

"Soliloquy of Prof. Daniel Vaughn —'Gravitation is the beginning, and gravitation is the end; all earthly bodies kneel to gravitation.'" 157, 158.

"We came to a metal boat." 165, 166.

"Facing the open window he turned the pupils of his eyes upward." 197, 198.

"We finally reached a precipitous bluff." 205, 206.


Etidorhpa. 255, 256.

"We passed through caverns filled with creeping reptiles." 297, 298.

"Flowers and structures beautiful, insects gorgeous." 303, 304.

"With fear and trembling I crept on my knees to his side." 307, 308.

Diagram descriptive of journey from the Kentucky cavern to the "End of Earth," showing section of earth's crust. 332, 333.

"Suspended in vacancy, he seemed to float." 347, 348.
"I stood alone in my room holding the mysterious manuscript." 357, 358.

Fac-simile of letter from I—Am—The—Man. 363.


HALF-PAGE AND TEXT CUTS.

"The Stern Face." Fac-simile, reduced from copper plate title page of the botanical work (1708), 917 pages, of Simonis Paulli, D., a Danish physician. Original plate 7 × 5-½ inches. iv.

"The Pleasant Face." Fac-simile of the original copper plate frontispiece to the finely illustrated botanical work of Joannes Burmannus, M.D., descriptive of the plants collected by Carolus Plumierus. Antique. Original plate 9 × 13 inches. v.

"Skeleton forms oppose my own." Photograph of John Uri Lloyd in the gloomy alcove of the antiquated library. vi.

"Let me have your answer now." 12.

"I espied upon the table a long white hair." 14.
"Drew the knife twice across the front of the door-knob." 32.

"I was taken from the vehicle, and transferred to a block-house." 52.

"The dead man was thrown overboard." 54.

"A mirror was thrust beneath my gaze." 58.

"I am the man you seek." 70.

"We approach daylight, I can see your face." 106.

"Seated himself on a natural bench of stone." 108.

"An endless variety of stony figures." 129.

Cuts showing water and brine surfaces. 136.

Cuts showing earth chambers in which water rises above brine. 137.

Cuts showing that if properly connected, water and brine reverse the usual law as to the height of their surfaces. 138, 139.

"I bounded upward fully six feet." 143.

"I fluttered to the earth as a leaf would fall." 144.

"We leaped over great inequalities." 145.

"The bit of garment fluttered listlessly away to the distance, and then—vacancy." 173.

Cut showing that water may be made to flow from a tube higher than the surface of the
Cut showing how an artesian fountain may be made without earth strata. 184.

"Rising abruptly, he grasped my hand." 191.

"A brain, a living brain, my own brain." 200.

"Shape of drop of water in the earth cavern." 211.

"We would skip several rods, alighting gently." 227.

"An uncontrollable, inexpressible desire to flee." 229.

"I dropped on my knees before him." 232.

"Handing me one of the halves, he spoke the single word, 'Drink.'" 234.

"Each finger pointed towards the open way in front." 242.

"Telescopied energy spheres." 280.

"Space dirt on energy spheres." 281.

"I drew back the bar of iron to smite the apparently defenseless being in the forehead." 313.

"He sprung from the edge of the cliff into the abyss below, carrying me with him into its depths." 315.

PROLOGUE.

My name was Johannes Llewellyn Llongollyn Drury. I was named Llewellyn at my mother's desire, out of respect to her father, Dr. Evan Llewellyn, the scientist and speculative philosopher, well known to curious students as the author of various rare works on occult subjects. The other given names were ancestral also, but when I reached the age of appreciation, they naturally became distasteful; so it is that in early youth I dropped the first and third of these cumbersome words, and retained only the second Christian name. While perhaps the reader of these lines may regard this cognomen with less favor than either of the others, still I liked it, as it was the favorite of my mother, who always used the name in full; the world, however, contracted Llewellyn to Lew, much to the distress of my dear mother, who felt aggrieved at the liberty. After her death I decided to move to a western city, and also determined, out of respect to her memory, to select from and rearrange the letters of my several names, and construct therefrom three short, terse words, which would convey to myself only, the resemblance of my former name. Hence it is that the Cincinnati Directory does not record my self-selected name, which I have no reason to bring before the public. To the reader my name is Llewellyn Drury. I might add that my ancestors were among the early settlers of what is now New York City, and were direct descendants of the early Welsh kings; but these matters do not concern the reader, and it is not of them that I now choose to write. My object in putting down these preliminary paragraphs is simply to assure the reader of such facts, and such only, as may give him confidence in my personal sincerity and responsibility, in
order that he may with a right understanding read the remarkable statements that occur in the succeeding chapters.

The story I am about to relate is very direct, and some parts of it are very strange, not to say marvelous; but not on account of its strangeness alone do I ask for the narrative a reading;—that were mere trifling. What is here set down happened as recorded, but I shall not attempt to explain things which even to myself are enigmatical. Let the candid reader read the story as I have told it, and make out of it what he can, or let him pass the page by unread—I shall not insist on claiming his further attention. Only, if he does read, I beg him to read with an open mind, without prejudice and without predilection.

Who or what I am as a participant in this work is of small importance. I mention my history only for the sake of frankness and fairness. I have nothing to gain by issuing the volume. Neither do I court praise nor shun censure. My purpose is to tell the truth.

Early in the fifties I took up my residence in the Queen City, and though a very young man, found the employment ready that a friend had obtained for me with a manufacturing firm engaged in a large and complicated business. My duties were varied and peculiar, of such a nature as to tax body and mind to the utmost, and for several years I served in the most exacting of business details. Besides the labor which my vocation entailed, with its manifold and multiform perplexities, I voluntarily imposed upon myself other tasks, which I pursued in the privacy of my own bachelor apartments. An inherited love for books on abstruse and occult subjects, probably in part the result of my blood connection with Dr. Evan Llewellyn, caused me to collect a unique library, largely on mystical subjects, in which I took
the keenest delight. My business and my professional duties by day, and my studies at night, made my life a busy one.

In the midst of my work and reading I encountered the character whose strange story forms the essential part of the following narrative. I may anticipate by saying that the manuscript to follow only incidentally concerns myself, and that if possible I would relinquish all connection therewith. It recites the physical, mental, and moral adventures of one whose life history was abruptly thrust upon my attention, and as abruptly interrupted. The vicissitudes of his body and soul, circumstances seemed to compel me to learn and to make public.
ETIDORPHA.

Table of Contents
CHAPTER I.

"NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN ALONE."

Table of Contents
ore than thirty years ago occurred the first of the series of remarkable events I am about to relate. The exact date I can not recall; but it was in November, and, to those familiar with November weather in the Ohio Valley, it is hardly necessary to state that the month is one of possibilities. That is to say, it is liable to bring every variety of weather, from the delicious, dreamy Indian summer days that linger late in the fall, to a combination of rain, hail, snow, sleet—in short, atmospheric conditions sufficiently aggravating to develop a suicidal mania in any one the least susceptible to such influences. While the general character of the month is much the same the country over—showing dull grey tones of sky, abundant rains that penetrate man as they do the earth; cold, shifting winds, that search the very marrow—it is always safe to count more or less upon the probability of the unexpected throughout the month.

The particular day which ushered in the event about to be chronicled, was one of these possible heterogeneous days presenting a combination of sunshine, shower, and snow, with winds that rang all the changes from balmy to blustery, a morning air of caloric and an evening of numbing cold.
The early morning started fair and sunny; later came light showers suddenly switched by shifting winds into blinding sleet, until the middle of the afternoon found the four winds and all the elements commingled in one wild orgy with clashing and roaring as of a great organ with all the stops out, and all the storm-fiends dancing over the key-boards! Nightfall brought some semblance of order to the sounding chaos, but still kept up the wild music of a typical November day, with every accompaniment of bleakness, gloom, and desolation.

Thousands of chimneys, exhaling murky clouds of bituminous soot all day, had covered the city with the proverbial pall which the winds in their sport had shifted hither and yon, but as, thoroughly tired out, they subsided into silence, the smoky mesh suddenly settled over the houses and into the streets, taking possession of the city and contributing to the melancholy wretchedness of such of the inhabitants as had to be out of doors. Through this smoke the red sun when visible had dragged his downward course in manifest discouragement, and the hastening twilight soon gave place to the blackness of darkness. Night reigned supreme.

Thirty years ago electric lighting was not in vogue, and the system of street lamps was far less complete than at present, although the gas burned in them may not have been any worse. The lamps were much fewer and farther between, and the light which they emitted had a feeble, sickly aspect, and did not reach any distance into the moist and murky atmosphere. And so the night was dismal enough, and the few people upon the street were visible only as they passed directly beneath the lamps, or in front of lighted windows; seeming at other times like moving shadows against a black ground.
As I am like to be conspicuous in these pages, it may be proper to say that I am very susceptible to atmospheric influences. I figure among my friends as a man of quiet disposition, but I am at times morose, although I endeavor to conceal this fact from others. My nervous system is a sensitive weather-glass. Sometimes I fancy that I must have been born under the planet Saturn, for I find myself unpleasantly influenced by moods ascribed to that depressing planet, more especially in its disagreeable phases, for I regret to state that I do not find corresponding elation, as I should, in its brighter aspects. I have an especial dislike for wintry weather, a dislike which I find growing with my years, until it has developed almost into positive antipathy and dread. On the day I have described, my moods had varied with the weather. The fitfulness of the winds had found its way into my feelings, and the somber tone of the clouds into my meditations. I was restless as the elements, and a deep sense of dissatisfaction with myself and everything else, possessed me. I could not content myself in any place or position. Reading was distasteful, writing equally so; but it occurred to me that a brisk walk, for a few blocks, might afford relief. Muffling myself up in my overcoat and fur cap, I took the street, only to find the air gusty and raw, and I gave up in still greater disgust, and returning home, after drawing the curtains and locking the doors, planted myself in front of a glowing grate fire, firmly resolved to rid myself of myself by resorting to the oblivion of thought, reverie, or dream. To sleep was impossible, and I sat moodily in an easy chair, noting the quarter and half-hour strokes as they were chimed out sweetly from the spire of St. Peter's Cathedral, a few blocks away.

Nine o'clock passed with its silver-voiced song of "Home, Sweet Home"; ten, and then eleven strokes of the ponderous bell which noted the hours, roused me to a strenuous effort to shake off the feelings of despondency,
unrest, and turbulence, that all combined to produce a state of mental and physical misery now insufferable. Rising suddenly from my chair, without a conscious effort I walked mechanically to a book-case, seized a volume at random, reseated myself before the fire, and opened the book. It proved to be an odd, neglected volume, "Riley's Dictionary of Latin Quotations." At the moment there flashed upon me a conscious duality of existence. Had the old book some mesmeric power? I seemed to myself two persons, and I quickly said aloud, as if addressing my double: "If I can not quiet you, turbulent Spirit, I can at least adapt myself to your condition. I will read this book haphazard from bottom to top, or backward, if necessary, and if this does not change the subject often enough, I will try Noah Webster." Opening the book mechanically at page 297, I glanced at the bottom line and read, "Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus" (Never less alone than when alone). These words arrested my thoughts at once, as, by a singular chance, they seemed to fit my mood; was it or was it not some conscious invisible intelligence that caused me to select that page, and brought the apothegm to my notice?

Again, like a flash, came the consciousness of duality, and I began to argue with my other self. "This is arrant nonsense," I cried aloud; "even though Cicero did say it, and, it is on a par with many other delusive maxims that have for so many years embittered the existence of our modern youth by misleading thought. Do you know, Mr. Cicero, that this statement is not sound? That it is unworthy the position you occupy in history as a thinker and philosopher? That it is a contradiction in itself, for if a man is alone he is alone, and that settles it?"

I mused in this vein a few moments, and then resumed aloud: "It won't do, it won't do; if one is alone—the word is absolute—he is single, isolated, in short, alone; and there
can by no manner of possibility be any one else present. Take myself, for instance: I am the sole occupant of this apartment; I am alone, and yet you say in so many words that I was never less alone than at this instant." It was not without some misgiving that I uttered these words, for the strange consciousness of my own duality constantly grew stronger, and I could not shake off the reflection that even now there were two of myself in the room, and that I was not so much alone as I endeavored to convince myself.

This feeling oppressed me like an incubus; I must throw it off, and, rising, I tossed the book upon the table, exclaiming: "What folly! I am alone—positively there is no other living thing visible or invisible in the room." I hesitated as I spoke, for the strange, undefined sensation that I was not alone had become almost a conviction; but the sound of my voice encouraged me, and I determined to discuss the subject, and I remarked in a full, strong voice: "I am surely alone; I know I am! Why, I will wager everything I possess, even to my soul, that I am alone." I stood facing the smoldering embers of the fire which I had neglected to replenish, uttering these words to settle the controversy for good and all with one person of my dual self, but the other ego seemed to dissent violently, when a soft, clear voice claimed my ear:

"You have lost your wager; you are not alone."
"AND TO MY AMAZEMENT SAW A WHITE-HAIRED MAN."

I turned instantly towards the direction of the sound, and, to my amazement, saw a white-haired man seated on the opposite side of the room, gazing at me with the utmost composure. I am not a coward, nor a believer in ghosts or illusions, and yet that sight froze me where I stood. It had no supernatural appearance—on the contrary, was a plain, ordinary, flesh-and-blood man; but the weather, the experiences of the day, the weird, inclement night, had all