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EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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MOON'S PHASES.—AUGUST, 1856.
First Quarter 8th day, 7h. 43m. evening. S. W.
Full Moon 16th day, 1h. 15m. morning. S.
Last Quarter 23d day, 4h. 28m. evening. E.
New Moon 30th day, 6h. 34m. morning. E.

Literature.

The following expression of English feeling towards America is from the *Daily News*, London newspaper, of a recent date:—

A WORD WITH AMERICA.

How now—kindly kindred Nation!
Is it well to kindle thus
Quite a prairie conflagration,
Terrible to both of us?
We are kinsmen, sons and brothers,
Let us be to kinship true:
England's heart is just—your Mother's,
And she cannot fight with you!

If our rulers made a blunder,
Frankly to they make amends,
And the world is all a-wonder
Why you will not be our friends;
Twere ungenerous in brothers
To insist on more than due,
When you know as well as others
We will never fight with you!

What? if forsooth we dare not—
By God's favor, England's coasts
Are invincible!—we are not
For a thousand thousand hosts;
But you only, call we brothers
All the tongues and peoples through,
And, though stout against all others,
Never will we fight with you!

Take your heritage—possess it:
England gladly sees your growth;
And may peace and plenty bless it,
East and west, and north and south:
Only, covet not another's:
God brings wrongfulness to rue:
Though, for us, we tell you, brothers,
Never will we fight with you!

Party-work, we understand it,
And how bad ambition strains
With the morals of a bandit
To secure its petty gains:
But amongst you, better brothers
Mourn for what the baser do,
While her anger England smothers,
For she will not fight with you!

Surely to provoke the kindly
Were a scandal and a sin;
And if selfish placemen blindly
Stir a storm that they may win,
Spite of diplomatic bothers,
Wrongs belike and insults too,
You may make us sorry brothers,
But we will not fight with you!

No!—the doom of both is written
In a flood of blood and woes,
If America and Britain
Ever call each other foes:
By the name that names us brothers,
Be there grace between us two,
By the love that lives in mothers,
Never will we fight with you!

THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

Albert Lachner was my particular friend and fellow student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance. I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the tarretted old Kurhaus, the suspension bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking room; and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up around the window. I placed there a book-case, and filled it with his favorite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favorite color. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded. He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagances—never fought a duel at the Hirschgasse—never been one of the fellowship of Foxes—never boated, and quarrelled, and gambled like the rest of us, wild boys as we were! But then he was constitutionally unfitted for such violent sports; and a lameness which dated from his early childhood, proved an effectual bar to the practice of all those athletic exercises which secure to youth the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Still, he was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to partake of his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too closely; but this he protested was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error: he was changed—but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the rapid progress that was making everywhere in favor of mesmerism, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervor of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and doppelgangers; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banquets or family apparitions; all those hauntings and

miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: "Farewell, Heinrich, *mein Bruder*; farewell till the gathering season. In thought I shall be often with you."

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies, which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow, our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation for which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.

One evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating. I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing boat lay moored. This evening I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; those meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private enclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden fence without once diverging from the river path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had ever entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river towards the sunset. Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech; at last—"Albert!" I cried, "this is kind of you. When did you arrive?" He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words, and with a similar result. "Albert, look round, man!" Slowly he turned his head, and looked me in the face; and then, O horror! even as I was looking at him, he disappeared. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there. Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house, and strove to compose my shattered nerves. Was Albert dead, and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when he first left me.

It was about four days from this time when a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room, and courtesied for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for domestic purposes, I pulled out my purse from my pocket, and saying: "Well, Katrine, what do you want now?" drew forth a florin, and held it towards her. She courtesied again, and shook her head. "Thank you, master; but it is not that."

Something in the old woman's tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. "What is the matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed you?"

"If you please, master—if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?"

"Here?" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"In the bed up stairs, master."

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue.

"The bed has been slept in, master, for the last four nights."

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase and into Albert's bedroom; and the e, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality. I groaned aloud, and staggered heavily back.

"It has been like this for four nights, master," said the old woman. "Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then!"

I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor all round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this. That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my easement.

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. "Come with me, Katrine," I said; "let us see if all be right in Herr Lachner's bedroom."

At the door we paused and looked, half terrified, in each other's faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open—unlocked by no mortal hand; and the daylight streaming in, fell upon the disordered bed—upon foot-marks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an account of the mental anguish which this circumstance caused me; suffice it that I left the room, locked the door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

The next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence, by which the transit was completed, entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshment, but hired a youth to show me the way to Albert's lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search. He led me through a labyrinth of narrow old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high red brick dwelling with projecting stories and a curiously carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and, on my inquiring if Herr Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

"Then he is living!" I cried eagerly.

"Living!" echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way—"Living! *Mein Gott*, we want no dead lodgers here."

After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad banners. As I ascended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed:

"Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one."

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms.

"Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!"

"Yes, alive," he replied, drawing me into the room and closing the door. "You thought me dead?"

"I did indeed," said I, half sobbing with joy. Then glancing round at the blazing hearth—for now the nights were chill—the cheerful lights, and the well spread supper table: "Why, Albert," I exclaimed, "you live here like a king."

"Not always thus," he replied, with a melancholy smile. "I lead in general a very sparing bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you, my brother, have never before partaken of my hospitality."

"How!" I exclaimed, quite stupefied; "you knew that I was coming?"

"Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment."

I gasped for breath, and dropped into a seat.

"And this power, this spiritual knowledge—"

"Is simply the effect of magnetic relation—of what is called *rapport*."

"Explain yourself."

"Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which you have this day undergone. Eat, now; eat and rest. After supper, we will talk the subject over."

Wearied as I was, curiosity and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing towards the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine wine, we resumed the former conversation.

"You are, of course, aware," began my friend, "that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over another, a certain rapport, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between those two natures. This rapport does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many instances may be altogether omitted. By this, I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolence or even clairvoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his own. I cannot better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully, as he may desire. This rapport I have long sought to establish between us."

"But you have not succeeded."

Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind."

"Which I tried to shake off, and did."

"True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent."

"At what time in the day was that?" I asked filteringly.

"About half-past eight o'clock in the evening."

I shuddered, grew deadly faint, and pushed my chair back.

"But where were you, Albert?" I muttered in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance, he turned ghastly pale, even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead.

"I—was—here," he said, with a slow and laboured articulation, that added to my dismay.

"But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me."

"And did you speak to—the figure?"

"Twice, without being heard. The third time I cried—"

"Albert look round man!" interrupted my friend in a hoarse, quick tone.

"My very words! Then you heard me?"

"But when you had spoken them," he continued without heeding my question—"when you had spoken them—what then?"

"It vanished—where and how, I know not."

Albert covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Great God!" he said feebly, "then I am not mad!"

pupil—being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more towards those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary rapports between my patients and myself, even when separated from them by any distance, however considerable. Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of which this phenomenon is, I must beg you to analyse with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With some this mental vision is so vivid as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colours, and its shadows. Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if I but related a passage from my book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable. Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a distinct body—yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in a moment of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life. Nay," he continued, observing my extreme agitation, "this thing is not wholly new in the history of magnetic phenomena—but it is rare. We call it, physiologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body—that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a doppelgänger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt; but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror. I believed, but I dreaded; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought that I—I also may be—may be—O rather, far, far rather would I believe myself, deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights ago, at the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich—here his voice trembled audibly—"I felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time I found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed."

"It was so," I murmured faintly.

"At the same time, my brother, I felt the most earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dullness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter; I felt the cool breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently I became aware of the approach of something, I knew not what—but a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half-compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralysed, and unable to turn. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear and loud—"

"Albert, look round, man!" Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me, I turned—I saw you! The next moment, a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and I then found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion, sitting by yonder window, where gazing on the sunset I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered—I tried to think that all had been a dream. I lifted my hands to my brow—they were numbed and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to weigh upon my limbs. You say that I was visibly present in your garden; I know that I was bodily present in this room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possess a double being?"

We were both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the footmarks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

"I have been thinking much of you," he said; "and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay—nay, even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of far-working. It is true that I have awakened each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to over-study and constitutional weakness."

"Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?"

Albert sat pale and silent, as if he heard not.

I repeated the question.

"Give me some more brandy," he said, "and I will tell you."

I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in a still lower voice than before. "The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading—reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul—when I experienced, quite suddenly, a sensation of extreme lassitude. The book grew dim before my eyes; the room darkened; I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town. Plainly I saw the churches in the gray evening dusk; plainly the hurrying passengers; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market-place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door: it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my own room; and there—"

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

"And there you saw," I urged—"you saw?"

"Myself! Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes; myself stood gazing on myself! We looked—we looked into each other's eyes—we—we—we—"

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Albert! Albert!" I shrieked, "look up. O heavens! what shall I do?"

I lunged frantically over him; I seized his hands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, he turned his head in the direction of the door, and looked earnestly forward. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes glared with a light that was more vivid than that of life. Struck with an appalling idea, I followed the course of his gaze. Hark! a dull, dull sound—measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet ascending. My blood froze; I could not remove my eyes from the doorway; I could not breathe. Nearer and nearer came the steps—alternately light and heavy, light and heavy, as the tread of a lame man. Nearer and nearer—across the landing—upon the very threshold of the chamber.