THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, BY JNO. R. M'CLANAHAN, LEONIDAS TROUSDALE, BENJAMIN F. DILL, UNDER THE STYLE AND FIRM OF

M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL,

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS, OR OTHERWISE, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

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2.	4 50	6 00	7 50	9 00	10 50	15 00	18 00	22 50	27 00	37 50	50 00	75 00	90 00	100 00	120 00	175 00
3.	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	24 00	30 00	36 00	50 00	65 00	100 00	120 00	135 00	150 00	225 00
4.	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	25 00	30 00	37 50	45 00	62 50	80 00	125 00	150 00	175 00	200 00	300 00
5.	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	21 00	30 00	36 00	45 00	54 00	75 00	100 00	150 00	180 00	200 00	225 00	350 00
6.	10 50	14 00	17 50	21 00	24 50	35 00	42 00	52 50	63 00	87 50	120 00	175 00	210 00	250 00	275 00	400 00
7.	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	28 00	40 00	48 00	60 00	72 00	100 00	140 00	200 00	240 00	275 00	300 00	450 00
8.	13 50	18 00	22 50	27 00	31 50	45 00	54 00	67 50	81 00	112 50	150 00	225 00	270 00	300 00	350 00	500 00
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M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL.

Professional Cards.

H. H. & H. L. BEDFORD,
Attorneys at Law,
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE north side Court street, first door west of Main street, adjoining the Office of Fitze & Cunniffe. Refer to Hon. Hugh L. Bedford, Memphis, the Eleventh Circuit and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson. Prompt attention given to the collection of Claims in West Tennessee and North Mississippi. jun8-dawtw

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND.....WM. M. RANDOLPH.
GARLAND & RANDOLPH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Little Rock, Arkansas. Practice in the Supreme Court of Arkansas, Fifth and Sixth Circuits of Arkansas, and the Federal Courts. Business entrusted to Garland & Randolph, will be promptly attended to. jun2-dtf

DR. H. J. HOLMES, SR.,
FORMERLY at Spring Ridge, and recently at Brandon Miss., has located in Memphis, and offers his various branches of his profession. He has been for years he has devoted his attention to those particularly to the diseases and accidents of the Urinary Apparatus. He has a notebed with himself, Dr. H. Holmes, Jr., Refers to Dr. J. B. Peale, Charles Scott, L. Y. Sharp, A. M. Poole, Wm. Avery and John Robertson, President of Mississippi and Little Rock Railroad. OFFICE—No. 3 Exchange Row, one door west of Union, second floor, where he may be found at all hours, unless professionally engaged. jun17-dly

DR. JAMES M. KELLER,
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Memphis and vicinity. Office on Second street, his residence is on McNeil street, next to that of A. H. Dunlap.

DR. ORVILLE R. EARLY
(Late of Mississippi),
HAVING located permanently in Memphis, offers his professional services to the citizens and persons in the surrounding country. Special attention will be given to Obstetrical cases and diseases of women and children. Residence on the corner of Hernando street and Brown's Avenue. Office, 28 Madison street. my2-1y

J. KNOX WALKER.....W. L. M'CONNICO.
WALKER & M'CONNICO, Lawyers, Memphis, Tennessee. Office, No. 27 South side Court Square. apl6

E. M. YERGER.....JNO. C. FARRINGTON.....O. YERGER.
Yerger, Farrington & Yerger,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MEMPHIS, TENN. ap12-6m

WM. R. ARICK,
PRENTISS, Bolivar County, Mississippi, General Land Agent for Arkansas and Mississippi.
REFERENCES—Hon. H. S. Foote, Memphis; Brooks & Sandos, Vicksburg. apl1-d6m

F. J. LOVEJOY.....H. J. HARPER.
LOVEJOY & HARPER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Charleston, Miss., will practice in the following counties of North Mississippi; Tallahatchie, Tippah, Yalobusha, Carroll, Sunflower; the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and the Supreme Court at Jackson. Prompt attention will be paid to the Collection of Claims placed in their hands.
REFERENCES—Watson, Graff & Benton, Holly Springs, Miss.; W. L. Harper, Oxford, Miss.; W. Fisher, Jackson, Miss.; Watt, Noble & Mobley, New Orleans, La. ap18-3m

EDWARD PICKETT, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office, Jeffer son street, midway the Post Office Building. jun2-d-wtwly

JNO. D. TROTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Austin, Tunica county, Miss., will attend to the business entrusted to him in Tunica and adjoining counties, either forefront or self for taxes, and will promptly attend to the examination of land titles in the counties of Tunica, Coahoma, Bolivar and Washington. jan6-dawtm

THEODORE C. CONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office on Main street, in Greenlaw's Building, between Court and Gayoso streets. nov2-dly

JOHN HALLUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, also General Collector for the State of Tennessee. Office on Jefferson street, Post Office Building. aug2

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office over Carson Bank Building, Madison street, Memphis, Tenn. my12-1y

DR. CREIGHTON'S
OFFICE HOURS
For attending Diseases of the
EYE AND LUNGS!
ARE from 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. The balance of his time will be devoted to general practice.
☞ Persons wishing Dr. Creighton's services must consult this arrangement. feb16-tf

WILLIAM H. POSTON.....PHINEAS T. SCRUGGS.
POSTON & SCRUGGS,
Attorneys at Law,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
OFFICE—No. 19 Court Square, South Side.
WILL give their joint attention to professional business in the several Courts of the city of Memphis in the Eleventh Judicial Circuit of Tennessee and of North Mississippi. feb24-2m

DR W. E. ROGERS,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Memphis. Office, South side of Court Square. Residence at J. O. Harris'. jan15-dm

S. PAYNE.....H. UNTHANK.
PAYNE & UNTHANK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE—No. 48 SOUTH SIDE OF COURT SQUARE, MEMPHIS, TENN. jan31

DR. T. F. PEYTON.
OFFICE on the corner of Jefferson and Second streets, in Turner's Building. jan23-1y

NOTICE.
DR. J. M. SLEDGE has returned from New York, where he has spent a year in study and travel, and has effected some astonishing cures in that city. He has taken an office at No. 27 Monroe street, between Main and Second streets, and will continue the practice of Medicine, where he has for sale his celebrated Compounds. All calls attended to, day or night. As he intends locating permanently in Memphis, and from the great success he has had in the treatment of the various diseases, he thinks he should have a liberal patronage from the citizens of Memphis. jan30-dly

DR. THOS. TATE,
OFFERS his services to the citizens of Memphis and vicinity. Office on corner of Second and Washington streets. mar5-1y

ISAAC H. STEELE.....E. T. MORGAN.....WM. D. STEELE, Covington, Tenn. Memphis, Tenn. Memphis, Tenn.
STEELE, MORGAN & STEELE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn., will practice in the Courts of Shelby, West Tennessee, and the Federal Courts. Office in Walker's Block, No. 4, 2nd floor. Special attention paid to the collection of Claims. oct1-1y

M. D. WELCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. All business entrusted to him will be care promptly attended to. aug8-dtwkwtf

JAMES MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. References: A. Meriwether, Esq., Memphis; Col. R. J. Ward, Memphis; Gen. W. H. Wills, Memphis; Lamb, Young & Co. McClanahan, Trousdale & Dill, Milton & Putnam, Miles Owen, Esq., E. M. Avery, Esq., Memphis. Office, up stairs, at the corner of Main and Madison streets, next door to the Gayoso Savings Institution. oct7-dly

DR. R. L. LASKY,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher,
Washington Street, between Main and Second, MEMPHIS, TENN.
Office hours from 7 to 8 o'clock, A. M., and from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M.
THANKFUL for the kind patronage heretofore extended to him, I take pleasure to inform my customers and the public in general, that it is not my intention to leave this city, as has been reported, but that I will ever ready to attend to all cases of internal and external disease, and to the performance of surgical and the most difficult operations and accouchements, and that I do not use calomel or any preparation of mercury in disease whatever.
Secret disease are cured in my own method, in such manner as not to interfere with the business of the patient, and that I do not use any mercury in the treatment of the same.
For the following Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache and Toothache, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Torpidity on the Liver, Spinal Curvature and Weakness, Urinal Diseases, Hips, Tumor Albus or White Swelling, Deafness, as well as all diseases of the Eye and Ear, Amaurosis, Cataracts, Sterility, Spermatorrhoea, &c., &c., or any disease that require an entire revitalization of the fluid and nervous system, I use the Magnetic-Electric treatment, which is universally known for its practicability.
After a practice of ten years as Staff Physician and Director of several hospitals in Germany, and eight years practice in the United States, my reputation as a Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher is sufficiently established as to use no further comment.
de22-dawly DR. R. L. LASKY.

DAILY APPEAL.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1858.

TWO SIDES TO A PICTURE—SOLILOQUY OF A NEWSPAPER READER.

[The following article was written some months since, but as it was especially applicable to the "dog days," we have delayed its publication until the present.—EDS. APPEAL.]

For the Memphis Appeal.

What a happy set of dogs editors are, to be sure! Nothing under the heavens to do but to read papers, hunt up news, and write scraps of editorials, now and then. They exemplify the truth of the adage, "There's but a penny's difference between those who work and those who play—and those who play get it." They take their ease and live on the cream of the land. Does anybody get married? Away goes a box of the nicest, whitest cake, champagne, nuts, candies, etc., to the editor to pay him for telling it to the world. Does anybody raise any extra large, or extra early fruit, vegetables or berries? it is sure to find its way to the editor's table. Does a person make a delicious bottle of wine, brandy, cider or cordial? its sure to find its way to the head of the paper. Jerusalem! how I'd like to board with an editor.

But that's not half the favors they receive. If there's a lecture, a concert, a show or circus in town, the editor is sure to have a ticket, *free gratis for nothing*, besides being presented with a season ticket to the theatre. They have all the magazines, newspapers, Congress documents, telegraphic dispatches, and so forth, before anybody else; and most generally for nothing. If anybody writes a book, a copy is always laid on the editor's *table*. Wonder if he eats it? He sometimes digests it, I know. Editors have whole libraries given to them every year, not to mention hats, gloves, umbrellas, pocket-knives, cigars, walking-canes, and dry goods generally—enough to set up a country merchant.

And, besides, when everybody else is curious to know the real names of writers over fictitious signatures, editors—sly fellows—laugh at their curiosity; and, when solicited to let out the secret, answer with a *puff*—(editors understand puffing to a charm!)—"I promised not to tell." By the beard of Brigham Young! I wish I was an editor!

SOLILOQUY OF AN EDITOR.

I wish to heaven Job had willed me his patience when he died. I am sure no man ever had a greater need for it. It is hot enough, up here, to singe my eyebrows, and my head's aching and throbbing as if there was an earthquake brewing in it. It feels, for all the world, like somebody had introduced a churn-dasher and churned my brains until they were as soft as butter. Jim Lane and Kansas! what a hurley-burley there is on this street. I believe every carriage, buggy, hack, omnibus, cart, dray and wheelbarrow, in the whole length and breadth of the city, have done nothing all day, but rattle up and down this pavement, throwing as much dust into my eyes, as I do into the eyes of the public. I've read over exchanges until I am nearly blind, for something to fill up my paper, and have found nothing, after all, worth a bauble. Wonder what the deuce those editors were about, that they got up such horribly dull papers this week! I'm as hungry as a wolf, but before I can take a homeward step, I've four columns of proof to correct, besides those dull books to review, complimentary notices to write of them, a leader to that speech, and that huge letter to——goodness gracious and gracious goodness! *Is my head going to burst open?* There's one man complaining that he don't get his paper regularly—wants me to have it corrected; as if I was postmaster and mail carrier, as well as editor! And what's this blotched, crumpled affair?

"MESSTER EDITUR: ples change my paper to our nuspostoffice, as its more handy to me than the ole wun, and oblige A Poor."

A Pool! Pil apply to the Legislature to have your name changed to *A Fool*. Here's another:

"MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit a friend to make a suggestion. We like your paper in this section. We regard it as the standard organ of our party, but there is an objection which I frequently hear urged against it; there's not enough variety in it. We like politics, but you know the old adage: 'You can choke a dog on pudding.' Many of your subscribers can't afford to take more than one paper, and therefore wish a variety. 'A hint to the wise is sufficient.'"

Let's see what this man, who writes such a thunder and lightning hand, says for himself:

"MR. EDITOR: I take your paper because it is a *political* journal, and I would respectfully say, that I wish to heaven you'd keep stories, poetry, anecdotes, and so forth, out of it. When I wish to read such stuff, I'll take the *New York Ledger*, the *Tribune*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or some such concern. You must either stop publishing such stuff, or I will stop my subscription."

Now, how the mischief am I to please everybody, I'd like to know? By Jupiter! I'll just please myself, and let the everybody go to——. Please myself! I only wish I could. I'd turn my back on this editor's sanctum "forever and a day." But, microscopes and spectacles! what's this? The letters are nearly as large as pin-points. Here, Pete! run over to Clark's, with my compliments, and ask him to lend me his most powerful magnifying glasses. And while he's gone, I'll do a little puffing, if I can find a cigar, if not, I'll have to use my pen.

[A pause, during which the editor, after exploring a half score of pockets, finds a cigar, but can't parade a match; whereupon his face is drawn into a beautiful pucker, and he swears. But, no matter, Pete has arrived with the glasses, and the editor proceeds to read the dainty epistle.]

"MR. EDITOR: I send you a story, which you can put in your fourth page if you think it worthy, if not you can put it in the grate.

"FLORA."

Here, Pete! Go hunt up a grate and put this manuscript in it; and here goes an editorial to inform her that I have complied with her request, for I would not read it for anything now but a *match*. Here's a letter from my New York correspondent. Hang the fellow! No! I wouldn't have him hung, either. He writes a capital letter. I can't dispense with him, but I do wish he would study punctuation and Webster's spelling-book. I'll wager there isn't a half dozen words spelt correctly in these five pages of foolscap, and he never makes a stop, but rushes right ahead like an engine under full steam.

And here's a correspondent, quarreling like Xantippe, because somebody has found out who he is. That comes of having printers who can read and write.

Mercy upon us! what a time we editors do have! If I had an enemy that I wanted to consign to an earthly torment, I'd make an editor of him. Here I am, tied down for the summer, to this hot, dusty city, to dish up news for people who are pleasure-taking at Saratoga, Cape May or Niagara, or on a visit to the country. Job and his comforters! How I'd enjoy a hatful of fresh country air, free of dust! How I'd like to roam the woods, to imbibe a crystal draft from some gushing spring! How I'd enjoy——ennui, you tantalizing idea! Have I not enough to torment——Good gracious! there is the railroad whistle, announcing the mail and fresh work and trouble for me. Patience alive! who would be an editor if he could be anything else?

HETTY HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN PARIS AND THE FRENCH POLICE.—In consequence of his constant fear of assassination, the French Emperor, it is said, keeps himself always surrounded by an army of watchmen, who are detailed at all points and corners of the Tuilleries, and guard every passage, day and night:

In the garden of the Tuilleries, these watchmen are in citizens' dress, patroling up and down the alley during the day. Lately, two American students were arrested by these vigilants, without any justifiable cause. While walking in the Garden, one of the students was explaining to the other, (who only a short time ago had arrived in Paris) the construction of the building, when they observed a gentleman approach, as if to overhear their conversation. This individual subsequently by a signal, called a second person, who followed the students and finally demanded their passports. Neither having that important document on hand, the students were arrested and imprisoned until agents visited their houses to ascertain whether their statements were correct. In the course of some hours after they were set at liberty, with the superfluous advice "never to be without their passports," and "not again to gesticulate with their hands in the vicinity of the French Emperor's Palace."

BEHEADED.—"Pat, you say the man had his hands tied behind him when he was beheaded."

"To be shure he had; but he didnt die at all, for he picked up his head before it had time to fall, and put it on where it belonged."

"But his hands were tied——"

"Och, botheration to ye, didn't he pick up his head with his teeth, shure?"

The trial of Dr. D. T. Smith, at Cairo, for the murder of Thomas Blackburn, about a year ago, has resulted in his acquittal.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

From Russell's Magazine.]

"War nicht das Ange sonnehaft,
Wie konnten wir zur Sonne blicken?
War nicht in uns der Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie konnt uns Gottliches entzücken?"

In the course of a voyage from England to this country, some years ago, I formed the acquaintance or a gentleman whose eccentricities of manner were so remarkable, that some of our fellow-passengers did not hesitate to pronounce him insane.

His name was Smith—a name redeemed from common-placeness since the advent of the great "Alexander"—and he was returning to his family in New York, after a residence (so he informed us) of fifteen prosperous years in India. His manner, I have said, was peculiar. When I first saw him he was walking the quarter-deck, with long, regular strides, his face—a manly and expressive one—lifted up in the moonlight, and full of a meaning I found it impossible to decipher. Subsequently, a mutual acquaintance introduced us, and in a very short time we grew wonderfully sociable and communicative. In one respect, however, Mr. Smith proved an enigma: I could never divine from what personal sources of cheerfulness and spiritual activity there flowed such an exhauseless tide of humor, sentiment, eloquence and poetry as never failed to charm his listeners. The man seemed to be inspired, so that not unfrequently he became the centre of an eager audience, who regarded him with significant wonder, and hung upon his words with a sort of rapture it was curious to witness.

Gradually the report spread that Mr. Smith was mad, that all his eloquence and fluent beauty of expression sprung from a diseased condition of the brain. With some reluctance, I myself adopted this conclusion. My comrade (we were eternally together) was fond of hinting at some great discovery which he had made in the East; he spoke of the Philosopher's Stone, of the Arabian Nights, and Haroun-Al-Raschid, of the occult powers of nature, of the Rosicrucians, of the "Old Man of the Mountain," the shroud-bearing Moslemin of Mecca, Madame Guyon, Angelus Silesius, and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Then he would discourse of the eternity of the spirit, and of radiant glimpses vouchsafed to him, at times, of verities such as the heart of man has ever yearned to comprehend, and the poets and metaphysicians have struggled to grasp and body forth in tangible shape and method, from Plato to Paracelsus, from Paracelsus to the Cambridge Neo-Platonists of yesterday. But the strangest portion of my experience with regard to Mr. Smith, is yet to come. I met him six months after we had parted on a New York wharf, upon which occasion he shed tears of anguish, and expressed himself as utterly bereaved and broken-hearted, at a large Northern watering-place. I scarcely knew him. He was transformed to a degree that startled me. The individual who had been wont to discourse of heavenly and supernal things, who quoted the "Cherubic Worshiper" and attempted to expound the Cabala, now talked of Wall street stocks, the New Exchange, the state of cotton and the price of cotton in Manchester. Even his countenance, before so expressive of deep thought and a sort of introspective enthusiasm, seemed to have wofully deteriorated; the features looked pinched and insignificant, and about the eyes particularly, formerly aglow with intellect, earnestness, passion, I fancied that a cunning leer was discernable, which impressed me uncomfortably. "Poor creature!" I said to myself, "his madness has taken a new and much lower turn!"

I went home to my old acquaintance, and addressed him with a great show of cordiality. Would you believe it? the ungrateful fellow hardly appeared to recognize me; our conversation was cold and formal, and we parted, I am sure (because we thought so) mutually disgusted with each other. Only recently has the mystery been cleared up. The editors of Russell's Magazine will probably be surprised that I owe the solution of the enigma to them. "How!" those worthy gentlemen may exclaim, "pray, humorous contributor!" are you altogether composed just now? come, explain; if thou hast a "tale," "unfold it." That is my purpose, Messrs. Editors, only favor me with your attention, and all will be made clear to you.

Among your Literary Notices published in the January number, the review of a late work called "The Hasheesh Eater" happened to attract me. I read it through.

"Now," said I, "the matter is explained"—Mr. Smith had been eating Cannabis Indica, and hence his marvelous exaltation of fancy; when I last saw him, the drug had ceased to work its magic spells, and hence the revelation of the opposite pole of his nature, the pole whereon I suspect that Mr. Smith's existence mainly revolves?"

The more I thought of it the more firm the conviction grew that my conjecture was correct. I wrote to Mr. Smith, and respectfully asked for enlightenment. He replied hurriedly, and in evident trepidation, that he had been so foolish as to acquire the habit while in India of hasheesh-eating, but that now he was married, and had conquered his weakness forever. The letter went on to say that the writer deemed it due to his subscriber and present responsible position to make the confession, but that he trusted to my honor not to reveal it. "Should Mrs. S. discover the fact, I know not," he declared. "what will become of me."

Only five weeks ago, however, the parties were divorced; Smith, to console himself for a matrimonial "flare up," and determined to "assert his manhood" against the despotic temper of his wife, took two enormous boluses of hasheesh, under the delirious excitement of which he threw Mrs. Smith out of the second story window. The good lady's hooped dress saved her from destruction, but of course she immediately went back to her papa.

The ultimate consequence was, as we have said, a divorce and tremendous damages. During the painful proceedings pending the trial of the case, Mr. Smith became more violently addicted to Cannabis Indica than ever. He has communicated his feelings to me in his latter strains, in a most eloquent style; the very paper which bears his communications looks vivid and burning with sentient life. I need scarcely say that he has released me from all obligations to secrecy.

These letters were more than frail human nature (my special frailty, at least,) could withstand. I determined to invoke the genius of hasheesh, and personally to test its powers. Long had I been pining to surrender myself to the glamour of some potent spell which might lift me, were it but for a moment, from the dull actualities of a plodding round of cares and duties—up into the sunshine of a brighter sphere, and an experience more strong, vivid and immaterial. I was to take perhaps my death will be pronounced by the moral reader (who never groaned probably under the burthen of which I speak, and who finds the earth and its legitimate firehpots a sufficient satisfaction for all needs present and potential) weak, if not wicked. No matter, my moral friend. Weaknessand wickedness are quite in the line of every-day human business; you may have your little peccadilloes also, were it worth our while to search them out; therefore be moderate in your censure.

I betook myself to an apothecary with whom I was accustomed to deal—a man "jolly, and sleek, and jocund," who might be taken as the type of his class in these modern times, when apothecaries are a power in the land, and might well resent a comparison with the "meager-looking" wight in Romeo and Juliet:

"With tattered weeds and overwhelming brows,
Coting of simples"—

as a comparison equally impertinent and *mal apropos*! I begged to be supplied with a half dozen pills of the precious Cannabis Indica, lest lying that I desired to experiment, but upon what or whom, I prudently left the good doctor to surmise for himself.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of one of those delicious days, which, until very recently, have caused our Charleston whither to appear like a spring season in the Tropics, I valiantly swallowed a fifteen-grain of the magical Eastern drug—the "insane root," as Mr. Bayard Taylor irreverently calls it. I then commanded a brass-buttoned, luxurious arm-chair, an heir-loom of the family, to be rolled out into the spacious piazza, and having carefully adjusted myself therein, awaited with anxious, thrilling expectation, the pleasure of the weird enchanter, to whose hands I had incontinently committed my spirit. The scene about and above me was glorious in the calm of its perfect beauty. Not a cloud, save one solitary band of white, transparent vapors, changed momentarily into "something new and strange" by the golden alchemy of sunlight—could be seen throughout the wide spaces of the heaven; the winds were soft and balmy; here and there a sprightly robin chirped its pleasant song among the garden trees, and glancing beyond the tops of the evergreens, and the roofs of the tall houses which formed their not inappropriate back-ground, the eye rested with delight upon the sky so inexpressibly blue, and the stately birds that swept in majestic circle hither, and and still hither towards the south.

It needed no nepenthe, no philtre, no artificial stimulant in the midst of such a scene, to steep the soul in that "divine languor," compounded of the sensuous and the spiritual, which is the atmosphere of Elysium. Happy moments passed unconsciously away; the sun neared the horizon, lingered, as it were, lovingly upon its boundary, and then dipped, waned, and at length wholly disappeared. The tall form of a young laurel tree, surrounded with a halo in the flush of evening, stood out against the luminous West, and the breeze, scarcely perceptible before, having utterly died away, it seemed as if its dark green leaves had been awed into stillness by some mysterious influence of the hour. My eyes were riveted upon this tree. Gradually, a vital motion crept thrillingly along the branches, the dark green leaves changed to transparent emerald, tipped with ruby dews, and the single white blossom which hung from an upper stem, assumed the appearance of a crown of pearl wreathed with fringes of the most delicate purple. Then, although not a breath of wind could be heard or felt, the laurel bent its graceful head, and a murmur of voices, multitudinous as that of perfect harmony, yet each plainly distinguishable by itself—flowed from its thousand leaves—among them the tones strangely familiar, yet intensified to the utterance of the spirit, of those who had bidden me farewell with broken voices, and left me desolate in the bitter past. But the tones that now reached me, expressed the concord of peace and love; no words they uttered, but a meaning deep as the life of the Eternities, came with them, and the profoundest forces of the soul were moved and stirred within me.

They surely said: "We have left you, oh beloved, among the shadows, and in the darkness of the Valley of Death; but the love we bore you dives here without blight or discord, we chant it in a perfect song, waiting for the time when the shadows shall fall off about you, and the star of the true life shall rise."

So murmured the leaves, but as I still continued to gaze upon them, and drinking in their music, the whole landscape widened; the glories of the sunset streamed through incalculable distances, and by a strange confounding of space with time, I fancied myself the witness of a Grecian sunset in the age of Pericles. I stood upon the heights of the Acropolis, near to the world-renowned statue of Athene, below me Propylæa, and the grand avenues issuing from its gate; upon my right, the gleaming walls of the Parthenon; in the distance the roofs and porticoes of the city, while further still the billows of the Ægean, and beautiful villages with scarce a shore line between them, and the surf, lay radiant in the gorgeous atmosphere, which sparkled with emerald and sapphire. And still the prospect widened, until all the great cities of ancient fame were presented to my view—Persepolis, and Palmyra, and Babylon—and Nineveh, and Alexandria, the mystic capital of the Aztecs and finally, the tall spires of immortal temples rising amid the throng of strange houses, and antique pagodas, and monstrous idols on the banks of the Indus, and Ganges, or far off among the untracked wilderness of Thibet. And each city I looked upon was in the pride of its greatness and prosperity; a hum of unknown tongues, not clamorous, but measured and distinct, rose upon the air; philosophy flowed from the lips of Athenian sages, and the spell of the Sophist was vanquished by its calm authority; the hymns of choristers celebrating the deeds of heathen Divinities, were mingled with the rush of great rivers, and the stir of countless multitudes of men; the Olive and Palm tree separated by thousands of leagues, yet seemed, under the influence of some occult law, to waive in sympathy, and not a sound in that mighty swell of life contributing to the general result, but possessed an individuality of its own!

But as I gazed and listened, thick vapors gathered in the dells of Hymettus, which, forming into a huge mass of clouds, swept out to meet a corresponding mass from the East. They were slowly united, and darkness covered the scene.

For a brief period reason resumed her sway. The conviction of what I had seen was phantasmal and illusory, the deceptive offspring of a little brown colored pill I had swallowed an hour before, no sooner became clear to my mind than I felt that I approached some other illusion, as complete, perhaps, as the one that had just vanished.

By a strenuous exercise of the will, however, I managed to preserve a lucid condition of the judgment until I had walked into the parlor, where the family, together with some visitors from the neighborhood, were assembled. I soon had reason to regret my appearance among them, for I was fully under the law of *Hasheesh*, and my sensitiveness immediately afterwards grew so anomalous and confounding, that I could not but dread an exposure, the consequence of which would have been painful in the extreme.

Here let me pause to comment upon the testimony of Hasheesh Eaters—a testimony almost universal—which declares that when a necessity arises for concealment, it is always (excepting in extreme cases,) possibly so far to subdue the effects of the drug, as to retain a rational consciousness of manner in the midst of the intensest excitement. As a general truth, I bear witness to the correctness of the assertion. By what appeared to me a superhuman effort, I now conversed with the people about me, in a quiet tone, upon ordinary topics, although I knew, and the belief momentarily gained strength and consistency, that my condition was infinitely removed from theirs, and that no possible sympathy could ever be extended to me in my trouble. It is hard to embody in words the feelings which so powerfully possessed me.

Conceive, if you can, the position of one who has suddenly entered into the experience of two distinct lives, each perfect per se, but with a mysterious force of repulsion, striving, as it were, completely and forever, to rend them asunder.

And conceive further of these two lives—the spiritual and the merely animal—with the intellect of mortal antagonism, and yet bound together by some inexplicable third power, which is continually whispering that a final divorce of the dual existences is death.

In such a condition of mind and body, but during the well unclouded and triumphant, I continued to talk unconcernedly with several members of the company. I spoke to a young lady of the last night's opera, of Miss H——'s debut at Madam B——'s ball, of the Rev. Mr. Humdrum's style of preaching, and of the latest fashion plates in *Godey*.

Such were a few of the topics which employed my lips, and which were discussed in a purely mechanical way, but the spirit was absent in other regions, and absorbed by an agony of infinitely greater moment! I—that is, the psychal portion of my individuality—marveled more and more at the wonderful domain into which it had been ushered. The conviction was overpowering that I moved, and though apparently as perfect mortal as any in the room, no otherwise would be my state hereafter, when the rudimental or mortal body should have given place to the complete, immortal, spiritual body.

The influence of the terrible spell which bound me, became rapidly intensified. The will which had been for some moments sensibly relaxing its sway, at this point of my experience, almost succumbed to the flood of strange sensations, which rushed in and possessed my being. I deemed it expedient to retire, with a hasty retreat, and therefore bowing to my companion, left the room. Now, for the first time, one of the most ordinary and universal of hasheesh illusions seized upon me. Upon leaving the room I had encountered a stalwart servant at the door, it seemed as if each flowery figure in the pattern of the carpet, (these figures were large and very brilliant,) had been suddenly endowed with a mystic life; they were incidentally multiplied, and grouped into some necessless prairies, thronged with scarlet blooms, uniform in shape and color, and all steadily inclined in the direction of a moon-like lustre which bordered the distant horizon. Through intermediate plains of Earlier growth, we confronted by a magnificence so invariable, and resplendent as to bewilder, nay, oppress the vision, I traversed with eager step, hundreds and thousands, and tens of thousands of leagues, ere which the prairies of Earlier stretched unbroken around me, and the lustre on the distant horizon had not broadened into the definite rising either of sun or moon. At last, after a century's travel, I emerged from the territory of flowers into the mild blaze of what seemed my people, in their primary condition of literalness, would have called an astral lamp, but what to me was a great globe of purest flame, suspended by the chains of periphyry and gold from the centre of a dome of alabaster.

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