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NO. 4.

## Literary Department.

SPIRITE:  
A FANTASTIC TALE.Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier,  
expressly for the Banner of Light,  
By an English Authoress.

## CHAPTER VII.

Guy was no longer astonished at the strange occurrences. It did not appear absolutely astonishing to him that a sleigh should pass through a carriage. This easy way of clearing obstacles which would have broken terrestrial vehicles showed an aerial equipage from the stables of mist, which Spirite alone could drive.

Decidedly, Spirite was jealous, or, at least, as proved by all her actions, she desired to alienate Mallvert from Madame d'Ymbereourt; and the means succeeded, doubtless, for, on reaching the Rondpoint, Guy saw the Countess in her caleche, seeming to listen with a very indulgent air to the conversation, (doubtless gallant,) of M. d'Aversac, who was politely leaning over the withers of his horse, going at a walking pace.

"This is in revenge for the sleigh," said Mallvert; "but I am not a man to be plagued with this sort. D'Aversac is a false fellow of the world, and she is a false woman of the world. They are perfectly matched. I judge them in a disinterested way, since the affairs of this world no longer concern me. They will make a couple well assorted in the bonds of matrimony," as some song has it.

Such was the result of the plot of Madame d'Ymbereourt, who, perceiving Guy, had, perhaps, leaned a little more toward the cavalier, to respond to his graceful attentions. The poor Countess thought to bring back her lukewarm admirer by exciting his amour propre. She had only caught a glimpse of Spirite, but she had guessed that she was a formidable rival. The eagerness of Guy, commonly so calm, in pursuing this mysterious sleigh, and this woman, whom no one had ever seen in the Bois, had wounded her deeply; for she was not deceived by the excuses given with so much precipitation, and she did not believe that Grymalkin had run away with his skillful driver. D'Aversac, who had not the pleasure of being always so well treated, enjoyed it at leisure, and modestly attributed to his own merit, what, if wiser, he would have laid to the account of feminine spite. In his magnanimity, he even pitied that poor Mallvert, too sure of the affection of the lady. One may easily suppose all the projects which the fatality of the gentleman quickly built on this event.

That day, Guy dined in the city, in a house where a long invitation made it difficult to miss. Happily, the guests were numerous, so that the preoccupation of his mind was not remarked. The repast terminated, he exchanged some words with the mistress of the house. When his presence had been sufficiently noticed, he effected a clever retreat to the second drawing-room, where he shook hands with some noted men of his acquaintance, who had retreated thither in order to converse at their ease upon important or secret subjects; after which, he disappeared, and passed over to the circle in which he expected to find the Baron de Ferocé. He found him, at last, seated before a little table covered with green cloth, playing *carte* with the radiant D'Aversac, to whom we must do the justice to state that he tried to conceal his joy, in order not to humiliate Mallvert. Contrary to the proverb, "Fortunate in play, unfortunate in love," D'Aversac was gaining, which ought, had he been superstitious, to have inspired him with some doubts on the legitimacy of his hopes. The game finished, and as the Baron lost, he could rise and pretend fatigue, refusing gallily the revenge which his adversary offered him. The Baron and Mallvert went out together, and took some turns on the boulevard near their Club.

"What will the *habitudes* of this saloon which is called the Bois, think of this woman, this sleigh, and this horse and driver, so marvelously remarkable, and whom no one knows?"

"The vision," answered Ferocé, "has only been visible for you, the Countess, over whom the spirit wishes to exercise his influence, and for me, who, in my quality of initiated member, see what is unknown to the rest of the world. Be assured that, if Madame d'Ymbereourt speaks of the beautiful Russian princess and the magnificent steppes, no one would know to what she alluded."

"Do you believe," said Mallvert to the Baron, "that I shall soon see Spirite again?"

"Expect a visit shortly," replied M. de Ferocé; "my correspondence with the outer world warns me that they occupy themselves seriously about you there."

"Will it be to-night or to-morrow?—at my house, or in the midst of an unexpected circle, as it happened to-day?" cried Mallvert, with the impatience of a lover, or a neophyte curious for mysteries.

"That I cannot exactly tell you. The spirits, for whom time no longer exists, have no hour, since they are surrounded by eternity. For Spirite to see you this evening, or in a thousand years, would be the same thing; but the spirits who design to enter into communication with poor mortals take account of the brevity of our lives and of the imperfection and fragility of our organs. They know that, between one apparition and another, measured on the eternal dial, the poor human envelope of man would have time to fall into dust a hundred times; and it is probable that Spirite will not keep you long in suspense. She has descended into our sphere, and seems determined not to ascend into her own until she has accomplished her design."

"But what is this design?" asked Mallvert. "You, to whom nothing is shut in the supernatural world—you ought to know the motive which

draws this pure spirit toward a being still subject to all the conditions of humanity."

"Thereupon, my dear Guy," replied the Baron, "my lips are sealed. The secrets of the spirits may not be told. I have been warned to put you on your guard against all mortal seductions, and to hinder you from forming bonds which might, perhaps, enchain your soul in a place where you would have an eternal regret to be no longer free. My mission does not go beyond."

Conversing thus, Mallvert and the Baron, followed by their carriages at a foot's pace, arrived at the Madeleine, of which the Greek colonnade, silvered over by the pale rays of a winter moon, took, at the end of the wide Rue Royale, that air of the Parthenon which is not observable by day. Arrived there, the two friends separated, and each entered his coupé.

When he reached his home, Mallvert threw himself into his arm-chair, and with his elbow on the table, he fell into a reverie. The apparition of Spirite in the glass had inspired him with that immaterial desire, that winged volition which the sight of an angel arouses; but her presence beside the lake, under a form more really feminine, filled his heart with all the flame of human love. As he was dreaming, with his hand lying on the table covered with papers, he saw, relieved on the dark ground of the Turkish carpet, a long, slender hand, of exquisite proportion, which art or Nature could never imitate—a diaphanous hand, with tapering fingers, and nails shining like onyx. The back showed some veins of blue, like those azure reflections which irradiate the milky white of the opal, and it was illumined by a light which was not from the lamp. From the fresh rose of the tints, and the ideal delicacy of its form, it could only be the hand of Spirite. The wrist, fine, delicate, flexible and high-bred, was lost in a vapor of vague lace.

Whilst Guy was looking at it with eyes no longer astonished at anything, however marvelous, the fingers extended themselves on one of the sheets of letter paper which were strewn confusedly on the table, and simulated the movements that writing requires. They seemed to trace lines, and, when they had run over the page with the rapidity of actors writing a letter in some scene of a comedy, Guy seized the sheet, thinking to find some phrases written on it, or, at least, some figures known or unknown. He looked at it with an air of disappointment; he approached the lamp, scrutinized it in all ways, and placed it in every angle of light, without discovering the least trace of forced characters. However, the hand continued its useless labor on another sheet, without producing, in appearance, at least, the slightest result.

"What means this jest?" asked Mallvert of himself. "Does Spirite write in sympathetic ink that must be held to the fire in order to bring out the characters? But the hand had no pen, nor the shadow of a pen. What does that mean? Ought I to be her secretary, to be my own *medium*, to make use of the appropriate word? The spirits, they say, who can produce illusions and appearances, to create in the minds of those whom they beset terrifying or splendid spectacles, are incapable of acting on material realities or of displacing a straw."

He remembered the nervous impulse which had made him write the note to Madame d'Ymbereourt, and he thought that, by an impression on his brain, Spirite might, perhaps, succeed in dictating to him what she wanted to say. He had only to let his hand move, and to make his own ideas retire as much as possible, in order that they might not interfere with those of the spirit. Collecting his thoughts and isolating himself from the exterior world, Guy imposed silence on the tumult of his over-excited brain, raised the wick of his lamp, dipped a pen in the ink, placed his hand on the paper, and waited with a palpitating heart.

At the end of some minutes Guy experienced a singular effect; it seemed to him that the feeling of his own personality quitted him; that his individual remembrances were effaced like those in a dream, and that his ideas flew away like birds that are lost in the clouds. Although his body was still near the table, keeping the same attitude, Guy interiorly was absent, had vanished, disappeared. Another soul, or at least another thought, was substituted for his, and commanded those servants who, in order to act, awaited the orders of the unknown master. The nerves of his fingers started, and began to execute movements of which he had no knowledge, and the point of his pen began to run quickly across the paper, tracing rapid signs in the writing of Guy, slightly modified by some external influence. This was what Spirite dictated to her medium. They found it amongst his papers, and we have been permitted to copy it:

## DICTATION OF SPIRITE.

You must first know the being who, indefinitely for you, has glided into your existence. Whatever be your penetration, you could not succeed in unravelling its true nature; and, as the hero in a badly written tragedy gives out his names, qualities and references, so am I obliged to explain myself. But I have this excuse—that no other can do it for me. Your intrepid heart, which has not hesitated at my call to engage in the mysterious terrors of the unknown, has no need of encouragement. The danger, besides, if it existed, would not prevent you pursuing the adventure. This invisible world, of which the real is the veil, has its snares and abysses, but you will not fall into them. Perverse and lying spirits abound; there are black as well as white angels, rebel powers and submissive powers, beneficent as well as hurtful forces. The foot of the mystic ladder, whose summit plunges into the eternal light, is beset by darkness. I hope that, with my aid, you will climb the luminous steps. I am neither angel nor demon, nor one of those intermediate spirits who carry through immensely the orders of the Divine Will, like the nervous fluid commu-

nicating to the members of the body the human will. I am only a soul waiting for its sentence, but one who is permitted to anticipate a favorable judgment. I have inhabited your earth, and I may say, like the melancholy epitaph of the shepherd in Ponsieu's picture, "*Mon Archange étoit.*" Do not think, from this Latin quotation, that I am the soul of a woman of letters. In the place where I am, one has an intuition of all, and the different languages that mankind has spoken before and after the dispersion of Babel are equally known to us. Words are only the shadows of ideas, and we have the idea in its essential form. If there were age there where time does not exist, I should be very young in my new country; few days have elapsed since, released by death, I have quitted the atmosphere that you breathe, and to which I am brought back by a sentiment that the transition has not effaced. My terrestrial life, or, to speak more correctly, my last appearance on your planet, has been very short, but it has given me time to experience what a tender soul can feel in respect to sorrow and pain.

When the Baron de Ferocé sought the nature of the spirit whose vague manifestations troubled you, and when he asked you if ever a young woman or girl had died for love of you, he was nearer the truth than he supposed, and, although your remembrances can recall nothing, since the fact has been unknown to you, this assertion has deeply moved your soul, and your trouble was ill concealed under a skeptical denial.

Without your having been aware of it, my life was passed near you. Your eyes were bent elsewhere; I remained in the shade. The first time that I saw you was in the parlor of the Convent of Oiseaux, where you went to visit a sister who, as well as myself, was a boarder there, but in a higher class, for I was only thirteen or fourteen, at most, and I did not look my age, so frail, blonde and delicate was I. You paid no attention to the little child who, whilst she was eating chocolate pralines that her mother had brought her, cast furtive glances at you. You were then about twenty or twenty-two years of age, and, in my infantile simplicity, I thought you very handsome. The air of goodness and affection with which you spoke to your sister touched me, and I wished for a brother like you. My childish imagination went no further. When the studies of Mademoiselle de Mallvert were terminated, they took her from the convent, and you came no more, but your image was never effaced from my memory. It remained on the white vellum of my soul, like those light marks traced by a pencil, by a skillful hand, which are found long after, almost invisible, but enduring, sometimes the only vestiges of a lost being. The idea that so great a personage had remarked me—I, who was only in the class of little girls, and was treated by the elder ones with a sort of disdain, would have been too presumptuous; it did not even enter my mind, at least at that epoch, but I often thought of you, and in those chaste romances that even the most innocent imaginations form, it was you who always filled the part of Prince Charming, you who delivered me from fantastic perils, you who carried me through subterranean passages, you who put to flight the corsairs and brigands, and brought me back to the king, my father; for, for such a hero, I must necessarily be at least an infant, a princess, and I modestly assumed the quality.

At other times the romance changed into a pastoral; you were a shepherd and I a shepherdess, and our flocks mingled in a green meadow. Without your suspecting it, you had taken deep root in my life, and you ruled there as a sovereign. I reported to you my little scholastic successes, and worked with all my might to merit your approbation. I said to myself: "He does not know that I have gained a prize; but if he knew it he would be pleased." And, though naturally idle, I set to work with renewed energy. Is not this childish soul that gave itself in secret, and acknowledged itself a vassal of the lord of its choice, without his suspecting it, a singular thing? and is it not also singular that this first impression was never effaced? for it lasted a whole life—almost very short—and it continues beyond. At the sight of you, something indefinable and mysterious shuddered within me, of which I never understood the meaning until my eyes, on closing, have opened forever. My state as an impalpable being, a pure spirit, permits me now to relate to you these things which, perhaps, a child of earth would conceal; but immaculate whiteness of a soul knows no black; celestial purity confesses love.

Two years passed thus. From a child I had become a young girl, and my dreams began to be a little less puerile, but always continued chaste. There was a lesser mixture of azure and blue; they did not always terminate in the light of an apotheosis. I often went to the end of the garden to sit on a bench far from my companions, who were occupied in games, or chattering together, and I murmured, like a sort of litany, the syllables of your name; but sometimes I had the boldness to fancy that this name might become mine, after hazards and adventures which I arranged at will.

I was of a family which was equally noble with your own, and my parents enjoyed a rank and fortune sufficient to deprive this distant project of union, which I cherished timidly in a corner of my heart, of utter absurdity. Nothing was more natural than that we should one day meet in society, to which we both had access. But should I please you? Would you find me pretty? It was a question which my narrow school-girl's mirror would not answer negatively, as you may judge by the reflection which I sent on the Venetian glass, and by the apparition on the Bois to-day. But, if by chance you did not pay more attention to the young girl than to the child in the convent! This thought filled me with sorrow, but youth never despairs long, and soon I returned to more agreeable ideas. It seemed impossible for me that you should not recognize your property, your conquest, the soul sealed with your soul, she

who was devoted to you from childhood, in a word, the woman created expressly for you. I did not say all this to myself in so clear a mode; I had not the light on the movements of my own heart that I now possess, now that I can see the two sides of life; but it was a blind faith, a profound instinct, an irresistible feeling. In spite of my ignorance, and a purity which no one possessed more deeply, I had in my soul a passion which was to destroy me, and which I reveal to-day for the first time. At the convent I had made no friends, and I lived alone with the thought of you. Jealous of my secret, I dreaded confidences, and all friendships which would have distracted me from my only idea, were distasteful to me. They called me "Gravity," and the teachers held me up as an example.

I awaited the time fixed for my leaving the convent with less impatience than they thought; it was a respite between thought and action. As long as I was shut up between those high walls, I had the right of indolently cradling my dream without self reproach; but once out of the cage I must direct my flight, stretch to my aim, mount toward my star; and the usages, manners, conventionalities, infinite reserves, the multiplied veils with which civilization surrounds her, deprive a young girl of all initiative steps in affairs of the heart. No step to reveal herself to her ideal is permitted. A proper pride prevents her offering what ought to be priceless. Her eyes must remain cast down, her lips mute, her breast motionless; no blush, no pallor may betray her when she finds herself facing the object of her secret love, who often turns away believing in disdain and indifference. How many souls, made for each other, for the want of a word, a look, a smile, have taken different roads, which, diverging, have separated them more and more, and rendered their union forever impossible! How many lives deplorably ruined, have owed their failure to a similar cause, unperceived by all, and often ignored by the victims themselves. I had sometimes made these reflections, and they came more strongly to my mind at the time I was to quit the convent to enter the world. However, I maintained my resolution.

The day of my departure arrived. My mother came for me, and I bade adieu to my companions with only a mediocre degree of sensibility. I left within those walls, where several years of my life had passed, no friendships and no souvenirs. The thought of you alone formed my treasure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was with a lively sentiment of pleasure that I entered the apartments that my mother had prepared for me. They consisted of a sleeping-room, a large dressing-room, and a sitting-room, looking over a garden, and also over the neighboring ones. A low wall tapestried with ivy, served as a line of demarcation, but as the stone did not appear, it seemed a succession of gigantic trees forming a large park. A glimpse of the roofs or chimneys was here and there visible, which served to show that Paris laid below. It is a satisfaction reserved for the rich to have, in the midst of a great city, a large open space for air, sky, sunshine and verdure. Is it not disagreeable to feel other lives too near one, other passions, voices and misfortunes, and is not the delicate reserve of the soul a little sullied by these close neighborhoofs? I experienced a real joy in looking out of my windows over this oasis of freshness, silence and solitude. It was the month of August, and the foliage still preserved all the intensity of its verdure, with, however, the warmer tone given by the passage of summer.

In the midst of the parterre under my windows, there was a clump of geraniums in full bloom, dazzling the eye with their scarlet fireworks; the turf which surrounded this basket of flowers, a velvet carpet of English ryegrass, set off by its emerald hue the ardent red of the flowers. In the walks of fine gravel, streaked like a ribbon with the marks of the rake, the birds hopped in perfect confidence, and had the air of appearing at home there. I promised myself the pleasure of joining their amusements without making them fly away.

My room was hung with white cashmere looped by cables of blue silk, the same color of the furniture and the curtains. In my little saloon, decorated in the same manner, a magnificent Erard piano was ready for my fingers, and I immediately tried its dulcet notes. A rosewood book case placed in front of the piano contained prose books such as a young maiden might read, and its lower compartments contained the music of the great composers: Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart was side by side with Beethoven, like Raphael near Michael Angelo; and Mayerbeer leaned against Weber. My mother had joined together all my favorites—an elegant stand full of sweet flowers which were blooming in the centre of the room, like an enormous bouquet. They treated me like a spoiled child. I was an only daughter, and all the affection of my parents was naturally concentrated on me.

I was to make my appearance in the world at the commencement of the season; that is to say, in two or three months, at the time when the vintage ceases, and when the world of fashion returns from journeys, watering-places, hunts and races, and all the other amusements invented to use up the time which it is not decent for people of rank to pass in Paris, where some business this year had retained my parents. It was more agreeable to me to remain in the city than to go to the melancholy old chateau, at the end of Brittany, which was my usual abode during vacations. I thought, besides, that I had more chances of seeing you, of hearing you spoken of amongst the people of your acquaintance, but I learned in an indirect way that you were gone to make a journey of some months in Spain. Your friends, to whom you rarely wrote, did not expect you before winter; they pretended that you were caught in the meshes of some mantilla. That did not at all disturb me, and spite of my modesty I had sufficient amour propre to believe that my golden

treasures might vie with all the jetty plaits of Andalusia. I learned also that you wrote in the reviews under the Latinized pseudonym of one of your Christian names, known only to your intimate friends, and that in you the perfect gentleman was united to the distinguished writer. With a curiosity easy to understand, I sought through a collection of journals all the articles marked with this name. To read a writer, is to put one's self in communication with his soul; is not a book a confidence addressed to an ideal friend, a conversation where the interlocutor is absent? One must not always take what an author says *à pied de la lettre*, but under all disguises the true attitude of the soul ends by revealing itself for those who know how to read; the real thought is often between the lines, and the secret of the poet, which he will not always give to the crowd, is guessed in the long run; one after another the veils fall, and the answers of the enigmas are revealed. In order to form an idea of you, I studied, with extreme attention, your account of your travels, those pieces of philosophy and criticism, the news, and pieces of poetry scattered with long intervening periods of time, and which marked different phases of your mind. It is less difficult to know a subjective than an objective author; the first expresses his feelings, explains his ideas, and judges society and creation after an ideal standard; the second presents objects exactly as Nature offers them. He proceeds by descriptions; he brings things before the eyes of the reader; he draws, dresses and colors his personages exactly; puts into their mouths words which they would have said, and reserves his own opinion. This was your mode. At first sight, one might have accused you of a certain disdainful impartiality which did not make much difference between a lizard and a man, between the red of the setting sun and the burning of a town; but, on looking closer, one might discover by rapid starts, by abrupt dashes, cut short instantly, a deep sensibility, restrained by a haughty bashfulness, which does not like to make a display of inner emotions.

This literary judgment agreed with the instinctive judgment of my heart; and now, when nothing is concealed from me, I know that it was just. All sentimental emphases, all lachrymose and hypocritical affectations inspired you with horror, and for you, the duping of the soul was the worst of crimes. This idea made you extremely moderate in the expression of tender or passionate thought. You preferred silence to lies, or to exaggeration on things sacred, even if you passed therefor as a cold, hard, stupid character, in the eyes of fools. I took notice of all this, and I did not doubt an instant the goodness of your heart. Of the nobleness of your mind there could not be the least uncertainty; your haughty disdain of vulgarity, platitudes, envy, and of all moral ugliness, was apparent. By dint of reading your writings, I acquired a knowledge of your character, equal to that which a daily intercourse would have given me. I had penetrated into the secret recesses of your thoughts. I knew your standpoints, your aims, your motives, your sympathies and your antipathies, your admiration and your disgust, and all your intellectual personality, and thence I deduced your character. Sometimes, in the midst of my reading, struck by a passage which was a revelation for me, I rose and went to the piano to play, as a sort of commentary on your phrases, a composition of tone and feeling analogous, which prolonged it in resounding or melancholy vibrations. I pleased myself by extending in another art the echo of your ideas; perhaps these relations were imaginary, and could only have been seized by myself, but some were certainly real; I know it now that I inhabit the eternal source of inspiration, and I can see its luminous sparks descending on the head of genius.

Whilst I read such of your works as I could procure for the line of action of a young girl is so limited that the most simple step becomes difficult for her—the season advanced; the tops of the trees were already touched by the soft tints of autumn, the leaves, one after the other, were detached from the branches, and the gardener, in spite of all his care, could not prevent the turf and the gravel being half covered. Sometimes, when I walked in the garden, under the great chestnut trees, the fall of a chestnut on my head, or at my feet, rolling out of its opened capsule, interrupted my reverie and made me start involuntarily. The most delicate plants and shrubs were brought into the greenhouse; the birds acquired that uneasy air which they wear at the approach of winter, and in the evening one heard their quarrelling among the bare branches. At last, the season began, the *beau monde* came back to Paris from all points of the horizon. Again in the Champs Elysees were to be seen those large formal carriages with panels emblazoned with coats of arms, wending their way toward the Arc de l'Etoile, to avail themselves of the last rays of the sun. The Italian Theatre spread out its list of singers in the journals and its programme for the approaching opening. I rejoiced in the idea that this general movement would also bring you back to Paris, and that, weary of climbing the Sierras of Spain, you would take some pleasure in the balls and parties, where I hoped to meet you.

Going one day to the Bois de Boulogne with my mother, I saw you pass on horseback, but so rapidly that I had hardly time to recognize you. It was the first time that I had seen you since your visit to the convent. All the blood in my veins rushed to my heart, and I experienced a sort of electric shock. Under protest of cold, I lowered my veil to conceal the change in my features, and I encoined myself in the corner of the coupé. My mother said, raising the window: "It is not warm; the fog begins to rise; let us return, unless, indeed, you wish to continue the drive." I acquiesced, for I had seen what I wanted to see. I knew that you were in Paris.

We had a box at the opera. It was a great pleasure for me to hear those singers, whose praise I had read, but whom I did not know. Another



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of free thought are cordially invited to come.



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Miscellaneous.

APPOINTMENTS

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House, Friday, Sept. 15th; Detroit, Saturday, Sept. 16th;  
Canton, Sunday, Sept. 17th; Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo  
House, Sept. 18th to the 21st; Three Rivers, Three Rivers  
House, Thursday, Sept. 22nd; Grand Haven, Grand Haven  
House, Saturday, Sept. 23rd; Elk Rapids, Elk Rapids House,  
Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2nd; South Haven, South Haven House,  
Tuesday, Oct. 3rd; Holland, Holland House, Thursday, Oct. 5th;  
Holland, Holland House, Saturday, Oct. 7th and 8th;  
Elgin, Elgin House, Sunday, Oct. 8th and 9th;  
Litchfield, Litchfield House, Oct. 10th to the 13th;  
Holland, Holland House, Oct. 14th to the 17th;  
Holland, Holland House, Oct. 18th to the 21st;  
Holland, Holland House, Oct. 22nd to the 25th;  
Holland, Holland House, Oct. 26th to the 29th;  
Holland, Holland House, Oct. 30th to the 31st.

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peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future  
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the Founders of various Religious Sects, from the  
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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