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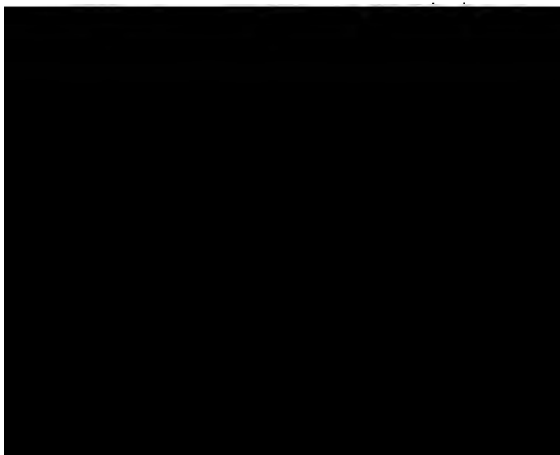


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THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR,
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
REVOLUTION OF P—L:
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-
NOSTER-ROW.

1795.

249.5.232

invisible; we then cannot avoid the deviations of fanaticism, and are easily led to confound our *feelings* and *ideas* with external effects; the effects of our soul with effects produced by superior beings; we believe that we see, hear, and perceive what exists no where but in our imagination; we stray from ourselves and from the objects around us, to a world of ideas which is the workmanship of our fancy, and are misled by the vivacity and strength of our feelings, and mistake for *reality*, what is merely *ideal*. Thus we dream while we are awake, and sooner or later, find ourselves woe-

...ived. All pretended apparitions, every
... beings, the

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perience, which commonly are chosen by those who are addicted to laziness, and indolence, destitute of a proper knowledge of Nature and Religion, disinclined to, or incapable of thinking and investigating, ruled by wild, irregular passions, and endowed with a lively and prolific imagination.

; This has been the chief reason that the numberless horde of impostors, who at all times have invaded the kingdom of truth and human felicity, have found it very easy to succeed in their attempts when playing off their fanatical engines for the sake of lucre or ambition, or with the view of carrying some political end. This sort of fanaticism and fanatical illusion, has never been more predominant in civilized Europe, than in the middle century, and raged with unabated fury till the immortal Wickliff, Luther, and their fellow labourers began to combat the prevailing religious errors, and restored reason, that overflowing source of knowledge and happiness, to her sacred rights. We should however, be mistaken if we were to imagine, that since the reformation, fanaticism has entirely lost its powerful influence on the human mind, for alas! modern history furnishes us *with but too many facts* which serve to

prove undeniably, that this baneful foe to human happiness still counts many votaries.

Germany is one of those countries in which this monster lately has again erected his horrid crest, and one of her most powerful Princes has, of late, convinced the world, that even the palaces of the great, where unbelief generally is carried most fervently, are not inaccessible to fanaticism's powerful charms.

The Prince whom I am speaking of has either been deceived by himself, or has been deceived by his courtiers, to such a degree that he firmly believes he shall be capable of extending one time the sway of his sceptre to the kingdom of spirits; and,

as it has been loudly and creditably reported all over

Spain, and the readers of these pages will require no farther proofs of the baneful consequences which have originated from his errors.

This fact, equally disgraceful to the high personage in question, as it is of public notoriety in Germany, has roused some men of learning and public spirit to vindicate the sacred rights of reason, and to prove in a palpable manner that many extraordinary phenomena which, to the uninformed, appear to originate from supernatural causes, either may be contrived by means of natural magic, or arise from the wild irregular flights of a heated and disordered imagination and a weak understanding. That this was Mr. Tschink's view when he published the *Ghottseer*, is evident from every page of his beautiful work, and that he has executed his plan in a masterly manner, has been acknowledged by all the friends of reason in Germany, where it has been received with the greatest applause, and, as it is hoped, not without benefit. That the latter may also be the case in this country, is the most ardent wish of the Translator, who owes so many blessings of his life, so many serene and happy days to this country, that it would be ungrateful in him if he *patiently could behold the rapid strides*
 which

which the fanatic belief in the wonderful, makes in a country which has proved so blissful to him, without endeavouring to combat, at least with borrowed arms, the increasing propensity to whatever is uncommon and *appears* to be supernatural. That he, by introducing the present work to the English public, does not enter the list with a phantom of his imagination, is but too evident, witness the great notice which has lately been taken of Mr. Brothers, and the following advertisement, which among others of the same tenour, appears so frequently in the daily papers, that it

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“ whom she has foretold the most important events
“ of the present aera, &c. &c. &c.”

The Translator has nothing to add, but to apologize for the foreign idioms which may perhaps occur to the discerning eyes of the keen-sighted critic, and hopes that his labour will contribute, at least something to the destruction of fanaticism in this country.

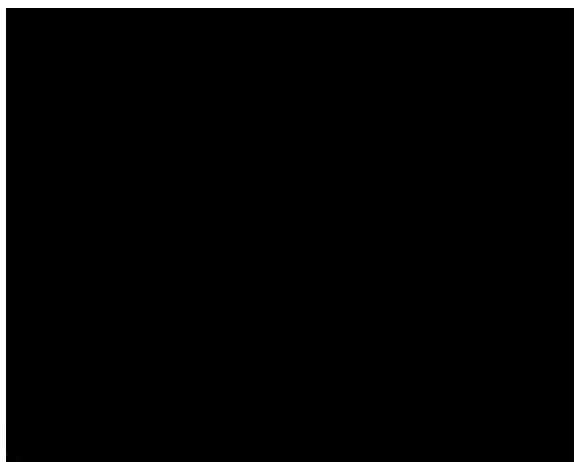
P. W I L L.

OR.

T H E



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T H E
V I C T I M
O F
M A G I C A L D E L U S I O N .

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF F - - -

THE king is informed of every thing; our plan is discovered: I have been betrayed, and am now in close confinement. Here I am sitting between impenetrable walls, and writing to you, alas! perhaps the last lines which you ever will receive from your hapless friend.

I apply to you, because I know your heart. You never have denied me a reasonable prayer, and you certainly will not refuse the last. Save what is most dear to me, *save my honor*. My journal

B

■ THE VICTIM OF

is in your possession; it contains the most important part of the history of my life. You may add what is wanting, and publish the whole.

I am not afraid to lose my life, but the idea of losing my honor drives me to distraction and madness. A dreadful prospect of futurity opens to my view; I behold my name branded with ignominy in the annals of my country, obliterated all the great and good actions I have performed; I behold myself ranked among criminals by posterity—You—you only can prevent it—and I am sure you will save my honor

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in order to pray heaven to bless you, and to bid you an eternal adieu; for a dreadful presentiment tells me that I shall see you no more.

P. S. The gaoler would not promise to deliver this letter for less than 200 dobras (640 livres sterling;) give it him from the money which you have in hand; the rest keep as a legacy from your

Unfortunate Friend,

MIGUEL.

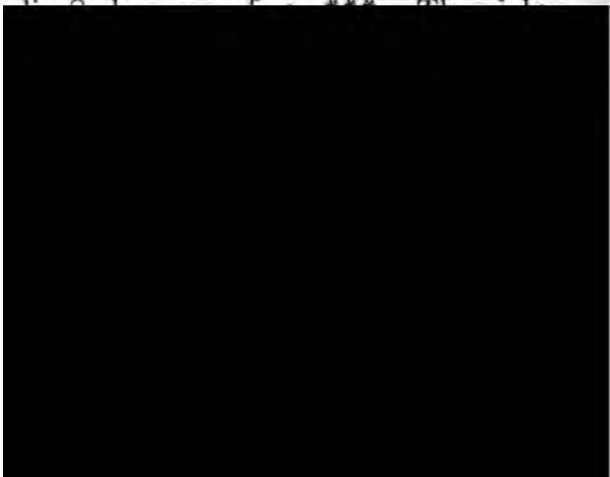
THE VICTIM OF

MEMOIRS

OF

MIGUEL DUKE DE CA I* A.*

I WAS 23 years old when my father, a grandee of P—l, sent me abroad under the tuition of Antonio, Count de ***, a man whose philosophical turn of mind and disinterested love for me had gained him my affection and esteem. We



well. The priest informed us, during supper, that there was an old desolated castle in the village, which was reported to be the residence of evil spirits, who would suffer no human being to inhabit it. Having always had an ardent propensity for adventures of that nature, I begged him to give me a lanthorn, intending to pay a visit to those misanthropic beings; and in spite of our host's theological and my tutor's philosophical remonstrances, insisted upon spending the night at the castle, in the company of the latter, and to try whether the airy lords of the manor would not prove more hospitable to me. At length they yielded to my impatient desire of being acquainted with these dreadful beings, and my servant, along with the man of our host, was ordered to follow me to the castle with beds and candles.

I led the way, carrying a lanthorn. On our arrival at the ancient fabric we perceived, close to the entrance, a staircase, which we ascended. A spacious hall presented itself to our view at the top of it; the walls were decorated with

worm-eaten half decayed pictures, and on both sides of the hall were doors which led to the apartments. Having examined them, we made choice of that which was to the left, because it was nearest to the staircase. Our beds were laid on the floor, and two candles placed on an old worm-eaten table. As soon as I had sent away my servant, whose whole frame quivered with fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, with the man of our kind host, I bolted the door carefully, putting a loaded pistol on each side of my couch; my tutor unsheathed his sword, and thus armed, we

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terrible darkness veiled every object around; the vivid lightning affording me only now and then a peep at the fields surrounding the castle: no sound was heard, but the distant rolling of the thunder, and the doleful dirge of the solitary owl. A strange sensation, which I cannot describe, thrilled my whole frame. I shut the window, and went to the bed of my tutor, who was fast asleep. As I was thus standing by his bed-side, I heard something rustle before the door. I started, ran towards it, but found it strongly bolted. The chilly vapours of the night, I had inhaled at the window, had left behind a very disagreeable sensation, accompanied by a kind of shivering, and I laid myself down again. A little while after the harbinger of rest touched my eyes with his leaden wand, and I was soon fast asleep. However I awoke just when the clock was striking twelve, and the last sound had scarcely reached my ears, when a dreadful noise arose which seemed to approach the room.

At length somebody knocked at the door. I got up without uttering a

and took hold of my pistols. After a long pause, it knocked a second time. I asked my tutor in a whisper, whether he had heard it? but received no answer. Now it knocked a third time; the door burst open with a thundering noise, and a frightful figure entered the room, directing its course towards me. Two fiery eyes, darting flashes of lightning at me, a voice like the roaring of a lion, joined with the clashing of chains, which the tall emaciated figure wore, would have been sufficient to dismay courage itself. However I was

appearance in the dark made my blood run chill, and every hair stand on end, his whole body seeming to be encased in fire. At the same time a most tremendous noise arose over our room, doleful groans and lamentations assailed my ear, and I swooned away.

The spectre had retired, and the candles were burning again, when I recovered the use of my senses. Although I had been handled so roughly, that I scarcely could move, yet I endeavoured to creep to the spot where my tutor was stretched out, to all appearance, a lifeless corpse. Good God! how I was shocked, when I saw him as pale as ashes and disfigured with blood. After many fruitless endeavours to recall him to life, I succeeded at last. He spoke little, and what he said was hardly audible. I intended to watch by his bed side, till the dawn of day should enable us to leave that residence of horror; however I found it impossible; I grew so faint, that I was obliged to lie down after I had bolted the door.

I now began to *muse on the apparition,* and when reason began to recover her

sway, I was ashamed of my cowardly behaviour, and determined to follow the spectre if it should appear once more, which it soon did. The groans and lamentations and the thundering noise over our head were renewed; the door was burst open, and I treated as cruelly as on the first visit of the spectre. However I preserved my whole recollection, and when my terrible visitor retired, pursued him on tip-toe, armed with sword and pistol, which I could do so much easier, as the gloomy light it emitted showed me the

much hesitation endeavoured to reach the bottom of the passage; but how great was my terror, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and I sunk down into a deep vault. My pistol went off with a tremendous noise, and I found that I was lying on a heap of hay and straw. Before I could get upon my legs, four masked men in black appeared with torches in their hands, calling to me in a thundering accent, how I dared to intrude where no visitors were admitted? At the same time they laid hold of me, and dragged me forcibly after them. Having passed many subterraneous passages and concealed stair-cases, my conductor stopped suddenly and pulled a bell. In an instant a massy folding door burst open, and I entered a hall, illuminated by a number of torches, where I beheld at a long table twelve masked persons, the deportment of whom bespoke the superiority of their rank.

He who was seated at the head of the table, addressed me with a commanding voice: "Unhappy wretch! what has tempt-

" ed thee to visit this castle? Couldst thou

“ not think that thy rashness will cost thee
“ thy life? Make thy peace with God, for
“ thou must die without mercy!” “ How,
“ —I replied—die? Well, then I vow,
“ my death shall cost you dear!” So
saying, I grasped my sword, however they
told me to desist from such childish
pranks, and disarmed and carried me to a
dark chamber.

The horrid spectre of a violent death
stared me in the face, and a chilly tremor
shook my whole frame. But what affected
me more than the impending loss of my
life, was the idea of what would be

Some were of opinion, it would be best to dispatch me without ceremony; however one of the dread assembly, more humane than the rest, proposed to examine me strictly, before sentence should be pronounced against me. His advice was adopted, and I summoned to appear before the awful assembly. "What has brought you to this castle?" their chief began—"concealing the truth will avail you nothing; however, a sincere confession may perhaps save your life. For what reason did you come to the castle?"

"I have been tempted by curiosity," I replied; "having been told, that bad spirits resided here, I was desirous to get acquainted with them."

"Who has told you so?"

"The priest of the village, who will confirm the truth of my assertion, if you will question him."

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am the only son of a rich grandec. Do you hear! the *only* son. If you are no strangers to pity, consider, what a
"deadly

“ deadly wound you will inflict upon the heart of my father by assassinating me.”

“ Where do you come from?”

“ From Estremadura, my native town.”

“ Whither did you mean to travel?”

“ I was going to visit the principal towns of Europe.”

“ Where did you intend to stop first?”

I named the town.

“ What is your name?”

When I pronounced my name, he started up, but instantly retook his seat.

“ What is your name?” he inquired

turned the same answers. He was ordered to retire, and a long consultation began; it was however carried on in so low an accent, that I could hear nothing distinctly.

After a few minutes, we were summoned again to appear before the dreadful council, and heard, to our unspeakable joy, that we should be set at liberty, if we would swear a solemn oath, never to reveal what we had seen and heard, and to relate a fictitious tale of horror to our host. This done, we were re-conducted by four persons to the passage, where we were left to ourselves.

“ How fortunate it was (said my tutor, “ when our conductors had left us,) that “ you did not swerve from truth when “ you was examined; a single falsehood “ would have cost us our life. Your veracity has saved us.”

“ If I am not mistaken, we also owe “ something to my name.”

“ To your name?”

“ Certainly! for when I pronounced “ it, I perceived, that my examiner was “ seized

“ seized with a sudden emotion. He
“ started up and asked me twice. I plainly
“ perceived that it produced a strong
“ effect on his mind.”

“ You may be right (said my tutor) but
“ however that may be, we ought to thank
“ Providence for our happy deliverance.”

I begged his pardon for having endangered his life, and caused him so many cruel blows through my youthful rashness and disobedience; however he assured me, that he was not in the least angry with me, and that he felt no pain at all, except a

that the people of our kind host were risen, we went to bid a good morning to the hospitable priest, and related as much of our nocturnal adventure as we could without violating our promise. The worthy ecclesiastic blessed and crossed himself when he heard our narrative of the events of that fatal night, which we took care to represent with additional horrors. After breakfast we thanked him for his hospitality, making him a present for the beds we had left at the castle, and continued our journey, which we commenced as cheerful as it could be expected, considering the poignant pain I still felt in every part of my body, and the head-ache of my tutor.

We met with no farther adventure on the first day, but at the close of the second were surpris'd by a very odd incident. Within two hours distance from the town, whither we were travelling, we saw a lame beggar coming directly towards us from a wood which we were passing. He called to the coachman to stop a little; however, he did not mind it, but drove on. In less than

than a few minutes the beggar was at the window of our coach, entreating my tutor to give him something. We ordered the coachman to stop, at the same time staring at each other with astonishment, because the beggar was dressed in a most whimsical manner. His motley coat was composed of numberless rags which scarcely kept together; his waistcoat, which reached down to his knees, was of blue satin and richly embroidered; and the remaining part of his body was naked. His snow-white beard floating down his breast

trunk. "No!" replied the beggar, "I want the shoes and stockings you wear." "Has there ever been heard any thing of that kind?" said my tutor to me. "Be gone, insolent wretch! do you mean to make your game of us?" The beggar stuck close to the coach window, exclaiming, "and if you kill me, my lord, I will not leave you before you have granted my prayer." This insolent obstinacy raised the anger of my companion, and thinking to frighten him away, he took one of his pistols, offering to shoot him. "Fire at me," said he fearless, "if you are mean enough to shed the blood of a fellow creature for the sake of a paltry pair of shoes and stockings." My tutor stared at him. "If thou art determined to have my shoes and stockings, then no choice is left me, but to grant thy prayers." So saying, he began to pull them off. The beggar seeing this, came to the other side of the coach, and begged very humbly to have my breeches and coat. "Indeed! this is too bad!" I exclaimed; "go out of my sight, *else* I will chastise thee

“ thee for thy insolence.” He stared at me awhile, with dreadful looks, and then raised a laugh which frightened me.—“ How will this end?” said my tutor to me, ordering the coachman to drive on. However the horses had not advanced three steps, when the beggar fellie forth, and brought one of them to the ground by a violent stroke with one of his crutches. My tutor grew pale. “ I am sorry,” said the beggar, after a short pause, “ that you force me by your obstinacy to act thus; be so kind to

“ the town, and then I beg the favour
 “ of you to meet me here next Friday
 “ against sun-set.” So saying, he bowed
 and left us, disappearing in the adjacent
 wood.

Meanwhile our horse had recovered, and we continued our journey with all possible speed, lest a new adventure might interrupt us once more. “ What do you
 “ think of that strange being?” said I, after a long silence which had reigned in our carriage. “ I do not know what to
 “ think of him,” he replied, “ he either
 “ must be——but, pray, have you taken
 “ the money out of your breeches? 300
 “ ducats and two rings set with diamonds,
 “ would indeed have been a fine gift!” So saying, I put my hand mechanically in my pocket, but how great was my terror, when I found the apprehension of my tutor verified. “ What is the matter?” said he with marks of astonishment. “ All
 “ is gone!” I exclaimed, in a rueful accent. “ Gone! impossible!” He ordered the coachman to stop, and assisted me in searching *my pockets*. “ Pray get
 “ up

“ up a little, if you please !” I got up but all my searches were fruitless ; we drove back to the spot where we had been stopped, but neither ring nor money could be found. “ Very strange !” exclaimed my tutor, as we returned ; “ are you sure you have taken it out of the pocket ?” “ As sure as I am alive ! this is more than pocket picking, it must be forcery.” “ I should think, if any thing of that kind was possible.”

“ The appearance of the fellow was at least strange enough,” my tutor replied “ and there certainly exists a kind of fo

“Vain hope!”

“Not so vain as you think. Did he not say himself that he wants neither silver nor gold?”

“Mere pretext! why has he then pilfered my money?”

“For fun, and to laugh at our expence, and perhaps to punish us a little for having refused at first to grant his prayer. And even if my argument should prove erroneous, you cannot but confess, that a man in whose power we were, has behaved very handsome, since he has been satisfied with your purse and not also taken our papers.”

“Pray be so kind as to look after them!”

He put his hand into his pocket, but the word he was going to utter died on his lips. After a long pause of horror, he said with a forced equanimity, pale and trembling; “No! Mr. Sorcerer, you have carried your sport too far!”

“What is the matter?” said I, frightened.

“O that I could keep it from your knowledge! the papers are gone!”

“Gone?”

“Gone?” I exclaimed, starting up from my seat. “Pray examine your pockets!”

He searched, but could find nothing, except his purse with 40 ducats. This was now all our remaining wealth; and yet we were glad that we had not lost this little sum too.

This new accident gave rise to so many remarks, consultations and schemes, that we entered the gate of the town before we had time to fix where we should stay the night. The coachman stopped. “Where are we?” I exclaimed. He named the very hotel, against which the beggar had warned us. “Go on coachman!” exclaimed

Having slept some hours, I awoke suddenly, and felt as if somebody was stopping my mouth and nose. I panted for breath, and inhaled a suffocating smoke, which made me jump out of the bed. The night-lamp was extinguished, and I perceived a faint grisly glimmer in my room; at the same time a confused noise from the street assailed my ears, and the bells were ringing. I hurried to the window and was almost petrified by the dreadful sight my eyes beheld; exclaiming in an accent of horror and despair, "Fire! fire!" my servant and tutor started up at the same time. The whole house was in a flame, and every means of effecting our escape seemed to be cut off; the universal consternation of the people of the house having prevented them from rousing us. We hurried on our cloaths, took up our trunk, and saved ourselves with much difficulty, half naked and terribly singed.

The spectators raised a loud shout as we were rushing through the flames, and now we perceived first the whole extent of the dangers which had surrounded us.

THE VICTIM OF

Having recovered a little from my sudden terror, I recollected that I had left behind a picture of my deceased mother, which was set with diamonds. This loss was insupportable to me, and I was going to return in order to save it. "Whither are you going?" my tutor exclaimed. I told it him. "Are you mad?" said he, keeping me back by the arm. "Will you I abandon my rash design with great reluctance, and look at the dreadful spectacle which was displaying before our eyes. Before eight minutes were elapsed, I fastening out of our window, and the flame

without crutches, clad in a garment of coarse cloth, his white beard fringed, and his hair concealed under a monk's hood. He looked at me with great seriousness, and asked, "Why did you not follow my advice? have I not desired you not to stop at this hotel? Here is what you wanted." It was the picture of my mother! I scarcely could believe my eyes, and gazed at it with astonishment for some moments. "Stop!" I exclaimed at length, stretching out my arm—"What do you want?" a stranger said, whom I had taken hold of. Perceiving my mistake, I enquired all around what was become of the man who had given me that picture; but all my enquiries were fruitless. He was gone, and no one knew whither. I looked around as far as I could see, assisted by the light which the fire was spreading over a great extent of ground; but he was nowhere to be seen. "Come," said I to my tutor, "we will go in search of him." "In such a crowd?" he replied. "Do you think you will be able to find him among such a throng of people? Let

“ us rather go with our trunk to another
“ hotel, for I can no longer stand this
“ shocking sight.” I easily consented to
his proposal.

It struck four o'clock before we could
find another lodging. My tutor was mea-
suring the room with hasty strides, and I
looking out of the window, lost in pro-
found meditation. At length I broke the
silence. “ What a strange being is this,”
said I, “ who has begged alms on the
“ road, refused to accept money, and de-
“ manded part of our wearing-apparel,
“ who has struck to the ground one of our

if he had pretended to want neither fil

* that man." So saying, he wished me a good night and went to bed. I followed his example, but could not get rid of the idea of that strange extraordinary being. He had made so deep an impression upon me, that he haunted me in my dreams, and was the first object of my meditations when I awoke.

The first visit I intended to pay in the forenoon, was to Count San**, an intimate friend of my father. The latter having given me some oral commissions of great importance concerning the Count, I hastened as much as possible to acquit myself of my trust. However, I came too late, for when I wanted to be admitted to him, I was informed that he had died suddenly, two hours before. Surprized at this unexpected news, I went home to inform my father of it by a letter; the answer to which is extraordinary enough to deserve a place in my memoirs. The following is a faithful copy of this singular letter.

“ Peace be with Count San **’s soul!
“ Although you have sent me the earliest
“ information of his death, my dear son,
“ yet it was nothing new to me when I
“ received it. You scarcely will credit
“ it, if I tell you that his death was made
“ known to me as soon as he expired; and
“ you will be surpris’d when I name you
“ the messenger that brought me that in-
“ telligence. It was the deceased him-
“ self, who informed me of his death.
“ Whatever your ideas may be when you
“ read this, do not doubt the veracity of
“ your father. I have seen him, face to

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“ my sleep at six o'clock, but I saw no-
“ body. Two minutes after, it was re-
“ peated, and thinking it was my valet
“ who had to tell me something very
“ important, I exclaimed, Come in!
“ when, to my utter astonishment, Count
“ San** entered my room with slow and
“ solemn steps. His face was deadly wan,
“ his look like that of a dying man,
“ ghastly staring. He came to my bed,
“ pressed my hand silently and went away.
“ ‘ Friend!’ I exclaimed, ‘ is this your
“ last farewell on this side the grave?’
“ He turned round, nodded with his head,
“ and disappeared. ‘ I thank thee!’ I
“ exclaimed, ‘ thou hast kept thy pro-
“ mise. Oftentimes hast thou maintain-
“ ed, that friendship lasts beyond the
“ grave, and that the icy hand of death
“ cannot dissolve her holy bonds. Thou
“ hast given me a proof of it, which I never
“ shall forget. Peace! peace be with
“ thy soul, my faithful friend.’

“ Since that time, life has no charms
“ for me. The only object which still
“ joins me to it, art thou, my son! Be
“ wise

“ wise and virtuous, and never let me
“ hear that thou hast strayed from the path
“ of religion and honesty. It certainly
“ would hurry to the grave thy affec-
“ tionate

“ FATHER.”

This letter surpris'd me to the utmost degree, because I had always known my father to be of a philosophic turn of mind, and nothing less than a credulous fanatic. I shew'd it to my tutor, and begged him to give me his opinion upon it. He return'd it me with the following words : “ The

where we were to meet the mysterious beggar. We were well provided with arms, and waited with impatience the arrival of that strange being. He came from the adjacent wood at the appointed hour, and in the same odd dress in which we had seen him first, beckoning to us to follow him. My tutor seemed to hesitate.—“Let us follow him, said I, we are three against one, and well armed; what have we to fear?” He beckoned a second time.—“But if he should be a villain,” my tutor replied, “do you know how many of his associates may be concealed behind the bushes?” “Never mind, we shall find work enough for them!” He beckoned a third time. “Come, come!” said I, pulling my tutor after me, who seemed to follow reluctantly.

When he saw us advance, he went deeper into the wood. He uttered not a word, but looking back now and then, gave us a signal with his hand to follow him. The farther we advanced, the more he quickened his steps. What at first

fight had appeared to us to be a small wood, extended itself by degrees into an immense forest, which grew more and more impenetrable and intricate. We observed, that he did not walk in a straight line, but in a serpentine direction. The darkness encreased when we had walked about half an hour. My tutor stopped suddenly. "Stay!" he exclaimed, "stay, good friend, and tell us what thou wantest; we shall not proceed any farther!" However, he went on without returning an answer, beckoning at the same time to us to follow him.

"No! no!" I exclaimed, "thou shalt

the fleetness of a hunted deer. I also ran as fast as it was in my power, but soon perceived that he surpassed me very much in nimbleness. He possessed a wonderful dexterity in getting through the bushes and underwood, which impeded my course every moment. Oftentimes, when I fancied I had overtaken him, he disappeared suddenly, and having searched for him in vain a considerable time, he shewed himself again at a great distance on the opposite side. Now we had reached an open spot, and looking back after my companions, whom I had entirely forgotten in the heat of the race, I saw my old tutor, who with my servant had attempted in vain to follow me, stretching out his hands to me, and was just going to return, when my man suddenly fell down, without being able to get upon his legs again. Seeing this, I darted to the place where he was struggling to get up, and was only one step distant from him, when he started up, and threw himself into the adjacent bushes. I pursued him with the impetuosity of a hunt-

man, who thinks to be sure of his game, which I thought was my case, because the beggar was almost within the reach of my hand, and hobbled very much since his fall. However, I found myself utterly disappointed. I lost suddenly sight of him, and forcing my way through the bushes, saw him sitting on the grass at a great distance. He offered not to stir till I was only three paces distant from it, when he once more got up, pursuing the race through the forest with incredible velocity, still hobbling very much. It now began to grow extremely dark, and looking back, I could see none of my

ever, it miscarried like the former ones. He had disengaged himself before I could come up with him, and began again to run. But now he could not escape me so easily, his fiery mantle serving me as a guide. I had indeed taken hold of him several times, however, he always effected his escape with wonderful facility, and at last disappeared with his mantle. I waited a long time, flattering myself to see him once more—however I waited in vain.

The darkness of the night swayed all around, the faint rays of the moon peeping only now and then through the thick branches of the trees, which rather increased than diminished the gloominess of the scene. I had been hurried along as if in a trance, and now first recovered again the proper use of my reason. "Where am I?" was my first word, "What have I done?" However, the hope that my companions could not be far off, gave me some comfort. I went back, shouting and hallowing as loud as I could, but no answer was returned. I heard
nothing

ried up with the haste of one who is pursued by a robber with a naked sword, and having advanced a few steps, found myself at the gate of a castle. However, I perceived at the same time to my greatest terror, that the howling and roaring was coming nearer and nearer, and fancied I saw some wild beasts not far off. I knocked violently at the castle gate. "Who is there?" somebody, whom I could not see, snarled with a rough voice from above. "For God's sake," exclaimed I, "open quickly the gate to a man who has lost his way in the forest, and is pursued by wild beasts!" No answer was returned

MAGICAL DELUSION. 43

Perceiving that my retreat was cut off, I bade defiance to my fate, and resolved to meet the worst as a man. The icy hand was drawn back, when I had advanced a few steps. I stopped, to wait till it should again lay hold of me and lead me farther; but I waited in vain. "Good friend!" said I, at length, "will you conduct me to the master of the house? — But no answer ensued. I groped around, expecting to find my guide, whom I fancied to be near me, but he was gone. Although I listened with the greatest attention, yet I could not hear the most distant sound, not a foot-step through the whole building. Not a single ray of light broke through the dismal darkness which surrounded me, and I proceeded with extended arms. Having advanced about thirty steps, I felt some resistance; I examined with my hand, but it suddenly hurried back; I attempted once more to thrust out my hand, and staggered back, when like the first time, I felt a heap of dirt and bones. Horror and a chilling terror shook my whole frame. I was almost paralysed.

trified. The awful stillness which surrounded me was still uninterrupted.

I was fixed to the ground, wildly staring through the impenetrable darkness. At length I heard a hollow broken sound, at a great distance. I listened attentively. After a long pause, it vibrated in my ear a second time. The idea that I had nothing more to lose, and that every means of effecting my escape from that residence of horror were cut off, entirely subdued my fear, and prompted me to follow that sound. I staggered with fearful steps along the wall, which led me to a

ceeded, and found with unspeakable horror, that it was bottomless. The hollow dismal sound struck my ear again, from a small distance. I shuddered violently, and staggered onward. Every thing was lonely and silent all around. I came to a second stair case, ascended seven steps, and then descended as many, when my eyes suddenly beheld a faint glimmer of light, which seemed to emerge from below, at a great distance. Coming nearer, I observed that I was standing on the brink of a deep abyss, from which the glimmer broke forth. An old half rotten staircase led down. I resolved to risk every thing, and pulling off my shoes in order to avoid making a noise, began to descend. When I came to the eighth step, I heard the hollow sound again: I stopped a minute, and then went on with returning courage. When I had reached the middle, the light suddenly disappeared, and impenetrable darkness surrounded me once more. I stopped and began to consider what I should do, when a stone got loose beneath my feet, rolling down with a terrible noise
against

against the door of the vault. "Who disturbs my rest?" the hollow, well known voice exclaimed. Terror sealed my lips, and I was rivetted to the ground in dread expectation. The door of the vault opened slowly, and a pale white figure appeared, with a candle in one hand. It advanced two steps, lifted up one hand in a menacing manner, and disappeared. My senses were left in anxious dread, my blood congealed within my veins.

I do not know how I got up the steps, Having recovered a little the use of my senses, I perceived that I was on a way quite different from that which I came, and

“bright and sharp,” replied another voice, “his blood shall flow abundantly.” With these words the door burst open. Horror and despair winged my steps. I flew down the staircase, when I was suddenly stopt by the ice-cold hand which I had felt on my entrance in that abode of terror. My senses fled, and I dropped down.

. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a splendid room, and a girl with two servants were sitting by my bed-side, chafing my temples. “Where am I?” were the first sounds I uttered. They assured me I was in good hands, and on my farther inquiries to whom the house belonged, I was informed it was the property of the Countess of Darbis, who would be glad to see me the next morning. An excellent supper was soon after placed on the table, and the servants retired when I had finished my meal.

When left to myself, I began to muse on the adventures of that eventful and alarming evening. A thousand ideas crowded upon my imagination, and I
could

could not find a clue to extricate myself from the mazes of wonder and astonishment in which I was lost. "In whose power am I at present? what will become of me?" These, and similar ideas, lay heavy on my heart. I was impatient to have the mystery of my situation unfolded, and yet dreaded that period. Hope and fear crowded alternately upon my soul, and thus I fell at length asleep, overcome by fatigue of body and mind.

I awoke at ten o'clock in the morning, and after breakfast, was ushered in to the lady of the castle. Where shall I find words to describe the sensations which vic-

nance more striking and enchanting than her's. So much gentleness and expression, so much beauty and grandeur I never beheld in a female face. A melancholy trait, which mingled with the brilliancy of her exquisite charms, gave her beauty additional attractive power. But I blush at the weak picture I have drawn, and candidly confess, that it is far beneath the unparalleled original. After a long pause of wonder and astonishment, I said something in a faltering accent, which was to be an excuse for my intruding visit. She could not but observe the confusion in which the sight of her had thrown me; however, she bade me welcome to her castle, in very good French, and begged me to be seated.

Her kindness dispelled my perplexity, and gave me new courage. I related my adventures candidly. She was seized with astonishment, and could not comprehend the mystery of my rencontre with the beggar. I confessed that I also could not unfold it, when her valet entered the room
with

“ you are in the power of a man whom
 “ you cannot escape.—Who has brought
 “ the letter ?”

The valet smiled. “ I never have seen
 “ a dress so whimsical as that of the mes-
 “ senger.” Imagine to yourself, my lady, a
 man with a motley coat composed of a
 thousand rags, a beautiful satin waistcoat
 richly embroidered, a snow-white beard,
 black hair—

“ Make haste, my friend, make haste to
 “ stop him !” I exclaimed, “ don’t let
 “ him go.—Where is he?—I will see
 “ him.”

“ It is too late, my Lord! he went away
 “ as soon as he had delivered the box and
 “ the letter.”

The Countess ordered her servant to
 pursue him without delay, and to bring
 him back if possible. The valet promised
 to do his utmost, and rushed out of the
 apartment.

“ My Lady !” said I, squeezing the hand
 of my charming hostess, “ I would give
 “ any thing if I could speak with that
 “ man. O! if you could procure me that
 “ happiness !”

“ in the prime of life—(here a pearly
“ tear stole from her large blue eye)—he
“ has taken with him to the grave what-
“ ever could have made life dear to
“ me.”

When the sweet mourner was thus lamenting her unhappy fate, a terrible noise arose in the castle, the door of our apartment opened, and three stout fellows brought the beggar tied with cords into the closet.

“ What crime have I committed (he
“ exclaimed with a terrible look as he
“ entered the apartment) that you suffer

of his guard, tore the cords asunder, threw one of his keepers to the ground, and rushed into the adjoining room.

“There he will not escape us,” said the Countess as I was flying after him, “fear nothing, the room is well secured.”

He had bolted the door from within. I burst it violently open, looking eagerly around, but it was empty. “Where can he be?” I exclaimed, examining every corner with anxious looks. However all my searches were fruitless, not a single trace of the stranger was seen. I was struck with dumb astonishment, gazing wildly at the company.

A scream of the Countess roused me from my astonishment. She was as pale as ashes, and sunk lifeless in my arms.

This accident would certainly have alarmed me very much at any other time ; but at present the stranger engaged my whole attention, and made me regardless to any other object. When I recovered the use of my senses, and the Countess from her fainting fit, we were staring at each other with silent wonder for some

D 3 minutes.

minutes. At length she ordered her people to retire.

“ Was it a dream or an apparition ?” she exclaimed when left to ourselves.

“ It was no dream, my Lady !”

“ Then the stranger has really disappeared ?”

“ So it seems.”

She shuddered violently.

“ Gracious Heaven ! how is it possible ?” she resumed, after a long pause of horror.

“ But pray, my Lady, is there no secret side door, through which the stran-

“top to toe) now I also do not know
“what to think.”

The Countess grew more and more gloomy and serious. She seemed to revolve something important in her mind, and after some minutes of speechless meditation, fell on her knees folding her hands.

Every sense of mine was lost in anxious expectation and astonishment. “Unknown, mysterious being!” she exclaimed, with evident marks of solemn awe, “if thou art still hovering around us, invisible to mortal eyes, O! then hear the prayers of an unhappy woman! To thee, at whose dread command obey the secret powers of nature, I address myself, for mortal men cannot alleviate my sufferings. If thou canst open the iron gates of death, and recall to life his victims, then let me see once more a beloved husband, who has been torn from my arms in a horrid cruel manner, that I may press him once more to my faithful heart, and bid him a last farewell!”

I was thrilled with strange sensations at this prayer.

The Countess still was kneeling, with folded hands, and seemed violently agitated. Tears of anguish bedewed her lovely face, and she resumed groaning: “ O! if my lamentations and sighs can reach thy ear, if the sufferings of a hapless being can move thy heart with pity, let me behold once more the darling of my heart. I do not request the inexorable fate to grant me the bliss of having my dear unhappy William restored for ever to these arms. All that

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Countess stared wildly at me, for minutes, and at once started suddenly grasping my hand as if in a trance. "Do you hear?" exclaimed she, with a wild joy. "Do you hear? I shall see him again. My prayers are heard. My dear William once more to my fond bosom, shall hear once more the harmony of his voice. O! happy, happy, wished for meeting!" Then she began to measure the room with hasty steps, exclaiming ever and anon, "I see once more my dear, my adored William, and bid him an eternal adieu." Her feelings almost overpowered me; I could not stand any longer that affecting scene and left the room. She was close to my ears, and conjured me to keep the secret, and not to drop a word of the appointed meeting in the presence of her servants, which I readily promised. "This day," added she "shall be a day of rejoicing. Excuse the violence of my emotions—I cannot resist the powerful effects of sensations which I have long been a stranger to.

“ —Will you be so kind to share with me
“ the joys of this day?” “ I am very for-
“ ry,” I replied, “ that it is not in my
“ power to accept your kind offer; but you
“ know, my Lady, that my worthy tutor
“ is still ignorant of my fate; and you can
“ easily think that the good old man will
“ expect my return with painful anxiety.”
She could not contest the justness of my
remark; insisted however upon my stay-
ing dinner. No other choice was left me,
but to accept her pressing invitation. The
dinner was excellent, and the Countess
so lively and good humoured, that the
servants were surpris'd, and began to

childish fears. The cold hand belonged to the phlegmatic porter, and perhaps it appeared then colder to me than it really was, because I was very much heated. He had drawn his hand suddenly back, because I trembled violently, and struggled to disengage myself. He had not answered my question, because I had asked it with a faltering voice, and left me to light the candle which the wind had extinguished. My staggering steps had led me to a remote part of the house, where the Countess had erected a kind of mausoleum to her deceased Lord; and my hand had touched the skulls and human bones it was decorated with. The groans and sighs, which I had heard, came from an old poor woman, who had a violent tooth-ache. When the stone rolled down, she went out of the cellar, where she was suffered to lie, to see who was there; she threatened me with her hand, and went back, because she mistook me for one of the servants, and fancied the stone had been thrown down on purpose to frighten her. The door which had led me to the bottom-

left room, belonged to an old cellar, where the steps had been destroyed by the ravages of time, and which the servants had left open out of carelessness. The room on the spiral staircase, where I had broken the glass-pane, was inhabited by the cook and butler. Their discourse, part of which I had overheard, concerned a hog, which was to be killed the next day. When I was hurrying down the staircase, the porter received me in his arms, being afraid I might tumble down, and carried me, during my swoon, to the apartment where I recovered the use of my senses. I was ashamed that this accidental concurrence

I gave a ducat to the servant of the Countess, who had been sent with me to show me the way, for his trouble; as I pretended; however my real view was to bribe him to a confession, my curiosity of receiving a satisfactory information of the circumstances, and the life of the Countess, being harrowed up to the utmost degree; but I was very much disappointed.

“ All that I know of my Lady (said
“ he) is very little, because I have not
“ been long in her service. She came
“ about three months ago to this castle,
“ with an old gentleman whom she called
“ uncle, and a servant, who departed as
“ soon as she was properly settled. She
“ leads a very retired and blameless life,
“ is said to have been married in her nine-
“ teenth year to an amiable nobleman,
“ who three years after his marriage had
“ been assassinated, nobody knows by
“ whom? She has lamented her poor
“ Lord these two years, and never re-
“ ceives company. No one can tell
“ where she comes from; she is supposed
“ to be very rich, and of a great and noble

ble family. Many people think that the name by which she goes is fictitious."

I asked him whether he knew nothing further of her?


"Not a syllable (answered he, after a short silence) except that she is the best lady on earth, has an excellent heart, and performs many charitable deeds in secret. She sends, for instance, every week one of us in disguise to town, to inquire for people who have been reduced by unmerited misfortunes, and to administer relief to them. But we must carefully conceal from those objects of her benevolence the name of

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vernor with as much rapture to my heart as if I had not seen him many years. The first emotions of joy being over, I sent the servant of the Countess back, and ordered my valet to follow him at a distance. Then I related to my tutor at large, the adventures I had met with since our separation. His countenance bespoke alternately anxiety, joy and astonishment, while I was relating my extraordinary tale, at the conclusion of which he pressed me to his bosom with a father's tenderness, exclaiming with tears of pleasure in his eyes. "Thank God! thank God! that you are restored to me!—But ought I not to chide you a little (added he smiling) for all the uneasiness and sorrow I have suffered on your account. The danger in which my life has been I will not mention, for that you could not foresee." "Your life in danger?" I exclaimed, terrified. "The servant can witness it!" he replied, calling our man. Now I first perceived that the poor fellow was very much wounded in his face. "For heaven's sake! what has happened?" "Let me tell you
" the

“ the story from the beginning,” said my tutor.

“ I was running after you yesterday, as long as my legs would carry me, but when I sunk to the ground, overpowered by fatigue, I ordered the servant to follow you. He returned when it was waxing dark, with the intelligence that he had lost sight of you, and not been able to trace you out. Not knowing our way back, we were obliged to resolve to sleep in the forest. We laid ourselves down beneath an ancient oak, and soon fell asleep in spite of the roaring tempest.” I interrupted him: “ have you also heard the roaring and howling of wild beasts ?”



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"The dawn of morn'g was breaking
"through the clouds when I awakened
"the servant. I was determined to go
"in search of you. happen what would.
"Having advanced about half a mile,
"two ruffians rushed out of a thicket,
"and soon were joined by four more.
"We were surrounded in a moment.
"Their countenance betokened thirst for
"blood and murder, and their daggers
"were unsheathed in a twinkling of an
"eye. 'Here is money,' I exclaimed,
"Spare our life.' 'Down with the
"rascals!' exclaimed their savage-look-
"ing leader, snatching the purse from
"my hand, and at the same time attack-
"ed me with his ruffian band in a most
"furious manner. The daggers of our
"aggressor were chiefly pointed at me.
"I defended myself with unspcakable fu-
"ry; however, my rage would have
"availed me very little against the united
"strength of six stout fellows who fought
"with undaunted ardour, if Pietro had
"not supported me so bravely. His
"zeal in saving my life made him forget
"his

“ ring, if she could procure me an interview with the mysterious beggar ; she sent her people after him ; he appeared and the ring was gone.”

“ What an enormous extravagance!— And she accepted it ?”

“ She refused it at first, and even seemed offended at my offer ; however, my pride being wounded, I pressed her so long and so ardently, 'till she at length yielded to my importunate prayers.”

“ Well then,” said she, “ I will accept the ring, and wear it in memory of the man who has been the chief means to

MAGICAL DELUSION. 69

distance was walking up and down with hasty strides between two rows of trees—now prostrated himself to the ground, and now jumped up again, walking to and fro. The spot where we were was in a remote part of the suburbs. The sun was descending behind the distant mountains. We stopped and looked at that strange spectacle. At length we advanced nearer with gentle steps. He prostrated himself again, beating the ground three times. "Give me back the dead, I must speak to her!" he exclaimed. On taking a nearer view of that man, I beheld a living skeleton with an ash-pale face and staring looks, who hastily started up when he perceived us.

"What are you doing here, good friend?" my tutor enquired. He stared wildly at us, and after a pause of dumb agony, exclaimed at last with a deep groan: "O that eternity keeps her booty so fast!" "Let us be gone (my tutor whispered in my ear) the fellow seems to be out of his wits." We went.

Twilight was just setting in, and we had not proceeded twelve steps, when we heard

heard somebody exclaiming behind us :
“ Come up, barbarous mother ! come up
“ from Beelzebub’s realms, assume the form
“ in which I saw thee last ! come up ! I
“ only want to speak a few words to thee,
“ and then thou mayst return again to
“ Hell !”

We stopped, seized with astonishment.

“ This is a strange conjuration, (said my
tutor) let us return.”

He had not pronounced the last word
when a man passed us, walking with hasty
steps towards the conjuror, and enquiring
with apparent anxiety : “ Have you seen

“you, if I were to relate some of her vil-
“lanies. However, fate ordained that
“she should be her own executioner. She
“hanged herself some days ago, while my
“friend was gone out, and concluded her
“life with a most horrid deed. The only
“object which reconciled my friend to
“his adverse fortune, the only comfort of
“his life, was a little girl who was entire-
“ly the reverse of her mother. The lat-
“ter knew that he doated on the child,
“and was determined to strike his heart
“a deadly wound. The unhappy child
“has not been seen since her unnatural
“mother’s death. Whether she is yet
“alive, or has been made away with by
“the infernal woman, is an impenetrable
“mystery ; all our enquiries have been
“fruitless ; not even a vestige of the lit-
“tle girl has been traced out as yet, and
“my friend begins to despair.”

“But, pray Sir, what is the meaning of
“the conjuration you was just now per-
“forming, (asked his comrade, who had
“joined us) and why did you conjure her
“here?”

“Having

“ Having made away with herself,”
replied, “ she could not be interred in t
“ church-yard, and has been buri
“ here. I was going to raise up her spir
“ to learn what was become of my daug
“ ter.”

“ I pity you, poor man, but if y
“ fancy a conjuration will procure y
“ that intelligence, you may go ho
“ without troubling yourself any farther
“ in vain, for nobody did ever retu
“ from the world beyond the grave.”

“ Excuse me, Sir !” the conjuror :
plied with sparkling eyes, “ this wou

“ I take you at your word ! ” said I, and begged my governor to let us accept his invitation. He consented to my proposal, and we were informed on the way, that these two men were professors of the occult sciences, and that the kingdom of spirits was obedient to their command. We arrived at their house in less than half an hour, ordered our servant to await our return at the door, and were shewn up into the attic story. One of our conductors went up before us to light a candle, as he pretended. He really met us on the stair-case with a candle, shewing us into a room hung with black tapestry. He locked the door and went into a dark chamber, which he also bolted. Then the conjuror asked me in a whisper, whom I should like to have raised up. I do not know, how it came into my head to desire him to summon the spirit of Galilæus, the celebrated Italian philosopher. Having whispered his name into his ear, he promised to raise him up, and begged me to lend him my sword. He then spread a white cloth on a table which was covered

ions, he placed a large book marked with strange characters before him, and entreated us not to utter a word. Having promised to take his advice, he dashed the sword three times overhead, and drew a circle, which extended as far as the door.

My tutor was looking deliberately at the conjuror, watching all his movements with the greatest circumspection.

The necromancer seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation, and stood motionless before the table a considerable time. At once his eyes began to roll wildly in his head, and his teeth to chatter. His frame was violently shaken.

“shape!” Having pronounced these words, his mouth began to foam, his eyes to roll in his head, and his whole frame to quiver. His face grew deadly wan, and he beat his breast three times with trembling hands, when to my utter astonishment, a terrible snake darted from his bosom, cringing upon the table and encircling the skull. At once it offered to attack us, when the conjuror took hold of it. It now crept tamely up his back, he stroked it, and seemed to attend its secret commands. On a sudden it darted again at us, we ran to the door with a loud shriek; however he pulled us violently back, and bade us not to leave the circle as we valued our life. When we turned round, the snake had disappeared.

He now went to the bolted chamber door, beating seven times against it with his sword, and then started suddenly back, approaching the table whereupon the book was lying. He took it up, turning its leaves, one of which he kissed, and then seemed to pray fervently. This done, he

went again to the door, knocking silently against it one time, but jumped suddenly back into the circle, and began to tremble violently. After a short pause of horrid silence, he brandished his sword like a madman, went once more to the chamber door, and knocked eleven times against it without uttering a word. Now he drew a number of mystical characters on the table, went again to the door and knocked nine times against it with great violence. But seeing that the spirit still refused to obey his summons, he repeated his blows eleven times.

dead." A violent noise arose in the adjacent chamber, and his associate rushed out of it, prostrating himself howling upon the ground, exclaiming at the same time with a trembling voice, that he had seen the ghost of Galilæus.

I could not conceive how he could pronounce that name, because he had not heard it, and the conjuror not mentioned it, and desired to have the door of the dark chamber opened. However they refused it at first, fearing I should be frightened too much; yet when we insisted upon it, he led us to the door. Darting an impatient look into the chamber, I observed with surprise, that part of it was illuminated with a light, resembling that of the moon. When I advanced nearer, I beheld an old man wrapt in a long shroud, with a silver beard, and hollow cheeks, standing in a remote corner. Ere long he made a motion as if going to come nearer. I started back, thrilled with horror, and pulled my tutor after me, who during the whole proceeding had been very cool and attentive.

Before we left the room, I laid twelve ducats on the table, which the conjurors pretended not to observe, relying upon our oral acknowledgments, that they were rejoiced at having refuted our error, and convinced us of the possibility of apparitions from the other world.

“The latter,” said I to my tutor, when we were in the street, “will not be the case with you; or has perhaps your unbelief in apparitions also been removed?”

“No! certainly not. Are you then really convinced of your supposed error?”

“I confess my unbelief begins to give

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“ But if you will compare all the different circumstances attending the whole proceeding from the beginning to the conclusion, what can you think ?”

“ That they are a string of strange events, which, however, may easily be explained in a very natural manner.”

“ Then you believe these people to be impostors, who have cheated us after a preconcerted plan ?”

“ Nothing else ; but let us go to supper ; we will speak farther on that subject.”

“ Very likely,” began my tutor at table, “ the two conjurors went to the spot where we saw them first, in order to get money by imposing upon the credulous. The solitary spot in the suburbs was most convenient for their juggling tricks. They could not fail to attract the curiosity of an unwary passenger by their whimsical proceedings, and they had, very likely, just begun their tragedy when they saw us at a distance. The whole scheme was certainly pre-concerted, and the other associate

“ has been concealed somewhere in the
“ neighbourhood, and appeared on the
“ stage when he saw that he was wanted.
“ The doleful tale of the cruel mother,
“ is, to all appearance, a foul forgery,
“ which has been imposed upon us, in or-
“ der to give the whole a varnish of truth,
“ and to tie the knot of the play. I fore-
“ saw, as well as the conjuror, that you
“ would accept the invitation of these
“ cheats.”

“ Granted what you have been saying
“ were true, you will certainly find it dif-
“ ficult to explain the subsequent events.”

“ I hope these difficulties will not be

“ their master, appearing and disappearing
 “ whenever he likes. Or do you think the
 “ blood which trickled down from the
 “ sockets of the skull, has been the effect
 “ of supernatural means? The sight of that
 “ spectacle is indeed surprising at first
 “ view, and certainly would have had the
 “ same effect upon me, if I had not known
 “ already the trick by which it is pro-
 “ duced. The whole sorcery consists in
 “ a bladder filled with blood, which is
 “ concealed in the inside, close to the
 “ sockets, through which the blood is
 “ forced by the pressure of the snake,
 “ which winds itself around it as you have
 “ seen. Much less supernatural skill has
 “ been required to raise the dreadful noise
 “ in the adjoining chamber. The extra-
 “ ordinary light which appeared to you
 “ like moon-shine, has been effected by a
 “ magic lanthorn. The apparition itself—
 “ I blush to mention it—how easily could it
 “ be produced by optical means, or repre-
 “ sented by some fellow or other who was
 “ concealed in the chamber, if you con-
 “ sider the length of time which was taken

“ up by the preparations of the conjuror.”

“ Thus far,” I replied, “ you have explained every thing in a manner which does honour to your acuteness and sagacity ; however, there remains still one point which requires to be unfolded if all my doubts shall be dissolved.”

“ And if I could not do it, would you conclude that it cannot be explained at all in a natural manner? The only reasonable consequence would be, that I have no sufficient knowledge of juggling tricks ; for in that light, I must undoubtedly view the proceedings of men

MAGICAL DELUSION. 83

“ Is an imposition any thing less than a
“ cheating trick, because it is wrought
“ with uncommon art? But what would
“ you say if I should prove that it has
“ not been so very subtle as you fancy?
“ You maintain that the man who has been
“ concealed in the chamber during the
“ whole process, could not be informed
“ of the name you whispered in his as-
“ sociate’s ear; however, you would find
“ it difficult to prove your assertion. The
“ necromancer knew the name, and of
“ course could impart it to his assistant.
“ or do you think there exists no other
“ means of communicating one’s ideas to
“ another person, than language? I only
“ ask you whether you have not observed
“ the repeated blows which the conjuror
“ struck against the chamber door? What
“ would you say, if it should have been
“ preconcerted between them, that a cer-
“ tain number of blows should express a
“ certain letter of the alphabet? could
“ then the other not have really heard the
“ name of Galilæus?”

“ You are right, said I, after a short

consideration) "I yield to your judicious arguments."

"And yet you have forgot to make one objection which appears to me not to be the least important. If one did not know what theatrical art, and diligent application can effect, then the seriousness and varnish of truth, which the jugglers knew so well to combine with their words, gestures and actions, would indeed powerfully plead the supernatural of what we have witnessed."

"Your observation is very just. That seriousness and varnish of truth has

the ghost of *Cervantes*. Their procedure differed from that of the preceding night in nothing but the number of the blows, which betrayed the whole secret. The conjuror knocked at first three times, because the name of *Cervantes* begins with the third letter of the alphabet, then he knocked five times, to denote the letter e, and thus he proceeded till all the letters of the word *Cervantes* had been communicated to his associate. As soon as the door was opened I ran to the chamber; the spectre advanced towards me, however I faced it boldly, and observed that it bore not the least resemblance to the picture of *Cervantes*. The impostors, seeing that they were unmasked, entreated us to spare them, and confessed without hesitation, that the tale of the barbarous monster was a fiction. But one thing they refused to confess, and I would now give any thing if they had, what had induced them to play that farce.

"I am covered with shame" said I, when we were in the street, "that I preferred myself to be deceived by such miserable wretches."

Profound silence reigned in ourriage for a quarter of an hour, when tutor took the note from the Countess of his pocket and read it. I perceived he was absorbed in serious meditation.

“I am not mistaken,” he at length gan, “the Countess is to see to the ghost of her husband.”

“You are right—this is the third day she is to see him at midnight.”

“So, (fixing an examining look at me) do you guess nothing?”

“Indeed! a thought strikes me—ever—”

“Well?”—

MAGICAL DELUSION. 89

terious beggar had saved his life from the banditti, was extremely reserved in his judgment on that man, and every event in which he was concerned. All the inquiries I started on that account, either remained unanswered, or his replies were very unintelligible and mysterious. Whenever he thought he could not leave the arrangement of my conduct to my own discretion, he only gave me distant hints, and very rarely made exceptions from that rule. What has prompted him to do so, I cannot ascertain. He either had changed his opinion of him, or fancied to induce me, by acting thus, to think and to judge for myself, or perhaps meant to observe that strange being with redoubled circumspection, to investigate his proceedings secretly, in order to unfold his views and plans, and to unveil the mystery unexpectedly. In short, I am still doubtful what has prompted my tutor to act in that mysterious manner, which certainly against his wish and expectation, strengthened my belief in the power of the *Unknown* more and more every day.

We

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We got out of our carriage at the skirts of the wood leading to Darbis-castle, and ordered our coachman to be on the same spot at six o'clock in the afternoon. We were well provided with swords and pistols; however, we had no occasion for them, neither in coming nor going. We went the same way the servant of the Countess had led me three days before, and after half an hour's walk arrived at the castle.

The Countess met us at the entrance of her room with the prayer to excuse the abrupt and pressing manner of her invitation. "In addition to the desire," she ad-

MAGICAL DELUSION. 93

“Indeed” he resumed when he observed my confusion “we shall be happy to do justice to the confidence which your ladyship reposes in us!”

She begged us to be seated, addressing us in the following manner: “My Lord, I trust your noble pupil has no secrets from you, and of course will have informed you of what has happened in my house three days ago.” My tutor affirmed it. “Give me now leave to disclose to you the consequences of that incident: the trance of rapture to which the promise of the *Unknown* gave rise, and which (turning to me) continued while it was nurtured by the pleasure which your presence afforded me, that happy trance dissolved in more moderate sensations as soon as I was left to myself. However, my heart was still elated with a secret unspeakably sweet satisfaction, by the idea of meeting again my dear deceased lord. But this unclouded serenity of mind was, alas! of a very short duration. I began, by degrees, to reflect seriously on what I
“ had

“ had done, and the more I reflected, the
“ more the sweet sensations of my heart
“ were melting away, and gave room to a
“ most distressing uneasiness which increas-
“ ed every moment.

“ The desire of seeing once more my
“ dear ever-beloved lord, which till then
“ I had considered as innocent and just,
“ appeared now to me very culpable and
“ wicked, and I wished most ardently the
“ *Unknown* had not granted my prayer.
“ My conscience tormented me with most
“ painful reproaches, and my fancy
“ haunted me by day and night with dread-
“ ful phantoms. My heart was assailed

“ thoughts. O my Lords! spare me the
 “ painful task to describe the desponding
 “ state of my poor heart, which as yet has
 “ been so much the more excruciating,
 “ because I have had nobody to whom I
 “ could unbosom myself. I have not one
 “ confidential soul in this lonely solitude.
 “ No one but yourself is acquainted with
 “ the incident which has plunged me in
 “ that state of horror, and none but you
 “ is privy to the secret source of my me-
 “ lancholy, which I am so little able to
 “ conceal, that all my domestics have no-
 “ ticed it with surprize.”

Here she paused a moment, and then resumed :

“ Now you know every thing. Assist
 “ me with your friendly advice. My heart
 “ is dreadfully agitated, and my strength
 “ dwindled away. In your sagacity, in
 “ your courage, I take my last refuge.
 “ Alas! I do not know how to act, if you
 “ should refuse me your kind assistance.”

“ My lady,” my tutor replied, after a short silence, “ will you be so kind to
 “ answer me a few questions ?”

“ Ask

“ Ask whatever you will ; only advise
“ me what I shall do, and silence the dread-
“ ful storm which rages within my heart.”

“ Have you seen the unknown for the
“ first time three days ago?”

“ I have.”

“ Have you never heard any thing of
“ him?”

“ Never, in my whole life.”

“ You have desired him to let you see
“ the ghost of your departed Lord, and of
“ course must have confided in his power
“ to grant you your prayer. What reason
“ had you to do so?”

“ And why did you desire that meeting?
 “ what reason had you to wish to see the
 “ deceased once more?”

“ He has been torn from my fond bo-
 “ som in a most shocking manner; has
 “ been assassinated in a foreign country;
 “ and I wished to see him once more, in
 “ order to bid him a last adieu.”

“ Love then has prompted you to desire
 “ the apparition, a love which could not
 “ be shaken by death itself and a separa-
 “ tion of two years?—And what reason
 “ have you to apprehend your Lord will
 “ be offended at your *fondness* for him?”

“ To disturb his rest, to interrupt his
 “ happiness beyond the grave—this idea
 “ tortures my afflicted heart.”

My tutor endeavoured to combat this
 apprehension, and his efforts seemed not
 to be without success. Some faint rays
 of returning serenity soon appeared in her
 countenance, which had been overspread
 with a melancholic gloom, which encour-
 aged him to summon all his eloquence in
 order to dispel entirely the clouds of sad-
 ness still overdarkening her angelic face.

He

He was so happy as to attain his aim. Her eyes, which had been deprived of their usual brilliancy, began to be animated again; her cheeks, covered with deadly paleness, recovered their rosy hue; and that enchanting dimpled smile, which always had powerfully charmed my soul, adorned again her crimsoning lips, but a few minutes before the seat of gloomy melancholy; every trace of sadness vanished from her brow, and the cheerful dawn of hilarity reappeared on her lovely face, smoothing every wrinkle of inward sorrow. I read the triumph of my tutor

How quick is the transition from one extreme to the other! said I to myself, when I compared the present situation of the Countess with that in which we had found her on our arrival. Five hours of pleasure fled on the wings of hilarity before we rose from table, which had been served with extraordinary splendor and taste.

After dinner she proposed a walk in the garden. On our way thither we came through an apartment where I observed a picture which engaged my whole attention. I stopped to look at it. "How do you like that picture?" our hostess enquired after a silent pause, heaving a deep sigh. "It is a very interesting physiognomy!" said I, in which I was joined by my tutor. "I am rejoiced that the portrait of my fainted Lord is honoured with your applause." At the same instant her countenance grew gloomy and serious, which reminded us that it would be prudent to leave the room, and we hastened to the garden.

"I find on mature consideration," the Countess began after some turns in the

“ me, and the scenes of my past life :
“ ford me a spectacle so entertaining a
“ so pleasing, that I almost live entire
“ in this place.”

“ Can so young a lady (I interrue
ed her) “ have indeed experienced
“ many freaks of fortune ?”

“ O, my lords, my life is so eventf
“ and my adventures are so strange a
“ wonderful, that those to whom I shou
“ relate them would fancy they heard
“ nursery-tale.”

“ Who could think so if you should r
“ late them ?”

“ gain her love, proved abortive. My
 “ father did every thing in his power to
 “ unroot this unnatural hatred from her
 “ bosom, at least to check its barbarous ef-
 “ fects, but in vain ; her hatred increased
 “ with every reproach which my father
 “ loaded her with on that score, and she
 “ teased, shamed, and humiliated me,
 “ whenever she could find an opportunity,
 “ and even beat me frequently. I bore
 “ her cruel treatment with a submission
 “ and patience which my father secretly
 “ admired ; however, he observed at the
 “ same time with inward grief, how my
 “ sufferings increased every day, the more
 “ I strove to conceal them. My strength
 “ dwindled away, sapped by the hand of
 “ silent grief, and the roses of youth
 “ withered on my cheeks.

“ One evening when my mother and
 “ brother were gone out, he sent for me
 “ to his study. The affecting scene which
 “ then ensued is still present to my recol-
 “ lection. He was sitting at his writing-
 “ desk, when I entered the room, and rose
 “ to press me to his affectionate heart.

“ ‘Come to the bosom of a loving father,’
“ he said, ‘and let me speak comfort to
“ thy suffering mind. The anticipation
“ of the pleasure to spend with you our
“ common birth-day, (I was then thirteen
“ and my father fifty-three years old) has
“ filled my heart with secret joy for some
“ time. I will not deprive you and my-
“ self any longer of the consolation to
“ disclose to you the feelings of a father’s
“ heart. Poor girl!’ taking my hands in
“ his, and looking tenderly at me, ‘you
“ are much in want of that poor consola-
“ tion.’ ‘O! my father!’ groaned I.

“ conceal it from thee, that thou art the
 “ darling of my life ! yes, my child, here
 “ were no human witness, where the all-
 “ seeing God only hears us, I confess to
 “ thee, that thou art to me the most pre-
 “ cious jewel, my pride, my hope, and—
 “ every thing.’ I kissed his reverend hand
 “ with unspeakable emotion.

“ My constitution is much impaired,’
 “ he continued after a long pause ‘ and I
 “ am fifty-three years old. I feel, my
 “ darling, that I shall not live much lon-
 “ ger, and therefore, have made my will.’
 “ I prostrated myself to his feet : “ Not a
 “ word more, my dear affectionate father, if
 “ you love your child. The idea of your
 “ death rends my heart asunder. O ! God !
 “ if your presentiment should prove true,
 “ how miserable should then your poor
 “ forsaken daughter be ; this would make
 “ me really wretched ! While you are
 “ living, and share my secret sorrows, I
 “ cannot be entirely miserable.’ ‘ My
 “ dear child,’ my father resumed, ‘ death
 “ is our common lot, and sooner or later I
 “ must pay the debt of nature. This life

“ is nothing but a pilgrimage to our eter-
“ nal abode. Thou hast as yet enjoyed
“ very few cheerful hours ; it shall not be
“ so any longer. I am a rich man. Thy
“ mother and brother have done very little
“ to deserve my affection. The latter is
“ a malicious, proud, and licentious boy,
“ and thy mother—alas! thou doest not
“ know the nameless injury and grief she
“ has caused me. They have very little
“ claim to my fortune, and shall be made
“ sensible of it. But thou, my daughter,
“ to whom as yet, I could prove so little
“ the whole extent of my affection, shall

“ which gained me the admiration and
 “ love of my reverend father. I ought
 “ to account to you for it, and am sure
 “ you will be surpris'd. I was not six
 “ years old, when one evening an acci-
 “ dent happened to me in our garden,
 “ which is so wonderful and extraordi-
 “ nary, that it will hardly gain your credit.
 “ My nurse, who was sure of my discretion,
 “ had left me to stray by myself through a
 “ grove of beech trees, when I suddenly
 “ heard an unknown voice exclaim—
 “ ‘ Amelia! Amelia!’ I started, because
 “ I knew there was nobody in the garden
 “ but myself; however my curiosity, and
 “ the melodious accent of that voice, soon
 “ subdued my fear, and I directed my
 “ eyes to the place from whence it came.
 “ But, imagine my horror, when I ob-
 “ served a white figure sitting in a dark
 “ grotto, not above thirty paces distant from
 “ me. The apparition made a sign to me
 “ to approach; I was fixed to the ground,
 “ for a moment, and then began to run
 “ as fast as I could, when the figure ex-
 “ claimed once more— ‘ Amelia! Ame-
 “ lia! be not afraid, it is thy friend who

“ calls thee.’ But I did not venture to
“ look back, and ran out of the garden as
“ fast as I could.

“ This event had left so deep an im-
“ pression on my mind, that I could not
“ close my eyes a single moment the
“ whole night. The apparition was con-
“ stantly hovering before me, and the me-
“ lodious acclamation—*Amelia, be not*
“ *afraid!* vibrated incessantly in my ears.
“ I began to repent my fearful flight, and
“ to wish the apparition might re-appear
“ the next evening. My little heart was
“ panting all the day for the sitting in of

“ with a sweet heavenly voice : ‘ come to
“ my arms, Amelia ! why did’st thou flee
“ yesterday from thy friend ? come to
“ me, sweet child ! dont fear, I will not
“ hurt thee !’ so saying, the apparition
“ stretched out her arms ; I was thrilled
“ with horror, and going to leave the
“ garden, when she exclaimed : ‘ Stay,
“ stay, as thou valuest thy happiness ! If
“ thou fleest to night, then thou wilt see
“ me no more !’ the word happiness re-
“ tarded my flight, and the apprehension
“ of seeing her no more made me turn
“ back. Curiosity, and hope to be libe-
“ rated from my misery, afforded me cou-
“ rage and strength to approach, though
“ with slow and fearful steps. On coming
“ nearer I saw that the apparition was a
“ beautiful lady in a snow-white gar-
“ ment, standing at the entrance of the
“ grotto, with a basket of fruits in her
“ hand ; her figure was grand and majes-
“ tic, her countenance the sweet abode
“ of celestial kindness ; she appeared to
“ me an inhabitant of heaven’s realms.
“ A sight so pleasing and inviting, at once
“ dis-

“ my father, I found her one evening de-
“ pressed by deep melancholy, and lost in
“ profound meditation. She viewed me
“ for some time in mournful silence, and
“ then began: ‘ Amelia! we must part.
“ I am going to take leave of thee. Thou
“ shalt see me no more.’ I dropped to
“ the ground in an agony of grief, and
“ shed briny tears of unspeakable sorrow.
“ ‘ Rise my daughter,’ she resumed in a
“ melancholy strain, ‘ rise and do not
“ spend with useless complaints the few
“ moments I am allowed to stay with thee.
“ Thou always hast been a good, obedi-
“ ent child: Heaven will reward thy

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“ what I am going to say.—Numberless
 “ misfortunes await thee in this vain
 “ world ; but do not despair. Put thy
 “ confidence in him, who ordains the fate
 “ of mortals with paternal love and wis-
 “ dom. He will be thy guardian, *and one*
 “ *time bid happiness reward thy virtue and*
 “ *thy sufferings.* Let this idea support thy
 “ afflicted heart when thy sufferings shall
 “ seem endless to thee. Here, take this
 “ sealed paper, and keep it as a pledge of
 “ my unalterable friendship for thee.
 “ Take care not to lose it, and let not
 “ idle curiosity tempt thee to open it be-
 “ fore thou hast found the man whom
 “ thy heart shall choose as a partner in
 “ happiness and affliction. It will be of
 “ great service to thee.” So saying, she
 “ kissed me thrice on my forehead, adding
 “ with a faltering voice: “ ‘ Go now, and
 “ leave me—the parting hour is arrived.
 “ Farewell ! We shall meet again ! ” With
 “ these words, she disappeared in the grot-
 “ to, and I went to my apartment with
 “ ing eyes.”

“ Have you never heard tidings of her
 “ after your separation ? ”

“ Nev-

THE VICT

" my father, I found her
 " pressed by deep melan
 " profound meditation.
 " for some time in mou
 " then began: ' Amel
 " I am going to take lea
 " shalt see me no mo
 " the ground in an ag
 " shed briny tears of u
 " ' Rise my daughter,
 " melancholy strain,
 " spend with useless c
 " moments I am allow
 " Thou always hast b
 " Heave

" Never. Heaven only knows who
" this friend was, whence she came and
" whether she went. I never have seen
" her any where before her first, and after
" her last appearance in the grotto. At
" our first interview, she enjoined me to
" keep our meeting secret, else I should
" see her no more, and under the same
" penalty forbade me to inquire who she
" was. The only key to the mystery, the
" dear pledge of her ineffimable friend-
" ship which she gave me on my farewell
" visit, I have lost in an unaccountable
" manner. You cannot conceive how
" much this loss has grieved and afflicted

" I soon engaged her attention, and at the
 " same time became dear to her heart.
 " Although my mother carefully refrained
 " from showing any ill-will towards me
 " in her presence, yet she could not en-
 " tirely conceal her dislike to me from
 " her prying eye; and my good aunt
 " watching an opportunity to speak to me
 " in private, pressed me to disclose to her
 " my real situation. She had gained my
 " regard and affection so entirely, that I
 " did not hesitate a moment to yield to her
 " tender request, and faithfully informed
 " her of the whole extent of my forlorn
 " situation, which drew tears of pity from
 " her eyes. She asked me whether I could
 " not resolve to go with her to Paris, and
 " to live in her house, which she would
 " endeavour to make as agreeable to me
 " as it should be in her power. You can
 " easily think that I accepted her offer
 " with rapture. My worthy father felt not
 " less pleasure at it, knowing my aunt to
 " be a prudent and honest woman, to
 " whose care he safely could intrust my
 " education. He rejoiced at that wished

" for .

“ for opportunity of procuring me an asy-
“ lum against the rank and unconquera-
“ ble hatred of my mother, who seemed
“ to delight in my manifold sufferings and
“ sorrows.”

“ The only person who opposed this
“ welcome proposal was my mother, of
“ whom I had least suspected any thing
“ of that kind. She raised a number of
“ objections, which however were so hap-
“ pily refuted by my father and aunt, that
“ at length she was obliged to give her
“ consent to my departure. When I went
“ to take leave of that tyrannical parent,

“riage, he strained me once more to his
 “loving heart, and it seemed to me as if
 “he was bidding me an eternal adieu;
 “which alas! was really the case;” the
 Countess added with great emotion, after
 a silent pause of agony, “I have seen
 “him no more; he died a year after my
 “departure. The shocking intelligence
 “of his death, plunged me in a deep me-
 “lancholy and had almost proved fatal to
 “my life.”

“My aunt was as good as her word.—
 “Beneath her hospitable roof, I found the
 “ideal picture of happiness, which I had
 “frequently drawn in the sweet hours of
 “imaginary delusion, realised. She an-
 “ticipated every wish of my little heart,
 “and her eyes beamed with celestial plea-
 “sure, when she could rouse in my soul
 “the dormant seed of innocent joy. She
 “was a widow and childless; I possessed,
 “of course, her heart undivided, and her
 “whole great fortune was at my com-
 “mand. The influence which content
 “and hilarity produced on my constitu-
 “tion, became soon visible. My figure,
 “which

“ which had been withering on the ma-
“ ternal soil, began to be animated with
“ new life and vigour, and I blossomed
“ under the fostering hand of my amiable
“ relation, like a rose transplanted in a
“ luxuriant soil, and nursed by the bene-
“ ficial care of an industrious gardener.

“ Thus passed a year in undisturbed
“ tranquillity, on roseate pinions of hila-
“ rity and joy, when—”

Here the Countess was interrupted by
a servant who brought a letter.

“ A letter from my uncle!” she ex-
claimed. The servant was waiting at the

interrupted in her narration at the most remarkable period of her life. "How-
 "ever," added she, "since this period
 "would recall many melancholy ideas
 "which I particularly wish to avoid this
 "day, and supper time is approaching, I
 "will give you the continuation another
 "time."

We were sitting at the table 'till eleven o'clock, when the Countess at once began to grow serious and gloomy; the presentiment of the impending awful scene, seemed to have chased away every shadow of hilarity. She ordered the servant to carry candles and cards to the apartment where the apparition was to be, and then desired him to retire 'till she should ring the bell.

When he was gone, she walked up and down the room with hasty strides and folded arms. A dreadful combat seemed to have taken place in her soul. At once she stopped, looking fearfully around, and then flung herself on the sofa.

My tutor interrupted, at length, the universal silence:—"Will you play, my
 "Lady?"

“ stirring. Odours of the grave assailed
“ my smelling organs, and the tomb began
“ to shake violently. A hollow dismal
“ voice called from the tomb of the
“ grave : ‘ Who dares to disturb the rest
“ of the dead ? ’ ‘ It is thy wife ! ’ a se-
“ cond voice replied. ‘ I will chastise the
“ daring wretch ! ’ resumed the first voice.
“ The tomb was suddenly shaken with a
“ thundering voice, a gaping chasm ap-
“ peared at the foot of the pedestal, and
“ a grisly skeleton rose up, exclaiming
“ with a dreadful voice—‘ Here I am !
“ what dost thou want ? ’ I fled on wings

the room, and a flash of lightning disclosed to our eyes a pale, ghastly-looking figure, three steps distant from us, which at first sight appeared to have a striking resemblance to the picture which I had seen after dinner. His eyes were hollow, and traces of corruption were visible on his cheeks. He was wrapped in a shroud, with which he endeavoured to stop the blood streaming from a gaping wound in his left side.

The phantom appeared and disappeared as the lightning flashed or died away. The intervals of impenetrable darkness, which alternately concealed the spectre from our sight, were more horrible than the apparition itself.—The ghost seemed fixed to the spot.

The Countess dropped to the ground, wringing her hands in wild agony.

A long dreadful pause ensued.

“Why hast thou called me hither?”

The apparition spoke only by intervals, when the lightning rendered it visible. The flashes were always extremely strong and lasting.

The Countess attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips.

The bleeding spectre repeated his question, slow and awful.

“To take an eternal farewell!” she stammered at last, with a faint voice.

“*In this company?*” Here his staring eyes shot flashes of anger:—The Countess looked by turns at me and my tutor; the latter seemed offended, and was going to seize the phantom, but a terrible flash of lightning prostrated him to the ground.

“*Woman! woman! woman!*”

“O speak! thy servant hears with
“trembling.”

“Shamefully, shamefully have I been murdered! look here!—summon all thy fortitude! look how they have treated me!”

So saying, he uncovered his left side entirely, and five gaping wounds were streaming with blood. This sight dried up the marrow in my bones.

The Countess moaned like a maniac. *“O speak!”* she exclaimed at length in an agony of violent pain, *“tell me what I can do for thee.”*

“Avenge thyself on my murderer through magnanimity: I must be gone!”

Impenetrable darkness concealed him from our eyes. *“My destiny calls me hence. Be generous, and forgive my murderer!”*

“O stay but a moment longer; only one word more—” she exclaimed. A tremendous clap of thunder interrupted her words. Lightnings flashed and the phantom vanished.

I sat on the sofa lost in dumb astonishment. The Countess seemed to be out of her senses. My tutor recovered first and roused me from my stupefaction. We then attempted to revive the Countess;

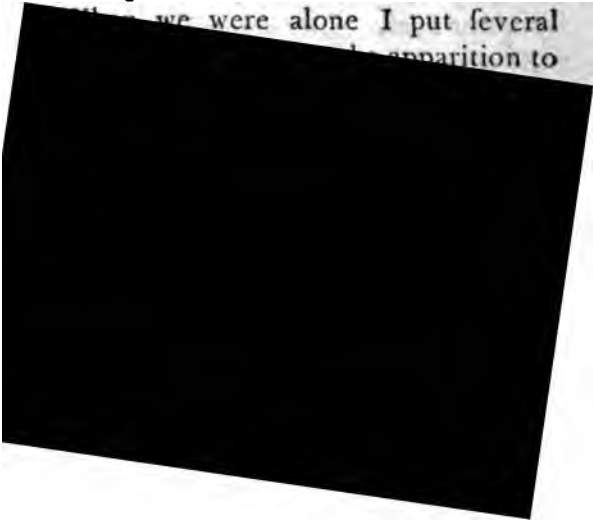


THE VICTIM OF

all our endeavours were fruitless. I rang the bell furiously. The servants rushed into the room, and I exclaimed in an agony of distress, "make haste, make haste to assist your lady, she has been seized with a fainting fit at play!" This accident alarmed the whole house, and all the domestics crowded into our room.

In about a quarter of an hour the Countess recovered, but her strength was so much exhausted, that she hardly could speak. The servants hinting that she wanted to go to rest, we left her and went to our apartments.

When we were alone I put several
in preparation to



if I reflect on the reality of that dreadful apparition, how can I convince myself of the contrary? Who knows in what connections my father has been with the deceased? Who knows whether he has not, deceived by false informations, resolved to bring a sacrifice to the state by the assassination of that unfortunate man? But perhaps the whole apparition is nothing but a fraud of the Unknown, and the assassination nothing but a fiction, adapted to the plan he has formed with regard to me. Yet how can he dare to found his plan upon something, the falsity of which I can detect so easily? Easily? — Will my father ever confess it to me, if he has committed that murder? and by what means else shall I know it? However, how does his probity, his noble character correspond with an assassination by the assistance of banditti? No, it is a lie! But is not my father a Duke? perhaps he has been obliged, by reasons of state, to do what he would not have done as a private man. And suppose it should be false, alas! how shall I convince my Ame-

lia of it? What will it avail me, while she believes it true? In what light must she view the son of her husband's murderer? How can I dare to appear before her? O God! to see her no more, to speak no more to her! And yet this might perhaps be the only means to come to the bottom of that mysterious matter. The relation of her history might probably throw some light upon the words of the phantom, and afford a clue to come to the certainty.— But to what certainty? Shall I not lose every thing if the pretended murder should be confirmed?"

paration, began to vanish the more I reflected upon the matter. How willingly would I have renounced all my claim to future grandeur, which I, as the son of a Duke, was entitled to, to any one who had pointed out to me certain means of restoring the former relation, which had subsisted between myself and the Countess.

I rose very early in the morning, to enquire of the servants how she had rested. The physician, who was just coming from her apartment, told me the Countess was in a situation which made him despair of her life. "The fever," he said, "which was already so violent when I came, seems to increase with every moment. I must first see what effect the medicine which I have administered shall produce, before I can take further measures." The information I received from the physician was a dagger to my heart. I intreated him, I conjured him with tears, to apply all his skill, in order to save a life for which I would sacrifice any thing. "The Countess," I added,

after some reflexion, "is a near relation
"of mine, for whom I have the greatest
"affection." The physician promised to
do whatever should be in his power, and I
left him with a beating heart.

"What is the matter? what ails you?"
my tutor exclaimed, frightened, when I
entered his room. I told him every thing.
He strove in vain to make me easy, and
perceived with terror that his soothing ar-
guments increased my uneasiness. My
apprehension for the life of the beautiful
Countess, began to change into a furious
grief, and I interrupted the consolations

of the situation of the lady : however, the apprehension that the sight of me might increase her illness, did not suffer me to go. Torn by two so violent passions as love and grief, my strength declined visibly, and the roses of youth began to fade on my cheeks. My tutor, who observed it with terror, fancied the removal from the source would cure the evil, and therefore proposed to continue our travels; however I told him plainly that I could not travel at present. All his remonstrances proved abortive, and I kept firm to my resolution.

All my endeavours were bent upon finding out the *Unknown*. He was the only person of whom I expected advice and assistance. I enquired every where, but nobody knew any thing of him. I roamed through the forest for whole days 'till late at night, but he was no where to be found. These proceedings I kept however concealed from my tutor, because I was well aware that he would prevent me from doing it, for fear some accident might befall me; and asking me one time, why I stayed out so late at night,

I pretended to take long walks for no other reason than to divert my thoughts.

One afternoon my servant came to inform me that the Countess was worse than ever, and at the same time gave me a letter. I knew instantly the hand writing of my father, and tore it open; but how was I struck with astonishment when I read the following lines :

“ I am very ill satisfied with you. It was
“ my intention you should travel, but not
“ turn a knight errant. I have been in-
“ formed that you have contracted an in-
“ timate acquaintance with a certain Coun-
“ tress, De Derby, and even disclosed to

“letter. If I should hear that you do
 “not instantly execute the commands of
 “your *father*, the orders of the *Duke* shall
 “reduce you to obedience.

“Your Father,

“Duke of ***INA,

“Marquis of VILLA***.”

I was rivetted to the ground as if a clap of thunder had struck me, when my tutor entered the room. He asked me with astonishment what had happened. I gave him the letter without returning an answer. He was astonished, as well at the contents, as at the tone of the letter, and could not conceive, like myself, how my father could have been informed of my acquaintance with the lady, which I had kept so secret. At the same time he assured me upon his honour, that he had not wrote him a single line on that subject. “So much the worse!” I exclaimed, “for then I have here an unknown
 “spy upon me, who secretly watches all
 “my steps.”

What struck me most, was the warmth with which my *father* commanded me to

renounce all connexion with the lady.—
“Should he, perhaps,” said I to myself,
“have reason to fear that she might disclose something to me which he does not wish me to know? The Countess has related to me only the beginning of her history; who knows what I should have heard farther? The apparition of her husband gives at least reason to suspect that my father had a share in her history, which is not much to his credit. He apprehends, perhaps, his son might hear things which would give him a disadvantageous idea of his father, or at least lessen the good opinion I have entertained

should have read his letter, seems to spring not so much from a paternal design to cure me of my love, as from an apprehension to be betrayed." In short, the murder of which the apparition had been speaking, appeared to me more and more probable. I did not conceal this conjecture from my tutor. He combated it, but not in such a manner that no doubt had been left, and thus at least some suspicion was left lurking in my heart.— This, and the harsh strain in which my father had commanded me to give up the first object of my attachment, lessened very much the regard and love I had always felt for him.

Whoever has experienced the power of the first love, can form an idea of the situation to which the stern command of my father reduced me. To tear myself from a woman whom I loved beyond expression, to tear myself from her at a time when a life, which was dearer to me than the favour of my father, was hovering on the brink of the grave, to remove to a place which was above three hundred leagues

leagues distant from her abode, and to expose myself to the danger of seeing her no more in this life, wounded my heart so deeply, that I should have stayed in spite of the commands of my father, if the kind and convincing remonstrances of my tutor had not forced me irresistibly to yield to sad necessity.

All that my prayers and supplications could persuade him to, was to grant me one day's respite; the day after to-morrow being fixed for our departure. I spent almost the whole day in searching for the Unknown; however, I came home

very late without having had the least

suffered so fine an opportunity to escape, which never will return again. Should he not have exerted all his power to retain me at a place where the presence of the beautiful Countess occupied and perplexed my soul so much, that he could have insnared and guided me very easily without apprehending any thing of my observing him." In short, I acquitted him of all suspicion, and considered him as a great man who was above all mean artifices, and would never dishonor by a bad use the secret power which he possessed.

The suspicion of my tutor of his being secretly associated with the lady, appeared to me to be still more unfounded and absurd. "If both had been leagued to entangle me in their nets, (said I to myself) how could they show so much indifference and inactivity at my departure. How contradictory would it have been if the *Unknown* had dissolved the intimacy which was produced between myself and the lady by an apparition of his own contrivance, and removed me from her house?

If she had preconcerted matters with him, whence that dread at the apparition, whence her terror, whence the horrible consequences of it, and the violent effect of her health? No, this cannot have been the work of the arts of dissimulation. A natural swoon can be distinguished from an artificial one, and the language of truth from that of fraud, and **even the highest degree of dissimulation betrays itself after some time by little traits, which cannot escape the eye of a clear-sighted observer.** If the Countess had **imposed** upon me, then the party-wall between na-

had been a secret intelligence between him and the lady? No! (said I) Amelia neither is nor can be an impostor; it would be madness and the blackest calumny to suspect her of it; her heart is as pure and amiable as her soul." Thus I discoursed with myself on the road, when the furious grief which was rankling in my heart abated now and then a little.

We were already three days at the place of our destination, when my servant brought me a letter from the post-office. It was from the valet of the Countess, and contained the following afflicting news.

"MY LORD,

"You have ordered me to inform you
 "frequently of the state of my Lady's
 "health, and how great soever the plea-
 "sure I always felt when executing your
 "commands may have been, yet I wish
 "this time you had entrusted somebody
 "else with that commission, for the intel-
 "ligence I am going to give you is of
 "such a nature that my hand trembled to
 "write it down, and my heart bled for
 "you."

“ your Lordship.—Yes! prepare your-
“ self for the worst, for alas! she is dead,
“ my dear Countess is dead!

“ Previous to her departure, she re-
“ covered her recollection, of which she
“ had been bereft during her illness. She
“ died with the greatest resignation, and I
“ can add with pleasure. The anticipa-
“ tion of the joy to press in yon peaceful
“ mansions her Lord again to her bosom,
“ the hope of being reunited to him for
“ ever, conquered all fear of the phantom
“ of death. A few moments before her

I need not tell what effect this intelligence had upon my heart. Such sensations surpass all description. My peace of mind seemed fled for ever; the violent beating of my heart threatened to burst my breast, and almost suffocated me. I threw my cloak around my shoulders and hurried into the fields like a madman. Without recollection was I roving about, as far as my feet would carry me. When the violent workings of my heart began to abate, after I had roamed about for some hours, I found myself at the borders of a river in an unknown place. The silver rays of the moon were skipping upon the crystal waves, and I walked up and down the bank lost in gloomy meditation. The awful solemn silence of a church-yard reigned around me. The unison murmuring of the river, added to the gloominess of my soul.

I felt an irresistible desire to bury myself and my grief in the waves. I went to the brink of the rising bank, looked around, and then fixing my eyes again upon the water, methought *some one* was whisper-

ing in my ear :—“ In these waves is rest, “ why dost thou hesitate to drown thy “ endless sufferings.” I fancied Amelia was rising from the waves and winking me to follow her. “ Yes!” exclaimed I, “ I “ am coming.” So saying, I plunged into the water. The current hurried me rapidly along, I entangled myself in my cloak and went to the bottom.

I had soon swallowed so much water, that I was bereft of all recollection.

When my senses returned, I was seized with a strange unspeakable sensation—I felt, indeed, that I was no longer in the wa-

pressed down again by an unknown power. I gave a scream of horror, and the echo of my own voice filled me with awful dread.

After a long painful pause, I heard, not far from me, somebody exclaim, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" At the same time, I felt a push from behind, and a flame arose within a small distance from me, spreading a bluish glimmer around. I beheld myself in a spacious empty vault, and not far off espied a man wrapt in a scarlet cloth, with a round hat that covered part of his face which was turned towards me. He was standing there silent and motionless like a statue. My blood curdled in my veins, and my hair bristled; I fancied myself to be at the place of eternal judgment. After a long awful pause, the former voice exclaimed once more, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" The man in the scarlet cloak was still silent and motionless; my heart shrank with chilly dread; my teeth began to chatter.

After a long interval the man seemed to stir.—Fear roused my spirit; I addressed myself

myself to him.—“Whosoever thou art,” said I, “thou art probably my preserver; receive my thanks, and tell me why I am in this place, and how I came hither?” Neither my thanks nor my apprehension seemed to move him; he remained silent and without motion. Now all my courage and every glimmer of hope left me.

The exclamation of woe resounded a third time, the phantom lifted the hat, and opened his cloak. He was dressed in black; a white beard was flowing down his breast; he came towards me with

and with a tone which makes even the righteous tremble. "Unfathomable being who art hovering about me every where! I do not know thee, though I have seen thee frequently."

He paused awhile.

"What hast thou done?"

The words died upon my lips.

"Dost thou value life so little, as to throw it away for the sake of a woman?"

"The loss of Amelia—my love—"

"Be silent; can the loss of a woman justify the self-murder of a man! Miserable wretch! thou knowest the value of thy life, as little as thy duties!"

"Alas! if you knew the power of love—"

"Love is the sweetener of life, but to make it the scope of life is madness."

"My infatuation—"

"Infatuation is no excuse becoming a man, who soars above the common herd, by the power of reasoning."

"Pronounce my doom, my fate is in thy power."

"Well

“ Well then, listen to what I am going
“ to say.”

“ Providence has placed thee in a situ-
“ ation, the importance of which thou
“ hadst not weighed before thou didst
“ plunge into the waves. Thou art the
“ son of a Duke, and soon wilt succeed
“ thy noble father.—Has thy destiny no
“ charms for thee? Dost thou deem it of
“ no value to become one time the ar-
“ biter of the happiness of many thou-
“ sands? I am not speaking now of the
“ happiness of thy future subjects only, -I
“ am speaking of the welfare of the state,

“ mortal deeds, prevail so little upon thy
 “ mind, that a mean, self-interested pas-
 “ sion is sufficient to employ all thy in-
 “ tellectual powers, and to make thee for-
 “ get all thy honourable connections, and
 “ the concerns of a whole oppressed peo-
 “ ple?—Speak! answer me!”

“ Let the blushes which cover my
 “ burning face serve instead of an an-
 “ swer.”

“ Woe unto thee that thou art in want
 “ of these admonitions, in order to see the
 “ whole extent of the atrociousness of thy
 “ deed! Harken to me, and hear thy sen-
 “ tence! Thou art a mean, thoughtless
 “ man, undeserving the post which Provi-
 “ dence has pointed out to thee, while
 “ thou art concentrating thy wishes in the
 “ favours of a woman, and thinkest her
 “ loss the greatest misfortune that can be-
 “ fall thee; while thou art regardless of
 “ thy great calling; while active patri-
 “ otism and honour are not thy constant
 “ companions, and thy heart does not
 “ thirst for the glory of noble deeds!”

“ Thou hast roused my patriotism, and
 “ my thirst for glory; I will adopt thy

“ principles. Farewel love, and every
“ mean passion. To dedicate myself to
“ honour, and to the welfare of my fel-
“ low citizens, be from hence my sole
“ aim!”

“ I do not want thee to renounce love
“ entirely, but only to cease being her
“ slave. I only desire thee to dedicate
“ to her none but thy leifure hours, and
“ not to ascribe to her a value which she
“ has not. *Do not confine thyself to indivi-*
“ *duals, but make the whole thy chief aim.*
“ *Trifles* must have no charms for thee,
“ and the opinion of common men no va-

he was looking at me for some time. The flame began to blaze aloft, and a soft enchanting music to vibrate in my ear. I heard harmonious strains, but saw nobody; a sweet angelic voice accompanied the melodious notes of a harp: the theme of its song was—*Amelia lives!*

“Amelia lives?” I exclaimed with amazement.

“She lives!” the *Unknown* replied, “but do not enquire farther.”

He blindfolded my eyes and led me away. I ascended a flight of steps, and descended another; at length I came into the open field. I put several questions to my conductor, but he gave me no answer. At length the bandage was removed from my eyes, and looking around, I found myself standing at the door of my house. My conductor was no where to be seen.

My tutor was already asleep when I came home, and I resolved not to tell him a word of what had happened to me. When he asked me the following morning where I had staid so late last night, I gave him an evasive answer.

My wet garments I gave secretly to my servant to dry them ; however that incident had produced such a violent effect upon me, that I was obliged to keep my bed; yet my illness was of no consequence, for the second day I was again able to go abroad.

Two days were elapsed before I perceived that I had lost two bank bills, each of one thousand guilders. I recollected to have put them in my coat pocket the same evening I had plunged into the river, and went therefore instantly to my servant, to whom I had given my coat,

could I acquaint my father with my loss, for if he has a prevailing fault, it is overstrained parsimony, which I however had so much the less reason to condemn, as he was hoarding only for me, his sole future heir. Having considered for some time how to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation, I resolved to address myself to the *Unknown*, of whose power and benevolent disposition, the last accident had given me so high an idea, that I reposed an unbounded confidence in him.

This confidence increased on my receiving after a few days the following letter.

“ MY LORD,

“ It is with unspeakable pleasure I am
 “ taking up the pen to communicate to
 “ you an event which is as joyful as it is
 “ incredible. Countess Amelia lives;
 “ my departed Lady is returned to life
 “ again. Give me leave to relate the his-
 “ tory of her resurrection from the be-
 “ ginning.

“ She had lain already three days in her
 “ coffin; on the evening of the third day,

H 3

“ when

“ when she was to be buried, an unknown
“ person came to the castle, desiring to see
“ the deceased. We admitted him. He
“ was dressed in black, carrying a round
“ hat in one hand, and concealing with
“ the other one half of his face in a scar-
“ let cloak. He approached the deceased,
“ viewed her for some time, and then put
“ his mouth close to hers. Having been
“ about three minutes in this situation, he
“ started suddenly up, taking her by the
“ left hand, exclaiming: ‘ Amelia! Ame-
“ lia! Amelia! rise!’ No sooner had he
“ pronounced the last word, than the de-

“ up, looking alternately at myself and
 “ my fellow servants, and seeing herself
 “ in a coffin, exclaimed with terror: ‘ For
 “ heaven’s sake, where am I ?’

“ We were standing around her for
 “ some time, struck dumb with amaze-
 “ ment ; looking by turns at the Countess
 “ and at each other, none of us daring to
 “ come near her. Some time elapsed be-
 “ fore we could be persuaded by her pres-
 “ sing prayers, to assist her in getting out
 “ of the coffin.

“ The first thing she desired, was some-
 “ thing to eat and to drink, complaining
 “ of a dreadful hunger and thirst. Hav-
 “ ing satisfied her appetite, she desired us
 “ to relate to her how she had come in a
 “ coffin ? The history of her resuscitation
 “ filled her with wonder and astonishment.
 “ When we enquired how she did, she re-
 “ plied she found herself as if roused sud-
 “ denly from a profound sleep, and as well
 “ as ever.

“ That very night she enquired after
 “ your Lordship ; I could give her no
 “ other answer, but that you was departed

“for * * *, which threw her into profound
“meditation. She did not go to bed all
“night long.”

The rest of the letter contains nothing
worth notice. It is signed

FRANCIS PALESKI.

The intelligence which I received by
this letter, was an additional motive to
make me desirous of a meeting with the
Unknown. I searched him in every direc-
tion, many miles around the town; how-
ever all my diligence to find him out, ~~was~~
fruitless. One evening (it was late and
tempestuous) when I was going home, after

out of my hand as soon as I saw the face of my antagonist. I fancied I saw the deceased husband of Amelia, and was seized with horror.

The resemblance was striking to the highest degree. My terror did not allow me for some time to observe, that my pursuer was not less surprised at my countenance than I was at his. However, he recovered first from his astonishment and begged my pardon, in a manner which dispelled at once my apprehensions. "I have mistaken you for another person," he added, "and if you knew how much you resemble in size, dress, and every thing, a man who has done me the greatest injury, you would readily forgive me my mistake."

"And if *you* did know" I replied, "what a striking resemblance you have to a deceased acquaintance of mine, you will easily be able to account for the terror in which your appearance has thrown me."

"May I crave the name of your acquaintance?"

H5

"O yes!

“ O yes ! Count de Barbis.”

“ Count de Barbis ! Impossible ! I am
“ that very person !”

I staggered back !

“ But perhaps you may have known
“ my deceased brother ?” he added, after
a long pause of astonishment.

“ Not personally,” I replied, after I
had recollected myself a little, “ how-
“ ever, I have seen his portrait, and the
“ Countess Amelia has told me so much
“ to his praise, that I think myself very
“ happy for having met unexpectedly
“ so near a relation of that worthy man.”

“ How do you know my father is

a certain Baron who had robbed him of the heart of his mistress, and after having debauched her, had suddenly disappeared and forsaken the poor misguided girl. "How much reason have I" he added, "to praise heaven for having opened my eyes in time; for I certainly would have pierced you to the heart, if I had not perceived my mistake."

At the door of my house he took leave of me, after I had promised to pay him a visit the next day.

This incident had surprised me in such a manner, that I could not help relating it instantly to my tutor, as soon as I entered his apartment. He fancied the whole matter was very suspicious, and cautioned me to be on my guard.

When I went to the Count's hotel the following morning, he had been obliged to go out, but left a note for me, by which I was desired to wait a few moments. I was shewn into an apartment where I experienced a most agreeable surprise as soon as I had entered it. Amelia's picture, which hung in the room, was

the first object which assailed my gazing looks. It seemed to smile at me, and was executed with admirable taste, and astonishing truth. She was painted in a loose night-gown, and the most beautiful bosom which ever my eyes beheld, was half uncovered. Her auburn hair floated down her shoulders in natural tresses, and one part of it encircled her lily-white arm; the spirit of heavenly love was diffused over her face, and her sparkling eyes displayed a pure celestial fire which rekindled every tender feeling of former-times of bliss. My eyes were feasting in a voluptuous trance on her beautiful

that I had promised more than I should be able to keep. When I renounced love for ever, I fancied Amelia to be dead ; but now I knew that she was alive, and her picture had reproduced in my imagination the sweet recollection of all the happiness past which I had enjoyed by her side, and made me anticipate greater pleasures to come. Heavens! what a dreadful struggle. "No, it is impossible!" I exclaimed at length.

"What is impossible?" The Count enquired smiling, having entered the apartment while I was occupied with viewing the picture, without being perceived by me. I could not hide my confusion. "It is not possible," said I, at length, after I had recovered as much as possible from my perplexity, "it is not possible to take a likeness in a more striking manner." He seemed satisfied with this answer.

The picture introduced a discourse on the original, and the Count pretended not to have received the least tidings from his sister for six months, and even did not know the present place of her abode. He
 esteeme

esteemed himself happy in having met a person who could give him a satisfactory account of his sister-in-law, and I communicated to him what I knew of her situation, and the strange adventure at the castle. He was very much surprised when I told him that the lady had disclosed to me a part of her history, and that she would have communicated to me the rest, if a letter from my father had not obliged me to depart suddenly from the castle. I requested him to let me know the rest, and hearing that I knew already so much of it, he hesitated not a moment to satisfy my

curiosity

young girl, if one possesses an eminent skill in that seducing art. My brother, who had been charmed with Amelia at first sight, improved the propitious opportunity, and before the masquerade was finished, had contracted an intimate connexion with his charmer; which, however, was carefully concealed from her aunt. He kept up a correspondence with the house of her relation, and in a short time was so happy as to convince the Countess of the sincerity of his love. Her aunt, not suspecting their growing attachment, gave him frequent invitations, and the love of my brother increased every day.

“ Their happiness was uninterrupted, till Charles, Amelia’s brother, paid his sister a visit. My brother suffered himself to be deceived by the fair appearance of the artful villain, and was so imprudent as to make him acquainted with the state of his heart. Charles pretended to be extremely pleased with my brother’s passion for his sister, vowed eternal secrecy, and went instantly to betray him to his aunt, who, however, was too prudent to reproach her niece on
account

account of her love, blaming her only for having concealed her attachment from a relation who took a sincere interest in her happiness. The two lovers were consequently considerable gainers by the treachery of the perfidious confidant, and at once released from the fetters of dissimulation. However, their happiness was of short duration. A certain Greek, a beautiful man, of about thirty years, who on account of the splendor of his manner of living, and his immense wealth, had attracted the notice of the whole town, saw my sister-in-law, and was fettered by her uncommon charms. He endeavoured to

presents ; they were rejected. The indifference with which she treated her new lover, almost deprived him of his reason. It is very probable that Charles acquainted him with the cause of his cool reception ; for one day, he invited my brother to a sumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed, led him into a closet, offering a million of livres if he would renounce Amelia to him. My brother was highly offended, and answered his rival as he deserved. The latter threw himself down at his knees, weeping, and conjuring my brother, who remained inexorable. The Greek, seeing his rival could not be persuaded to renounce Amelia, started up with furious rage, and uttered terrible threats ; but neither prayers nor menaces could move my brother in his favour.

“ When the Greek saw at length that all his labour was lost, he begged the Count not to mention that incident to Amelia, and having received a promise to that purport, left him to himself. My brother stayed not a minute longer in the
house

house of his competitor, and went home, but from that day, all his steps were watched by hired assassins, whom he escaped several times with the greatest risk of his life.

“ The aunt resolved to leave the town for some months, and to go to a country seat about five leagues distant, in order to get rid of the frequent importunate visits of the Greek, which began to be very troublesome to Amelia. The day on which they intended to depart was fixed, and the preparations were made so secretly, and with so much precaution, that it

the middle of which seven masked men rushed out of a thicket, stopped the horses, and knocked the coachman down. This done, they opened the coach, forced Amelia out of the arms of her aunt, and hastened away with their trembling prize.

“ The coachman and the servant were roused from their swoon by the screams of the aunt, but the robbers were already vanished with their booty ; nevertheless she insisted upon their pursuing the virgin kidnappers. Nothing but Charles’s repeated remonstrances that six unarmed hands would be of little use against seven ruffians provided with arms, could persuade her to return to town, and to implore the assistance of the officers of police.

“ One circumstance threw a light upon the whole matter. The Greek had disappeared, and it was not difficult to guess in whose power Amelia was. The officers of the police were dispatched instantly, and the result of their pursuit was expected between hope and fear.

“ When my brother heard the dreadful news he raved like a madman, got upon his

his horse, and rode away with the swiftness of the tempest. All our remonstrances availed nothing. "I will find her," he exclaimed, "even if she should be concealed in the bowels of the earth."

"Six weeks were now elapsed, and we had heard not a syllable of him nor of Amelia. Anxious bodings crowded upon my mind, and I began to entertain dreadful apprehensions. At length I received a letter at the end of the seventh week. I have got it in my writing desk, and if you will give me leave, I will read it to

‘ After I had taken leave of you, I rode away with the velocity of lightning, hurried on by a presentiment which told me “thou shalt find Amelia!” This secret foreboding made me disregard every fatigue and danger. On the fourth day after my departure, I was so happy as to trace out the course which the robbers had taken : I pursued them like a madman, firmly determined to rescue Amelia from their fangs at the peril of my life. On the sixth day I lost every trace, rode eight days more at random from one place to the other, and at length arrived at ***, entirely spent with fatigue, and destitute of every hope.

‘ The great fatigue which I had undergone, and the distracted state of my mind, confined me above twelve days to my bed, and the loss of so much time deprived me of all hope ever to trace out again my dear Amelia. I was almost weary of life, and many black and tormenting thoughts haunted me constantly.

‘ On the day of All Souls I happened to pass a church-yard during the after-

NOON

noon service, and was tempted by the great multitude flocking to the church, to enter it. I sat down in a corner, wrapped myself in my cloak, and abandoned myself to the wild flights of my disordered fancy. A dreadful howling roused me from my meditations; it was the sermon. The pater who delivered it possessed the art of preaching his auditors into a profound sleep, and I soon experienced the somniferous power of his voice. When I awoke I saw neither preacher nor hearers. The church was empty, and an awful stillness reigned around. After many

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disgust to his person, and thus had roused his anger and resentment in such a manner that he had vowed to sacrifice her to his fury. "If I cannot enjoy thee," the savage exclaimed, "then nobody else shall." "The rest (she added) you know."

"I am now with Amelia, on the road to her mother, of whom I shall desire her in marriage. Do me the favour to deliver the enclosed letter to her aunt; it is from Amelia, and contains a full account of her sufferings, along with the reasons which prevent her from returning to her. Farewell! you shall soon hear again from me!"

The Count had scarcely done reading the letter when company was announced. A game at Faro was proposed, I suffered myself to be persuaded to be of the party, and lost almost all my money. On my return to our inn, I met the *Unknown*, who seemed to have been sent by heaven to my relief. I was going to relate to him my disagreeable situation; however he did not suffer me to go on, telling me, "I know what you want, come to-morrow

night to the well known spot by the side of the river, and your difficulties shall be removed." So saying, he left me.

My joy at this happy meeting was unbounded, and I repaired to the appointed place at eight o'clock the following night; however I waited till eleven o'clock before the *Unknown* joined me. I was just considering whether I should go or wait a little longer for him, when he showed himself at a distance, like an apparition. He beckoned to me, and I followed him. He led me on unbeaten paths, along a hill which we at length ascended.

The *Unknown* gave me a dark lanthorn, and an ebony wand, adding, "take this wand, it will be your protector in dangers. Whatever you may meet on your way, touch it with your wand, and no harm will befall you. You will see many things which will attract your curiosity, but do not stop, nor examine them. Pursue your way quickly, and you will come into a spacious hall, where you will find a sleeping virgin, whom you must touch with the wand, and then you may take the diamond pin, which is in her hair. When you have taken possession of that jewel, you may return; I shall expect you here." So saying, he led me into the ruinous building, opened a trap-door, and I began to descend. The noise with which the trap-door was shut, thrilled my heart; I fancied I descended into my grave. Having reached the seventh step, I stopped and deliberated whether I should proceed farther. It was not want of courage that made me hesitate, for I think I have proved more than once, that I am no coward; however, it seemed as if some invisible power kept me

forcibly back. I looked into the abyss, from which a cloud of dust and mould seemed rising up, and an undefinable dreadful anxiety straitened my breast. I struggled for some time with myself, not knowing what I should do, but soon roused my drooping spirits by the reflexion, how disgraceful it would be to me if I should return to the *Unknown*, without having executed my design, and was going to proceed; however, the anxiety which seized me with additional force, made me soon step back. I do not know what I should have determined upon at last, if

eyes behold! I fancied I saw some magic delusion. The first object which my eyes met, was Count Barbis and my tutor, who ran to clasp me in their arms as soon as I appeared. However, my first astonishment soon gave room to a second and greater one. Four constables had taken hold of the *Unknown*, and were going to tie his hands and feet. He seemed entirely unconcerned, and suffered himself to be fettered with the noble scorn of a lion, who is bound with cords. At length he turned towards me: "Ascribe it," said he, "to your irresolution, that you have not got what you wanted." "Away with him!" the Count exclaimed in a thundering accent—"lead the impostor to the dungeon!" The *Unknown* darted a look of annihilation at the Count, without vouchsafing to return an answer. When he was going to be led away by the constables, he addressed me once more. "Farewell! my Lord," said he, "at * * * n, I shall see you again." The place which he had named, was above three hundred leagues distant.

“This time,” the Count called out after him, “thy prophecy may prove false, for the hand of the hangman will quickly stop thee for ever in thy diabolical career.”

I was riveted to the ground, and every power of reflection seemed suspended. My tutor took me by the hand and entreated me to follow him. “Come!” said he, “and thank this worthy man for his having delivered you from the fangs of an infernal impostor.”

“An impostor?” I replied, still seized with wonder and astonishment.

“Yes, an impostor,” the Count said. “I

I interrupted him with swelling anger :
 “ Count, I know what you are going to
 “ say ; but I beg you will not take too
 “ much liberty with me ; if the man
 “ proves an impostor, I certainly shall be
 “ very thankful to you ; but till then, you
 “ will have the goodness to bear with my
 “ incredulity.”

“ By God this is too much !” my tutor
 exclaimed, “ what foolish delusion has
 “ fettered your heart to this villain ?”

“ Delusion !—do you not owe your life
 “ to this very villain ? or was the poniard
 “ which was pointed at your heart, and
 “ guarded off by that villain also, a mere
 “ delusion ?”

“ *One* good action is no proof of honesty
 “ and virtue ; and, besides one can save
 “ the life of a person with a very villain-
 “ ous view.”

“ Or was it also a foolish delusion that
 “ when I lately plunged into the river,
 “ this very villain saved my life, which
 “ then could be preserved only by a kind
 “ of miracle ?”

“ How !” my tutor exclaimed, with as-
 .

“ nishment, your life has been in danger,
“ and you have concealed it from me ?”

“ Why should I have acquainted you
“ with an incident, the relation of which
“ would have terrified you, and covered
“ me with blushes, without answering any
“ purpose ? But now, as the honour of my
“ unknown benefactor is at stake, I can-
“ not keep it secret any longer.”

“ You fell into the river ? Merciful
“ God !”

“ Through—carelessness. I was walk-
“ ing one evening, by myself, close by the
“ side of the river :—Being immersed in

“ I had already lost all power of recollection, and when I recovered the use of my senses I found myself in the arms of —the villain whom you have sent to prison.”

“ Come, Count,” my tutor exclaimed, “ for God’s sake come !”

“ Whither.”

“ How can you ask ? to save a man to whom we owe two lives.”

“ But you don’t consider, that this action is not sufficient to prove his innocence ; and that he, nevertheless, may be an impostor.”

“ Here is nothing to consider, except that he has acted in a noble manner, with respect to myself and my pupil, and consequently has a just claim to our gratitude.”

“ Acted in a noble manner ?—Even two good actions are no proofs of honesty and virtue, and besides, one may save the lives of two persons for a very villainous purpose.”

“ Then you will not go with us,” I exclaimed with warmth, “ Come !” taking my tutor by the arm, “ don’t let us waste

“ so much time with usefefs talk ; the life
“ of our benefactor is at ftake.”

“ Well, go, if you have a mind to have
“ a usefefs walk,” the Count refumed.
“ Do you think juftice will be fo partial
“ in this country as to pardon a criminal
“ becaufe he has been ferviceable to
“ you ?”

“ You are right,” my tutor replied, af-
ter fome reflection. “ This time my old
“ head has been mifguided again by my
“ heart.”

We were now arrived at the hotel
of the Count. He took leave very

who seemed desirous to rouse it, in order to justify his behaviour towards the *Unknown* and the Count, endeavoured to unseal my lips by repeated reproaches on account of my carelessness, my reservedness, &c. &c. however I returned very short and dry answers, wished him a good night and went to bed.

I slept very uneasy, my sleep being interrupted by horrid dreams. I got up early; an unaccountable restlessness drove me out of the house, and I rode to the Count. He was just going out, and surprised at my early visit.

“ Can you spare me a few minutes, Count ?”

“ As many as you wish; in what can I serve you ?”

“ You have calumniated yesterday, a man who is dear to me.”

“ I have, if speaking truth can be called calumniating.”

“ You have called him an impostor.”

“ I did; and I am ready to maintain my assertion.”

“ With the sword too ?”

“ Cert

“Certainly!”

“Then be so kind as to take a ride with me into the fields.”

“Why take so much pains? can we not decide the matter here?”

We unsheathed our swords.

“Stop only one moment,” the Count exclaimed, “will you not first justify my justification? perhaps you may change your mind.”

“A *perhaps* has no weight with me, if the honour of a friend is at stake! Let us come to the point!”

I must remark here, that in my native

common fencer. But soon I experienced more than that, being disarmed after the first six turns.

The Count wanted to shake hands with me. "One turn more!" I exclaimed, taking up my rapier. He stepped back with uncommon coolness, and waited my attack. But ~~the~~ nor surprising turn succeeded. Profoundly skilled in every art of fencing, he parried with uncommon ease and dexterity every onset, though planned ever so subtle. This fired my ambition to the highest degree; the burning desire to satiate my thirst for revenge, and to conquer such a master in fencing, made me exert all my strength. Vain endeavour! I could as easily have wounded the incorporeal air, as I was able to strike a blow at my antagonist.

"You see," the Count said smiling, "that my blade possesses a magic charm which repulses irresistibly the point of your sword. Let us make up the matter."

I took these words for raillery, exclaiming in an accent of frantic fury—"One
"turn

“ turn more, perhaps I may dispel the
“ charm!” I fought now with additional
rage, because my pride was nettled.—
Seeing that all my efforts of wounding the
Count proved abortive, my rage increas-
ed, and I risked several desperate at-
tempts. “ Take care,” the Count ex-
claimed, “ you are off your guard.” This
remark, and his uncommon coolness, (for
he acted only on the defensive) rendered me
almost mad. “ I or you !” I exclaimed.
“ Neither you nor I !” was his reply. He
pronounced these words with so much
self-confidence, that I could not doubt his

He embraced me with the warmest cordiality. "I have fought many duels, I added, "but I have never met with such an antagonist. I must confess you are my master."

"And I am proud," was his reply, "of having regained by my sword, a friend whom I had lost by an action to which the sincerest affection, had prompted me."

"Let me hear the particulars of that strange incident; I am desirous to know your charges against the *Unknown*, and still more so to hear how you happened to deliver me from his power."

"Is it possible your tutor should not have told it you already?"

"He wanted to do it yesterday, but I would not listen to him."

"Now I conceive—

"How could I challenge you? I must confess I did wrong that I would not listen to your justification, and I hope you will excuse and forgive it. Let me now hear what you have to say."

"The day before you visited me the last time, your tutor came to my house,
pre.

pretending you had said so much to my praise that he could no longer resist the desire of being better acquainted with me: The first reciprocal compliments being over, we happened to discourse of you: Your tutor asked me when you had been with me the last time? I named the day; he shook his head, and turned the discourse upon another subject. I soon became sensible that my new acquaintance was a man of an excellent understanding, and a most amiable disposition of heart; and observed with sweet pleasure that I seemed

to be indifferent to him. Our dis-

more animated, warm

gain

‘lent promising young man, of whom I
 ‘have reason to be proud. What a hap-
 ‘py prospect does he afford! his country,
 ‘which will reap one time the fruits of
 ‘the blossom which my eye beholds at
 ‘present with silent satisfaction.’

“In this strain he continued to speak
 a good while.—But you pay no attention
 to what I am saying!”

“I am all attention, be so kind as to
 go on!”

‘However those endowments of mind,’
 your tutor continued, ‘which I saw bud
 ‘with so much pleasure, and improved
 ‘and nursed with so much care: his
 ‘burning thirst for knowledge, his fond-
 ‘ness for whatever is singular and un-
 ‘common, his sensible heart and glowing
 ‘fancy—these excellent qualities begin
 ‘now to take a turn which has caused me
 ‘many gloomy days, and many nights of
 ‘silent sorrow.”

‘All this has my tutor told you?’

“Let me proceed!” ‘If you will pro-
 ‘mise me to keep it to yourself,’ he con-
 ‘tinued, ‘I will disclose to [you] an inci-
 ‘dent

‘dent which will enable you to judge of
‘the dangerous turn the mind of this
‘young man has taken.’

“ Having promised upon -my honour
to be discreet, he related to me your ad-
ventures with the *Unknown*. When he
had finished his relation, he looked at me
for some time, gloomy and silently ; then
he took me by the hand and said, ‘ Count,
‘ I have communicated to you all that I
‘ know of the matter ; however, I fear I
‘ do not know all ; a silent apprehension
‘ tells me that he continues his connec-
‘ tion with that dangerous man without

it to him without delay. An accident enabled me sooner than I had expected to return his confidence in me."

"Indeed. I am curious to know what accident this was!"

"A member of the government of this town, Mr. Alvarez, whom you saw the day before yesterday at my house, and who left it before you, saw, when stepping out of the door, a man wrapt in a purple cloak hovering around the house, as if he had some finister design. My friend, who thought it very suspicious, pretended not to have noticed him, and went about sixty steps farther, concealing himself in a place where the light of the moon enabled him to observe the suspicious lurker, without being seen by him. Soon after you left the house too, and the man in the purple cloak followed you. My friend, seeing you enter into a conversation with him, concluded he was an acquaintance of yours who had waited for you, and was going to pursue his way, but you were then so close by the place where he was concealed that he could not leave it with propriety.

“ and you shall find assistance. words, and the accent with which were pronounced, struck my fancy, I fancied he knew the voice, and his countenance as well as his permitted it. He recollected his only his long white beard made taste a little at first. However, disguise could not conceal him was soon convinced that this was the same person whom he had known years past in the East-Indies, his memory had been deeply engrained in his mind by a most remarkable incident, a friend, being spurred by what he had heard and seen, returned instantly to me into whose hands you had fallen.

“ The incident ! ” — I exclaimed — “ the incident ! or dare I not know it ? ”

“ The gratification of your curiosity shall be your punishment ! ” the Count resumed smiling, after a short pause : “ it will flatter your pride very little when you shall hear what a wretch the man is for whom you drew your sword a quarter of an hour ago . ”

“ I certainly shall fight you with pistols , ” I replied , “ if you don't come soon to the point . ”

“ My friend embarked about twelve years ago for the East-Indies, forced by stress of fortune, in order to improve his situation. He had been recommended to one Finaldi, a banker of immense property. Being provided with letters of recommendation from the best houses, he was received in his counting-house without the least hesitation, and under very advantageous conditions. His great abilities and his uncommon diligence soon gained him the favour of Finaldi, and he had every reason to expect to make his fortune. A strange adventure raised his sanguine

fanguine expectations still higher. One evening when he was sitting in his room quite alone overlooking his accounts, a black slave entered his apartment, giving him a note. He opened it, and read the following words: "If thou canst return love for love and keep silence, then fix a place where the bearer may find thee at midnight. Follow him whithersoever he shall conduct thee, and fear nothing. A loving heart and a sweet reward are awaiting thee."

"My friend perused the note more than four times without knowing what to

slave remained silent, putting his hand upon his lips. "Tell me, whither art thou conducting me?" The black beckoned to follow him silently. My friend followed with anxious expectation.

"A high wall stopped their course. "Ascend the ladder!" the slave said. My friend climbed up the ladder, and descended into a garden of great extent and splendor. "Take a turn in this palm grove till I come back." So saying, he left my friend. After a quarter of an hour he returned and bade my friend follow him. They entered a small gate, and arrived at last, over a narrow and dark stair-case, in a passage which was lighted by a few lamps; there the black stopped, beating the floor twice with his foot. A door was thrown open, and a sweet aromatic odor evaporated from a dark apartment. The slave pushed my friend in the room, and shut the door upon him. My friend groped in the dark; a small soft hand took hold of his, and a harmonious female voice whispered in his ear, "Come, and fear nothing." His

invisible conductress led him softly along; and suddenly a silken curtain was drawn open; a splendid apartment illuminated with numberless torches, and a velvet couch upon which a heavenly female figure was reposing, presented themselves to the gazing looks of my astonished friend. "Come nearer, charming European," lisped the crimsoning fair one, "but take care not to trespass the laws of modesty; for at the first signal my people will rush into the room and kill thee." Then the beautiful Indian told him, that she had seen him accidentally, had

Here I started up from my chair, exclaiming, "Count, do you keep your word thus? You have promised to relate to me the adventure with the *Unknown*, and you give me the romance of your friend, with all the particulars."

"I shall soon have done!" resumed the Count, who seemed to be determined to be revenged on my patience for my challenge.

"I need not tell you," thus he resumed, "that my friend accepted with rapture the offer of the beautiful Indian, and that the damsel exerted every power of persuasion to get the consent of her mother, her father being dead some years. Fortune seemed indeed to favour the two lovers. The greatest obstacles were already removed, the mother began to listen with patience to the arguments of her daughter, and the latter surrendered without reserve, to the tenderness of her presumed husband, when an unexpected clap of thunder destroyed every hope of future happiness; and a dreadful blow ruined my friend for ever. A rich *Irishman*,

who was gone to the East-Indies half a year before my friend went, and lived in a splendid manner, sent one morning a servant to the banker, with the intelligence that he was going on board of a ship to undertake a long journey, desiring, at the same time, Mr. Finaldi to remit him without delay the sum which he had entrusted to his care. The banker was certain that he never had received money from the *Irishman*, and told his servant to inform his master he was very much mistaken, for he never had received a farthing from him, much less the sum of 15000*l.* and consequently could remit

because he was going on a long voyage, but the banker denied having received any money, and as his departure could not be delayed, he desired to have a search warrant. He added at the same time, that if the banker should have removed his money, the officers of police would perhaps find the letter sealed with a seal, which he produced, and sent by him to Finaldi along with the money in question. So saying, he gave to the judge a copy of his letter, and a list of the different numbers with which the bags were marked, offering to wait meanwhile at the office, in order to be responsible for every thing, if neither money nor letter should be found, and then to prove his demand in a more convincing manner. The judge could not refuse granting the request; he went along with some officers of the police to the house of the banker, requesting him to deliver to him the money of the Irishman without delay, shewing him at the same time the copy of the letter, and enquiring whether he had not received the original? However, when

Finaldi protested he had never seen such a letter, he was informed that his house and writings would be searched. Finaldi submitted very cheerfully to it, and went himself with the judge into the first floor, opening the repository and the chests in which he kept his money and bills of exchange. The banker saw, with the greatest equanimity, the judge take a note out of his pocket, and compare with it the marked bags. The judge discovered very easily those which were marked with the numbers mentioned by the Irishman, and sealed with his own seal. The letter, a copy of which had been given to

tenance as pale as ashes. After a long pause of horror, he swore at length by the living God, he knew not how the seal and the letter could have been put upon the bags, protesting again and again, that the money was his property. However, his pretended ignorance appeared to the judge an additional proof of the banker's crime, and he was obliged to suffer his money to be carried away, and delivered into the hands of the Irishman, who received it with the solemn declaration that he would return very soon and formally prosecute the banker for fraud, and set sail that very hour.

“ And this Irishman ? ”—

“ Pray let me finish my narration.—On the evening of that very day, a young man, with whom my friend was very intimate, came in his room, with evident signs of the greatest consternation. “ Make haste, make haste, my dear friend,” he exclaimed with a trembling voice, “ and save thyself! Finaldi is in the greatest fury; he has been informed—God knows by what traitor—that you have been out

of the house last night, and returned some hours after midnight. He is firmly convinced that you must have been privy to the fraud of the Irishman, and betrayed him in the night. For heaven's sake, don't desist a moment! Make haste to save yourself by flight; every moment threatens to be fatal to you; you are beset by Finaldi's spies, all your steps are watched; disguise yourself, and flee as far as you can."

My friend being conscious of his innocence, was determined to stay. His nocturnal absence had been occasioned by the fair Indian, and not by Finaldi's

pate you? Are not appearances entirely against you? No one except yourself and Finaldi keeps the keys to the apartments, repositories and chests which contain the money and the papers; consequently, nobody but yourself, or the person with whom you were connected, can have defrauded the banker." "O God!" exclaimed my friend with despair, "I am ruined! save me! whither shall I flee?" "In the arms of friendship!" his confidant replied. "Come! I will procure you a temporary asylum against the spies of Finaldi; with the first dawn of day, you must go on board a ship." He was as good as his word, concealing my friend, during the night, in his lodging, and conducting him in disguise on board of a vessel as soon as morning began to dawn. "Shall I flee without taking leave of my mistress?" My friend asked groaning. "Will you on the brink of safety, plunge yourself in the gulf of destruction?" his confidant replied. The wind swelled the sails, and in a few minutes the ship was out of the harbour. My friend saw the East-Indies

dies and his native country no more. He afterwards repented in vain his premature flight, by which he had strengthened the suspicion of his supposed crime; he looked in vain, with heavy groans, towards the place which contained his mistress, who, as he was informed afterwards, drowned herself out of despair. All his promising views, all his rosy hopes were ruined for ever. He was now wretched, unspeakably wretched—rendered so by one man.—Conceive his astonishment, when he found again this very man, the day before yesterday, in your *Unknown*.”

“ I will explain myself distinctly, and
“ with brevity: If I suppose the Irishman
“ to be an impostor, then the incident
“ which you have been relating to me is
“ more incomprehensible, than if I sup-
“ pose him to be an honest man.”

“ For what reason?”

“ Be so kind to answer me first a few
“ questions, and every thing will be clear-
“ ed up.”

“ Well! what do you wish to know?”

“ Had the Irishman never been in the
“ house of the banker?”

“ Never.”

“ Had no person besides your friend
“ and Finaldi, been intrusted with the
“ keys to the rooms, repositories, and
“ chests?”

“ No person whatever.”

“ Had neither of them lost one of those
“ keys?”

“ Certainly not. Nay, I will tell you
“ more; on the day previous to that on
“ which the Irishman claimed the money,
“ my friend saw the bags without his
“ seal.”

“Has no door, nor chest been found
“forced, nor a lock damaged; and have
“no other marks of a violent entry been
“detected?”

“No, assuredly not!”

“How could, therefore, the Irishman
“have committed that fraud? You have
“refuted your own assertion, Count! or
“you must allow that the *Unknown* is pos-
“sessed of supernatural skill—and then I
“agree with you.”

“He that is entrusted with supernatural
“power,” the Count replied in a solemn
accent, “will never misuse it for a vil-
“lainous purpose.”

My tutor who had joined us during this discourse, and signified by silent signs, his approbation of the Count's remarks, took now his part. "Don't you recollect," said he to me, "that the first attempt of the *Unknown* upon us, was nothing less than a theft? He had robbed us too, in an incomprehensible manner; but have we been less imposed upon on that account."

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "This case is very different from the former, at least in one respect. In the former case, he is a downright cheat, if we suppose that he never restored the theft; or," said I to the Count, "has he ever returned the money to the banker?"

"My friend has been informed by letters which he lately received from the East Indies, that he neither is returned thither, nor has remitted the money."

"The cheat which he played upon us," I resumed, "proves nothing against his honesty!"

"Nothing? how can you maintain this?"

"The

“ before the examination, and that the
“ banker certainly would not have im-
“ printed it the preceding night, in order
“ to betray himself the day following.—”

My discourse with the Count was in-
terrupted by his friend who came to see
him. “ Anxiety for your safety,” said the
magistrate to the former, “ and for yours,
“ my Lord,” turning to Count Galvez, my
tutor, “ has carried me hither. The Irish-
“ man whom I have imprisoned yesterday
“ does not know, as yet, who his informers
“ are, and although he never should re-
“ ceive intelligence of it, he will, never-
“ theless, suspect you to be the primary

“ You do not know that dreadful man,
 “ nor his incredible power. Only a
 “ speedy departure and the most secret
 “ incognito on the road can save you.”

We thanked the magistrate for his attention and, deliberated instantly on our situation. We determined to prepare with the utmost secrecy for our departure, and to leave the town against midnight, taking an affectionate leave of the friendly magistrate after we had made him promise to send us frequent and exact accounts of the conduct of the Irishman, and the progress and issue of his trial.

The Count begged leave to accompany us, alledging, that he had settled his business at * * * *, and consequently was at liberty to follow us every where. I and my tutor, who had a particular regard for the Count, were very agreeably surpris'd by his offer, and accepted it with great pleasure. We left the town as soon as it grew dark, and at six o'clock the next morning, were sixty miles distant from the place of danger.

The Count did not think it adviseable to stop, and as we stayed no where long

than two days at most, we were soon 534 miles distant.

On the road I received a complete account of the particulars of my delivery from the power of the Irishman. The Count having communicated to my tutor the intelligence which he had received from the magistrate, a plan of taking up the Irishman was instantly designed and executed.

My servant had received orders not to lose sight of me all the evening, and to follow me every where at a proper distance. When I came to the bank of the river, and began to walk up and down as

The *Unknown* appeared, and the whole train followed us at a great distance, only the magistrate went home again, thinking his presence superfluous. My servant carried a lanthorn under his cloak in order to light the torches which the officers of the police were provided with, as soon as the signal should be made in order to prevent the Irishman from making his escape in the dark. The Count and my tutor were the first who had ascended the hill after us, and as soon as I had entered the ruinous building, they beset the entrance in order to seize the Irishman when he should return. Their plan succeeded; the Count gave the signal with a pistol, the police officers rushed forth from their ambush and seized the Irishman. This was the natural course of an incident, which at first surprised me like a magical delusion.

Six hundred miles separated us now from the dreaded *Unknown*. We therefore believed ourselves to be out of the reach of his myrmidons, and stopped at * * *ch, without entertaining the least apprehension.

sion. In that town I renewed my acquaintance with the amiable brother of the Duke of Braganza. He was an amiable young man, adorned with the most excellent qualities. His understanding was acute and penetrating, his presence of mind unequalled, his disposition jovial, his generosity unbounded. At the same time he was enthusiastic in his friendship, possessed a noble heart, void of every art and suspicion, which however, was the residence of lawful ambition. He was affable in a high degree, and entirely destitute of that foolish pride which so fre-

tender friend which he had been when at home, and with a kind of rapture put me in mind of our juvenile years, which we had spent in sweet congenial unanimity. I loved him as ardently as I hated his brother, who was quite the reverse of him. The Prince was a true soldier, and the Duke a consummate courtier; the former constant in his friendship, and above suspicion; the latter changeable and mistrustful. The former united ambition with courage and personal bravery, the latter an arrogant desire of greatness with cowardice and irresolution; which was the reason that the Prince strove to satisfy his passion in an open and disguised manner, and the Duke by intrigues and artful wiles.

One gloomy afternoon, when I was conversing with the Prince in a confidential manner on the lamentable state of our native country, he related to me, that on the evening previous to his departure, a priest had entered his apartment with a mysterious mien, and exhorted him not to leave his native country in the bloom of his life,

life, as he might act a very important part in a great undertaking which would soon be carried into execution. "I concluded from this hint," the Prince added, "that a plan was carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, and to place again on the throne the pretended imprisoned king; but feeling myself not called to have a share in the conspiracy, I paid no regard to his admonition, and departed."

I asked the Prince whether he had not endeavoured to get more intimately acquainted with the priest, and to pump out

Do you recollect how soon after, the prophesied king appeared, but was seized and imprisoned by the Spanish government, under the fine pretext of being an impostor?"

I recollected this incident very well, and a thought flushed through my head like lightning: I fancied I had found again the features of that monk in the countenance of the Irishman.

The longer I revolved that idea in my mind, the more resemblance I found between these two men. "If the monk and the Irishman are one and the same person," said I to myself, "then it is clear what design he has upon me. A great undertaking is going on, as he has told the Prince, and he wants to implicate me in it. And what undertaking is it? this too is no secret to me. A plan is carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, to set the old king at liberty, and to replace him on the throne.— With that view the Irishman once said to me: 'Can you behold with indifference your native country smarting under the whip of a foreign tyrant, and

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“ see it waste its strength by degrees?”
“ O! it is clearer than the noon-tide
“ sun, what designs the *Unknown* has upon
“ me.”

I believed firmly I had traced out the plan of the Irishman, and hastened to communicate my discovery to my tutor and the Count. Both were of opinion my suspicion might be well founded, and conjured me by every thing sacred, never to suffer myself to be implicated in such a dangerous plot. My tutor and the Count differed only with regard to the restoration of the old king. “ What con-
“ cerns the shaking off of the Spanish yoke

“cape, and was still alive: yet he did not
 “know the place of his concealment.”—
 “The whole history of this unfortunate
 “Prince,” the Count added, “is very
 “singular and mysterious. When he was
 “twenty-four years of age he went to war
 “against the Moors; a bloody battle was
 “fought on a large plain, and although
 “the enemy were very superior in num-
 “ber, yet he put them to flight. How-
 “ever the general of the enemy rallied
 “his army again, and the fortune of war
 “changed on the second attack. The
 “christians were entirely routed, and the
 “king himself was in the greatest danger.
 “Some of his most faithful generals, who
 “had been spared by the fury of the
 “enemy, conjured him to save himself;
 “and one of them who knew the coun-
 “try offered to lead him to a place of
 “safety. However the young hero re-
 “plied, ‘What a stain would it be on my
 “royal honour, if it should be said I had
 “fled! No, my friends, I will retreat like a
 “soldier!’ Three horses had already
 “been killed under him, nevertheless he
 Vol. I. I. forced

“ forced his way through the enemy to
“ his corps de reserve, which still was in
“ tolerable order, but surrounded on all
“ sides. Some of his attendants called
“ for assistance, and thus the enemy got
“ acquainted with his dignity, surround-
“ ing him closer and closer. Meanwhile
“ the fight was continued, and one after
“ the other of his principal officers was
“ killed by his side. At length one of
“ them, who never had stirred from his
“ side, exclaimed: ‘ My Lord and king,
“ what assistance can we expect here?’—
“ ‘ That which our feats deserve to re-

" it; however the hero refused firmly to
 " grant his prayer, exclaiming, ' A king
 " never ought to part with his liberty
 " but with his life.' These words wound-
 " ed the soul of his faithful servant so
 " deeply, that weary of his life, he rush-
 " ed into the midst of the enemy, and fell
 " covered with wounds. The king de-
 " fended himself some time longer, but
 " soon was overpowered and disarmed.
 " Now a quarrel arose among the infidels
 " on account of the king, every one of
 " them contending he was *his* prisoner;
 " the contest soon began to be very
 " warm, and they attacked each other
 " sword in hand. Unfortunately a Cady
 " interrupted them, and seeing their rage,
 " exclaimed—' Ye dogs, Allah has given
 " you victory, and now you are going to
 " cut each other to pieces on account of
 " a prisoner!' With these words he dis-
 " persed them with his sabre, and rush-
 " ing upon the king, whose head was
 " uncovered, gave him such a blow across
 " the right eye-brow, that he fell from
 " his horse mortally wounded to all ap-

“pearance. The rest of the infidels seeing this, gave him some more wounds upon the head and neck, being hindered by his armour from wounding his body. ‘Thus,’ added the knight, who was an eye-witness of that lamentable scene, and communicated the particulars to me, ‘thus the best and most valiant king was inhumanly butchered in the spring of his life.’ As soon as the news of his death was known, five pretenders to the crown of my country arose at once. All these rivals proved the validity of their title in a most specious manner, but the most powerful of

“ also with many grandees. His preten-
 “ sions were particularly strengthened by
 “ some of my countrymen who had known
 “ the king personally, and often declared
 “ upon their honour, that his features,
 “ his size and voice resembled exactly
 “ that of their royal master. He was sup-
 “ ported so powerfully, that he soon be-
 “ gan to live in a manner answering to
 “ his dignity, and declared himself pub-
 “ licly to be the person whom he repre-
 “ sented. This alarmed the Spanish Am-
 “ bassador at Venice, who succeeded at
 “ length in persuading the senate to arrest
 “ him. On his examination he related,
 “ that he had been dangerously wounded
 “ in that fatal battle, but in a most won-
 “ derful manner saved from death. He
 “ added he had been cured in Algarbia,
 “ and being ashamed of showing himself
 “ to any known person, after so great a
 “ misfortune, he had taken the resolution
 “ to visit Abyssinia, and other remote
 “ countries and kingdoms: in his wan-
 “ derings he had come to Persia, assisted
 “ in many battles, and received many
 L 3 wounds:

“ jets had impelled him to leave
“ lum. He farther added, he ha
“ first in Sicily, and from thence
“ ed a messenger to his kingd
“ however, had never returned
“ had prompted him to visit his
“ in person, but previously to im
“ interposition of the Pope, whic
“ been prevented from carrying
“ cution by the villainy of his c
“ ple, who had robbed him on t
“ After that misfortune, he said
“ repaired to Venice, where he
“ recognized by some of his for
“ jets.

“them during the last war against the
“Turks, and how much desire he had
“evinced to assist them powerfully, al-
“leging that whoever had seen the king
“could not but recognise the identity
“of his person. And, indeed, every ap-
“pearance was in his favour with regard
“to this point. His features not only
“resembled exactly those of the true king,
“but, what is particularly remarkable,
“the left side of his body was shorter
“than his right, which was exactly the
“case with the prince whom he repre-
“sented. A scar of a wound, which the
“king had received above his right eye-
“brow when a child, was very visible,
“and many other marks by which that
“prince had been distinguished, were
“found upon him after a close exami-
“nation. He remained nevertheless three
“whole years shut up in a prison. Mean-
“while my countrymen endeavoured to
“move heaven and earth in his favour.
“The Senate of Venice being pressed
“from all sides, decreed at length that
“he should leave their territory on pain

“ of being sent to the gallies for the rest
“ of his life. My countrymen deliberated
“ now carefully which road the king
“ should take in order to return to his
“ kingdom, whether he should go by way
“ of Germany, Swisserland, or France.—
“ Unfortunately he chose the latter road,
“ and no sooner had he entered the fron-
“ tiers of Florence, disguised in the garb
“ of a Dominican friar, than he was ap-
“ prehended by order of the Grand Duke,
“ and delivered up to the Spanish go-
“ vernment at Naples, which, as one
“ may easily conceive, was very anxious
“ to seize upon a person, who was fo

“ the king has sent you twice to my court,
 “ and that on that occasion I gave you
 “ a sword set with jewels, and your lady
 “ a diamond ring of great value? This
 “ being literally true, the Viceroy order-
 “ ed a number of rich swords and dia-
 “ mond rings to be brought into the
 “ apartment. The king not only knew
 “ instantly the pieces in question, select-
 “ ing them from the rest, but at the same
 “ time touched a secret spring of the jewel
 “ and shewed beneath it his name, which
 “ till then had been discovered neither
 “ by the Count nor his lady.

“ But what was the consequence of
 “ these convincing proofs? He was plac-
 “ ed upon an ass, carried through the
 “ streets of Naples as an impostor, and
 “ sent to the galleys. When he approach-
 “ ed the coasts of Portugal, a general
 “ commotion took place in my native
 “ country. The monks, being dissatis-
 “ fied with the Spanish government, stir-
 “ red up the populace, and a general re-
 “ volt was on the eve of breaking out.—
 “ Tranquillity and order were, indeed,

“ soon restored; two monks were gibbet-
“ ed, and several other persons executed;
“ however the commotion was not en-
“ tirely stopped. The government of
“ Spain were obliged to secure the person
“ of the unhappy man in a castle at St.
“ Luke, where he was closely confined,
“ and is commonly believed to have died.
“ However the manner of his death has
“ never transpired, and for that very rea-
“ son, the rumour of his having effected
“ his escape cannot be refuted directly.
“ However improbable his flight may be,
“ yet the impossibility of it never can be
“ proved. The government of Spain

This is the substance of the account given us upon this subject by the Count, who (which I must not forget to mention) had confessed to us on the road, that his name was not *Barbis*, but *Clairval*. "The former name," added he, "I have adopted by desire of the Countess, who fancied a fictitious name would enable me to trace out easier the murderer of my brother." No sooner had the Count pronounced these last words than I grew pale. This sudden striking change could not escape the eagle looks of the Count, and he stared by turns at me and my tutor. The latter thought silence would be more dangerous than a frank confession, and disclosed to the Count, without reserve, the whole history of the apparition at the castle of the Countess, vowing, at the same time, that the latter must certainly have been imposed upon by the Irishman, who very probably had bribed some of her servants to carry on his secret intrigues with more security, the noble character of my father being in open

fect of a fine (pun) deception
man. "Not only the noble
the Duke, your father," added
"other circumstances too, p
"out contradiction, that he c
"no hand in the assassination
"ther, who never was in your
"Well, then the cheat is l
"once!" I exclaimed, "for I
"that my father has not left
"these six years."

We were, soon after; mo
convinced, that the apparit
castle had been nothing else b
tion; for the Count received
Amelia. in which the history

“ the *Unknown*, who, as I afterwards have
 “ been told by my people, poured some
 “ drops out of a small phial into my
 “ mouth and left me, after he had given
 “ orders to my nurse, to give me what-
 “ ever I should desire upon my recovery
 “ from my state of insensibility.—
 “ Awaking from my swoon, I felt a vio-
 “ lent hunger and thirst, which were no
 “ sooner appeased, than I was animated
 “ with new life and vigour. The next
 “ day I was able to leave my bed,
 “ and, in a short time, was as well as
 “ ever I had been. My valet (added
 “ she) has disappeared suddenly, and I
 “ have not seen him since.”

The latter circumstance left no doubt of
 Paleski's being in the pay of the Irish-
 man. Probably he apprehended that his
 secret correspondence with that impostor
 would be detected sooner or later, and for
 that reason disappeared in good time.—
 What else than such a connection with
 the *Unknown* could have prompted him
 to write two letters which contained so
 many fictions, entirely to the advantage
 of

fician: however, the manner
he represented the matter, could
produce an effect quite different:
ki had the greatest reason to e
Irishman would appear to me a
superior being. To resuscitate h
and a few words a dead person,
been in her coffin three days a
this could not have been effected
ral means, and it was not the fa
Irishman or Palecki, that I recei
account of the matter, contrar
expectation, which entirely dis
charm. On the other side, let u
this accident had not happened,
not acquainted with the Count,

MAGICAL DELUSION.

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ed, "that these two fellows have been
"leagued, and availed themselves of my
"weak side; it is doubtless that they acted
"in concert, when my tutor, Amelia, and
"myself were deceived by the pretended
"apparition."

Count Clairval and my tutor were high-
ly rejoiced to see me cured of my preju-
dices, which had chained me to the *Un-
known* with iron fetters, and threatened to
produce the most dreadful consequences.
I myself was glad to have been freed in
time from an error which had been rooted
so deeply in my soul, and thanked the
Count with sensations of the sincerest gra-
titude for having delivered me twice from
the power of the Irishman.

The Count had gained the favour
the Prince of Braganza in a high degree,
being an excellent companion, and
Prince fond of social pleasures,
therefore accompanied my tutor and
self every evening to the Prince, and
we spent our time in the most agreeable
manner. One evening, the latter gave a
little feast, and all the guests were a
all

of the Irishman. If he had related the fact in a simple and natural manner, like the Countess, I should indeed have thought the benefactor of Amelia to be a skilful, or at least a fortunate physician: however, the manner in which he represented the matter, could not but produce an effect quite different. Palefki had the greatest reason to expect the Irishman would appear to me a kind of superior being. To resuscitate by a touch and a few words a dead person, who had been in her coffin three days and nights; this could not have been effected by natural means, and it was not the fault of the

messengers to search for him every where, and rode with the Count to all the neighbouring places, but we returned late at night without having seen or heard more of him than our messengers. Three days elapsed amid fruitless searches. I spared neither money nor promises, and the Prince himself did every thing in his power to find him out, but in vain! we could not trace him out. The last ray of hope disappeared, making room to the most tormenting pain of mind, which baffled every attempt of the Count to comfort me.

One day as I was musing on the greatness of my loss, and was walking up and down the room in gloomy reverie, the Count received a letter from the magistrate. He opened, read, and gave it me with marks of surprise and astonishment. I read the following lines:

“MY LORD,

“I am going to communicate to you matters which certainly will far surpass your expectation and appear very improba-

“ ble, nay, even contradictory to you,
“ though they are literally true. I acted
“ right before the tribunal of my con-
“ science, when I ordered the Irishman to
“ be taken up, and yet I repent of it sin-
“ cerely. It was the Irishman who has
“ ruined me in the East Indies, and yet I
“ cannot reproach him for it. He cheat-
“ ed the banker of 15,000l. and yet he is,
“ at least in my eyes, -justified on that ac-
“ count. My former hatred against him
“ is changed into admiration, and I wish
“ most ardently it were in my power to
“ deliver him from the prison, where a
“ severe doom awaits him. Hear how

“ and I have not sent for you in order to
 “ reproach you, although you are to be
 “ blamed on account of the precipi-
 “ tation with which you acted ; nor have
 “ I sent for you because I think it
 “ my duty to account to you for my
 “ actions. There is but *one*,” said he with
 “ a solemn accent, uncovering his head
 “ and lifting up his eyes to heaven,
 “ ‘there is but *one* to whom I am ac-
 “ countable. I acknowledge no other
 “ judge but him who has sent me, and
 “ whose secret orders to execute I am de-
 “ puted to man. I have sent for you for
 “ no other reason,’ he continued, cover-
 “ ing his head, ‘ than to rectify your
 “ erroneous notions. You believe that I
 “ have committed an ignoble, mean action,
 “ by robbing the banker of that sum ; I
 “ forgive you this error, for it is the com-
 “ mon melancholic lot of mortals to judge
 “ of matters and actions by their external
 “ appearance. You will think otherwise
 “ when you shall have learnt the real
 “ state of that matter. Do you know that
 “ Finaldi in whose service you have been?

“ Do

The Irishman mused awhile, and then said, "The means which I made use of are very simple, and for that reason you will not think them worth notice. But as they were most fit and safe to execute a laudable design, prudence bade me to use them. I had got intelligence that the greatest part of the banker's treasure was kept in the second story, and in the dead of night, got upon a ladder to the windows. Having opened the shutters and windows with proper instruments, I descended into the room, and examined it by the light of a lanthorn, which illumi-

which I informed him that I was sending him 15000l. in piaſters, begging him to keep that ſum, 'till I ſhould demand it back. Having ſealed this letter after I had taken a copy, I opened it and laid it upon one of the money-bags which I had marked. Then I locked the repository and the cheſt, and left the apartment in the ſame manner I had entered it. What happened the day following, I need not tell you."

"I muſt confeſs," I exclaimed, "you have executed your plan in a maſterly manner—I only think," added I after a ſhort pauſe, "the means too human, and ill-becoming a man who can work miracles." "Who told you that I can work miracles?" the Iriſhman replied. "No one except the great Ruler of the world, can interrupt the courſe of nature, and alter her laws; at moſt, mortals may ſerve him as inſtruments to execute the wonders of his omnipotence. I do not deny that I have been appointed ſeveral times to be a miniſter of Providence, but no mortal being can work miracles on his own accord."

cord. The whole of the power intrusted to me, consists in the knowledge and application of such powers of nature as are concealed from the short-sighted eye of mortals. At the same time I cannot but confess, that the mysterious deeds which I perform by virtue of that knowledge, appear to men to be wonders, because the spectator is unacquainted with the means by which they are effected. Mark well what I am going to tell you now. Although the higher unknown powers of nature are at my command, yet this power has been intrusted to me, only under the condition never to make

will you answer if I ask you how I have deserved to have been rendered miserable by you? Why did you ruin the happiness of an innocent man, while you saved an unfortunate family from ruin? ‘I could tell you,’ the Irishman resumed, ‘that in a case of collision, the happiness of an individual must be sacrificed to the welfare of a whole family; however, I have no need to have recourse to that sophism. It was not I who has destroyed your happiness, it was you. Why did you flee? Was you not conscious of your innocence? No one could have convicted you of a breach of trust. Besides, I had taken care that three days after my departure, a letter was delivered to the banker, in which I explained to him the means by which he had lost his money, and the reason which had prompted me to rob him of that sum. Thus you would have been cleared of all suspicion, have retained your place in Finaldi’s house, and not lost your mistress.’

“I wanted to stay,” I replied, “but my friend represented the danger so pressing—”

“How could you,” the Irishman interrupted me, “believe that man to be your friend? He persuaded you to make your escape, in order to occupy your place in Finaldi’s house, and in the heart of your mistress. However, his hope of supplanting you in the heart of the latter, was disappointed; that he succeeded with respect to the former, I need not to tell you.”

“Alas!” I exclaimed, “then my foreboding has not deceived me.”

“Why did you suffer yourself,” the Irishman continued, “to be taken in by false appearances? Why did you confide in a man of . . .

visible guardian who will protect me, and break these fetters." With these words, he dismissed me; however, my mind has been dreadfully agitated ever since. I fancied I had arrested a villain, and am now convinced too late of my error. The consequences of my rashness will bear heavy upon him; if he is not saved by a miracle, then he certainly will be burnt alive. The judges of this extraordinary man have discovered, during his imprisonment, matters of so singular a nature, that they firmly believe him to be a forcerer, and you know, Count, how inexorable our laws are with regard to that point. If he dies, his blood will cry loudly against me.

"You will now see, what I have said in the beginning of my letter is connected. You shall soon hear again from me, and receive a faithful account of the issue of a trial, which fills me with gloomy apprehensions. 'Till then farewell! &c. &c. &c."

"What do you think of the contents of this letter?" The Count said when I re-

“ I might almost say mine

“ By heaven! if your indignities begin to waver, then I have blush at my relapse!”

The Count seemed to be found meditation, walking in the apartment with hasty strides. He exclaimed at length, “ it I should have been so much regard to that man. I still there must be a charlatan or a rogue!”

“ But his defence seems in this hard judgment of yours, solemn, and frank tone o

tion, "if I consider that my friend, who has learnt to distinguish between appearances and reality, between dissimulation and truth, who has himself had a very bad opinion of the Irishman, and without doubt, accepted his invitation for no other reason than to unmask and to humble him; if I consider that my friend, notwithstanding this, excriminates him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one should think that all cannot be deception and hypocrisy."

"Believe me, Count!" I exclaimed, "in a situation like that of the Irishman, in which nothing can be gained by hypocrisy and deception, and which excludes all hope of delivery by natural means, deception and hypocrisy are almost impossible."

The Count started a few more objections, however, he could not persuade me that his bad opinion of the Irishman had not received a mortal blow.

"If your tutor were but here," said he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, "he would refute, with more

turned it to him with evident marks of astonishment.

“ I must confess this letter has almost entirely changed my bad opinion of the Irishman.”

“ I might almost say mine too !”

“ By heaven ! if your incredulity begins to waver, then I have no reason to blush at my relapse !”

The Count seemed to be lost in profound meditation, walking up and down the apartment with hasty strides. “ No !” he exclaimed at length, “ it is impossible I should have been so much mistaken with regard to that man. I still affirm he si-

tion, "if I consider that my friend, who has learnt to distinguish between appearances and reality, between dissimulation and truth, who has himself had a very bad opinion of the Irishman, and without doubt, accepted his invitation for no other reason than to unmask and to humble him; if I consider that my friend, notwithstanding this, excriminates him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one should think that all cannot be deception and hypocrisy."

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"If your tutor were but here," said he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, "he would refute, with more

“ success than I, your returning good
“ opinion of the Irishman.”

The words tutor, and Irishman! were scarcely pronounced, when a thought flushed through my soul.—“ Should not the Irishman be acquainted with the fate of my tutor? I am almost certain, Count, that if any body can inform us of his fate, the Irishman can!”

“ I doubt it very much!”

“ I will at least make a trial. The least appearance of possibility ought to determine me to make an attempt. Let us return and conjure the Irishman to tell us whether he knows any thing of

“ write to my friend, who will execute
 “ your commission with the greatest punc-
 “ tuality, if your letter does not arrive
 “ too late.”

“ Excellent !” I exclaimed, “ I will write
 “ instantly.”

“ Stop ! one moment only,” the Count
 said when I was going to leave him, “ did
 “ not the Irishman promise to meet us at
 “ * * * n ?”

“ Indeed I had entirely forgot this pro-
 “ mise !”

“ Should we not rather travel to * * * n,
 “ and see whether he will be as good as
 “ his word ? I reason thus : If this extra-
 “ ordinary man really is what he pretends
 “ to be, if he really possesses supernatu-
 “ ral powers, then he certainly will meet
 “ us at * * * n, according to his promise,
 “ and then you will get the intelligence
 “ which you desire. But if he is an im-
 “ postor, you will not receive the least
 “ intelligence concerning the fate of your
 “ tutor ; you may address him in person
 “ or by way of letters, consequently I
 “ think

“ think both our return and a letter to my friend will be useless.”

I could not but approve the Count's reasoning, and we agreed to repair to * * * n, a place which was near three hundred miles distant from our present residence. The Count and myself parted reluctantly with the Prince of Braganza, who was not less unwilling to be separated from us. However the desire of seeing whether the Irishman would fulfil his promise, and the hope of hearing tidings of my tutor would have hurried me even out of—Amelia's arms. “ Let us be gone without delay,” I exclaimed;

“ a secret presentiment tells me our jour-

esteemed that worthy man as a true philosopher, and loved him as tenderly as a brother. This it was that prompted my father to grant my request to continue my travels under the tuition of Count Clairval, of whom my tutor had spoken with the greatest regard in a former letter to my parent. If he had known that this Count was a brother of Amelia's late husband, he would probably have refused my request. However my tutor had been silent on that head, and the Prince of Braganza too had recommended him in so advantageous a manner, that he was very happy to place me under his protection.

The same letter informed me, that very lately a commotion had happened in Estramadura, in favour of the brother of the Prince of Braganza, whose party had loudly demanded him to be placed on the throne of Portugal.—“ You know,” my father added, “ that almost one third of
“ the kingdom belongs to the Duke ; you
“ know the title which the house of Bra-
“ ganza has to the crown ; should it
“ there.

“ therefore be so very improbable that
“ the conspirators will carry their point
“ sooner or later! However, I declare
“ solemnly, that notwithstanding our *rela-*
“ *tion* to the family of Braganza, I never
“ shall take a share in a plot tending to
“ invade the rights of a king to whom I
“ have sworn allegiance.”

“ What am I to think of this incident?”
said I to the Count. “ But a few minutes
“ ago we were of opinion that a secret
“ design was carrying on to replace the
“ old dethroned king on the royal seat
“ of his ancestors, and now we are made
“ acquainted with a pretender to the

see the Irishman once more, notwithstanding the ridicule of the Count.

One evening, which had succeeded a very sultry day, the Count proposed a walk to a neighbouring wood. The sky was serene when we set out, but we had scarcely been an hour in the wood when it was suddenly overclouded, and the air began to grow very heavy. Every body had already left the field from the fear of an approaching storm; it was growing late, and the lightning and distant rolling of the thunder announced the impending tempest. We were going to return to the town, when suddenly cries of distress vibrated in our ears from a great distance. We hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded, and perceived a human figure, who was running with incredible velocity, looking back every now and then, as if pursued by robbers. As soon as the fugitive saw us, he hastened to meet us. I started back with horror, the figure resembling more a living spectre than a human being. His haggard countenance was covered with a death-like
pale-

paleness, his tattered garments were floating in the storm, and his naked feet were stained with blood. But, conceive my astonishment, when the miserable wretch pronounced my name, and dropped to the ground. I stepped nearer to examine his features, and beheld—Paleski, the valet of Amelia!

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THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR,
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
REVOLUTION OF P—L,
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.
FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-
NOSTER-ROW.

1795.



T H E
V I C T I M

O F

MAGICAL DELUSION.

AWFUL darkness began to veil every object around, the flashes of lightning grew stronger and stronger, the rolling of thunder louder, and the howling of the tempest more furious.

The emaciated figure rose with difficulty, wringing his hands in silent agony—and dropped again upon the ground.

“What does this mean?” the Count exclaimed, lifting up his stick as if going to strike at the fellow.

“Mercy! mercy! let me respire only a moment—I will confess all!”

VOL. II.

B

“We



“ Well ! then confess,” I exclaimed,
“ thou hast been Amelia’s valet, and im-
“ posed upon me by two letters.”

“ Unhappy me ! that I did it. I have
“ been punished very severely for it.
“ the *Unknown* has dreadfully resented
“ that fraud.”

“ The *Unknown*, with whom thou wast
“ leagued ?”

No sooner had I pronounced these
words when the fellow dropped ~~senseless~~
to the ground, foaming, roaring, and la-
bouring under the most dreadful convul-
sions. Meanwhile the storm was drawing

thunder roused him from his insensibility.

“You are afflicted with the epilepsy?” the Count said, “have you frequently such dreadful fits?”

“As often as the *Unknown* chooses to chastise me”—he replied in a faint and faltering accent.

“Dare not to impose upon us!” I exclaimed, “How long hast thou been afflicted with this illness?”

“Ever since I have deceived your Lordship.”

“Thou liest, rascal!”

“May the next flash of lightning destroy me, if I do!” said he, lifting up his hands to heaven.

The lightning flashed, a clap of thunder shook the firmament, and awful expectation retained our breath—however, the daring challenger remained unhurt.—The rolling of the thunder re-echoed dreadfully all around, and rain mixed with hail, gushed violently from the black and heavy clouds. We fled into a grotto which the Count, assisted by the vivid

B 2

light-

4 THE VICTIM OF
lightning perceived at a small distance,
Amelia's valet followed us closely, pale
and trembling.

"Now," said I, "relate your story, but
be brief."

"Having sent you the second letter,"
he began after a short pause, "I hap-
pened to awake the night following,
and found my lamp extinguished; I fan-
cied I heard somebody rustling by my
bed and stretched out my arm; but feel-
ing nothing all around, I imagined I had
been deceived by a dream and fell asleep
again. A short time after I awoke a

MAGICAL DELUSION. 5

the walking discontinued; yet this did not lessen my fear. I scarcely dared to draw breath, and listened attentively. At length the noise was renewed, and somebody approached, and an icy hand touched my face. I jumped out of my bed, seized with terror, and called for assistance; however, nobody could hear me, my room being situated in a remote part of the house. I attempted to get out of the apartment, but some person took hold of me and flung me violently back; I felt senseless on my bed—A considerable time after, I heard a rough and hollow voice pronounce my name. Despair inspired me with courage, I got up, struck a light, and—My Lord, who do you think was standing before me?”—

A tremendous clap of thunder shattering an oak in millions of pieces, preventing me from returning an answer. We were yet almost stunned, when a second peal ensued. The tree was all in a flame. Palecki trembled violently, his teeth were chattering, and he could scarcely stand upon his legs. At length I asked: “Who

ror, but he stepped toward
a dreadful accent: from wh
had wrote to you two letters
fiction? seeing myself in h
thought it would be most pru
fess the truth and therefore r
ly, " Your disappearing in th
of the Countess and the mira
you have effected having m
lieve that you must be a supe
ing, or at least something mo
I wished to ingratiate mysel
and prompted by that desire,
mixed the relation of the rec
Countess with such fictions
would exaggerate your powe

MAGICAL DELUSION. 7

“lies shall appear in its real shape?”—I was going to exculpate myself, but the *Unknown* would not listen to me. “Will the world not think” said he, “that I have been privy to that deception, and ordered thee to divulge it, with a design to give the restoration of the Countess a miraculous appearance?” I did not dare to make another attempt to vindicate myself against his reproaches. He commanded me to follow him, if I valued my life; and I did so. A chaise was waiting for me at the gate; the *Unknown* ordered me to step in, and to repair to * * * o, where I should receive his farther directions. At * * * o, he appeared again to me. “Take this garment of a Pilgrim,” said he, “and travel bare-foot to * * * n, where thou wilt meet the person whom thou hast belied; recall, and tell him I have sent thee.” I was afraid to make any opposition, and began my pilgrimage without delay. Finding it very painful to walk bare-foot, I put shoes on, in order to continue my travels with more ease. Would to
B 4
heaven!

heaven! I had never done it! for, the very night I was punished with those dreadful convulsions which you mistook for epilepsy. I was afterward always seized with the same disorder whenever I rested longer on my pilgrimage than necessity required."

Paleski's relation was frequently interrupted by the dreadful rolling of the thunder, and the furious howling of the tempest, which continued to rage with unabated violence. At length its fury was spent, the flashes of lightening grew fainter, the thunder ceased to roar, and a

MAGICAL DELUSION. 9

The charming evening invited me to rest, I threw myself on the grass and fell asleep. A violent shaking awoke me; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the *Unknown* stood before me."

"The *Unknown*, who if not executed, is imprisoned at * * * ch, stood before thee?" exclaimed the Count. "Art thou mad?"

"Would to God I were mad! to the unhappy sufferer, it is frequently happiness to be bereft of reason."

"He stood before thee, didst thou say?"

"Yes! he stood before me with dreadful looks, like a midnight spectre. The sight of him, chilled the marrow in my bones, and my whole frame was seized with a tremor of terror when he exclaimed with a thundering voice: "hast thou recalled thy lie, for slumbering here so carelessly? Or didst thou fancy to have escaped my looks, because thy eyes did not see me? Wherever thou art, my spirit is hovering about thee like the air which surrounds thee! Be gone instantly! Woe unto thee if thou darest to eat or to drink,

“or to taste the sweets of sleep before thou
“hast executed my command!” So saying,
he drove me away, hunting me over
ditches and hedges, through thorns and
thistles, ’till my garment was rent in num-
berless tatters, and the blood trickling
down my lacerated feet. Unable to suf-
tain my pains any longer, I began to roar
louder than the tempest, when your Lord-
ship appeared, and my pursuer vanished
like an airy vision.”

Meanwhile, the rain had ceased, the
tempest was over, having made room to
a beautiful night. The moon peeped

but be sincere, and speak without reserve!"

"My Lord! I think the *Unknown* is a superior being!"

"So, thou hast perhaps heard more of him than we know already?"

"I have heard different accounts of him during my pilgrimage, but I cannot be bound for the truth of what I have been told."

"Well! let us know what thou hast heard."

"My endeavours to know something satisfactory of him proved abortive for a long time. The greater part of those whom I addressed with that view, pretended never to have heard any thing of such a man, but some seemed to be startled at my question, and unwilling to reply to it. At length I was advised to repair to a certain hermit who is looked upon as a saint by the multitude, and to put my question to him. I went and found him sitting on the top of a hill before his cell. His head was reclining on his hand, and he seemed immersed in profound meditation. The
noise

noise which I made in stepping nearer, roused him from his reverie; I never saw a countenance which commands so much respect at first sight as his. Although he appeared to have lived above a century, yet his eyes were sparkling with an uncommon lustre, and every mien, and every look of his, bespoke a certain innate dignity which cannot be described. I must confess I stood before him like a culprit. He enquired what I wanted. I informed him of my desire. For some time he gazed at me with penetrating looks, and then desired me to follow him, leading me

satisfying my curiosity, and said: "Reverend father! concerning the knowledge of myself, I am well aware that I am a poor guilty sinner." "Look again into the mirror!" he resumed, "I looked, and started back with terror." "What doest thou see?" the hermit asked. "I behold the very person whom I want to know." No sooner had I pronounced these words, than the curtain covered the mirror again.

"Thou hast pronounced thy own judgment," the hermit resumed, after a long pause of silence, "thou dost not deserve to know the man whom thou hast seen just now." "Reverend father," I replied, "although I do not deserve to know the whole mystery, yet I hope you will not refuse me a few rays of knowledge!" He reflected awhile, and then led me into an inner apartment which was more roomy, and better lighted than the former. "Art thou any ways connected with the unknown?" he began after we were seated. "I am connected with him in a very disadvantageous manner," I said, relating to him the whole

whole of my adventures. "Take care
"not to offend him," he resumed with a
serious look, "for his resentment is
"dreadful. Only the most expeditious
"and minute execution of his commands
"can reconcile thee to him. I know
"him. He wanders from place to place,
"to reward or to punish, according to the
"deserts of men. His actions, however,
"are generally veiled in mysterious se-
"crecy, and he is rarely seen; yet he
"never misses his man, and thou might
"sooner escape the keen-sighted looks of
"the holy Inquisition than his. He re-

“ impenetrable. The pleasures of men
“ have no charms for him. His usual
“ state is cool equanimity; no passion
“ ruffles the serenity of his mind. He
“ cannot be deceived by external appear-
“ ances, nor is the most consummate knave
“ capable to stand his looks. It is sport
“ to him to know the thoughts of indivi-
“ duals; the most secret affairs and rela-
“ tions of all states and nations are known
“ to him. What has happened some thou-
“ sand years ago, events which are lost,
“ in the darkness of ancient times, he can
“ relate with as much accuracy as if he
“ had been an eye witness. Should you
“ desire to know the most important
“ events which happen this moment in all
“ parts of the world, ask him, and he will
“ relate them to you as faithfully as if
“ they were carrying on in his presence,
“ He penetrates the dark veil of futurity,
“ and never has a prediction of his proved
“ erroneous. In the midst of human
“ society he lives retired and friendless
“ like a citizen of another world. His
“ sole, most intimate confidant is nature,
“ the

“ the knowledge of whose hidden mysteries
“ enables him to produce effects which
“ fill every body with astonishment. It
“ is not less certain, that he is possessed
“ of the art to transform the ignobler
“ metals into gold, and that he is gifted
“ with the power of rendering himself in-
“ visible. I myself have been present
“ when surrounded by a large multitude
“ who fixed their eyes upon him, he dis-
“ appeared suddenly, and a great while
“ after appeared again in the midst of the
“ astonished circle. I have seen him
“ walk over rapid currents as if on firm

“appear in woods and retired places, at
 “the time of the equinox, or when tem-
 “pests rage in the air. He is said to con-
 “verse frequently with superior beings,
 “has saved many a dying man from the
 “jaws of death, and recalled to life the
 “sojourners of the grave.” Here the
 hermit stopped. “Dost thou wish to
 know any thing farther?” he at length
 enquired. I begged him to satisfy my
 ardent desire, but in vain. “Thou hast
 “requested only a ray of light,” he re-
 plied, “thy request has been granted—
 “farewell! thou knowest now in whose
 “power thou art.”

“And you could not persuade the her-
 mit to give you a more particular account
 of the *Unknown*?”

“All my prayers were fruitless,” Pa-
 leski replied, “but about three miles
 from hence I have heard more of the
Unknown, and among others a dreadful
 story.” So saying Paleski started sud-
 denly. “Holy virgin! what is this?”
 he exclaimed, at length fixing his eyes to
 one spot, “have I not executed my com-
 “mission?”

mission?" have I not recanted as you have commanded me to do?" "What is the matter," the Count and I exclaimed, seizing Palecki by the arm.

"Don't you see it?"

"What? where?" we exclaimed with one voice.

"Yonder!" he replied, without removing his eyes from the spot to which he pointed with his hand.

I could see nothing, but the Count pretended to observe a human figure walking between a cluster of trees at a distance.

The Count insisted he had seen some person, but the darkness and the distance had not allowed him to discern whether he had seen the Irishman or not.

We hastened to the spot, but no vestige of a human being could be traced out all around. We returned, and pursued our way to the city. On the road we spoke a great deal on Palecki's appearance, and his account of the *Unknown*, but could not determine what we should think of it. We were obliged to wait patiently till time should disperse the clouds of mystery.

Two days after this incident the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which she informed him that her health was entirely restored. At the same time she acquainted him, that certain weighty reasons, which she could not communicate at present, obliged her to remove from her castle in the forest, and to repair to another country; but she could not yet inform him of the future place of her abode.

runy. "Sighs: he whimpered
"tears!" I was in a violent
"Count," exclaimed I, "she
flies! alas, my doom is fixed
lost her for ever!" "Do ye
removal a flight? and," added
marks of astonishment, "what
lose, if Amelia flies?" I had
betrayed myself too much, and
quently it would have been reserved.
I had been reserved. I told
thing. "Then you love Amelia,"
exclaimed with marks of astonishment,
"why did you not tell me so
"Alas!" I exclaimed, "should
be too late?" "I don't say

“Because she wants to get out of the reach of a man whom she believes to be the son of her husband’s murderer.” The Count seemed to be of my opinion, and replied, “If that should be the case, we must endeavour to convince her of her error.” “But how will that be possible, as we are ignorant of the place of her abode?” “That we shall know very soon,” was his answer, “she has always honoured me with her particular confidence, and I am firmly convinced that she will soon disclose to me her present secret.”

Some time since, I had tried every means of banishing the image of the beautiful Countess from my memory; and had struggled hard to conquer a passion which I never expected to satisfy. My new adventures, my connections, amusements, and particularly the loss of my tutor, had indeed prevented me from reflecting on Amelia so frequently as was used to do; time and separation to had contributed their share to soften the first ardor of my passion, and thus I p
 sua

suaded myself to extirpate entirely the few remains of love, and to subdue a foolish passion. However Amelia's last letter, and the Count's behaviour, who not only seemed to approve my love, but, at the same time, appeared to interest himself for my success, had opened my eyes at once, and I saw that I had deceived myself; the flame which had lain dormant under the deluding embers was still alive, and blown up again with additional vehemence. The Irishman's caution never to sacrifice again at the shrine of love was forgotten, and I knew now no concern of

been informed, by the aunt and her son, that her daughter was carried off, and that my brother was gone in search of her. She appeared therefore agreeably surprised, when he restored her lost child to her arms. She seemed to be struck with horror, when Amelia painted the danger which had threatened her at the church-yard, and thanked my brother again and again for his timely interposition. The obliging manner with which Amelia's mother received my brother whenever he visited her, left him no doubt that his most ardent wishes would meet no opposition, and he had agreed with Amelia to break the matter to her mother the following morning. My brother appeared, but on his entrance in the apartment of Amelia's mother, observed that the eyes of the former were red with weeping, and was welcomed by the latter with great coldness and overstrained civility. His heart presaged no good, however he attempted to make known his wishes. The mother pretended to think herself much honoured by his proposals, but lamented

at the same time that she was not able to accept his advantageous offers, because her daughter was to be married to a man who had claims of an older date, and it was now too late to retract her promise. My brother was thunderstruck, and stared speechless at the mother and Amelia. The latter could restrain her feelings no longer and shed a torrent of tears. The mother commanded her to leave the apartment. Amelia threw herself at the feet of her cruel parent, and my brother joined her in her endeavours to soften her callous heart, but in vain! The mother was in

on Amelia, and menacing to have recourse to the interposition of the legislature. The mother grew furious, and ordered him to leave her house instantly, and they parted with mutual exasperation.

“When my brother recovered the power of reflecting, he became dreadfully sensible, how much he had injured his cause by his inconsiderate rashness, and apprehended that every attempt of reconciliation would be useless. The event confirmed the justness of his fears. He wrote a letter to Amelia’s mother, entreating her in the most submissive terms, to forgive him his impetuosity, but received no answer; he repeated the same attempt a few days after, but with no better success, and was seized with despair.

“His distress was increased by his being debarred entirely from the sight of Amelia, without whose consent he would not take violent measures. He was constantly hovering around her house; however, his endeavours to see or to speak to Amelia proved fruitless. He attempted in vain to bribe the servants by money and

to the assistance of the law. A desperate step! and yet no other choice was left him. He could easily foresee that this way would be not only the longest, but also the most dangerous, as the mother certainly would do every thing in her power to bribe the judges, many of whom were unfortunately her friends, or related to her, a circumstance which gave him very little hope of success; however, stern necessity bade him try this last expedient as the only one which was left him, and my brother was just going to attempt it, when the face of affairs suddenly changed.

cient reason for him to oppose their union with all his power ! The first treachery which he had committed, was his having betrayed the secret of their mutual passion to his aunt, the second, his having introduced the Greek in her house, and last of all—you scarcely will believe that it was he who had proposed first to carry off his sister ! Now he was come to complete his villainous work. His arrival having been carefully concealed from my brother, he could safely put in motion the secret springs of his machinery, without being suspected, and execute his diabolical treachery, while my brother apprehended nothing of that nature.

“ One morning the latter went to hear mass at the church of the Dominicans. His wandering looks observed, accidentally a young lady, sitting in a pew not far distant from him. She viewed him attentively, but cast down her eyes, whenever his looks met hers. He was struck with surprise, and viewed the lovely figure attentively, but could not recollect ever to have seen her. No sooner had he

turned his looks from her, when he perceived by a side glance, that her eyes were again directed to him, and turning to the prayer-book when he seemed to observe it. Curiosity prompted him to make his trial repeatedly, and the effect proved always the same. Mass was over, and every one retired; the young lady stayed, and my brother did the same. She was young and beautiful like an angel; his looks rested with silent pleasure on her lovely form. At length she arose, looking once more at my brother, and left the church. His curiosity was raised to the highest de-

her," she replied, "I am her friend. But will you favour me with your name?" He complied with her request. "Then you are the very person to whom I have been directed by my friend." "By Amelia?" my brother exclaimed with astonishment. "Dear sir, don't speak so loud; for heaven's sake be silent, lest we be overheard. Follow me to my house, and you shall know every thing." My brother was in a trance of rapture, and obeyed the charming unknown, as if an angel had spoken to him.

"They conversed on indifferent matters on the road, and being arrived at the door of the house, the lady said, "You need not be reserved in the presence of my mother; she knows your whole history, and takes a warm interest in Amelia's concerns." They entered the parlour and were received by a respectable matron, who begged my brother to be seated, when Lucy (this was the young lady's name) told her who my brother was, asking her daughter whether she had executed the commission of Amelia. She

replied, she was just going to do it. My brother was all attention. "I have observed some time since," Lucy began, "that Amelia appeared gloomy and reserved, and conjured her several times to tell me the reason of it, without succeeding in my anxious endeavours to discover the source of her grief. Yesterday I was at length so fortunate as to see her for a few minutes in private, her mother being absent, and was informed of her melancholy history. She painted her misfortunes with colours so lively, that I was moved to tears. Perceiving the emotion of my heart, she strained me to her bosom.

more—and prevented her from explaining her wishes more at large.

“ This is quite sufficient !” my brother exclaimed, “ Did she not say that no other expedient was left but flight ? This is all that I wanted to know ! We will flee, and conceal ourselves in some remote corner of the globe. O ! it was an excellent idea, nothing can be executed more easily. Heaven be praised ; we yet may be happy !”

“ The old lady shook her head. My brother laughed at her doubts ; joy and love having rendered him like a drunken man, who sees no dangers, where a sober person shudders with terror. However, the old lady who feared this intoxication might prove fatal to his affairs, did not suffer him to leave her house before he had promised to do nothing without having consulted with her.

“ The first care of my brother after he had left her was to enquire who his unknown friends were, and was informed that the old lady was the widow of a French officer, who had died two years

ago, and left his wife and daughter a sufficiency to live easy and comfortable. My brother was satisfied with that account.

“ Coming the next day, at the appointed hour, to Lucy’s house, he was informed that Amelia was ill, and had been watched so closely by her mother, that it had been impossible to speak to her in private. Lucy told him the same the day following, endeavoured however to persuade him that Amelia’s indisposition was of no dangerous nature.

“ On his third visit at Lucy’s house; the latter met him at the door with the

your bride as true as I am alive, and what will raise your astonishment still higher, you will ruin yourself and Amelia, if you refuse to do homage to my charms." My brother did not know what to think of the matter, and was utterly confounded. At length, Lucy took a paper from her pocket book and gave it him ; he scarcely could believe his eyes, when he saw the direction was from Amelia's hand. " From Amelia ?" he exclaimed with sparkling looks—" yes, yes ! I know her hand !" But, alas ! it was no more than one line ; *Do whatever Lucy shall desire.* " Is this sufficient for my legitimation ?" the young lady enquired. " But what relation have your credentials to your information that you are, and must be my bride ?" my brother asked with evident marks of curiosity and surprise. " That mystery my mama will unfold to you !" was her answer.

" I consulted yesterday," the Matron began, " how Amelia's elopement—for I too can see no other expedient but flight—could be effected in the easiest manner. On mature deliberation, we found that

the execution of that design which appeared so very easy to you in the first heat of passion, is furrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles. Or do you think it a trifle to deceive the watchfulness of her mother, who guards Amelia night and day, and the officiousness of the servants who are watching all her steps? and to carry her off by violent means, you know, would be too dangerous. I and my daughter have racked our brains in vain, a long time, in order to devise some feasible plan for effecting her escape, but no sooner had we found out one, than we were obliged to give it up again. Suddenly a

and she yielded to my request. It was necessary to communicate the new plan to Amelia, and to hear her opinion. Lucy was so fortunate as to see her for a moment in private; she found the plan excellent, and consented without hesitation. Now every thing depends upon your opinion, and we are desirous to know what you think of it. My brother was surprised and affected by the unexpected kindness of his new friend, and stammered his thanks—but Lucy exclaimed:—
“Spare your thanks and rather tell us your opinion!”

“Has not Amelia approved of it? I have no other will but hers!”

“The plan was now carried into execution. My brother could scarcely await the following day, so ardent was his desire to know the effects of Lucy’s artifice. He came to her house before the appointed hour, and his kind friend met him with the following account. “Amelia’s mother was easier persuaded of my conquest than I expected. At first she fancied, indeed, that I was jesting, but when I per-
sisted

sisted firmly in my assertion, and rendered our romance as probable as possible, she began to give credit to what I had said—thus mortals are ever ready to believe what they wish. I am however sorry that sincerity obliges me to damp the pleasure which this information must afford you, by the indifferent account I can give you of Amelia's health. She has had a relapse of her fever, and although the physician affirms that it will have no dangerous consequences, yet it will retard for some time the execution of our design."

"My brother was inconsolable. Lucy

of the sudden change of your inclination. I must endeavour to refute them through facts, and with that view have told her, that to-morrow, after mass, she would see us walking arm in arm by her window. She promised to be at the window at the appointed hour, and on that occasion you will see Amelia too."

"The latter circumstance dispelled every apprehension which was lurking in the heart of my brother, and he awaited the following morning with impatienc. He met Lucy at church, in order to take a walk with her as it had been agreed.— Within a small distance from Amelia's house, Lucy said, "You will find your charmer a little pale, because the fever has weakened her very much, but for God's sake! don't forget what part you are acting, bridle your looks and assume a cheerful countenance." They arrived at the house, and Amelia was standing at the window. My brother fancied he saw her ghost, and was rivetted to the ground with astonishment. Her cheeks were pale, her whole frame was emaciated; she
stared

lia's mother, and looking con-
window where he had seen the
heart. They had passed the
siderable time before the re-
Lucy roused my brother from
He wanted to go back, and o-
lively remonstrances were able
him from doing it.

“ You have pulled down at
said when she saw him the suc-
“ a structure; the building of
cost Amelia and my mother's
ble, and which was constructed
much skill and pains; are they
which you return for our en-
render von! happy? Shame

MAGICAL DELUSION

easy to be pacified. "No," she said, "your conduct of yesterday cannot be excused. I cautioned you repeatedly, and consequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it singular that the sick Amelia does not look so rosy and round as the healthy? This circumstance, so natural and expected, how could it throw you so entirely off your guard?" Thus she continued scolding for some time, till the most submissive supplication of my brother pacified her anger. She vowed, however, solemnly never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promise her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother seeing no possibility of executing his plan without her assistance, found himself necessitated to comply with her request.

"Lucy told him the day following, that she had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every shadow of suspicion by one decisive blow. "With this view," she added, "I told the mother that you visited me every evening, and if she woul
tal

stared at him with hollow eyes and disappeared suddenly. "Are you a man?" Lucy whispered in his ear, and dragged him onward. My brother followed mechanically, without taking notice of Amelia's mother, and looking constantly at the window where he had seen the idol of his heart. They had passed the house a considerable time before the reproaches of Lucy roused my brother from his reverie. He wanted to go back, and only the most lively remonstrances were able to dissuade him from doing it.

"You have pulled down at once," Lucy said when she saw him the following day

easy to be pacified. "No!" she said, "your conduct of yesterday cannot be excused. I cautioned you repeatedly, and consequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it singular that the sick Amelia does not look so rosy and round as the healthy? This circumstance, so natural and expected, how could it throw you so entirely off your guard?" Thus she continued scolding for some time, till the most submissive supplication of my brother pacified her anger. She vowed, however, solemnly never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promise her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother seeing no possibility of executing his plan without her assistance, found himself necessitated to comply with her request.

"Lucy told him the day following, that she had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every shadow of suspicion by one decisive blow. "With this view," she added, "I told the mother that you visited me every evening, and if she would
take

“Merciful God!” a person exclaimed in the closet, and at the same time a violent fall was heard. My brother grew as pale as ashes, started up and exclaimed in a trembling accent, “this is Amelia’s voice!” rushing at the same time towards the door of the closet, with a design to force it open. Lucy kept him back. ‘Have you forgot your promise? will you spoil every thing once more?’ This produced the desired effect. Lucy hurried him in an adjoining room and bolted the door from without. Some time after, she returned with the intelligence that

in your house?" "No; she was carried home instantly!" "But why did she faint away?" "How can I know it? She is an enthusiast! perhaps her imagination has played her a trick, and she has taken for a moment that scene, which was mere fiction, for reality. Imagination, perhaps, has affected her nerves and produced a fainting fit. At present, I can, however, only guess at the cause of her swooning, but to-morrow I shall inform myself in a manner more satisfactory." My brother went home in a dreadful agony of mind.

"Thus far," said the Count, rising from his seat, "my relation has been an extract from a letter of my brother. However, the extraordinary turn this tale is now going to take, you shall know to-morrow from a letter which my brother wrote to me".

The next day I received the letter, and inclosed in it an almost illegible note, by the same hand. I shall subjoin copies of both.

"She is dead! you do not believe it; however, she is really dead—I have
seen

6 seen her in her coffin. I have paid her
6 a last eternal visit, at midnight. My hair
6 bristled up; but if you knew what she
6 has said. To day she has been buried.
6 I followed her funeral train, more dead
6 than alive. But now I am easy. Alas!
6 I cannot even weep. Her image hovers
6 before me whither sover I turn my looks.
6 She has loved me dearly; however, she
6 was doomed to an early grave, and I
6 cannot conceive how it is possible that
6 I am alive yet. Where shall I be when
6 these lines will be perused by you.

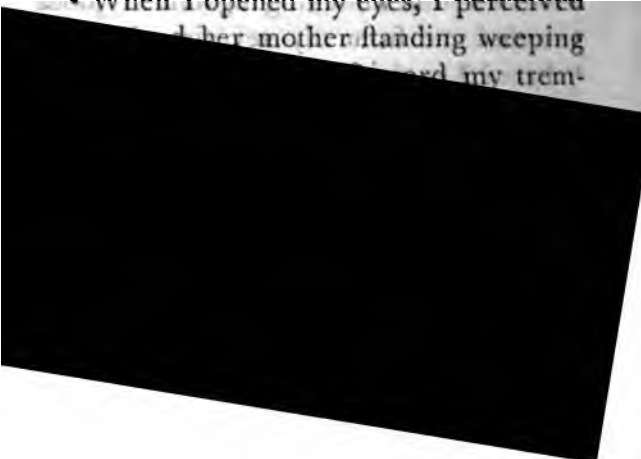
* * *

' me that she had not been seized with a
 ' fainting fit, on account of our discourse,
 ' as we supposed, but had made a slip in
 ' getting upon a chair, in order to look
 ' through a crevice in the door, and hurt
 ' herself much by the fall, which, as the
 ' physician apprehended, might have oc-
 ' casioned a contusion in the head, and be
 ' of very bad consequences. You will
 ' spare me the description of the lament-
 ' able situation in which this intelligence
 ' has thrown your unfortunate brother.

' One evening I was sitting alone in my
 ' apartment, immersed in nameless grief,
 ' when a loud knocking against my door
 ' roused me from my reverie. Who is
 ' there? I exclaimed, rather angry. "Fer-
 ' dinand!" a voice groaned in a doleful
 ' strain; the door was opened, but no one
 ' entered. A dreadful foreboding chilled
 ' my very soul; the voice which had pro-
 ' nounced my name was Amelia's voice.
 ' I flew to the door with a candle, but no
 ' person could be seen nor heard. I ran
 ' down stairs, searching every corner, but
 ' no human being could be found. Now
 ' I re-

‘ I recollected first, that it would be labour lost, if I should search here for Amelia, who was confined to her bed by sickness; but in the same moment, an idea rushed upon my soul which thrilled me with horror. I hastened to Lucy’s house; she met me pale and trembling. “Alas!” groaned she, hiding her wan face, “Amelia is very ill!” She is dead! I exclaimed, all in a tremor. “Merciful God!” she replied, “then you know it already.” My misery was now confirmed, and I dropt to the ground in a fainting fit.

‘ When I opened my eyes, I perceived her mother standing weeping
‘ and my trem-



no regard to *your* situation. Consider the confusion in which this incident must have thrown her family; and how could you be so imprudent to face her mother under *such* circumstances? how can you hope to be admitted!"

However, she promised me to bribe the nurse, and to procure me admission when the family should be gone to rest. We agreed that the husband of the nurse should call on me after midnight, and conduct me to Amelia's house. Lucy's mother was as good as her word. Half an hour after twelve o'clock a man appeared under my window, giving the signal which we had agreed upon. Having charged a brace of pistols, I put them in my pocket, and followed my conductor. The night was as dark as my mind; only a few solitary stars were gleaming through the black clouds, like the lamps in a church-yard. Awful stillness, not interrupted by the least rustling of the wind, had covered the face of earth. In my soul too a profound stillness reigned; but it resembled that dread-

THE VICTIM OF

ful silence which reigns at night in a
fortress which is to be stormed the sub-
sequent morn. Such a state of mind
surpasses all description.

I arrived, with my conductor, silently
and unobserved at Amelia's house: he
opened the door, and led me softly up
stairs. The nurse, who was waiting for
me at the top of the stair-case, took me
by the hand, and conducted me through
two dark apartments. When the third
door was opened, a smell of corruption
affailed my organs; this was the room
where Amelia lay.

... burning around the

‘ most vehement emotion, and threw my-
 ‘ self upon her; however the nurse pulled
 ‘ me forcibly back, throwing herself at
 ‘ my feet, and conjured me, for God’s
 ‘ sake, not to betray her by my turbu-
 ‘ lence. I promised to be easy, and
 ‘ walked up and down the room, wring-
 ‘ ing my hands in dreadful agony of body
 ‘ and soul.

‘ Meanwhile the first violent tempest
 ‘ which raged in my soul abated, making
 ‘ room for the recollection of a design
 ‘ which will make you shudder. I found
 ‘ myself unable to survive Amelia, and
 ‘ this notion had begot the horrid resolu-
 ‘ tion to die by her side. With that view
 ‘ I had put the pistols in my pocket, and
 ‘ settled my worldly affairs. I was now
 ‘ going to write only a few lines to Ame-
 ‘ lia’s mother, and then to execute my
 ‘ black design, because I apprehended I
 ‘ should be prevented from accomplishing
 ‘ it if I should postpone it any longer. I
 ‘ desired the nurse to cover the corpse
 ‘ again, and to leave me a few moments
 ‘ to myself, putting a couple of louis d’ors

in her hand. The gold, and my apparent tranquillity, had the desired effect. As soon as I was left alone, I was going to execute my design.

But, brother, over us rules a higher power, whose slaves we are, though we dream that we are the arbiters of our fate. Listen to a tale which surpasses all powers of conception, and the recollection of which thrills me to the marrow of my bones.

I had already placed the note for Amelia's mother on the table, was preparing to rush into eternity, and going

‘ hollow accent, “ Ferdinand, don’t be
 ‘ afraid! My spirit has got leave to re-
 ‘ turn once more to its former abode in
 ‘ order to take leave of thee. Our love
 ‘ was not for this world. Retire to a
 ‘ cloister, and there await the hour which
 ‘ will soon unite us by indissoluble bonds”.
 ‘ Having pronounced these words, she
 ‘ shut her lips and dropped down again
 ‘ into the coffin.

‘ The nurse who rushed into the room,
 ‘ awakened me from the stupor in which
 ‘ that scene had thrown me. She looked
 ‘ fearfully around, and when her eyes
 ‘ met me, staggered back. I must have
 ‘ had the appearance of a dying man.
 “ Jesu! Maria! what is the matter
 ‘ with you?” she exclaimed, “ I have
 ‘ heard somebody talking in the room!”
 “ Nothing, nothing!” I replied, wiping
 ‘ the cold sweat from my face, “ I have
 ‘ been talking to myself.” Perceiving
 ‘ that she did not believe me, I went away,
 ‘ in order to avoid all farther questions.

‘ Amelia was buried at six o’clock in the
 ‘ morning. I followed the funeral at

‘ some distance, with tottering steps, and
‘ now my tears began first to flow. Co-
‘ pious torrents eas’d my heart, which, till
‘ then, had laboured under the weight of
‘ silent agony. I followed the train to
‘ the church of the Carmelites, in whose
‘ vault the remains of Amelia were re-
‘ posed. During the funeral ceremony;
‘ I fancied several times that the whole
‘ scene was but a delusion of a horrid
‘ dream. But when the men took hold of
‘ the coffin, in order to let it down into
‘ the tomb, I awoke at once to sensations
‘ which only can be equalled by the

' hope and all my happiness was intombed.
 ' However, the sexton reminded me at
 ' length, that it was time to shut the church,
 ' and I was obliged to leave it reluctantly.
 ' I walked from the church through the
 ' porch, and was in the monastery ere I
 ' was aware of it. Here Amelia's last words
 ' rushed suddenly on my memory, and I de-
 ' termined on the spot to enter into the or-
 ' der of the Carmelites. I was rejoiced at the
 ' opportunity to put Amelia's request in
 ' execution, in a place to which her tomb
 ' attracted me irresistibly.

' My aim is now gained ; for seven
 ' days after Amelia's interment, I have been
 ' received into the order of the Carmelites,
 ' and from their monastery you receive this
 ' letter. I beg you will not reproach me
 ' for having taken a step which will lead me
 ' to peace of mind. Within these cloister-
 ' ed walls I have found a tranquillity which
 ' the world could not have afforded me.
 ' Farewell !"

" The contents of this letter," said I,
 after I had perused it twice, " are as
 dreadful as they are incredible. The

scene of Amelia in the coffin reminds me of a similar one, of which Palefki has given me an account."

"That account was a forgery, and Palefki an impostor. I hope you will not form a similar opinion of my brother and his narrative."

"God forbid!—however—could not your brother have been deceived by a deluding dream?"—

"The whole narrative ought to convince you of the contrary!"

"Then the incident has really happened?"

"Exactly as my brother has related

MAGICAL DELUSION. 57

“The contents of this letter astonished me not less than you. The idea of my brother’s being in a cloister was insupportable to me. Having however, no reason to expect that, in his state of mind, he would listen to my arguments, I determined to wait five or six months, flattering myself with the hope, that his former disgust against a cloistered life would awake again and render him more inclined to listen to the voice of reason and fraternal love. But two months previous to the time when I intended to pay him a visit for that purpose, I was so fortunate to get acquainted with a man whose interference effected a more happy and more unexpected change in my brother’s affairs than my most sanguine hopes would have divined.

One evening when I was at the theatre, and just going to take a nap, I was suddenly roused by a noise in the box contiguous to mine, which attracted my notice. A man wrapt in a blue cloak entered the box, seating himself opposite to me. His eyes wandered with an uncommon quick-

ness through all parts of the theatre—
stopped suddenly, and seemed fixed on
one object which they had sought and found.
Soon after, the man took a miniature
picture out of his pocket, comparing it
with the person whom his looks had
examined so attentively, and who was the
Duke of Orleans.—However, on a mo-
tion which that nobleman made, my
neighbour removed to the back part of
the box, where the greater distance and
the darkness rendered him undiscernible
to every one except myself. Now he
pulled off his cloak, uncovered his head,
and I saw a face which surprised me in an

every thing bespoke, from my small physiognomical knowledge, the man who was born to rule, and to act in secret and to give laws to empires. Yet this description is highly imperfect, is only a rough profile which first derives singularity and interest from the rest of its features. His brow displayed no vestige of either joy or sadness. His eyes bespoke an uncommon equanimity. His mouth betrayed neither love nor hatred. The whole of his countenance did not command confidence, and yet, his easy and meditating physiognomy attracted me forcibly. Now and then a flash of inward motion shot forth and repelled me irresistibly. His pale hue encreased the strange impression which his 'countenance' produced upon me.—

“What is that?” I exclaimed, “You are painting the picture of the Irishman so lively and faithfully, that one should think he were standing before you.”

“How? the Irishman?”

“No original can fit your copy better than the face of that man.”

“It would kill me, if your observation should be confirmed.”

“You will be the best judge of it, for you have seen him when you arrested him.”

“True! but this was at night, by the light of torches, and in a disguise, which never would have made me suspect his being the person in question, although the state of mind in which I then was, would have allowed me to examine his countenance more minutely. Impelled by the unfavourable opinion which your tutor entertained of the *Unknown*, and the account of the magistrate, I have arrested a

MAGICAL DELUSION. 61

“ Well then, listen to the continuation of my narrative :

“ That strange man whom you fancy to have been the Irishman, appeared to pay not the least regard to the play. He took a packet of letters out of his pocket, and read one after the other. Having perused them and observing that my looks were constantly directed at him, he viewed me more attentively. I perceived very soon that I had attracted his notice, and desiring to know the reason of it, I endeavoured to enter in conversation with him. I asked him how he liked the play? and was astonished to hear a short but extremely sensible criticism, not only on the play, but also on every player. But my astonishment rose to the highest degree, when he called me by my name, and asked me whether I had not heard lately of my brother at the monastery of the Carmelites. Concluding from this question, that he was intimately acquainted with him, I did not hesitate to give him a faithful account of his history. He listened attentively. When I had finished, his looks were fixed

to the ground for some time, and he seemed immersed in profound meditation. At once he took me by the hand and said, "come to this place again to-morrow! I will restore your brother to happiness." So saying, he left the box."

"You may easily conceive how I was surprised! I awaited the following day with the greatest impatience, and was at the theatre a great while before the play began. However, my curiosity was on the rack, for he did not come before the play was almost over. "It will be necessary," said he, "that you depart for the monastery sooner than you intended at

MAGICAL DELUSION. 63

interest himself for my brother? And how can he assure me with certainty that it will be in his power to restore him to happiness? Has he read the book of fate? or can he recal the dead to life? For without Amelia my brother never can be happy. The whole was a profound mystery to me. I departed in the beginning of the ensuing week. Hope and fear, how this mystery would be unfolded, were my companions. As soon as I was arrived, I went to the Provincial, and delivered to him the sealed note. "Then you are the brother of Count Clairval," said he, after he had read the note. Having affirmed it, he asked me whether I had seen my brother? When I denied it, he resumed: "I wish you would conceal from him the purport of your visit; time will unfold to you the reason I have for this request. Go now, embrace and tell him that I shall be glad to see him in about half an hour." Having made me promise to take up my abode in the monastery during my stay, he dismissed me. I hastened to my brother; but gracious heaven! how he was altered!

be sure whether I was not mistaken. So much, however, is certain, that I took this accident for a favourable omen, which raised my drooping spirits, although I could not foresee the possibility of a happy catastrophe.

“ Being arrived at the cloister we were shewn into the parlour. The Abbess entered.—“ You wish to speak to Seraphine Albatrossi?” said she to my brother, “ you shall see her,” and retired. After a few moments she returned with a nun, whose face was covered with a veil. My brother was going to deliver the letter, when,

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he had lamented as dead. Even when he had recovered from his swoon, I observed by his looks, his motions and his faltering accents, that he fancied the whole scene to be a delusion of his imagination or a second apparition. He was on the point to have a second fainting fit, when the Abbess led Amelia to his arms, and thus convinced him of the reality of her person.

“Father Eugene and the Domina were so kind as to retire, and to suffer me to be the sole witness of the first emotions of the happy couple. But how was my brother seized with terror and astonishment, when he was scornfully repelled by Amelia, whom he was going to press to his panting bosom! “Stand off, perfidious man!” she said, “are you come to mock me?” My brother was rivetted to the floor, speechless, and with the wild looks of a poor wretch who has dreamed he was the happiest man living, and when awaking, finds himself in a noisome dungeon. Seeing him almost petrified, and unable to utter a syllable, I said, “I beg your pardon,

don, my Lady, for meddling with your concerns: however, it cannot be indifferent to hear my brother called a villain. Who has dared to instill that fatal suspicion in your heart?" "Would to God!" she replied, "it were nothing but mere suspicion! would I wear this veil if I had not the most convincing proofs of his perfidy?" — So saying, she threw herself on a chair, and covered her face again to hide her flowing tears. This sight restored my brother at once to life, and the power of utterance. "O! Amelia!" he exclaimed, "would I appear be-

ful looks, and that contemptuous silence? Have I not literally executed the last command you have pronounced in the coffin? is not this garment which I wear, an incontestible proof of my obedience?"—
 "What do you mean by death and coffin?" Amelia replied, still mistaking his speech for the language of insanity, "when have I ever given you a command to that purpose?" "The night before you was buried." At the same time he mentioned the month and day when this had happened. "The night of which you are speaking, is the same in which I entered these cloistered walls. Do you call taking the veil to die?" "As sure as I am alive (my brother exclaimed) I *saw* you really in the coffin, followed your funeral to the chapel of the Carmelites, where you have been entombed." "My God! this is too much!" exclaimed Amelia, when father Eugen entered the parlour with the Abbess.

"Children!" said the latter, "you will never come to an eclaircissement while you are destitute of the key to your history."

prevent the possibility of a reconciliation. The execution of this plan promised him the additional advantage to get possession of her paternal inheritance—a circumstance which was the principle view which had prompted him to perpetrate that infernal deed, because the fortune his father had left him was insufficient to defray the expences of his licentious manner of living. Charles was beloved by Lucy, and consequently found it not difficult to draw her into the plot which he had formed with his mother against the unhappy couple. She consented with so much the

to deceive Amelia's mother. The snare was laid in such a manner, that my brother could not well escape it. The acquaintance which he made with Lucy at chapel, was the first deciding step to his ruin. Charles represented their connection to his sister as the effect of a conquest which Lucy's charms had gained over Ferdinand's heart. Amelia laughed at it at first; but Lucy, who confirmed his assertion, invented every day so many plausible lies, that Amelia's heart at length became the resting place of jealousy, and the whole terrible train of that infernal monster."

"But how could Amelia in that situation write to your brother that he should do every thing that Lucy, her rival, should desire?"

"The note was forged, Charles having imitated the hand of his sister."

"I comprehend you; go on, if you please."

"Amelia had been tormented, as yet, by the bare possibility of Ferdinand's perfidy; however, the possibility attained the

highest degree of probability, when she saw Lucy pass her window in triumph on Ferdinand's arm. But having witnessed the scene which was acted at Lucy's house, the probability of Ferdinand's infidelity was raised to the most indubitable certainty; the consequence of which was a fainting fit, and the profoundest contempt for my brother. Charles had waited with impatience for this crisis, and took advantage of Amelia's lamentable situation, to persuade her to take the veil. He succeeded without difficulty; and she consented with a melancholy pleasure to

that persuasion, he announced her death one evening by the groans which Ferdinand had heard before his door, and acted, in the night when she was carried to the cloister, the part of the dead Amelia. You are astonished. You gaze at me with doubtful looks. Yet this was really the case. Charles had watched the time when my brother's servant was out of the house, stole softly to his door, and imitating the voice of his sister pronounced the name Ferdinand! in a doleful accent, opened the door, and made his escape.—

“That point I will not dispute with you; however, you will never make me believe that he acted the part of a corps, and exposed himself to the almost certain danger of being caught in the fact, and that your brother should have suffered himself to be deceived in such a blunt manner.”

“And yet what I have told you is literally true. The features of Charles bearing a great resemblance to those of his sister, and the rest of the body being

covered by the pall, the deception was not so very difficult. Besides, if you consider, that my brother entertained not the least doubt against Lucy's account of Amelia's death; that the groans which he had heard before his door, and the mysterious manner in which he was introduced in the apartment where the pretended corps was lying, and other similar circumstances had been prepared to make the scene which was displayed before his eyes pass for reality, then you will not think him over credulous, nor the people he had to deal with too daring, and too fan-

that it was almost impossible for him to detect the fraud, nay, even to harbour the least suspicion of a deception!—Charles would have succeeded, even if he had possessed only half the temerity which he was gifted with.”

“ Nevertheless, Charles was not entirely secure of success. How would he, for example, have extricated himself, if Ferdinand had perceived life in him, when he threw himself upon the corps ?”

“ It was impossible my brother could have made that observation during the first violent workings of his soul, which almost had bereft him of the use of his senses, and if he had approached Charles a second time, he would have erected himself instantly, and pronounced those solemn words which he addressed afterwards to him.”

“ Pray, to what purpose did he address these words to him ? was it only to keep him at a proper distance, or did he really wish the execution of that request ?”

“ Both. As soon as Ferdinand had begged the nurse to retire, Charles expect-

ed a farewell scene, which appeared dangerous to him; for that reason, he rose as soon as he observed that he was stepping near. The injunction he laid on Ferdinand to take orders was very seasonable, because that step promised to separate my brother and Amelia for ever. That the event has not confirmed Charles's hope, was certainly no fault of his."

"Thus far every thing is very clear to me; however, the burial is still a mystery to my understanding; for I do not think that Charles had a mind to be buried alive."

“The Irishman is a God!” I exclaimed.

“And I am his betrayer!” groaned the Count, hiding his face.

I endeavoured in vain to console him, by representing to him that he had arrested him out of a pardonable error. “I am nevertheless the cause of his death!” was his reply. Paleski’s observation that the Irishman had regained his liberty, was equally fruitless. “What reliance can I have on an intelligence which comes from such a suspicious source?” he replied, and his serenity and cheerfulness seemed to have left him for ever.

I put him in mind that he still owed me the conclusion of Amelia’s adventures, when he resumed the thread of his narration :

“Mother and son having finished their humiliating confession, father Eugene asked the new married couple what sort of satisfaction they wished to have? Ferdinand examined anxiously the looks of his lady, who, after a short pause, stretched out her hand with heavenly goodness to her mother

ther and brother, and solemnly renounced every satisfaction. My brother imitated her example. Neither of the criminals had expected such an act of generosity, and a ray of joy displayed itself on their countenance; however father Eugen overclouded it in a moment. "This generosity," said he, turning to the mother, "challenges your equity. It is not customary to marry a daughter without giving her a dowry; I think thirty thousand livres will not be too much. I need not to remark, that this sum is not to be deducted from Amelia's paternal inheritance, which is

“Gentlemen,” said father Eugene, “I beg you will have the goodness to attest a donation which this lady is going to make, and to give it a legal validity by your signature.”

“And what did Amelia’s mother say? what Charles? did they not refuse to comply with the request of father Eugene?”

“All their reluctance availed them nothing, the menaces of the ecclesiastic made them obedient. When the donation was executed, and lawfully attested, and the witnesses were retired, he informed Charles and his mother that the whole affair was a secret to every one, even to the lord of the castle; he would therefore advise them not to raise suspicion by an abrupt departure, and to give them their company at the wedding festival. The invitation was accepted, but you may easily think with what sensations.

“The Baron had omitted nothing that could contribute to render the feast splendid and cheerful. A selected company, a sumptuous meal, and heavenly music, spread

spread the glow of merriment around ; even Charles was uncommonly jocund ; however, black, malicious revenge, was rankling in his breast. When dinner was over Ferdinand opened the ball with Amelia.—Heavens ! what a dance ! my imagination made me fancy the golden age of ancient Greece was returned. Every look seemed to be charmed by a magic spell, tracing with visible delight the elegant movements of the accomplished pair, who expressed in a speaking manner, the harmony of their sentiments by every gesture and attitude. This enchanting spectacle occupied the attention of every one

ever this served only to raise the curiosity of the company to a higher degree, particularly when the lord of the castle declared that the mask was not among the number of the guests who had been invited to the feast. The examinations and questions were now renewed with additional inquisitiveness; several names were delineated in the hand of the mask, and numberless different conjectures started, however the unknown guest returned to every inquirer a denying motion of the head. The taciturn genius continuing to refuse to make himself known, the Baron was persuaded to address him. "Sir," said he, "whoever you be, you are welcome at my castle; however, the impatient desire of these ladies and gentlemen puts me under the necessity to request you to unmask. The stranger paid, however, no attention to this request, taking father Eugene by the hand, and drawing some mysterious characters in it, the father instantly stepped forth, signifying to the company that the mask would not be known, but was ready to discover himself

with rage, and challenged the stranger to make good his words. "Well, if you will absolutely have it so," he replied: "it is — whispering a word in the ear of Charles, which covered his face with a death-like paleness. He attempted in vain to conceal his terror, trembled and seemed ready to swoon. All eyes were directed with horror at him and the mask; all persons present were standing in profound awful expectation. Charles recovered his speech first, after a considerable interval. "Man or devil!" he exclaimed, darting at the mask, "I must see thy face!" However, the mask pushed him

mother, who seemed to have had a presentiment of her sons villainy, had retired without noise, after the beginning of this horrid scene. Amelia, whom that abominable incident had thrown in a swoon, began to recover when her brother was seized. The ruffian exerted every strength which despair afforded him, to draw his poniard. "I will not die by the hand of the public executioner!" he roared, plunged the poniard in his bosom and dropped down; Amelia too sunk to the ground. I am not capable to describe the horror which thrilled every one of us at that shocking sight; and the impression which this event produced gained additional strength by surprising us amid the flow of merriment and joviality. The mask however retained his equanimity, taking care of Amelia, whom he carried to the adjoining apartment, where she was restored to recollection with the greatest difficulty. He then hastened to Charles, who was stretched out on the floor without the least sign of life, and swimming in his blood. He examined and dressed his
wound,

wound, and asserted, contrary to the general opinion, that he was not quite dead, sending at the same time for surgical assistance. Charles really recovered before the surgeon arrived. His first question was: "Whether Ferdinand was poisoned?" Receiving a negative answer, he uttered a shocking curse. Father Eugene exhorted him to repent; however, Charles tore the bandage from his wound, spirted blood in the face of the ecclesiastic, and expired."

Here the Count stopped. The change of his countenance, which the recollection of that scene produced, gave me an

not known who that strange apparition was."

"But did no person watch the mask when he left the castle?"

"No one had the courage to do it. The mask returned with slow and solemn steps to the hall, was respectfully conducted to the door by the Baron and father Eugene, and disappeared suddenly."

"And have you no suspicion who that strange being may have been?"

"What I am able to guess is very uncertain."

"I think I can divine whom you suspect. The Irishman?"

"He resembled him in size and deportment, however, his voice was entirely different."

"O! that can be disguised. Only consider that it was entirely his mode of acting. Even the mysterious veil which he drew around himself is to me an additional proof that my supposition is not unfounded."

"Alas! I then owe him not only the happiness, but also the preservation of my
brother,

brother, and have committed a two-fold crime by having arrested him." The Court relapsed into his former melancholy, and was silent. I attempted to amuse him by putting several questions to him:

"Was the wine which Charles offered to your brother really poisoned? what became of Amelia's mother? what of Lucy? what was the fate of the new couple? did no farther disaster overcloud their happiness!"

"A part of the wine was poured into the mouth of a dog, who died that very evening, amid dreadful convulsions. Amelia's mother died a few months after

work in his soul. He attempted several times to speak, but could not utter a word, and exhibited a sight which touched me to the soul.

“O! my brother!” he exclaimed at length with a faltering voice, “Why does the recollection of thee seize me this moment with so much vehemence? Two years are now elapsed since I strained thee the last time to my heart with fraternal affection, while thou wert squeezing my hand with weeping eyes, and saidst farewell, in three months we shall meet again! Alas! thy promise has never been performed; we never have seen each other again, and the wound which the loss of thee has struck me, is still bleeding.”

Tears suppressed his voice, and heavy sighs of deep affliction bespoke the violence of the grief which rent his heart. At length the working of his ruffled mind abated, and he was again able to continue his doleful tale.

“Ferdinand,” he resumed, “went to Spain on business of great importance. Two months after his departure, he wrote

to us that he had formed an acquaintance with a Portuguese Grandee who had come to Spain on business, and of whom his next letter would give us a more satisfactory account. Neither that letter nor himself arrived, and the time fixed for his return was expired a long while before we heard the least tidings of him. At length we received a letter from an unknown hand, which contained the afflicting intelligence that my brother had been found dead in the street covered with many wounds. This letter fell unfortunately into the hands of Amelia, who then carried the

fore, if I have trespassed too long on your patience." I squeezed his hand affectionately, assuring him, with warmth, that he had rendered me a piece of service by his tale, for which I ever should be beholden to him, and we parted equally affected by the lamentable fate of his brother.

I was wont to amuse myself frequently at night with my guitar for which instrument I always have had a great predilection. One evening I had played longer than usual. It was already past ten o'clock, and I was not yet tired of playing, drawing melancholy tones from the strings. Looking by accident out of the window, I discovered that I had been overheard. The moon shone bright and assisted me to remark, that a female was standing in a window of the opposite house, listening attentively to my play.—The listener was a heavenly girl, clad in a white night-gown, which was overshadowed by her long black tresses. The fair one could not but observe my taking notice of her, and stealing every now and then an inquisitive
glance

glance at her lovely form, but nevertheless did not retire. I continued playing and she stayed, and at the close of the piece heaved an audible sigh. The music ceased, and she retired. My curiosity was excited, and I enquired the following day of my landlord who she was, when I was told that she was the orphan daughter of a rich merchant, who, with her mother, had been dead some years since, and at present was under the care of her uncle, who treated her very tyrannically.

“She refused some weeks since,” my landlord added, “a very advantage-

taken up with his reveries and sorrow, he avoided me and the conversation with men, wandering about in retired and unfrequented places, and coming home late at night, or shutting himself up in his apartment. Even in his dreams he was haunted by the idea of the melancholy fate of the *Unknown*. His servant confessed to me, that he frequently started up in his sleep, uttering strange incoherent speeches.

His lamentable state of mind afflicted me severely. I had already tried several means to cheer him up, however, as I observed with great concern, without success. I communicated to him my nocturnal adventure with the young lady, and his curiosity being excited, he wished to have a sight of her, and I appointed him to come to my apartment at ten o'clock at night. He came, but our beautiful neighbour did not appear. However, I had not played two minutes when she shewed herself at the window. The Count seemed charmed with her lovely person, the furrows of grief disappeared suddenly

emotion on every countenance, on many faces confidence in her innocence and tears. This confirmed mine and the Count's hopes.

At length we arrived at the place of execution. Having made her confession to the priest, she was led forth by two executioners. Her eyes, which still beamed with the hope of being pardoned, seemed to be in search of the messenger of salvation. But when he did not arrive after a long and anxious expectation, her countenance was overspread with a desponding gloom, and she asked the exe-

vours fruitless. No fear of death can be more horrible than her's was. However, her struggles and abhorrence served only to increase the horrors of her doom, and she suffered herself at length to be persuaded to submit with resignation to her fate. She placed herself on the stool, to which she was tied fast. The approach of the deciding moment commanded general silence. Her eyes were blindfolded; the executioner unsheathed his sword, and still her hope of pardon was unaccomplished. The multitude were standing in anxious, silent expectation. Her head was severed from her body, and the Count sunk in my arms, uttering a loud scream.

The dreadful scene is still hovering before my eyes, and the impression which it produced on my mind never will be obliterated.

The unhappy girl had been executed innocently. The Count, whom I had not seen the whole afternoon, gave me that shocking information when he came home at night. "The real criminal," he
F 2 said,

said," has been detected too late. The old man has been poisoned by the servant, who placed the poisonous drugs in the drawers of her mistress, in order to draw upon her the suspicion, and the punishment of the deed which she had perpetrated. She was bribed by the mother of the young man to whom Francis lately has refused to give her hand; but that very young man, who to-day has witnessed her execution, and tasted the infernal pleasure of a diabolical revenge, that very young man has accused himself, his mother and the servant, this afternoon;

our ears. - On coming nearer, we beheld a great number of people who had assembled to follow the funeral train, which was headed by the relations and friends of the innocent victim.

The Count and myself went with the funeral to the cathedral, where, on my entrance, I seated myself in a dark corner, in order to observe the ceremony more at leisure. The corpse was carried three times round the altar, amid the sound of trumpets and mournful dirges, and then left exposed in the cathedral till the following day.

A chilly awe, anxiety, and melancholy were the sensations which thrilled me alternately during that scene. My mind was affected in such a manner by this melancholy transaction, that it willingly caught and took hold of every idea which bore a resemblance to the objects before my eyes. The lamentable fate of the Irishman was the first idea which formed itself upon my imagination, and at the same time recalled the recollection of my tutor and Amelia. My imagination re-

presented these objects to me in the blackest hue, and filled my soul with doubts, apprehensions, and sorrow. It was late, and almost every person had retired, when I awoke from my reverie as if from a profound sleep. All objects around me were veiled in darkness, and solemn silence reigned in the church. I searched for the Count, but could find him nowhere, and hastened to the door. On my way thither, the faint glimmering of a dying lamp made me observe a man who was clad in black, and placed himself in the midst of the entrance. Stepping nearer, he retired a few paces to let

but he returned no answer. I accosted him a second time, when he approached me slowly, looking inquisitively at me, and exclaiming—"How are you, my Lord Duke?" "You are mistaken in the person!" I replied; his answer was: "I beg your pardon, I am not mistaken in the person of your Grace!" "Indeed you are, because I am no Duke." "Yes you are!" he replied with emphasis. I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not see his face, nor could I remember ever to have heard his voice. I still thought that he must have mistaken me for another person, resuming: "It is very strange that you pretend to know better than myself who I am."

"Strange, but not impossible! you are the Duke of Ca*ina."

"Not yet!" I replied struck with astonishment—"but who are you?"

"A messenger from the Irishman."

Nothing could have surprised me in a more pleasing manner. I embraced him with rapture. "Then he is yet alive!" I exclaimed—"and where is he?"

“ If you are at leisure to follow me, you shall hear his history.”

“ Tell it me instantly, I will follow you whithersoever you please.”

“ The Irishman” said the stranger, as we were walking along, was pronounced guilty of forcery, and at first condemned to be burnt alive. However, his judges receiving several accounts concerning his person and power, which filled their hearts with fear and awe, decreed afterwards to have him executed privately, in order to avoid all needless noise. At the same time, I must not forget to tell you,

“Wonderful!—and has it not been discovered by what means he has effected his escape?”

“Notwithstanding the most minute examinations having been made, none has been discovered, and in spite of the most careful searches and enquiries, no vestige of the prisoner has been traced out.”

“But who unchained him from his fetters? how could he deceive the watchfulness of the guards? how could he find a way through impenetrable walls?”

“That I cannot tell you, suffice it that he has regained his liberty!”

“Then is it true, what Amelia’s valet has told me, and what I could not believe; but where is he at present?”

“He is not far from hence.”

“Not far? and why does he delay to shew himself to me? O lead me to him!”

“What do you desire of him?”

“What do I desire? I wish to know the fate of my tutor! or can you perhaps give me information of it?”

“What do you expect to hear?”

“Alas! that he is dead!”

THE VICTIM OF

“ You shall see him.”

“ Beyond the grave?”

“ You shall see and speak to him in this world; but at present, do not enquire further!”

“ Your promise is sufficient. But Amelia?—what do you know of her?”

“ It is very strange that you enquire so anxiously after these persons, and entirely forget the object that ought to be the most important to you!”

“ The most important object?”

“ Woe unto the man who is not told by his own heart, that this object is his country!”

“ What can I do for my country?”

“ The question is not what you can, but

“ Perhaps you doubt the truth of this menace ; however, it will certainly be carried into execution—as certain as Francisca has bled here innocently.

I looked around. We were arrived at the place of execution. Entirely taken up with our discourse, I had neglected to take notice of the way which the stranger had led me. His last words pierced my heart like a dagger.

“ Upon my honour” said I, “ it is my warmest, sincerest wish to serve my country ; but consider the resentment of my father, the dangers which such a daring step would expose me to, the improbability of its success——”

The stranger seized me violently by the arm ! “ Ha ! fickle, inconstant young man,” he exclaimed in a different accent which I instantly knew to be that of the Irishman, “ do you fulfil your promise thus ?”

I was going to reply, but the word died on my lips. I trembled as if standing before a dreadful being of superior order

“ Or have you forgotten,” continued the Irishman, “ that you have prom

me to exert every power in the service of honour and your country which groans under the unlawful oppression of foreign despotism, while the lawful king, banished from the throne of his ancestors, languishes in inglorious obscurity?"

“The old king? should he really be alive?” I enquired in a timid whisper.

“If you will swear a solemn oath not to divulge the secret, you shall see him, and if the sight of the reverend hoary man, who is worn down by the burden of 108 years, does not make you strain every nerve to enforce his title to the crown, then you do not deserve to be

see your Grace again, and demand a categorical answer."

"You have styled me Duke of Ca*na; how am I to understand that?"

"You will know it shortly. Farewell!"

He was going to leave me, when suddenly the sight of the place of execution put me in mind of the fate of the unhappy innocent girl. "You have been here—" said I—"and yet Francisca died innocently?"

"The thread of her life has been cut asunder according to an eternal decree of fate; I could not prevent her execution; all that has been in my power was to save the honour of the hapless victim; and I have done her that last service; for it was I who awakened the dormant conscience of the villain who perpetrated the horrid deed, that he went himself to the judge, and discovered the guilty person."

So saying, the Irishman left me, and was instantly out of sight.

I hastened to the Count, who had been returned long before me, and was waiting

for me with anxious apprehension. "The sight of the funeral," said he, "produced such a dreadful impression upon my mind, that I could not remain at the cathedral; but where have you been all the time?"

"With the —— Irishman!"

A sudden redness flushed in the pale face of the Count when I pronounced these words; he measured me awhile with gazing looks, which seemed to enquire whether I was serious or jesting.

"Upon my honor, dear Count, I have seen the Irishman and conversed with him." So saying, I related to him at large

not to suffer myself to be entangled in so dangerous an undertaking. However, the Count dispelled my doubts. "What the Irishman," said he, "has performed as yet is an undubitable proof that he is endowed with supernatural powers. His mental faculties are as much superior to ours as his astonishing power. I think therefore it will be less dangerous to follow his guidance, than to oppose his will. Or do you fancy that the Irishman will engage in any undertaking, the success of which he has not calculated exactly? In such a head no plan can be engendered, which cannot be carried into execution. The mark at which he aims is undoubtedly always the best, and the means he employs to attain it are certainly the safest that can be devised. His wisdom is the greatest security to me, that he only will undertake what he can perform; and his power, that he will be able to execute successfully what he designs."

"But will his power also protect me against the resentment of my father, or his wisdom

wisdom find means to conceal from him my undertaking?"

"Is the latter not probable to you? At least to me it is; for concealment is the channel through which the Irishman uses to act. Your actions too he will conduct through that channel, and render it impossible they should come to the knowledge of your father."

"If he can promise that, then I am determined."

I was surpris'd at the joy which the Count displayed on account of my resolution, and we determin'd to set out in two days for the abode of the royal her-

MAGICAL DELUSION. 115

at the place of our destination. We enquired without delay for the pious hermit, and soon found him out. The first sight of the hoary recluse convinced me, that the garment of a monk concealed a king.

I had no sooner told him who we were and who had sent us, than he welcomed us cordially and led us to his cell. There he treated us with a simple frugal fare, and listened attentively to a brief account which I gave him of my adventures. Having finished my tale, he led us to the inner cell, where, as Paleski had told me, the picture of the *Unknown* was suspended over the altar and covered with a curtain, which being removed, he asked me, "whether I knew whom it was to represent?"

"It is he, it is the *Unknown*!" I exclaimed; and to speak the truth, no likeness could be more striking. It resembled him to the highest degree, with only that difference that the dress was in the Arabic fashion. "Thus," said the king, "he looked when I saw him the first time after the unfortunate battle in Africa, where I fell from my horse, dangerously wounded.

I found

I found myself in his arms when I recovered from a fainting fit, at a great distance from the field of battle. He was the benevolent Samaritan who poured oil and wine in my wounds, and nursed me during my illness, till I recovered my health. In order to ensure my safety, he propagated the rumour of my death, and ordered some of his people to bring him the body of a christian which was entirely disfigured by numberless wounds, pretending it was my corpse. That body he put in a chest, and carefully marked the place where it was buried with a heap of stones. When my kingdom was returned

cure many diseases that generally are thought incurable. By these means I also have acquired the name of the wonder-working hermit, by which I am known in all the neighbouring towns and villages.

“Hiermanfor (for this was the name of my benefactor) led, in a paradisiacal spot, a retired, solitary life. The greatest part of his time he spent in my company. There were only two hours of the day when I could not see him, at twelve at noon and at midnight. At those hours he always retired under some pretext or other, and I could find him no where, in spite of my unremitting endeavours to explore the place of his retirement. I had attempted several times to speak to him on that point, but perceiving that he always assumed a very serious look whenever I put that question to him, I did not dare to start it any more. However, I watched secretly every opportunity of unfolding that mystery. An accident gave me at length an opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. One evening I was in pursuit of
a beautiful

a beautiful sky-blue serpent, and when I thought at length to lay hold of my game, it slipped through my hands into a bush. I forced my way through the underwood, and discovered the entrance to its low grotto, which led to a small staircase under ground. I went down, tempted by curiosity, and came to an iron door. All my endeavours to force it open were fruitless. As I was standing before the door, I heard suddenly a loud noise like the roaring of the sea, but could not discover any thing else. ... However, I fancied I had traced out the place to which

however, a crack which I discovered after a long search enabled me to see the inner part of the cavern. An old faintly lighted vault presented itself to my inquisitive looks; three black cushions were placed in the middle. Hiermanfor flung himself upon one of them, folding his hands, and seemed to pray fervently. After an interval of about five minutes, he rose and went to the dark back part of the vault. He returned with slow steps and a pale countenance, carrying a skull in his right, and a crystal goblet in his left hand. He stepped before a lamp which was suspended to the ceiling, pouring something which seemed to be blood out of the skull into the goblet. His nature seemed to revolt against the noisome beverage; however, he emptied the goblet with one draught, stretched himself upon the cushion, shut his eyes, and was motionless. At once I heard a rustling, and two white figures appeared, placing themselves upon the cushions by Hiermanfor's side. They appeared to be two new animated

corpses,

corpses, which had just left the grave. No sooner had they touched him, than he arose, looking at them in a manner which plainly proved that he was used to see such objects of horror. I concluded from the motion of Hiermanfor's lips, that he was talking to one of the white figures; however, I could not hear the least sound. A little time after, he turned to the other figure, and seemed to be conversing with it too. At once his countenance was overspread with a dark gloom, he began to tremble, the apparition arose, the faint light of the vault suddenly increased to a

and bade me a tender farewell, cautioning me at the same time to be on my guard during his absence. He departed, and I neglected his kind advice. Youthful thoughtlessness led me the next day after his departure farther from my abode than it was prudent; some Saracens who had seen me in the fatal battle, which had almost cost me my life, discovered and seized me. Fortunately they mistook me for a Christian general, not suspecting that I was the king, who generally was believed to have lost his life in the field of battle. I shared the fate of their slaves, was forced to work very hard, and to suffer the most cruel treatment, till at length Hiermanfor redeemed me, paying an immense sum for my liberty.

“ I cannot describe the sentiments which I entertained for my benefactor since that night when I had watched him. Although my gratitude remained unaltered, yet my love for him was constrained by a kind of awe, which in his presence bordered on anxiety. He seemed to observe it, as I perceived by some questions which he

with despair. His face was emaciated, his right hand was armed with a poniard, and his eyes stared wildly at it. We approached without his perceiving us, in the very moment when he was going to plunge the dagger in his heart. I arrested his hand, and wrested the fatal instrument from him. He dropped senseless in my arms. Having with great difficulty restored him to the use of his senses, we persuaded him, after repeated fruitless prayers, to relate to us the history and origin of his despair. "I am the son of the first officer of state at Algiers ;

my mistress is to be married to my rival."

"Is the Dey fond of his daughter?" Hiermanfor enquired.

"He doats on her, however pride and ambition have rendered him cruel."

"Thou shalt have her."

"A convulsive smile of the young man, and his looks, which were gazing at the poniard in my hand, proved how little confidence he reposed in that promise; however Hiermanfor soon re-kindled, by the power of his persuasion, the dormant hope in the heart of the young man. Who is not willing to believe what he ardently wishes? hope crimsoned the pale cheeks of Morgan.

"Hiermanfor asked me the next morning whether I had no desire to try my fortune at a tournament, to which Benharad had invited the nobles and knights of Algiers, in order to prove by the valour of his arm, that he was not undeserving the beautiful daughter of the Dey? I accepted his proposal with pleasure. When I was going to enter the lists, he wished

me once more success, and disappeared in the throng of the numerous spectators.

The Dey himself honoured the tournament with his presence, his daughter being seated at his right hand. The charms of her beautiful person were heightened by the dazzling splendour of her attire; however the sufferings of ill-fated love had bleached the roses of her cheeks. She beheld with indifference the valour of Benharad, who conquered one antagonist after the other, which increased my vexation at this sight. I met the proud victor

proach the throne of the Dey, in order to receive the prize from the hands of his beautiful daughter, when suddenly a comely youth rushed forth, offering to fight the proud conqueror. The new comer attracted the notice of the whole assembled multitude. His face was covered with a black mask, and on his shield was written with golden characters, "My antagonist will have sufficient time to see my face when he is conquered."

"This is Morgan!" was the general exclamation. "It is Morgan!" seemed the sparkling eyes, and the glowing cheeks of the princess to say.

"Thou art the man whom I have been seeking for in vain!" Benharad exclaimed, "I know thee by thy shape, in spite of thy disguise. Miserable braggard! if female beauty is to be the prize of valour, then my arm shall teach thee who of us is most worthy to receive it. The masked knight was going to thrust his lance at the proud Mauritanian in lieu of an answer; however, Benharad got the start of him, darting his lance at his a'

gonist, and would have pierced him if he had not saved himself by a sudden turn. Benharad's horse was wounded mortally by the lance of the masked knight, and fell to the ground.

The motions and looks of the princess bespoke plainly her rapture. Benharad darted up, foaming with rage, and drew his sword; the masked knight alighted instantly and did the same. A furious combat ensued, and after it had been undecided a long time, Benharad was dangerously wounded in his right arm, and carried away by his Esquires, exhausted through the loss of blood. The masked

silence. "Daughter of the powerful Dey!" he said, "I accept gratefully the prize from your hand; however, I pray that the latter may be the reward of Morgan, for whom I have taken up arms in order to humble his proud rival."

The Dey replied with haughty scorn: "Morgan has no claim to my daughter, nor to the valour of thy arms. Both are the property of other persons."

"And whose property is the hand of your daughter?"

"Benharad's!"

"But did not Benharad himself say that female beauty was to be the prize of valour, and who was conqueror?"

"Neither Benharad nor Morgan! but I am master." So saying, the Dey rose with evident marks of anger.

"Be a father too!" Hiermanfor exclaimed, "thy daughter loves Morgan, and he returns her love; he would have proved to-day by deeds how much he deserves her hand, if the anguish of disappointed love had not confined him to the bed of sickness. Thou hast one time ap-

proved the mutual love of that noble couple, crown now their felicity by thy consent to their union." "Ha! traitor, who presumest to terminate with borrowed arms the differences of other people, who art thou that thou darest to prescribe laws to me?" "Thou shalt soon know who I am." Hiermamfor replied with a menacing look, and was going to retire, when the Dey exclaimed in a furious accent:

"Guards, seize the traitor, confine him in the darkest dungeon, and to-morrow let him publicly be cast before the lions."

"He was instantly seized and dragged

venge by the sight of that horrible spectacle. Hiermanfor was led forth. The lions saluted him from their receptacles with a dreadful roaring; however, his countenance bespoke a firm unshaken resolution, which did not leave him when, on a given signal, an iron grate was opened, and a lion whose red rolling eyes threatened death and destruction, was let loose. Hiermanfor met his foe unarmed, thrust his arm between his wide extended jaws, and the lion fell dead to the ground. The Dey grew pale. Hiermanfor turned towards him and said: "thou knowest now who I am, do not force me to make *thee* sensible of my power; give thy consent to thy daughter's union with Morgan."

These words, which were pronounced in a menacing accent, provoked the pride of the Dey.

"Let us see," said he, "whether thy power can stand the test." At the same time he ordered a second lion to be let loose upon him. The ferocious animal

darted at Hiermanfor, but shared the fate of his comrade.

A general astonishment seized the gazing spectators ; the Dey left his place in great emotion, and ordered the conqueror of the lions to follow him. He led him to the most retired apartment of his palace, and questioned him about his power.

“ My power,” Hiermanfor replied, “ has been granted me by Allah in order to curb the pride of the powerful, and to raise the oppressed slave from the dust. Be advised, and unite thy daughter to Morgan.”

• “Happiness is the will of Allah—thine to render two human beings miserable—and one of them is thy daughter.”

“She will not be miserable, the progress of time will calm her passion; she will forget Morgan.”

“Thou art mistaken. My looks penetrate farther into futurity than thine. Grief will kill her.”

“O! thou to whom supernatural power has been granted, canst thou devise no means to cure her of that fatal passion; for I cannot change my resolution?”

“Hiermanfor seemed to meditate. “I will compose a beverage,” said he, at length, “that will cure her of her passion.” The Dey embraced him with marks of rapturous joy. The potion was prepared, the princess drank it, and went to bed. The next morning she was found dead.

The intelligence of her death almost broke the heart of her father. He tore his silver beard, and promised immense rewards to the physicians, if they should be able to rekindle the dormant spark of life;

life ; but his ravings and his promises were fruitless ; the spirit of his daughter seemed to have taken its flight to the mansions of eternal rest.

“ Hiermanfor, on whose head had been set an immense price, was searched every where, but could not be discovered. At length he made his appearance voluntarily. The sight of him reduced at once the rage of the Dey, who stared speechless at him. “ Thou didst desire me,” Hiermanfor said, “ to cure thy daughter of her passion ; I have executed thy command. No other means were sufficient to extirpate her love !” “ Return my child to me !”

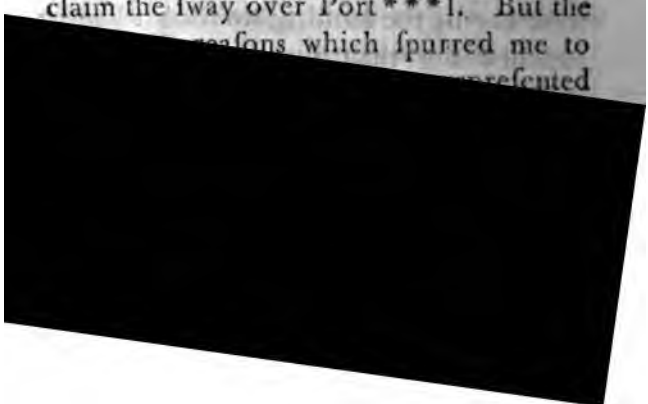
ments, if thou dost not instantly recal my child to life." Hiermanfor looked at him with cold contempt, and did not deign to return an answer. The Dey threw himself on his knees, conjuring him with weeping eyes and amid heavy groans to resuscitate his child, and offered one half of his kingdom as a reward. "Keep thy kingdom!" said Hiermanfor, "and swear a solemn oath to marry thy daughter to Morgan, and I will recal her to life!" The whole court was assembled, Morgan summoned to appear, and the Dey swore solemnly to marry his daughter to him. Hiermanfor knelt down by the bed of the deceased, praying fervently, and then took her by the hand. No sooner had he touched her than she began to move. The roses of her cheeks returned, and she opened her eyes in Morgan's arms: the sight of her lover restored her to life and recollection, and the darling of her heart seemed ready to die with joy.

"Hiermanfor gazed joyfully at the charming scene, which was his work; but when Morgan recovered from his trance,
and

and wanted to thank the author of his blifs, he retired fuddenly, and was feen no more. The day following the loving pair celebrated the feaft of eternal union."

Here the king paused awhile, in order to let the firft impreffion of this extraordinary tale pafs over, and then he continued his narrative.

" My fondnefs for travelling and adventures abated by degrees. The years of youthful ardor were paffed away. My calling to the throne and the defire of revifiting my fubjects awoke powerfully in my foul, particularly when Hiermanfor told me, that already three impoftors had dared to represent my perfon, and to claim the fway over Port * * * 1. But the reasons which spurred me to
represented



and to preserve the strictest incognito. He then accompanied me to a monastery, where he took leave of me with the request to await his return. However, my desire to revisit my paternal soil and my subjects increased every day. I thought Hiermanfor's apprehensions over anxious. The truth and justice of my cause I fancied would plead in my behalf, particularly as my person was distinguished by marks which could not but confirm my assertion of being the identical king who was supposed to have been killed. In short, I conquered every doubt, and travelled towards the confines of my kingdom, without waiting for the arrival of my kind protector.

“ Hiermanfor was at that time at Lif**n, the capital of my kingdom, and knew of my design, although he was then far distant from me. He endeavoured to promote the execution of it, though I had deserved his resentment, because I had neglected his advice. With that view he went, in the disguise of a monk, to the Prince of Br****za, in order to persuade

suade him to favour my cause; but seeing that the Prince seemed to be disinclined to lend his assistance to the execution of my plan, he waited for a more favourable opportunity of being service-

able to me, and soon found one. The people had been provoked by the oppression of the king of Sp***n in such a manner, that a conspiracy was formed and loud complaints were uttered. Hiermanfor, disguised in the garment of a monk, went from place to place, endeavouring to raise a kind of religious enthusiasm in my behalf, and to enflame the minds of

convict me of imposition, and what means the king of Sp**n employed to ruin me, you would not be able to refuse me a tear of pity. If I had not revealed secrets which I could not possibly have known if I had not been the person who I really am, if I had been convicted of the least falsehood, and if every circumstance had not confirmed the truth of my assertion, my life would have been lost inevitably."

"Meanwhile Hiermanfor endeavoured to blow up the fire which he had lighted in the heads and hearts of my people, partly through pamphlets which he had printed and dispersed among the multitude, and partly by the arts of oral persuasion. It was he who caused the miraculous bell at Venezuela to be rung, that very bell which was believed to ring from itself previously to an impending great event which is to happen in the royal family, or the kingdom. In one word, Hiermanfor had left no stone unturned to stir up my subjects in my behalf; he even persuaded the king of Fr**ce to intercede for me. My judges

The king seemed to be surprised by the enthusiasm with which I pronounced these words ; his eyes sparkled with tears of joy. He strained me to his bosom, and his speechless gratitude affected me more than the most animated eloquence would have done. After a long pause of profound silence he resumed at length :

“ I will not embitter this happy hour, by enlarging on the misfortunes which have rendered life a burden to me, and besides, the proceedings of the Spanish government with regard to me, and the history of the ill treatment which I have

One dark and tempestuous night, I had fallen asleep on my hard couch, borne down with grief and sorrow, when suddenly somebody interrupted the grave-like silence of my dungeon, by pronouncing my name. I started up, but the impenetrable darkness which surrounded me did not allow me to discern an object. On my question who it was that had pronounced my name, a sudden ray of light illuminated my prison, and Hiermanfor was standing before me with a lanthorn, which had been concealed under his cloak. He unlocked my chains and bade me to follow him. We passed the guards without being stopped, and I fancied the whole incident to be the delusion of an happy dream. I was not convinced of the reality of what had happened to me, until we came into the street. Hiermanfor provided me with a dress to disguise my person ; we hastened in a post-chaise which was waiting for us, drove away at a furious rate, and arrived at the frontiers of Port * * * I without being discovered. From thence we proceeded to my present abode, where
Hier-

Hiermanfor left me. By his advice I have assumed this garb, under which nobody suspects a king, who generally is believed to rot in the peaceful lap of mother earth, and no person except you and my benefactor knows of the secret.

“And no one shall know it (the Count exclaimed) till the shouting multitude hailing their lawful king, shall proclaim aloud. But does not Hiermanfor visit you now and then?”

“Never, except when I request his attendance.”

The Count and myself stared alternately

lowed to make use of that secret. It is now past one o'clock, if you will be convinced of the truth of my assertion, I will summon him hither."

The serious mien of the King did not suffer us to suspect him being in jest, and yet the matter was so incredible that it seemed to be utterly impossible. Whose curiosity could have resisted such a charm? We begged the king to call him, and he stepped before the picture, which was suspended over the altar close to the entrance of the cell. Having looked at it in profound silence a long time, he pronounced some unknown words, and kissed the picture three times. Suddenly a rustling noise arose, the light in the lamp disappeared and returned alternately, and a voice behind us exclaimed plainly: "What is the pleasure of your Majesty?" We turned round, seized with wonder and amazement, and saw Hiermanfor standing in a corner of the cell, as pale as a corpse, dressed in a black garment, and wrapt in a scarlet cloak.

I cannot but confess that the sudden

apparition of the *Unknown*, thrilled me with the same awful sensations of admiration as his disappearance in Amelia's apartment. My eyes, which in vain endeavoured to find out an inlet in the little cell through which Hiermanfor could have entered, returned with surprise to the person of that extraordinary, inexorable being, who after a long pause of silence moved towards us and repeated his question to the king.

"I have summoned thee by the desire of my guests!" replied the latter.

Hiermanfor turned towards me and said,

quest will be granted as soon as you shall have delivered these papers." "He give me a sealed packet, and resumed:— However I must desire you once more be circumspect, and to preserve the strictest incognito. Do not enquire for the reason of this caution, which I dare not disclose. I only can tell you, that our death will be unavoidable, if the King of France, or the Cardinal Richelieu should discover who you are. Don't misread the words and actions of the Queen, rather than they will be connected with our commission. Insist upon your request, that if a rupture between your country and the King of Spain should happen, the French government shall declare for the former. The Queen, who is a powerful influence upon the government, neither can, nor will refuse our request. But if she should prefer you to name the new claimant to the crown, take care to acquaint her with the real one."

"But whom shall I name?"

"The Duke of Braxata!"

“Perceiving my astonishment, he examined me with penetrating looks, and replied after a short pause: “You have voluntarily surrendered to my power, but you are yet at liberty to retire, provided you swear a solemn oath never to reveal what you know of the mystery. But if you mean to persist in your resolution, then give me your hand as a token of your fidelity.”

I gave him my right hand mechanically. He pressed it vehemently, and said in a solemn and serious accent, “Now you are mine!” Then his looks were directed to the Count, examining his counte-

shall not be unworthy of your future confidence!"

"Rise!" exclaimed Hiermanfor with dignity, "I have forgiven your former errors, a proof of which is the commission which I have intrusted to you. Do you think I would confide these important papers to a man whom I hate? I have known you these many years, though you knew little or nothing of me. If you will swear eternal secrecy, you also shall know my plan."

The Count swore the oath of eternal secrecy, and Hiermanfor continued:

"The hoary royal Hermit is supported neither by a powerful army nor foreign allies; his cause must therefore be placed in the hands of a powerful person. I know no man in Port***l who is possessed of greater authority and power than the Duke of Bra***za. The third part of the kingdom is his property; he is beloved by the multitude, who are desirous to see him mount the throne. The Duke will, consequently, not find it difficult to wrest the sceptre from the king of Sp***n. It

our interest, and if Fr**ce joins these three powers, then the revolution will be secure against foreign enemies."

"Give me leave to make one objection: the Queen of Fr**ce is a sister of the king of Sp**n; how can it be expected that she will take our part against her own brother?"

"And yet she will, from reasons which I am not allowed to disclose. Believe me, my Lord, there are incentives more powerful than such a resolution; nay, occasions may happen when the interest of the blood must give way to the interest of state policy. Don't you think so

“With the first dawn of day.”

“I wish you an happy journey; and when you have executed your business return to Sp^{ain}. At the same time you may rest assured that your father never will suspect your engagement, provided you can invent some palpable pretence or other to conceal from him your journey to Fr^{ance}. I have taken such measures, that no one except the conspirators ever can know what you are going to do for the revolution; and even if your actions should transpire, yet the whole world would believe you to be not only unconnected with the conspirators, but also the most active opponent to the revolution. Yet you will easily conceive that every thing depends on the strictest obedience to the injunctions which I have given you.”

“Undoubtedly! you may have the utmost reliance on my punctuality.”

“You may expect to receive the sweetest reward if you perform your promise like a man.”

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“I claim

“ I claim no other reward but that which I shall derive from the consciousness of having assisted in breaking asunder the fetters of my country, and restoring the hoary royal hermit to his dignity.”

“ Your sentiments do honour to your heart, and give you an additional title to the sweet reward that awaits you, and which will satisfy the most ardent wishes of your heart.”

I read the meaning of these words in his looks, and he could not but read in my countenance that I comprehended the secret sense of his promise. He left me

for's promise. The sweet prospect which he had opened to me animated my whole nature with new life, and inspired me with a firm resolution to do and to suffer whatever should fall to my lot. My fancy drew Amelia's enchanting picture with every charm of novelty, the scenes of the few hours which I had spent in her company, with every force of reality, and the bliss of futurity, with every variety of ideal enjoyment. In vain did my mind forebode many future impediments; omnipotent love assisted me to conquer boldly every apprehension, and Hiermanfor's power raised my hope to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Occupied with these sweet reveries, I fell asleep against morning, and had not slept an hour, when the Count came to tell me that it was time to depart. We took leave of our royal host, who parted with us with weeping eyes.

When we arrived at the inn where we had left our servant with the chaise, he gave me a packet which had been sent after me by an express. As soon as I

opened it, I found the diploma of my ducal dignity, and a letter from my father, of which the following is a copy :

‘ MY DEAR SON !

‘ Wherefover thou art, hasten to the arms
‘ of a dying parent, who wishes to see and
‘ to bless thee once more. I write these
‘ lines with a faint and trembling hand, on
‘ the brink of eternity, in order to be the
‘ first person who greets you as Duke of
‘ Ca*ina. I resigned this dignity to
‘ you, in the presence of my whole court,
‘ as soon as my illness grew dangerous,
‘ and had it proclaimed publicly at Ca* -

can enforce, pressed me to obey the call of my dying parent. What could I do in that distressing situation? return to my father and break the solemn oath I had sworn to the *Unknown*? or continue my journey to Fr^{ee}, and disobey the just command of my dying parent? No one can conceive the dreadful conflict which took place in my afflicted soul. I could come to no determination, and felt, for the first time, the galling pressure of the fetters which I had forged myself, by that vow of implicit obedience.

I communicated my distress to the Count, who found my doubts well founded but not indissoluble. "In cases where different duties cross each other," said he, "not the *heart*, which is a blind and partial guide, but *reason* ought to decide, and the latter always will declare for the party which is supported by the strongest arguments. What motives can you allege for your returning to your father? *Fatherly love*? This sentiment is a sacred one, but is your vow to travel to Fr^{ee} not also sacred, and are not the duties you owe to your

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country would receive by your return to your father? It is evident that Hiermanfor intends to make use of your assistance as a chief spring in the great machine which his wisdom has composed for effecting the restoration of the old King, and the release of your country. What would you say, if you, by obeying the last command of your father, should put a stop to, or perhaps entirely undo the motion of the machine? or do you know what an important influence your journey to Fr**ce may have on its motion? It is at least certain that Hiermanfor makes use of that journey as a mean of executing the great plan which he has formed; and how much he has it at heart you may conclude from the emphasis with which he has exhorted you not to suffer your journey to be retarded by any thing? you promised upon oath to execute your commission faithfully, and now you hesitate whether you shall keep or break your promise."

"I will keep it! I exclaimed, covered with shame. "Yet the powerful influence
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of filial tenderness will excuse my momentary hesitation."

"Your Grace!" said the Count, taking me kindly by the hand, "the sweetest reward awaits you. Do you recollect that promise?"

This unexpected turn entirely changed my whole disposition of mind in a moment. I would have travelled to F***e, from motives of duty, but was hurried on by a secret charm, which exercised a sweet power over my heart, and made me anxious to execute my commission with all possible expedition. All the delightful enchanting pictures of the preceding

from me, made my blood ferment with additional violence; I had no rest, and ordered the servant to prepare for our departure without delay.

“Not so rash! my Lord!” said the Count, “you cannot obey the commands of your father; however, you ought at least not to offend him. His invitation deserves an excuse if you do not accept it.”

I was sensible of the justice of his reproach; however, I could find no presence which promised to justify my disobedience to his command.

“I think I have hit upon something that will do,” said the Count after some meditation. “I think—but I will go and settle every thing—”

So saying, he left me abruptly. I could not conceive what he was about.

After half an hour he returned with a surgeon:

“You have been thrown off your horse,” he said to me, “and received a violent contusion on your left arm. This gentleman will attest it for the consideration
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tion of twenty ducats ; you may send the certificate to your father, as a proof that you cannot travel."

I paid the sum to the surgeon, received the certificate, wrote a few lines and sent both to my father.

We settled that in case my father should write a second letter, the surgeon should return an answer in my name, pretending that on account of the inflammation of my arm, he could not allow me to make the least exertion, and keep my father's letter till I should acquaint him by a few lines to what place I should wish to have it sent. An additional present of twenty-five ducats made him promise to execute every thing with the greatest punctuality, and we got in our carriage. "Why,"

to her brother? For what reason has my father cautioned me so repeatedly against a country, to the centre of which Hiermanfor allures me by the most powerful arguments and promises? On what ground does that singular man expect me to have so much power over the heart of the Queen Regent, whom I never have seen, while he on the other side endeavours to fill my heart with fear and suspicion, with respect to the Regent, who never has seen, nor received the least injury from me? What may be the reason that the Queen will receive me so kindly, while my presence in the capital is to be kept so secret from the King and his Prime Minister? Has perhaps my father committed a crime against the state of France? but how could I in that case expect to be received favourably by the Queen? Or arises the hatred which the Regent entertains against our family from private reasons, and if so, why should my father think it so necessary to conceal them from his son? Or should the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King arise from one source, will

the former be obliged to conceal her interview with me from the monarch, from fear of the King, or of the consort of her bed? Did my father conceal from me the real reason of his earnest injunction to beware of the Fr⁺ch territory from political or domestic motives? Is the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King confined only to my father, or are they perhaps extended to my person on account of my parent? and if that should be the case, how great and of what a singular nature must the obligations be which the Queen owes to my father, if she shall sacrifice to his son the interest of her brother? How great

to conjectures which, however, soon were deprived of their force by other reflections, for which reason I resolved to check my curiosity till the expected interview with the Queen should put me in a way to develop the mystery in a more satisfactory manner.

Meanwhile we continued our journey with the greatest expedition; however, the impetuosity with which we drove caused the carriage to be overturned within thirty miles of the frontiers of Fr**ce. I escaped without the least injury, but the Count received a violent contusion on his left arm which obliged him to keep his bed four days, and taught us the disagreeable truth that impetuosity leads as slowly to the mark as tardiness.

On the fifth day the impatience of the Count could not be bridled any longer by the arguments of the surgeon; he insisted upon our departure, and we arrived in Fr**ce against midnight.

We continued our journey the night following, and arrived with the first dawn of the twelfth day at P***s. The Count

went that very day to beg an audience of the Queen, and his triumphant looks on his return gave me reason to hope he had succeeded in his application. His words confirmed the truth of my conjecture: "O! my Lord!" said he, "I have seen her, have put the papers in her hand—Heavens! what an amiable woman!—born to be a queen, she needs not the shallow assistance of artificial dignity, in order to instill that awe which cannot but seize even the strongest mind at the sight of her!—Born to conquer every heart, she knows how to raise up to her,

go into the country to-morrow afternoon, and that I expect your friend at night." Then she told me what measures we are to take in order to escape the vigilance of intruding looks, and dismissed me, having previously made me a present of this ring."

This account raised my curiosity to the highest pitch of impatience. I scarcely could await the night when I was to be introduced to the Queen. My hotel appeared to me a prison, and time to proceed with the tardiness of a snail. At length the wished for hour arrived. It was ten o'clock at night when I went to the park which joins the palace, disguised in the garb of an Italian Abbe. The chief lady of the bed-chamber who was waiting for us at the gate, conducted us through several rows of trees, in order to know whether we were not watched by invisible witnesses, and then directed her steps towards the palace, requesting the Count to await my return behind a thick hedge. Having advanced a few steps, she turned
into

into a by walk leading to the walls of the palace, which, on one side, were covered with an espalier, behind which my conductress bade me to follow her. We had not proceeded twenty steps when she desired me to stop, making some motions against the wall, upon which a part of it opened in form of a little gate, through which she pushed me. There I was received by a second lady, who had been waiting for me with a dark lanthorn, leading me up a narrow staircase into an apartment which was faintly lighted.— Then she rung a bell and left me sud.

“Are you the Duke of Ca*ina?” she said after a long silence, with an undefinable sweetness, and in a trembling accent. “Yes, I am the Duke of Ca*ina!” was my reply. “Then follow me!” she resumed. I followed her, and she seated herself on a sofa, commanding me to take a seat by her side. “Give me leave, most gracious Queen,” said I, bending my knee, “previously to address a prayer to your Majesty, to which nothing but the confidence in the greatness of your soul, and love for my country, could have emboldened me.”

“Not before you rise and take a seat by my side!” she replied, raising me up.

Her unexpected gracious condescension, and a certain perplexity which she seemed anxious to conceal, confounded me so much, that I could not find a proper preamble to my prayer, and yet I had taken so much care to prepare myself for that occasion. She relieved me from my confusion, which she seemed not to notice. “Count Clairval,” said she, “has

delivered to me, the day before yesterday, some papers which have prepared me for your visit and prayer."

"Then it will be no secret to your Majesty, that a design is carrying on to deliver my oppressed country from the tyrannic yoke of Sp**n, and to restore the reins of government to the lawful King? I am come, most gracious Queen, to implore you in the name of justice, to make use of your powerful influence in behalf of that undertaking."

"How? I should lend my assistance to a design tending to injure my brother?"

So saying, she looked at me with

this daring step? Should not the papers which the Count has put in the hands of your Majesty, have cleared up this point in a satisfactory manner?"

"These papers contain nothing but a previous account of your arrival, of the impending revolution, and proofs of its justice. The writer neither has signed his name, nor do I know the hand-writing."

This I had not expected, having been confident that Hiermanfor would have discovered himself to the Queen, in order to support my prayer by his authority. You may therefore easily conceive how great my consternation was, when I saw myself necessitated to enforce, as an utter stranger to the court, a prayer which could not but appear to the Queen daring to the highest degree. My consternation was too great to be concealed. "Speak without fear:" said the Queen, with inimitable sweetness. "Tell me without reserve, who has persuaded you to take this step."

“An unknown being,” I exclaimed, “that has haunted me every where on my travels, has directed all my actions with irresistible power, governs me invisibly, with equal goodness and terror, has saved me from a watery grave, and penetrated through the flames in order to save the picture of my mother.”

A glowing redness covered the countenance of the Queen. “Your mother?” she stammered, “the picture of your mother?”

“It is a miniature painting, set in

to gain time for recovering from the strong effect of sensations, the source of which, I was unable to divine.

“Is she dead?” she enquired at length, without looking at me.

“She died twelve years ago,” I replied, sighing.

“Your features, dear Duke,” she resumed after a long pause, “have no resemblance with those of this picture; and yet, the originality of the face is so remarkable to me, that it would afford me the greatest pleasure, if you would give it me.”

“If your Majesty should know how dear it is to me—”

“Well, that will enhance the value it has in my eyes. Whenever I shall look at the picture of the mother, I will remember the son. I will give you *my* picture, in lieu of it; will you resign it to me on that condition?”

I bowed respectfully, she opened a drawer, putting my picture in it, and took another out of it, which was adorned with jewels much more precious than that of my mother.

“ Take it, Duke, and whenever you look at it, think that it is the picture of— a very unhappy woman.” So saying, she gave me the picture.

The accent and the mien with which these words were pronounced, wounded my heart. I prostrated myself—“ How amiable Queen, should you really be unhappy? and this pledge of your condescension should be to me a remembrancer of your misfortunes? O, name the source of your sorrows, and if the power of a mortal being can remove it, I will do it with pleasure, will attempt it even at the

my power nor that of any man living should be able to render you happy, yet I know a person who possesses supernatural powers, and I flatter myself he will not refuse to grant my prayers. He shall make you happy, my Queen!"

She looked at me with weeping eyes, then up to heaven, and then again at me. "Your prayer," she said at length, "would be fruitless; for if an angel would descend from heaven to offer me his assistance, he could not restore me to happiness, while certain human laws and political relations are in force."—

I plainly perceived the dreadful struggles of her soul, and it would have been cruel to render her victory more difficult by farther persuasions.

I beheld with respectful silence the workings of her mind; however, she could not but observe that I adored her—her looks bespoke the grateful emotions of her heart.

"You have told me a few minutes ago, that your mother is no more," she began

after a long pause. "I hope your father is yet alive?"

"I have little reason to think he is."

The Queen turned as pale as a corpse. "You doubt?" she stammered, "you doubt whether your father is alive?"

"A dangerous illness which has confined him to his bed, gives me reason to apprehend—but what is the matter with your Majesty?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—A dangerous illness, did you say?"

"So he has informed me some time since, by a letter, and requested me, at the

Fr^{***}e, and imploring your assistance in behalf of my unhappy country."

"Poor father!" said the Queen, absorbed in melancholy, "how anxiously will he have expected the arrival of his son—I fancy I see the dying Marquis, how he extends his arms in vain to receive the child of his love—"

"Does your Majesty know my father?" I enquired hastily.

She gazed at me. "If I know him?—no!—yes—I saw him several times when at the court of my father—But why do you ask this question?"—Without giving me time to reply, she resumed; "Make haste! make haste, to return to your native country; perhaps he is yet alive—the sight of you will animate him with new strength, he will recover in your arms, and perhaps be restored to health!" The last words she pronounced with a visible joyful emotion.

"Shall I leave your Majesty," I replied, "without having my prayer granted? Is my unhappy country to expect no assistance from a Queen whose sentiments

are so sublime? Is the picture of the best of women to be to me a lasting mark of her favour and displeasure?"

She seemed to meditate. "It is true," she said at length, "we have entirely wandered from your concerns. Did you not tell me that you are haunted every where by an apparition? I too have seen an apparition some time ago. It was the ghost of my departed father, who, at midnight, drew the curtains of my bed, and said, "I am very wretched, my daughter! neither prayers nor masses will give me relief, while Por****1 which we have returned shall be submitted to the Spirit

which will be to thee a token of his mission."

I started up. "That youth stands before your Majesty," I exclaimed, uncovering my breast, "behold here the mole. O! relieve the suffering spirit of your father, relieve my country!"

She seemed to be in a trance, encircling me with her arms, and straining me to her bosom. "Thy prayer is granted!" she said in a faint accent.—No sooner had the last syllable escaped her lips, when the sound of a little bell was heard in the adjoining apartment. She disengaged herself from my neck and started back, "Gracious heaven!—" she exclaimed pale and trembling, "the King is returned. Begone! for God's sake begone!"

I was going to obey her command; she stopped me: "Never reveal a word of what has happened between ourselves," she whispered; "leave the palace and the kingdom as soon as possible: beware of the King, I conjure you!"

THE VICTIM OF

I prostrated myself and encircled her knees, shedding tears of anguish, wanted to take leave, but could not utter a single word. The bell in the adjoining apartment was rung a second time; the Queen disengaged herself, seized with terror: "make haste!—flee!—O stay!" she exclaimed, when I hastened to the door, "come back!" She opened her arms to receive me; I flew to her bosom; she imprinted three burning kisses on my lips, and hurried into an adjoining apartment.

I do not recollect how I got out of the room. On the staircase I observed first, that the same lady who had conducted me to the Queen was walking by my side, and returned the same way by

during the whole scene. Was it love that I felt for the Queen? certainly not; at least my sentiments for her were quite different from those I entertained for Amelia; was it mere esteem that endeared her so much to me? impossible!—My heart left me entirely in the dark with respect to that point, as well as my reason. It is true, *one* particular idea prevailed in my soul, however it appeared to me ridiculous, as soon as I reflected on other circumstances. The account which the Queen gave me of the apparition of the ghost of her father, completed my confusion. Was it the work of the *Unknown*, and did she really believe she had seen the ghost of her father? In that case the grant of my prayer was perhaps merely the consequence of her love for her father, whom she hoped to release thus from his sufferings; even her tears, embraces, and kisses were then nothing else but means of alluring me to strain every nerve, in order to bring to a happy conclusion an undertaking, from the execution of which the eternal happiness of her father depended.

THE VICTIM OF

led. But perhaps—and that, I thought, not less possible—has she only indicated that apparition in order to prevent me from suspecting the real source of her willingness to grant my prayer, and her confidential and endearing deportment? Even the manner in which she mentioned the mole on my breast, appeared to me an artifice which she might have made use of, rather to assure herself of the identity of my person, than of my mission from above; and this supposition received an additional confirmation, by her singular behaviour after the discovery.—Thus I was wandering in the mazy labyrinth of conjectures and doubts till sleep stole upon me by degrees, and that my heavy

night, and

who informed me that he was in a fair way of recovery. This welcome intelligence animated me with new life, and dispelled the gloom which had overcast my mind. We continued our journey without delay, and arrived at ***pala, where we alighted at the principal hotel. The first object that attracted my attention, was a handsome well dressed man, whose features struck me at a great distance, because I fancied I knew them. He was engaged in close conversation with a tall thin man, and did not observe me till I was close by him. My sudden appearance seemed to surprise him, and the sight of him produced the same effect upon me, for now I perceived that it was Palecki, Amelia's former valet. He approached me with evident marks of uneasiness, and welcomed me in broken accents. I ordered him to follow me to my apartment. The first question I put to him, was where Amelia resided, and how she was. Palecki lamented that it was not in his power to give me the least information on that head. I inquired after the *Unknown*, and

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he assured me that he had not seen him since the last scene in the wood. "However," said I, "you still owe me an account of a dreadful accident concerning the *Unknown*, of which you pretended to have been informed on your pilgrimage." Palefki hesitated a few moments, and then promised to satisfy my curiosity the day following, being prevented by business of great importance from doing it on the spot. I dismissed him, with the injunction not to forget to come to my apartment in the evening of the next day. He promised it; however I waited in vain

tal, and I drove thither in anxious expectation.

When I alighted at the gate of the hospital, I met Count Clairval. He seemed to be petrified when he saw me in the company of the friar. "Whither are you going?" he enquired at length. "To Palefki, who is on the brink of eternity." The Count changed colour, and whispered in my ear: "Don't go, the fellow is infected with a contagious disease."—"You are mistaken, (was my answer) he has been wounded dangerously, as his confessor tells me." "I have just come from him," the Count resumed with visible uneasiness, "the fever has deranged his head, and he will tell you a number of foolish things." "No matter," I replied, "I must see him, for he has sent me word that he has important discoveries to make." "What can he discover to you?" said the Count, "Palefki has ever been an impostor." "This will render his confession on the brink of eternity so much the more remarkable. But I must not lose a moment. Farewell, Count, till
I see

I see you again!" So saying I tore myself from him, and hastened with the friar to Palefski's apartment. When the nurse had left the room, the former said: "you need but to ring the bell, if you should want me, I shall be within hearing."—With these words he went out of the room. Palefski stared at me for some time. The livid colour of death covered his haggard countenance, and the most agonizing anguish of a tormented conscience was strongly painted in his looks. "My Lord!" he at length began; "I owe you a thousand thanks for your conde-

that I have been only the tool of greater impostors."

"Speak frankly, and without reserve! I will forgive you every thing."

"My Lord!—you are in dreadful hands. That *Unknown*—"

"Who is he?" I interrupted him impatiently.

"*Who* he is, I do not know! as sure as I am going to appear before the omniscient searcher of hearts, I do not know it. He always has observed the greatest secrecy on that head. "I am who I am!" he always replied, when I questioned him on that point, "and I never am what I seem to be!" Three days before you made your first appearance at the castle of the Councils, he came late at night to the gate, disguised as a beggar, and enquired for me. Supposing that he wanted alms, I gave him a piece of money. He raised a loud laughter, whilst he took a handful of ducats out of his pocket, and put them in mine. "This is only a prelude to what I am going to do for you," said he, without paying the least regard to my astonishment,

ment, "if you will assist me in executing a plan which I have formed, without betraying our connection to the Countess."

"And what plan is it?" "It is a very innocent one," he replied, "I wish to work some miracles in the castle, and should be glad if you would assist me." "For what purpose?" "I want to make two people happy," was his reply, "the Countess, and a young nobleman, who will arrive within three days. The Countess abandons herself too much to her grief, on account of her deceased husband, and I know no better means to cure her of it,

I promised to attempt the latter, in which I succeeded. My fellow servants were easily bribed, because they were persuaded that it was a laudable, or at least innocent undertaking in which they were to be engaged. The cheat which was to be played on you and the Countess was believed to be innocent, as it appeared to be a mean of gaining a salutary purpose. To be brief, I informed *Unknown* the day following, that all of us were firmly determined to assist him in the execution of his plan; a resolution which he again rewarded with a handful of cats.

“As soon as the Countess was gone to bed, I introduced the generous stranger to my fellow servants. He soon convinced us that he was no stranger in the castle; for he knew every apartment, and every corner. “I was acquainted with the Prince of Ge**,” he said, “the former possessor of the castle. He was extremely fond of physics, and chemistry, and his great skill in these sciences procured him publicly, the name of a man of great
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learning, and privately that of a forcerer. His rank protected him against the fate which would have been the portion of every body else, if suspected of sorcery. He built the castle in this forest, in order to indulge here, without being interrupted by intruding visitors, his inclination for physical and chemical operations, by means of which he frightened many uninvited guests out of the castle. The most extraordinary tricks he played in the last room, on the first floor, which is connected by means of a machine, with a secret apartment on the ground floor.

of which he had been speaking. It consisted of a strong spring, which was connected with a large wooden cone, fitted in the ceiling, and fastened by a bolt. As soon as the bolt was pushed back, and somebody placed himself on the cone in the upper apartment, the spring was pressed down and the person sunk into the lower apartment, between four posts, in the joints of which the cone was sliding down. However as soon as one jumped from the cone, the spring made it snap back by its elastic force into its former place. In order to convince us of it, the *Unknown* mounted up to the ceiling upon a ladder which was in the room, and suspended some heavy weights to hooks which were fastened to the under part of the cone, which made it slide down as soon as he removed the bolt, and was forced up again in its former place, by the elastic force of the spring, as soon as he had taken away the weights. This machine could not be perceived in the upper apartment, the floor of which consisted of cubical squares, resembling

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in form, colour and position, the moveable cone to which they seemed to be closely joined.

“ Besides this machine, he shewed us a crooked tube, which was fixed to the ceiling, and reached down into the middle of the room. This tube, said the *Unknown*, is in communication with the wall of the upper apartment where it ends in the open jaw of one of the four lions which are standing in the corner of that room. By means of that tube, one can not only hear very distinctly in this room what is spoken in the upper apartment,

fixed.”—He left us with visible marks of satisfaction.

“The next day he came again to the castle, and meeting me at the gate, exclaimed in accents of joy, “To-morrow already we must begin to work miracles. I have invented a plan which cannot miscarry. The young nobleman will come to the castle to-night. Place some lights in the windows of the upper and lower apartments, that he can find his way to the castle, and order the gate to be opened without delay, as soon as you hear him ring the bell. The Countess, who will be gone to bed by that time, cannot see him before to-morrow morning. When you shall have introduced him to her, then you must return to her apartment, after a short interval, and deliver this box and the note which I am going to give you, in the hands of the Countess. If you are asked who has brought it, describe me as you have seen me the first time I came to the castle gate. The young nobleman will be desirous to see and to speak to me, but you must tell him

that I had left the castle after the box and the note had been delivered. He will order you to pursue me without delay ; however, I will save you that trouble, for I shall stay at the castle, and surrender to you as soon as you shall want me. Keep some cords ready, which must be cut afunder and slightly sewn again together. With these cords you must tie me, and charge some of the servants to conduct me to the Countess, pretending that I had refused obstinately to return. Then I shall tear the cords afunder, fly in the adjoining room, and bolt the door

Meanwhile you must have a

being acquainted with the secret of the machine."

"You know, my Lord, how punctually and successfully this design has been put in execution. An accident was the cause of a second more important plan, the execution of which has not been less successful. The *Unknown*, who after his disappearance was listening attentively, in the secret chamber, heard among other discourses, by means of the tube, the prayer which the Countess addressed to him on account of the apparition of her deceased Lord. He reflected a few minutes on the possibility of granting it, and promised to satisfy her wishes. The tube was the channel through which the *Unknown* conveyed his answer to the Countess."

Seized with astonishment at Paleſki's narration, and impatient to hear its continuation, I had not interrupted him once; but now I could not refrain any longer from speaking. "Then Amelia is really innocent?" I exclaimed, "and was not privy to the artifices of the *Unknown*?"

and the doe skin, which had five incisions. As soon as the clock struck twelve, and the lights were extinguished, the moveable cone was drawn down into the lower apartment, the Count got through the aperture by means of a ladder, and the cone snapped again in its former place as soon as the ladder was removed. The shroud in which the Count was wrapped had been rubbed with a spirit that diffused a corpse-like smell through the apartment. Whenever the Count gave a signal, a flash of lightning illuminated the apartment,

“ Both were produced by two men in the apartment over your head. One shook a large round copper plate which the *Unknown* had found in the secret chamber, and caused the thundering noise by its vibrations. The other was standing at the window, and produced the lightning by directing the light of a magic lanthorn in such a manner, that it was received by a large mirror which was suspended opposite to the window of the apartment where the ghost appeared, in such a manner that it reflected the light into the room, and illuminated the ghost, who stood in a straight line with the window. The trembling motion in which the mirror was put, gave the illumination the appearance of flashes of lightning, which disappeared as often as the shutter of the lanthorn was let down.”

“ But how did it happen that I did not observe the mirror when I looked out of the window?”

“ It was fastened to the branches of an opposite tree, while you were at supper; however the darkness of the night, the

distance of the tree, and the black cloth with which it had been covered till twelve o'clock, had rendered it invisible. Your servant, from whom we carefully concealed our proceedings, had been removed to a distant apartment, where he was amused by a game at cards till midnight had set in."

"But why did the *Unknown* not endeavour to gain him over to his party?"

"We had really been charged by him to attempt it, however he displayed so much fidelity and unshaken attachment to you, that we found it prudent to drop the attempt."

the regulation and direction of the plot. All of us were enraptured at the successful execution of that undertaking; however consternation soon stepped in the room of joy, when we perceived the fatal effect which that juggling farce produced on the health of the Countess, and we should certainly have betrayed the whole cheat, if the immense presents which the *Unknown* distributed, and his solemn declaration that he would restore the health of the Countess, had not silenced us."

"Was the illness of Amelia really so dangerous as I have been told by my servant?"

"The accounts we gave him were very much exaggerated by the direction of the *Unknown*, who persuaded us, that if you had a sincere love for our lady, it would increase with the danger of losing her. When we asked him, on your departure, for what reason he did not oppose it, if he really designed to promote your and her ladyship's happiness: he replied, "Your notions of love are very erroneous, if you cannot

see my drift. The spark which glimmers in their bosoms, must be blown up into a blazing flame, by obstacles and difficulties; a forcible separation of two loving hearts, unites them more firmly."—Even the fictitious account which I gave you of the death of the Countess was written by the desire of the *Unknown*; for he pretended to try the strength of your love, by observing the effect which it would produce upon your heart. The intelligence which I gave you of the pretended miraculous restoration of the Countess was forged, with the design to obliterate

the impression of the former, and to visit

of seducing your servant; and yet stood in need of a man who enjoyed your confidence, in order to be informed of all your actions, wishes, and sentiments, and to govern you at his pleasure, by his assistance, without your perceiving it. The Count offered to attempt to get acquainted with you. In order to receive the keen-sightedness of your tutor, who was a principal obstacle to the execution of his designs, he pretended to join with him in his hatred against the *known*, whom he declared to be an impostor, and thus made your governor believe that he was an unprejudiced honest man. For that very reason he persisted in his declaration, accepted your challenge, and produced the letter by which *Belia* had informed him of the particulars of her recovery, and proved *my* letter to be a forgery. He even accused *Unknown* of acting in concert with me, with the view to remove the most distant suspicion of being connected with either of us. The Count would certainly not have hazarded to push matters so far, if

he had not foreseen that a scene like that which I acted in the wood near ***n would retrieve every thing, and clear the *Unknown* of the suspicion of having acted in concert with me. The event has proved that he had not been mistaken, and now he thought it seasonable to change the scene. Till then the Count had appeared to counteract him, though he had rendered him the most important services; but now, thinking to have gained a firm footing in your confidence, he began to declare openly for the *Unknown*. He could easily foresee what a

ever the Count could not change his tone before the *Unknown* appeared justified, as well in his as in your opinion, if he would not expose himself to the danger of exciting your suspicion, and for that reason the farce in the wood near ****n was acted."

"I comprehend you!" said I, grinding my teeth with anger. But what of the farce?"

"It was partly of my, and partly of the Count's invention. I had kept myself concealed in the wood of ****n, some days previous to that farce, and carefully consulted with the Count, what I should do and say in your presence. We fixed on purpose on an evening on which we had just reason to expect a thunder-storm, in order to give the whole scene more solemnity. We chose an unfrequented, solitary spot of the wood, for the scene of action, where I disguised myself in the ruins of an old house, and awaited your arrival without being observed. I painted my face with a light yellow, and my feet with a red colour,
and

and rushed from my ambush with loud screams, as soon as I saw you at a distance."

"You dropped senseless to the ground, and behaved like a maniac; what view had you by doing so?"

"I only wanted to strengthen the impression of my tale."

"You pretended to see the *Unknown*; was he really not far off, or did you only deceive me?"

"It was mere deception, for he was then many miles distant from ****n."

"But what you told me of the hermit

the idea of treating the unmasked impostor with that humiliating contempt which he so well deserved; but shuddering at the thirst for revenge which I felt in my bosom, and that animated me to take a satisfaction, against which, my good genius warned me. However, to my and his fortune, he was not at home. He had, as Pietro told me, taken some papers out of his trunk, during my absence, and left the house suddenly. The evening and the night passed without his being returned, and he was not come back in the morning when I went to the hospital."

I entered Paleski's apartment, burning with impatience to hear his farther discoveries. But, alas! he was on the brink of eternity, and died a few minutes after my arrival.

I would have given worlds if I could have prolonged the life of this man only for a few hours. His relation had thrown a light only over a part of my mysterious history, and a far greater part was still surrounded with impenetrable darkness. I have never been so sensible how much
more

more painful half satisfied curiosity ~~and~~, than utter ignorance, or the most dreadful certainty. How much did I now repent that I had not interrogated Palefki the day before, on the fate of my tutor; Aurelia's sentiments for me and her ~~about~~. The *Unknown* had indeed given me very flattering hopes, with regard to these dear people; however, what reliance could I have on the promises of an impostor? Entirely left to myself, I was obliged to leave it to some fortunate accident, or to his generosity, whether I ever should have the happiness of meeting them again? Frail hope! and yet it was my only support in

Two days were now elapsed, and the Count was not yet returned, which confirmed my apprehensions that he had fled. A look at his trunk suggested a thought to me which I could not shake off; the consequence was, that I opened it with a master-key, with an intention to search whether I could not find some papers, which would throw a light upon several dark parts of my history. I found indeed a number of letters, however, they were written in cyphers. Now I comprehended why the Count had asked repeatedly whether I could read cyphers? Having made it a rule, in regard to this point, always to deny the question, he had probably left these writings on the supposition that I should not be able to read them, and saved only those which were written in common characters. However, the Count had deceived himself this time, for I am pretty well skilled in the art of decyphering. I took one of the papers which were marked 1. 2. 3. &c. &c. however, I perceived on the first attempt, that my art would encounter a hard trial.

Yet

Yet this did not deter, but rather animated me to exert all my skill to find the key to these papers, while my servant was occupied with taking an exact copy of the rest."

I had already been working above twenty-four hours without seeing my labour crowned with success, when my servant, whom I had sent to the post, returned with a letter. Conceive my astonishment, when I found it was from the Count."

‘ Whatever Palefki may have discovered to your Grace, with respect to me, yet I am assured that he cannot have said any thing for which my conscience

‘ which you have been imposed upon.
‘ Although Palefki should not have dis-
‘ closed the secret to you, yet you would
‘ not have remained in the dark much
‘ longer, because it was the plan of the
‘ *Unknown* to remove the veil from your
‘ eyes, and to introduce you into a new
‘ world, for which you was to be pre-
‘ pared by the delusions which you have
‘ experienced. Man is led to truth by
‘ error, according to an eternal law of na-
‘ ture. It was necessary that you should
‘ be made acquainted with delusions, that
‘ your look might be sharpened for future
‘ knowledge ; it was necessary you should
‘ experience the highest degree of delu-
‘ sion, that you might acquire the prero-
‘ gative of discerning fraud from reality,
‘ and of never suffering yourself to be
‘ imposed upon again. Then, and not
‘ sooner, the time would have arrived,
‘ when the *Unknown* would have shown
‘ himself to you in his real shape, and em-
‘ braced you not only as a preserver of
‘ your country, but also as a member of
‘ that sacred society of wise men, who are
‘ admit-

6 admitted behind the curtain of nature,
6 whither no eye of common short-sighted
6 men can penetrate. A power and a hap-
6 piness of which you can form no ade-
6 quate notion, would have been your re-
6 ward. Your tutor already enjoys that
6 reward, and if you had been keen-sighted
6 enough to penetrate, without assistance,
6 the mist of delusions with which you have
6 been encompassed, you would have
6 been admitted some time since to the
6 sanctuary where that reward awaits you.
6 More I dare not say at present; how-
6 ever. I would advise you not to post.

' rived at Ma***d, the capital of Sp**n.
 ' you will meet the *Unknown*, Amelia and
 ' your tutor, on the road. At *ubca you
 ' will stop at the inn which bears the sign
 ' of the golden mirror, where you are to
 ' receive an important visit. You will
 ' have the goodness to send my trunk to
 ' the post-house, where one of my people
 ' will call for it. I remain, with that
 ' respect and love with which I always
 ' have been,

' Your Grace's &c. &c.

I must confess, I never should have
 expected *such* a letter. I fancied it would
 be couched in terms of repentance and
 submission, and when I opened it, found
 it to be a letter of a man of good con-
 science, who took it upon himself to ad-
 vise and to warn me. What he told me
 of a hidden sanctuary to which the *Un-
 known* had designed to introduce me after
 I should have completed my time of pro-
 bation, was an utter riddle to me, but
 what he told me about my tutor was still
 more so. At first I fancied this to be no-
 thing

thing but a varnish, by which he would conceal his deceptions, and an artifice to ensnare me a second time; however the idea that the matter *might* be as he had stated it, made me uneasy, and his menaces with respect to the bad consequences of my discontinuing my journey, frightened me. The bare possibility of the execution of his threats, was sufficient to determine me to continue my journey.—Pietro, my faithful servant, endeavoured indeed to persuade me to drop my design, assailing me with tears and prayers; however nothing could change my resolution.

letters which the *Unknown* had wrote on my account to Pinto Ribeiro, privy counsellor of the Duke of Br***za. Here follows the translation :

‘ Your Excellency knows how careful-
 ‘ ly we endeavoured to conceal the place
 ‘ of our secret meetings from the intrusion
 ‘ of prying strangers, by spreading the
 ‘ report that it was haunted. However,
 ‘ this did not deter a young nobleman who
 ‘ is on his travels, from entering last night
 ‘ the castle, in company of his tutor, with
 ‘ the intention of forming an acquaintance
 ‘ with the ghosts. No sooner had we
 ‘ been informed of their being arrived at
 ‘ the castle, when Georgio de M****
 ‘ offered to chastise them for their in-
 ‘ quisitiveness, fixing twelve o’clock at
 ‘ night for the execution of his design.
 ‘ He disguised himself as the most dread-
 ‘ ful spectre which ever has appear-
 ‘ ed at midnight. Concluding from the
 ‘ undertaking of the two strangers that
 ‘ they were men of spirit and resolution,
 ‘ he put on a coat of mail, and covered
 ‘ his face with a mask made of bull-skins,
 ‘ in

‘ in order to be proof against swords and
‘ pistols ; a precaution which, as the event
‘ proved, was not superfluous. Thus
‘ accoutred, he approached at twelve
‘ o’clock the apartment of the strangers
‘ with a tremendous noise, Their door
‘ was bolted from within as he had appre-
‘ hended ; however, all the locks and
‘ bolts in the castle being constructed in
‘ such a manner that they can be opened
‘ from without, Georgio found it not dif-
‘ ficult to push their door open. I re-
‘ mained at the threshold in order to
‘ await the event. Georgio no sooner had
‘ entered the room with a design to chaf-

' who was on the point of firing a pistol at
 ' his frightful visitor, rushed upon him
 ' with a thundering voice, extinguished
 ' the candles, and beating him in such a
 ' manner as if he was going to beat him to
 ' atoms. Georgio's dress being anointed
 ' with a salve composed of phosphorus, he
 ' appeared in the dark, to be all on fire.
 ' The dreadful impression which this sight
 ' produced on the mind of the young man
 ' was increased by the howling, groaning,
 ' and the tremendous noise which some of
 ' our company raised in the apartment
 ' over his head; he seemed to be sense-
 ' less. As soon as Georgio perceived his
 ' helpless state, he lighted the candles with
 ' phosphorus, and left the apartment which
 ' he carefully bolted and locked.

' An hour after this scene had been
 ' acted, Georgio returned to the apart-
 ' ment, partly with the intention of seeing
 ' what effect the incident had produced
 ' the strangers, and partly with a view
 ' to deter them from paying a se-
 ' cond visit to the castle, and renewed
 ' the former scene. Both of them were.

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in order to be proof against swords and pistols; a precaution which, as the event proved, was not superfluous. Thus accoutred, he approached at twelve o'clock the apartment of the strangers with a tremendous noise. Their door was bolted from within as he had apprehended; however, all the locks and bolts in the castle being constructed in such a manner that they can be opened from without, Georgio found it not difficult to push their door open. I remained at the threshold in order to await the event. Georgio no sooner entered with a design to

‘ again stretched senseless on their beds.
‘ As soon as Georgio had done with the
‘ young nobleman, he left the room with-
‘ out kindling the taper, for fear of being
‘ watched by the young spark, if he should
‘ recover his recollection a little too soon.
‘ He was not mistaken. But who would
‘ have thought that the young man would
‘ be so daring to pursue the spectre on his
‘ return through the dark passage? Geor-
‘ gio, who did not entertain the most
‘ distant idea of such an attempt, neither
‘ looked back, nor shut the trap-door
‘ through which he had jumped down into
‘ the subterraneous vault upon a heap of

' instantly seized and conducted to the
 ' assembly-room, where the conspirators,
 ' who had previously masked their faces,
 ' were sitting around a long table. Hear-
 ' ing that he was to pay with his life for
 ' his rashness, he drew his sword, but was
 ' soon disarmed and confined in an ad-
 ' joining chamber.

' Conceive our astonishment, when we
 ' heard who the man was whom we had
 ' handled in such a dreadful manner! It
 ' was Miguel, the son of the Duke of
 ' C****na, and Count ****ez, his tu-
 ' tor. Most of the conspirators pro-
 ' posed to dispatch both of them, lest our
 ' secret should be betrayed; I insisted
 ' however upon their being examined
 ' before any thing should be determined,
 ' to which they consented. Miguel con-
 ' fessed that he had been sent by his father
 ' to visit the principle towns of Europe in
 ' company of his tutor, and that the ac-
 ' count of the priest at whose house he had
 ' supped, had made him curious to have a
 ' sight of the inhabitants of the castle.—
 ' Their examination being finished, they

‘ were ordered to retire, and I harranged
‘ the assembly in the following manner :

‘ You expect to avoid a discovery by
‘ destroying our prisoners ; however, I
‘ believe just the contrary will happen.

‘ The servant, the priest, and his family,
‘ know that they have spent the night at
‘ the castle, and if they do not return to-
‘ day, the whole village will be alarmed.

‘ The old Duke will be informed of the
‘ incident, and who can seriously expect
‘ that he will be so credulous as to
‘ attribute the death of his son to ghosts.

‘ His life is too important to the father
‘ and the State, not to require the Duke

' from the execution of this proposal.
 ' Miguel and Count ***rez, are men of
 ' honour, and if they pledge their word to
 ' conceal the events of this night we shall
 ' be safe. However, this is not the sole
 ' reason for which I would advise you to
 ' spare their lives; I have a more import-
 ' ant view at heart; I intend to gain
 ' Miguel over to our party. He shall
 ' become a principal actor in the great
 ' drama which we are going to perform,
 ' and untwist the knot which we have
 ' tied. You are astonished? however, I
 ' would have you to recollect that I am
 ' not wont to attempt what I am not sure
 ' to be able to perform. I will tell you
 ' my plan more at large, at some other
 ' time; at present let us demand an oath
 ' of secrecy from our prisoners and set
 ' them at liberty.

' My proposal was adopted, and I sat
 ' instantly down to inform your Excel-
 ' lency of that incident.'

I should never have believed the *Un-*
known to be the writer of this letter, if

I had not been convinced of it by the other papers. I had always looked upon my adventure at the castle, as a scene which I thought to have been closed with the recovery of our liberty, and entirely unconnected with the subsequent events of my life. I had not entertained the most distant suspicion that the rest of my adventures were any ways connected with that incident. I suspected indeed, from the beginning, the masked persons at the castle to be men of high rank, however, I should never have thought that they were the heads of the conspiracy which had

to me! however the second was still more so.

‘ I intend to submit Miguel to my will
 ‘ by the delusions of magic. Your excel-
 ‘ lency perhaps may think, that this plan
 ‘ will be rendered abortive by a young
 ‘ man who gives so little credit to the re-
 ‘ ality of apparitions, that he dares to take
 ‘ up his night’s lodging at a castle which
 ‘ is famed for being the haunt of ghosts.
 ‘ However, even if I should suppose that
 ‘ he had no other view in his visit to the
 ‘ castle, than to encounter an adventure,
 ‘ yet I must conclude from that step that
 ‘ he has a tendency for enthusiasm, which,
 ‘ however, is very different from that
 ‘ which I want him to have ; yet enthusi-
 ‘ asm, however it may display itself, is
 ‘ always enthusiasm ; and the only thing
 ‘ I have to aim at is to give it a turn
 ‘ most consistent with my plan, which will
 ‘ be no difficult matter with a young man
 ‘ of his temper, his thirst for knowledge,
 ‘ and unstable principles.

L 4

‘ Certainly

‘ Certainly it would be a great mistake,
‘ if one should conclude from his visit to
‘ the castle, that he does not believe in
‘ the reality of apparitions. On the con-
‘ trary, I think I have reason to make
‘ just the opposite conclusion from it. If
‘ Miguel had been convinced of the va-
‘ nity of apparitions before he came to the
‘ castle, he would not have taken the
‘ trouble of acquiring that conviction
‘ by experience; a secret voice, which,
‘ in spite of his philosophy, pleaded for
‘ the possibility of apparitions, excited his
‘ curiosity, and gave rise to that resolu-

' ground on which he risked so much in
 ' order to come to the truth. I am cer-
 ' tain Miguel's philosophy would have re-
 ' ceived a mortal blow, if Gregorio had
 ' acted his part with more moderation.

' It will be my chief, and, I hope, no
 ' fruitless aim, to effect this by means of
 ' magical delusions and art. If I can but
 ' gain so much advantage over Miguel,
 ' that he, from want of capacity to explain
 ' my deeds naturally, shall begin to think
 ' me gifted with supernatural power, then
 ' he will suffer himself to be entirely ruled
 ' by me. His thirst for knowledge, and
 ' his fondness of adventures, will assist me,
 ' to gain my aim, which would be a diffi-
 ' cult matter, if he were of a different
 ' turn of mind. In order to enthral his
 ' head and heart at one time, I intend to
 ' make him acquainted with a female en-
 ' thusiast, who has been prompted by the
 ' extraordinary incidents of her life, to
 ' believe in wonders and apparitions of
 ' all kinds. Enthusiasm is catching, and
 ' particularly so, if the enthusiast is such
 ' a beautiful and charming woman as the

Countess of Clairval. In her company Miguel will easily become an enthusiast, who will be equally capable of seeing ghosts, and staking his life for his mistress and his country. If that point is but gained, then I shall find it easy work to lead him with rapidity to the mark. *All arguments of philosophy and patriotism never would be able to gain him so decidedly and so rapidly to our party, as the word of a man whom he fancies to possess supernatural power, and to have been sent from above.* I shall think it my duty to account to your excellency for every important

' yet he would condemn without mercy the
 ' means by which I intend to gain him
 ' over to our party. My own heart would
 ' certainly reproach me severely for the
 ' fraud which I am going to commit against
 ' that excellent young man, if the import-
 ' ant end which I am aiming at, did not
 ' plead my excuse, and I was not firmly
 ' resolved to open the eyes of the deluded
 ' man, as soon as I shall have gained my
 ' purpose.

' I am, &c. &c. &c.'

The last lines confirmed the declaration
 of the Count, that the *Unknown* would
 have removed himself the veil from my
 eyes. But this did not justify him in
 my opinion. Though he should have
 destroyed the delusion at some future pe-
 riod, was I on that account less imposed
 upon while the deceit lasted, and can
 ever low and illicit means be ennobled
 by laudable views?—However, I cannot
 deny that the sagacity with which the *Un-
 known* had explored my weak side, the

dextrous use he made of that discovery, and the finesse of the artifices which he employed to deceive me, excited my admiration to the highest degree; but at the same time, I must confess, that I was severely vexed at the ease with which my philosophy yielded to his delusive artifices. I was very agreeably surpris'd to find that the Archbishop of L^{isbon} was one of the conspirators. I knew him very well, and it flattered my pride to have a share in an undertaking in which a divine of his worth and uncommon learning was concerned. His rigid principles, which

made haste to get the start of them, accompanied by my two servants, and waited for them at the skirts of the forest of ***ulano, three miles distant from the next town. Wishing to make a surprising and lasting impression upon their mind, I chose the most whimsical dress. An old tattered coat, which was composed of numberless patches, and a new embroidered satin waistcoat, which reached down to my knees, gave me a very singular appearance; the rest of my body was naked. I had fastened to my chin a long artificial white beard, which accorded very little with my black hair. As soon as Miguel's chaise came to the spot where I was lying in ambush, I limped forth upon my crutches and begged the tutor to give me his shoes and stockings. It would have highly amused your Excellency if you had seen the astonishment which my unexpected boldness created. The old gentleman seemed at first to be very unwilling to comply with my extraordinary request, however, when I persisted in my prayer

with

‘ with the impudence of an experienced
‘ beggar, without minding his menaces
‘ and curses, and did not stir from the
‘ window of the coach; he condescended
‘ at length to grant my request. When
‘ he stooped down to unfasten his shoe-
‘ buckles, I perceived a letter-case, lying
‘ by his side on the seat, which he proba-
‘ bly had pulled out of his pocket with his
‘ handkerchief, and taking with one hand
‘ his shoes and stockings, I seized with
‘ the other the letter case, without his per-
‘ ceiving it, and put it in my pocket.
‘ Then I went to Miguel, whom I beg-

effect. Miguel began to undress; having pulled off his breeches, he took his purse out of the pocket and put in a coat which the servant had taken out of his travelling trunk; however, I espied a proper opportunity while Miguel was putting on a new pair of breeches, and pilfered his purse. When they had done dressing and undressing, I thanked them for their donation, warning them at the same time not to take lodging at the principal inn of the town, and to repair again after three days, at a fixed hour, to the same spot where we then were. Then I hobbled with my booty towards the forest, where I contemplated piece after piece with more satisfaction than a general feels after a gained battle. And indeed, although the deed I had performed was not of the heroic kind, yet it was no trifling action to have demanded and received of the son of a Duke his coat and breeches, and of a Count his shoes and stockings, armed with no other weapon but my crutches, and dressed in the garments of a miserable beggar. Every

‘ one must confess that this attempt would
‘ never have succeeded, if an uncommon
‘ degree of resolution, boldness, firmness,
‘ and presence of mind had not been at
‘ my command, not to mention the seizure
‘ of the letter-case and Miguel’s purse,
‘ which every pick-pocket would have ef-
‘ fected with equal success. However,
‘ this action is for Miguel and his tutor, of
‘ no less importance than the former. I
‘ have gained a great advantage, my first
‘ interview with them having been attend-
‘ ed with incidents which, for many rea-
‘ sons, will make a deep impression on their

' forest of * * * ulano for the scene of
 ' action, for in that forest stands a cas-
 ' tle which formerly belonged to the
 ' Prince of Ge***, and at present is in-
 ' habited by the Countess of Clairval,
 ' that enthusiast of whom I have given a
 ' description to your Excellency in my
 ' last letter. I intend to allure Miguel to
 ' her residence, when he shall come to
 ' the place of rendezvous. And he cer-
 ' tainly will not miss the appointment;
 ' for if he does not come out of curiosity,
 ' the hope of regaining the purse and the
 ' letter-case, which he knows to be in my
 ' possession, will make him keep the assigna-
 ' tion. And I shall certainly restore these
 ' things to him, for I wish to appear to
 ' him to be an extraordinary man, but
 ' not a pick-pocket; however, he shall re-
 ' ceive them no where but at the castle of
 ' the Countess. I have formed a plan to
 ' that purpose which promises to be of
 ' important consequences, and shall be
 ' laid before your Excellency in my next
 ' letter.

' It

‘ It was also not without proper reason,
‘ that I advised Miguel not to lodge at
‘ the principal inn of the town, for I
‘ wanted to know, by his regarding or
‘ disregarding this caution, whether my
‘ words had made an impression on his
‘ mind, and found credit with him or not.
‘ For that reason I went in the dusk of
‘ evening to the town, accompanied by
‘ my servant, and dressed in a common
‘ unsuspected garb, taking apartments at
‘ the inn against which I had cautioned
‘ him, in order to know whether he had
‘ followed my advice. But alas! I have

The following sheet contains the continuation of this letter.

‘ Wonderful things have happened
‘ since I had the honour to write to your
‘ Excellency! My designs have a rapid
‘ success, and fortune herself seems to
‘ favour them. I had formed a plan to
‘ chastise Miguel and his tutor for their
‘ disobedience; however, the execution
‘ of this design has been interrupted by
‘ an accident, which has assisted me to
‘ gain my aim in a more glorious manner
‘ than I ever could have expected. I had
‘ already put on the garb of a monk,
‘ which I had brought with me in my
‘ portmanteau, had fastened the white
‘ beard (which however had been almost
‘ set on fire by the candle) to my chin,
‘ and was going to execute my plan, when
‘ a sudden alarm of fire disturbed the
‘ house. The pressing danger not allow-
‘ ing me to change my dress, I effected
‘ my escape in my disguise, and concealing
‘ my portmanteau which I had fortunately
‘ saved in a remote corner, I took with
‘ my servant a position which rendered

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it impossible for Miguel and his tutor to
get out of the house without my seeing
it. However my anxiety rose to the
highest degree, when the fire had con-
sumed already the greatest part of the
house, and Miguel was still in it. My
apprehensions had reached the highest
summit, when I suddenly saw him and
his tutor rush out of the burning build-
ing. My servant, whom I had ordered
to watch carefully every word and mo-
tion of theirs, was close at their heels,
while I followed him at a small distance,

a wet blanket, wrapped himself in it, got
 safe into the house, went to Miguel's
 apartment, seized the picture, which was
 lying upon the table, and jumped out
 of the window, which was not higher
 than one pair of stairs, in order to avoid
 the dangerous retreat through the house.
 He pushed through the multitude, who
 were loudly admiring his boldness, and
 gave me the picture. I returned it to
 Miguel, reproaching him severely for
 having slighted my advice. He was
 astonished, and looked alternately at me
 and the picture. I espied a favourable
 opportunity, concealed myself behind
 my servant; and stooping down, untied
 my beard, and pulled off my monk's
 garb unobserved by the multitude, whose
 attention was entirely taken up by the
 fire. I could not help laughing when
 Miguel, after he had gazed some time
 at the picture, took my servant by the
 arm, mistaking him for me, and perceiv-
 ing his error, enquired in vain all around
 for me, though I was not six steps distant
 from him.

These

‘ These events could not fail to strength-
‘ en the first impressi^on which I had made
‘ upon him in the disguise of a beggar,
‘ and to make him believe that I could be
‘ nothing less than a soothsayer, and a
‘ worker of miracles. This was just what
‘ I wanted, for it increased his desire to
‘ get better acquainted with me, and made
‘ him impatient to meet me the third day
‘ at the appointed place.

‘ Your Excellency may easily think
‘ that I was not idle during this interval,
‘ and did not omit to make the proper
‘ preparations for Miguel’s reception. My
‘ principal care was to gain the servants
‘ of the Countess, to whose house I in-
‘ tended to introduce him, that I might
‘ act my part at the castle without the



6 tutes properly, for their respective parts
6 which they were to act. Their number
6 amounted to eight experienced fellows,
6 for my servant Manuel, whom I had dis-
6 patched to the desolated castle, with the
6 abovementioned pieces of dress, re-
6 turned on the second day with six more
6 people, whom the conspirators had sent
6 to my assistance, with the assurance that
6 I could rely upon their fidelity and acti-
6 vity. And, indeed, these fellows ren-
6 dered me the most essential services, as
6 the consequence will shew.

6 I must not omit mentioning (en pas-
6 sant) a comical adventure which happen-
6 ed to me in the course of these three
6 days. Taking a walk through the
6 suburbs, I chanced to meet two vaga-
6 bonds who pretended to be necro-
6 mancers. I suffered myself to be per-
6 suaded to follow them to their garret,
6 where they performed a conjuration
6 amid the most antic grimaces and cere-
6 monies. I beheld their comedy with an
6 affectation of great seriousness; but
6 when the ghost appeared, I could not
6 dis-

‘ dissemble any longer, and broke out in a
‘ loud laughter. This unexpected manifesta-
‘ tion of merriment, at a time when they
‘ expected me to be seized with fear and
‘ trembling, convinced the necromancers
‘ that I was not so easily to be imposed
‘ upon, and apprehending to be sent to the
‘ house of correction or to the pillory, they
‘ begged me with anxious submission not
‘ to deprive them of their honour, and the
‘ only means left them to get a sufficient
‘ livelihood. Assuring them that I not
‘ only would bury in silence the whole im-
‘ posture, but also might want their assist-
‘ ance occasionally, they parted with me

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the tutor called to me to declare whither I intended to conduct them? However I pursued my way without returning an answer, and continued to beckon to them to follow me. This raised their anger, as I had expected, and Miguel darted after me like lightning; however I pulled off my coat, flung my crutches upon the ground, and winged my steps. Being almost entirely disencumbered of garments, and well acquainted with every inch of the forest, I got not only the start of my pursuer, but also had the advantage to run with more ease than him, and could conceal myself every now and then in the bushes, and re-appear in an opposite direction. I continued to look frequently back after Miguel, and as often as I perceived his ardor of pursuing me began to cool, I suffered him to gain ground, which re-kindled his hope of catching me at last, and thus kept him in constant motion. I prolonged my way, taking great rounds, and running constantly in a serpentine line, in order to tire the tutor, and to

‘ make the servants lose our traces, in
‘ which I succeeded with the setting in
‘ of night. However, Miguel seemed now
‘ seriously inclined to return. As soon
‘ as I perceived his intention, I took a
‘ short cloak, which was anointed with a
‘ salve of phosphorus out of my pocket,
‘ threw it over my shoulders, and got
‘ upon one of the lower branches of a
‘ tree, struggling as if I had entangled
‘ myself accidentally in the twigs, and
‘ could not extricate myself. My lucid
‘ cloak made Miguel take notice of that
‘ spectacle, and he darted towards the
‘ tree with the rapidity of the tempest, not

' Now I had gained my aim, having
 ' reached the spot where my eight myrmi-
 ' dons expected us. They surrounded
 ' him entirely, leaving only the front
 ' open. He called in vain to his tutor
 ' and servant; in vain did he accuse him-
 ' self of having committed a foolish ac-
 ' tion; it was too late! he flung himself
 ' upon the ground in a kind of despair.
 ' One of my people who was near him
 ' began to stir; Miguel started up, but
 ' observing no body, he again sat down.
 ' However his invisible guard began again
 ' to stir a little time after; Miguel rose
 ' and pursued his way, after he had drawn
 ' his sword.

' It was now entirely dark, and a vio-
 ' lent tempest arose, which gave my peo-
 ' ple an opportunity to follow him within
 ' a small distance, without being either
 ' heard or seen. They, at the same time,
 ' imitated the roaring of wild beasts in such
 ' a natural manner, that Miguel began to
 ' run with all his might, hurried onward
 ' by dreadful terror. The roaring re-
 ' sounded behind him, at his left and his
 ' right

‘ right, and consequently he had no other
‘ way left open for flight than in front,
‘ and this was what I wanted, because this
‘ was the way which led to the castle of
‘ the Countess. As soon as he came in
‘ the open field and saw the castle, which
‘ was illuminated from that side, he fled
‘ towards it, in order to get out of the
‘ reach of the wild beasts, which, as he
‘ imagined, were in pursuit of him. His
‘ ringing the bell repeatedly, and his loud
‘ exclamations, bespoke plainly the great-
‘ ness of his anxiety. The porter, who was
‘ previously informed of his arrival, opened

‘ rendezvous, we went to the spot where
‘ he was sleeping. There I ordered the
‘ six fellows whom the conspirators had
‘ sent me, to disperse themselves among
‘ the bushes, and to attack the tutor and
‘ his servant with their poniards as soon
‘ as they should rise, yet without endan-
‘ gering their life, enjoining them parti-
‘ cularly to spare the tutor, and to run
‘ away with signs of terror as soon as I
‘ should appear. However the mock attack
‘ would have had serious consequences in
‘ spite of my precaution, if I had not
‘ come in time; for the tutor and the ser-
‘ vant, who were armed with cutlasses,
‘ defended themselves in such a furious
‘ manner, that the fight very soon grew
‘ hotter than I intended it should. I
‘ rushed therefore forth from my lurking
‘ place, in order to put an end to the
‘ combat. The countenance of the tutor
‘ bespoke gratitude and astonishment when
‘ he saw the six fellows run howling away
‘ as soon as I appeared. “Return to town
‘ (said I) for now you are safe!” Having
‘ pronounced these words, I left him sud-

denly, because I did not chuse to converse with him.

‘ I advised him not without reason to return to town, for if he had continued his wanderings through the forest, he might have discovered the castle of the Countess, and inquired for Miguel, which I thought very superfluous. Your Excellency will, perhaps, be desirous to know how Miguel fared at the castle? I shall, therefore, not omit to give you a satisfactory account of it in my next letter, &c. &c. &c.

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‘ Countess. I confess that I anxiously
‘ wish he may, and that I have made
‘ that promise to Amelia principally on
‘ his account. In order to prepare him
‘ for the apparition, I have sent Manuel
‘ to the two necromancers whom I have
‘ mentioned in my last letter, to desire
‘ them to wait for Miguel not far from the
‘ skirts of the forest, and to persuade him
‘ to see one of their juggling farces. I
‘ have ordered my servant to give them
‘ an accurate description of his person
‘ and dress, that they may not miss him.
‘ I reasoned thus: If these fellows suc-
‘ ceed in deceiving him, he will not only
‘ be prepared for the scene which I am
‘ going to act at the castle, but at the
‘ same time he will be more impatient to
‘ witness it; if they do not succeed, and
‘ Miguel discovers the cheat, he will be
‘ so much the more inclined to take the
‘ deception which I am preparing for him;
‘ for sterling truth, because he will not
‘ be able to penetrate the fine-spun web
‘ of it; and believe it to be supernatural,
‘ because his philosophy and experience

‘ are not sufficient to explain it in a natural manner.—But if Miguel should decline being present on that occasion, contrary to my expectation, even then my labour would not be entirely lost, for he will certainly hear an account of it from the lips of the Countess, who will rather exaggerate than lessen the miraculous incidents which she is going to witness, and how readily will Miguel believe the unsuspecting words of that beautiful enthusiast.——Triumph! Miguel and his tutor have witnessed the apparition scene at the castle. The Countess herself has accomplished my

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' glad was I on the receipt of that intelli-
 ' gence, that I had omitted nothing in the
 ' preparation for that scene, that can con-
 ' found even the most acute genius, and
 ' give to delusions the greatest appearance
 ' of truth! Count Clairval acted the part
 ' of his deceased brother.—Your Excel-
 ' lency knows that fine acute genius, who
 ' by the intricate incidents of his life, and
 ' a long series of experience of all kinds,
 ' and his own reflections, has acquired the
 ' capacity of undertaking any thing with
 ' success—*who eMI dfahrIqlqms hmrf*
 ' *cgtTml. mgsrlm. FschypSr. hlnyhs:*
 ' *rpqvbs. grbn. stbC -- BvnmD lgftzmm.*
 ' *nflm.* Fortunately he was not above
 ' thirty miles distance from the castle; I
 ' sent a servant on horseback for him. He
 ' could not refuse my request, because
 ' *nrm..Bvndrgn hglgs: tbt: ggrmm..hlt.*
 ' *tseTs....Crsth: pssrs: tfgn. InsnM.*
 ' *btrr. — —.*"

' I have transcribed these words which
 I could not decypher, only because a
 a more skilful genius than myself may
 find the key to them. The same cyphers

M 5

occurred

occurred several times in the remaining sheets, and my incapacity to decypher them was the more painful to me, because I had reason to think that they contain secrets of great importance.

Of the following letter only the conclusion deserves to be transcribed.

‘ I am firmly convinced, that in Miguel’s and Amelia’s heart a passion has
‘ taken rise, which soon will burst out in
‘ blazing flames; the present which he has
‘ made her of a ring of great value, which
‘ she has accepted, his looks at table,
‘ Amelia’s extraordinary kindness for him.

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that reason I have instructed the
tion to utter a few words, which I
foresee would cause a small breach
en the two lovers. Your Excel-
will recollect that the ghost ac-
Miguel's father of being his mur-

By these means, I hope to put
st a temporary stop to Miguel's
melia's growing intimacy; for it
t be expected that the son of the
sed murderer of the Count will
o pay his addresses to his widow;
he should, it is to be expected that
ll decline admitting his visits, or at
treat him with coolness and re-

However this misunderstanding
not be of long duration, for on
examination, both would find
selves deceived by the appari-
and their love would gain addi-
force. For that reason I have
a pressing letter to Miguel's father,
it subscribing my name, and ad-
him to order his son to continue his
s without delay, that he might be
of a foolish passion which

‘ for the Countess of Barbis. I hope this
‘ letter will have the desired effect; and I
‘ will keep myself in readiness to follow
‘ Miguel every where with my myrmi-
‘ dons; for my plan requires that I never
‘ should lose sight of him.’

The following letter is so important
that I must insert it at full length :

‘ MY LORD,

‘ You have accused me in your letter
‘ from the twelfth of this month, of hav-

' is no untruth, but only an oracle, the
 ' duplicity to which beings of that kind
 ' are much addicted. Amelia's husband
 ' has really been assassinated by order of
 ' the man whom Miguel calls father ;
 ' however, that person is not his parent,
 ' but only the preserver of his life ; in
 ' short, it is Vasconcellos' Secretary of State
 ' at L**b*n, who has saved Miguel's life
 ' when a boy, and for that reason is called
 ' by him his second father. This man the
 ' ghost had in view, and of course has
 ' spoken the truth, but only has been mis-
 ' understood. This misunderstanding pro-
 ' duced the accidental, and if your Excel-
 ' lency will give me leave to add—the fa-
 ' lutory consequence of separating Miguel
 ' and the Countess. Fearing, however,
 ' the accusation of the ghost might pro-
 ' duce fatal consequences for the Mar-
 ' quis of Villa R*al, and Amelia be
 ' tempted to revenge the death of her
 ' Lord, the ghost took the precaution to
 ' add, “ be generous and forgive my mur-
 ' derer.”—The honour of the Marquis,
 ' which properly has received no injury
 ' from

‘ for the Countess of Barbis. I hope this
‘ letter will have the desired effect; and I
‘ will keep myself in readiness to follow
‘ Miguel every where with my myrmi-
‘ dons; for my plan requires that I never
‘ should lose sight of him.’

The following letter is so important
that I must insert it at full length :

‘ MY LORD,

‘ You have accused me in your letter
‘ from the twelfth of this month, of hav-

MAGICAL DELUSION. 252

is no untruth, but only an oracle, the duplicity to which beings of that kind are much addicted. Amelia's husband has really been assassinated by order of the man whom Miguel calls father; however, that person is not his parent, but only the preserver of his life; in short, it is Vasconcellos' Secretary of State at L**b**n, who has saved Miguel's life when a boy, and for that reason is called by him his second father. This man the ghost had in view, and of course has spoken the truth, but only has been misunderstood. This misunderstanding produced the accidental, and if your Excellency will give me leave to add—the salutary consequence of separating Miguel and the Countess. Fearing, however, the accusation of the ghost might produce fatal consequences for the Marquis of Villa R**al, and Amelia be tempted to revenge the death of her Lord, the ghost took the precaution to add, “be generous and forgive my murderer.”—The honour of the Marquis, which properly has received no injury
from

‘ for the Countess of Barbis. I hope this
‘ letter will have the desired effect; and I
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 ' when a boy, and for that reason is called
 ' by him his second father. This man the
 ' ghost had in view, and of course has
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 ' understood. This misunderstanding pro-
 ' duced the accidental, and if your Excel-
 ' lency will give me leave to add—the fa-
 ' lutory consequence of separating Miguel
 ' and the Countess. Fearing, however,
 ' the accusation of the ghost might pro-
 ' duce fatal consequences for the Mar-
 ' quis of Villa R*al, and Amelia be
 ' tempted to revenge the death of her
 ' Lord, the ghost took the precaution to
 ' add, “ be generous and forgive my mur-
 ' derer.”—The honour of the Marquis,
 ' which properly has received no injury
 ' from

Now I had recovered the power of utterance. "Then you have informed her," I exclaimed, "that her Lord has not been assassinated by my real father?"

The Irishman seemed to be struck with surprise, examining inquisitively my looks, and after a short pause, continued in a firmer accent: "It was my duty to make this discovery to Amelia; however, it would never have been sufficient to procure you her reciprocal love, if I had not done something which was not my duty."

"*What* have you done? My notions

of your religion have been confounded for

' is no untruth, but only an oracle, the
 ' duplicity to which beings of that kind
 ' are much addicted. Amelia's husband
 ' has really been assassinated by order of
 ' the man whom Miguel calls father ;
 ' however, that person is not his parent,
 ' but only the preserver of his life ; in
 ' short, it is Vasconcellos' Secretary of State
 ' at L**b*n, who has saved Miguel's life
 ' when a boy, and for that reason is called
 ' by him his second father. This man the
 ' ghost had in view, and of course has
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 ' duced the accidental, and if your Excel-
 ' lency will give me leave to add—the fa-
 ' lutory consequence of separating Miguel
 ' and the Countess. Fearing, however,
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 ' duce fatal consequences for the Mar-
 ' quis of Villa R*al, and Amelia be
 ' tempted to revenge the death of her
 ' Lord, the ghost took the precaution to
 ' add, " be generous and forgive my mur-
 ' derer."—The honour of the Marquis,
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“ This conclusion is at least premature. Every plan ought to be adapted to the existing circumstances, and every action fitted to the plan; therefore, as soon as the circumstances and the plan are changed, one ought not to judge of the present actions from the preceding ones.”

“ I do not comprehend you completely.”

“ You have been tried by delusions; however the time of probation is past; the delusions have made room for the dawn of truth, which is rising in your mind.”

“ Who has authorized you to judge?”

“ If delusions are leading to truth, then they are undoubtedly means of promoting happiness.”

“ Indeed! According to my notions, *real* happiness never can be founded upon delusion, as truth never can originate from error. Delusions and errors are obstacles on the road to happiness and truth, but never will be the means of promoting them.

“ Then you must blame nature for acting after a plan entirely apposite to your notions. Has she not made imagination, that mother of illusion, the source of unspeakable pleasures. It is imagination alone that can afford what reality never can give—never satiated enjoyment. Imagination preserves, renews and improves every pleasure of the senses—What else but imagination is the source of the purest and most sublime raptures of love? Or do you perhaps think that the perceptions which we receive through our senses are free of illusion, that we are never deceived by the organs which nature has given us? Your ideas would be just if

we could know by means of our senses, the objects themselves, and not merely their appearances; the essential substance, and not merely the superficies of things; however, as our senses never shew us the thing itself, but only its exterior appearance, the reality of sensible perceptions is always very suspicious. And since, from our sensible perceptions, even our plainest notions are abstracted, one must either doubt the certainty of logical arguments, or allow that illusions are the path leading to truth. Common experience teaches us, that one improves in knowledge by committing errors. It is

“ You are mistaken, my Lord, they really exist ; however they differ widely from what men generally believe to be truth and happiness.”

“ Then you are going to make me acquainted with a new kind of happiness and truth, and to lead me to uncommon light by the common road of illusion ?”

“ Man must be treated in a human manner, and improve by degrees. A sudden transition from twilight to the radiant glare of the noon-tide sun, from the land of sweet fancies to pure paradisaical bliss, would transport the son of dust beyond himself. For that reason, it was requisite you should experience all the intermediate degrees of illusion, but not of an ordinary one, in order to obtain possession of an extraordinary treasure. That spot, where you will find the talisman which breaks the magic charm whereby the treasure is withheld from you as yet, is the highest pinnacle of illusion, and for that very reason the last degree of it. He who has happily arrived at it,
emerges

emerges from the mazy labyrinth of enchantments, beholds a new heaven and a new earth, and, as if new created, strides over into the kingdom of unadulterated truth and bliss; where he enters the sacred porch of that eternal temple from which only the grave separates him."

"I do not entirely comprehend your emblematical language; will you explain yourself more at large?" So saying, I offered him a chair; we sat down, and he began:

"The history of all ages and nations convinces us that all men strive to be

roads, and when they fancy they have discovered it, are enraptured at an *ignis fatuus*. Some of them perceive at last that they are deceived by illusions, and others do not. The former continue their pursuit by the road which they have once fallen in with, and finding nothing but new phantoms and new illusions, spread at length the rumour, that no real happiness and truth could be met with here below. But suppose a man of an extraordinary genius, who had been firmly convinced that this treasure can be found here below, should have attempted to go in search of it through uncommon and never trodden paths, and at length, after enormous deviations, which on the unbeaten paths he pursued could not be avoided, should have found truth and happiness in their natural purity and sisterly union, and entrusted the secret to his friends under the condition to communicate it only to a few, and not even to them till they should have been tried by uncommon delusions of different kinds, like himself; would you then forgive me,

my Lord, if I had deceived you with that view?"

"Then I should not owe you forgiveness, but gratitude. But as the time of probation (according to your own declaration) is past, will you not be so good as to let me see only a few rays of that light, the full splendor of which I am going to behold."

"I have orders not to disclose the secret to you before the liberation of your country shall be accomplished."

"Then my probationary time is not yet finished?"

“ At ****, twelve miles from hence, you may stop for a short time—but mark well, only for a short time. You will meet Amelia there—

“ Amelia?”

“ And will find her differently disposed from what she would have been without my interference.”

“ What do you mean by that?”

“ The Countess has vowed to be faithful unto death to the man of her heart. She has frequently renewed this rigorous vow at the tomb which she has devoted to his memory, and thus promised to the dear departed object of her love a sacrifice, which has driven to despair all those whom her uncommon charms have enchanted. You would have shared the same fate, my Lord, if my power had not dissolved the dreadful covenant which Amelia has made with the departed spirit of her Lord.”

I started up like a maniac—“ *That you have done? You have done that?*”

The Irishman rose coolly from his seat: “ Moderate your joy,” said he, “ for you

don't know whether I have not deceived the Countess!"

"O forget what I have said in the heat of passion. Beings like you are above slander. Forgive what I have said!"

"When you come to **** stop at the inn of St. James, and then you shall be convinced by my actions that I have forgiven you." So saying, he shook hands with me and left my apartment.

"Who is that incomprehensible man?" said I to myself. "Have I not been his mortal enemy half an hour ago, and now am again become his friend and admirer,

he spoke. The magic power which his looks, his mien, his accent, and every gesture gave to his words, rendered credible even what was improbable, and raised the latter to certainty. While he was speaking I little thought to interrupt him, dwelling with secret pleasure upon the contemplation of the seducing pictures which he placed before me, and only when in cooler blood, I began to anatomize and to scan the train of his arguments, I discovered defects, gaps, and improbabilities which shook the very base of my belief, and overclouded the charming prospects which he displayed before my enraptured eyes. However, there was one idea on which I dwelled with joyful confidence. "It will be accomplished (I exclaimed) although every other promise of the Irishman should prove airy phantoms. I shall see Amelia, and be happy!"

But this hope too began to dwindle away, after I had waited the next day at the inn to which I had been directed by the Irishman, from eight o'clock in the

morning till seven o'clock at night without having received tidings from Amelia. I was just going to take up my guitar in order to give vent to my melancholy sensations, when my servant came to tell me that a girl wanted to speak to me. I ordered him to shew her to my apartment. After many curtsies and circumlocutions, the unknown fair one begged me at length to have the kindness to honor her lady with a visit. Asking her who her lady was, she replied that she durst not tell me her name, but would shew me the way to the castle. "Then *your lady* has sent you to me?" "God forbid! (she replied):

fiance from her!" Now I knew what to think of the matter. I could have kissed the little garrulous messenger. "There, take this (said I, emptying my purse in her apron) shew me instantly to the house of your lady!" The girl was enraptured with joy, hurried down stairs, and I followed her with impatient steps. She stopped in the second street at a large palace, telling me that we were on the spot. I ordered the servant to tell his lady, the Marchese Albertini would be glad to wait on her Ladyship, and was admitted. I hastened through the first apartment with a panting heart, and the second door being opened, was very kindly received by an old lady. I was almost petrified by that unexpected sight, like a poor disappointed wretch who, deceived by magic art, expects to rush into the arms of an immortal beauty, suddenly embraces an old toothless beldam. The lady seemed to be equally surpris'd. I did not know whether it was on account of my person or of my astonishment—and I begged her pardon, in a faltering accent, for having

committed that mistake, telling her that I had taken the liberty to intrude upon her, in hopes of seeing the Countess de Clairval, when—the door of a third apartment was opened, and a lady beautiful as an angel, dressed in white satin, and of a majestic form, made her appearance. I flew to meet her—and pressed *Amelia's* hand to my glowing lips.

“ Her lovely cheeks were covered with a crimson hue, and after a short interval of silent astonishment, she exclaimed : “ Is it possible, my Lord ! How does it happen that we have the honour of seeing you here ? ”

most fortunate of my life. You will recollect that when I related to you the history of my youth, I mentioned a white lady who appeared to me in the dusk of evening, in a grotto in my father's garden, and who had directed and cheered me in my juvenile years like a heavenly being—"

"And that white lady—"

"Is the Baroness de Delier, who is now standing before you."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is really so!" replied the lady archly smiling.

I now began to examine her face more attentively. Her physiognomy was exceeding interesting, bearing strong marks of sensibility, and of former beauty, the traces of which the voracious tooth of time had not been able to destroy.

"My Lady," said I, "the Countess has related to me so much that is noble and wonderful of you, that my astonishment is as natural as my curiosity will be deemed pardonable by you."

N. 5

"I dare

“ I dare say,” Amelia interrupted me, “ it will give you pleasure if I beg the Baroness to be so kind as to explain that wonderful circumstance to you ?”

“ Why not ?” replied Lady Delier, “ let us sit down ; old age is thought to be talkative ; however I shall be brief in my narrative :—A friend of mine who knew Amelia, and was no stranger to the cruel treatment which she received from her unnatural mother, lived in a house which was separated from that of her parents only by two gardens. The description which my friend gave me of the

was in that of the latter. This gate was opened for me by the nurse, who, according to my direction, always retired when I came, and watched at the entrance of the garden to warn me by a signal against sudden surprise. I dare say, my Lord, Amelia will have informed you of my conversations and actions in the grotto."—

"But why did you conceal your name and rank from the Countess?" I enquired.

"In order to prevent being found out, if the little girl in her childish innocence should have spoken of her meetings with the white lady. When Amelia advanced in years I continued the mystery, because I had observed that it gave to my visits an additional value in her eyes, and rendered my consolations and instructions more effective. However, I did not mean never to disclose my name to her, and I had entrusted the solution of the mystery to the sealed paper which I gave to the daughter of my heart when I took leave of her, and which she afterwards lost."

“ If I am not mistaken, you gave the sealed paper to the Countess, with the injunction to open it when she should have found the man whom her heart should choose for a partner in her happiness and affliction !”

“ You are not mistaken ! it contained some instructions which are very useful to a girl who is in love.”

“ You foretold the Countess when you took leave of her, that her unhappy fate would take a fortunate turn after three months, and that prediction has really been accomplished by the aunt of the Countess.”

MAGICAL DELUSION. 27

not called me to **** after the decease of the Baron. I saw the Countess accidentally when I was coming from the cathedral. O! my Lord, what are all worldly pleasures, if compared to the happiness of such a re-union? The emotions of my heart broke out so violently, that we were obliged to get in the carriage, and to drive to Amelia's hermitage, to prevent our being crushed to death by the gaping multitude."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Countess, shedding tears of sensibility, and pressing the hand of the Baroness to her bosom, "I shall never forget that day while this heart is beating!"

"And yet, would you believe it, my Lord," resumed the Baroness, after an affecting pause, "I could scarcely prevail upon her to leave the castle in the forest, and to remove to mine, where we are leading an happy and contented life. My Amelia was indeed turned a downright hermit."

"I confess, my dear friend," replied the Countess, "I was so charmed with my
solitary

solitary residence, and the retired and quiet life I led suited the state of my mind so well, that no one but my dear Baroness could have persuaded me to change my situation."

The fleeting hours passed rapidly away amid pleasing discourses, and evening was already far advanced before I could resolve to take leave of Amelia and her amiable companion. At length I parted reluctantly, and having been invited to repeat my visit the day following returned to my lodging in a trance of happiness and joy.

In vain to conceal. I surpris'd her several times fixing her eyes on me in a melancholy manner, and casting down her looks with consternation when she perceived that I observed it—she spoke little, and what she said was incoherent—yet her behaviour was not repelling—her bosom seem'd to conceal some secret uneasiness, the cause of which I strove in vain to explore. As often as I began to speak of the *Unknown*, Amelia look'd perplexed and timid at Lady Delier, who always turn'd the conversation to a different object. I was certain that the Irishman had been in the house; they even confess'd that he had inform'd them of my elevation to the ducal dignity; but this was all that I could learn. This circumstance and Amelia's behaviour gave rise to apprehensions which made me suffer the torments of hell. I could not endure this situation longer than four days; at the evening of the fourth day I took advantage of an opportunity which I had to speak to Lady Delier in private, and press'd her to unfold that mystery to me.

After

After many fruitless persuasions, I obtained at length the promise to be informed of what I so anxiously wished to know, and was requested to meet her at twelve o'clock the next day in the fir grove behind the garden of the castle, when she would satisfy my curiosity.

I awaited the noon-tide hour with impatience. At length the wished for hour arrived, and with the last stroke I was going to hasten to the fir grove, however I met the Irishman on the stair-case, "Come with me, my Lord!" he said, as soon as he saw me!

"With me?"

acquaintance whom you have ardently wished to see this good while."

"An old acquaintance—whom I have ardently wished to see?—it is not—"

"Your ~~father~~ I mean. Come, make haste!"

I embraced the Irishman with a loud exclamation of joy, pressed him vehemently to my heart and leaped into the carriage.

We drove through the city gate; our horses galloped at a furious rate, and yet they were too slow for my impatience.

"Is he far from hence?" I exclaimed, "where does he live, is he well, does he know that I am coming?" "All that you shall know presently!" said the Irishman, ordering the coachman to stop.

We got out of the carriage, and the fun was overclouding like the face of the Irishman. He uttered not a word, and made a silent signal to follow him.

The place where we were was a lonely solitary spot in the suburbs. The Irishman stopped at a high wall over which the tops of tall trees were protending. My conductor looked at me with a melancholy

air,

to break the abominable fetters with which thy country is chained to the throne of a despotic monarch. Down into the dust with thee, thou villain, who has forged these chains, and encreases their weight every day. Thou shalt see me again when thy country is restored to liberty, and I will bring Amelia to thy arms. 'Till then, adieu! farewell!"

The vision was not dissolved, nor did it sink into the ground, nor rise aloft; yet it was removed in the twinkling of an eye. "Antonio, my friend!" I exclaimed, "if thy spirit is still hovering a

THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR,
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
REVOLUTION OF P—L:
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

V O L III.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-
NOSTER - ROW.

1795.



T H E
V I C T I M
O F

M A G I C A L D E L U S I O N .

I FELT like one who is suddenly roused from a dream, and looked around me with uncertain, examining eyes, searching for the Irishman. He perceived it and came towards me.

The sudden change of the most opposite sensations, particularly the last scene, had affected me very much, and I sat myself down upon a tomb. "Is it not true, Hiermanfor?" said I after a long silence, "I have dreamed?"

"Dreamed?" he replied with astonishment, "and *what* have you dreamed?"

“ Methought my tutor was standing upon this tomb, and talking strange things.”

“ I have had the same *vision*.”

“ Hiermanfor! don't sport with my understanding.”

“ It is as I have said.”

“ It cannot be!” I exclaimed vehemently, “ it was an illusion. Don't think that I am still as credulous as I have been. Confess only that the vision was a new illusion, whereby you wanted to try me.”

MAGICAL DELUSION. 3

“ Here the figure of my tutor was standing, and there I stood and conversed with him.”

“ You may have been dreaming, it was perhaps one of my finest artifices.”

“ What can you say against it?”

“ Nothing, my Lord, nothing!”

“ I conjure you, what can you say against it?”

“ On one part I could find it improbable that two people should have the same dream while they are awake; on the other, that the most consummate juggler would find it difficult to produce by day-light, and on an open spot, an airy vision which resembles your friend exactly, talks in a sensible manner, answers questions which are put to it, and appears a second time at your desire.”

“ True, very true! however, the apparition is not less mysterious to me if I deem it *no* illusion.”

“ You will comprehend it one time, said Antonio.”

“ But when? I am dying with a desire to have the mystery unfolded.”

“ May I speak without reserve, my Lord.”

“ I wish you always had spoken without disguise, and acted openly.”

“ What I am going to say may perhaps offend you; yet I must beg you to give me leave to speak freely. I am not going to address Miguel, but the Duke.”

“ Frankness and truth are equally acceptable to the latter as they are to the former; speak without reserve.”

“ It is not fondness of truth, but vain curiosity that has driven you upon the *dangerous ocean* of knowledge, where you

MAGICAL DELUSION. 5

tempted nothing, at least very little, to break those chains, but you struggled hard to avoid serving your country. I endeavoured to keep you in its service by strengthening your chains; however, unforeseen accidents liberated you from your bondage, and then I appeared first to you a lawless corsair, who had made an unlawful prize of you, although you had supposed me, before that time, to be a supernatural being, to whose power you fancied you had surrendered voluntarily. My dear Duke, I am neither a villain, nor am I a supernatural being; however, you are not able to judge of me. It is true that I possess important arcana, by the application of which I can effect wonderful things; but I am not allowed to make use of them before I have tried in vain every common means of attaining my aim. According to my knowledge of your Lordship, the artifices of natural magic were sufficient for carrying my point; but now, as the veil is taken from your eyes, and those delusions by which your will has been guided, have lost their *influence upon you*, now I could make use

of my superior power, by which I have been enabled to effect the apparition of your tutor. However, you judge of my deeds equally wrong as of myself. At first you mistook real delusions, for miracles, and now you mistake the effect of a great and important arcanum, for delusion. Whence these sudden leaps from one extreme to the other? What is it that constantly removes from your eyes the real point of view from which you ought to see things? The source of this evil is within yourself; I will point it out to you, lest you discover it too late. You have

ing them with impartiality, and declaring all events contrary to the common course of nature, to be the effects of imposition. He committed a sin against philosophy, premising as demonstrated, what was to be proved. Your own feeling, my Lord, made you sensible of the defects and exaggerations of his arguments; your reason was not sufficient to rectify, or to refute them; and thus you have adopted the principles of your tutor, not from conviction, but from a blind confidence in his learning and honesty, and believing the assertions of your instructor, you believed in his philosophy."

"Hiermanfor! I think you are right."

"Give me leave to proceed. It was consequently not philosophical conviction that made you suspect your inclination to the wonderful; but faith was opposed to faith. The former was founded on the authority of your tutor, and the latter on the secret voice of your heart. Regard for your friend, and the ambition of being looked upon as a philosopher, impelled you to adopt the principles of your tutor, and an innate instinct spurred you to

yield to the voice of your heart, and thus you embraced by turns, the opinion of your instructor and the faith which originated from your heart, according to the strength of motive which prevailed on either side. However, these motives were never pure undoubted arguments of reason, but mere sentiments, which made you shift from one side to the other, in the same measure in which your sentiments of one or the other kind received nourishment or additional strength from without. As soon as I began to play off my magical machineries

MAGICAL DELUSION. 9

prevailed over the philosophical sentences which you have been taught. Paleſki diſcovered to you what you ought to have diſcovered yourſelf, that my arts were mere deluſions, and now you conclude that I can produce nothing but deluſions. Perhaps you go ſtill farther, and deny even the poſſibility of apparitions, becauſe I have raiſed in Amelia's houſe a gholt who was none. At bottom you keep firm to your character; you came over to my party becauſe your *feelings* found their account in doing ſo; you find you have been deceived, and you fly back again to the oppoſite party becauſe you *fancy* to find truth there. However you are really guided only by a blind inſtinct, by ſentiment and opinion. And with *theſe* guides do you fancy you can penetrate the ſanctuary of truth and happineſs? — Unhappy young man! you are doomed to deceive yourſelf and to be deceived."

After a ſhort pauſe the Iriſhman reſumed:

" Pardon my frankneſs, my Lord! I have done."

B 5

" You

“ You have made me behold myself in a view to which I was an utter stranger, and which terrifies me. Hiermanfor, tell it me frankly, if you have to add any thing farther ; the more unreserved you shall be, the more my gratitude will encrease.”

“ Yes, my Lord, you deserve a better fate than what you are preparing for yourself. You possess a noble quality which is but rarely the property of Princes, the courage of listening to disagreeable truths ; a noble heart is panting in your bosom ; you possess more desire for know-

tion which are hurrying you rapidly along through bye ways. Nay, I even maintain ~~that~~ your rage for occult knowledge has had as yet no other source but sensual pleasure; it gratified your ambition to know more than other people; it flattered your self-love to have the powers of nature at your command; it was a pleasing sight to your eyes to witness extraordinary events, as children delight to hear tales of giants and enchanted castles. And could you, in that disposition of mind, think yourself worthy to be introduced to a sanctuary, which even serious disinterested love of truth dares not enter without being first purified. You have experienced what *you* did deserve, you merited to be put off with mystic words, with juggling tricks and flights of hand; and you was satisfied with these gewgaws. First after the veil had been removed from your eyes, by other people, you was highly displeased at my having taken the liberty to sell you delusions for truth—for truth! as if ever *pure love for truth* had guided you, and what you mistook for it had been any thing else but *vain curiosity*. Notwith-

standing this, I have given you a specimen of my superior power, and shown you the ghost of your living friend, who is many hundred miles distant from hence, and you prove instantly how little you deserve this condescension. You find not the least difference between this vision and the former juggling tricks, mistaking it for a dream, for a new delusion. Young man, learn first to discern truth from illusion, and acquire a proper knowledge of the preparatory sciences, before you attempt at occult wisdom ; get first a proper knowledge of yourself, before you strive for

MAGICAL DELUSION. 29

gift, which is called *reason*; but how widely does it differ from what one commonly thinks it to be; reason ought first to be purified, and divested of every thing that is not herself, before she can become to us an infallible guide. Assisted by her we subdue our sensuality, and soar above visible nature. Sensuality is the only thing terrestrial in us: reason raises us to the communication with superior spirits. The more we learn to subdue the former, the more sway do we obtain over the powers of nature; the more we purify the latter, the more intimately are we connected with superior beings. Man is an intermediate being between an angel and an animal; is the sole creature that, by means of his senses, is connected with the physical world, and through his reason with higher spirits, and consequently can act upon both. Do you divine nothing, my Lord? These words imply an important truth; however it would lead me too far, if I should attempt to unfold it at large."

"O let me taste only a few drops from that sacred fountain!"

“ At some other time, my Lord! important affairs bid me at present to leave you. Will you accompany me to town?”

“ With pleasure.”

His coach had been waiting for us at some distance from the burying place. The Irishman ordered his coachman to make haste, and told me on the road that I must depart for Ma***t in two days. At the same time he promised to meet me the following night at eleven o'clock, and to continue the subject on which he had been speaking. He set me down at my house and took leave.

person; deception plays off its machineries in places which are shut up, and previously have been fitted for the purpose; at the same time it endeavours to harrow the mind, by solemn preparations, in a disposition answerable to the deception; but here I could not perceive any thing of that kind. The vision appeared at noon, and in an open place, and when the Irishman called me away to the burial place, I was going to inform myself of a love affair, and of course, in a disposition very unpropitious for apparitions or ghosts; deception takes care to prevent the beholder from coming near its works, and I was near enough to touch the phantom; deception never exposes its secret machines to the danger of being discovered, and the Irishman invited me to make the strictest investigation. And the vision itself, as it appeared, a living human figure, and yet so incorporeal, that my arms penetrated it without leaving a vestige behind—the resemblance to Antonio so great, that it seemed to be the living original; and this figure spoke and returned *answers so adequate to my questions;—it*

did not, indeed, move its lips, and the voice differed a little from that of Antonio; however, its speaking organs were materially different from his natural ones. At last, the disappearing and re-appearing at my desire—did it not denote a free will of the vision?—In short, the longer I reflected on the matter, the less did it appear to me the work of deception.

•• And if it was no fiction, what *I have* seen; what an astonishing mystery does it imply? How is it possible for a living, absent man to appear to his friend, as the deceased are reported to do? How can

knowledge; how insignificant must I have appeared to him! How great did he shew himself to me! With what an astonishing omniscience did he read my most hidden thoughts; with what a great sagacity has he laid open my weakness, and with how much frankness told me my defects! If it were his intention to deceive me any farther, he would silently have taken advantage of my blind side, and carefully avoided to open my eyes. He certainly could not have given me a more unsuspecting and convincing proof of the goodness and purity of his sentiments towards me.— This openness, this noble sincerity, deserves, undoubtedly, my unbounded gratitude. Yes, *Antonio, he shall guide me in thy room! I will confide in him as I have confided in thee.*”

In the evening I went to Amelia, to inform her of my impending departure. She was just playing on the harpsichord, and received me with a silent smile, without suffering herself to be interrupted in her play. The Baroness, however, received me with cold civility; I could *guess the reason of it*; however I had no

ness was waiting for me. "The Countess is at church," said she, "let me take advantage of her short absence, and permit a little treachery; but take heed not to betray me to my friend!"

"Certainly not," I replied, my confidence being harrowed up to the highest degree by this exordium.

"All that I have to disclose to you is contained in two words: you are beloved by my Lord!"

"My Lady!"—

"Give me leave to relate the m

heart!" She blushed, as if she had said something imprudent.

"Alas! it is too painful to my heart; but who cares for my heart?"

"Indeed," Lady Delier replied, "you think very unkind of us."

"It is a gloomy night," said Amelia, going to the window; and the thread of our conversation was cut off at once. I endeavoured to lead it again to its former channel; however I perceived that the conversation grew irksome and dull; it turned on a hundred most insignificant trifles, but the Countess avoided carefully to touch the former string, although I sounded it repeatedly, softer or louder. At length I took leave. Lady Delier was so kind as to see me down stairs; I told her that an important visit from the Irishman, whom I had endeavoured in vain to put off, had prevented me from keeping the appointment. She took my excuse very kindly, and made me promise to meet her the next morning at ten o'clock at the fir grove.

Uneasiness and curiosity drove me *thither at the appointed hour.* The Baro-
ne!

though she fancied she had not violated her promise by *involuntary* sentiments, yet a confession of these sentiments, though deposited only in the bosom of an intimate friend, appeared to her a profanation of her solemn declaration. However, her speaking frequently of you with evident marks of partiality, made me, nevertheless, suspect a part of the secret, which the Irishman's visit soon unfolded entirely to me.

“ You know that he has been in our house some time ago, informing us of

MAGIC AL DELUSION. 27

dently. She replied, she did not doubt the amiable qualities of the Duke, however she had vowed eternal fidelity to the Count. "If that is your sole objection," the Irishman replied, "then I shall soon remove it. The deceased himself shall release you from your vow, from the performance of which he can derive neither benefit nor pleasure; it is in my power to make him declare it himself." "No, no!" exclaimed Amelia, terrified, "the rest of the deceased shall not be interrupted; I should not be able to stand the sight of him." "No apparition, my Lady," the Irishman replied, "you shall neither hear nor see the deceased!"—With these words he took a blank piece of paper out of his pocket-book, requesting Amelia to write upon it the following words:—"Spirit of the Count of Clairval, shall I preserve my heart and hand faithful to thee till death, according to my vow?" As soon as the Countess had been persuaded to it with great difficulty, and wrote these words, the Irishman prevailed upon her to carry the paper to an apartment to which no one
could

could have access without her knowledge and leave. Amelia chose the apartment contiguous to her bed-chamber. The shutters were bolted from within, the paper placed upon a table, and the room strongly fumigated by the Irishman, who uttered some mysterious words. When they had retired, the Irishman requested her to return and look after the paper; however she could see nothing except the words written by herself, upon which she shut the door, and put the key in her pocket.

“Sleep easy,” the Irishman added,

instantly knew to be the hand-writing of her deceased Lord—"Thy vow, which binds me to a being living upon earth, and thee to one who is deceased, shackles my liberty. I break these chains. The man by whose orders I have been assassinated is Vasco*ellos."

"Imagine how Amelia was astonished at an incident which evidently was the effect of a superior power; the apartment, the shutters, and the door of which had been carefully secured, and which was guarded by Amelia herself, being entirely inaccessible to any mortal, except by violent means, of which no traces could be perceived on the window shutters. This miraculous event was decisive for my friend, who professed herself entirely at liberty from that moment.

"Your Grace will easily believe me, that the tender attachment to you, which had found access to her heart, guarded by a solemn vow, acquired additional activity when the shackles were thrown off. The ghost himself appeared to have silently approved, by naming the real murderer, the passion for a Prince, whose fa-

ther had been injured by an unjust suspicion. Amelia endeavoured, nevertheless, to conceal from me the real state of her heart, and, out of caprice, rather would leave me to guess, than to confess herself, what might have been misinterpreted as a weakness. However, that very constraint which she experienced by concealing a secret that struggled to break its confinement, some words which she dropped unknowingly, her gloomy looks and silent melancholy—in short, all those traits which seem to have told you so very little of Amelia's secret sentiments, convinced

me soon that love was the silent tormentor

taking leave of her, made her already suspect your indifference. This suspicion gained additional strength by your never having wrote a single line to her after your departure. Your behaviour during your present stay with us too, has cured her of that error as little as the information of your departure."

"Should it be possible my love could have escaped Amelia's looks?"

"It did not escape my observation.— I gathered carefully all the marks of it, and communicated them to my friend. However, they appeared to her to be nothing farther than proofs of gallantry, which every well-educated man is wont to offer at the shrine of beauty. "Is it possible," she said, "that true, ardent love, could refrain so long from coming to an explanation?" And indeed, my Lord, can you say any thing against this objection?"

"My Lady, I could not entertain the least idea of such an explanation, while the misunderstanding concerning the murderer of Count Clairval was not removed, *although I had not been ignorant of the*

residence of Amelia, which was unknown to me ever since the removal from the castle in the forest, and the mysterious conduct of the Countess has prevented me from declaring now, what I ardently wished to avow publicly ever since I got acquainted with her. What has made you guess my happiness, has induced me to apprehend my misfortune—I even feared to offend the Countess by my presence. I expected secret dislike to me, at most pity, but never a return of my love.”

“I see you are but a novice in love,” Lady Delier said smiling, “and I have

me, and even if he should have a passion for me, and avow it, he should hear the confession of my reciprocal tenderness, but never receive my hand. I am indeed released of my vow, but my present liberty will raise my fidelity to my deceased Lord, which was till now mere duty, to merit, and I will remain constant to him, as far as it will be in my power. I cannot command my love for the Duke, however my hand is at my disposal."

"Heavens! how you have damped my happiness!" I replied after a painful pause.

"Should a mere whim of the Countess really be able to dishearten your Grace? you do not consider how soon the love of a living adorer can subdue the fidelity to a deceased husband. Amelia's heart is yours, and her hand will certainly follow."

"It is not only this incertitude that makes me uneasy; the Countess loves me because she cannot help it. Can a love which I do not owe to a voluntary attachment render me happy?"

“ How you are roving ! what ought to make you proud and happy damps your spirits. What was it that impelled Amelia irresistibly to love you ? can it have been any thing else but the consciousness of your perfections, and an irresistible sympathy which has united your hearts ; and what can be more desirable, what more sincere and durable than such bonds ? My Lord, love has done every thing for you, and you have done nothing for love. Disclose to Amelia your sentiments, communicate to her your tenderness, and her involuntary attachment to you will soon

“ I understand you; however I fear Amelia would never consent to a union which should be destitute of the benediction of the Marquis of Villa**al.”

“ My father loves me, and he will never oppose his only son in a matter upon which depends the happiness of his life.”

“ Well then! I will leave you to your good fortune. I shall not fail to contribute as much as is in my power to promote that union. However, (added she with dignity) I expect from your candour, that you will not misinterpret my interview with you, and the interest I take in that affair.”

“ I look upon it as a proof of your inestimable friendship.”

“ O! my children!” the Countess resumed with great emotion, “ I love you as a mother. I could not bear any longer that two people, who seem to have been born for each other, should misunderstand one another in a manner so tormenting to both of you. You will render Amelia happy, my Lord, or I am dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of you. *With this hope I put the fate of my friend*

entirely in your hand. I confide to your care an angel, whose early improvement was my work, and constitutes my pride, and whose perfections you scarcely know by half. I intrust to you a being of the purest and most excellent of hearts. Conclude from this, upon the confidence I repose in you."

"I shall endeavour to deserve it."

"Retire now, else we shall be surpris'd by Amelia; but take care not to make her suspect our interview and conversation. You even must not visit us this evening earlier than usual."

son, went again abroad, and my feet carried me, unknowing to me, to the spot whither a secret impulse urged me to go. However, the severe command of the Baroness had drawn a large circle around Amelia's abode, which repelled me. I hovered at the margin of it like a spell-bound spirit, and sighed for the arrival of the appointed hour. Never had the setting in of night been expected with more impatience, and the sun appeared to me to retire unusually late from the horizon.

At length the wished-for hour arrived; however, the moment when I was going to the house which contained all that was dear to me, an unspeakable anxiety damped suddenly my rapturous joy. I had promised not to betray by my behaviour the intelligence which the Baroness

beloved, and pourtray the disposition of his mind; nay, to omit them entirely whenever it could be done without spoiling his tale. His character, and the different situations in which we shall behold him, will always suggest to the reader, whose sensibility and imagination are of a lively nature, the state of his heart; the rest may easily supply this defect from *Novels*.

had imparted to me, and yet I deemed it impossible to preserve such a dominion over myself if the vehemency of my state of mind should not abate. This was the source of my anxiety, which added to the danger of exposing myself, because it deprived me of the small remnant of self dominion which my rapturous joy had left me. I entered the house. The woman of the Countess told me her Lady was in the garden. I went through several rows of trees without finding her. The moon peeped now and then through the fleecy clouds, and concealed her silvery

tion. The rustling of the dry leaves beneath my footsteps, roused her from her reverie.

"Good evening, my Lord," said she with evident confusion, "have you not met Lady Delier?"

"No, my Lady! I have not."

"She left me some time since, and might already have returned."

"Very strange! I am come to take leave, and meet you first by accident."

"Leave?" she replied with surprise. "Then you are determined to depart to-morrow."

"I must."

A long pause.

"And you are going to Ma***t?"

"To Ma***t, and from thence to my native country."

A second pause. At length she said with emphasis and affection: "Heaven protect you on your journey."

"Dearest Countess—"

"What is the matter with you, my Lord?" Amelia exclaimed, fixing her eyes on me, "Good God, how pale you look!"

THE VICTIM OF

he emotions of my heart were dread-
ful, my working bosom threatened to
burst. "God knows," I replied with a
trembling voice, "whether I shall see you
again."

"We shall certainly meet again," said
she, looking up to heaven.

"Merciful God! should my hopes
be first beyond the grave?"

"What hopes?" she exclaimed with
astonishing astonishment.

"And do you not divine how this separa-
tion will wound my heart?"

She looked anxiously around, as if
she had then fixed her

lips. She bent her taper form to raise me up, and Lady Delier stepped suddenly between us. "What do I see?" she exclaimed, dissembling astonishment, "a declaration of love?"

Amelia remained silent, and the Baroness repeated her question.

"A declaration, my Lady!" I replied, but no answer.

"My sweet friend," she whispered archly in Amelia's ear, "I hope you will not let him despair."

"I cannot conceive, my Lord," Amelia replied, "why you make this declaration when taking *leave*!"

I told her nearly the same I had said to the Baroness in the morning. Amelia viewed me a long time with silent astonishment, and at length replied:

"A misunderstanding, a misunderstanding on both sides! very strange indeed!" she shook her head smiling.

"My dearest love," the Baroness exclaimed, "look at the Duke, how he watches every word of yours, in hope of receiving an answer."

Amelia

Amelia seemed to hesitate what to reply ; however, after a short silence, said to me with the innate dignity of a noble, generous mind : “ My Lord, if you want to have a consort, then I must beg you to forget me. But if you are in quest of a loving heart, then—” added she in a low accent, and with crimsoning cheeks, “ you have found it.”

I don't know what I replied, nor can I recollect what I said afterwards ; for from the moment she had pronounced the confession of her reciprocal love, I thought myself transported to Paradise, and
breathed in a new and better sphere. The

of the union and the pleasure of the inhabitants of the heavenly regions. How natural therefore, if we, particularly in the first moments of enjoyment, are incapable to express such sentiments by words. However, my faltering accents, my confused expressions, and my incoherent sentences, seemed nevertheless to be as well understood by Amelia, as if she were reading in my soul, which I could conclude from her words, and the still plainer speaking play of her mien. Love had diffused over her countenance new and unspeakable charms, which surrounded her with a glory that made her appear to me a more than mortal being. And to be beloved by her—that bliss would have overpowered me, if I had not been made acquainted with my happiness in the morning.

Lady Delier, who had left us to ourselves all the time, interrupted us at length. “Children!” said she, “do you know that it is not far from eleven o’clock?” I started up as if some grisly spectre had surprised me, because I recollected the *Unknown*, eleven o’clock being the time
when

when I had promised to meet him at the place of rendezvous at a considerable distance. I was obliged to take leave of Amelia.

To take leave!—without knowing whether I should ever see her again, for I was to depart the next morn with the dawn of day. This idea overpowered me so much, that I promised Amelia and myself to visit her once more to-morrow before my departure. Our separation was, nevertheless, so afflicting, the parting on both sides so difficult, and the last adieu pronounced with quivering lips.—Alas!

a secret presentiment seemed to whisper in

Lady Delier did not long remain an idle spectator, exhorting us to dedicate the present moment to joy, and to yield to our grief to-morrow, tearing the Countess from my arms and wishing me a good night.

I stopped once more on the terrace, saw the two ladies retiring to a grove of beech-trees, and Amelia turn twice, beckoning to me. My tears flowed fluently, my arms were expanded for her, the darkness of the night concealed her from my wishful looks. I rushed mechanically into the street, and arrived at the place of rendezvous without knowing how. It was a lonely spot covered with trees. The Irishman soon joined me.

“ My time is short,” he said, “ and I have to tell you a great deal ; let us sit down.” So saying he led me to a stone bench beneath a spreading oak, and we seated ourselves.

He seemed to observe my being violently agitated, and kept a long and solemn silence to give me time to recover.—“ I wish, my dear Duke !”—he at length began; “ that you may not expect more from
 thi

this interview than I am allowed to give. I must confine myself merely to the theoretical part of that occult science to which I have promised to initiate you after the time of probation shall be finished. However, it is here as it is with all other sciences ; the pupil of sense guesses by the theory, what he may expect from the practical part of the science—as a painter beholds in a sketch the picture which is to be drawn, or as an architect sees in the plan drawn on the paper the building which is to be constructed ; be therefore satisfied with what I dare impart to you for

required. This faculty which, if closely examined, bears not the least resemblance to the rest of our intellectual powers, is called *reason*. The idea of the whole sensible world offers nothing to us that is not corporeal, finite, and perishable. However the territory of reason opens to us a prospect to a world without bounds, and of an everlasting duration; displays to us a kingdom of spirits which is governed by *one* Infinite Spirit after wise and sacred laws. An unknown world of which we had not the most distant notion, of which sensation gives us not the least hint, and for which our senses have no perception nor scale, opens to our view when our reason begins to unfold itself. You see, therefore what faculty of the soul must be our guide in our present investigation, if we wish to penetrate, by means of it, to the kingdom of spirits."

"Reason!"

"Certainly! there is no other choice left; and therefore let us learn to value and to use this light that illuminates the *darkness in which every object disappears*
from

from the eyes of mere sensitive men, or at most appears very *obscure* to them. That man whose reason is overdarkened, or discomposed by sensuality, either will deny the existence of spirits and our relation to them, or attribute to them the contradictory shape which his disordered imagination has hatched out, like the blind-born, who denies the existence of colours as ridiculous and absurd, or if he believes the unanimous testimony of those that see, imagines colours to bear some resemblance to sounds. Unbelief and superstition afford us numberless instances

“I am convinced I was convinced of the impossibility of apparitions, and ever since I got acquainted with you, I have been wavering between unbelief and superstition. It was but lately that I resolved to postpone my judgment on these subjects, till I should be better convinced, and this conviction I expect of you.”

“I will not disappoint your hope ; however, I must repeat once more that I can lead you to truth by no other road but that of reason purified from all sensual dregs. You will find it difficult to pursue that road, and it will be no easy task to me to guide you. I shall be obliged to avoid all emblematic language, in order to convey to your mind these supersensible notions in their natural purity, and it will be necessary that you should know how to apply the abstractest and purest notions, although they should contradict your present manner of perception.”

“I shall at least not be wanting in attention and good-will.”

“First of all, it will be necessary to agree in the notion of what is called *Spirit*. The best method of fixing that
notion

notion will be to examine what the word spirit means according to the general rules of language. If one says, man consists of body and spirit, by the former a corporeal, and by the latter an incorporeal being is understood. We have, therefore, a common point from which we can proceed in our investigation. *Spirit* is opposite to body. In this point we agree according to the most general meaning and use of the word."

"I do."

"Let us see what follows thence? Every *body* is a compounded, extended, impenetrable being, subject to the laws

elucidate my argument. Why cannot two bodies exist at the same time, in the same space? Because they exclude each other on account of their extension and impenetrability. Two bodies must, of course, occupy two different places, if existing at the same time; that is, every individual body must occupy its own individual place. And why must every body occupy its *own* place?"

"Because of its expansion and impenetrability."

"Very well! But these two qualities cannot appertain to a spirit, and, consequently, a spirit can occupy no place."

"This seems really to follow."

"This argument can also be stated thus: a spirit has, as a simple being, neither a right nor a left, neither a front nor a back side, and consequently can have no relation from *any side* to any thing that occupies a space. The conclusion is very palpable."

"Then a spirit could occupy no room in the whole material world?"

"Would you perhaps assign to spirits a place in the immaterial world? Yes

could you imagine, without contradiction, that space or place can exist in *such* a world? If one spirit does not occupy a room, then all spirits together can occupy none, how could therefore any proportion exist among them with relation to space or place?"

"I comprehend and do not comprehend you. You want to convince me of the possibility of apparitions of spirits, and deny the existence of spirits; for if they do occupy no place either in the visible or invisible world, *where* else can they exist?"

"How sensitive and confused your

“ I have ; for I am well aware how difficult it is to abstract from material ideas ; however, since they cannot be applicable to spirits we must renounce them, else we cannot pass over the bounds of the material world.”

“ I intreat you, Hiermansor, to go on !”

“ From our investigation we have learnt, as yet, nothing farther than what a spirit is *not*, and what attributes *cannot* be ascribed to it. We now must endeavour to state what *real* qualities constitute the nature of spirits. One of them we have already touched upon ; I mean, independence on the laws of physical nature, or *arbitrary choice*. A second quality presses upon us, namely the *faculty of perception*, which our soul is endowed with like all other spirits. And now we are enabled to form a notion of spirits, which, however imperfect it be, yet is determined : a spirit is a simple being, endowed with *arbitrary choice*, and the *faculty of perception*. Don't you think that this definition answers the common manner of speaking.”

“ An additional proof of its fitness.”

“ In the same manner in which the body evinces its existence, by the material effect it produces in the room, the spirit likewise proves its existence by the manifestation of its faculty of perception and of free will. However evident and generally received this proposition is, yet it is misapplied very frequently; for it is, according to my premises, absolutely false, and nothing else but a kind of optic illusion, if we imagine our soul to be inclosed in the human body, nay even in some particular place of it. This illusion may be opposed by any other: there are di-

will suppose that your spirit is inclosed by the walls of Amelia's distant habitation, where your whole soul, with all her sentiments and ideas, is, as it were, transflocated to; so your spirit can also not be supposed to be inclosed in your body, which seems to be its common residence. No, no, my Lord, that cannot be! the bonds of space can never fetter an immaterial being to a material one."

"This is indeed the natural conclusion which flows from your premises; but by *what* bonds should] then the communion between body and soul be preserved?"

"Your question refers to a fact, the answer to it, consequently, belongs to the practical part of this philosophy. Yet (added the Irishman, after some reflections) I can give you a hint upon that head, which will throw some light upon it: Every substance, consequently the body too, must possess an internal activity, that is the invisible cause of its external actions, which are visible in the space. This internal principle of the body, acts upon the spirit in the same manner in which the *spirit acts upon this principle.* Soul and

body, consequently, cannot act upon each other *immediately*, but only by means of this principle. As all material beings, concretively taken, compose a great totum, which is called the physical world, so the concrete of all immaterial beings composes what we call the immaterial world. It follows from the antecedent, that the order, regularity, and union which are seen in the former world, are entirely different from the order, regularity, and union which prevails in the latter world. All material beings are

subject to the centre of stern necessity

MAGICAL DELUSION. 33

pend on the different degrees of their wisdom and virtue, and according to the similarity or difference of their manner of thinking, and of their sentiments, they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another; that is, they harmonize, or disharmonize. Man belongs, by virtue of his body and soul, to both of these worlds, and, consequently, is connected with the material and immaterial world. It may therefore happen, that the same person who acts an important part on earth, in virtue of his physical or political situation, occupies at the same time the lowest degree among the superterrestrial beings; that the soul of a body whose beauty charms every eye here below, is an indifferent, or a contemptible object in the spiritual world; that the soul of an inhabitant of Saturn, and that of an inhabitant of the earth, with regard to their spiritual communion, are oftentimes, nearer neighbours than the souls of those whose abode is beneath the same roof."

" This is very plain !"

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“The human soul, of course, is already, in this life, connected with the members of the invisible world, and this connection is lasting and essential, while that with the body is accidental and transient. However a union of substances, that is, of active natures, cannot be supposed to exist without a reciprocal influence; consequently the human soul must have an effective influence upon the spirits to whom she is linked, and the members of the spiritual world must act reciprocally on our soul. But why are we not equally sensible of these reciprocal influences and communications as of

the body, or abstracted from material objects, is so essential, that the ideas of the former kind cannot come in connection with those of the latter; for which reason we have either no notion at all of them, or, at most, a very obscure one; however, we become plainly conscious of them as soon as the union of the soul and its corporeal organ ceases."

"This, Hiermanfor, seems, in some measure to be the case when we are sleeping, and the sensitive organs are resting from their occupations. Should therefore those philosophers of antiquity, who have believed that in our dreams we are capable of being influenced by superior being, and of receiving supernatural inspirations, be mistaken?"

"There is, certainly, some truth in this remark. I must, however, observe, that we do not possess that capacity when dreaming, but when we are fast asleep. It is commonly thought that we have only obscure notions in the latter state, and this opinion arises from our not recollecting them when we awake; however, on what ground can one conclude therefrom

that they have not been clear while we were sleeping? Such ideas, perhaps, may be clearer and more extensive, than even the most perspicuous when we are awake, because the activity of our soul is neither modified nor confined by any thing whatever, the sensitive organs being intirely at rest. However, this very rest of our sensitive organs, is the cause which prevents the re-production of these ideas when we are awake, our sleeping body having no share in them, and, consequently, being destitute of its concomitant notion of them; they, of course, remain insulated in our soul, having no connection at all with

senses, whereby a strange, and sometimes ridiculous mixture is engendered, which we partly recollect when we awake."

"You have, as yet, proved only the probability of clear notions during our being fast asleep; could you not also prove their reality?"

"Certainly! however these arguments do not belong to the theoretical part of our philosophy. Yet I must beg of you to recollect, en passant, the actions of some noctambulos, who sometimes, during the profoundest sleep, show more understanding than at any other time, but cannot recollect those actions when awake?"

"This is true!" I exclaimed, "this throws an astonishing light upon this matter."

"Yet not only while asleep," the Irishman continued, "but also when awake, many people can be capable of having a clear notion of their connection with the spiritual world, and the influence of spirits upon them. Yet the essential difference which exists between the notions

of *spirits* and those of *men* is a great impediment, which, however, is not at all insurmountable. It is true that man cannot have an *immediate* notion of those spiritual ideas, because of the co-operation of his corporeal organs; however they can, in virtue of the law of the association of ideas, produce in the human mind those images which are related to them, and consequently procreate analogical representations of our senses, which, although they are not the spiritual actions themselves, yet are their symbols."

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

mixing human qualities? In that manner ideas, which have been imparted to us by spiritual influence, may dress themselves in the symbols of that *language* which is common to us, and the presence of a spirit which we perceive, assume the image of a *human shape*—witness the late apparition of your tutor.—Thus the theory of all supernatural inspirations and visions is ascertained; consequently the apparitions of spirits have that in common with our dreams, that they represent to us effects which are produced within ourselves, as if happening *without ourselves*; however, at the same time, they differ from them with respect to their being really founded upon an effect from *without*, a spiritual influence. However this influence cannot reveal itself to our consciousness immediately, but only by means of associated images of our fancy, which attain the vivacity of objects really perceived. You see, therefore, what an essential difference there is between the phantoms of our dreams, and the apparitions of spirits. But here is the boundary of theory. *The criterion whereby apparitions of spi-*

rits, in every particular case, can be distinguished with certainty, from vain phantoms, and supernatural inspirations from natural ideas, and the means of effecting apparitions, and of obtaining assistance and instructions from spiritual beings; these and several more things belong to the practical part of the occult philosophy.

“ Here my Lord, I must conclude for the present, and drop the curtain. Stress of time obliges me to abbreviate my discourse on a subject which would not be exhausted in many days; however I may safely leave to your own understanding

mysteries of the practical part of this philosophy. However, I must tell you, that no mortal who has not sanctified himself by bridling his sensitive nature, and purifying his spiritual faculties, can be admitted to that sanctuary. Are you resolved to do this?"

"I am, put me to the test!"

"Then depart with the first dawn of day for Ma**id, without taking leave of the Countess."

The Irishman could not have chosen a severer trial, nor demanded a greater sacrifice. The combat which I had to fight with my heart, before I could come to a resolution, was short but dreadful.—I promised the Irishman to execute his will.

"Well!" said he, "then hear what measures you are to take. As soon as you shall be arrived at Ma**id you must, without delay, wait upon the Prime Minister, Oliv**ez, and the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, but take care not to discover your political views to either of them; pretend that you intend to stay some time at Ma**id merely for the sake

of amusement. Repeat your visits till you have gained their confidence. Your winning demeanor, my Lord, and your intimate connection with Vascon*ellos will render this conquest easy.—Farewell, at Ma**id we shall meet again!”

We parted. The Irishman returned once more. “Your manner of life while at Ma**id,” said he, “will require great expences, and you must be well provided with money. I have taken care that you shall be well supplied with that needful article. You will find in your apartment a sum which you may dispose of at plea-

the conquering superiority of his soul, so I was now confirmed in it by the applause of my reason. Nay, if the Irishman should now have offered to break off all connection with me, I should have courted his friendship, so much had I been charmed by the profound wisdom of his discourse. Not the least vestige of mistrust against his secret power was left in my soul, and the very regard for philosophy which but lately had prejudiced me against him, was now one of the strongest bonds that chained me to him.— How agreeably was I surprised to find in *Reason* herself, whom I formerly had thought to be the principal adversary of the belief in miracles, the most convincing arguments for the same, and to have been conquered with the same weapons which I had been fighting with against the Irishman, without having the least reason to reproach him with having had recourse to any stratagem whatever. The frankness and the strength of argument which distinguished every step of his philosophical instruction, were to me the most *unexceptionable security* for the
justness

justness of the result. If he had delivered his arguments in a flowery and mysterious language, supported by the charms of declamation, then I should certainly have suspected them; however he had made use of the cool, simple, and clear language of reason, divested of all sophistical artifices; started from principles which are generally received, drew no conclusions to which he was not entitled by his premises, combated errors and prejudices upon which he could have founded surreptitious conclusions; nay, it appeared as if he, unmindful of what

state of mind, and reminded me by his rays, that it was time to set off.

I made, without delay, the requisite preparations, and in a quarter of an hour, stepped in my carriage. I looked once more back to the spot where Amelia resided, and drove through the city-gate.

At the first stage I wrote to her that an unforeseen important accident had forced me to set out on my journey so early in the morning that it would have been unbecoming to pay her the promised farewell visit; I vowed to return on pinions of love, as soon as my business at M****d should be settled. I painted with lively colours all the pains of separation, and all the tenderness of an afflicted heart, in order to convince Amelia, that I had been forced by stern necessity to depart without seeing her once more. Alas! the farther the rolling carriage removed me from the dear object of my love, the more I grew sensible of the greatness of the sacrifice which I had made to the Irishman. I examined my letters and papers in order to divert my gloomy thoughts, and found *one more copy of a letter from the Irish-*

man which I had not yet decyphered. The following is the result of my endeavours to unfold its contents :

‘ MY LORD,

‘ My designs on Miguel had very
‘ near been ruined by the loss of his life ;
‘ and in some measure I myself have been
‘ the cause of his having been hurried to
‘ the brink of destruction. But who
‘ could have foreseen such an event !
‘ With the leave of your Excellency, I

' ceived. As soon as I had been inform-
 ' ed of this desirable change, I followed
 ' Miguel with the rest of my people, hav-
 ' ing previously ordered the valet of the
 ' Countess to write three days after to the
 ' Duke, that the Countess was dead—and
 ' in a few days later, that I had recalled
 ' her to life. At the same time I requested
 ' him to desire his dismissal from Ame-
 ' lia and to follow me, because I wanted
 ' his assistance in the execution of my de-
 ' signs. The view I had in commanding
 ' him to inform the Duke of Amelia's pre-
 ' tended death was to convince myself by
 ' the manner in which he should receive
 ' that intelligence, whether his love to the
 ' Countess had been only a transient at-
 ' tachment, or whether his passion for her
 ' was of a more serious nature, and what
 ' degree it had attained. I need not ex-
 ' plain to your Excellency, how necessary
 ' this knowledge was to me. The second
 ' commission had no other aim, than to
 ' pour balsam in Miguel's wound, and at
 ' the same time, to make me appear to him
 ' a miracle-working being, and his and
 ' Amelia's

‘ Amelia’s friend ; whereby I expected to
‘ gain his confidence.

‘ I pursued my road with so much
‘ speed, that I overtook Miguel before he
‘ had finished one half of his journey, and
‘ joined my people, who preceded me.
‘ As soon as the Duke had arrived at the
‘ place of his destination, and we along
‘ with him, I quartered my people in dif-
‘ ferent places in such a manner, that he
‘ was surrounded by them from all sides.
‘ I took a convenient house in the suburbs
‘ for myself, in order to escape his looks
‘ with greater safety.

‘ hours roaming about, had stopped not far
 ‘ from hence, at the banks of a river,
 ‘ where he was walking up and down, ab-
 ‘ sorbed in profound reverie.

‘ Soon after a second messenger told
 ‘ me, Miguel had plunged into the river,
 ‘ but one of his comrades who had watch-
 ‘ ed him narrowly, and leapt after him,
 ‘ had saved him, and was going to carry
 ‘ him to my house. A few minutes after,
 ‘ Miguel was brought by some of my
 ‘ people. He resembled a corpse, the
 ‘ palpitation of his pulse was scarcely
 ‘ perceptible, and he was entirely bereft
 ‘ of his recollection. I ordered him in-
 ‘ stantly to be carried to a spacious empty
 ‘ vault, and while some of my men endea-
 ‘ voured to restore him to the use of his
 ‘ senses, I was making preparations to
 ‘ chastise him severely when he should
 ‘ have recovered from his stupor.

‘ As soon as my servants perceived that
 ‘ he was recovering, I ordered him to be
 ‘ carried into the middle of the vault, and
 ‘ placed myself in deep disguise opposite
 ‘ him at a considerable distance, making a
 ‘ *signal to those who were present to re-*

‘ tire to an adjoining apartment, and to
‘ take the candles with them. No sooner
‘ was every thing in order, than I per-
‘ ceived by a deep groan of Miguel, that
‘ he had recovered his recollection.—
‘ His state of mind when awaking, must
‘ have been very strange. His recollec-
‘ tion told him, that he had plunged
‘ into the river, in a place where he
‘ saw nobody present, and now he awoke
‘ in a dry, empty, and spacious dark
‘ room: he must have fancied he awoke in
‘ another world; and this idea seems to
‘ have thrilled him with its acutest pun-

‘ near an aperture in the wall, and enve-
‘ loped with flax, and wetted with spirit of
‘ wine, which spread a faint light through
‘ the spacious vault. The astonishment
‘ which Miguel was seized with, when
‘ looking all around and seeing nothing
‘ but a man wrapt in a scarlet cloak, sur-
‘ passes all powers of description. His
‘ anxiety encreased when he saw me staring
‘ at him without replying a word to his
‘ questions, and heard one of my people
‘ exclaim, in a doleful accent, woe ! woe !
‘ woe ! When I, at last, stepped forth and
‘ made myself known to him, he prostrated
‘ himself, as if in the presence of a supe-
‘ rior being. I read him a severe lecture
‘ on his rash deed, and at the same time
‘ endeavoured to rouse his ambition for
‘ the service of his country, in which
‘ I succeeded. A soft music began at
‘ once in the adjoining chamber, on a
‘ signal which I made to my people. The
‘ melodious strains of a harp and a flute
‘ were accompanied by the sweet notes of
‘ an harmonious voice, which announced
‘ to the astonished Miguel that Amelia
‘ *was alive.* His rapture bordered on
‘ frenzy.

‘ frenzy. I ordered him to be silent,
‘ blind-folded him and delivered him to
‘ the care of a servant, whom I secretly
‘ ordered to conduct him to his hotel, and
‘ to return no answer to his questions.
‘ My deputy acquitted himself extremely
‘ well of his trust. He led him silently to
‘ his hotel, and when Miguel turned round
‘ the corner of the house, unfastened the
‘ bandage which blind-folded his eyes, and
‘ concealed himself in a house, the door of
‘ which was open. Miguel must have
‘ been strangely situated, when after a
‘ few steps the bandage dropped from his

‘ful servant, he left her *clandestinely*. He
 ‘shall smart for this inconsiderate action.

‘I am, with the greatest respect,
 ‘&c. &c. &c.’

As far as this letter informed me that no superior power had had a share in the above mentioned adventure, it contained nothing that was new to me, for the Irishman himself had not concealed from me, that all the wonderful adventures which had happened to me before Paleski's confession had been the effect of illusion; however it was important to me to learn *how*, and by what artifices I had been deceived. I cannot but confess that this natural explanation of the whole affair excited my astonishment at the Irishman, not less than those adventures had surprised me at the time when I believed him to be a supernatural being, and that I ardently wished to have cleared up several other events of that epocha which I could not unriddle.

Soon after my arrival at M****d, I went to pay a visit to the minister. He *received me very kindly*, and discoursed

above an hour with me, although he was so overcharged with state-affairs that no stranger could get access to him. I was not less successful with the Secretary of State, in whose favour I ingratiated myself so much in the course of half an hour, that he professed himself extremely happy for having got acquainted with me. Both of them invited me to visit them frequently during my stay at M****d, an invitation which I took care to make the best use of.

I perceived soon with astonishment and joy, that I was getting nearer the mark

Sum**ez, and the friendship of Sum**ez to Oliva*ez. The two Secretaries of State were the chief administrators of the government; Sum**ez in the council of Port***l, at Ma***d, and Vascon*ellos in the council of state at Li*bon, and consequently were the vice-tyrants of my native country, who jointly executed the designs of Oliv**ez, who in the name of the King of Sp**n was at the helm of despotism.

That the Irishman had very well calculated these concatenations, will appear by the subsequent plan which he founded upon them. I had wrote to Amelia, and Lady Delier, as soon as I had arrived at M****d, and now received an answer from both of them. Every line of the former breathed heavenly love and kindness; the tender and amiable sentiments of her soul, purified by the trials of misfortunes, were palpably displayed in her letter, as in an unspotted mirror. O! how many a time did I kiss, read, and re-peruse it, till at length, what a sweet delusion of my enraptured imagination! I fancied I saw the amiable writer before me,

and heard from her lips the words which were written on the paper.—

The following passage in Lady Delier's letter struck me particularly: ‘ I neither
‘ have read Amelia's letter, nor has she
‘ read mine; however, if she has been
‘ sincere, she will have wrote to you many
‘ fond things, as I can guefs by her grief
‘ at your departure, and by the warmth
‘ with which she is animated when she
‘ speaks of you. I think that Amelia's
‘ resolution not to marry again will be
‘ dropt, as soon as the murderer of her
‘ late Lord ceases to live, if not sooner.

‘ fible, in order to gladden our hearts by
 ‘ a speedy return.’

With regard to the latter point I wrote
 to Amelia: ‘ My affairs make a rapid and
 ‘ fuccefsful progrefs, and I fhall foon fee
 ‘ your Ladyfhip again. See Amelia again!
 ‘ What happinefs do thefe words imply!
 ‘ Heavens, how great would my felicity
 ‘ be if I constantly could fix my eyes on
 ‘ the lovelieft of women! How fuperla-
 ‘ tively happy fhould I be if I were Ame-
 ‘ lia’s brother, in order that I could be
 ‘ constantly about her, and fpeak to her;
 ‘ or her flave, that I could breathe under
 ‘ the fame roof with her, follow her every
 ‘ where, and anticipate every wink and
 ‘ every wifh of hers.’

I had been about three weeks at Ma-
 d**d when I vifited the minifter one even-
 ing, and found him in company with a
 perfon who, by his drefs, appeared to be
 a man of rank. He feemed to be very
 old and infirm, but conceive my aftonifh-
 ment, when, on approaching nearer, I
 fancied I difcerned the features of the
 Irifhman, though every thing elfe was
fo entirely changed, that he appeared to

be quite a different person; a wig covered his head, his dark eye-brows were changed into grey, his complexion yellowish, his voice weak, and frequently interrupted by a hectic cough. The minister met me with the words: "My Lord Duke, I have the honour to present to your Grace the Marchese Ricieri, who lately is returned from a journey through your native country." The Marchese rose with difficulty, as it appeared, from his seat, and after reciprocal civilities, and a short conversation, took his leave.

My looks followed him with astonish-

On my way to the hotel, somebody tapped me on the shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "I am glad to see your Grace well." I turned round and the Irishman stood before me, dressed in black, and wrapt in a scarlet cloak. I was seized with astonishment. "I give you joy, my Lord;" said he in a friendly accent, "how do your affairs go on?" "Extremely well!" I replied, adding after some hesitation, "will you go with me to my hotel?" He accepted my invitation.

"Be so kind," said he when we were arrived at my apartment, "to take care that we are not interrupted, nor overheard!" This preamble made me expect to hear important matters, and I was not deceived. Having communicated to him how I had succeeded with Oliva*ez, and Suma*ez, he approved my diligence and discretion, adding, "it is now time to come nearer to the point. I am going to entrust you with two commissions, both of which are equally important."

"Let me hear what I am to do!"

"First of all you must endeavour to *prompt the minister to publish a royal*

edict, by which the Port***e nobility are ordered, under the penalty of losing their estates, to enter into the military service of Sp**n."

"Good God, what do you mean by that?"

"Then," he added, without noticing my exclamation, "you must advise the minister to seize the person of the Duke of Brag**za."

I stared at the Irishman. "Then the revolution is to be given up!" said I, after a pause of anxious astonishment.

"Not at all, it rather is to be promoted

enormous loss of its possessions abroad, which it has suffered during the subjection to Sp**n, the interior state of the empire is deplorable beyond description. The King of Sp**n looks upon your country as a conquered province, and takes the greatest pains to exhaust it entirely, in order to keep it in inactivity with more ease; the royal revenues of Port***l are either distributed among the favourites of the King, or mortgaged; more than 300 galleys, and 2000 cannons have been carried to Sp**n; the nobility are injured by the most unjust demands; the clergy must see their benefices in the possession of foreigners; the people are beggared by enormous taxes—in short matters have almost been carried to the highest pitch. So much the better, for this is a sign that our undertaking is ripe for execution. Let us strain the strings a little more, and they must break.”

“ And what then ?” said I with ardour. “ General commotion, and at the same time universal confusion will be the consequence; and it is very obvious that thus my country will not regain its liberty, but

rather be plunged in a more oppressive state of slavery. If the people are not supported by the nobility, and both parties not united under one common head, the furious unbridled populace will rage 'till the Sp***sh goads shall have reduced them again to obedience."

"You have divined my most secret thoughts," the Irishman replied. "I was as if dropt from the clouds. "Then I have entirely misconstrued your words," I replied, "I am to endeavour to obtain an edict in virtue of which the Port***zo nobility are to be bound to enter in the service of Sp***n, under the penalty of

“Heaven forbid your *ifs* should be realized!”

“But why the preparations for it? Indeed I do not comprehend you.”

“You soon shall; only suffer me to go on. The people must be supported by the accession of the nobility and clergy, and all parties guided by a common leader; thus far you are perfectly right: and in order to effect that purpose every preparation has been made, and the general commotion will be effected in a harmonious and regular manner, if *ever it can* be effected. But, dearest Duke, you look upon what *may* happen as already existing. I was saying just now, that matters have *almost* been carried to the highest pitch! one moment of rashness may ruin the most prudent plan. It is true, that the people and the clergy are waiting anxiously for the signal of a revolution; ~~how-~~ever the nobility are not sufficiently exasperated. Once already have they been ordered to enter into the service of Sp**n against the Cata**nians; however they were satisfied to evince their displeasure silently, by obeying the edict reluct-

antly and negligently. If in this situation of affairs that edict should be renewed, and the transgressors punished by the seizure of their estates, their resentment, which is burning under the embers, will soon burst out into a blaze; then all the states of the empire will be equally provoked, and it will be seasonable for the Duke of Bra***za to give the signal for a general commotion."

"But is not this very Duke to be seized and imprisoned?"

"Neither is he to be seized, nor are the Port****ze nobility to enter into the Spa**sh service, but both parties are to

“ A rash resolution is not always the firmest, nor is a precipitate deed always the best. And besides, the undertaking of the Duke of Bra***za is of such a nature, that he risks nothing less than his own and his family’s welfare ; it requires therefore a more mature consideration ?”

“ But if he should flinch back !”

“ His

that he had formed the design to seize the King of Sp***n when he stopped at his palace at Vi***ciofa, on his journey to Li*bon, and not to set him at liberty till he should have renounced to him the crown of Por***al. His friends represented to him how impossible it would be to accomplish this design ; however he could not be persuaded to desist from all farther attempts of getting possession of the sceptre of Por***al, and his people were frequently instigated by him to quarrel with the King’s Officers at Lisbon, on which occasion the populace evinced clearly how strong their attachment to the family of Bra***za was. But matters were never pushed any farther, the proper time when the crown of Por***al should be restored to its lawful possessors being not yet arrived. The old Duke was so much grieved at his unsuccessful attempt, that at length his reason was disordered. He spoke constantly of war and arms, and ordered his family, on his death-bed, to bury him with Royal pomp, which was actually done, though in secret.

“ His retreat must be entirely cut off, and this is to be effected by the execution of the second commission which I have given you.”


“ How am I to understand this ?”

“ You think this measure would be too harsh and violent, however it is not a mere arbitrary artifice, but adapted to the situation in which the Duke of Bra***za is at present. The minister of Sp***n is not ignorant of the fermentations in Po****al, and suspecting the Duke to be the chief source of them, his principal attention is directed to him.—

But what could Oliva*ez have attempted

of so much importance. Soon after the minister found another opportunity of laying a new snare. The King of Sp^{*n} having resolved to chastise the rebellious Catal^{*nians} in person, the Duke was very civilly invited to accompany him in the field; but he begged to be excused, alledging that this would be attended with great expences, and that his finances were very low. However Oliva^{**z} was not discouraged by this refusal, and has lately made a third attempt. A rumour having been spread all over the country, that a Fre^{*ch} fleet was approaching the coasts of Po^{***al}, probably with a view to make a descent, Oliva^{*z} conferred upon the Duke an almost unlimited power to make the requisite preparations against the impending invasion, and particularly to review all the ports, to fortify and to garrison them. Meanwhile the Sp^{*ish} Admiral, Don Lopez Ox^{**co} had received secret orders to carry his fleet to a port where the Duke should be, to invite him to review it, and when he should have seized him, to sail with his prisoner to Sp^{*n}. This plan was however re-
dered

dered abortive by a dreadful storm, which dispersed the fleet, and forced the Admiral to desist from his design of visiting the Port***ze ports. No new attempt has been made since, and the minister is silently hatching other artifices. Yet this calm is, without comparison, more dreadful than all the attempts which have been made. I know that he has an emissary in Port***l, who watches secretly every step of the Duke*, whose liberty and life are in imminent danger. The ruin of the head of the conspiracy would be a mortal blow to the whole revolutionary society; even the imprisonment of the Duke would unnerve the hands of the conspirators. If, therefore, the revolution is to take place, the Duke must be secured



in the usual way, and to effect this will be in your power. Nay, you yourself must frame and direct the designs upon the Duke."

"I fear," said I to the Irishman, "you expect more from my feeble exertions than I shall be able to perform."

"Hear first my plan! You are to go, the day after to-morrow, to Olivarez, and to inform him that you have received intelligence of the commotions in Por***al—"

"Besides," I interrupted him, "Olivarez has told me to-day that he has received an account of these commotions from a certain Marchese Ricieri, who is returned from his travels through Por***al."

"So much the better!" he replied, without returning my inquisitive look, or changing his countenance at the name Ricieri, "so much the better! then you have a prefacer, to whose introduction you can link your discourse. Tell, therefore, the minister, that the letter which you have received from Por***al makes *it very plain to you, why the Duke had*
decline

declined all the invitations which the court had given him. Oliva*ez will request you to explain these words, and then you must reply, that you suspect the Duke of Brag**za to avoid the neighbourhood of the Court, because he is sensible he has deserved the resentment of the King by his disloyalty. At the same time you must add, that you are very sorry to be obliged to declare against so near a relation as the Duke; that, however, the voice of your conscience has more weight with you than that of consanguinity, and that your allegiance to

sequences. Approve of the means which the wisdom of his policy has already adopted as the safest, by which the Duke ought to be persecuted till no farther evasion should be left for him. Olivarez will desire you to give him your opinion more at large, and then you must address him to the following purpose:—

“ I am of opinion that you ought to inform the Duke of the misfortune which has befallen the fleet, and to charge him, under the pretext that this had rendered the situation of the empire very perilous, with the commission to inspect all the strong places of the kingdom, and to fortify them where he shall think it requisite. At the same time you will do well to order all the commanders of the fortified towns to seize the Duke as secretly as possible. In order to prevent any evasions under the pretext of want of money, you must send him, at the same time, a sum sufficient for defraying the expences of his journey.”

“ But suppose,” said I, “ this proposal should be accepted, how could the Duke of Brag*za escape the snare ?”

“ Ca’

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THE VICTIM OF

spent in amusements and diversions, how could you, therefore, be supposed to have been capable of paying any attention to deep laid intrigues of state? On the contrary, the minister is no stranger to your father's fidelity to the King of Sp^{ain}, and of the secret hatred which your family harbours against the Duke of Brag^{za}; how could, therefore, your proposal appear to him otherwise than natural and sincere? Your friendship for Velas^{os} alone would be sufficient to make him believe so."

"I need not to remind you," added

tend to surprife him in an agreeable manner, by an oral account, when the whole affair fhall be happily concluded."

Before he took leave, he enjoined me to be circumfpect, courageous, and active.

I cannot fay whether it was owing to the execution of this advice, to the facility of the task, or to favourable accidents, that I carried my point without difficulty. The minifter approved my plan; the Duke of B---a received the above mentioned order along with 40,000 ducats, and the edict concerning the nobility was renewed. However, the Duke of B---a again escaped the fnare. He did, indeed, execute the orders of the Sp***fh court, travelled all over Por**.*], and obferved every where how the people were devoted to him; the money he had received, and the power that was entrusted to him, enabled him to gain many friends, and he entered the fortified towns fo well escorted, that none of the Sp***fh governors dared to feize him.

The Irishman who gave me this information, provided me at the fame time
with

with instructions how to act if the minister should complain of the miscarriage of my plan, which soon happened. Olivia^{ca} acquainted me very peevishly, with the bad success of our undertaking. "We may yet carry our point," I replied, after some reflection, with seeming unconcern. "If you wish to pursue your plan, you may easily lay a new snare for him, from which the Duke will not be able to extricate himself. You have the best opportunity of sending him an order to repair to Mad**d, and to make to his Majesty an oral report of the state of Port***l."

The minister approved of this advice.

fortunate as to guide the minister in such a manner that every obstacle was removed at last, and the Duke received 6000 ducats for defraying the expences of his journey.

“ Now,” said the Irishman to me, “ the Duke will find it impossible to shift any longer, and either must repair to Mad*^d, which he will take care not to do, or give the signal for the revolution. Your business, my Lord, is finished, and nothing further will be required of you than the strictest secrecy. When your country will be free, we shall meet again, and then you may expect to see all my promises accomplished.”

I thanked him, and when he was going to leave me, asked him, “ how does our royal hermit do ?”

“ He —— is well, and you shall hear from him as soon as the Duke of E——a shall have dispossessed the King of Sp—n of the throne of P—t——l.”

“ But my old friend——”

“ Will soon press you again to his bosom.”

“ And Amelia ?”

“Considering the terms on which you already are with her, you will not be in want of the assistance of my power.” So saying, he took a friendly leave of me.

It was indeed high time that the Irishman released me from my engagement, for my stay at Mad—d began to grow extremely irksome to me. An irresistible power urged me to return to her who had enthralled me with magic bonds. My separation from her, and the letters I received from the dear woman, had heated my passion to the highest degree. Her letters, breathing nothing but tenderness

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tions for my return to her without apprising her of it; however, my soul preceded these preparations, and only the lesser part of it was remaining at Mad—d; no wonder, therefore, that the letters of my father, and the Marquis of Ferei*a, which recalled me to Port—l, had no effect upon me.

‘ I cannot divine,” the Marquis wrote to me, ‘ what may have induced your father to return this year to the capital much earlier than usual. However, I can tell you that you will scarcely know him again when you shall see him. Ever since he pretends to have seen the ghost of Count Santeval, he is changed most wonderfully. He is in a state of utter apathy, gloomy and reserved, and I may truly say, superstitious. He avoids, since his late illness, as much as decency will permit, all conversation, even mine. There is but one person who has free access to him, and seems to have possessed himself entirely of his confidence. Let me give you a description of that man.

‘ Imagine to yourself an elderly man
‘ above the middle size, with a long, thin
‘ face, a yellow complexion, a strongly
‘ furrowed brow, hollow, small, and red
‘ eyes, and staring, almost deadened
‘ features, which, when he smiles, change
‘ into a kind of grinning. This physiog-
‘ nomy, of which no faithful verbal de-
‘ scription can be given, and which has
‘ been stamped in a most unfavourable
‘ manner by nature’s forming hand, is
‘ softened by an affected air of piety; how-
‘ ever, if examined minutely and narrow-
‘ ly, needs with increased horrors through

' father can converse with him; if I did
 ' not know that he has been blinded by
 ' his hypocrisy and devout discourses.
 ' That man (he calls himself *Alumbrado*)
 ' pretends to be regenerated, and talks a
 ' great deal of the gifts of supernatural
 ' light. Your father, who takes for ster-
 ' ling truth whatever comes from his lips,
 ' seems to be more charmed with him
 ' every day. O hasten, my friend, to de-
 ' liver your father from this ignoble, and,
 ' as I fear, dangerous enchantment. I
 ' think that an emotion like that which
 ' the sight of you, after so long a separation,
 ' must cause in the mind of your father will
 ' be necessary to rouse him from his
 ' apathy, &c. &c. &c.'

My situation rendered this letter, as I
 have already mentioned, ineffectual. The
 apprehensions of the Marquis appeared
 to me exaggerated; his unfavourable judg-
 ment of Alumbrado, originating from
 physiognomical reasons unjust, and un-
 charitable, and my father old and sensible
 enough to see and avoid the danger, if
 any should be existing. I deemed the re-

turn to the Countess much more pressing than the journey to P——, took leave of Oliva*z and Suma*ez, assuring them that the affair concerning the Duke of B——a had been pushed to a point where it soon would come to a crisis without our assistance. They were of the same opinion, and dismissed me in a very obliging manner.

I had already made every preparation for setting out the next morning, when a letter from Amelia and Lady Delier defeated my design. The former informed me that a pressing letter from her uncle, who was on the brink of eternity, and de-

eyes imbibe them! how did the sight of them recall to my enraptured bosom all those sweet emotions which the presence of the original had formerly excited in my breast.

This softened the blow which repelled me so suddenly from the port of happiness which I fancied I had almost reached. Alas! this blow inflicted a deep wound on my heart, which at once found all the sweet presentiments of meeting again changed into the nameless throbs of a new separation. However, the sight of the picture representing to me the absent darling of my heart, and the secret meaning of that gift gave me some comfort, and inspired me with new hopes. Who else but my Amelia could have sent me that present? Her letter did, indeed, contain only a few distant hints, and the picture was enclosed in that of Lady Delier; yet this did not misguide me, for I was too well acquainted with Amelia's delicacy. I resolved now to return to my father, and to prepare him for my union with the Countess.

I acted wisely in surprising him by my sudden arrival, for otherwise he would, probably, not have received me with that kindness to which my unexpected appearance impelled him. No sooner were the first moments of mutual fondness past, when he said, with apparent coldness, "the world must have had very irresistible charms for you?"

"The charms of novelty, my dear father."

"It must have been very painful to you to return to your paternal house; for it seems you had almost forgot your way homeward."

regard to the latter, I told him that important family affairs had called him from me unexpectedly.

My father appeared then not to be in a favourable disposition for listening to an account of my connection with the Countess, and how strongly soever the impulse of my heart pressed me to speak on that subject, yet prudence advised me to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The following morning appeared to me propitious for that purpose. My father was very cheerful, and I contrived being surprised by him with Amelia's picture in my hand.

“What have you there?” he asked me.

“The picture of the Dowager Countess of Clairval.”

“How far is she related to your travelling companion?”

“She was married to his brother.”

“So young, and already a widow?” said he, looking at the picture; “I should have mistaken it for the picture of a girl of seventeen years. However, the painters are used to flatter.”

“I assure

“ I assure you, the original possesses numberless charms which have escaped the artist.”

“ Then the Countess must be extremely handsome.”

“ She is an angel.”

“ The face is more interesting than handsome.”

“ Handsome and interesting to an high degree.”

“ You are in love with her.”

“ My father—”

“ I should be very sorry at it.”

“ For what reason ?” I asked, thunder-

struck

“ Not at all ! but the amiable character of the Countess—”

“ The character of the Princess is without blame. My dear son, consider the splendor and the honour which our family would derive from that alliance. Consider that you will render me happy by that union. When you, by my desire, broke off your connection with a certain Barbis, you revived my hope of seeing you allied to the family of L**** ; do not thwart my plan by a new love, do not cross my fondest wishes. You are, indeed, your own master, and may chuse for yourself ; you must, however, not expect my consent and a father’s blessing, if you do not marry the Princess of L****. I am sensible that it will give you pain to renounce the Countess, and for that reason will not press your farther at present. I shall not desire you to come to a resolution before the end of seven weeks. Till then, do not mention a word about the matter.”

Seeing that I was going to reply, he took me by the hand. “ Be a man,” said he, “ who knows how to conquer juvenile

passions. Gain my regard as you have gained my affection. My life is joyless, do not make me hate it. My dear son, I have sacrificed much for you, sacrifice now in return a little for your father!" So saying, he left me.

O! why did he request me in *such* a manner to make him a sacrifice which would have rendered me miserable! I wished then the first time in my life that he had spoken to me in a menacing, domineering, or only in a harsh tone, then I should have had a pretext for resisting him and enforcing my own will. But

I looked around with weeping eyes in search of a person to whom I could unbosom my straitened heart.. I went to the Marquis of Ferei*a.*

I had not informed him of my return ; he uttered a scream of joy when he saw me enter his apartment. However, his satisfaction at my return made room to sorrow, when I acquainted him with my deplorable situation. " Yes, my friend !" said he, after he had viewed me some minutes with looks of pity, " if it is in your power to subdue that passion, then let me implore you—"

" Don't finish that sentence !" I interrupted him, " it is impossible !"

" If that is the case, then only two ways are left to you to attain the consent of your father ; one of which is tedious and rugged, but straight."

" Name it !"

" You must endeavour to work upon the nerves of the paternal heart in such a manner,

* Here have I expanged a picture which the painter has drawn of me, with too much partiality.

manner, that his affection for you gets the better of his ambition."

"And the second—"

"Is a bye-road which will lead you soon and safely to the mark—serpents are, however, lurking on that road, and tygers lying in ambush—"

"Don't name it!"

"I will name it, in order to caution you against it—it is called—Alumbrado. O my friend!" squeezing my hand affectionately, "go take the straightest road."

"That I will, you have given me a very bad character of that Alumbrado."

“ O! if you could do it! But be on your guard, lest he whom you are going to draw out of the pit, drag you after him into the abyss.”

I promised it, and he clasped me in his arms.

Previous to my departure from P—l, I had promised the Marquis to keep a journal, and to insert the most remarkable incidents, which I was to communicate to him after my return. He enquired now after that journal.

“ It abounds with remarkable incidents,” I replied, “ and you will learn strange things on perusing it : I have not mentioned a syllable of them in my letters to you, in order to surprise you. However, you must curb your curiosity till I shall have arranged my papers.”

The Marquis consented to my request.

“ My noble friend! you will forgive me that artifice. It was a mere pretext, in order to stay your curiosity till the revolution should have taken place ; for I had promised the Irishman to observe the strictest silence till then. It was no
mistrust

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trust that influenced me, but duty imposed upon me by the promise I had made; and the event proved that I acted wisely in doing so."

Four days after my first meeting with my friend, the Irishman stopped me one evening in going home. His eyes flashed like lightning, his features were distorted, his countenance was truly dreadful. "Have you," said he, grinding his teeth, "betrayed the conspiracy to Vascoellos?" "No," I replied. "Have you warned him of the impending danger?" "No." "Have you in some other manner?" "No." "Have you secret to one of ye

seemed to confirm this conjecture. Vasconcel*os had left his castle suddenly and crossed the river Ta*o, a circumstance that justly had raised the suspicion of his having discovered the plot through one of his numberless spies, and instantly made preparations for seizing the conspirators. However, this apprehension was refuted that very night. Vasconcel*os had only been at a feast, and returned late at night in high spirits, and preceded by a band of musicians, not suspecting that he would be a dead man at that hour the following night. I myself did not imagine that the revolution would break out so soon, although I knew that event to be drawing near. The day following, (December 1, 1640) at eight o'clock in the morning, the conspirators repaired in small divisions from all parts of the town to the Ducal Palace, partly on horseback, and partly on foot, but most of them in coaches or chairs, in order to conceal their arms. The number of noblemen, most of whom were the chiefs of their families, amounted to fifty, and that of the citizens to two hundred. As soon as it had struck eight

by the clock of the cathedral, Pinto Ribero, one of the Duke's privy counsellors, gave the last signal for the attack by firing a pistol, and the conspirators marched to the different places of their destination.

Pinto Ribero repaired with his troop to the palace of Vasconellos, who was so little prepared for the unexpected attack, that he scarcely could get time to conceal himself in a chest. However he was discovered, saluted with a pistol shot, stabbed with a number of poniards, and thrown out of the window amid the loud

The Archbishop of Braza, who was with her, and as a near relation of Vasconcelos, had also been doomed to destruction, was saved with great difficulty from the fury of the conspirators by the intercession of Miguel d'Al'eida. The Vice-Queen turned to the conspirators when they rushed into her apartment, declaring that Vasconcelos had deserved their hatred, but that they would be treated as rebels if they should proceed a step farther. She however was told, that so many nobles had not assembled merely on account of a wretch who ought to have been executed by the public hangman, but in order to restore the crown to the Duke of Braza, who was the lawful owner of it. The Vice-Queen began to talk of the power which she had been entrusted with by the King of Spain. The reply was, that no one could be acknowledged as King but John, Duke of Baza. She now offered to run out of the apartment in order to implore the assistance of the people; however some of the noblemen stopped her, telling her it would be dangerous to suffer her to appear before a
 people

people who had been oppressed many years, and were highly exasperated.—
“And what could the people do to me?” she said with scornful looks. “Nothing else but throw your Highness out of the window;” one of the noblemen replied. The Archbishop of Bra*a was so much exasperated at this speech, that he seized a sword in order to avenge the Vice-Queen. Almei*a however embraced and entreated him to retire, because he had had great difficulty to persuade the conspirators to spare his life. This discovery disarmed at once the zeal of the Prelate.

It. However the commander of the
 galle, who did not dare to defend him-
Self, executed her order literally, and thus
the town was freed of all fear. It is al-
most incredible how quickly and easily
 the four troops of the confederates took
 the posts allotted to them, and gained
 their aim. But much more astonishing
 is the readiness and the quickness with
 which not only the whole kingdom, but
 also all foreign settlements followed the
 example of the capital. The revolution
 no sooner had begun than it was accom-
 plished. It is the only one in its kind,
 and a similar one never will happen.—
 The execution of it proves with how
 much wisdom it has been designed and
 conducted.

It was, however, like a sudden clap of
 thunder to my father, and affected him
 with redoubled force, because it hap-
 pened so unexpectedly. The slow rising
 of the tempest, the silent brewing on the
 political horizon had been concealed
 from him by his retirement from the
 world, and even the visible forerunners
 of it, which at last forced themselves upon
 hi

his eyes, appeared to him to be nothing but the lightning arising from transient vapours. The sudden eruption of the tempest, and its consequences, almost petrified him. His silent stupor soon gave room to the loudest manifestations of his dissatisfaction; and nothing but repeated persuasions to yield to stern necessity and superiority, could prevail upon him to remain quiet.

His resentment against the new King remained however rankling in his heart; he did homage to the Sovereign with visible satisfaction, and, as I suspect, not

MAGICAL DELUSION. **my**

is bondage was so sweet to me, and sharing it with an adored woman, rendered it dearer to me than the most unbounded liberty; it was my sole and most ardent wish to tie the bonds by which we were united still faster. But alas! my father desired me not to mention a syllable of a union with Amelia, and without his sanction I durst not expect her consent! The Marquis of Fereira exerted in vain all his eloquence in order to melt the flinty heart of my inexorable parent. In that wretched situation I went several times for Alumbrado's assistance, yet I always shrunk back at the idea of owing any obligation to that man. His first visit confirmed the remarks of the Marquis, and all the civilities he lavished upon me, served only to strengthen my antipathy against him. My soul was gloomy as my exterior situation. The windows of my heaven were overdarkened by clouds which grew darker and darker. Only one star was glimmering through the blackness of that dismal night: one single star to which I could direct my *yearning* eyes. I was confident that the

Irish.

Irishman could be no stranger to my comfortless situation, and would aid me by his power, imagining that he now had the best opportunity of rewarding my reliance in him, and would undoubtedly conduct me over insurmountable obstacles to the promised land of happiness. Meanwhile the time when my father expected my declaration for the Princess of L*** was approaching with gigantic strides, and the Irishman did not appear. Anxiety struggled with my hope. I enquired every where for my protector, but I enquired in vain, and my anxiety increased

and the rest remain obscure. To fill up this empty space, will be the last duty of friendship I shall be able to perform for that unhappy man. I shall, therefore, continue his mournful tale, till I can connect again the thread of my narration to the remaining papers of the Duke.

The grief assailing the heart of my unhappy friend soon depicted itself so strongly in his countenance, that I began to tremble for his health. Alas! my apprehension was but too soon realized, his sufferings being increased, by an information he received from the brother of the new King, to a degree which entirely overcame his enfeebled spirits.

‘ My dearest friend,’ the Prince wrote to him, ‘ I have not discontinued, since your departure, the inquiries after your tutor, which I began when you was here. However, I should undoubtedly have continued them with the greatest prudence and activity, without coming any nearer to the mark, if the very man whom I had been endeavouring to find out had not spared me that fruitless talk.

‘ Yes, my friend, your tutor has personally surprised me in a most pleasing manner. But, O! my friend, moderate your joy when reading these lines. The meeting with that dear man was like an airy vision, which appears and vanishes again after a few moments. Your tutor came, and went to those realms from whence no mortal can return.

‘ Five days are now elapsed, since he astonished me, one morning, by his unexpected visit. I soon observed with surprise, that he returned the manifestations of my joy with much restraint, while his inquisitive looks were doubtfully di-

door for him. Two unknown gentlemen, who were sitting in the carriage, begged him to get in, pretending to have been sent by me to fetch him. He joined them without hesitation, and when the coachman drove out of the town gate, instead of taking the road to my house, he was told that one more guest was to be fetched. This pretended guest made his appearance in the suburbs, and as soon as he had got in the carriage, pointed a dagger at the heart of your tutor, while his two associates seized and tied his hands. All this was effected before Count Gálvez could gain time for resistance, which would have been equally dangerous and fruitless. He was told that if he would submit silently to his fate, no injury should be offered him, but that he would be stabbed without mercy if he should cry for assistance; at the same time he was blindfolded, and after about half an hour's ride, the carriage stopped, when your tutor was taken out of it, and conducted over several flights of steps, through long

G 2

passages,

passages, in a room where he was shut up, and left alone.

When Count Galvez removed the bandage from his eyes, he found himself in a spacious apartment, lighted with lamps; two smaller rooms were on each side, but none of them had windows. Some time after his arrival, two masked men brought him victuals and drink, which afterwards was repeated every noon and evening. He was in want of nothing, liberty excepted. He could not leave his apartments, which were bolted on the outside, and having not

‘ masked, and nothing could persuade
 ‘ him to tell for what purpose the statue
 ‘ was designed.

‘ At length the wished-for hour of en-
 ‘ largement arrived. The prisoner was
 ‘ called up between one and two o’clock
 ‘ in the morning, and ordered to prepare
 ‘ for his departure. He was blindfolded
 ‘ and conducted to the street, where he
 ‘ was placed in a coach, and threatened
 ‘ with instant death if he should dare to
 ‘ utter a syllable. After half an hour’s
 ‘ ride, he was taken out of the coach,
 ‘ upon which, his conductors drove away
 ‘ at a furious rate. As soon as he per-
 ‘ ceived that he was alone, he removed
 ‘ the bandage from his eyes, and found
 ‘ himself in a lonely part of the suburbs,
 ‘ and with the first dawn of day called at
 ‘ my house.

‘ As soon as Count Galvez had finished
 ‘ his extraordinary tale, I summoned my
 ‘ servants, in order to clear myself from a
 ‘ suspicion which afflicted me severely,
 ‘ and examined them rigorously in his
 ‘ presence. It was, however, proved that
 ‘ my horses and carriages, as well as all

‘ my servants, had been at home at the
‘ hour when the Count was carried off,
‘ which rendered it very probable that
‘ the *Unknown* must have imitated my
‘ equipage and livery, in order to ensnare
‘ the Count with greater ease.

‘ Your tutor enquired much, and with
‘ great affection after you ; I told him as
‘ much as I knew, but he was not satisfied
‘ with it. The following morning he de-
‘ parted for Lisb*n, in hopes of meeting
‘ you there, after a long and painful sepa-
‘ ration. I rode on horseback by his car-
‘ riage in order to accompany him a few
‘ miles: the impatient desire of seeing

‘ the animals grew wild, and the carriage was precipitated into the abyss. The Count scarcely breathed, when he received assistance, and the postillion was dashed to pieces against the rocks. ’

‘ I ordered instantly all possible care to be taken of our friend ; however, a violent vomiting of blood, the consequence of a contusion on his breast, put an end to his life the subsequent day. A few minutes before his death, he wrote the following note, but was soon interrupted by a fainting fit.

“ Ere while we were separated by men, but now we are going to be disunited by God. I do not murmur ; yet I should have been happy to see you once more. On the brink of eternity I am expanding my hands, blessing thee, excellent young man ! Weep not at my death ; we shall meet again in yon blissful mansions, where all good men shall be reunited for ever. Honour my memory by keeping firm to my principles ; which from my soul, flowed over in your mind.”

‘ Two mortal wounds like those which
‘ the ill-fated love affair, and the death of
‘ Count Galvez, inflicted on the heart of
‘ my friend, confined him to a sick bed.
‘ Now happened what I had dreaded, with-
‘ out my having been able to prevent it.
‘ Alumbrado, who was returned from his
‘ journey, intruded on my friend, and
‘ soon traced out the safest road to his
‘ heart. My friend was weak enough to
‘ communicate to him the situation in
‘ which he was with regard to Amelia;
‘ and Alumbrado hesitated not a moment
‘ to procure him the consent of his father.
‘ The power exercised by that man over

“ woman, and lead me from the gate of
 “ death to a paradisiacal life ; come and
 “ reward my love, which alone supports
 “ my breaking heart.”

P. S. “ Vasconcel*os has bled under
 “ the avenging sword of the redeemers of
 “ my country.”

‘ The answer of the Countess was to
 ‘ the following purport :

“ O ! that this letter could fly on the
 “ pinions of love, in order to carry in-
 “ stantly to my friend health and joy.
 “ Yes, your request is granted. Receive,
 “ my dearest Duke, to whom my *heart*
 “ has yielded, receive my *hand* too, and
 “ the vow of eternal fidelity. My uncle
 “ having recovered his health, nothing
 “ shall detain me from embarking in the
 “ first vessel which shall sail for Port***].

“ The idea that your best wishes, the blef-
 “ sing of your father and my uncle, and
 “ the guardian genius of love, will con-
 “ duct me on my voyage, will assist me
 “ to conquer my fear of the sea. I should
 “ never have done writing if this letter
 “ did not require expedition, and my
 “ friend, who arrived here the day before

“ yesterday, insisted upon adding a few
“ words to those of

“ Your

“ AMELIA CLAIRVAL.”

“ Give me leave, my Lord, to add
“ only my sincerest congratulations, and
“ to ask your Grace, whether you do not
“ acknowledge now as a footefayer

“ Your humble and obedient fervant,

ANNA DE DELIER.”

when I took one time the opportunity of dropping a few words concerning Alumbado. "I cannot conceive," the Duke replied warmly, "why you are so much prejudiced against that man; it is true his physiognomy does not speak much to his recommendation; it is, however, very unphilosophical to condemn a person merely on account of his features." "Say whatever you will," I replied, "an undescribable repelling sensation, which certainly does not deceive me——" "You have conceived an antipathy against him," the Duke interrupted me, "and that cannot be refuted by arguments; however, I will remind you of a fact, which here will be in its proper place. Socrates, whose physiognomy, as you will recollect, was very much to his disadvantage, happened once to be in a company of friends, when a philosopher, who pretended to be a physiognomist, took the word; he was requested to delineate the character of Socrates, who was a stranger to him. The philosopher named several vices which he pretended to read plainly in his face. A general laughter was the

effect of his judgment; however, Socrates remained serious, and declared that he really had felt a natural propensity to those vices, but had got the better of it by unremitting assiduity. The application of this instance, I leave to your own good sense."

"How?" I exclaimed with surprise, "you compare Alumbrado with Socrates, an absurd ascetic with a reverend sage, hypocrisy with virtue?" This enormous infatuation vexed me to such a degree, that I could not help giving vent to my just resentment. However, I perceived soon that my words did not make the least

exercise and diversions, the time which, from his impatience of seeing Amelia arrive, appeared to him to creep on with snail-like slowness. My aim would however have been attained without this expedient, Alumbrado leaving Li*bon unexpectedly ; yet we set out on our proposed journey.

We had not been seven days at **ina when the Duke was already impatient to leave that place. However improbable it was Amelia could arrive so soon, yet this idea left him no rest. We returned on the eighth day, and travelled day and night.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when we alighted at his palace. Scarcely had we entered his apartment when his Secretary brought a letter, which he said had been left by a pilot at a late hour last night. The Duke reddened and grew pale alternately, while he opened it.—“ She is arrived, she is arrived !” he exclaimed, and the letter dropped out of his hand trembling with rapture. “ She is arrived !” he repeated, taking it up and re-perusing the gladful lines. The emotions
of

of his mind were so violent, that he was obliged to sit down. "Amelia is arrived!" he exclaimed again, rising and straining me to his bosom. The letter was couched in the following words :

‘ Has not your heart told you, my
 ‘ dearest Duke, that I am near you? I
 ‘ should already have pressed you to my
 ‘ panting heart, if the Captain had suf-
 ‘ fered me to go in the boat which will
 ‘ set the pilot on shore. But he has op-
 ‘ posed by design, on account of the swell-
 ‘ ling sea and the great distance. If
 ‘ Heaven favours us you will see me to-
 ‘ morrow.

‘ Your


‘ AMELIA.’



dress. We rode in full speed, and each of us indulged silently his sentiments.—The sky was gloomy, and the universal stillness, not interrupted by the least breeze of air, seemed to presage no good. At length we fancied, with astonishment, we heard the distant rolling of thunder; however we soon perceived that it was the echo caused by the report of guns. The distant firing of cannon, and the forerunners of a rising tempest, thrilled my heart with chilling anxiety, for I apprehended the ship must be in great danger. Soon after the firing ceased, but this calm was more dreadful to me than the report of the cannon. We spurred our horses without uttering a word, for neither of us dared to confess his apprehensions. Being at length arrived at the sea shore—Heavens! what a scene of horror did we behold! the surge was dreadful, the cliffs and the strand were covered with a white spume. The rays of the sun could not penetrate the fog which overspread the surface of the sea. We could, therefore, not discover the island where the ship was lying at anchor, it appear-
ing

ing to us in the shape of a black cloud, which seemed to be a mile distant from the shore. The veil which concealed the danger of the ship from our eyes only served to augment our anxiety.

A troop of mariners and soldiers under the command of Men^{os}, were arrived with us at the shore. The drums beat, and a general volley was fired. A flash of lightning darted instantly over the sea, and immediately after it the report of a gun was heard. We all hastened to the side where we had perceived the signal, and observed, through the fog, the body and the main-yard of a large ship. We were so near that we could hear the whistling and the acclamations of the sailors, in spite of the roaring of the mountainous billows. The ship's crew fired



cliffs, and boards, cables, empty casks and provisions to be kept in readiness.

An impending hurricane seemed to be lurking in the air. The middle of the clouds was of a horrid blackness, and their edges were of a copper colour. The leaves of the trees were moving, and yet not a breath of air was felt. The cries of the sea fowls, who were resorting to the island for protection, resounded through the air.

At length we heard suddenly a dreadful roaring, as if foaming torrents were rushing down from the summit of a lofty mountain, and every one exclaimed, this is the hurricane! In the same moment a violent whirlwind removed the foggy veil which had concealed the island from our eyes. We had now a clear view of the ship; her whole deck was covered with people, her colours were hoisted, her fore-part was secured by four anchors, and her stern by one. Her stem opposed the billowing waves which came roaring from the sea, and was raised so high above the surface of the water, that one could see her whole keel, while the stern was
almost

almost entirely buried in the foaming billows. The dangerous situation of the vessel rendered it impossible for her to put out to sea, or to run on shore.

The howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, which were swelling higher every moment, was dreadful. The whole channel between the island and the shore was a mass of white thick froth, cut through by black and hollow waves. The appearance of the horizon prognosticated a long lasting storm. Some waves of a dreadful shape separated from the main every now and then, and darted with the velocity of lightning across the

man now looked up to heaven, and now cast his anxious looks around, as if in search of some person, and I heard him pronounce repeatedly the name of Hiermanfor. This sight wounded my heart deeply, and pressed burning tears from my eyes.

Meanwhile a dreadful accident happened on the sea. The anchors which the fore-part of the ship was moored with were torn from the cables by the violent agitation of the vessel, which, riding now only with the small bower, was dashed against the adjacent rocks. A general piercing cry filled the air when this lamentable incident happened. The Duke was going to plunge into the sea, and I retained him with great difficulty by his right arm. Seeing, however, that his despair rendered him callous against our ardent prayers not to rush into the very jaws of death, Pietro and myself tied a long rope round his body, taking hold of one end. He now plunged into the boiling waves, which instantly devoured, and soon after cast him up again. Thus he advanced daringly towards the ship. He
seemed

seemed several times to have a chance of forcing his way to the vessel, the irregular motions of the sea leaving him on the dry rocks; however the towering billows soon returned with additional fury, and buried him beneath an enormous mass of water, which flung the Duke half dead upon the shore. But no sooner had he recovered his senses, than he darted up, hastening with new courage towards the vessel, which, however, began to separate, torn by the violence of the furious waves. The ship's crew, who now despaired of saving their lives, plunged in crowds into the sea, grasping in the

wrung her hands, looking anxiously at the spectators, and pointing at Amelia, as if she wanted to say : leave me to my fate, but save my friend ! Amelia was standing on the deck without betraying the smallest sign of fear, and seemed to be resigned to her impending deplorable doom, beckoning to us, as if she wanted to bid us an eternal adieu. All the spectators wept, and rent the air with doleful cries and lamentations. The Duke summoned the last remains of his strength, struggling with the frothing waves, in order to save his mistress from the brink of fell destruction ; but a mountainous billow of an enormous bulk forced its way through the space betwixt the island and the coast, darting at the ship. In the same moment Amelia rushed into Lady Delier's arms, encircling her friend in wild agony, and in that situation they were buried in the abyss along with the vessel.

The stupefaction of horror which we were seized with, rendered us almost incapable of dragging the Duke on shore. The spirit of the hapless man seemed to
have

have fled to better regions, along with that of his ill-fated bride. He was stretched out on the ground, violently bleeding, and seemingly a lifeless corpse.

I dropped down by his side, seized with terror and grief, imprinting kisses on his ash-pale face, contorted by pains. I called his, mine, and at last Amelia's name in his ear; but seeing him without the least motion at the sound of the latter, I really feared that he was dead. Pietro beat his breast, tore his hair, and rent the air with doleful lamentations. The bye-standers crowded upon us, and perceiving, after many fruitless trials, some faint vestiges of

While Pietro went on horseback to the house of the Marquis, in order to inform him of the accident that had happened to his son, I repaired to the strand, in hopes that the bodies of Amelia and Lady Deller would be driven on shore. However the wind having shifted suddenly, as is usual in hurricanes, I was obliged to give up the hope of procuring an honourable burial to those unhappy ladies.

The Duke was in a senseless stupor, when I returned. Alas! his spirit seemed to tarry reluctantly in a world which separated him from his adored Amelia. But why should I tear open again my half-healed wounds? I shall not enter into a description of his situation. I still fancy I hear the shrieks of horror, and the wild shouts which he uttered during a burning fever, when he fancied he saw his Amelia either in dangerous or in happy situations. His imagination and his lips were constantly occupied with her. When, at length, his fever abated, and his recollection returned, he really fancied the history of Amelia's hapless fate to be the delusion of a feverish dream. Although

I was

I was very cautious to dislodge this delusive opinion only gradually, yet the discovery of his error affected him so violently, that I apprehended it would deprive him, if not of his life, at least of his understanding.

Here I cannot omit mentioning a scene which happened at the beginning of his amendment. The Marquis had ordered him to be carried to his house as soon as he began to mend, and nursed him with paternal care. He came, one day, when the Duke was sleeping, and I sitting by his bed-side, to enquire how his son did: as he bent over the sleeper, and seemed

begged me to retire. Two hours after he left the apartment of my friend in violent agitation, without observing me. On my entrance into the sick room I found the Duke bathed in tears. The ribbon was still fastened round his neck, but the picture of the Queen was taken from it.

I signified to him my astonishment. He squeezed my hand tenderly, and said:—
 “You are my only friend, for whom I wish to have no secrets; and yet I am so unhappy as to have this wish too denied me. Don't press me to tell you what has been transacted between me and my father; I have been obliged to promise with a dreadful oath to take the secret along with me in my grave—In my grave!” he added a little while after, “I am impatient to occupy that habitation ever since Amelia and Antonio have made it their abode.”

“Miguel!” I exclaimed, straining him to my heart, “dispel these gloomy thoughts. You shall learn that one has not lost every thing when in possession of a friend like me.”

“ I know you, and I thank you,” he replied, with emotion “ let us die together; this world is not deserving to contain us. What business have we in a world (he added with a ghastly look) in which vice only triumphs, and good men find nothing but a grave?”

Reader, do not fancy this language to have originated merely from a transient agitation of mind; alas! it originated from a heart exasperated by the concurrence of the most melancholy misfortunes, and this exasperation was rooted deeper than I had fancied at first. It generated in his

world as much disorder, imperfection, and misfortune, as harmony, perfection and happiness, this would be an undeniable proof that the world was governed, and had been created jointly by a good and a bad principle. In short, he subscribed entirely to the system of the *Manichees*.

I perceived this new deviation of his mind with astonishment and grief, and thought it my duty to lead him back in the path of truth as soon as possible, because this error deprived him of the last consolation in his sufferings. For which reason I endeavoured to convince him, that the ideas of a bad and a good principle annul each other; that it is a downright contradiction to believe in the existence of a bad God; that, consequently, the fundamental ideas of his system were absurd, and, of course, the system itself unsupported. I proved to him that the evil in this world is not inconsistent with the goodness and providence of God, and that even the happiness of the wicked, and the sufferings of the good, ought not to undermine our belief, but rather to

strengthen our hope of a life hereafter, in which every one will receive the just reward of his actions. But how convincing soever my arguments would have been to any unprejudiced person, yet they made very little impression on the Duke, whom the disharmony and gloominess of his mind had too much prepossessed for his comfortless system. Far from finding the least contradiction in it, he was firmly persuaded that the belief in a bad principle served to defend God against the complaints and reproaches of the unfortunate, while he found a great

It is almost incredible, with how much appearance of truth and cordiality he manifested his grief at the hapless fate of the Duke. He affected such a tender fellow-feeling, and so much friendship for Miguel; that the latter was charmed with him, and fancied the favourable opinion he had conceived of Alumbrado to be fully justified. The hypocrite not only pitied him, but at the same time, endeavoured to afford him comfort. Mentioning, however, among other arguments, how wonderful the ways of Providence are, and how God promoted our happiness even through the evils of this world, the Duke shook his head. Alumbrado was surprised at it, and enquired what objection he had against that doctrine? The Duke, who thought him deserving of his confidence, was so imprudent as to unfold to him his new creed; nay, he carried his inconsideration so far as to read to him part of his tract which he had wrote on that subject. Although I was very much terrified at it, yet I was impatient to know Alumbrado's opinion and behaviour on this occasion. My astonishment rose to

the highest degree, when he refuted the arguments of the Duke with a frankness which generally is supposed to arise only from love of truth, and defended the goodness and providence of God, with an evidence and warmth which can originate only from the light of religion. The dignity and energy with which he spoke had an irresistible effect on the Duke ; he cast his eyes upon the ground in dumb amazement, and appeared to be confounded and ashamed.

I cannot but confess that I myself began to believe I had been egregiously mistaken

extensive trade he carried on all over Europe, had rendered his house respected, wealthy, powerful, and honoured. He was a Jew by birth, but changed his religion from political motives. His conduct, at least, did not refute the opinion that he confessed only with his lips the Roman Catholic religion, and it had given rise to much scandal when Oliva^{ez} conferred on him the order of Christ. The connection between him and this minister was very intimate and not at all shaken by the revolution; but continued, only with more assiduity and circumspection, which was no difficult task to a consummate hypocrite like Baeza. It will be obvious that Alumbrado's connection with this man displeased me for more than one reason. Another circumstance contributed to strengthen my suspicion of Alumbrado's honesty. The Duke missed a sheet of his tract on the system of the *Manichees*. Alumbrado had visited him frequently, had been alone in his study many a time where the manuscript was lying on the writing desk. The Duke, far from suspecting him, fancied he

had mislaid the paper, and having renounced that system on Alumbrado's persuasion, did not care much for that tract.

Although my repeated exhortations and my avowed antipathy had not been able to prevail on my friend to drop all connections with that dangerous man, yet they had retained him from being too intimate with him ; however, since he knew that I had conceived a more favourable opinion of Alumbrado, he attached himself more closely to him. The old Marquis observed this change with great satisfaction, but, at the same time, saw with

merely passive, which rendered him the more susceptible for those external impressions which fitted the situation of his mind, the less power of resistance and self-activity he possessed. Thus he was an instrument which Alumbrado could play on at pleasure. The latter seemed, however, not yet determined what measures he should take for attaining his aim; but, unfortunately, the Duke himself put him afterwards on the right track. He found particular pleasure in conversing with his new confidant on the happiness which loving souls would derive from their reunion in a better world, and he neglected me now for no other reason but because I could say but very little on that subject, while Alumbrado's imagination and eloquence were inexhaustible. I had no hope of giving the mind of the Duke a different turn; his natural vivacity, which formerly so frequently avocated his attention from one object, and oftentimes directed it irresistibly to another of a nature entirely opposite, this vivacity was entirely extinguished; a gloomy sameness, which was immoveably fixed to the object which

once had attracted his attention, having slept in its place. Every terrestrial joy had fled with Amelia, Lady Delier and Antonio; the source from which he at present derived his pleasure, originated beyond the grave. How joyfully would he have overleaped the cleft which separated him from the darlings of his heart, if he had not been kept back by mine and Alumbrado's persuasions. This state of mind encreased his anxious desire of discovering an artificial bridge of communication with the kingdom of spirits. In short, all the ideas he had imbibed in

Duke attentively and began to muse, although he had cut off abruptly the thread of the conversation.

No one can conceive how ardently the Duke longed for the arrival of the Irishman, of whom he expected to receive the final solution of that problem. One rather should think that the Irishman ought to have lost all credit with him, on account of his treacherous behaviour; for not only his first promise to put the Duke in possession of Amelia by means of his supernatural power; but also the second, that he would initiate him in the practical mysteries of his supernatural wisdom, as soon as the revolution should have been accomplished, was still incompleated. However, the Duke excused him, instead of suspecting his having deceived him. "Hiermanfor," he said, "is not all-powerful; how could he therefore, avert that fatal blow from Amelia's head? Hiermanfor has not fixed the day of his return; perhaps he has been detained by business of the greatest consequence, or means to try the measure of my confidence in him; but whatever may be the reason of his

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to inquire after the Count de Clairval, and in case he should discover him, to seize him either by fraud or art, because he expected to receive from him some information of Hiermanfor. Alumbrado desired the Duke to give him a description of the Count. "He is almost of my size," my friend replied, "but fair, of an interesting countenance, and a tranquil, gentle seriousness, generally characterizes his mien, which, however, frequently bespeaks the most jovial humour; his nose is rather of the aquiline kind, his mouth almost woman-like handsome, and his chin falls a little back, yet without disfiguring him." "If you wish to get him in your power," Alumbrado replied, "I will endeavour to *spell-bind him*; but then I shall want his picture; could you delineate it on a piece of paper?" The Duke, who as little as myself knew what to think of this offer, looked alternately at me and at Alumbrado. "Indeed," the latter continued, "I wish to possess the picture of the Count; leave the consequence to me." "If you really wish to possess it," my friend replied, "you shall have it."

Possessing

Possessing a great skill in drawing striking likenesses, he finished the portrait the day following, assisted by his imagination, and gave it to Alumbrado. We were impatient to learn what he was going to do with it; however, he visited the Duke four days without mentioning the picture; but on the fifth day informed him in what hotel he would find the Count. We were looking at him in dumb astonishment, when he added, "Make haste, now you can surprise him, and if he should refuse to follow you, you only need to tell him that the guard is waiting

Apprehending that the Count would be reserved in the presence of a third person, he had previously requested me to retire with Alumbrado to a closet, where we could hear and see them without being observed. The introduction to their discourse had already been finished in the carriage, consequently we heard only the continuation. As soon as they had entered the room, the Duke desired the Count to give him the key of his trunk, which was delivered to him without hesitation. While he was opening the trunk and searching for papers which he could not find, the Count took his letter-case out of his pocket and threw it in the chimney fire.

Although the Duke hastened to save it, yet a great part of it had already been consumed by the flames. The rest he locked up in his writing desk.

“Why have you done this?” he said to the Count with rising anger.

“Because I do not like to have my secrets wrested from me by force.”

The Duke took several turns in his apartment in order to recover his equanimity

nimity, and then rung the bell. "Wine," he called to the servant, who brought it immediately and retired.

"Count," said the Duke in a mild accent, "the wine possesses the virtue of rendering people communicative and sincere. Let us drink."

"You shall draw my secrets from me neither by force nor artifice. I shall at least have the merit of confessing voluntarily, what I can, and dare confess."

"Very well. However, wine possesses also the virtue of dispelling ani-

“ Do you think that he will fulfil his promise after his return.”

“ Undoubtedly! But why do you wish for his visit.”

“ He has promised to initiate me in the mysteries of an occult philosophy. You are perhaps capable of supplying his place.”

“ No, my Lord.”

“ But you will be able to afford me some information with respect to those illusions by which I have been put to the test?”

“ Yes!” the Count replied, after a pause.

“ I only desire you to explain to me the more intricate and most important deceptions, for the rest I hope to unfold without your assistance.”

“ Most of them you will already have discovered by the papers which you have taken— found in my trunk.”

“ How do you know that?” The Duke asked with astonishment.

“ I know it from Hiermanfor.”

“ And by whom has he been informed of it?”

“ B.

“By your Grace.”

“By me? I do not recollect to have discovered to him any thing.”

“Not directly; however, you have betrayed yourself.”

“On what occasion?”

“When he paid you a visit at ^{““}ubia. Do you not recollect to have asked him whether he had discovered to Amelia that your real father had not been the murderer of her Lord? This you could not have known if you had not seen my papers.”

“It is true,” the Duke replied after a

“Is it possible; should he have risked a fraud in which I so easily could have found him out?”

“He knew before-hand that you would not get to the bottom of the staircase, for it was settled previously that I should appear in time with the officers of the police, and recall your Grace by firing a pistol.”

“Indeed!” said the Duke with astonishment, “now I recollect another very strange incident. I should perhaps not have descended without your interference, for I was seized with an uncommon anxiety, which increased every step I proceeded. I cannot conceive what was the reason of it; however it seemed as if an invisible power pushed me back.”

“This I will explain to you. Don’t you recollect that a thick smoke ascended from the abyss? A stupifying incense which possessed the power of straitening the breast, and creating anxiety, was burning at the bottom of the staircase.”

“I cannot but confess,” the Duke said, after a short pause, “that the execution was not less cautious than the plan
has

has been artful. I had indeed been impelled, at that time to believe that Hiermanfor was not only possessed of the knowledge of subterraneous treasures, but also of the power and the inclination of affording me a share of them, and that it had been merely my fault to have returned empty handed. His cursory account of the wonderful things I should meet with in the abyfs had contributed to fet my imagination at work, and I was more desirous to see those miraculous things, than to get possession of the jewels."

“ Then the Irishman has not been taken up seriously ?”

“ The officers of the police had been ordered to set him at liberty as soon as he should be out of your sight.”

“ Now I can comprehend why you so obstinately opposed me when I intreated my tutor to make an attempt at delivering Hiermanfor.—But what would you have done, if I had persisted in my resolution of taking that step ?”

“ Then you should certainly not have done it alone ; I would have accompanied you to the magistrate, who, undoubtedly, would have found means of consoling you with respect to Hiermanfor's fate. It seemed, nevertheless, not to be adviseable to suffer you to remain any longer in the neighbourhood of the theatre where that scene had been performed. You might have peeped behind the curtain without our knowledge, and your tutor could have made secret enquiries. An accident might easily have betrayed to you that the process against Hiermanfor was a fiction ; in short, we could not have acted with safety and li-
bert.

berty while you should have been near the scene of action, and for that reason the magistrate was suborned to endeavour to persuade you to a speedy flight, in which he succeeded to our greatest satisfaction."

"Now it is evident how Hiermanfor could shew so much tranquillity and unconcern when he was taken up, how he could promise to see me at ***n, and make good his promise."

"The latter was indeed an easy matter; however he wanted to render his re-appearance interesting by concomitant ex-

reer on the stake, could not but make the deepest impression on you. You know that he omitted nothing that promised to enforce that impression."

"But how could he then already know that I had been raised to the ducal dignity?"

"He had received early intelligence of it by a letter from a friend, who was intimate with the secretary of your father."

"Let us drop the discourse on the scene of that night, it is accompanied with too horrid and painful ideas. Let us repair to the retired cell of the royal hermit, where no inferior miracles are crowding upon us. First of all, tell me whether you really think him to be the old banished King?"

"I do, indeed, not only because Hiermanfor has told me so, but also because his whole form resembles in a most striking manner, the picture of the real King."

"But when do you think he will ascend the throne of Portugal?"

"I suppose, very soon!"

astrology, had observed the stars on his birth, and prophesied great things of him. The same man persuaded his parents to give him a learned education, which they afterwards repented so much the less, when they perceived the astonishing progress in learning which he made. When he had attained the years of adolescence, his relation instructed him in mathematics and astronomy. The fame of Hierman's great learning procured him the place of governor in a noble family. The eldest daughter fell in love with him, and the language of her eyes soon betrayed to him the impression he had made on her

enough for giving reason to think it supernatural."

"You are right. That artifice could not but produce an astonishing effect on an uninformed spectator. The Hermit pronounces some unintelligible words while he kisses the picture three times; the lamp is extinguished and lighted again, as if it were by an invisible hand; a sudden noise is heard, and a flame flashes over the picture. All this is very surprising. However, if one knows that the altar, on which the picture is placed, conceals a machine, that the Hermit's finger touches a secret spring, and this puts the wheels of the machine in motion, that the wick in the lamp is connected with it, and pulled down and up again through the tube in which it is fixed; if one knows *how* Hiermanfor entered the cell, then the whole incident will be divested of its supernatural appearance."

"But this very appearance of Hiermanfor is entirely mysterious to me."

"And yet it has been effected in a very simple manner. A moveable board, which could be pushed to and fro without the

astrology, had observed the stars on his birth, and prophefied great things of him. The fame man perfuaded his parents to give him a learned education, which they afterwards repented fo much the lefs, when they perceived the aftonifhing progrefs in learning which he made. When he had attained the years of adolescence, his relation instructed him in mathematics and aftronomy. The fame of Hierman's great learning procured him the place of governor in a noble family. The eldeft daughter fell in love with him, and the language of her eyes foon betrayed to him the impreffion he had made on her

not always capable of maintaining the rigorous dictates of reason against the seducing voice of the passions, and thus Hiermanfor betrayed, in an unguarded moment, the secret of his heart, which was received with rapture by the young lady, and carefully concealed in her bosom. But from that moment he resolved to endeavour to rise to a situation which would permit him to woo the hand of his mistress without blushing. This bold idea had no sooner taken place in the soul of the resolute youth, than he began to delineate a plan for the execution of it. Hiermanfor thought the naval service would be the shortest way of attaining a splendid fortune, and instantly navigation became the chief object of his study. He found very soon an opportunity of putting his acquired knowledge in practice, which he chiefly owed to the support of the family in which he had been tutor. The proofs of uncommon skill which he gave in naval matters, soon raised him to the rank of a captain, when his mistress died. Hiermanfor resigned his place in the navy,

least noise, was concealed among those of which the cell was composed. Hiermanfor stole through that hidden avenue as soon as he saw from without, through a small hole, the lamp extinguished. He could enter without the least danger of detection, because you had turned your back towards him, and fixed your attention entirely on the altar."

"Then every thing had been previously prepared and pre-concerted with the King?"

"Certainly!"

"And the whole conduct of the King

clared at length proudly, that no other choice was left him, than either leaving his crown for ever in the possession of an usurper, or to consent to that innocent artifice. The King thought he was bound to choose the latter, for the benefit of the empire and his private happiness."

A long silence on both sides. At length the Duke resumed: "Hiermanfor showed me the ghost of my tutor at the church-yard; by what means has that been effected?"

"Your Grace will allow me to leave this question unanswered!"

"For what reason?" the Duke asked with seeming coolness.

"Because my answer would explain nothing to you."

"Why do you think so? the explanations which you have given me, as yet, have been very satisfactory to me."

"They concerned only things which you were able to comprehend."

"Indeed! you pay me a very bad compliment!"

"My Lord, do not misunderstand me, you have been telling me a little while

ago, that you have not yet been initiated by Hiermanfor in the last mysteries of his philosophy !”

“ I did, but what follows thence ?”

“ That you are still in want of the knowledge which will be requisite, if you are to be capable of comprehending the appearance of your tutor.”

“ Don't pretend to persuade me that this apparition has been effected by supernatural means.”

“ I will persuade you to nothing, I only tell you what I know.”

“ And I tell you only what I do not believe. All the other is idle.”

think of the matter. Hiermanfor may set you right."

"How far are you connected with Hiermanfor?"

"Very much like *you*. He has made himself my master, and I am subservient to him."

"Do you serve him with reluctance?"

"With devotion."

"Then you will know to whom you are devoted?"

"I don't know much more of him than your Grace."

"Even that little which you know of him would be remarkable to me, if authentic."

"I should tire your patience if I were to repeat to you all the improbable stories which are related of him. There are, however, very few credible accounts of him."

"I protest I should be glad to know them."

"Even the true family name of Hiermanfor is not known to me. He is said to have been born in Ireland, of plebeian parents. A near relation who professed

astrology, had observed the stars on his birth, and prophesied great things of him. The same man persuaded his parents to give him a learned education, which they afterwards repented so much the less, when they perceived the astonishing progress in learning which he made. When he had attained the years of adolescence, his relation instructed him in mathematics and astronomy. The fame of Hierman's great learning procured him the place of governor in a noble family. The eldest daughter fell in love with him, and the language of her eyes soon betrayed to

not always capable of maintaining the rigorous dictates of reason against the seducing voice of the passions, and thus Hiermanfor betrayed, in an unguarded moment, the secret of his heart, which was received with rapture by the young lady, and carefully concealed in her bosom. But from that moment he resolved to endeavour to rise to a situation which would permit him to woo the hand of his mistress without blushing. This bold idea had no sooner taken place in the soul of the resolute youth, than he began to delineate a plan for the execution of it. Hiermanfor thought the naval service would be the shortest way of attaining a splendid fortune, and instantly navigation became the chief object of his study. He found very soon an opportunity of putting his acquired knowledge in practice, which he chiefly owed to the support of the family in which he had been tutor. The proofs of uncommon skill which he gave in naval matters, soon raised him to the rank of a captain, when his mistress died. Hiermanfor resigned his place in the navy,

and was received as *lay brother* in the order of the Carmelites. Having performed his vow he was sent to Rome, where he got acquainted with a priest of the same order, whose name was Father Gabriel, and who was famed for his great skill in physic and natural knowledge. Instructed by that learned man, he improved rapidly, and acquired at the same time great knowledge in natural magic, in which his relation had already instructed him.

“ A genius like his could not, however, confine himself for a length of time to cloistered retirement and a speculative life.

retire, under the condition never to be inimical to the order.—This is all that I know of his life.”

“ Then every thing the Magistrate and the Hermit have related of him is a fiction ?” the Duke enquired after a short silence.

“ Not at all !” the Count replied, “ almost all those accounts are founded on facts, though they have been embellished by fictitious episodes. The surprising feats of Hiermanfor, of which you have been informed, were however effected merely by means of natural magic.”

“ For instance, the delivery of the old King from the castle of St. Lukar—how has it been effected ?”

“ It certainly has been performed by Hiermanfor’s acuteness, though not through him alone.”

“ And the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard—”

“ Has been effected by his supernatural power.”

“ Count ! by all that is dear to you, by Hiermanfor’s friendship, by our recon-

ciliation, what is your real opinion of that apparition?"

"That it was effected by his supernatural power!"

The Duke rose and pressed the Count's hand. "Have you any secret wish which I could satisfy? speak freely, and I will satisfy it, cost it what it will, only make a frank and candid confession."

"I have confessed every thing already."

"If you, perhaps, hesitate to discover your real sentiments here, you may fix some other place, and I pledge my honour, that no man living shall be made acquaint-

The Duke stepped a few paces back, and having viewed him some time with a stern look, said, "You are my prisoner, do you know that I can send you to the dungeon?"

"I am in your power."

"Where you will not be *entreated* to speak the truth?"

"Even on the rack I shall not contradict what I have said."

"Come!" said the Duke, after he had walked up and down the room in silent meditation; "Come, I will give you some time for consideration."—So saying, he led the Count into another room where he locked him up.

"What shall I do with that fellow?" he said to me when he returned to us, "believe what he has said and set him at liberty; or mistrust and retain him?"

"Retain him," my reply was; "if he sees that you are in earnest, he certainly will confess."

Alumbrado was of the same opinion, our advice was however neglected, for the next morning when I went to see the Duke, I found the Count had already been libe-

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concert with Lady Delier? "Only as far as he made use of her to direct the love that had taken place between your Grace and Amelia," the Count answered; "the conditions and restrictions under which the Baroness was to assist in forwarding your mutual union are unknown to me." The Count being asked, whether that wonderful note by which Amelia had been released from her vow of eternal fidelity to her deceased Lord, had been a contrivance of Hiermanfor's natural skill, or the effect of supernatural power; the Count replied, the latter had been the case. The Duke had been affected so much by the repeated mention of his Amelia, that he began to melt in tears. The Count thought this state of mind very propitious for regaining his liberty, and obtained it without difficulty. What could the Duke have refused in that situation to Amelia's brother-in-law?

Alumbrado seemed to be not less displeased with this event than myself. My hope that the Count would entirely destroy, by an ample discovery of the juggling tricks of the Irishman, the Duke's belie

belief in the supernatural skill of the latter was now utterly destroyed, for he had not unfolded the most important mystery; the apparition of Antonio at the churchyard. Yet I derived some consolation from the papers of Clairval, which were still in the hands of the Duke, and proposed to throw some light on that extraordinary incident. My friend himself seemed to entertain the same hope, and although the papers had been partly consumed by the fire, yet he was not discouraged, and undertook the laborious task of decyphering them. We retired

a letter to Hiermanfor, written by the Lady of the late Duke of B——a, at a time when he had little hope of ascending the royal throne of P——l.

‘ Beloved and trusty ! I have read all
 ‘ your letters to our Privy Secretary,
 ‘ along with the note by which you ac-
 ‘ quaint him with your intention of in-
 ‘ troducing Miguel to the Hermit. I
 ‘ always read your letters with admira-
 ‘ tion, yet I cannot but confess that I have
 ‘ great reason to suspect you have it
 ‘ more at heart to be admired, than to
 ‘ gain Miguel over to our party. I should
 ‘ think Miguel could have been secured
 ‘ to us in a safer, easier, and more expedi-
 ‘ tious manner, and you would have saved
 ‘ yourself a great deal of time and trou-
 ‘ ble if you had attempted it. Why are
 ‘ those superfluous machinations, why
 ‘ those expensive, intricate, artificial, and
 ‘ give me leave to add, those fragile ma-
 ‘ chines which so easily may be destroyed ?
 ‘ You could certainly have ensnared Mi-
 ‘ guel in a more simple and a less pre-
 ‘ carious manner. Machineries like those
 ‘ which

‘ which you have made use of are always
‘ liable to the danger of being discovered
‘ by accident, which may ruin the whole
‘ plan.

‘ You will perhaps reply, that, if he
‘ should make such a discovery, it would
‘ be of little consequence; that you know
‘ this Miguel too well, are too sensible of
‘ your superiority, that he cannot do with-
‘ out you, and that you keep him in chains
‘ which he will not be able to shake off,
‘ though your whole miraculous web
‘ should be dissolved in smoke. But, if
‘ so, wherefore those needless artifices?

roads through insurmountable rocks, entangle your man in numberless magic fetters, with no other view, than to have the pleasure of seeing your prisoner ensnare himself deeper and deeper by his attempts to regain his liberty. The simple, artless turn of a play, does not suit a genius like your's, which delights only in knitting and dissolving intricate knots, and in having recourse to artificial, complicated machines; obstacles and dangers serve only to give additional energy to your activity. Miguel was, perhaps, only an object which was to serve you for trying your skill and art, in order to see how far you could rely on your capacities for more important opportunities.

‘But however it be, I am rather bound to thank you for your zeal to serve our cause, than to criticise the choice of the means you have made use of. Accomplish what you have begun, and you may be sure of my favour and active gratitude.’

While I had been reading, the Duke walked up and down the room with hasty strides.

strides. He now stopped. "Well, Marquis! well, Alumbardo!" said he, "do I not act a charming part in this letter?"

We remained silent, because we saw that he was violently agitated.

"They treat me as a simpleton, as a blockhead. Is it not true?"

"How you exaggerate it!" said I. "They ascribe to you want of experience, and that is all."

"O Marquis, don't you see in what a tone, and with how much contempt the proud woman speaks of me?"

"She is a woman who mistakes you."

seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation.

“ Friend !” said I to the Duke, “ there are some more written leaves”——

“ It is Hiermanfor’s answer to the letter you have been reading.”

I read the letter aloud.

‘ It is with no small astonishment
‘ that I find myself called to an account,
‘ in the letter which your Grace did me
‘ the honour of writing to me, for a point
‘ which I sincerely wish never had been
‘ mentioned. The remarks you have
‘ made on it redound as much to the
‘ honour of your Grace’s penetration and
‘ sagacity, as they tend to mortify me by
‘ betraying me into a confession, which I
‘ would have refused to make to any mortal
‘ living, except to so noble a challenger. ’

‘ My second letter to your Privy Secre-
‘ tary, explaining sufficiently the motives
‘ which have prompted me to gain Miguel
‘ over to our party by the arts of natural
‘ magic, I think I need not add new
‘ arguments to those contained in that
‘ letter, if your Grace will take the trou-
‘ ble to re-peruse and to ponder them at-
‘ tentively

‘ tentively. Besides the reprehension of
‘ your Grace is directed less against the
‘ means which I have made use of, than
‘ against the manner of their application.
‘ You ask in your letter, why I have had
‘ recourse to such superfluous machina-
‘ tions, to such expensive, intricate, arti-
‘ ficial, and fragile machines? Indeed you
‘ think too contemptibly of Miguel. His
‘ penetration, as well as his great know-
‘ ledge, raise him far above the common
‘ men of his age; his understanding, which
‘ has been improved under the tuition of
‘ an Antonio de Galvez, is not to be im-

4 which forced me to have recourse to
 6 so many machinations, and such expen-
 6 sive and complicated machines. If my
 6 design upon him had been crowned with
 6 success, Miguel too would have been an
 6 easy and certain conquest.

6 If your Grace should ask what has
 6 prompted me to form so daring a plan,
 6 and what reasons I had to hope for suc-
 6 cess? I beg you will condescend to pon-
 6 der the following points: Count Galvez
 6 was an insurmountable obstacle in my
 6 way to Miguel, which rendered it neces-
 6 sary either to draw him in our interest,
 6 or to remove him from his pupil. It
 6 will be obvious to you for what reason
 6 I resolved to attempt the former, if you
 6 will consider how much advantage our
 6 affairs would have derived from so va-
 6 luable a conquest. If we could have
 6 made sure of Antonio, we then should
 6 also have drawn the court of Rome in our
 6 interest by his intercession. Before the
 6 the present Pope was raised to the papal
 6 throne, he and a number of persons of
 6 the highest rank were intimately con-
 6 nected with him. We could, therefore,
 6 have

‘ have expected to interest for our cause by
‘ his influence a court, which will become
‘ our most dangerous enemy, if it should
‘ not take our part ; and I apprehend this
‘ will be the case.*

‘ What a triumph would it have proved
‘ to me, if I had succeeded in my at-
‘ tempt to subdue this man through my
‘ magical operations, and to catch in ~~one~~
‘ snare two persons of so great an import-
‘ ance to our cause. The idea of infar-
‘ ing the Count by means of miracles and
‘ ghosts was, indeed, a very bold one,
‘ but not so inconsiderate as it may ap-

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6 however, at the same time, well aware
6 that the impressions we receive in our
6 juvenile days, are re-produced with vi-
6 vacity on certain occasions. I also
6 knew that his philosophy does not deny
6 the existence of spirits, and the hope of
6 futurity which he defended with enthu-
6 siasm, renders the human mind but too
6 prone to give credit to the apparitions
6 of spirits, if they have the appearance of
6 reality. Even his propensity to specu-
6 lation, his fondness of solitude, the inte-
6 rest he took in supersensitive objects,
6 his melancholy temper, prompted me to
6 expect that my artifices would find ac-
6 cess to his heart; and if the heart is but
6 interested for something, then the under-
6 standing too is generally *half* gained.
6 However, he who intends to gain it *en-
6 tirely*, must take care not to expose his
6 blind side to a keen-sighted and pert ge-
6 nius, and for that reason I was obliged
6 to endeavour to carry the illusion to
6 the highest degree of probability; I was
6 under the necessity of attempting to
6 make it impossible to Count Galvez to
6 penetrate my delusions. This will con-
6 vince

vince your Grace that my plan, how bold soever it might have been, has not been formed without *probability of success*. However, when Count Clairval began to cultivate a more intimate connection with Antonio, I was made sensible that my expectations have been too sanguine.

He entreated me to give up a design that never could succeed. Prudence commanded me to follow his advice, though it mortified my ambition extremely. No other expedient was now left than to remove Count Galvez from

‘ Sp***n with unshaken loyalty, because
 ‘ he thinks it his *duty* to be loyal; and a
 ‘ man of fifty years, of so firm and rooted
 ‘ principles, cannot be enticed from what
 ‘ he thinks to be his *duty*, before it ceases
 ‘ to be duty to him. But what power upon
 ‘ earth could absolve from a *duty such a*
 ‘ man? Here supernatural powers must
 ‘ interfere and absolve him, beings from
 ‘ another world must appear as bails.

‘ I can scarcely think that the failure
 ‘ of this plan has originated from a fault
 ‘ of mine, for I have tried every means
 ‘ of exhibiting my miracles and ghosts in
 ‘ a shape of probability. Yet this has en-
 ‘ tangled me on the other side in a very
 ‘ disagreeable dilemma. Miguel, to whom
 ‘ his tutor has rendered suspected even
 ‘ my most consummate artifices, must be
 ‘ kept steady in the course he once has
 ‘ taken. I shall, perhaps, be necessitated
 ‘ to perform something quite extraordi-
 ‘ nary in order to fix the mind of this
 ‘ wavering young man who is constantly
 ‘ pressing forwards. Thus I think to
 ‘ have given a satisfactory answer to the
 ‘ question why I have introduced so ex-
 ‘ pensive

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‘ pensive, complicated and artificial ma-
‘ chines.

‘ If your Grace should ask why I have
‘ kept my design on Miguel’s tutor so se-
‘ cret, then I must tell you, that I con-
‘ cealed it so carefully because I intended
‘ to surprise the confederates unexpect-
‘ edly by my valuable acquisition, if I
‘ should have succeeded; and if not, to
‘ spare myself the mortification of having
‘ it said that I had undertaken a task to
‘ which my powers were not equal. I
‘ hope your Grace will reward my frank
‘ and plain confession by burying it in

“Ridicule me as long as you please—I cannot but confess that he is, nevertheless, incomprehensible to me.”

“My dear Duke, I know what I am to think of the Irishman, but I scarcely know what to think of you.”

“You disapprove of my connection with that man.”

“Very much.”

“Tell me your sentiments without reserve; I know you have had a strong desire for some time to come to an explanation with me.”

“You have been ill, and I wish to spare you.”

“I don’t want your forbearance. Speak.”

“At another time, my friend, at another time.”

“No delay. Alumbardo is no stranger to my history, and consequently may hear your observation on it.”

“If you insist upon it, then I must tell you that I am extremely vexed at the idea that the fellow, who dared to sport with your understanding has enjoyed the triumph of guiding you in leading-strings

whichever he chose. I am glad that you have rendered his magical labours so useless; I am rejoiced at the resistance which you have opposed to his attacks; but it grieves me that he has conquered you so dishonestly and artfully. I cannot but confess that the artifice to which your penetration yielded, has been enormous, however. I am angry with you because the man whom you really had discovered to be a cheat, succeeded a second time in gaining your confidence."

"Do you then imagine that the Irishman has imposed on me in the latter pe-

“ I am glad you remind me of the Count. Why did he refuse so obstinately to explain that incident in spite of my prayers and menaces, declaring solemnly that it had been effected by supernatural means, although he has candidly discovered the rest of the delusions of the Irishman. What benefit could he expect from deceiving me any longer, the revolution being established, and consequently his end attained?”

“ Has he not confessed that he is in the service of the Irishman? Can you know what orders he has received from his employer? Was not the veil of mystery which the Count has thrown over that incident, the only remaining mean of supporting the authority of his lord and master? Who knows what he would have confessed if you had shown a firm resolution to enforce your menaces?”

“ I confess I acted very weakly and rashly, in suffering him to escape so soon.”

“ At bottom it matters very little. What confidence could you have reposed in the confession of a man, who on a fore-

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gave the paper to Amelia; secondly, that he desired the question to be written on the upper part of it; and thirdly, that he dictated the question to her; he then put the paper on the table, fumigated the apartment with an incense of his own composition, and requested the Countess to look at the paper in the morning. It was very natural that the answer to the question was seen beneath it, having been previously written with sympathetic ink the preceding evening, but first rendered visible in the night by the fumigation. Very likely it had been written by the Count, who could imitate the hand-writing of his brother."

The Duke gazed at me a long while, seized with dumb astonishment. At length he clapped his hands joyfully, exclaiming, "O! my friend, what a light have you cast upon that dark mysterious affair."

"A light," my reply was, "that will assist you to see clearly how dishonestly the Irishman and the Count have dealt with you to the last. They endeavoured to persuade you that you had been de-

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whether the Irishman or any man living can effect such an apparition."

"You want to evade my question."

"Indeed not!"

"Then tell me, do you think apparitions of ghosts to be possible?"

"Tell me, does not this question imply, that, are men capable of seeing ghosts?"

"Certainly."

"That I deny."

"You think that no man living has that capacity."

"And not without reason. We can see only those objects which throw an image on the retina of the eye, and consequently only expanded things; a spirit has no expansion, and therefore cannot be seen by us."

"You cut it very short."

"My argument is valid."

"Yet you have demonstrated nothing else but that we cannot see *pure* spirits; we may, nevertheless, be capable of seeing spirits in bodily clothing."

"This I grant without the least hesitation, for daily experience proves it."

We see *men*, of course we see spirits in *bodily clothing*."

"You fancy to escape me by this turn; but you are mistaken. You allow that we can see spirits if clothed in a bodily covering."

"What we *see* is always nothing but the bodily covering; but we must *conclude* by other marks and circumstances, whether it be inhabited by a spirit. Besides, there is in the whole dominion of our *sensible* knowledge not one being that answers our idea of a spirit; this idea has been produced merely by *reasoning*, and therefore a spirit never can become an ob-

Those philosophers who fancy all the beings of the whole creation to be spirits, as well as those who deny the existence of God, draw their arguments from that source. Is there any absurdity that could not be fitted to that baseless philosophy?"

"You are carrying matters too far. The Irishman did indeed propound several positions, which by their evidence enforce their claim to truth."

"That I do not deny. A great deal of philosophical penetration is however required, if one shall be able to discern the truth and falsehood, which its assertion imply in a strange and motly mixture. One feels indeed, frequently, the falsehood of sophistical subtleties without being able to refute them."

"I should be glad to know what you have to object against the doctrine of the Irishman concerning the possibility of apparitions?"

"In order to do this, it will be necessary previously to abstract his doctrine."

"When a spirit," the Irishman says, operates on mine, then he is present to me. If I were a mere rational being, I

then should be satisfied with *imagining* the presence of the spirit, *without* myself; but since I am a sensible being, by virtue of my nature, my imagination forms a corporeal idea of the object which my understanding *thinks*; that is, it forms an image of it. The presence of a spirit, therefore, puts my inferior intellectual powers in motion by means of the superior ones; I do not only imagine it merely *without* myself, but I perceive, at the same time, a *shape* answerable to it; I not only collect the ideas which he produces in my mind, but, at the same time, *shape* them in words. In short, I see the spirit and

pleasure by our imagination; therefore, on every apparition of spirits truth would be intermixed with illusion, and the notions which have been instilled in our mind by our education, and all the prejudices we have imbibed in our infancy, would act an important part on every occasion of that kind?"

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Then tell me, what would the gift of seeing spirits and ghosts benefit us, since the spiritual effect could not but be interwoven so closely with the phantoms of our imagination, that it would be impossible to discern reality from the gross illusions which it is surrounded with?"

The Duke was absorbed in silent meditation, and I continued:—

"Don't you see that *superstition* thus would be at full liberty to exercise its sway over us, because we should be led to believe that even the most absurd delusions of our imagination *could possibly be* founded on a spiritual influx?"

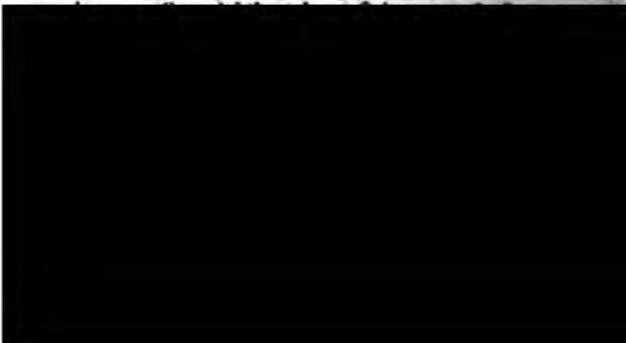
The Duke continued to be silent, and I resumed:—

"And

“And don't you see that it would be impossible to discern a ghost-seer from a lunatic?”

The Duke started up: “How, from a lunatic?”

“Undoubtedly. The characteristic of lunacy consists in mistaking mere objects of the imagination for real substances, existing without ourselves, the original cause of which is a convulsion of the vessels of our brain, which are put out of their equilibrium. This suspension of the equilibrium can arise either from weakness of nerves, or from too strong a pressure of the blood towards the head, and mere phantoms of our imagination then appear to us, even while awake, to be real objects without ourselves. Although such



ceives, or imagines he sees such phantoms appear and disappear suddenly, when they are gamboling only before *one* sense, that of *sight*, without being perceived through another sense; for example, that of *feeling*, and therefore appear to be penetrable. The distemper of the visionary does not affect the understanding immediately, but only the senses; in consequence of which the unhappy wretch cannot remove the delusion by arguments of reason, because the real or supposed perception through the senses, always antecedes the judgment of the understanding, and possesses an immediate evidence which far surpasses all reflection. For which reason I can blame no person who treats the ghost-seers as candidates for the lunatic hospital, instead of looking upon them as people belonging, partly, to another world."

"Marquis, Marquis!" the Duke said, smiling, "you use the ghost-seers very ill. I should leave them entirely at your mercy, if the Irishman had not promised to communicate to me a criterion by
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perceive, or suppose you perceive by means of your senses, in case of an apparition, is either a real material object; whereby perhaps an impostor, perhaps nature, who is so inexhaustible in her effects, or an accidental meeting of uncommon incidents surprises you; or it is an object that exists no where but in your heated imagination; what you perceive through your senses never can be the spirit himself, because spirits are incorporeal beings, and therefore neither can be seen, heard, nor felt; it is, consequently, evident that no external criterion of the reality of an apparition can exist."

"This, I think, cannot be disputed."

"But there exists perhaps an internal criterion. In order to decide this question, let us consider what passes in the human mind when a ghost appears. First of all, a lively idea of the presence of a ghost takes place, and sensations of terror, astonishment and awe arise—however this idea and these sensations, may be nothing else but the consequence of an uncommon, though natural external impression of a feverish fancy, and consequently

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short, my friend, there exists neither an internal nor an external criterion whereby we could ascertain the reality of an apparition."

"O how insufficient is human reason!" the Duke groaned, "how ambiguous the faculty through which we fancy we resemble the Godhead, and that guides us much unfafer than instinct directs brutes. But a short time since I thought it to be consonant with reason to believe in apparitions of ghosts, and now I am convinced of the contrary. Your arguments have pulled down what those of the Irishman have constructed, and thus I am constantly driven from one belief to the opposite one. Where shall I find, at length, a fixed point to rest upon? O! how happy is he, who undisturbed by the restless instinct of thinking, and of investigating the nature of things, rests in the lap of faith!"

I had not yet recovered from my astonishment at the speech of the Duke, when Alumbrado asked me, after a short pause:

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dreadful look, which he however soon sweetened again.

“ I am convinced of the possibility of miracles,” I replied, “ because it is self-evident that God, who is the author of the laws of nature, can alter and suspend them ; but this only the Creator can do ; man, consequently, is not capable of working miracles.”

“ But men can become instruments in the hand of God,” Alumbardo continued, “ whereby Providence performs miracles !”

“ Undoubtedly, but no wretches like the Irishman. The eternal source of truth and holiness can never employ, as an immediate instrument, an impostor who deals in lies and artifice.”

“ Where will you find a mortal without fault ?” the Duke said, “ indeed you are too much prejudiced against the Irishman. He did not deceive me out of malice or selfishness, but only for the sake of a just and noble purpose.”

“ Actions that are in themselves immoral, like imposition and lies, never can be rendered moral by the justness of
their

their end, and an organ of the Godhead never can employ means of so culpable a nature. But, my friend, if you really are persuaded the furtherance of the revolution to have been a noble and just action, why has the Irishman been obliged to exert all his arts to prevail on you to assist in the execution of that undertaking?"

The Duke cast his eyes to the ground, and Alumbrado left us. Miguel seemed to be penetrated with shame and confusion, and continued for some time to keep his eyes rivetted to the ground without

“ I do not comprehend you.”

“ I have declared myself against the belief in apparitions, and Alumbrado is perhaps at present on the road to the inquisition, in order to inform against me.”

“ Have you not yet conquered your prejudices against him? Don't be uneasy, and cease judging unjustly of a man against whom you have no reason of complaint, except a countenance which you do not like.”

“ You did not observe the fiend-like look he darted at me. O my friend, whatever may befall me, I will submit willingly to it, if I have succeeded in recalling you from your errors!”

“ I thank you for your love, but I apprehend very much I am one of those unhappy men of whom you have been saying, that no arguments of reason can remove their delusion. I am sensible that my sensation has an immediate evidence, which overpowers every persuasion of the understanding—this I am sensible of, as often as I recall to my mind the apparition at the church-yard.”

“ You

“ You view me with looks of pity,” the Duke continued after a short pause, “ I divine your thoughts. However, if you had seen what I have witnessed—”

“ Then I should have been astonished at the artful delusion, and the dexterity of the Irishman.”

“ And at the same time would not have been able to conceive, as well as myself, how it could have been performed in a natural manner.”

“ I grant it ; but I never conclude that any thing has been performed by supernatural means, because I cannot compre-

the delusion before the eyes of a cool observer. The Irishman could not give to the phantom the accent of Antonio's voice, how skilfully soever he imitated his features. That the apparition did not move his eyes and lips, nor any limb, is also a suspicious circumstance, that proves the limits of the artificer's skill. But what renders the reality of the apparition most suspicious is, undoubtedly, your friend's ignorance of what *his* pretended *spirit* (consequently his proper *self*) told you at the church-yard; for if he had known any thing of it, he would not have concealed it from the Prince of Braganza, in whose arms he died, much less from you, in his farewell letter. Finally; if you consider what your tutor has told the Prince about his statue, which has been cut in wood during his imprisonment, you will find it very probable that the Irishman has made use of it in some manner or other for effecting that delusion."

The Duke stared at me like a person suddenly roused from a profound sleep.—
 "Marquis!" he said, at length, "you have opened my eyes; but my unwont

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body but himself, and the cause of his groans originated from the pressure of the blood against the breast. This pressure awakened him once more, early in the morning, with some violence; he fell again asleep a few minutes after, and it was very natural that the object of the dream that stole upon him should be no other but Count San*. Your father mistook that dream for a real apparition and nothing is more pardonable than this self-deceit. The only circumstance that renders this incident remarkable, is, that the Count really expired in that very hour. However, I ask you whether it be so very strange, if our imagination, which deceives us so many thousand times by its delusions should at length coincide once accidentally with the truth?"

"One rather ought to wonder," the Duke replied, "that this is so rarely the case."

"Here you have two instances of apparitions," I resumed, "which agree in their being delusions, only with that difference, that one of them which happened at the church-yard originated from external

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It has however been frequently the fate of truth that its discovery was founded on erroneous premises; consequently the manner in which an idea is generated cannot render its internal truth suspected, provided it be supported by other valid arguments."

"Your remark is very just and true, yet it cannot be applied to the present case, for I have already proved that we possess neither an external nor an internal criterion by which we could discern the influence and apparition of those invisible beings, and that we consequently have no sufficient reason to believe in their existence. This too I will not contest. You have, however, proved only the impossibility of finding out a criterion by which we could discern the real influence of spirits, but not the impossibility of that influence itself. It may yet be supposed that these beings can produce apparitions without, and effects within ourselves, and that we are connected with them in an effectual and secret manner. While this internal impossibility is not proved, it will not be absurd to imagine

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tainly not be anxious to give any offence to the man in the moon by my actions. But to be serious, my friend, the point of your question is not, whether it be possible spirits should have an influence on us and external objects, but whether we really do possess a certain and decisive criterion whereby we can ascertain the reality of that influence; and I think I have sufficiently proved that we possess none. Nay I even maintain, that if something should not only be possible, but also really exist, yet its existence is no concern of mine, while I cannot ascertain its existence by a sufficient ground, while it does not manifest its existence to my knowledge by certain and indubitable criterions."

"But your objection," I resumed after a short silence, "may be pursued still further. You maintain that I could not prove the internal *impossibility* of the influence of spirits on human beings, and thus far you are right; but I have an equal right to maintain that you also cannot prove their *real possibility*; for in that case it would be requisite to know not only what a spirit is according our idea,

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lotted to him, which we can never transgress without being punished, and which implies every thing that can afford us satisfaction while we keep firm to what is useful."

About six weeks after this conversation I happened, one night, to sup with the Marquis in the company of his son and Alumbrado. Our discourse on the new government was growing very warm, when the clock in the room struck ten. Alumbrado suddenly grew deadly wan, and seemed to be struck dumb; his eyes stared at one spot, and he resembled a lifeless statue. We looked at each other with astonishment; the old Marquis was the first who called to him, but received no answer, and started up seized with terror. The Duke and myself followed his example; our endeavours to restore Alumbrado to recollection were, however, fruitless; he remained in profound stupefaction. Not knowing what had happened to him, we were going to send for a physician, when he rose from his chair like a person to whom nothing uncommon has happened, and told us with the greatest

unconcern, "This very moment a strange accident has happened 300 miles from hence. At *li*, at the Sun Tavern, the picture of the new King which was hung up in the dining room, gave occasion to a discourse concerning him. One of the guests said a great deal to his praise, manifesting, at the same time, a strong apprehension that the King of S——n might not submit so quietly to the loss of the crown of P——l, and perhaps, reclaim it by force of arms. Another guest declared this to be a vain idea, maintaining that the new King was as firmly fixed on his throne as his picture opposite him on the

gence. "I must beg you," Alumbrado replied in a low accent, "to suppress a question to which I can give no satisfactory answer. However," he added with emphasis, "you may rely on the truth of my intelligence."

He had not deceived us. On the sixth day after this extraordinary incident, letters from *li* arrived confirming the same event, and nine days after, it was reported in the foreign newspapers. It really happened on the same evening, and the same night when Alumbrado had informed us of it.

Being unexpectedly honoured by the new King with a commission that obliged me to leave the kingdom of P——l, soon after this extraordinary incident had happened, I was not at leisure to investigate the source of Alumbrado's prophecy; nor could I learn the Duke's opinion of it; my deluded friend beginning to grow very close and reserved in my presence. It grieved me to be obliged to leave him in Alumbrado's power, under such critical circumstances, I could however, not delay my departure. The Duke tore

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whole affair would still bear a very suspicious aspect. Not to mention the great improbability of his escape from a well-guarded castle, where he was kept in close confinement, and of his having attained an age of 108 years notwithstanding the hardships he suffered in the field of battle, and in his prison.—I only beg you to consider who it was that introduced him to you as King of P——l? Was not the Irishman that person? At the same time, give me leave to recal to your recollection, that Count Clairval has confessed that the pretended King acted in concert with that impostor, and then tell me sincerely, what ground you have to believe such an improbability on the testimony of two cheats? Perhaps you will appeal to his great resemblance to the late King? But have not three persons before him pleaded similar marks as proofs of the identity of their person, and nevertheless been unmasked as impostors? My good Duke, on mature consideration it seems that the Irishman relied very much on your youth and the absence

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and in safety ; for that purpose the hermit was brought on the stage, and acted his part with no common skill."

" Damned complot !" I exclaimed, with rising indignation. " Compose yourself, my Lord," Alumbrado resumed, " your anger will now avail you very little. Take care not to manifest your indignation too loudly, lest the new King might forget that you are his relation, and have assisted him to ascend the throne. You can do nothing else at present, but to submit humbly to his authority ; and I advise you at the same time not to neglect paying due regard to the Queen, for she rules the King and the empire. Do not expect that the present King will yield the sceptre he has usurped to any man living. If you don't believe me, you may inquire of him after the old King, and he will tell you, that he has resigned the government to him, because he feels himself unequal to the arduous task of ruling a large kingdom, on account of his advanced age, or perhaps that he is dead."

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King, however, received me very courteously, pretending to be extremely sorry that the accumulated affairs of state had not allowed him to receive my visit sooner, declaring at the same time that he was very glad to see me. "I am come, (I replied) in order to tell you that I am surprised that the old King has not yet made his appearance, and released you from the heavy burden of state business."

"Don't you know that he is dead?"

The emotions that I felt at these words are beyond all description; and my astonishment, the paleness that overspread my face, and my silence, must have betrayed them to the King.

"At what are you astonished thus? not at the death of an old man of a hundred and eight years?"

"No," I replied after a pause, "but I am surprised that he died at so seasonable a period."

"Will you explain yourself more distinctly?"

"I think it is a very strange accident that the royal hermit should have en-
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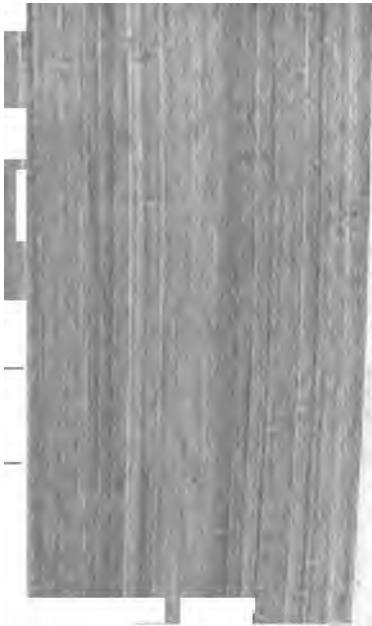
“ O!

“ Who could doubt it? Yet I think one ought to make the death of the deceased King publicly known.”

“ If we could but first convince the people that he has been alive lately. The profound incognito behind which he concealed himself, throws an insurmountable bar in our way. No one would believe us.”

“ Upon my honour, I almost disbelieve it myself any longer.”

“ You are right; one needs not to believe what one is convinced of, for you have seen him with your own eyes. If fate had suffered him to show himself in public, every one would have acknowledged him to have been the person that he really was, the old lawful King of P^{ort}-^{ugal}. Having, however, lived and died in obscurity, the whole matter may remain a secret, and that so much the more because the discovery would be intirely usefess. It is therefore my royal pleasure that no mention whatever be made of it. Farewell! (he added after a short pause) you will always find me your affectionate King.”



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‘ advised you to appear with humility in
‘ his presence ?”

‘ Alumbrado had certainly the most
‘ friendly view in reprimanding me thus ;
‘ he did not know that every word of his
‘ wounded my heart like a two-edged
‘ dagger.

‘ I have been interrupted by the visit
‘ of a Prelate of very high rank. He
‘ came to inform my father and myself,
‘ that the Vice-Queen of P^{ortugal} had
‘ been imprisoned by the order of the
‘ King, because she has had the impru-
‘ dence to declare that the new King had
‘ usurped the throne in a fraudulent man-
‘ ner, and that it was the duty of every
‘ inhabitant of P^{ortugal} to acknowledge
‘ only the King of Sp^{ain} as his lawful
‘ sovereign, because the voluntary oath
‘ of allegiance the P^{ortugal} had sworn to
‘ the latter, could not be made void by
‘ that which the Duke of B^{urgundy} had ob-
‘ tained by artifice and force. “ I cannot
‘ conceive,” the Prelate added, “ what rea-
‘ sonable objection can be alledged
‘ against this declaration ; but neverthe-

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be chiefly directed, from his clutches, and thus expected to gain two advantages by one stroke: not only to cut the sinews of Alumbrado's undertaking asunder, but also to guard the Duke against the snare which was laid for him.

With that view I wrote to the latter:

Your letters have been very important to me; I must, however, beg you to fetch my answer yourself. Don't refuse my request, and hasten to the arms of your friend, whose happiness in a place on which nature seems to have lavished all her blessings, would be complete if you were present. Here we will discuss the political concerns which give you so much uneasiness, for I have more than one reason for not doing it by way of letter, and my affairs threaten to detain me here some time longer. They will not only improve but it will also ease your mind which is bent down by the weight of business and the fatigues of a very amusemerit. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

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‘ to fulfil my promise. In spite of Alum-
 ‘ brado’s remonstrances, I went on board
 ‘ of the ship that was to convey me to
 ‘ my friend. A favourable breeze that
 ‘ swelled our sails, enlivened my hopes of
 ‘ embracing you soon. Evening set in,
 ‘ and the wind and the sky continued to be
 ‘ propitious. The second and the third
 ‘ night stole upon us amid the same fa-
 ‘ vourable auspices.

‘ I do not know how it happened, that
 ‘ on the third night the recollection of my
 ‘ fainted Amelia awoke within my mind
 ‘ with additional vivacity. It was not,
 ‘ however, associated with painful, but
 ‘ with bitter-sweet sensations, which fre-
 ‘ quently afford to feeling minds a more
 ‘ delicious pleasure than joys unmixed. I
 ‘ proceeded insensibly from sensations to
 ‘ the realms of fancy. I looked at the
 ‘ star of love, and imagined I beheld
 ‘ Amelia’s fainted spirit enthroned in its
 ‘ silver lustre. My soul soared above the
 ‘ immense space that separated us, and
 ‘ anticipated the bliss of the celestial spi-
 ‘ rits.—O! why has she so soon been ren-
 ‘ dered sensible of the limits of her power.

‘ will not pursue you to the paradise that
‘ blossoms here. And if only your
‘ gloominess of mind shall have left you,
‘ you will view things that now appear to
‘ you in a frightful shape, in a more
‘ pleasing light. At the same time you
‘ may expect that the commission the King
‘ has charged me with, will enable me to
‘ explain to you many political objects
‘ which I dare not do in writing. Come,
‘ my friend, you certainly will not regret
‘ your having undertaken this journey.

‘ &c. &c. &c.’

‘ to fulfil my promise. In spite of Alum-
 ‘ brado’s remonstrances, I went on board
 ‘ of the ship that was to convey me to
 ‘ my friend. A favourable breeze that
 ‘ swelled our sails, enlivened my hopes of
 ‘ embracing you soon. Evening set in,
 ‘ and the wind and the sky continued to be
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 ‘ silver lustre. My soul soared above the
 ‘ immense space that separated us, and
 ‘ anticipated the bliss of the celestial spi-
 ‘ rits.—O! why has she so soon been ren-
 ‘ dered sensible of the limits of her power.

‘ which obliged her to return to our sub-
‘ lunar globe ?

‘ I felt a faintness which invited me to
‘ rest, and having bid adieu to the starry
‘ firmament and the ocean, I went to my
‘ cabin, where the solacing hand of sleep
‘ soon closed my eyes.

‘ I awoke an hour before the dawn of
‘ morn. Finding myself entirely refresh-
‘ ed, I left my couch and returned on
‘ deck, in order to hail the stars once
‘ more, before they should be dispelled
‘ by the majestic king of day. But what
‘ a scene did my gazing eyes behold!—

' fore I could examine the individual
 ' beauties of that grand scene. Whither-
 ' soever I directed my gazing looks, I be-
 ' held fiery streaks. However, all parts
 ' were not equally illuminated; some
 ' spots emitted quick flashes of light, while
 ' others continued some minutes to
 ' sparkle. The separated water gushed
 ' before us in luminous streams, and the
 ' furrow which the vessel drew formed a
 ' white bright streak behind us, which
 ' was interspersed with sky-blue spots.
 ' The multifarious and dazzling light was
 ' skipping on the curling waves; the spume
 ' which the little bubbles produced on the
 ' surface of the water, glittered like sil-
 ' ver-coloured snow. I could have
 ' plunged in the watery abyss in order to
 ' sink down in that heaven.

' The rising sun put a stop to that en-
 ' chantment. My fellow travellers began
 ' to stir. I hastened to tell them what a
 ' scene they had missed. A reverend old
 ' man, who was present when I related
 ' what I had seen, smiled. "One can
 ' see," said he, "that this is your first
 ' voyage; this phenomenon is nothing

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‘ upon another with a roaring noise ; the
 ‘ dreadful flashes of lightning seemed to
 ‘ dye the surface of the ocean with blood,
 ‘ and each clap of thunder threatened to
 ‘ shiver the mast to atoms. The foaming
 ‘ of the waves, the rolling of thunder, and
 ‘ the howling of the winds, seemed to
 ‘ announce to that part of the world the
 ‘ return of old chaos.

‘ The strong flashes of lightning made
 ‘ us suddenly observe that land was near.
 ‘ How welcome soever such a discovery is
 ‘ in fair weather, yet it was to us the most
 ‘ dreadful incident that could have hap-
 ‘ pened, on account of our imminent dan-
 ‘ ger of being wrecked. Our cables
 ‘ seemed not to be able to resist long the
 ‘ fury of the winds and waves which as-
 ‘ sailed the vessel.

‘ All these circumstances contributed to
 ‘ recall to my mind the recollection of a
 ‘ similar incident which had robbed me
 ‘ of my Amelia. The wounds of my
 ‘ heart began to bleed afresh, and the
 ‘ melancholy sensations which assailed my
 ‘ mind, deprived me of the power that I,
 ‘ otherwise, should have opposed to the

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‘ us now enjoy in silence the grandest
 ‘ spectacle that nature can afford!” So
 ‘ saying, he looked with tranquillity at
 ‘ the foaming ocean, as if he had been
 ‘ standing on the sheltering shore, far
 ‘ distant from the danger that surrounded
 ‘ us from all sides. His eyes beheld with
 ‘ inconceivable serenity the wild commo-
 ‘ tion of the waves, which now raised the
 ‘ vessel to the flaming clouds, and now
 ‘ hurled it into the gaping abyss of the
 ‘ boiling sea. The firm tranquillity which
 ‘ Alumbrado’s countenance bespoke, in
 ‘ spite of the furious combat of the ele-
 ‘ ments, the impending destruction of the
 ‘ ship, and the doleful lamentations of the
 ‘ desponding crew, appeared to me to de-
 ‘ note more than human courage. I
 ‘ gazed with secret awe at a being that
 ‘ seemed to be delighted with a spectacle,
 ‘ which made every hair of my head rise
 ‘ like bristles.

‘ At length the flashes of lightning grew
 ‘ fainter, the roaring of the thunder less
 ‘ violent, and the fury of the winds seemed
 ‘ to be exhausted; but the sea continued
 ‘ to be agitated in so dreadful a manner,

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‘ smooth. We went on shore, and found
 ‘ ourselves not farther than a day’s jour-
 ‘ ney from Lifton.

‘ You see, my friend, that a higher
 ‘ power, against which opposition would
 ‘ have been useless, has put a stop to my
 ‘ voyage. I have related the history of
 ‘ it without making any comments, and
 ‘ leave it to your own judgment to form a
 ‘ just opinion of it. As for me, I am
 ‘ convinced that I have at length found
 ‘ the man whom my boding soul has long
 ‘ been in search of.’

This letter astonished me to the highest degree, and, at the same time, augmented my apprehensions very much. In my answer I declared neither for nor against Alumbrado’s supernatural power, because I neither chose to confirm the Duke in his belief in it, nor to risk losing his confidence; for how could I have expected to receive farther intelligence of his connection with Alumbrado, if I had been deprived of the latter? and yet it was of the utmost importance to me to learn every transaction of that designing man.

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ship to gratify my desire, and tried every art of persuasion in order to get the wished for information. He always evaded my questions, and frequently betrayed strong marks of uneasiness. Displeased with this reserve and mysterious behaviour, I took leave with evident coolness.

The two following days elapsed without our seeing each other. I must not forget to mention, that I received, the second day after my arrival, a letter from an unknown hand. When I opened the cover, I found a second sealed letter along with the following lines which were directed to me: ‘ To morrow you will
 ‘ receive a visit of an old acquaintance,
 ‘ to whom you will have the kindness to
 ‘ deliver the inclosed letter. But if he
 ‘ should not have made his appearance on
 ‘ the day after to-morrow, you may open
 ‘ the letter, which will give you farther
 ‘ information.’

I could guess neither the writer of the note, nor who that old acquaintance could be.

The day following I received the Duke's letter, which had been sent after

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‘ Concerning the Irishman, Alumbrado
 ‘ has given me a very extraordinary hint.
 ‘ The Marquis of F* (said he) is un-
 ‘ doubtedly right when he maintains, that
 ‘ God never intrufts an impoftor with the
 ‘ power of working miracles. He is how-
 ‘ ever mistaken, if he thinks the fpeaking
 ‘ phantom, which Hiermanfor made ap-
 ‘ pear at the church-yard, had been nothing
 ‘ elfe but a natural deception; no one
 ‘ will ever perfuade me that it is poffible
 ‘ to effect any thing of that kind by na-
 ‘ tural means. Effected by mere natural
 ‘ means, (you will fay) and yet no mi-
 ‘ racle? certainly not; for cannot Hier-
 ‘ manfor have deluded you by the affift-
 ‘ ance of the father of lies? I will not
 ‘ explain my opinion on that head more
 ‘ at large, yet I think the Irishman is an
 ‘ hypocritical villain, who carries on a
 ‘ wicked trade. One ought to congratu-
 ‘ late you, that your good principles de-
 ‘ terred him from initiating you in his
 ‘ fhocking myfteries. It was not without
 ‘ reason that he accused you of want of
 ‘ felf-fubfiftence and refolution, for a
 ‘ dreadful degree of firmnefs of foul is
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‘ required for joining in a contract where-
‘ by mortal men bid defiance to the great
‘ eternal Ruler of the world. However
‘ your better genius watched over you,
‘ and although you have been entangled
‘ a long time in the bonds of wickedness,
‘ yet he has delivered you from those
‘ snares before they were tied indissolubly.
‘ You ought to be thankful to the mercy
‘ of the God of love, and to be on your
‘ guard in future. If you should meet
‘ with men who perform supernatural
‘ works, you may easily find out what
‘ sort of people they are; if they deal in

' point out to you *reason* as the only in-
 ' fallible instructor and guide, at the ex-
 ' pence of faith, and at the same time
 ' strove to confound that very reason by
 ' artful and fallacious conclusions, as the
 ' Marquis of F* has demonstrated in a
 ' masterly manner. The Irishman was
 ' very careful not to make you reflect on
 ' the limits of reason and the power of
 ' men, because a genius like you would
 ' easily have concluded how much we
 ' are in want of divine illumination and
 ' grace; and it was his chief aim to re-
 ' move the light of religion, because his
 ' works required being covered by delu-
 ' sive mists. You will never have seen
 ' him frequent the church, nor perform
 ' religious rites, will never have heard
 ' him pronounce certain sacred names.
 ' I know that sort of people, who are so
 ' much the more dangerous, the more
 ' they are skilled in concealing their real
 ' shape behind deceiving masks. The
 ' spreading libertinism, and the furious
 ' rage of explaining every thing natu-
 ' rally, threatens indeed to suspend the
 ' belief in the existence, nay even in the
 ' possi-

‘ bility of miracles and forcery, however
‘ they have not ceased notwithstanding
‘ that. The opinions of men may alter,
‘ but things will remain as they are.
‘ The same Omnipotence that in times of
‘ old has led the Israelites through the
‘ red sea, manifests itself still in our days
‘ through signs and miracles, although they
‘ are not acknowledged as such by the
‘ blind multitude. The same reprobated
‘ spirit that spoke formerly through the
‘ oracle of Delphos, and by whose assist-
‘ ance Simon the magician performed
‘ extraordinary feats, is still active in our
‘ present times. Is it, therefore, impro-

' signs? People of either description
 ' will, indeed, always rarely be met with;
 ' superstition will mistake as such many
 ' who do not belong to that class, yet
 ' who can prove that they do not exist
 ' at all? I am, certainly, no enemy to
 ' reason, however I conceive it to be not
 ' less absurd obstinately to reject what-
 ' ever is miraculous, than to believe it
 ' blindly. I esteem reason while it does
 ' not overstep the limits to which it is
 ' confined, as the Marquis of F^a has
 ' justly observed, nor attempts to expel
 ' faith. There are supernatural things,
 ' sacred truths, which the former never
 ' can comprehend, being reserved only
 ' for the latter. Faith is hailed by noon-
 ' tide light, even where reason finds no-
 ' thing but midnight darkness. While
 ' the latter proceeds slowly, and with un-
 ' certain steps, through a mazy labyrinth
 ' of conclusions and arguments, the for-
 ' mer enjoys a clear immediate sight of
 ' truth, and experiences all the strength
 ' of its evidence. The period is however
 ' arrived, when men begin to abandon
 ' themselves exclusively to the cold spe-
 ' culation

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‘ of the truth of this assertion : he went,
 ‘ as you know from history, with four
 ‘ thousand men against the infidels, and
 ‘ was opposed by five kings with four
 ‘ hundred thousand Moors. Terror and
 ‘ dismay seized his little army at this
 ‘ fight ; however, the celebrated apparition
 ‘ through which God promised him
 ‘ the victory over his enemies, revived
 ‘ the broken spirit of his troops. And
 ‘ what else but faith in this promise could
 ‘ have made him risk and gain a battle,
 ‘ in which *one* man had to encounter an
 ‘ hundred ?”

‘ My dear Marquis, I have been inter-
 ‘ rupted again by the visit of a great pre-
 ‘ late, and, with your permission, shall
 ‘ communicate to you the substance of
 ‘ what he has told me. The Jews (he
 ‘ said) have, as you will know, offered
 ‘ to the new Regent, on his accession to
 ‘ the throne, to pay a great sum of mo-
 ‘ ney to him, if he would grant them li-
 ‘ berty to live and to trade in the coun-
 ‘ try as external Christians, without being
 ‘ persecuted by the Inquisition.—It would
 ‘ have been highly advantageous to reli-
 ‘ gion

‘ gion, if this liberty had been granted to
‘ the Jews; for although they should
‘ have visited the Christian churches at
‘ first only for form’s sake, and observed
‘ only the external rites of worship, yet
‘ many would have been edified, and
‘ convinced of the truth of Christi-
‘ anity so irresistibly, that they would
‘ have seriously embraced the Christian
‘ religion. The Inquisitors themselves
‘ have intimated this to the King. How-
‘ ever the ———, I do not know how to
‘ call him, who cares little for the pro-
‘ pagation of faith, has refused to grant

6 Sovereign, he also endeavours to obtain
 6 an opportunity of alienating them from
 6 the chief of the church. O Marquis!
 6 O Duke! what gloomy prospects for
 6 all those who are resolved to live and
 6 to die in the religion of their ances-
 6 tors.

6 "Stop," the Marquis exclaimed. "he
 6 shall not dare to carry matters to that
 6 point; by heaven, he shall not." My
 6 father had not yet ceased giving vent to
 6 his indignation, when the other prelates,
 6 whom I mentioned in my last letter,
 6 joined us. The two prelates were re-
 6 joiced to see each other, and concealed
 6 their sentiments so little from each other,
 6 that they both avowed their opinions of
 6 the new King without the least reserve.
 6 "I cannot conceive how you," said he, who
 6 had joined us, turning to my father and
 6 me, "who are sprung from royal blood,
 6 can submit to the humiliation of obey-
 6 ing a usurper, who will do every thing
 6 in his power to humble your family as
 6 much as possible. Don't you perceive
 6 that he confers the highest dignities on
 6 other people, while he, out of a cov-

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town, which always attracted me very
 much, partly by its natural charms, and
 partly by the undisturbed solitude one
 enjoys there. On the left side, a chain
 of hills, that form a beautiful group; on
 the right, a wood, inclosing the exten-
 sive plain, and in the middle the prof-
 ect of the distant blue mountains—
 You know what an enchanting effect
 that spot produces, particularly at sun-
 set; and thither I took a walk every
 evening. The way to that charming
 place is decorated with the ruins of an
 old chapel, which partly is surrounded
 with a half decayed wall. Approach-
 ing those ruins last evening, I saw
 Alumbrado step forth with hasty paces.
 "Stop!" he exclaimed, "Do you know
 that you will be a dead man if you pro-
 ceed a step farther?" Alumbrado's un-
 expected appearance, his intelligence,
 and the seriousness of his countenance
 convulsed my nerves. "A dead man?"
 I exclaimed. "Yes!" said he, "did
 I not foretell you that the King would
 vent his resentment against you? If you
 go fifty steps farther, you will bleed
 und

‘ under the hands of his banditti. You
‘ stare at me,” he continued. “ If you
‘ wish to be convinced of it, then follow
‘ me into the chapel, and let us change
‘ cloaths; I shall pursue this path, wrapt
‘ in your cloak, and the hired assassins
‘ will fall upon me, under the mistaken
‘ notion that I am the person whom they
‘ have been ordered by the King to as-
‘ sassinate. If you will ascend to the top
‘ of this turret, you may witness the
‘ whole scenc.” I shuddered with hor-
‘ ror, and peremptorily refused to submit
‘ to it.” “ You need not to be under the

' report of a pistol, and saw him drop
 ' down, upon which three ruffians darted
 ' forth from the bushes, gave him some
 ' stabs, and carried him into the wood.
 ' I staggered down the narrow stair-case
 ' by which I had ascended the turret, and
 ' went home, thrilled with emotions that
 ' surpass all power of description. I sat
 ' up till after midnight, but no Alum-
 ' brado came; however, at six o'clock
 ' he entered my apartment. I cannot de-
 ' scribe what I felt on seeing him. He
 ' was unhurt, but nevertheless I stag-
 ' gered back at the sight of him. " Alum-
 ' brado!" said I, after a pause of dumb
 ' astonishment, " do I really see you
 ' alive after the scene my eyes have wit-
 ' nessed last night?" " Pistols and dag-
 ' gers," he replied, " cannot hurt the
 ' man who is under the immediate pro-
 ' tection of God. Come," added he,
 " let us go to your father."

' I related to my parent the incident of
 ' the preceding night. He seemed to be
 ' petrified. The cruel villainy of the
 ' King, and the supernatural power of
 ' Alumbrado, appeared to have carried

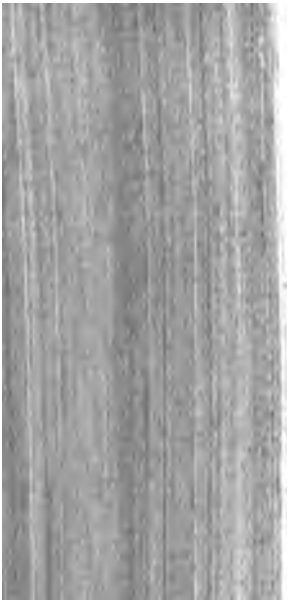
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' leagued with the spirit of darkness are
 ' proof against fire-arms and swords, and
 ' that the children of light do not enjoy
 ' that privilege? I will give you a
 ' proof of it; send for a gun and balls,
 ' here is powder." So saying, he pro-
 ' duced the powder horn which I had
 ' missed some days. "You have," added
 ' he, "either lost it or it has been stolen,
 ' for I have found it in the hands of the
 ' banditti." "What are you going to do
 ' with balls and a gun?" My father asked
 ' with marks of astonishment. "That
 ' you shall see instantly," Alumbrado re-
 ' plied, "if you only will send for both."
 ' I ordered Pietro to fetch my fowling
 ' piece and a couple of balls out of my
 ' apartment. He returned with them,
 ' and Alumbrado whispered in my ear to
 ' send him out of the room. Having dis-
 ' missed the servant, Alumbrado begged
 ' me to charge the gun, but previously to
 ' examine carefully the powder and the
 ' balls. I did as he had desired me, and
 ' the gun being charged, Alumbrado said
 ' to the Marquis: "Now take the gun,
 ' *my Lord*, and fire it at me." My father

‘ was almost petrified at this request, and
‘ having gazed at him a good while, with
‘ looks of astonishment, exclaimed:
‘ No! I never shall do any thing of that
‘ kind!”—Then you too are destitute of
‘ faith?” Alumbrado said, looking up to
‘ heaven. “ O God, how degenerated
‘ are even the faithful adorers of thy
‘ son!” “ I have declined it out of no
‘ other motive,” the Marquis replied,
‘ but because I will not tempt the omni-
‘ potence of God.” “ The motive of
‘ my request is not temptation, but the
‘ glory of God.” Alumbrado replied.

‘ his aim, but trembled so violently that
 ‘ he was obliged to lay down the gun.
 ‘ Alumbrado desired me to step nearer,
 ‘ and putting my hand to his bare breast,
 ‘ said: “ Feel whether this heart beats so
 ‘ timorously as that of your father.” These
 ‘ words provoked the pride of the Mar-
 ‘ quis, he ordered me to step aside,
 ‘ levelled his piece and discharged it.
 ‘ A cloud of smoak concealed Alum-
 ‘ brado’s situation for a moment from our
 ‘ eyes. It is impossible to depict the
 ‘ sensations that rushed upon my heart,
 ‘ when I beheld him in his former situa-
 ‘ tion, and heard him exclaim: “ You
 ‘ have aimed well, my Lord, however,
 ‘ the ball has recoiled from my breast,
 ‘ there it lies on the floor.” My father
 ‘ sunk on his knees and lifted his hands to
 ‘ heaven as if praying, and I gazed at
 ‘ Alumbrado with silent awe.

“ Duke!” said the latter, “ charge the
 ‘ gun once more.” The Marquis started
 ‘ up, exclaiming: “ For what purpose?”
 “ I want your son to repeat the deed.”—
 “ No, there is no occasion for it;” my fa-
 ‘ ther replied, “ the omnipotence of the



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‘ too?”

‘ In short, I v
‘ the piece again,
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‘ I could rely on
‘ not to miss him,
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‘ pointed at Alun
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‘ on the floor, an
‘ received the lead
‘ He now took a

‘ O my friend, make haste to recant at
 ‘ the feet of this astonishing man the pre-
 ‘ judices which you have uttered against
 ‘ him. Blush at your philosophy, where-
 ‘ by you have combated so frequently
 ‘ my propensity to supernatural events.
 ‘ I have always had a presentiment that
 ‘ this irresistible propensity would be gra-
 ‘ tified one time; yet I was a stranger to
 ‘ the road which led to the object of my
 ‘ most ardent wishes. Alumbrado has
 ‘ pointed it out to me, and a new epocha
 ‘ of my life has commenced with that pe-
 ‘ riod. How little, and how disgusting
 ‘ and vain does now all the wisdom and
 ‘ all theinsel splendor of the world ap-
 ‘ pear to me, since I have been made ac-
 ‘ quainted with that higher good, which
 ‘ is concealed from, and inaccessible to
 ‘ the greatest part of human kind.’

‘ P. S. On reading my letter over,
 ‘ I find a few passages in it, which would
 ‘ determine me not to send it on account
 ‘ of the great watchfulness with which all
 ‘ letters are examined by order of the
 ‘ King, if I had not been assured that

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veins, and I was ready to drop to the ground; however, despair soon roused me from the stupor that had seized me. I got in my carriage in order to enquire personally into the truth of that dreadful intelligence. Coming in the street I observed a universal commotion, and received, but too soon, a confirmation of my valet's intelligence; being informed, at the same time, that forty-five persons more had been arrested along with the Duke and his father. The multitude were assembled before the royal palace, demanding with a furious clamour, that the traitors should be delivered up to them; the king however thanked them for their zeal, and ordered the constable to disperse the populace.

My astonishment, my agony and consternation, and an indisposition which had been brought on by the violent agitation of my mind, prevented me from recollecting that this was the very day on which I was to expect the friend, of whose intended visit I had been apprised by that letter from an unknown person. The succeeding day I happened to see that letter

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accidentally on my writing-desk, and the friend to whom I was to deliver it, not having made his appearance at the fixed hour, I made use of the liberty I had received to open it.

Conceive my astonishment when I saw the hand-writing of the Duke of Ca^sina. 'When you shall read these lines,' he wrote, 'the great deed will be performed, and P—l reduced again under the S—th dominion. Forgive me, for having this time deceived your confidence, and believe me, that nothing but your connection with the new King could have prevented me from communicating

' to restore the crown of P——l to the
 ' King of S——n; yet this design appear-
 ' ed to be so dangerous, that neither the
 ' Marquis nor myself would engage in it
 ' before we had the consent of Alum-
 ' brado. We pressed him, therefore, one
 ' evening to grant us his permission and
 ' assistance. He hesitated a long while,
 ' and at length replied, "Well! I will
 ' oppose you no longer, but I declare so-
 ' lemnly that I will not afford you the
 ' least assistance in your design against the
 ' King before I shall be convinced that it
 ' is the will of God, which we can learn
 ' by no other means but prayer. The
 ' spirit of God inspires those that are
 ' praying to him with sincerity of heart,
 ' and the sentiments which prevail in our
 ' soul in that situation are the voice of
 ' God. Let us devote this night to prayer,
 ' address the Omniscient separately, and
 ' to-morrow morning communicate to each
 ' other what the Lord shall reveal to us.
 ' If you shall continue firm in your reso-
 ' lution after you have performed your
 ' devotion, then it is the will of the
 ' Eternal, and we will go to work."

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' were burning before the altar, and the
 ' images of the saints, produced on the
 ' opposite parts of the fabric large masses
 ' of light and shade, while they spread
 ' only a faint dusk over the other parts of
 ' the Gothic building. The presence of
 ' the Eternal, the melancholy stillness of
 ' night, the extensive circumference of
 ' the venerable edifice, made me sensible,
 ' with a kind of horror, of my solitary
 ' situation. The profound stillness that
 ' reigned around was interrupted only
 ' now and then by a momentaneous crack-
 ' ing, by the clattering of the windows,
 ' the whistling of a gust of wind rushing
 ' through the softly resounding organ-
 ' pipes, and by the chiming of a bell.
 ' Proceeding further, I was struck with
 ' the hollow sound of my footsteps, which
 ' reminded me that the marble pavement
 ' covered the vault in which the bodies of
 ' the deceased fathers of the order were
 ' awaiting the morn of resurrection. I
 ' went through one of the aisles, and stopped
 ' in awful contemplation, now at an altar,
 ' now at the image of a saint, and now at
 ' a tomb. The antique, artless appearance

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‘ a monk carrying a lanthorn appeared in
 ‘ the back part of the burying place ; and
 ‘ a short reflection unfolded to me the
 ‘ whole mystery. The noise which I had
 ‘ heard proceeded from his steps, and the
 ‘ figures were nothing else but white statues,
 ‘ which appeared and disappeared as he
 ‘ moved the lanthorn in walking. Pro-
 ‘ bably, he had been praying in the porch,
 ‘ and was now returning to his cell : I
 ‘ concealed myself in a pew, in order to
 ‘ avoid being seen by him. A weariness
 ‘ which proceeded from the chilly night
 ‘ air and want of sleep, bade me, at length,
 ‘ put a stop to my wanderings. I seated
 ‘ myself in a pew, where I abandoned my-
 ‘ self to the wild freaks of my imagina-
 ‘ tion.

‘ The dawn of day was already peep-
 ‘ ing through the stained windows, when I
 ‘ awoke from the fanciful dreams of my
 ‘ wandering mind, and the purple rays of
 ‘ the morning sun reflected with radiant
 ‘ glory from the image of the holy Vir-
 ‘ gin, suspended against the wall opposite
 ‘ the window. I was absorbed in the con-
 ‘ templation of this sublime object for
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“ Yes !” we replied at the same time :

‘ A long pause ensued. At length Alumbardo began : “ I too have dedicated the night to devotion, and join in your league.” Taking us by the hand, “ I have conversed with God, and received heavenly revelations, which I will communicate to you, if you will promise eternal secrecy.”

‘ We promised it.’

“ Yes, my friends,” he resumed, “ God has chosen you to be ministers of his avenging justice. Your mission is honourable, but awful—awful, and, at the same time, blissful. But I must remind you, that it does not befit the instruments of the Eternal to scan his holy decrees, nor to resist. Will you, therefore, promise to obey implicitly ?”

“ We will.”

“ To obey also when the decrees of God shall come in contradiction with your opinions and feelings ?”

“ The decrees of the Eternal are impenetrable, but ever wise and ever just. We will obey !”

“ Then you swear to obey blindly ?”

‘ We

‘ We swore, and now we learned from
‘ Alumbrado our mission, and the whole
‘ plan of the secret league. It would be
‘ superfluous to give you the particulars
‘ of it, because it will be executed, and
‘ consequently known to you when you
‘ shall read this letter.—Farewell, my
‘ friend, for whom I always shall retain a
‘ tender affection, although you should
‘ become my most inveterate enemy.
‘ Farewell.’

This letter partly unfolded to me the
mystery of the whole event; I could, how-
ever, best form a clear idea of the parti-

ent occasions, to Lif*on, in order to watch the secret motions of that nobleman and to counteract them effectually. Alumbrado fixed his eyes on a man who was generally respected as well on account of his rank, his birth, and extraordinary merits, as of his great wealth; the Marquis of Villa—Re*l, whose secret antipathy against the Duke of B——a, Oli*arez had pointed out to him. With the assistance of this man, he designed to lay the mine which was to blow up the great work of the Duke of B——a. — He found the Marquis in a situation of mind that seemed to promise very little success in the prosecution of his political views.

The supposed apparition of Count San*, and the illness which had succeeded it, had changed him from a statesman to a pietistical hermit. However, an intriguing genius like Alumbrado was not discouraged by these unfavourable symptoms; he only changed his measures, and founded on religious fanaticism and superstition a plan, by which he expected to interest the Marquis for his designs. Yet he had, perhaps, imagined this task much
easier

easier than it really was, or the progresses the Marquis made were slower than he had expected---in short, the revolution broke out before he had attained his purpose. This unexpected blow did not depress Alumbrado's spirit. He had, indeed, not been able to dispute the acquisition of the crown of P---I with the Duke of B---a; he formed however, the resolution to deprive him of it. With this view he returned to S---n to consult with Oli*arez. The latter had really been induced by the dissimulation of the Duke of Cam*na, to believe him serious in his devices against the family of B---a, and this

Br^{ga}, Primate of P—l, an acquisition which cost Alumbrado very little trouble, the Prelate meeting him half-way. The archbishop had witnessed the successful issue of the revolution with the greatest indignation, because he was entirely devoted to the S—sh court and the Vice Queen to whom he owed his preferment. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he had already drawn the sword against one of the conspirators in order to avenge his benefactress; her confinement was therefore an additional motive to him for joining the conspirators, by whose assistance he hoped to avenge her wrongs and to restore her to liberty. Alumbrado gained through him even the bishop of ^{arda}, Grand Inquisitor of the Empire. The insinuation that he would not enjoy long his important office under the new government, the King being inclined to abolish the Inquisition, was the chief motive of his having taken a part in the conspiracy.

Both prelates were very sensible how necessary it was that the Marquis and his son should join the conspirators if Alumbrado's design should succeed, and therefore

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also in different parts of the town, in order to divert the attention of the people. Then the conspirators were to penetrate into the palace under the pretext of extinguishing the fire, and to stab the King; the Queen, however, and the two young Princes, were to be seized by the Duke of Ca*ina, in order to obtain through them the possession of the castle. The Primate with his train was, meanwhile, to parade through the streets, in order to frighten the refractory multitude with the Inquisition, and when the whole plan should have been happily executed, the Marquis of Villa R*al was to be invested with the dignity of Vicegerent.

This was the plan of an undertaking that could be attempted only by foolhardy and deluded men. Alumbrado, who knew best how hazardous and adventurous it was, was well aware, that, even if their design should be executed in the most successful manner, the capital only would be gained, and every thing lost again if they were not supported by an external power. He found it therefore necessary that a S—sh fleet should be ready to surprise the

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observed in carrying on their plot. He found it, nevertheless, very difficult to come upon the right tack. Although he had succeeded in his attempt of getting admittance to Ba*za's house in the disguise of a foreign merchant, and gained the confidence of that man by means of some very great money transactions, yet he could not trace out the least thing concerning the secret plot which he suspected to be carrying on, Ba*za being always on his guard, notwithstanding the repeated invectives the Irishman uttered against the new government in order to allure him to take the bait. But when Baeza received the aforesaid letter in order to send it to S—n, he betrayed so much anxiety that it could not escape the keen-sighted looks of the Irishman. The latter employed every art to dispose the merchant to direct that letter to the Marquis of Aja*onti, a commander of a Sp—sh fortress on the frontier, and acted his part with so much dexterity, that Baeza adopted his advice without entertaining the least suspicion, thinking that the letter would certainly be delivered to the Minister

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Imagining that my readers will be desirous to learn the particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, I will give a short sketch of what I could learn.

He was born at *a*. If the virtues of parents were as inheritable as their rank and fortune, he would not have been a disgrace to a family as noble as it was respectable. Already in his juvenile age he exhibited marks of a penetrating understanding, of an extraordinary docility and acuteness, but nature had thrown away her gifts upon a villain. The great rigour with which his father watched his conduct, had no other effect but that of making him a hypocrite, for he would commit any crime if he could do it unobserved, although he was generally believed to be a pattern of every virtue. In his ninth year he killed a girl by a stone thrown from a sling, and was capable not only of fathering the crime upon one of his play-fellows, but, at the same time, of rendering his accusation more plausible by his solemn protestations, and the tears he shed over the corpse. Progress of time changed his conduct not in the least,

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bled him to ingratiate himself with that worthy prelate, who was so much deceived by him, that he received him into his service. Alumbrado dispatched the private secretary of his deluded master by a dose of poison, and succeeded him in his place. The unsuspecting prelate was so much pleased with Alumbrado's abilities and services, that he recommended him to Oliva*ez when he returned to Rome.

The character of the Prime Minister of Spa*n differed materially from that of the Bishop; Alumbrado, however, knew how to accommodate himself to every one. He soon prejudiced his new patron so much in his favour, that he entrusted him with the execution of a political charge of the greatest importance, and Alumbrado acquitted himself so well of his commission, that the Minister promised to reward his services on the first opportunity. Alumbrado improved every opportunity of securing the favour of his master, and endeavoured anxiously to explore his ruling passions.

The keen-sighted dissembler soon found out that the Minister was a great admirer

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‘sawest in whose hands thou hast been, and how the miracles by which thou hadst been ensnared, had been wrought? A fragment which I have copied from the records of the trial, will enable the reader to form an idea of the state of my unhappy friend.

Duke. It is impossible, I say.

Alumbrado. And yet it is exactly as I have told you. It was you who prompted me by your relation of your adventures with the Irishman, to gain you for my purpose by *delusive miracles*. These were the only means left me by the Marquis of F*****, for I could not expect to ensnare you by *apparitions of ghosts*, after the sensible arguments which he had opposed to your belief in their existence. Your friend's philosophical caution not to trust a man whom you should have caught once in the act of committing a fraud, obliged me to be on my guard, and I endeavoured to persuade you that I was a *saint*. I pronounced the Irishman a *sorcerer* in order to prejudice you against him, and to exclude him from all further connection with you. Thus I gained

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joyed. I thought it, however, prudent to use a different method. He founded his supernatural power on the occult sciences, and I on religious mysteries. I did not find it more difficult to *lead you from the delusions of speculative philosophy, to those of implicit faith*, than to give you proofs of my miraculous power. A little dexterity, a little success on my part, and a judicious accommodation to circumstances, delivered you and the Marquis into my power. I gained my purpose, and this was the only miracle in the whole affair.

Duke. However, the effects which you produced, are still so very mysterious to me.—

Alumbrado. And yet every thing was done in a very natural manner.

Duke. How could you know the accident that happened at the Inn at *li*, in the very moment when it took place.

Alumbrado. Because I had preconcerted it with some of my emissaries at *li*. You now will comprehend how I could know the day and the hour, and

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oil instantly spread over the surface of the water and calmed the agitated waves.*

Duke. (After a pause) It was your intention to persuade me to return to Li**on, and you have gained your aim by that expedient; but what would you have done if no tempest had afforded you an opportunity of deceiving me by a pretended miracle?

Alumbrado. I should have watched another opportunity, and devised other artifices; for it was with that view that I accompanied you on your voyage without your knowledge.

Duke. By what means did you preserve your life, under the hands of the royal banditti?

Alumbrado. The whole scene you beheld from the top of the turret was preconcerted by me. The fellows who attacked

* Pliny long ago knew that extraordinary quality of the oil, and in our times it has been confirmed by the experiments of the immortal Franklin. Mr. Osoreskowsky, the celebrated Russian academician, experienced the same on his physical voyage, and our modern seamen in general are no strangers to that effect of the oil, and frequently make use of it in dangerous surges. T.

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ing it, at length, into hatred that had all the appearance of just resentment.

Duke. Ah! I now begin to penetrate the whole atrocity of your artful wiles. Then it was you who has incited the King against me and my family, and formed the plot against his life?

Alumbrado. What would it avail me to deny the charge?

Duke. And yet it seemed as if you had not been concerned in the conspiracy. The design against the King had already been determined, and still you withheld your consent and assistance.

Alumbrado. And not without reason. I would not expose myself. The grand Inquisitor and the Primate took care to gain you to our purpose without your suspecting it, while I was directing the plot behind the curtain; I should have destroyed my own work if I had stepped forth too soon. My seeming backwardness spurred you on, and screened me from suspicion. However, after I had performed the last fictitious miracle, I thought myself sufficiently secured against all suspicion, and calculated that it would

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Alumbrado.

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trated my breast. A spring which forced it again into its former situation, rendered it entirely impossible for you to discover the fraud.

Duke. What views had you in making me believe that you was invulnerable?

Alumbrado. Was it not to be expected that you would repose the utmost reliance on the assistance of a man who should appear to you proof against balls and daggers? However, I have, as yet, explained to you only the particular views I had in performing fictitious miracles, and now will tell you that every one of them tended to effect a general end, which was nothing less than to persuade you and the Marquis to believe that God was working and speaking through me. Our plot was so hazardous, the circumstances so unfavourable, and success so improbable, that we had reason to apprehend you would shrink back from your resolution, when you should have pondered more maturely the danger which it was attended with. For this reason I thought it most prudent to appear to you to be an organ of the godhead, because it was to be expected

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fervour of your prayer, particularly at night, would encrease the fermentation of your blood, and animate you with additional courage to execute our plan.

Duke. Infernal spirit! but no! thou art worse than Satan! for he respects the temples and altars, but thou hast laid thy snares even in those sacred places. *Prayers* and *faith*, these sacred treasures of man become in thy hand tools of seduction; and thou dost not tremble at the idea of being accountable to the all-seeing Judge for thy villainous deeds?—What wouldst thou have done, daring wretch! if a ray of divine illumination had dispelled my errors?

Alumbrado. I was not afraid of that. You could expect no such illumination from above, because your own reason would have pointed out to you the illegality of your design, if you had consulted your own good sense rather than your passions. God does not work miracles while we can be instructed by natural means.

Duke. But suppose he had—for how canst thou prescribe limits to the wisdom

of God, suppose he had, nevertheless, condescended to open mine eyes through his holy spirit?

Alumbrado. (carelessly.) I then should have had recourse to a natural expedient—which I intended to adopt in case of emergency. You will recollect that you missed a sheet of your treatise on the *Manichean system*; it was I who purloined it. If you had shrunk back from your engagement, I would have threatened you with all the terrors of the Inquisition; the sheet was written by you and the grand Inquisitor my friend; consequently now as other choice was left you, than either to

Grief, horror, pity, hope, and despair assailed my heart alternately, after I had read this letter. I moistened it with burning tears. When this violent agitation of my mind began to abate so much that I could reflect again, I considered what could be done for the preservation of this hapless man, and regardless of my indisposition hastened to the archbishop of Lis*on, who always had been very partial to the Duke and was much respected by the Queen. I entreated this worthy prelate to intercede with the latter for my hapless friend. "Alas!" he replied, "I have attempted it already without success." "How, my Lord?" her reply was, "how can you intercede for a traitor who has meditated our destruction and the ruin of our kingdom. All that you can expect is that I shall forget what you have asked."

This account of the archbishop rent my heart; however, I entertained still some hope that the King, whose generous disposition I knew, would not prove callous against my tears and prayers. I went without delay to the palace, and was ad-
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' was suddenly flung open, and *Hierman-*
 ' *for* entered. Although I have great rea-
 ' son to be angry with him, yet he ap-
 ' peared to me an angel of light, in com-
 ' parison with Alumbrado. The sight of
 ' him roused my heart from its state of de-
 ' spondency; however, my former gloomi-
 ' nefs of mind soon returned, when af-
 ' ter a long and solemn silence, he ex-
 ' claimed: " must we meet again in *this*
 ' place?"

' I could return no answer; the con-
 ' sciousness of my guilt lay heavy on my
 ' mind, and the looks of the Irishman
 ' confounded me. Without being af-
 ' fected by my perplexity, he resumed,
 ' after a short silence: " you was a no-
 ' ble, deserving young man when I left
 ' you, and now I find you a rebel." I
 ' do not know whether it was the accent
 ' in which he pronounced these words,
 ' or the truth they implied, that made my
 ' blood ferment on a sudden—in short, I
 ' exclaimed: " if you had fulfilled your
 ' promise as an honest man, I should then
 ' perhaps not have been in this situation."
 ' The Irishman seemed to be affected vehe-
 ' mently.

‘ appeared by a mirror placed before that
‘ statue.”

“ But how did it happen that the mirror
‘ escaped my observation ?”

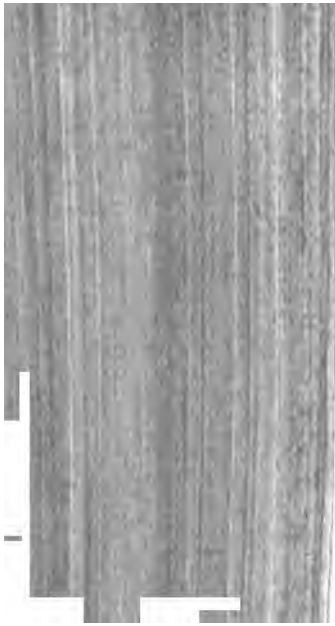
“ You will recollect that the vision ap-
‘ peared not far from the chapel, behind
‘ the wall of which the mirror was placed
‘ in such a manner that it could not be
‘ perceived by you.”

“ And Antonio’s statue ?”

“ You would have observed it if the
‘ sight of the apparition had not engrossed
‘ your whole attention ; however, its having
‘ been painted white like the rest of the
‘ statues in the church-yard, probably
‘ would have induced you to mistake it for
‘ the statue of some faint or other, and
‘ thus it would not have attracted your
‘ attention.”

“ But how could the apparition disap-
‘ pear and re-appear at my desire ?”

“ That was not difficult. One of my
‘ people, who directed the mirror through
‘ one of the church windows, removed it
‘ when the vision disappeared, and re-
‘ placed it again in its proper situation



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“ then your last miracle too was a delusion?”

“ You have my confession.”

“ And nevertheless you assured me so solemnly that it was the work of supernatural power !”

“ I did so ; but I intended to recant after the end which I had in view should have been attained. Unforeseen incidents prevented me from doing it sooner.”

“ Why did not Count Clairval recant in your name, when I entreated him so solemnly and so pressing to confess the fraud ?”

“ He had received no orders to that purpose.”

“ You promised me, one time, to initiate me in a new philosophy, and to introduce me to an happiness that is concealed from other mortals.”

“ Then I promised you what I am not able to perform. Without circumlocution, I imposed upon you !”

“ And you have the courage to tell me this to my face ?”



‘produced on my mind, because I never
 ‘was able to recover entirely from the
 ‘erroneous opinion that the apparition of
 ‘the church-yard had been the effect of
 ‘supernatural power. An infernal im-
 ‘postor took advantage of the situation of
 ‘my mind, and incited me through new
 ‘delusions to engage in the undertaking
 ‘that has been the cause of these fetters.
 ‘Are you now sensible of the injury I
 ‘have suffered through you?”

‘The Irishman grew pale, and seemed
 ‘deprived of the power of utterance. At
 ‘once he recovered from his sudden
 ‘terror, and started up. “Whither are
 ‘you going?” I exclaimed. “To the
 ‘King?” he replied. “What business
 ‘have you with the King?” I enquired.
 ‘I am going to implore him to spare your
 ‘life and to set you at liberty. Forgive
 ‘me, unfortunate young man! (he added)
 ‘forgive me! I will exert every power
 ‘of persuasion for the preservation of
 ‘your life.” So saying he left me, and I
 ‘have not seen him since. I must pa-
 ‘tiently await the effect of his applica-

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spirators hanged and quartered. The punishment of the Primate and the Grand Inquisitor was left to the decision of the King.

The King proposed in the council of state in which this decree was debated, that some of the criminals should be executed, but the rest imprisoned for life. The Marquis of **ira insisted, however, upon the execution of the legal punishment, and was seconded by the other members. The King mitigated the punishment of those who had been sentenced to be hanged, ordering them to be beheaded. The two prelates, whose fate had been left to his Royal pleasure, were doomed to eternal imprisonment.

Going to Court the next day, I heard Alumbrado had found means to escape from his prison. It was believed Olivarez had bribed the gaoler by a large sum to suffer him to liberate himself, which appeared to me very probable, as the latter could be found no where, and very likely had joined the villain in his flight, who, however, as it is to be wished for

the best of human kind, will not escape the punishment due to his crimes*.

What I am going to relate now is the account of an eye-witness, for how could I have been present on such an heart-breaking occasion?

On the 28th of August a scaffold, covered with black cloth, was erected before the house where the prisoners had been confined the preceding night. On this scaffold three steps were seen, on each of which a chair was placed, the
upper

* He did not escape the vengeance of Heaven if

upper one for the Duke of Cam*na, the middle chair for the Marquis of Villa R*al, and the lower one for the Duke of Ar*amar.

The Marquis of Villa R*al was the first who stepped out of one of the windows of the house, which served instead of a door. He begged the bye-standers pardon in a short speech, and was beheaded.

As soon as his corpse was covered his son made his appearance. His pale and staring countenance resembled that of a corpse. He uttered not a syllable, seated himself on the chair, and one blow severed his head from his body.

The pen drops from my hand, and the idea of that horrid scene curdles the blood in my veins. Reader, who art perusing these pages, look back once more on the road on which a noble young man, adorned with the most excellent genius, and the best of hearts, suffered himself to be seduced to a crime for which he atoned with his life!

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publication of the subsequent pages to my children.

Nine years are already elapsed since the execution of the conspirators, and the death of the Marquis of F* and—the Duke of Ca*ina, whose hapless fate the latter has bewailed in silent grief, and who generally is believed to have been executed with the rest of his associates, is yet alive.

The King, who ardently wished to spare the life of the Duke, but at the same time was afraid of counteracting the decree of the council of state, who had doomed him to public execution, found himself in no small embarrassment. However, the Irishman, who wished with equal ardour to save the life of the poor misguided young man, soon found out means of dissolving the Gordian knot. “I could,” said he to the King, “make a mask, which no one should be able to discern from the real physiognomy of the Duke; and this mask I could fasten to the face of some other person, in such a manner, that every one should believe that person to be the Duke. If, then,

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witnessed his execution, suspected him to be any other person but the Duke whom he represented.

The latter, however, knew nothing of this fraud that had been practised in his favour, for although the Irishman had modelled his face in wax, yet he had not received the most distant hint of the purpose for which it had been done. When he was carried out of his dungeon, a few hours after the execution of his father and the disguised Alumbrado, and led through a dark subterraneous passage, he fancied that he was to meet his doom. He was conducted over many secret stair-cases, and at length entered, through an iron door, a dark apartment where he was ordered to wait. But soon after a second door was opened, and an apartment illuminated with numberless torches presented itself to his view. There he beheld the King sitting at a table, and a man with a sack and a sword standing by his side, who beckoned to him to step nearer. The Duke having entered the apartment, the door was bolted after him, and he expected every moment to be his

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who staggered back when he discerned his own features in the face of the bleeding head. The whole mystery was now explained to him, and the King added :
“ You owe your life to my mercy and
“ the invention of the Irishman ; it is,
“ however, not in my power to restore
“ you to human society. Although you
“ are alive, yet you will be numbered
“ among the dead, and be lost to the
“ world for ever. You will pass your
“ life banished from society, and de-
“ prived of liberty, yet you may rest
“ assured that none of the comforts of
“ life, liberty excepted, will be denied
“ you.”

This sentence was executed literally. The Duke was confined for the rest of his life in a strong tower situated on the river Ta*o, where handsome apartments were allotted to him, and wanted nothing but liberty.

THE
TRANSLATOR'S ADDRESS
TO HIS
THINKING READERS.

BEFORE the Translator takes leave of the Reader, who will not withhold a tear of tender pity from the Hero of the preceding pages, when informed that the mournful tale of his deviations and hapless fate is not the offspring of imaginary fiction, but founded on historical facts, recorded in Abbe Vertot's excellent History of the Revolution in Portugal; he deems it his duty as a man, and as a Christian, to put his young friends, who will peruse his translation, in a way to avoid the snares of superstition, the dire effects of which are the theme of the preceding volumes. A careful attention to the four following principles, will be the surest means of steering clear of the dangerous rocks and quicksands of superstition, on which the happiness of so many mortals has been wrecked; the Translator, therefore, begs his readers who value their peace of mind, never to forget

That Order is the Supreme Law of Nature. The motion of the celestial bodies, the ecliptical course of our globe, the regular change of day and night, and of the different seasons, and every object we behold in Nature's boundless realms, enforce the truth of that principle on the mind of the attentive observer. We no where behold effects without a sufficient cause, no where causes without proportionate effects; no where vacancies nor irregular leaps in the series and concatenation

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Superstition misconceives this order of things, expects effects without causes, or from such causes as have no relation to them ; it arbitrarily transforms the nature of things, separates what is indissolubly connected, and connects in the same arbitrary manner things which evidently contradict each other, or are not connected at all.

Superstition obliterates the natural limits of created beings, imputing to them qualities and powers which they do not, nor can possess, if they shall be and continue to be what they really are. The superstitious expects every where miracles and exceptions from the stated rules of Nature, and the more wild and confused his fancies are, the more important solutions of mysteries do they appear to him to promise. But is not this scorning the laws of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and censuring the order of things which is founded thereupon ? Is not this exposing the world, which is the work of the Supreme wisdom and goodness, to all the dangers and confusions of blind fatality, and destroying all dependence on our reasoning and conclusions, on our actions, hopes and expectations ? Is such a manner of thinking consistent with a sound knowledge of God, and of the ways of Providence ? If you wish to avoid the delusions and the snares of superstition, that bane of human happiness, of good order, and of peace of mind, O ! then respect Order as the supreme law of Nature, as the unalterable will of her Creator and Ruler ! Make yourselves acquainted with the regulation of the world, and the eternal laws after which it is governed ; suspect every thing that is contrary to the regular course of Nature, and do not foolishly dream that it is in the power of

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effect it produces fill our soul with fear and consternation ; without reason we should be the sport of our own passions, and of those of others.

Superstition does, however, not argue thus. The superstitious and the vile disseminator of superstition, despises reason, decries that sacred prerogative of man, exaggerates her imperfections and weaknesses, hurls her from the throne on which the Creator has placed her, and raises sensation and imagination upon it. The superstitious will not think, not examine nor draw just conclusions ; every picture that heats his fancy ; every appearance that blinds his senses ; every obscure idea that makes his blood ferment, is well received by him ; he prefers it to every principle of reason, and every incontestible truth, because they do not amuse, nor heat his senses and his imagination. The more mysterious, the more inconceivable a phenomenon, an experience, doctrine or system is, the more eagerly he takes hold of, and the more firmly does he rely upon them, because they leave his reason at rest, and promise him great discoveries without trouble and exertion. But can this be called honouring human nature and her Creator ? is this valuing and making a proper use of the prerogatives that ennoble human nature ? Do we not degrade ourselves to an inferior sort of beings when trusting to no other guides but to our senses and feelings, and scorning the dictates of reason ? Is it to be wondered at, when the superstitious entangles himself in the mazes of delusion, and falls a victim to a self-created tyrant ? If you are desirous to avoid these dark and perilous labyrinths, if you wish to pursue the road to eternity with peace of mind and safety, O ! then honour reason as the greatest treasure of man, and maintain the dignity this gift of

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Man is destined for an active and a laborious life, and whatever makes him relinquish, or dislike it, removes him from his destination. This is the third principle I wish to recommend to the consideration of the reader who wishes to guard against the insidious wiles of superstition. Man is not designed to lead an idle and contemplative life, but to exert his faculties, and to acquire the means of happiness. He is destined to use all his mental and corporeal faculties, to apply them to useful occupations, and thus to unfold and to improve them. He therefore, never can grow reasonable and wise, nor virtuous, rich, and powerful, without his own uninterrupted exertions to become so. He must learn every thing through meditation and diligent application, and acquire every thing with trouble and labour, and only what he thus learns and acquires, he can consider as his property, which he can rely upon, and use with safety. Man must not expect the intercession of physical, or moral miracles, for the sake of his instruction and support, the increase of his wealth, or the restoration of his health; for if that were the case, he neither would, nor ever could attain here below, that degree of perfection he is designed to acquire. Man shall not overleap a single step on the scale of perfection, but approach the great mark only by degrees, and with careful steps. Whoever will pay due attention to the institutions and regulations God has made for the improvement and the education of man, will be convinced of the truth of this principle.

If, therefore, you wish to execute the will of God, and to attain the destination for which you are designed, O! then beware of superstition; for it goes diametrically against the institutions and regulations which God has made for the happiness of man, sub-

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laws of nature. But let us suppose the Godhead should really give it in the power of man to explore his future fate, would he be the happier for it? No, undoubtedly not! a knowledge of that kind rather would prove the greatest bane to the happiness of the individual, and of the human race in general. The villain would grow more daring, and scorn all divine and human laws, if he could foresee that no temporal bad consequences would attend his vile course, and every one that could foreknow the blessings which futurity has in store for him, would anticipate the joys that await him; so that the expected happiness, when realised, would charm him infinitely less than if it had surprised him unawares. Many great geniuses, that through their talents have proved blessings to the world, and, notwithstanding their unremitted exertions to raise a fortune, through their services to human kind, lived and died in poverty, would have relaxed in their zealous endeavours to render themselves useful to the state, if they could have foreseen their fate; the world would have been deprived of the fruits of their diligence, and despair would have utterly destroyed every remnant of comfort which the ignorance of their future fate has left them; while, on the contrary, heaven-born hope gave wings to their genius, and animated them to pursue their career with redoubled alacrity. If the favourite of fortune could foresee that the fickle Goddess never will prove inconstant to him, would this not render him proud and overbearing? would not the firm persuasion that the uninterrupted continuation of his happy situation would entirely exempt him from every application to the kindness and assistance of his fellow creatures, render him neglectful in his endeavours to preserve the

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to the judgments of punishing Heaven? Does not every Christian know that vice leads to eternal misery hereafter? and do we not every day behold, notwithstanding the general belief in that awful truth, thousands and thousands disregard the warning voice of Heaven, and pursue the road to eternal destruction with unabated ardour? Is it to be expected that man, who risks his eternal salvation for the gratification of his desires during a short and uncertain life, that man who does not tremble at the certainty of endless misery, would be rendered more careful in the choice of his enjoyments, and in the mode of his proceedings through the foreknowledge of future temporal woe? Let us therefore, never presume, nor even wish to pry into futurity, let us not revolt against the express command of the great Ruler of the Universe: not regard them that have familiar spirits, nor seek after wizards, and suspect every one who promises to remove the veil from the hidden face of futurity. Let us look upon those daring mortals as the greatest enemies to human happiness, as rebels against the law of heaven, and as impostors who abuse our credulity, and under the cloak of occult sciences, make us subservient to their private views. Let us not be astonished when we now and then find some of their predictions realised; but always consider that this is owing merely to accident, and that one truth they utter, is overbalanced by numberless lies. Let us act up to the best of our knowledge, fulfil our duties to God and men, confide in the paternal care of Providence, and he that rules the fate of the whole creation, will stand our friend and protector in the time of need.

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