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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.

D U B L I N:

Printed by B R E T T S M I T H.

For Messrs. P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. JONES,
and G. FOLINGSBY.

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THE
V I C T I M

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION.

“**A**S 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 physic, and chemistry, and his great skill in these sciences procured him publicly, the name of a man of great learning, and privately that of a sorcerer. 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

secret apartment on a ground floor. The latter having neither a door nor windows, has very likely not yet been discovered by any of the inhabitants of the castle. This was really the case. The *Unknown* demanded a candle, and requested us to follow him. He led us to a wall which we never had noticed. There he took a stone out of the floor, put his arm in the opening, and pushed a part of the wooden wall back. We followed him through the aperture to a small room, where we instantly observed the machine 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 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

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, but one also hears in the upper room equally distinctly what one speaks here, without suspecting from whence the voice proceeds. You know, my Lord, from your own experience how well the *Unknown* knew how to render these machines serviceable to his plan.

“Before the *Unknown* left the castle, he asked me in what apartment the Countess was used to receive strangers? “In the room,” I replied, “contiguous to that in the floor of which the moveable cone is 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 asunder 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 asunder, fly into the adjoining room, and bolt the door after me. Meanwhile you must expect me in the lower apartment and unfasten the bolt beneath the cone, that I may sink down as soon as I shall get upon the latter. When the cone shall have snapt back in its former place, you must be ready to fasten it by means of the bolt. When the Countess and her guest, impatient to seize me, shall force open the door and find the room empty, they will fancy me to be a supernatural being, not 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*?"

"Not in the least!" Paleski replied, "as I wish to be saved! the Countess is innocent; she has been deceived as well as your Lordship, and probably her faith in the supernatural power of the *Unknown*, is still as firm as it was then."

This declaration lessened my anger at having been deceived in so villainous a manner, and I begged Paleski to continue his account.

"Does your Lordship recollect all the particulars of the apparition scene?"

"Yes! I do."

"Well, then I will explain it to you. On the day previous to the magical farce, the *Unknown* told me that he had gained over to our party the brother-in-law of the Countess, who had arrived lately, in order to surprise Amelia unexpectedly, and promised to act the part of the ghost."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "you must be mistaken. At least you are not speaking of Count Clairval?"

"Yes, the very same person, who at present is your travelling companion."

A chilly tremor thrilled through my whole frame; my mind measured with a look of horror the time past and present. I beheld myself in the power of two men, one of whom had imposed upon my heart by means of the mask of sincere friendship, and the other upon my understanding,

derstanding, by displaying a shew of pretended supernatural powers, and both of whom were leagued to work upon my credulity, and to make me run into the greatest dangers.

“Alas! Palecki,” I exclaimed, after a long pause, “how dreadfully have you opened my eyes!”

“Compose yourself, my Lord, I am sensible that my time is very precious, and I have to reveal to you a great deal more. The Count acted the part of the ghost, which he could do with sanguine hopes of success; as he resembles his deceased brother in a striking manner. He covered his body with a doe skin, which, as well as his face, was painted of a corpse-like colour. A sponge filled with a red mixture was concealed betwixt his body and the doe skin, which had five incisures. 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, and you saw the pretended ghost, who addressed the Countess in a solemn, serious manner. The red colour penetrated through the incisures of the doe skin as often as the Count pressed the sponge.—Having finished his part, he stepped back upon the moveable cone, and sunk down into the lower apartment.”

“Unheard of fraud!” I exclaimed, “so simple, and yet so impenetrable.—But, Palecki,
can

can you explain how the lightning and thunder, which was so extremely natural, was effected?"

"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 confirmation of the good opinion which I always had entertained of Pietro's fidelity, gave me so much the more pleasure, because I saw myself so dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of the Count and the *Unknown*.

"I do not know," Paleski continued, "whether the success of the whole design is to be ascribed to the Count or the *Unknown*, the former of whom had taken upon himself the execution, and the latter 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

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ten 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 give you at the same time a high notion of the power of the *Unknown*."

"But, certainly, you did not write that letter by his direction?"

"Yes, my Lord, I did."

"And your recantation in the wood near ***n?"

"Was a new cheat."

I gazed at him with astonishment.

"You will recollect, my Lord, that I told you the *Unknown* had given up all hope of seducing your servant; and yet he stood in need of a man who enjoyed your confidence, in order to be informed by him 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 deceive 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 *Unknown*, 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 Amelia had informed him of the particulars of her recovery, and proved my letter to be a forgery. He even accused the *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 reasonable 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 seducing effect this seeming change of opinion would have upon you. For it was natural you should conceive the idea, that the unfavourable prejudice which the Count had manifested against the *Unknown*, had been conquered by the reality and greatness of his miracles; and supposing this, you could not but think to have an additional motive for yielding without reserve to the sublime notion of the power of the *Unknown*, which you till then frequently had entertained reluctantly. However 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.

sence. 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 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 was true? or was it also a preconcerted tale?"

He was prevented from returning an answer by a sudden fainting fit, which probably was the consequence of his having talked too much. I rang the bell for the nurse, and retired with the intention of hearing the next morning the continuation of Paleski's confession. A nameless sensation thrilled my whole frame when I went home. I wished and dreaded to find the Count at our hotel, being enraptured at 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,

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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 Palecki'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 painful half-satisfied curiosity is, than utter ignorance, or the most dreadful certainty. How much did I now repent that I had not interrogated Palecki the day before, on the fate of my tutor, Amelia's sentiments for me and her abode. 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 my friendless, distressing situation, the only prop on which I could lean. Being in a world to which I was almost an utter stranger, without a friend or guide, surrounded with the invisible snares of two impostors, threatened by an uncertain, and gloomy futurity, I readily gave myself up to the sweet ideas of possibility, in order to console myself for the melancholic reality.

Two.

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 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 about 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 Paleski 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 condemns me, though I should not be able to defend it before an ecclesiastical, or a civil court of justice. I have deceived you; howe-

however, I have done it for a great and noble purpose, and by order of a powerful being, whose authority I and you acknowledge. I should despise myself, if mean, or self-interested views, could have prompted me to do what I have done. To stimulate you to take an active part in the delivery of your country, was the sole reason for which you have been imposed upon. Although Paleski should not have disclosed 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 prepared by the delusions which you have experienced. Man is led to truth by error, according to an eternal law of nature. 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 delusion, that you might acquire the prerogative 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 shewn himself to you in his real shape, and embraced you not only as a preserver of your country, but also as a member of that sacred society of wise men, who are admitted behind the curtain of nature, whither no eye of common short-sighted men can penetrate. A power and a happiness of which you can form no adequate notion, would have been your reward. Your tutor already enjoys that reward, and if you had been keen-sighted enough to penetrate, without assistance, the mist of delusions with which you have been encompassed, you would have been admitted some time since to the sanctuary where that reward awaits you.

More I dare not say at present ; however, I would advise you not to postpone your journey, and neither to betray me or the *Unknown*. If you slight my advice, then you must ascribe to yourself all the bad consequences which may arise from it, and you never will meet again in this world your tutor or Amelia. I conjure you not to mistake this for a new delusion. If you, on the other side, are inclined to profit by this advice, you will continue your journey with all possible expedition, and not think it finished before you shall be arrived at Ma***d, the capital of Sp***n. You will meet the *Unknown*, Amelia and your tutor, on the road. At *ubea 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 conscience, who took it upon himself to advise and to warn me. What he told me of a hidden sanctuary to which the *Unknown* had designed to introduce me after I should have completed my time of probation, 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 nothing 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. I would have encountered any danger and difficulty in order to meet Amelia and my tutor again, and departed with the first dawn of day. I left the Count's trunk at the post-house at **zin. At ***jelo I was, at length, so fortunate as to find a key to the cyphers which I had despaired to unfold. I had already tried all languages which I was master of, and succeeded at length with the latin. How amply did I think my trouble rewarded, when I found the papers to be copies of 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 carefully 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 inquisitiveness, fixing twelve o'clock at night for the execution of his design. He disguised himself as the most dreadful spectre which ever has appeared 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 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 had entered the room with a design to chastise the young man who was sitting near the window, at a table on which two candles were burning, than his tutor started up, aiming a blow at him from behind which would have done his business at once, if Georgio had not been protected by his coat of mail. The pretended spectre threw the old gentleman so violently on the ground that he was unable to move a limb. This sight entirely disconcerted the young man, 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 senseless. 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 apartment, partly with the intention of seeing what effect the incident had produced on the strangers, and partly with a view to deter them from paying a second visit to the castle, and renewed the former scene. Both of them were again stretched senseless on their beds. As soon as Georgio had done with the young nobleman, he left the room without 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? Georgio, 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 hay and straw. He had not advanced four steps, when the report of a pistol re-echoed through the subterraneous fabric. Some of our company, who were at hand, hastened to the spot from whence the report of the pistol had proceeded, wrapt in black cloaks, and provided with torches and swords. They found the young man lying upon the straw upon which he had fallen in the dark through the trap-door. He was instantly seized and conducted to the assembly-room, where the conspirators who had previously masked their faces, were sitting around a long table. Hearing that he was to pay with his life for his rashness, he drew his sword, but was soon disarmed and confined in an adjoining 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
tutor.

tutor. Most of the conspirators proposed 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 confessed that he had been sent by his father to visit the principal towns of Europe in company of his tutor, and that the account 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 harangued 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 cause the strictest investigation. The castle will be surrounded, searched, and we shall be detected, or obliged to save ourselves by flight. In either instance, we must leave the castle. This will be the natural consequence, and the death of these two men will certainly be the surest means of betraying our asylum. I would therefore advise you to spare their lives, I know the family of Villa R**** too well to apprehend the least danger 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 important 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 Excellency of that incident.’

I should never have believed the *Unknown* 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 been formed to set my country at liberty. I fancied the *Unknown* had framed his design upon me when we met him in the disguise of a beggar; but I never dreamed that he had formed it already at the castle, and that I and my tutor owed our lives to his mediation. You may, therefore, easily conceive how much I was surprised at this discovery. I vowed never to forget how much we were indebted to the *Unknown*. How remarkable

ble was this letter to me! however the second was still more so.

‘I intend to submit Miguel to my will by the delusions of magic. Your excellency perhaps may think, that this plan will be rendered abortive by a young man who gives so little credit to the reality 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 enthusiasm, 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.

‘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 contrary, I think I have reason to make just the opposite conclusion from it. If Miguel had been convinced of the vanity 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 resolution which he carried into execution. If Miguel had been convinced, that the inhabitants of the castle could be no other beings but men, his resorting to the castle would have been not only superfluous, but also foolhardy, as he would have exposed his life to un-

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known and suspected people, for no other reason but to convince himself of a truth which he already knew. However, his want of a firm conviction, his wavering between belief and unbelief, was the ground on which he risked so much in order to come to the truth. I am certain Miguel's philosophy would have received a mortal blow, if Georgio 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 difficult matter, if he were of a different turn of mind. In order to enthrall his head and heart at one time, I intend to make him acquainted with a female enthusiast, 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

important step I shall take in this matter, because your being the soul of our undertaking, renders it necessary you should be informed of every action of each individual member, in order to regulate your conduct accordingly. I only beg not to acquaint the Archbishop of L^sbon of my magical operations. Your Excellency is no stranger to his rigid principles; how active soever he be in our cause, and how great soever his satisfaction at the conquest of Miguel will be, 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 important 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 period, was I on that account less impeded 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 *Unknown* 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 Lisbon 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 the *Unknown* dreaded so much, were to me the best security for the justness of his undertaking. I took up the third letter, burning with an impatient desire to know the names of the rest of the conspirators; but its contents were of a different nature:

‘I have made my first attack upon Miguel and his tutor. Knowing by their own declaration on their examination, which road they intended to take, I 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 seem’d at first to be very unwilling to comply with my extraordinary request, however, when I persisted in my prayer with the impudence of an experienced beggar, without

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 probably 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 perceiving it, and put it in my pocket. Then I went to Miguel, whom I begged to give me his coat and breeches. This new request excited the anger of the two travellers to such a degree, that they commanded me to take myself off without delay. Upon which I looked at Miguel with sparkling eyes, and raised such a dreadful laughter, that they were frightened, and ordered the coachman to go on. However I darted suddenly forth and struck one of the horses so violently against his privy parts, that he dropped down: This had the desired effect. Miguel began to undress; having pulled off his breeches, he took his purse out of his pocket and put it 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 away 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,

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 effected 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 attended with incidents which for many reasons, will make a deep impression on their mind. I have now the courage to risk bolder attempts with the certain hope of success. Even the conspirators to whom I have sent by one of the servants the pieces of dress which I have got, along with a brief account of my taking possession of them, will look upon these trophies as pledges of far greater victories, which I have engaged to gain over Miguel, and for which every preparation has been made. I did not without reason select the spot on the skirts of the forest of * * * ulano for the scene of action, for in that forest stands a castle which formerly belonged to the Prince of Ge* * *, and at present is inhabited by the Countess of Clvairal, 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 certainly will not miss the appointment; for if he does not come out of curiosity, the hope of regaining the purse and the letter-

letter-case, which he knows to be in my possession, will make him keep the assignation. 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 receive 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 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 been rather too sanguine in my hope, for Miguel and his tutor are at present in that very inn: however, I will punish him for it in such a manner, that he shall have reason to repent his having slighted my advice. With that view I have taken an apartment close by his, and I must beg your excellency to give me leave to lay down the pen and to act, for midnight is set in, and the time for executing my plan is at hand.

‘I am, &c. &c.’

The following sheet contained 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 allowing 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 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 consumed 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 building. My servant, whom I had ordered to watch carefully every word and motion of theirs, was close at their heels, while I followed him at a small distance, concealing my face with my hood. They had no sooner stopped, than Miguel recollected that he had left the picture of his mother upon the table; he valued it so high, that he would have gone back to fetch it, if his tutor had not retained him forcibly. My servant, who gave me this intelligence, suffered himself to be persuaded by his love for me, and the ten ducats which I offered to him, to attempt

tempt saving it. Pretending to assist in extinguishing the flames, he requested one of the firemen to give him 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 perceiving his error, enquired in vain all around for me, though I was not six steps distant from him.

These events could not fail to strengthen the first impression 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 proper preparations for Miguel's reception. My principal care was to-

gain the servants of the Countess, to whose house I intended to introduce him, that I might act my part at the castle without the knowledge of the lady. At the same time I endeavoured to attain a thorough knowledge of all the roads and bye paths, of all the bushes and haunts of the forest, in order to regulate my measures accordingly, and to take advantage of them as circumstances should require. I also did not omit to train my substitutes properly, for their respective parts which they were to act. Their number amounted to eight experienced fellows, for my servant Manuel, whom I had dispatched to the desolated castle, with the above mentioned pieces of dress, returned on the second day with six more people, whom the conspirators had sent to my assistance, with the assurance that I could rely upon their fidelity and activity. And, indeed, these fellows rendered me the most essential services, as the consequence will shew.

I must not omit mentioning (en passant) a comical adventure which happened to me in the course of these three days. Taking a walk through the suburbs, I chanced to meet two vagabonds who pretended to be necromancers. I suffered myself to be persuaded to follow them to their garret, where they performed a conjuration amid the most antic grimaces and ceremonies. I beheld their comedy with an affectation of great seriousness; but when the ghost appeared, I could not dissemble any longer, and broke out in a loud laughter. This unexpected manifestation 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 imposture, but also might want their assistance occasionally, they parted with me in high spirits.—

The three days were elapsed, the appointed hour arrived, and with it Miguel and his tutor. I was waiting at the skirts of the forest and made a signal to them to approach, retiring deeper into the forest, as they came nearer, and continued to beckon silently to them to follow me. Having proceeded to a considerable distance, and still walking briskly onward without uttering a word, 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 begin to cool, I suffered him to gain ground, which rekindled 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. How-

ever, 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 doubting to get me in his power; however I disappointed him again, leaping upon the ground, and taking to my heels. Enraged at this new deception, and seduced by the light of my cloak, Miguel began again to run after me, till at length I took the cloak from my shoulders, putting it in my pocket, and concealed myself in a thicket without being perceived by him.

‘ Now I had gained my aim, having reached the spot where my eight myrmidons 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 himself of having committed a foolish action; 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 violent tempest arose, which gave my people 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 resounded behind him, at his left and his 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 greatness of his anxiety. The porter, who was previously informed of his arrival, opened the gate and admitted him. As soon as Miguel had reached the castle, I ordered my people to go in search of his tutor, but not to awaken him if they should find him asleep, and to give me notice of it. I intended to terrify, and to make him respect my power, for I could not forget that he had slighted my caution with regard to the inn. Miguel discovered him first, and informed me of it. As soon as the rest of my people were returned to the place of 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 endangering their lives, enjoining them particularly 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 servant, 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 suddenly, 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.

In the following sheets I found a circumstantial description of all the tricks of which Paleski already had informed me. In order to avoid needless repetitions, I shall therefore transcribe only those passages which throw a light upon things of which Paleski had told me nothing, probably because he was not privy to them.

"—If I am not mistaken in Miguel's character, he will be present at the apparition which I have promised to the 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

soned thus : If these fellows succeed 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 most anxious wishes without knowing it, and invited them to be present on that occasion. It is a remarkable instance of the contradictions of the female heart, that the very lady who was so desirous to see her deceased husband, was seized with such an horror at it on the day when her anxious desire was to be satisfied, that, without paying the least regard to female delicacy, she wrote a letter of invitation to Miguel. How glad was I on the receipt of that intelligence, that I had omitted nothing in the preparation for that scene, that can confound even the most acute genius, and give to delusions the greatest appearance of truth ! Count Clairval acted the part of his deceased brother.—Your Excellency knows that fine acute genius, who by
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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 dfahrIq-lqms hmrf cgtTml. mgrlm. FschypSr. hlnyhs : rpqvbs. grbr. 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 : psrs : tfgn. InsnM. btrr. — —.”

“ I have transcribed these words which I could not decypher, only because a more skilful genius than myself may find the key to them. The same cyphers 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, and his consternation on account of her illness; are incontestable proofs of the truth of this observation. How much soever this mutual passion coincides with my plan, because it furnishes me with infallible means to allure the inconstant, fickle Miguel, yet I must make haste to interrupt this growing passion, because I am afraid he will be enslaved so much by that enchanting lady, that he will be rendered unfit for matters of greater importance.

“ For

“ For that reason I have instructed the apparition to utter a few words, which I could foresee would cause a small breach between the two lovers. Your Excellency will recollect that the ghost accused Miguel’s father of being his murderer. By these means, I hope to put, at least a temporary stop to Miguel’s and Amelia’s growing intimacy ; for it cannot be expected that the son of the supposed murderer of the Count will dare to pay his addresses to his widow ; and if he should, it is to be expected that she will decline admitting his visits, or at least, treat him with coolness and reserve. However this misunderstanding would not be of long duration, for on close examination, both would find themselves deceived by the apparition, and their love would gain additional force. For that reason I have wrote a pressing letter to Miguel’s father, without subscribing my name, and advised him to order his son to continue his travels without delay, that he might be cured of a foolish passion which he had 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 myrmidons ; 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 having acted equally dishonest and imprudent, by suffering the Count, when disguised as a spectre, to say an untruth, which injures the honour of an innocent man, and if ever discovered by his son or the Countess, will brand him and myself as impostors. I
could

could have prevented these severe reproaches of your Excellency, if I had been at leisure to explain this matter at large in my last letter. First you will give me leave to observe, that the declaration of the ghost 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 Vasconcello's 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 Real, 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 the declaration of the ghost, but only from the misunderstanding, shall, I vow solemnly, receive ample satisfaction. I have it myself too much at heart that the Countess and Miguel shall know the real murderer of Amelia's husband, as not to remove that error; being desirous to see the good understanding of the two lovers restored at some future period, and the assassin punished for his numberless crimes. You have signed the sentence which the rest of the conspirators have pronounced against this oppressor of the liberty of your country, with the full conviction of his deserving death; but

would not Miguel look upon him rather as his benefactor and preserver of his life, than as an enemy to his native country, and prompted by gratitude and pity, endeavour to save his life? However, if he shall be informed that the preserver of his life is not only the oppressor of his native country, but also the assassin of Amelia's Lord, then his love for the Countess will give an additional energy to his patriotism, and silence his gratitude for Vasconcelos; then the voice of his country and of the beloved of his heart, demanding revenge upon the villain, will silence the voice of his heart imploring his mercy; he will sacrifice the devoted victim to justice, at the expence of his sensibility, and consent to Vasconcelos's death. Not in vain did I introduce the apparition in such a rueful shape, not in vain instruct it to display the bleeding wounds, and to discover his horrid assassination! even the coolest observer would have been inflamed violently by that scene, and how vehemently must it have provoked the lover of the unfortunate lady to resentment against the murderer? Your Excellency will consequently easily conceive what my second secret aim was, which I designed to attain by the apparition, and, at the same time, be convinced that I have exposed neither the ghost nor myself to the danger of being caught in a *lie*, although Amelia and Miguel should discover that the murderer was not the real father of the latter. However, this discovery could not take place, because Miguel has ceased visiting the Countess, and received orders from his father to leave, without delay, the castle and its environs. Amelia's servants have drawn this grateful intelligence from his servant, and communicated it to me, upon which I put myself and my people in readiness to follow Miguel on the day of his departure.

parture, partly on horseback, and partly in coaches. To the valet of the Countess, who is entirely in my interest, I have given some important orders, which I intend to communicate at large in my next letter."

I was already arrived at *ubia, and accommodated with a lodging at the inn which the Count had pointed out to me, when I finished the decyphering of this letter. Night had set in, and I was musing on the important visit which the Count had promised me, when I heard the rolling of a coach, which stopped under my window. A few moments after my servant came to inform me that an Irish captain, whose name was Dromley, wanted to speak to me. The word Irish chilled the very marrow of my bones—"Let him come in!" said I, turning my face from the servant, to conceal from him the emotions which must have been painted in every feature. I stepped to the window in order to recover myself a little: the door was flung open, and an officer in a blue uniform entered the room—I advanced two steps to meet him, and saw the *Unknown* standing before me. The sight of him made me speechless. "You will be surprised, my Lord! to see me here," said he, "however the concerns of your heart are of so much importance to me, that nothing could deter me from paying you a visit." Here he stopped. Not one syllable escaped my lips. He looked at me with seeming unconcern, advanced a step nearer, and resumed in a soft winning accent, "My Lord! you love the beautiful Countess Clairval! however, you would love her in vain, if my power had not removed every obstacle, and ensured you her reciprocal love."

Now I had recovered the power of utterance. "Then you have informed her," I exclaimed, "that

“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 actions have been confounded so much, that I cannot thank you before hand.”

“Thank!” he replied haughtily, “as if I ever had done any thing for the sake of thanks! In order to save you that trouble, I will not tell you what I have done for you.”

The strain in which he spoke confounded me. I returned no answer.

“However, I must caution you,” he continued, “not to represent me to the Countess as an impostor, if you do not wish to destroy the effect of the service which I have done you. You will be convinced at some future period how necessary it is for your own happiness not to slight this advice.”

“If I am to enjoy the happiness which you have prepared for me, I must first know the residence of Amelia.”

“Not before you have pledged your honour to follow my advice.”

“Should I suffer Amelia to be imposed upon like myself; should I owe her love to a delusion?”

“Who has told you that I have imposed upon the Countess? You do not know as yet what I have done; it would therefore be just not to condemn me before-hand, as you refuse to thank me before-hand for what I have done!”

“I judge

“ I judge of an action of yours which I do not know, from your former actions, which I know very well, at present. Can you call this unjust ?”

“ 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 try me ?”

“ Who has authorized me to save you from the waves ?”

“ Why this question instead of an answer ?”

“ To tell you that every body is authorized to be useful to another person, without his knowledge and permission.”

“ I hope you will not make me believe that you have deceived me in order to promote my happiness !”

“ 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 opposite to your notions. Has she not made imagination, the mother of illusion, the source of unspeakable pleasures. It is imagination alone that can afford what reality

never can give—never fatiated 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 as incontrovertible that error precedes truth, as it cannot be denied that darkness precedes the light. If therefore nature herself leads man to truth and happiness by way of delusions and errors, then you cannot blame me for having endeavoured to lead you to that mark by the same road."

"But to what sort of happiness and truth? for no real happiness, and no pure truth can exist, if all our perceptions and notions are founded on illusions."

"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

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 paradisiacal 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 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 happy: but only the better and nobler part of mankind are in pursuit of truth; not as if the latter sort did not also contend for happiness, but because they find it in the contemplation of truth, and do not believe that happiness can exist, without being founded on the base of truth. The former class pursue happiness on different and opposite roads, and when they fancy they have found it, embrace an airy phantom; the latter class also go in pur-

suit of truth on different and opposite 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 is all be accomplished."

"Then my probationary time is not yet finished?"

"The time of delusion is past, and you are now to begin the epocha of acting for which the

former

former was designed to prepare you. Strain every nerve to deliver your country, and the last trial will be finished."

"How can I save my country?"

"At M * * * d you shall be informed of it."

"I am going to depart for that town to-morrow morning."

"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,

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, am again enchained with fetters of which I fancied I had rid myself entirely? Is my weakness the source of this unaccountable change, or is he in possession of a magic charm by which he rules with secret power every heart? O thou who once shalt read this history, whoever thou art, do not look scornfully upon my relapse. Thou hast not seen the countenance of that man, hast not heard him speak: I have been less enthralled by what he had said, than by the manner in which 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): my lady knows not a syllable of my errand; and your Lordship must tell the servant to announce you by the name of the Marchese Albertini.’ ‘Who was it then gave you that order?’ ‘An officer in a blue uniform, (she replied) who has paid a visit to my lady some time ago. He told me where I should find your Lordship; but, for heaven’s sake, don’t tell my lady of it; for he has given me a louis d’or to conceal that circumstance 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 surprised. 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 ? ”

“ I don't know it myself ! ” I exclaimed, “ my life is an uninterrupted train of wonders, and it was certainly one of the most fortunate that has brought me to your Ladyship ! ”

“ You find me in the company of a friend, ” *Amelia* said, introducing me to the old lady, “ whom I had lost in my earlier youth, but found again four months ago through a most singular accident, which I however think to be one of the 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.”

“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 sufferings of the innocent girl, affected me so much the more, as I ever have been uncommonly fond of children. I resolved to alleviate the hapless fate of the poor child, and with that view designed a plan, which I carried into execution, assisted by her nurse, whom I bribed with fair words and a sum of money. The gardens of my friend and Amelia’s parents, were separated only by a wall, which had a little gate leading from the garden of the former to the grotto which was in that of the latter. This gate was opened for me by the nurse, who, according to my direction, always

ways retired when I came, and watched at the entrance of the garden to warn me by a signal against sudden surprize. 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."

"This was very natural, because the whole matter had been arranged already by the intercession of my friend, who was very intimate with her aunt."

“But why did you not continue your visits till the arrival of her aunt?”

“Because I went abroad with the Baron de Delier.”

“And you have never seen the Countess since.”

“No! and we should perhaps never have met again, if important affairs had 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 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

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.

Amelia was the sole object of my thoughts before I fell asleep; Amelia's image sweetened my rest; her name was the first sound which came from my lips when I awoke, and in her presence I spent the greatest part of the day in a trance of unspeakable bliss.

Her cheerfulness declined, however, with every new day; her serene looks began to grow gloomy; her innate frankness and affability gave room to reserve and melancholy, which she endeavoured in vain to conceal. I surprised 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 seemed 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 looked perplexed and timid at Lady Delier, who always turned the conversation to a different object. I was certain that the Irishman had been in the house; they even confessed that he had informed 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 pressed her to unfold that mystery to me. 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 non-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 staircase, "Come with me, my Lord!" he said, as soon as he saw me!

"Whither?"

"You will be surprised in a most pleasing manner. Make haste, my carriage is waiting for you."

"I cannot accept your invitation before one o'clock. I must finish first a business of great importance, which cannot be postponed."

"My business also cannot be postponed, and is of far greater importance. I am going to take you to an old 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 *tutor* I mean. Come, make haste!"

I embraced the Irishman with a loud acclamation 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

We got out of the carriage, and the sun 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, and then beat with his fist against a large gate. The folding doors burst open with a dreadful noise, and I beheld a burying place before me. The Irishman entered. "What business have we here?" I exclaimed in a faltering accent. "Come along and be a man!" so saying, he pulled me after him, and the door was shut again by an invisible hand.

The stillness of eternal rest, and the horrors of corruption which were hovering around me, whispered audibly in my ear that this was not a residence fit for living beings. "Is my tutor here?" I enquired after a dreadful pause. The Irishman remained silent. "Hiermanfor! is my tutor here?"

"He is."

"Alas! then he is dead!" I stammered, staggering against a tomb-stone to support myself.

The face of the Irishman began to brighten up; he took me by the hand: "Come, my Lord, and convince yourself, that even on this spot, where common men behold nothing but death and corruption, the flower of life is blooming!" With these words, he led me round the corner of a small chapel, and I beheld what at first appeared to me the delusion of a dream, my tutor standing five paces distant from me upon a tomb; he was dressed in a white garment, and seemed to await me in

tranquil expectation: "Antonio! my friend!" I exclaimed quivering with joy, and flew with expanded arms to the tomb, but shuddered with horror when I grasped through an airy phantom instead of embracing my friend."

"Don't be afraid, Miguel!" said the ethereal being, without opening his lips, or making the least motion, "I am no apparition from the other world. I am yet living; however, the more solid parts of my body are above 600 miles distant. My spirit has assumed this form in order to communicate her ideas to thee. Thou wilt at some future period comprehend this mystery if thou dost follow the directions of Hiermanfor. Young man, there exists a felicity upon earth more sublime than the love of women. Leave Amelia and hasten to Madrid. Endeavour to break the abominable fetters whereby thy country is chained to the throne of a despot. Down into the dust with Vasconillos, who has forged these chains, and increases their weight every day. Thou shalt see me again when thy country is restored to liberty, and I will lead Amelia to thy arms. 'Till then, Miguel, farewell!"

The vision was not dissolved, nor did it sink into the ground nor rise aloft, and yet it was removed in the twinkling of an eye. "Antonio, my friend!" I exclaimed, "if thy spirit is still hovering around me, tell me whether I may confide blindly in Hiermanfor?"

The vision re-appeared on the tomb as quick as thought. "Follow the advice of Hiermanfor," he said, "he will supply my place. I have mistaken him like thyself; however thou shalt know him too as he is known to me; and then we shall be united by stronger ties."

The vision disappeared, and I heard the *Unknown* calling to me from the other side of the chapel.

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."

"An illusion requires the assistance of machines; and I give you leave, nay, I beseech you to search for them. You may ransack the whole burying ground, but your labour will be lost."

"That may be! It has perhaps been one of your finest artifices, but nevertheless it was mere delusion."

"It was delusion, because you will have it so."

"Hiermanfor! what do you wish me to believe?"

"What-

“ Whatever you *can* believe.”

“ 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 *an* 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 are cruising about without

either

either rudder or compass, in search of unknown countries, and enchanted islands. I met you some time since on your voyage, and captured you. You could as well have fallen in with somebody else, who would have forged heavier fetters for you. I have not misused my power over you. You have indeed worked in the fetters which I have chained you with, but not in my service, not for me, but for your country, which you, I am sorry to say, would never have done voluntarily. You have attempted 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 an innate propensity, which has been nursed up by your lively imagination, a propensity which is agitating powerfully within you, and struggles for gratification, the propensity to the wonderful. Your tutor strove too late to combat it by the dry speculations of philosophy, instead of guiding and confining it in proper bounds. My God! your friend is an excellent man; who had your real happiness at heart; however, his philosophy was not altogether consistent. A preconceived contempt of all occult sciences prevented him examining 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, promising 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 your belief in miracles began to prevail; but as soon as your tutor recapitulated his lectures, philosophy resumed her former sway. You was a ball which flew alternately in his and in my hands, because you wanted firm conviction to fix yourself upon. Nevertheless I should have succeeded at last in getting an exclusive power over you merely by means of my delusions, because your predilection for the wonderful, and your imagination, which found an excuse and a gratification in my works, would have 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 ghost 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 to 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.”

“ 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 knowledge than you ought; your intention is good, however, you will be ruined in spite of all these noble qualities. You are destitute of firmness of mind; you fluctuate like a wave of the sea, which is driven and tossed to and fro with the wind. You are doomed to be constantly the sport of others, and never to steer your own course. That unshaken firmness of resolution which is the effect of well founded conviction is not in the catalogue of your virtues. Your reason prevails too little on your sensuality and imagination, 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 sleights 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*. Notwithstanding 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 knowledge of occult things; endeavour to bridle your imagination by cool reflection, and your sensuality by self-denial, before you dare to grasp at the sway over the powers of nature."

"How insignificant do I appear to myself, Hiermanfor! don't spare me, and let me feel my whole nothingness."

“ Man has gained a great advantage, if he has learnt to be sensible of his weakness, however he ought also to remain no stranger to his strength. My Lord, we are endowed with a heavenly 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

and to continue the subject on which he had been speaking. He set me down at my house and took leave.

The time which Lady Delier had fixed for our interview was past. This would have been extremely painful to me in any other situation of mind, but now my thoughts were employed by objects of greater importance. What I had seen and heard at the burial place had made a deep impression upon me. The more I reflected on the vision, the more did it surpass my power of conception. Deception is afraid of the light, seeking the dusk of evening, or the darkness of night, in order to blind the eyes of the deluded 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,*
more

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 were 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 his soul disembody herself for a short time, and inclose herself in an imitated shape? The Irishman has, indeed, given me a hint concerning the possibility of such miracles; but how unfit was I to comprehend that distant hint, and how much did my soul thirst for the promised continuation of his discourse? He is in the right, I did not, as yet, deserve to be instructed in the mysteries of occult knowledge; I merited to be put off with vain delusions. How little did my impetuous curiosity agree with a disciple of occult 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. *Go Yes, An-*

Yonio, 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 opportunity to make an excuse. The affecting pieces, which Amelia played with an unspeakable charm, began to melt my soul, and to thrill me with a sweet melancholy. But suddenly the recollection of the Irishman, of my resolution, and of my departure flushed through my head: I left my dangerous post, and Amelia ceased playing. I had placed myself at the open window—she followed me thither.

"So immersed in meditation, my Lord?"

"I am thinking of my departure."

"You are not going to leave us?"

"I must depart the day after to-morrow. Business of great importance requires my personal attendance at Ma***t."

This news produced surprise and silence. The coldness of Lady Delier began to thaw.

"I hope your business, my Lord," said she, "is not so very pressing."

"Alas!" it is so pressing that it suffers not the least delay."

"Alas!" Amelia repeated, "one should think your departure was painful to your 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 Baroness was waiting for me. “The Countess is at church,” said she, “let me take advantage of her short absence, and commit a little treachery; but take heed not to betray me to my friend!”

“Certainly not,” I replied, my curiosity 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, my Lord!”

“My Lady!”—

“Give me leave to relate the matter in a proper manner.” The Baroness, seemingly delighted with my astonishment, and continued, “recollect your first interview with the Countess; you have not been indifferent to her already, at the time when she accepted the ring which you offered her; however, the good Countess did not know it then herself. She fancied her sentiments to be merely the effects

of the gratitude which she imagined she owed you, because you have been the primary cause of the long wished for apparition of her deceased Lord. However, that apparition which declared you, afterwards, the son of the murderer, made thereby Amelia think it her duty to restrain her kindness for you. The difficulty which she had to submit to the voice of duty, told her plainly, that in her heart something more than gratitude was panting for you. Fortunately, the ghost himself had desired her to forgive the murderer; she imagined, therefore, it would be but just to extend the forgiveness to the son. She did not foresee that her tenderness for you, covered by that pretext, would find so much the less difficulty to steal again into the heart from which it scarcely had been expelled. Not before Amelia's tenderness for you rose to a degree, which left no room for doubt of her attachment for you, did she perceive that her readiness to be reconciled to you, originated less from the request of the ghost, than from that of her own heart. You may believe me, my Lord, that it was no easy matter to draw these particulars from Amelia's lips. She concealed carefully in her bosom a passion, the existence of which she trembled to confess. She had made a vow of eternal fidelity to her late Lord, and although 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 your exaltation to the ducal dignity, and at the same time, placed the declaration of the ghost, concerning the murder, in its proper point of view. However, you are still ignorant of the most important circumstance. I will not dwell on the uncommon praise he bestowed on your family, and you in particular, but only mention that he concluded his panegyrics with the observation, that the Countess herself would deem you deserving her love, if she should be acquainted more intimately with your Grace. This unexpected turn perplexed Amelia evidently. 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 or 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 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, and don’t open the chamber before to-morrow morning, when you will find an answer to your question.”

“The Irishman left us at eleven o’clock, and Amelia went to her bed-room, which she left not for a moment all the night.—She went to bed, but uneasiness and curiosity did not suffer her to close her eyes. Not the least noise was heard in the adjoining apartment, and when Amelia entered it early in the morning, she observed beneath the lines she had wrote, pale but legible characters, which she 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 father 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 his confinement, some words which were 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 of her heart. I communicated my discovery to her, and she confessed at last that I was not mistaken.”

“Gracious Heaven!” I exclaimed, “she confessed—”

“And at the same time desired me earnestly to conceal it carefully from you; and do you know for what reason?”

“No!”

“Amelia feared she was not beloved by you. Your having proceeded on your travels during her illness without so much as 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.

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 of course acted wisely that I opened your eyes!"

"O! my dearest Baroness!" I replied, kissing her hand, "my gratitude will end only with my life."

“Silence ! Silence !” she exclaimed, putting her hand on my lips, I have told you, as yet, only good news—the worst is coming now !”

“What can that be ?” I asked with consternation.

“You shall hear Amelia’s own words :” “The Duke” said she, “does not love 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 of 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

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 be changed into a voluntary passion."

"My dearest friend! my comforter!" I exclaimed, "what friendly genius is it that speaks through you, and animates my whole nature?"

"The genius of love—I have loved too, and know how to advise in affairs of the heart. But tell me sincerely, my Lord, would your father consent to a match beneath your dignity?"

"It would be of no consequence if he should not; I am Duke."

"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 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."

I promised it, and retired. My whole frame had been in a feverish tremor from the beginning of our conversation. I could scarcely utter the most necessary answers to the discourses of the Baroness. To be loved by Amelia! This intelligence imparadised me, and my heart could scarcely contain the unspeakable bliss which had been showered down upon me.* I went home like a dreaming person, 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 sigh'd 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.

* The editor has taken the liberty to curtail this, and many other passages which depict the Duke as *loving or 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*.

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 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 orb again. The great extent of the garden, and the impetuous state of my mind, increased the difficulty of finding the idol of my heart. At length, stepping forth from a side path, enclosed with high hedges, I fancied I saw something stirring at a distance, near a statue. Having advanced some paces, the light of the moon reflecting from the marble statue upon Amelia, removed every doubt. I approached with tottering steps, and found Amelia reclining against the pedestal of a Diana, and immersed in profound meditation. 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 emotions of my heart were dreadful ; my working bosom threatened to burst. “ God knows,” I replied with a faltering voice, “ whether I shall see you again.”

“ We shall certainly meet again,” said she, looking up to heaven.

“ Merciful God ! should my hopes blossom first beyond the grave.”

“ What hopes ?” she exclaimed with inquisitive astonishment.

“ And do you not divine how this separation will wound my heart ?”

Amelia looked anxiously around, as if seeking Lady Delier ; and then fixed her eyes again doubtfully on me.

“ My Lord, your words and your behaviour are mysterious to me.”

“ Then receive their explanation kindly,” I replied, letting myself down on one knee, and taking hold of her hand, “ I love you.”

The

The Countess was struck dumb with surprise — “And this you tell me when taking *leave!*” she lisped at length.

If I fancied I perceived a soft pressure from her hand, and returned it with glowing 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 told 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 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 possession of Amelia's heart, ensured to me by the declaration of her own lips, had expelled from my breast every terrestrial wish; my whole nature seemed to me exalted and purified of all earthly dregs, and the flame which had penetrated my frame, was a sacred fire cleared of every particle of sensuality. O! innocent love, thou offspring of the sacred affinity of two congenial souls, thou art perhaps the sole species of union and enjoyment, which is capable to afford us here below a notion 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 my ear that we should meet no more. How many times did I attempt to go and stopped again—how many times did I go and return again to assure Amelia that I should certainly see her once more!—Her emotions seemed, indeed, to be less vehement than mine, however, I could not be deceived, and observed the secret workings of her soul, perceived the pearly tear that started from her eye and the violent heaving of her bosom.

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

“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 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 the present.”

“I do not desire you to disclose to me, more than I am able to bear at present.”

The Irishman paused again, and then began thus:

“If our powers of perception were confined only to our senses, the visible world would then encompass all our ideas, sentiments, wishes and hopes. No idea of spirits, of God and of immortality would raise us above the sphere of materiality. In order to produce and to conceive these ideas a supersensible faculty is 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 ever-

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 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 of people of that description. Only the more impartial have always maintained that one ought not to judge precipitately of these objects, and only the wisest of mankind have been able to form a just judgment of them."

"O Hiermanfor ! introduce me to the circle of the latter. I have already in the different periods of my life adhered to all the other parties. In the days of my earlier youth I believed in apparitions, like the most ignorant of the

lowest class. In a more advanced period of life I fancied I was convicted 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 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 of motion, consequently,

quently, every *spirit* is a simple, unextended and penetrable being not subjected to the laws of motion."

"Exactly so!"

"Bodies are extended, that is they occupy a *room*, and the proportion which one body bears to the other in point of *room*, constitutes its *place*; spirits are not extended, and consequently exist in no *room*, and in no *place*."

"How am I to understand this?"

"Just as I have said.—But let me 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 *no 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? How could you imagine, without contradiction, that space or place can exist in *such* a world? If one spirit does not
occupy

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 to the visible or invisible world, *where* else can they exist?"

"How sensitive and confused your ideas are! Don't you perceive that your question is equal to this: *in which place* do spirits exist? and that, of course, you premise in your question what I have just clearly proved to be absurd. Do you not comprehend that *room* and *place* are nothing else but *external* qualities, only relations of *material* things? and do you believe that the existence of any being depends merely on external qualities and material relations?"

"Have patience with me!"

"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,

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 another: there are diversions of thought, in which the thinking principle leaves our body so entirely, that only the animal powers are active in the latter, and on the return of our awakening self-consciousness, the soul seems to return from far distant regions. However, this too is mere illusion. We can say nothing farther of the union which subsists between our soul and body, than that our soul is sensible of the existence of a corporeal organ, the mutations of which harmonise exactly with her ideas and resolutions; however, as you never will suppose that your spirit is enclosed by the walls of Amelia's distant habitation, where your whole soul, with all her sentiments and ideas, is, as it were, translocated 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 sceptre of stern necessity, and kept in order by physical laws ; the rank which these beings maintain towards one another, is founded either on innate qualities, or such as have been attributed to them by general agreement ; and they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another, according to their relations constituted by space and time.—How different is this in the material world ! rational beings, endowed with free will, are subject to no other laws but to those of morality ; the prerogatives and degrees which subsist among them, depend on the different degrees.

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!"

"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 those which subsist between our soul and body? The cause of this is very obvious. The human spirit can have a clear idea only of the objects of the material world, because of its corporeal organ; it is, therefore,

not even capable of a clear immediate contemplation of its own self, much less of its immaterial relations to other spirits : the difference which exists between those ideas which arise in our soul by means of its immateriality, and its communion with spiritual beings, and the ideas which it receives by the medium 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 beings, 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 those ideas which arise within ourselves before and after we are fast asleep, and in which our body takes a greater or a smaller share. This is not the case with our dreams; for when we are dreaming, the faculties of the soul do not act so pure and uncontrouled as when we are fast asleep. Dreaming is an intermediate state between waking and sleeping. We have then already, in some measure, clear ideas, and interweave the actions of our soul with the impressions of our exterior 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 produce analogical representations of our senses, which, although they be not the spiritual actions themselves, yet are their symbols."

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Examples will render the matter more intelligible to you. Experience teaches that our superior intellectual notions, which are near a-kin to the spiritual ideas, commonly assume a bodily garb, in order to render themselves perspicuous. Thence the poet transforms wisdom into the Goddess Minerva, the stings of conscience into furies, and personifies virtues and vices; the mathematician describes time by a *line*, and is there any philosopher who always forms an idea even of the Godhead, without intermixing 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

out 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 spirits, 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 the finishing and enlargement of this sketch. Suffice it that I have enabled you to comprehend the apparition of your friend, and to see that reason does not pronounce judgment against subjects of this nature, but rather is the only mean which affords us light and certainty with respect to them. The theory which I have given you may, at the same time, serve you to judge whether it will be worth your trouble to be initiated in the 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

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 pleasure.” So saying, he left me suddenly.

On coming home, I found on my table two bags with money, each of them containing a thousand ducats. Pietro told me they had been brought by a servant of the Irish Captain.

No one will doubt that I was now entirely devoted to the Irishman. By his discourse at the burying place he had *persuaded*, and by his liberality *convinced* me, that I could not do better than to let myself be guided entirely by him ;

and

and as I at first had been determined to this by 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 surpris'd 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 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 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 intitled by his premises, combated errors and prejudices upon which he could have founded surreptitious conclusions; nay, it appeared as if he, unmindful of what he was to prove, had left it entirely to the course of his impartial inquiry whither it would lead him,

and I beheld myself, with astonishment, on the conclusion of it, at the mark from which the road we had taken threatened to lead us astray.

I cannot describe the wonderful bold ideas which the instructions I had received produced in my mind, nor the awfully agreeable sensations which those ideas were accompanied with. The rising sun surpris'd me in that indescribable 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 into 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 Irishman which I had not yet deciphered. The following is the result of my endeavours to unfold its contents:

‘ My

‘ 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 shall relate the incident at large.

‘ I had sent one part of my servants to follow Miguel on his journey. I myself staid behind in order to make an attempt of restoring the health of the Countess, for whose life the ignorance of her physician had made me tremble. The success I met with surpassed my most sanguine expectation. Some drops of an electuary which I poured into the mouth of the Countess produced so sudden an effect, that, in a few hours, the most unequivocal signs of returning health were perceived. As soon as I had been informed of this desirable change, I followed Miguel with the rest of my people, having 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 Amelia and to follow me, because I wanted his assistance in the execution of my designs. The view I had in commanding him to inform the Duke of Amelia’s pretended 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 attachment, or whether his passion for her was of a more serious nature, and what degree it had attained. I need not explain to your Excellency, how necessary this knowledge was to me. The second commission had no other aim, than to pour bal-

sam in Miguel's wound, and at the same time, to make me appear to him a miracle-working being, and his and 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 different 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.

‘ On the third day after our arrival, Miguel received the letter by which he was informed of the Countess's death. The effect which this intelligence produced upon him must have been a kind of frenzy. One of my people who watched all his steps, informed me late in the evening, he had seen Miguel rushing out of his house with every mark of despair in his countenance, and running with such a velocity that he and his comrade hardly had been able to follow him. He added that Miguel after two hours roaming about, had stopped not far from hence, at the banks of a river, where he was walking up and down, absorbed in profound reverie.

‘ ‘ Soon after a second messenger told me, Miguel had plunged into the river, but one of his comrades who had watched 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 instantly

to be carried to a spacious empty vault, and while some of my men endeavoured 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 retire to an adjoining apartment, and to take the candles with them. No sooner was every thing in order, than I perceived by a deep groan of Miguel, that he had recovered his recollection.—His state of mind when awaking, must have been very strange. His recollection 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 pungency, for he uttered a loud scream which made the vault resound*. This was the signal for which my people had been waiting in the adjoining apartment. They kindled a pole which was fixed near an aperture in the wall, and enveloped with flax, and wetted with spirit of wine, which spread a faint light through the spacious vault. The astonishment which Miguel

* This is a mistake, for we know by the Duke's own account, vol. 1. p. 82, that he uttered this scream because he felt himself pulled down by an invisible hand when he was going to get up. The Irishman having known nothing of this circumstance, it is probable that the unknown cause of this pulling down, was no other than a foot of the Duke, with which he, in his stupor, kept his cloak down, when he was getting up without knowing it.

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was seized with, when looking all around and seeing nothing but a man wrapt in a scarlet cloak, surpasses all powers of description. His anxiety increased 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 superior 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. I ordered him to be silent, blind-folded him and delivered him to the care of a servant, whom I secretly ordered him 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 blindfolded 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 eyes and nobody was seen around him. Very fortunately thenight was far advanced, and the whole affair remained concealed.

“ Thus happily ended an adventure which had begun in a manner so inauspicious.

“ However, Paleski has committed a foolish trick, which I cannot forgive him. He desired his dismissal from the Countess, which being refused

fused by his Lady, who imagined him to be a faithful 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 much sooner than I had expected at first. Though I am of

opinion that the visibly growing favour of these two courtiers was partly founded on personal attachment, yet the Irishman had not been mistaken when he told me, that the relation which existed between myself and Vascon*ellos would render the access to their confidence easier. Sum**ez, the Secretary of State, enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the Minister, and was related to Vascon*ellos. Therefore the friendship of the latter paved for me the road to 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 Sp—n, 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 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 reperuse it, till at length, what a sweet delusion of my enraptured imagination! I fancied I saw the amiable writer before me, and 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 guess 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. However, I would not have you to think that Amelia ever has mentioned any thing to that purpose, or that I believe that a noble spotless soul like hers, could harbour sentiments of revenge; but I suppose only that the amiable enthusiast perhaps fancies that the ghost of her murdered Lord will not enjoy a perfect tranquillity and happiness, before the perpetrator of that villainous deed has received the just reward of his atrocious crime. Endeavour, my Lord, to settle your affairs at Mad**d as soon as possible, 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 successful progress, and I shall soon see your Ladyship again. See Amelia again! What happiness do these words imply! Heavens, how great would my felicity be if I constantly could fix my eyes on the loveliest of women! How superlatively happy should I be if I were Amelia's brother, in order that I could be constantly about her, and speak to her; or her slave, that I could breathe under the same roof with her, follow her every where, and anticipate every wink and every wish of hers."

I had been about three weeks at Mad**d when I visited the minister one evening, and found him in company with a person who, by his dress, appeared to be a man of rank. He seemed to be very old and infirm, but conceive my astonishment, when, on approaching nearer, I fancied I discerned the features of the Irishman, though

every thing else was so 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 astonishment to the anti-chamber, and I found it extremely difficult to conceal my emotions from the minister, who told me that the Marchese had brought bad news from Port***, where the spirit of sedition was said to be very busy. Not knowing how far I durst disclose my thoughts on that head without blundering upon the design of the Irishman, I returned an indifferent answer, and endeavoured to turn the conversation to some other object. Fortunately company was announced, I staid an hour longer, and then took leave.

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 inter-

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 by these means."

"I cannot comprehend you;" I exclaimed, "you are either counteracting your own plan; or the revolution will be destroyed in the bud."

"My good Duke, one must frequently *appear* to counteract a plan in order to carry it into execution with greater safety. I will explain myself more distinctly." So saying, he pushed his chair closer to me, and continued in a lower accent: "Let us take a short view of the situation of your country. Not to mention the 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

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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 gods 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****ze nobility are to be bound to enter in the service of Sp***n, under the penalty of losing their estate; I am to advise the minister to seize the Duke of B——a? Did you not say so?”

“Exactly so?”

“However, if the P—e nobility should enter into the Sp***sh service, how are they to be active in the service of *their country*? if the Duke of Bra***za should be seized, how will it be possible that

that he should become the head of the conspirators?"

"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; however 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 reluctantly 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 reasonable 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**th service, but both parties are to be provoked, by

the severest oppression in such a manner that their resentment may break out into open revolt."

"His father would not have wanted such a violent incitement; the Duke has, however, inherited very little of the spirit of his parent*."

"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 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 Grandmother of the Duke of Brag***za had already attempted to enforce her claim to the throne; she was, however, obliged to yield to superior power. His father was hurt so much at the loss of the crown, 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.

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the Duke of Bra***za is at present. The minister of Sp**n is not ignorant of the fermentations in Por***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 against him as yet? Open force would have been fruitless, and not only forwarded the general revolt, but also justified the actions of the Duke. He was therefore forced to have recourse to art. At first he conferred the government of Mi*an upon the Duke, in order to have an opportunity of getting him in his power; however that keen-sighted nobleman declined that honour, pretending not to have sufficient knowledge of the country to acquit himself honourably of a trust 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 Por***al, probably with a view to make a descent, Oliva*ez 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.

Sp**n. This plan was however rendered 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***1, 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 against the secret machinations of the minister; I say the *secret* machinations, for if they should be carried on publicly, as it has been the case as yet, his snares may easily be evaded. For which reason it will be matter of great importance to persuade the minister to carry on his attempts 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 Oliva*ez, and to inform him that you have received intelligence of the commotion in Por***al—"

"Besides," I interrupted him, "Oliva*ez has told me to-day that he has received an account of these commotions from a certain Mar-

* This emissary will soon be introduced to the reader.

these 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 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 the King of Sp***n and your country, which has been reduced to the greatest distress by the constant internal commotions, does not suffer you any longer to regard as a friend, the man who was the chief cause of all these troubles. Thus you will gain the confidence of the minister, and he will ask you what measures for seizing the Duke you think would be most proper and safe. Take hold of that opportunity to convince the minister that, and for what reason, violent measures of any kind, would produce the worst consequences. 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. Oliva*ez will desire you to give him your opinion more at large, and then.

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 expenses of his journey."

"But suppose," said I, "this proposal should be accepted, how could the Duke of Brag**za escape the snare?"

"Can we not apprise him of his danger? If he cannot find means to escape the snare by dint of art, he must have recourse to open force, and call to arms. Thus the revolution will begin, and our chief aim be attained."

"One can predict," the Irishman continued, "with some degree of certainty, that Oliva*ez will not reject that proposal, which is nothing but a continuation of his former plan, and, of course, will flatter his conceit. As soon as you shall have carried this point, you must endeavour to effect the promulgation of the edict against the nobility; which will be no difficult task, if you pretend to have been informed by letters from Por***al, that the major part of the nobility is entirely devoted to the Duke, and will support him if a revolt should break out.—Hence you may draw the conclusion that the fermentation in Por***al will never cease, and the wisest measures against him, though ever so successful,

will not have the desired effect, while the nobility shall not be employed somewhere else, and forced to submit to the edict by which they are ordered to enter into the service of Sp**n. I advise you, at the same time, to add, that the indulgence which has been shewn to those who have refused to obey the proclamation of the Court, will render the nobility more daring, and the Duke of Brag**za more dangerous. In short, you must exert every power of persuasion to incite the minister to renew and to enforce that edict."

After a short pause the Irishman added:—
 "This advice would appear suspicious, if proposed by any other person but yourself. You have gained, already, his confidence to such a degree, that it will derive additional strength from your apparent zeal. And indeed every thing that can contribute to remove all traces of suspicion from you concurs in your person! The proposals which you are to make have not only the appearance of destroying the design of the Duke and the conspirators, but you have also been on your travels when they were fabricated, and of course, cannot be suspected of having the least share in them. While you have been here your time has been 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**in, and to 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 remind you,” added the Irishman, when he was going to leave me,” “not to forget to interest the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, for your transactions.”

“But suppose,” I replied, “I should acquit myself of my charge to your satisfaction, how am I to conceal the matter from my father?”

The Irishman replied after a momentary consideration: “If the minister should approve your proposals, you must request him frankly not to mention any thing to the Marquis, pretending to intend to surprise him in an agreeable manner, by an oral account, when the whole affair shall be happily concluded.”

“Before he took leave, he enjoined me to be circumspect, courageous, and active.

I cannot say 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 minister 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 snare. He did, indeed, execute the orders of the Sp***sh court, travelled all over Por***l, and observed 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 so well escorted, that none of the Sp***sh governors dared to seize him.

The Irishman who gave me this information, provided me at the same time with instructions how to act if the minister should complain of the miscarriage of my plan, which soon happened. Oliva*ez acquainted me very peevishly, with

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***1."

The minister approved of this advice, and carried it into execution without delay. The Duke of B——a, who was well aware that the order from the Sp***th court could not be declined any longer, sent his Chamberlain to Mad**d in order to hire a palace, to engage a number of servants, and to make every preparation for his pretended arrival, but nevertheless did not come. One time he pleaded ill health, at another time want of money, and at last, wished to know what rank he was to hold at Mad**d. However, I was so 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 B——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 and affection, were indeed entirely destitute of that fiery impetuosity of love which characterised mine; however, this was just adding fuel to the flame, which consumed me. I felt that I could not live without her. She did not indeed encourage my hope of getting possession of her hand, yet she did not repel it entirely, and several hints which Lady Delier had given me, served to support it. I was already computing with rapture the effect which my unexpected arrival would produce on Amelia, and made the necessary preparations 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 physiognomy, of which no faithful verbal description 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; however, if examined minutely and narrowly, peeps with increased horrors through the borrowed veil. This countenance appears to me like a dreadful mystery, and I cannot behold it without secret terror. The tout ensemble of that man exactly fits this head—a sneaking gait—a stooping neck—a grey coat—but you must and will see him yourself. I hate him from the bottom of my soul, and think that he is not capable of a good action, and that his mere presence must be sufficient to dispel even from the hearts of others every noble sentiment. It would be a mystery

to me, how your 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 sterling truth whatever comes from his lips, seems to be more charmed with him every day. O hasten, my friend, to deliver 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 judgment of Alumbrado, originating from physiognomical reasons unjust, and uncharitable, and my father old and sensible enough to see and avoid the danger, if any should be existing. I deemed the return to the Countess much more pressing than the journey to P———, I, took leave of Oliva*ez 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 desired to see her once more before his death, rendered it necessary for her to hasten to Cadiz. In the letter of the Baroness, which,

which, amongst others, contained the direction of the Countess at Cadiz, the portrait of Amelia was inclosed.

Amelia's portrait! the image of those heavenly charms, the contemplation of which would afford delight even to angels, and the lifeless imitation of which filled my soul with rapture. O! with what an unspeakable delight did my entranced 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 throes 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.”

“I had much to see, and have experienced a great deal!”

“I do not doubt it; you have had very little leisure for thinking of your father.”

I endeavoured to refute this reproach which I had expected, and succeeded pretty well. The Marquis grew warmer and more affectionate; he enquired after my tutor and Count Clairval. It seemed to wound him deeply that I could give no satisfactory account of the former. With 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 officious, 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

ken it for the picture of a girl of seventeen years. However, the painters are used to flatter."

"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 a high degree."

"You are in love with her."

"My father——"

"I should be very sorry at it."

"For what reason?" I asked, thunder-struck.

"The young Princess of L****—what do you think of her?"

"I don't like her at all."

"This would grieve me extremely, for I have chosen her for your wife?"

"My heart has already chosen. Your consent, my father——"

"The Countess of Clairval? Never!"

"You don't know her. Her family and fortune are very considerable."

"I hope you will not liken her, in that respect, to the Princess of L****?"

"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 you 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 how could I have had the courage of contradicting that tender solicitation, that entreating persuasion of a father. And yet, was I not necessitated to do something worse, to counteract my parent? I never felt more strongly than at that moment, that it was utterly impossible for me to renounce the possession of Amelia. Alas! never was a situation more unfortunate than mine, and never has a human heart been reduced to such a dreadful conflict with itself by two people so dear as my father and Amelia were to me.

"I looked

I looked around with weeping eyes in search of a person to whom I could unbofom my fraitened 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, 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."

* Here have I expunged a picture which the painter has drawn of me, with too much partiality.

“That I will, you have given me a very bad character of that Alumbrado.”

“And would not retract a syllable of what I have wrote.”

“Where is he, I have not yet seen him.”

“He is abroad.”

“I am curious to get acquainted with him.”

“Don't come near him, lest he catch you in the same snare in which he has caught your father.”

“Fear nothing, I shall endeavour to deliver my father from that shameful captivity.”

“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——, 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 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 Vasconcellos?" "No," I replied. "Have you warned him of the impending danger in some other manner?" "No." "Have you disclosed the secret to one of your friends?" "To no man living." "Can you pledge your honour for the truth of your declaration?" "I can."

These questions succeeded each other rapidly, and he left me with equal haste. I was almost petrified at this incident. My astonishment, however, soon gave place to a different sensation, for I concluded from the words, and the perturbation of the Irishman, nothing less than that the plot had been discovered. The intelligence which I gained afterwards seemed to confirm this conjecture. Vasconcellos had left his castle suddenly and crossed the river Taço, 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. Vasconcellos 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 Rib**ro, 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 Rib**ro repaired with his troop to the palace of Vascon*ellos, 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 exclamation: "The tyrant is dead! long live liberty and King John, the new Sovereign of Port***!"

The populace who were assembled, under the windows of the palace, repeated these words with loud acclamations of joy. In order to protect the corpse against the fury of the mob, the society of charity pressed their way through the crowd and carried it away on a bier, which is only used at the burials of slaves.

Meanwhile another troop had penetrated into the palace of the Vice-Queen. The Archbishop of Bra*a, who was with her, and as a near relation of Vasconcel**s, 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 Vasconce*los had deserved their hatred, but that they would be treated as rebels if they should proceed a step farther.

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 Bra——za, 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 Spa*n. The reply was, that no one could be acknowledged as King but John, Duke of B——a. 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 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.

Meanwhile the chief of the Spani—ds had been seized, and the conspirators requested the Vice-Queen to send an order to the Commander of St. Ge* to surrender; for that castle, which commanded the whole town, was still in the possession of the Spani—ds. The Vice-Queen refused to comply with their request; yet when she was told that her refusal would be the signal for killing all the imprisoned Spani—ds, she drew up the desired order, expecting that no attention would be paid to it. However the commander of the castle, who did not dare to defend himself,

executed her order literally, and thus the town was freed of all fear. It is almost 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 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 accomplished. 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 happened 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 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 without secret reservation, while I swore to him the oath of allegiance, in hopes that I should soon renew it to the lawful King, who was still concealed. My country now was delivered from the Spanish yoke, but my heart remained in the thralldom of love. The fetters

which it was chained with were, indeed, nothing but garlands, but nevertheless stronger than bonds of adamant; how was it therefore to be expected, that I should have been inclined and capable to obey my father, who wanted me to break them? This bondage was so sweet to me, and my 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 Ferei^a exhausted in vain all his eloquence in order to melt the flinty heart of my inexorable parent. In that wretched situation I sent 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 as gloomy as my exterior situation. The view of my heaven was 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 weeping eyes. I was confident that the 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 encreased to black despair.



CONTINUATION

By the MARQUIS of FERRE^{*A}.

Here a great deal is wanting in the memoirs of the Duke of Cami^{*a}, which I cannot leave unsupplied, otherwise an important part of his history will be lost, 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 affailing 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 task.

“ Yes,

“ 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 directed at me. His relation soon unfolded this mystery.

“ Will you believe it, my friend, that in that very night, when we expected him in vain with so much impatience and anxiety, he had been taken up secretly, carried off, and imprisoned? He was on his way to my house, when he met a carriage which he mistook for mine. In this opinion he was confirmed, when the coachman stopped the horses, and a servant in my livery opened the coach 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 Galvez 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

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 passages, in a room where she 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 been able to persuade his masked attendants to answer to his questions, he could not learn where he was imprisoned. The frequent chiming of bells, the singing of hymns, which seemed to be very near him, and several other circumstances, made him, however, suppose that he was confined in a cloister.

“ It is remarkable, that during his confinement, he was obliged to sit to a sculptor, who executed his statue so masterly, that it resembled him in the most striking manner. The artist too was masked, and nothing could persuade him to tell for what purpose the statue was designed.

“ At length the wished-for hour of enlargement arrived. The prisoner was called up between one and two o'clock in the morning, and ordered us 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 perceived 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 departed for Lisbⁿ, in hopes of meeting you there, after a long and painful separation. I rode on horseback by his carriage in order to accompany him a few miles; the impatient desire of seeing you soon made your tutor urge the postillion to press his horses onward; the fellow was offended at the incessant solicitations of the Count, and drove slower, which vexed our friend to such a degree, that he exhorted the postillion rather warmly to proceed faster, adding some menaces. The postillion being provoked by your tutor's threats, whipped his horses furiously, without taking proper notice of the neighbourhood of the precipice, which you will recollect; the animals grew wild, and the carriage was precipitated into the abyss.

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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 your 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 the sick bed. Now happened what I had dreaded, without 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 the Marquis was so great, that the latter suffered himself to be persuaded to write to the Countess, and to invite her in the most honourable and flattering manner,

ner, to render his son happy by giving him her hand.

“The duke wrote only the following few lines :

“My dearest love ! I address myself to you on the brink of the grave ; your hand can save or hurl me down : my doom rests with you. O ! come, angelic 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 instantly 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***l. The idea that your best wishes, the blessing of your father and my uncle, and the guardian genius of love, will conduct 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.”

Grace, whether you do not acknowledge now
as a soothsayer

Your humble and obedient servant,

ANNA DE DELIER."

The Duke had begun to mend rapidly ever since the Marquis consented to his union with Amelia; the letter of the Countess restored his health intirely. No mortal could be more happy and cheerful than the Duke of Cami*a. It was natural that Alumbrado, who, as the author of his happiness, had no small claim to his gratitude, should acquire in his eyes a value, which intirely dispelled the antipathy he at first had conceived against him. I soon was made sensible of that change, when I took one time the opportunity of dropping a few words concerning Alumbrado. "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 impression on my misguided friend. Being therefore obliged to desist from my endeavours to change the opinion of the Duke, I strove with additional assiduity to cut off his connection with Alumbrado, at least till he should be united to Amelia, expecting that this angel would soon drive away that demon of darkness. I proposed to the Duke a journey to **ina, for the benefit of his health, and offered to accompany him. He consented to it without difficulty, expecting to beguile by 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 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 suffered me to go in the boat which will set the pilot on shore. But he has opposed my design, on account of the swelling sea and the great distance. If Heaven favours us you will see me to-morrow..

Your

‘AMELIA.’

“Well, my friend,” said the Duke, when I returned the paper to him, “has my presentiment deceived me? have not I done well to urge our return?—But why do we tarry here? (he added) let us fly to the harbour!”

The horses were instantly saddled, and we mounted them in our travelling 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.

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 fore-runners 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 appearing 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 a gun every three minutes, as soon as they perceived that assistance was near.

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I admired my friend's firmness of mind with which he, at a sight that ought to have rendered him almost distracted, shewed the greatest zeal to save the crew, ordering a large fire to be lighted on the 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 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
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of a dreadful shape separated from the main every now and then, and darted with the velocity of lightning across the channel, while others remained immoveable like enormous rocks. Not one blue spot could be descried in the firmament; a pale faint glimmer enlightened heaven, earth and sea.

The death-like paleness of the Duke's countenance, his perturbed mien, his steps now slow and now moving with vehemence, and the contortions of his lips, bespoke the tempest raging in his soul exceeding the violence of the hurricane that was lashing the ocean. The hapless 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 several times to have a chance of forcing his way to the vessel, the irregular motions of
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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 agony of despondency the floating chests, casks, and whatsoever they could lay hold on.

I shall never forget that horrid scene of woe! Two ladies now made their appearance on the stern of the vessel: one of them was the Countess, and the other Lady Delier. Amelia expanded her arms towards her lover, who exerted all his strength to join the darling of his soul.—She seemed to have known the Duke by his undaunted courage. The Baroness 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

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 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 life in the Duke, we carried him to the next house and put him to bed. The contusions and wounds he had received, by having been dashed against the rocks, were examined by a surgeon, who declared they were not mortal. I uttered a loud shout, throwing myself on my knees, and offering fervent thanks to God. The Duke opened his eyes and closed them again. The surgeon desired us to retire, and not to disturb his rest.

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 Delier 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-cicatrised 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 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 to look anxiously whether any signs of returning health appeared in his face, he observed on the bosom of his son a blue ribbon. He pulled it carefully out, and the picture of the Queen of France was suspended to it. The countenance of the Marquis resembled at first that of a person who is dubious whether he is awake or dreaming ; but soon after I saw his face grow deadly pale, and his whole frame quiver violently. No sooner had he recovered the power of utterance, than he 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 soul poisonous shoots which injured his religion. He declared it to be impossible a good God could designedly make good men so unhappy as he had been rendered. He ascribed the origin of his misfortunes to a bad principle, which, having

having a share in the government of the world, had appropriated his understanding merely to the execution of its bad purposes. He maintained that it was contrary to the nature of an infinitely good being to effect even the best purposes by bad means ; and if there were in this 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 consolation in venting his resentment against the bad principle, whom he believed to be the author of his sufferings. He was therefore firmly resolved to refute the arguments which I had opposed to his system; and as soon as he was able to leave his bed, began to arrange his ideas on that head, and to secure them by a proper train of arguments against my objections. He had almost finished his work when Alumbrado returned from his journey.

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 in my opinion of Alumbrado's character. I begged his pardon in my heart, and though I could not love him, yet I thought it my duty not to refuse him my regard any longer.

However, soon after two accidents happened which gave me reason to apprehend that I had changed my opinion too prematurely. I got intelligence that Alumbrado visited the house of a man whose character was very much suspected. Baeza was his name. The important office which he kept at the custom house, and the 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 greater grief the recovery of his son's health make but very slow progress. The cause of it was a secret, but rooted melancholy, into which the overflowing exasperation of his heart and furious agony of mind had changed ever since he had adopted the principles of the Manichean system. This melancholy corroded his vitals like the slow poison of a cancer, and stopped not only the circulation of the vital powers, but also the energy of the soul of my unhappy friend in its wonted activity. The situation of his mind was therefore 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 conver-

ling 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 stepped 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 increased his anxious desire of discovering an artificial bridge of communication with the kingdom of spirits. In short, all the ideas he had imbibed in the school of the Irishman awoke in his mind with redoubled force. What at first had been to him a mere object of knowledge, became now the most important concern of his heart. One time he surprised Alumbrado with the question whether he thought it possible to converse with spirits before our death? However the artful man extricated his neck with great dexterity from the sling, replying, that such a question could not be answered in general, nor with a few words. I perceived that Alumbrado viewed the Duke attentively and began to muse.

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 incomplete. 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 non arrival, he certainly will not omit to make good his word." Alumbrado asked him who that Hiermanfor was? and the Duke related to him at large his adventures with that man, without betraying the share he had had in the revolution. I expected that Alumbrado, who at once was made acquainted with so dangerous a rival, would do his utmost to ruin his credit; but I was mistaken; all that he ventured to say, was, indeed, very much against him; but he added, that one ought not to judge prematurely on so great and deep a character.

This lenient judgment was not sufficient to cure the Duke of his delusion; although his confidence in the Irishman was very strong,

yet his patience was very weak, and my reasoning against Hiermanfor began to make him uneasy. Several times was he going to make public inquiries after him, but the apprehension of offending him without being able to find him out always prevented him from doing it. At last, when the Irishman did not appear after a long and fruitless expectation, my friend took it in his head to inquire after the Count de Clairval, and in case he should discover him, to seize him either by force 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 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 for your order to seize him."

Alumbrado had spoken the truth; the Duke found the Count in his apartment. The latter was at first incapable of uttering a word, but having recovered from his astonishment, he declined in a faltering accent to accept the invitation of my friend. But when he heard the Duke talk of the guard, and saw that he was a prisoner, he submitted to his fate. The Duke ordered his trunk to be carried to his coach, and then drove with him to his palace.

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

"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, 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 animosity and perplexity. Come, let us drink."

The Count consented to it.

"First of all," said the Duke, after they had been seated, "tell me where is Hiermanfor? He promised to pay me a visit as soon as Por***al should be delivered from the Spa**sh yoke, but has not been as good as his word."

"He could not. Affairs of the greatest importance have called him to Brasil, where he very probably is at present."

"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 ta— 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?"

"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 short silence, "however, those papers did not extend farther than to the time when Hiermanfor was taken up in your and my tutor's presence. I was then going to descend into the subterraneous vaults of a ruinous building, in order to take a brilliant pin out of the hair of a sleeping virgin."

"I know it; but you would have found neither the sleeping virgin nor any of those things which Hiermanfor told you you would meet with."

"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 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 abyss had contributed to set my imagination at work, and I was more desirous to see those miraculous things, than to get possession of the jewels.”

“Your Grace repented it very much that I had interrupted that adventure by the seizure of Hiermanfor.”

“Indeed I did, but what view had you in doing it?”

“It was of great consequence to me, to prove myself to you and your tutor, in an incontestible manner, an implacable enemy of Hiermanfor. How could I have effected it better than by seizing him? the magistrate was an intimate friend of mine, and the whole farce pre-concerted with him.”

“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 entreated 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 advisable 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 liberty 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 wher

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 extraordinary circumstances. A lamentable incident procured him the means of effecting his purpose. You will recollect the execution of Franciska, the too late discovery of her innocence, and the nocturnal funeral to which I invited you——Hiermanfor could not have re-appeared to you on a more remarkable opportunity. At that period, when your soul was thrilled with gloomy melancholy and chilling sensations, the sight of a man whom you suppose to languish in a dungeon, or perhaps to have finished already his career 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 Port^{***}al?"

“I suppose very soon!”

“Do you, indeed? I can see, as yet, no preparations for it. They even do not *talk* of the old King; every one believes him to be dead; I think it would be time to spread the news of his being still alive.”

“I must confess that I have neither heard nor seen any thing of him since we left him in his cell. I hope Hiermanfor’s return will be the period of his taking possession of the throne. Perhaps he intends to introduce him in triumph in Port*al.”

“It seems, at least, that they are very intimately connected. Do you recollect how Hiermanfor appeared at night, in a manner equally mysterious and surprising, when he was summoned by the royal Hermit.”

“O! as for that juggling trick——”

The Duke started from his chair. “A juggling trick—this too should have been a juggling trick?”

“How can you be surprised at this discovery?”

“The incident was indeed wonderful 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

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 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 preconcerted with the King?"

"Certainly!"

"And the whole conduct of the King has been regulated by Hiermanfor?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"The incident," the Duke replied after a pause, "now ceases, indeed, to appear miraculous to me; however the behaviour of the King seems to me so much the more mysterious. How is it possible that this reverend old man could consent to deceive me in so degrading a manner?"

"It was no easy task to persuade him to it. However, after Hiermanfor had exhausted his eloquence in vain, he declared 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,

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 incidents should have been effected by delusive arts, and Antonio's appearance only be excepted?"

"T"

“The appearance of Antonio was no deception.”

“You will never make me believe it.”

“I cannot blame you for it.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have forfeited the right of deserving credit.”

The Duke was silent, viewing the Count attentively. The latter resumed: “Besides, it is very indifferent to me what you 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 Hiermanfor'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 heart. She was a blooming beauty, who had attracted by her uncommon charms, and rejected many wooers of high rank. It had been reserved for Hiermanfor to kindle in her heart the first spark of love, and yet he appeared insensible of his good fortune. But he was not. He entertained a high sense of the preference given to him: honesty and prudence commanded him, however, to conceal his sentiments for a person who was so far superior to him in point of rank. Yet youthful age is 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. His superiors sent a mission to the Indies, and Hiermanfor got leave to make that journey with the missionaries. There he is said to have acquired among the Bramins the knowledge of the occult sciences, in the mysteries of which he had promised to initiate your Grace. I do not know what prompted him to leave the order afterwards. His superiors parting with him reluctantly, rendered it very difficult for him to procure dispensation from his vows. At length he got leave to 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 reconciliation, 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 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 acquainted with your secret.”

“My dear Duke! I have indeed told you what I think.”

“Count, I conjure you, by every thing sacred, by the horrors of eternity!” here the Duke encircled him with his arms, “by Amelia’s spirit, tell me what do you think of that apparition?”

“I believe *that* apparition to have been effected by Hiermanfor’s supernatural power,” replied the Count after a short silence.

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 liberated. The matter happened in the following manner :

“ The Duke had paid him one more visit at night, in order to get some explanation of Amelia’s history, asking the Count whether his account of Amelia’s adventures had been strictly true, or intermixed with fiction ? The Count confessed frankly that he had not been very conscientious in his relation, but had added to his picture many fictitious strokes ; nay, that he had disfigured even the principal incidents by interpolation, in order to encrease by his adventurous tale, the Duke’s propensity to wonderful incidents, and thus to render Amelia more interesting to him. The Duke asked him how he could have risked a fraud which the first meeting with the Countess could have laid open to him. “ I was well aware,” the Count replied, “ that you as well as Amelia would be prompted by the tender har-

mony which made your hearts beat in unison, to avoid speaking of incidents which would have introduced Amelia's late Lord and her love for him." The Duke asked him whether the Irishman had not acted in 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 Hiermansor'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 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 church-yard. 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 lest we should disturb him.

The next morning Alumbrado came to my palace, informing me that he went to pay a visit to the Duke, but had not been admitted. We concluded from this, that he had not yet finished decyphering of the papers.

The Duke joined us about an hour after with gloomy looks, he gave me some writings and said, "that is all that I could make out; read it and edify yourself."—

I began to read aloud, "Beloved and trusty—" the Duke interrupted me—"It is a letter to Hiermansor, 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 acquaint him with your intention of introducing Miguel to the Hermit. I always read your letters with admiration, 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 expeditious manner, and you would have saved yourself a great deal of time and trouble if you had attempted it. Why those superfluous machinations, why those expensive, intricate, artificial, and give me leave to add, those fragile machines which so easily may be destroyed? You could certainly have ensnared Miguel in a more simple and a less precarious manner. Machineries like those which you have made use of are always liable to the danger of being discovered by accident, which may ruin the whole plan.

"You

“ 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 without 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 ? What benefit will arise from your miracles and ghosts ? The love intrigue with Amelia, and the charm of your eloquence would have been sufficient for gaining Miguel over to our party.

“ I may be mistaken, your proceedings are however riddles to me, if I do not suppose that an arrogant activity has prompted you to contrive extraordinary intrigues, and to have recourse to marvellous machineries. People of your genius are wont to do so. You despise the ways of common men, force new roads through insurmountable rocks, entangle your man in numberless magic fetters, with no other view, than to have the pleasure of seeing your prisoner insnare 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. He now stopped. "Well, Marquis! well, Alumbrado!" 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 block-head. 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."

"Heavens and earth! and I should brook her injuries without taking revenge?"

"My Lord!" Alumbrado said, "in what relation have you been to the Duchess? I cannot see the connection of the whole affair?"

The Duke explained this connection to him, by discovering the share he had had in the revolution.

Alumbrado was all attention during this account, and when it was finished seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation.

"Friend!" said I to the Duke, "there are some more written leaves"——

"It is Hiermansor'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 Secretary, 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 trouble to re-peruse and to ponder them attentively. 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 machinations, to such expensive, intricate, artificial, and fragile machines? Indeed you think too contemptibly of Miguel. His penetration, as well as his great knowledge, 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 imposed upon so easily as you think. Besides, you will have the goodness to consider that he was not the only person I had to deal with, and that his tutor, who never stirred from his side, was always ready to cut asunder the magical bonds in which I had entangled him. But why do I hesitate any longer to tell you the plain truth? My design was not directed against Miguel alone, but on his tutor too. It was the most ardent wish of my heart to gain this man to our party by my magical arts, and that was it which forced me to have recourse to so many machinations, and such expensive and complicated machines. If my design upon him had been crown-

ed with success, Miguel too would have been an easy and certain conquest.

“ If your Grace should ask what has prompted me to form so daring a plan, and what reasons I had to hope for success? I beg you will condescend to ponder the following points: Count Galvez was an insurmountable obstacle in my way to Miguel, which rendered it necessary either to draw him in our interest, or to remove him from his pupil. It will be obvious to you for what reason I resolved to attempt the former, if you will consider how much advantage our affairs would have derived from so valuable a conquest. If we could have made sure of Antonio, we then should also have drawn the court of Rome in our interest by his intercession. Before the present Pope was raised to the papal throne, he and a number of persons of the highest rank were intimately connected with him. We could, therefore, 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 attempt to subdue this man through my magical operations, and to catch in *one* snare two persons of so great an importance to our cause. The idea of insnaring the Count by means of miracles and ghosts was, indeed, a very bold one, but not so inconsiderate as it may

* On the margin of the manuscript, the following note was written by an unknown hand: ‘ The Irishman has not been mistaken, for nine years are now past since the revolution has taken place, and the new King of Portugal has not yet been acknowledged by the court of Rome.’

appear at first sight. Antonio has spent the earlier years of his youth in a monastery at Rome. It was not unknown to me, that experience and meditation have enabled him afterwards to divest himself of the prejudices which there have been instilled in his mind: I was, however, at the same time, well aware that the impressions we receive in our juvenile days, are re-produced with vivacity on certain occasions. I also knew that his philosophy does not deny the existence of spirits, and the hope of futurity which he defended with enthusiasm, renders the human mind but too prone to give credit to the apparitions of spirits, if they have the appearance of reality. Even his propensity to speculation, his fondness of solitude, the interest he took in super-sensitive objects, his melancholy temper, prompted me to expect that my artifices would find access to his heart; and if the heart is but interested for something, then the understanding too is generally *half* gained. However, he who intends to gain it *entirely*, must take care not to expose his blind side to a keen-sighted and pert genius, and for that reason I was obliged to endeavour to carry the illusion to the highest degree of probability; I was under the necessity of attempting to make it impossible to Count Gaivez to penetrate my delusions. This will convince 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 his pupil, because I apprehended that he would ruin my design on Miguel. Your Grace knows how successfully this was executed.

“ Perhaps you will ask, whether it would not have been possible to gain Count Galvez for our cause by some other means ? I must reply in the negative. Miguel could indeed have been ensnared by other means, but not more *expeditiously* (and every thing depended upon dispatch), but his tutor never. The latter is attached to the King of 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 entangled 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 extraordinary 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 expensive, complicated and artificial machines.

“ If your Grace should ask why I have kept my design on Miguel’s tutor so secret, then I must tell you, that I concealed it so carefully be-

cause I intended to surprize the confederates unexpectedly 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 eternal secrecy."

I returned the letter to the Duke, and a long silence ensued. He broke it first.

"My friend, you know my adventures with this Irishman, what do you think of him?"

"How can you ask that question after all the discoveries we have already made?"

"I wish to have it answered by you."

"I think," said I in a pathetic accent, "that Irishman must be a supernatural being."

"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. Alumbrado 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 whithersoever he chose. I am glad that you have rendered his magical labours so toilsome ; 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 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 period of our connection as well as in the beginning of it ?”

“ Undoubtedly.”

“ That this occult science consists merely in juggling tricks ?”

“ In *natural* arts of all kind.”

“ By what natural means could he have effected the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard ?”

“ I cannot tell ; however, we should probably have learned it from the Count if he had not been suffered to escape.”

“ 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 shewn 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 former occasion has imposed on you in so shameless and daring a manner? And what will you say if I prove to you that he has belied you the last time too?"

"You astonish me."

"Don't you recollect that he pretended the note through which Amelia has been absolved from her vow by her late Lord, to have been the effect of Hiermanfor's supernatural power?"

"Not only the Count, Hiermanfor too has made me believe it."

"Both of them have told you a bare-faced lie."

"Friend, how will you be able to make good your charge?"

"By proving that pretended miracle to be a juggling trick."

"You have raised my expectation to the highest pitch."

"I have learned that trick of a juggler, and I am sure that which the Irishman has made use of is the same. He gave Amelia a blank slip of paper, and directed her to write the question on the upper part of it. Here you must regard three points; first of all, that he *himself* gave the paper to Amelia; secondly, that he desired the
question

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 written by 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 my 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 deceived at first, merely for the sake of probation, and that you had been paid with sterling truth after Palecki's discovery. Poor deceived man ; you have always been beset with lies and delusions ; the sole point in which they differed from each other, consisting merely in the superior art which the latter impositions were contrived with."

"Then you believe that the apparition at the church-yard has also been a deception, like the incident with the miraculous note."

"Yes, I have every reason to think so. When I have once caught a person in the act of committing a fraud, I then have the greatest right to suppose that he has repeatedly imposed upon me ; and when I am convinced that he has frequently deceived me, I then have the greatest reason to conclude that he has cheated me the last time also."

"Then you think a real apparition of a ghost to be impossible."

"Why do you ask that question? All that we have to decide at present, is 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

ing that answers our idea of spirit ; this idea has been produced merely by *reasoning*, and therefore a spirit never can become an object of our *perception*."

"Very strange !" the Duke replied, shaking his head ; " the Irishman has said much the same, and nevertheless, he hit upon an expedient of proving to me the possibility of apparitions."

" I have read that argument ; it is taken from the dialectic. This circumstance alone ought to have made you suspect it. Or are you such a novice in that science that you should not know how pliable it is to accommodate itself to all opinions ? 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 subtilities 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

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 hear him speak.—Do you think, my friend, that I have comprehended the doctrine of the Irishman?"

"Perfectly!"

"The shape in which I see the spirit is, consequently no real substance, but only the product of my sensitive power of perception, of my imagination."

"Very right."

"Consequently, the seeing of a spirit is, indeed, founded on a spiritual influx, which, however, is formed and shaped at 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

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 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 an image should be but faint at first, yet the consternation at such an apparition, so contrary to the natural order of things, would soon excite the attention, and impart to the phantom a vivacity that would not suffer the deluded person to doubt its reality. It is therefore very natural; for the visionary fancies he sees and hears very plainly, what no person besides him perceives, or imagines he sees such phantoms appear and disappear suddenly, when they are gamboling only before *one* sense, that of *sight*, without

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 which one can discern real apparitions from vain phantoms of the imagination."

"It is a pity he has only promised it, it being probable that this promise will not be performed with greater punctuality than the rest of his engagements."

"The event will prove how much you wrong him."

"But what would you say, if I could prove that he can communicate to you no criterion of that nature?"

"If you could do this—"

"Nothing is easier. The criterion whereby a real apparition of a ghost could be discerned from an illusion, must be either external or internal: that is, you must be able to ascertain the presence of a ghost, either by means of your senses, or by conclusions deduced from the impression

impression your mind receives. Don't you think so?"

"It would be much safer if these two criterions co-existed."

"It would be sufficient if only one of these two criterions were possible. However you shall soon be convinced that neither can be proved. Whatever you 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 never can be indubitable proofs of the presence of spirits. But perhaps the presence of spirits is ascertained by the co-existence of certain extraordinary notions, sensations, and cognitions? This too cannot be, for we must be convinced that they could not arise in our soul in a natural manner, if we shall

be able to ascertain their having been produced by the influence of a spirit. In that case it would be requisite we should know the whole store of our clear and obscure ideas, all their reciprocal relations, and all possible compositions which our imagination can form of them, a knowledge that is reserved only for the omniscient Ruler of the world. If we happen sometimes, in our dreams, to have the most wonderful visions, to reason in the most sensible manner, to discover new truths, and to predict incidents which afterwards really happen; why should not the same faculty of the soul which produces such uncommon effects in our dreams, surprise us sometimes with similar operations while we are awake, when it is agitated in a violent manner? In 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 God-head, and that guides us much unsafer 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:

"Then

“Then you think it absurd to believe in the possibility of apparitions?”

“A belief that has no firm foundation is absurd.”

“You then think every apparition, however be shaped—”

“Is delusion, the source of which arises either from external natural causes, or flows from our bewildered imagination, or from both at once.”

“One question more!” the Duke said, “What do you think of the occult wisdom, which Hiermanfor is said to have learnt from the Bramins?”

“That it consists in a profound knowledge of physic and natural history.”

“And the supernatural power he is boasting of—?”

“Is nothing but a skilful application of that knowledge?”

The Duke remained silent for some time, and then resumed:—

“You think it impossible for mortals to acquire a supernatural power?”

I smiled.

“It seems you deny also the possibility of miracles!” Alumbrado said with a 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,” Alumbrado continued, “whereby Providence performs miracles!”

“Undoubt-

“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 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 her eyes rivetted to the ground without uttering a word.

I took him affectionately by the hand: “It was not my intention to tell you my opinion of your adventures with the Irishman in Alumbrado’s presence; you have forced me to do it, and I could not help telling my mind freely.”

“I thank you for it.”

“Your obstinacy and my frankness may prove fatal to me.”

“How so?”

“It will perhaps cost me my life and liberty.”

“I do not comprehend you.”

“I have declared myself against the belief in apparition

apparitions, and Alumbardo 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 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 comprehend how it could have been effected in a natural manner. There was a time when you fancied the apparition in Amelia's apartment to have been effected by supernatural means, and yet it was not so. Who would

have

have the childish arrogance to fancy his intellectual faculties to be the scale of the powers of nature, and his knowledge the limit of human art?—However the apparition of the church-yard has some defects, which its author could not efface in spite of his dexterity, and which easily would have dispelled 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 looks are unable to penetrate another fact I cannot expel from my memory.”

“Again an apparition—?”

“Which, however, did not happen to me, but to my father.”

“You mean the apparition of Count San*?”

“The very same.”

Your

“Your *father* has related to me all the particulars of it; I have reflected upon it, and imagine I am capable of explaining it in a natural manner. Your father received, two days before the ghost appeared to him, a letter, by which he was informed that the Count was dangerously ill, and that his life was despaired of on account of his advanced age. This intelligence affected him violently, and the idea of the impending dissolution of his dearest friend, prevailed in his mind from that moment. The melancholy of your father seemed to encrease hourly, reduced him in the day to the state of a dreaming person, and disturbed his rest at night. As often as he awoke in the second night, he fancied he heard somebody groan, yet the groaning person was undoubtedly nobody 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
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which happened at the church-yard originated from external causes, and the other from the imagination of your father. We are not always so fortunate as to be able to explain apparitions in so natural a manner; our incapacity and ignorance gives us, however, no right to think that they are supernatural."

"You think then that the belief in apparitions and the influence of spirits originates merely from ignorance?"

"Certainly; when man was yet in his unpolished state, and ignorant of the laws of nature and of thinking, the uncivilised mortals could not but observe many external phenomena which they could not explain, their stock of experimental knowledge not being equal to that task. Necessitated by the law of reason to search for the cause of every effect, they substituted unknown causes, when unable to find out any that were known to them, and mistook these powers for spirits, because they were invisible to them, though they perceived their effects."

"I do not deny, my friend, that the original source of the belief in apparitions, and the influence of spirits, has taken its rise from an evidently false conclusion. 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 that men who mortify their sensuality, who are entirely absorbed in meditation, and fix their looks merely on superterrestrial things, may be favoured more frequently with the influence of spiritual beings, and a more intimate connection with them."

"I will not pretend to say that this class of men qualify themselves for ghost-seers by the mortifications you have been mentioning; it is however certain, that they are in a fair way of becoming fanatics and madmen. At the same time, I think it very imprudent to sacrifice every earthly pleasure, to neglect the duties we owe to human society, on account of the possibility of a matter, the reality of which is founded on no arguments whatever. It is no absolute impossibility that I should one time be made a Mandarin of China, yet the bare possibility of it will certainly not induce me to trouble my head with the study of the Chinese state politics in order to qualify myself for that dignity. Moreover, it is not only possible, nay, it is probable that the moon is inhabited by rational beings, I shall nevertheless certainly 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,

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 impossibility*; for in that case it would be requisite to know not only what a spirit is according to our idea, but also what it is in *itself*; and that only the Author of spirits can know. We know our own soul only by its effects, and no mortal can explain the *essential nature* of this first cause of all our ideas and actions. For that very reason it ever will be concealed from us whether it is related at all to spirits here below, and what the nature of that relation is? Here, my friend, are the limits of human reason, beyond which we cannot proceed without falling in with the empty space of sophistical phantoms. While you shall remain within the lawful boundaries, you never will have reason to complain of the insufficiency of human reason, as you have done just now. It is criminal arrogance to overleap the sacred limits, to which Providence has confined it; for the eternal wisdom of God is equally entitled to our regard by what it has denied, as by what it has granted us. Descend, therefore, my friend

descend from the empty space to which the Irishman had seduced you, to the firm ground of experience and common sense! Happy is he who looks upon this ground as a post allotted 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, maintain-

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ing that the new King was as firmly fixed on his throne as his picture opposite him on the wall : but no sooner had he pronounced these words, when the picture suddenly fell to the ground with a tremendous noise."

Here Alumbrado stopped. While we were standing around him in dumb astonishment, he eyed us with the firm look of a person who has related an incident of which he has been an eye witness. Astonishment and horror seized me, and I did not know what to say. The Duke recovered first from his surprise, asking him by what means he had got that intelligence. "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——, 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 himself from my embraces with weeping eyes, and promised to write frequently to me.

A week after my arrival at the place of my destination, I received a letter from my friend, which I am going to transcribe faithfully.

“ I have had to-day a most important conversation with Alumbrado. The principal subject of it was the old concealed King of P——l, for whose restoration I had interested myself. “ Can you seriously believe—” Alumbrado said, “ that the person with whom you have conversed at the Hermitage, has really been the old King of P——l? It seems you did not even suspect that the introduction of the old man was a juggling farce, which was acted with a view similar to those of the other delusions of the Irishman? Although we should suppose that the King had not been killed in the field of battle, and that he himself had been the identical person who was confined at the castle of St. Lukar, which, however, has not been proved, yet the 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

good Duke, on mature consideration it seems that the Irishman relied very much on your youth and the absence of your tutor, when he imposed upon you by that juggling trick."

"Ah! what ideas do you recall to my memory! (I exclaimed) that letter from the Queen and the answer of the Irishman.—"

"Very right! (Alumbrado interrupted me) these letters sufficiently prove, that you was considered as a young man who promised to be a fit instrument for executing their design. And it is no longer a secret what that design was, and in whose head it has been hatched out. The proud Duchess of B——za had a longing for the crown of P——, and it was she who persuaded the Duke to form a plan of seizing it. Your assistance, my dear Duke, was wanted for attaining that aim, but the conspirators foresaw at the same time, that you would refuse it, your antipathy against your illustrious relation being no secret to them. For that reason they pretended that the Duke of B——a had no other view but to replace the old King on the throne of his ancestors. It was necessary you should be made to believe that he was still alive 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 em-

pire. 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."

"My dear Marquis, what do you think of this? I fear Alumbado is not mistaken, and I am in a state of mind that would render it imprudent for me to appear at court; but as soon as the tempest that ruffles my mind shall be subdued, I will pay a visit to the new King in order to come to the bottom of the truth."

"P. S. You will be so kind to continue to direct your letters to Li*bon, for neither I nor my father shall leave the town this summer."

Before I could return an answer to this letter, I received a second, the contents of which were as follow :

"Will you believe, my friend, that I desired three times to have an audience, before my royal cousin condescended to admit me to his presence? This utter want of regard and gratitude re-kindled my indignation in such a manner, that I entered the royal apartment in a way that was not very consonant with the court etiquette. The 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,

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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 entered the kingdom of heaven, and left your majesty the terrestrial crown, just when he was to show himself to the people as their lawful king."

"It was an accident."

"And a very fortunate one for your Majesty."

"What do you call fortunate? My family had a lawful claim to the crown of P——t——l, and I have an additional right to the possession of it because I have torn it from the head of the usurper at the risk of my life. I would, however, have resigned it cheerfully to my grand uncle if his death had not destroyed that plan. You are mistaken if you think the lot of a King to be so enviable. The burden of government lies heavy upon my shoulders."

"O! there are means of alleviating that load."

"Of which I shall make as little use as possible, for it will be the chief object of my cares,

and will afford me the greatest pleasure to render my peop'le happy."

"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—t—l. 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 useless. 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."

"Thus ended my audience. Do not desire me, my friend, to disclose to you the ideas and sensations which it produced within me. I shall endeavour to obliterate even the recollection of that scene.

"Alumbrado is very much displeas'd with the manner in which I have spoken to the King. "Do you imagine," said he, "that his offended pride ever will forgive you the torments of that self-denial which the patience he has oppos'd to your galling language has cost him? The sacrifice which he has made to his policy by that painful forbearance, will certainly cost you dear.

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Henceforward, you must renounce every hope of being promoted ; for he will be careful to keep in submission, and at a proper distance, a man of spirit, as you must have appeared to him. This is perhaps the least misfortune that threatens you ; your warmth, your ill-timed frankness, may produce consequences of a more serious nature. Alas ! why have you not been on your guard ? Have I not 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—t—l had been imprisoned by the order of the King, because she has had the imprudence to declare that the new King had usurped the throne in a fraudulent manner, and that it was the duty of every inhabitant of P—t—l to acknowledge only the King of Sp—n as his lawful sovereign, because the voluntary oath of allegiance the P—t—se had sworn to the latter, could not be made void by that which the Duke of B— had obtained by artifice and force. “ I cannot conceive,” the Prelate added, “ what reasonable objection can be alledged against this declaration ; but nevertheless, no one dares to affirm it, for fear of sharing the fate of the Vice-Queen.”

“ The Vice-Queen and the Prelate, appear to me to be in the right: However, what can be done ? Farewell, my friend, and let it not be long before you favour me with an answer.

“ P. S. This very moment I received an answer to a letter I had wrote to a friend near the place where the hermit lived. He informs me

that the old man expired four months since, worn out with age."

I suspected already from the first letter, but more so from the second, that the Duke was in danger of taking a course from which he could not return too soon. I imagined I had discovered the design which Alumbrado had formed upon him, and shuddered at the idea that he might carry his point. Yet my suspicion against Alumbrado was still a mere supposition, which gave me no right to accuse him. After mature consideration I thought, however, it would be best to deliver the Duke, against whom his plan appeared to 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. The journey will not only improve your health, but it will also ease your mind, which is bent down at present by a gloomy sameness of ideas, and very much wants amusement and diversion. I am convinced that your melancholy will not pursue you to
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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.

My letter produced the desired effect. The Duke returned me a very affectionate answer, and promised to begin the journey in a fortnight. How joyfully and impatiently did my heart pant for his arrival! but I was disappointed. He did not come, but sent me a letter, which I am going to communicate to the reader.

“ Why am I not yet arrived?—Ask Heaven that question, but not me, for I have done every thing in my power to fulfil my promise. In spite of Alumbrado'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 favourable auspices.

“ I do not know how it happened, that on the third night the recollection of my sainted Amelia awoke within my mind with additional vivacity. It was not, however, associated with painful, but with bitter-sweet sensations, which frequently 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 spirits.—O! why has she so soon been rendered sensible of the limits of her power, which obliged her to return to our sublunary 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 refreshed, 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!——The firmament appeared no longer to be over us, but we seemed to ride upon it. I did not know whether I was dreaming or awake, rubbing my eyes repeatedly. In vain, the scene remained unaltered: intense darkness covered the sky, all its stars and galaxies appeared to be on the water.

‘O nature! thy grateful son never will forget the enjoyment which this undescribable spectacle has afforded him!’ I gazed a long time in silent wonder at the illuminated surface of the ocean, before I could examine the individual beauties of that grand scene. Whithersoever I directed my gazing looks, I beheld 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 silver 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 enchantment. 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 uncommon in all seasons, and particularly in warmer climes; nevertheless the naturalists still differ in their opinion of its cause, some believing that it proceeds from small luminous insects, and others from an oily substance that separates from rotten animal bodies.—Many pretend this phenomenon to be the forerunner of an impending tempest, but this is false.”

‘The old man may not have been mistaken, yet this time he was refuted by experience. The little clouds which were swimming singly in the sky, united by degrees and overdarkened the sun. A black tempest began to gather in the north. The crew were just going to prepare against the storm, when suddenly a violent gale of wind arose, and hurried the vessel with incredible rapidity over the ruffled surface of the sea. We lost one of our anchors, which fell from the deck with a thundering noise. Some loud peals of thunder gave the signal for the breaking out of the storm. The light of day disappeared, the billows of the swelling sea were rolling one upon another with a roaring noise

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 this was to us the most dreadful incident that could have happened, on account of our imminent danger of being wrecked. Our cables seemed not to be able to resist long the fury of the winds and waves which assailed 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 sensation which assailed my mind, deprived me of the power that I, otherwise, should have opposed to the terrors which surrounded me. My heart beat violently against my breast, and nothing but my ambition could have prevented me from joining those who groaned and lamented loudly, wringing their hands and tearing their hair.

‘I stood on deck a prey to speechless agony, when suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder. Conceive my astonishment when on turning round, I saw Alumbado standing behind me. I staggered back as if a midnight spectre had taken hold of me with icy hands.—Terror and surprise deprived me of the power of utterance, and suspended every motion of my limbs. He had made the voyage without my knowledge, and found means to keep himself concealed

concealed from me; you may therefore imagine, how violently I was affected by the sudden appearance of that man, whom I fancied to be at Lif*on.

“Are you not sorry now, that you have slighted my advice?” Alumbrado said, “it seems you will not see your friend in this world.” Some minutes passed before I was able to reply. “Let 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 commotion 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 elements, the impending destruction of the ship, and the doleful lamentations of the desponding crew, appeared to me to denote 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, that we apprehended the cables would not be able to stand the motion of the ship any longer. In vain did we implore human assistance by the discharge of our guns, the towering waves threatening destruction to the boats that attempted to come to our relief.

“ In vain will human force endeavour to wage the unequal contest against all powerful nature !” I exclaimed when I beheld that desponding sight. Alumbrado turned round. “ I will tame the fury of these foaming waves, if you will promise to return to Lif*on !” I gazed at him in speechless astonishment. “ I am in earnest,” he resumed, “ will you return to Lif*on ?” “ If I will ?” I replied, “ If I will ? how can you ask me that question ? enable me to do it !” Alumbrado left me without returning an answer.

“ A few minutes after he returned.—You will, presently, behold a miracle,” he said, “ but I must request you to tell nobody the author of it.”

“ I promised it, and the miracle ensued. The rolling foaming sea grew calm and smooth. We went on shore, and found ourselves not farther than a day’s journey from Lif*on.

• 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.

Notwithstanding this precaution, near a month elapsed without my having received an answer to my letter. I wrote a second time to him, but before his answer could reach me, was ordered by the King to return instantly, and to make an oral report of the issue of my commission. I was, therefore, obliged to depart without being able to wait the arrival of his letter.

I anticipated the pleasure of surprising him by my unexpected arrival, and went to his palace as soon as I arrived at Lisbon. He rather seemed surprised than pleased at the unexpected sight of me, asking with a kind of anxiety, whether I had received his last letter. When I answered in the negative he seemed to grow more easy, but adding, some time after, that it would be sent after me without delay, his brow began again to be overclouded. I was not much pleased with this behaviour, and begged him to relate to me the sequel of Alumbrado's history, but he desired me to await the arrival of his letter, in which I should find a circumstantial account of it. In vain did I conjure him by the ties of our friendship 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

rected 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 me. I opened it with impatience, and read the following lines:

'It appears more and more probable to me, my friend, that Alumbrado has raised the tempest that threatened to prove fatal to me, in order to punish me for my disobedience to his advice. For should he, who can subdue the billowing waves, not also be able to agitate them? You may say whatever you choose, a supernatural power must have been concerned in that event, and who is capable to fix its extention, its limits? My father and myself venerate Alumbrado as a worker of miracles ever since that event, although he strives to hide himself behind the pious cloak of humility.

'O! why was Alumbrado not present when that tempest raged which deprived me of my Amelia? He would have saved her, and all the gods of earth would envy me for my felicity. The Irishman has cheated me of every earthly blessing, by not fulfilling his promise.

'Concerning the Irishman, Alumbrado has given me a very extraordinary hint. The Marquis of F* (said he) is undoubtedly right when he maintains, that God never intrusts an impostor with the power of working miracles. He is however mistaken, if he thinks the speaking phantom, which Hiermansor made appear at the church-

church-yard, had been nothing else but a natural deception; no one will ever persuade me that it is possible to effect any thing of that kind by natural means. Effected by mere natural means, (you will say) and yet no miracle? certainly not; for cannot Hiermanſor have deluded you by the assistance 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 congratulate you, that your good principles deterred him from initiating you in his shocking mysteries. It was not without reason that he accused you of want of self-subsistence and resolution, for a dreadful degree of firmness of soul is required for joining in a contract whereby 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 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 lies and imposition, they belong to the kingdom of darkness, but if truth and justice is sacred to them, they are children of light. If you had examined the Irishman after this standard, you would have fled with terror from the apparition of the church-yard, and he would never have succeeded in entangling you in an undertaking which has deprived the King of Spaⁿ of his lawful crown. The doctrine and the principles of the Irishman ought to have rendered him suspected to you. He endeavoured to point out to you *reason* as the

only infallible instructor and guide, at the expense 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 remove the light of religion, because his works required being covered by delusive 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 naturally, threatens indeed to suspend the belief in the existence, nay even in the possibility of miracles and sorcery, 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 had 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 assistance Simon the magician performed extraordinary feats, is still active in our present times. Is it, therefore, improbable that men who by their superior sanctity rise above the generality, and connect themselves more intimately with the Godhead, should resemble the Su-

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preme Being in power, and enjoy an immediate influence of the Ruler of the world? Is it so very incomprehensible that the spirit of darkness should favour those who resemble him in wickedness, and endow their inclination of perpetrating wicked deeds with a physical power of executing their diabolical designs? 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 whatever 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* 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 nothing but midnight darkness. While the latter proceeds slowly, and with uncertain steps, through a mazy labyrinth of conclusions and arguments, the former 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 speculations of reason, and this fatal maxim manifests itself but too evidently in the practical life. Rarely any thing is undertaken before it is pondered and weighed most anxiously with a pusillanimous minuteness. And this is one of the chief causes of the present scarcity of great and striking actions. The sacred flame of enthusiasm extinguishes, and every energy of soul dies away along with it. While reason wastes her

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whole strength in barren speculations, the demands and wants of our heart remain unsatisfied, a kind of insensibility steals upon us, the mind grows pusillanimous, and all noble passions are suffocated. No, no! this is no age in which great geniuses can thrive! Reasoning has produced but very few immortal deeds; faith, however, although it should have been only the faith of man in his natural abilities, has frequently rendered impossible possible.—If so, what miracles will faith in the assistance of an omnipotent being be able to perform? The first King of Portugal has given us the most glorious proof 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 sight; 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 interrupted again by the visit of a great prelate, 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 money to him, if he would grant them liberty to live and to trade in the country as external Christians, without being persecuted by the Inquisition.—It would have been highly advantageous to religion, 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 ob-

ferred only the external rites of worship, yet many would have been edified, and convinced of the truth of Christianity so irresistibly, that they would have seriously embraced the Christian religion. The Inquisitors themselves have intimated this to the King. However the ———, I do not know how to call him, who cares little for the propagation of faith, has refused to grant this petition of the Jews. The Inquisition has informed the Pope of it; and the holy father, who as yet has refused to acknowledge his royal authority, will now have an additional reason for not confirming the usurped dignity of a free thinker, who injures the interest of the church whenever opportunity offers. I have however, great reason to suspect that our new King foment these dissensions designedly, for some horrid purpose. Not contented with having alienated the nation from their lawful Sovereign, he also endeavours to obtain an opportunity of alienating them from the chief of the church. O Marquis! O Duke! what gloomy prospects for all those who are resolved to live and to die in the religion of their ancestors.

“Stop,” the Marquis exclaimed, “he shall not dare to carry matters to that point; by heaven, he shall not.” My father had not yet ceased giving vent to his indignation, when the other prelate, whom I mentioned in my last letter, joined us. The two prelates were rejoiced to see each other, and concealed their sentiments so little from each other, that they both avowed their opinions of the new King without the least reserve. “I cannot conceive how you,” said he, who had joined us, turning to my father and me, “who are sprung from royal blood, can submit to the humiliation of obeying a usurper, who will do every thing in his power to humble

your family as much as possible. Don't you perceive that he confers the highest dignities on other people, while he, out of a cowardly policy, keeps his nearest relations at a distance, and in profound submission? The King of Sp—n knows your merits, and is capable of rewarding them properly. Who would not rather hold an important office under the greatest Monarch, than live in inactivity and obscurity, under the most insignificant King in Europe? These are the sentiments of many nobles who are still firmly attached to their old lawful Sovereign."

‘Dear Marquis, my heart is deeply afflicted, and strange ideas are crossing my head. What must I do? Alumbrado says, nothing, but commit every thing to the paternal care of God.

‘To day I received your letter, in which you reproach me for my long silence. I am, however, not sorry that my letter, which I wanted to send eight days ago, has been kept back through negligence, for now I shall be able to conclude it with the relation of a most extraordinary incident.

‘I used for some time to visit every evening our favourite spot before the 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 extensive plain, and in the middle the prospect 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 proceed a step farther?" Alumbrado's unexpected 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 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 assassinate. If you will ascend to the top of this turret, you may witness the whole scene." I shuddered with horror, and peremptorily refused to submit to it. "You need not to be under the least apprehension for my life," he replied. "All that I desire of you is to make no noise when you see me fall, but to go quietly home without mentioning to any one what you will have seen. We shall meet again at your house." All my objections availed nothing; we exchanged our dresses, he saw me to the top of the turret, and left me. I pursued him with anxious looks and a beating heart.

Alumbrado had scarcely reached the skirts of the wood, when I heard 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 Alumbrado came; however, at six o'clock he entered my apartment. I cannot describe what I felt on seeing him. He was unhurt, but nevertheless I staggered back at the sight of him. "Alumbrado!" said I, after a pause of dumb astonishment, "do I really see you alive after the scene my eyes have witnessed last night?" "Pistols and daggers," he replied, "cannot hurt the man who is under the immediate protection 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 him beyond himself; the thanks which he wanted to offer to the latter for the preservation of my life, and curses against the King, hovered at the same time on his lips; but he could not speak.

"Let us take a walk in the garden," Alumbrado said. We went; but I shall not repeat the conversation that took place. Yet I do not think that Alumbrado has added fuel to the fire. "The Duke of B——a," said he, "is King, and accountable to no other tribunal but that of God. No mortal dare lift up his hand against him without the express command of God or his Vicegerent. I have received no such order, and I think you neither. All that you can do is to be on your guard against the King, and to mention to no one the villainous transaction of last night. Will you promise this? Your own safety requires it." We promised it.

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‘I could not help manifesting my astonishment at Alumbrado’s wonderful preservation. “Do you then think,” said he, “that only those who are 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 produced 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 replied, “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 dismissed 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!” “E have declined it out of no other motive,” the Marquis replied, “but because I will not tempt the omnipotence of God.” “The motive of my request is not temptation, but the glory of God,” Alumbrado replied. “If I fall then I am a daring provoker of the Almighty

and deserve my fate; but if I remain unhurt, you will have reason to conclude that the power of God has warded off the ball, and know in what light to view me." So saying, he uncovered his breast, retreated three steps, and defired my father to fire.

‘ My father took up the piece, levelling it at him with a trembling and fearful hand. “ I beg you will not spare me, and insist upon your aiming at my head or heart !” The Marquis took his aim, but trembled so violently that he was obliged to lay down the gun. Alumbrado defired 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 Marquis, he ordered me to step aside, levelled his piece and discharged it. A cloud of smোক concealed Alumbrado’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 situation, 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 father replied, “ the omnipotence of the Eternal has been glorified sufficiently.” “ Just now,” Alumbrado returned, “ you have been of too little faith, and now you are too credulous ? Is it impossible that you should have missed your aim ? That the ball accidentally has hit another object and recoiled ? But

although *you* should be convinced that you have aimed well and hit me, is the Duke so too?"

"In short, I was obliged to charge the piece again, and Alumbrado exposed his uncovered bosom once more.

"I could rely on my gun, and was sure not to miss him; because he was standing only seven paces distant from me. I pointed at Alumbrado's head, took my aim well, and fired; however, he stepped forth from the cloud of smook like a being of a superior order; the ball lay on the floor, and Alumbrado had not received the least hurt.

"He now took a dagger out of his pocket, and plunged it twice in his breast, up to the hilt, extracting it without a wound being seen.

"O my friend, make haste to recant at the feet of this astonishing man the prejudices which you have uttered against him. Blush at your philosophy, whereby you have combated so frequently my propensity to supernatural events. I have always had a presentiment that this irresistible propensity would be gratified 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 period. How little, and how disgusting and vain does now all the wisdom and all the tinsel splendor of the world appear to me, since I have been acquainted 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 those which are directed to you are exempted from examination.

Having perused this letter of the Duke of Ca*ina, I did not know whether I should hasten first to him, his father, or to Alumbrado. I ordered instantly my carriage to be got ready; but when I was going to step out of the house, my valet stopped me, pale and panting for breath. "My Lord," he stammered, "Coming—I have"—"Well, what is the matter?" —"It is almost incredible," he resumed, "it is rumoured all over the town—" Here he stopped again. His consternation communicated itself to me, and I exclaimed in a trembling accent, "For heaven's sake! what has happened?" —"It is reported that the marquis of Villa R*al and his son—but don't be terrified, my Lord!"—"What?" I replied, "Are you—" I could not proceed, my lips being sealed with terror—"It is rumoured that the Duke of Ca*ina and his father have been taken up on an accusation of having conspired against the life of the King."

These words curdled the blood in my 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
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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 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^{*ina}. ‘When you shall read these lines,’ he wrote, ‘the great deed will be performed, and P——l reduced again under the S——sh 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 the matter to you before our design is carried into execution. For that reason only I have had recourse to art, and wrote this letter which will inform you of the whole transaction, but is to be opened only when it will be impossible to put a stop to our undertaking.

‘Not only my father and myself, but also those two prelates whom I have mentioned in my letters, and a great number of noblemen agreed after several conversations to force the usurper to restore the crown of P——l to the King of S——n ; yet this design appeared to be so dangerous, that neither the Marquis nor myself would engage in it before we had the consent

of Alumbrado: 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 solemnly 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 resolution after you have performed your devotion, then it is the will of the Eternal, and we will go to work."

'I had, for a long time, entertained the wish of spending a night in a church, imagining that this would afford me a pleasure of a most singular nature. I resolved, therefore, to execute Alumbrado's proposal, and, at the same time, to gratify this darling wish of my heart. With that view, I concealed myself one evening in the cathedral. The first idea which forced itself upon my mind, as soon as I was left alone in that sacred place, was that of the immediate presence of the Eternal, and this notion filled me with solemn awe. I went to the altar, throwing myself on my face upon the steps of it, and adoring the omnipresent God with ardent fervour. I soared beyond the limits of materiality, transported by devotion, and my soul and every sense was hurried along by the torrent of holy enthusiasm. I prayed with filial submission for filial illumination and heavenly aid.

'The clock on the church steeple tolled eleven, when I recovered from my pious trance. The church was covered with awful darkness; the solitary lamps which 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 cracking, 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 of many images and statues contributed much to encrease their awful effect. A chapel, where a whole length picture of Christ on the cross was suspended, attracted my attention particularly, because the quickly repeated flirtation of the lamp which was placed before it had made me fancy that the picture was stirring. The singular distribution of light, darkness, and shade prevailing through the whole church, the sudden flaring and dying away of the lamps, produced the most different and surprising effects

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on the eye, and furnished the imagination with multivarious objects of occupation.

“ At length I entered a great hall, which led to the hindmost porch, and from thence to a church-yard, the iron gate of which was locked. The first look I directed at it made me start back, seized with surprise. I looked once more at it, and beheld again several white figures that appeared and vanished with a rustling noise. I cannot but confess that a chilly tremor seized my limbs and fixed me to the ground. A few minutes after, 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. Probably, 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 myself to the wild freaks of my imagination.

“ The dawn of day was already peeping through the stained windows, when I awoke from the fanciful dreams of my wondering mind, and the purple rays of the morning sun reflected with radiant glory from the image of the holy Virgin, suspended against the wall opposite the window. I was absorbed in the contemplation of this sublime object for some time; however the trance in which this charming sight had thrown me, soon gave room to religious sensations of a more sublime nature; a pious confidence in the heavenly aid of Providence was kindling

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in my bosom, and I was going to prostrate myself before the blessed Virgin, when the church was thrown open. I hastened to conceal myself in a corner, and slipped out of the church as soon as the sexton had entered it. In going home, I fancied I observed Hiermanfor at a distance, nay he seemed even to advance towards me; however, I fled from him with horror.

“About an hour after my return, I was joined by Alumbrado, who entered my apartment with awful solemnity. His countenance spoke more plainly than his lips. We went to the Marquis who seemed to have awaited our arrival with impatience, and bowed respectfully to Alumbrado.

“You have been watching last night,” the latter said to us, “and dedicated it to devotion. Is your resolution still firm and unalterable?”

“Yes!” we replied at the same time.

“A long pause ensued. At length Alumbrado 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 besit the instruments of the Eternal to scan his holy decrees, nor to resist. Will you, therefore, promise to obey implicitly?”

“We will.”

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“ To obey also when the decrees of God shall come in contradiction with your opinions and feelings ?”

“ The decrees of the Eternal are impetrable, but ever wise and ever just. We will obey !”

“ Then you swear to obey blindly ?”

“ 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, however, best form a clear idea of the particulars of the conspiracy and the whole design when the culprits were tried. I shall confine myself to a brief sketch of that infernal plot.

Oli*arez the Minister of S——, having not been able to put a stop to the secret preparations the Duke of B——za had been making for restoring the crown of Port—l to his family, and his three last artful attempts to that effect having miscarried, he sent Alumbrado whom he had already successfully employed on different occasions, to Lis*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*1, 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 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——d 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 was sufficient to prompt him to agree with Alumbrado that one ought to endeavour to interest the Marquis and his son for the design against the new Sovereign.

That, and how this has been effected, was proved afterwards by the event.

Alumbrado had foreseen that the execution of so dangerous a design would require many co-operating powers, and therefore had taken care to procure in time the requisite assistants. One of his principal associates was the archbishop of

Br*ga.

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—th 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 supported him in his endeavours to ensnare these noblemen, although they dissembled to have not the least connection with that vile deceiver. Meanwhile the latter endeavoured secretly to encrease the number of the conspirators through the interest of these two prelates, and they succeeded in gaining over to their party Count Arm*mar, a cousin to the Primate, a great number of other Port***ese noblemen and the Jews. It has already been mentioned in the letters of the Duke, that the new King rejected their petition of being suffered to live and to trade in the kingdom as external Christians, uncontrolled by the Inquisition. The Primate made them a voluntary offer of that pri-
vilege;

vilege; nay, he even promised secretly, in the name of the King of S—n, that they should have a public synagogue, if they would co-operate in the execution of the plot, which they consented to without hesitation.

The design itself was, indeed, horrid enough. On the 6th of August, 1641, the Jews were to cause a conflagration in the night, not only in the royal palace, but 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 fool-hardy 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 port as soon as the fire should break out, and a small army of S——rds waiting on the frontiers, in order to penetrate in the country on the first intelligence of the successful execution of the undertaking. Oliv*rez was to afford this assistance, and consequently, intelligence must be sent him and every thing precon-

certed, which was extremely difficult, the new Sovereign having issued the strictest orders not to suffer any suspicious letter to pass the frontiers. Ba*za, of whom I have already made mention in a former page, had, on account of his extensive trade, received an exclusive privilege of carrying on an unmolested correspondence with S—n. Alumbrado found means to insinuate himself with this important man in such a manner, that he undertook the dangerous task of forwarding the letter which contained that intelligence. However—

The Irishman was returned from his journey. Some expressions which he accidentally overheard and several unusual movements his eagle eye espied, excited his suspicion, in spite of the secrecy of the conspirators and the great precaution they 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 when it once had reached the Sp—sh territory.

The Irishman could not indeed, divine the important contents of the letter, and the uneasiness which the merchant betrayed concerning its safe delivery, could also have originated from the great importance of the mercantile papers it might have contained. It was, therefore, a mere act of prudence that he sent instantly a messenger to his friend Ajam*nti, requesting him to examine that letter carefully if it should come to his hands.

The Marquis receiving the letter opened the first cover, and seeing it directed to the Sp—sh Minister of State, and sealed with the great seal of the Primate of P—l, his suspicion having been roused by the previous notice he had received from the Irishman, he opened it without hesitation, and thus discovered the imminent danger threatening the life of the King of P—l: Being a near relation to the Queen and sincerely attached to the King, he sent the letter without delay to his royal kinsman. The King was seized with astonishment and horror when he learned what a dreadful plot was carrying on against himself and the kingdom. He convoked instantly the Privy Council, and concerted with them the necessary means which were to be taken in order to avert the impending blow.

The fifth of August, in the night of which the plot was to be carried into execution, the King sent orders to all the troops that were quartered in the neighbourhood of Lis*on, to march instantly to the capital under the pretext of a review. On the morning of the same day, he delivered himself sealed instructions to his most

faithful officers, ordering them not to be opened before noon, when they were to execute the contents with the greatest dispatch. These precautions being taken, the King ordered the great Council of State to assemble at one o'clock. The Bishop of Br*ga and the Marquis of Villa Re*l were arrested as soon as they entered the council chamber, and a captain of the life guard seized the Duke of Ca*ina at the same time in the public street. This was the time when all the officers opened their sealed orders, which contained the names of those whom they were to arrest, and of the prison to which they were to conduct them. Every one of the conspirators was confined in a different prison, and some were arrested by more than one officer. All those that had been ordered to execute the King's command, arrived at the same time at the places of their destination, and performed their mission almost in one moment. The number of the prisoners amounted to forty-seven.

A committee of Grandees was now appointed to try the conspirators. The letters through which the plot had been discovered were not produced at the beginning of the trial, in order not to betray the Marquis of Aja*onti. Baeza being threatened to be put to the rack confessed first, and the rest confirmed his confession after having been put to the torture. The Marquis of Villa Re*l and the Duke of Ca*ina, and the two prelates confessed voluntarily.

Alumbrado endured the first degree of the torture without confessing any thing; however, at the second he began to be more tractable.

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, he rather improved in wickedness, and in the art of concealing his crimes.

Inheriting from his father an immense fortune, he determined to indemnify himself for his former constraint, by the most licentious manner of life, and abandoned himself to all sorts of debauchery, with a fury that ruined both his health and his fortune. The grief at this conduct broke the heart of his mother, at which he was not very sorry, expecting to improve his fortune by a new inheritance. He was, however, disappointed, for his mother, thinking it sinful to support him in his debaucheries, left her wealth to a cloister. Glowing with thirst for revenge, he set it on fire and ran away.

The vengeance of Heaven pursued him, and want soon completed the measure of his wretchedness. Whithersoever he went he was haunted

by the unrelenting punishments of the Omnipotent Judge on high, and the greatest distress. At length he obtained leave of a captain, who was just going to sea, to embark on board of his vessel. Thus he did, indeed, get out of the reach of public justice, but not of the vengeance of Heaven. The ship was captured by Algerine pirates, and he was dragged to captivity.

He abjured his religion and turned Mahometan, in order to ease the yoke of slavery that lay heavy on his shoulders. His great capacities enabled him soon to improve his situation, and during some successful cruizes against his own countrymen, he acquired a considerable fortune, which he increased rapidly through his speculations on land and sea, which he carried on for more than twenty years with astonishing success. Meanwhile he took every opportunity of injuring the Christians, and Portugal lost through his infernal intrigues her most valuable possessions in Africa.

Yet his good fortune became at last the source of new misfortunes, puffing him up with pride in such a manner, that he aspired to a dignity in the state which a renegado rarely or never obtains. The Dey of Algiers died, and he spared neither expences nor artifices to be constituted his successor; his ambitious views were however frustrated. His pride was wounded, and he endeavoured to gain his aim by additional bribes, but in vain! Enraged with new disappointment, he conspired against the new Dey; a Dervise, whom he wanted to implicate in his plot, betrayed him, and he had scarcely time to save himself by a sudden flight, leaving all his ill-gotten wealth behind.

On his return to Europe he disguised himself in the garb of a pilgrim, and affected to be a

peregrinating penitentiary. Wherever he passed through he pretended to have visited the holy sepulchre, where the infidels had detained him a long while in captivity, from which he had been delivered, at length, in a miraculous manner. He distributed small pieces of wood, stone, and earth, as valuable relics, for which the poor superstitious multitude paid him great sums of money.

Thus he roamed from place to place, and met every where with credulous people, with hospitality and alms. At Aran*uez he got acquainted with the Bishop of P—*, who, at that time, exercised the office of a papal legate at the court of Spā*n. His pharisaical hypocrisy enabled 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 Oliya*ez when he returned to Rome.

The character of the Prime Minister of Spā*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

The keen-sighted dissembler soon found out that the Minister was a great admirer of the occult sciences, and instantly hinted that he had acquired a great knowledge of those sciences on his travels. From that moment the Minister was rather in Alumbrado's service than the latter in his.

Thus they had lived together in mutual good understanding five years, when the commotions in Port**al began to alarm the Court of Mad**d. Alumbrado was sent to Lisbon, in order to counteract the machinations of the Duke of Brag**za, but having not been able to effect his purpose, attempted to carry his point by forming a conspiracy, which, if it had succeeded, would have proved fatal to the life of the new King, and plunged the empire into the greatest misery.

Unfortunate young man! who hast been implicated in the most enormous artifices of a monster in that infernal plot; have not all the torments of Hell raged in thy bosom, when the veil which that arch deceiver had thrown over that horrid undertaking was removed, when thy seducer was unmasked before his judges, and thou 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 en-

snare 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 *forcerer* in order to prejudice you against him, and to exclude him from all further connection with you. Thus I gained more than I ever should have done, if I had pronounced him an impostor, because I had it very much at my heart to inspire you with a *blind belief* in supernatural events of every kind, and a *blind confidence* in my miracles. It gave me great pleasure to have found out a mean *through which I could influence you and the Marquis at once*, and guide both of you to one mark. I feared, however, the Marquis of F—— would discover my artifices, and for that reason recommended him to the King by a third person, for the transaction of affairs which removed him far enough from us.

Duke. Infernal villainy! execrable wretch!— But no, your deeds contradict your confession. No, Alumbrado, human art cannot produce miracles like yours. Did not nature herself obey you?

Alumbrado. Your imagination only obeyed me. The idea of the miraculous had been instilled in your mind already, and I had nothing else to do but to strengthen it, in order to get possession of the confidence which Hiermanior had enjoyed. 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*,

Iosephy, 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 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 how that incident could agree so exactly with my prediction.

Duke. What end did you mean to gain by that deception?

Alumbrado. The throwing down of the picture by an invisible hand, was to give you a hint that a higher power had decreed the dethronement of the King.

Duke. However, the appeasing of the tempestuous sea could be no delusion, nor an accident. Through what extraordinary means did you effect it?

Alumbrado. Mere precaution enabled me to effect it. Experience had taught me that oil possesses the extraordinary quality of restoring the equilibrium of the water, if violently agitated, and of smoothing the swelling waves. For that reason I have been used never to make a voyage without carrying some casks of oil with me; and I had taken the same precaution when I went on board of the vessel in which you had taken your

passage. Having left you, after I had announced to you the pretended miracle, I ordered my people to beat off the hoops of the casks and to throw them overboard. The 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 me, neither had been sent by the King, nor were they banditti, but had been previously instructed by me how to act; their pistols were charged only with powder, and their poniards did not wound me. This will explain to you the whole miracle.

Duke. Not sent by the King, did you say. He then had no design against my life?

Alumbrado. No, the King never had the least idea of such a deed.

* 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. Oforeszkowky, 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.

Duke. Villainous ! Villainous ! to deceive me thus !—And with what view did you devise that horrid fraud ?

Alumbrado. I wanted to inflame your father's mind with resentment against the King. Nay, I will tell you more. It was *my* work that the King treated you with so much coldness, and neglected to raise your family ; for I had represented you and your father to him, by one of my agents, as persons who beheld his new dignity with envious eyes. Through these mutual exasperations, I gained the advantage of increasing your personal antipathy against the King, and of turning 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

against all suspicion, and calculated that it would be seasonable to command you in the name of God, to take an active part in the conspiracy.

Duke. After the last fictitious miracle? Do you mean that incident by which you showed yourself proof against ball and dagger?

Alumbrado. I do. The miracle will appear very natural to you when I tell you that I had filled the powder-horn, which I had conveyed secretly from your apartment, with a powder of my own invention, which could not carry the ball farther than five steps. Having placed myself seven steps distant from the gun, I was far enough out of harm's way. I requested to be fired at twice, in order to empty the powder-horn of its contents, a precaution that prevented you from discovering, afterwards, the real nature of the powder. The dagger with which I stabbed myself, had also been previously made for that purpose, and could do me no harm. The blade of it, which was not much pointed, snapped back into the hollow handle on the smallest resistance, which made you believe that it had penetrated 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 no-

thing 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 that you would fear no danger whatever, if you should be persuaded that our design was the work of God, and supported by his omnipotent power; for with God, nothing is impossible. In order to corroborate you in that belief, I advised you to have recourse to *prayer*.——

Duke. Daring wretch! how could you run that risk?

Alumbrado. Why not? you had already taken your resolution before you implored God to signify his will to you. The execution of our plan had been, some time since, the principal idea that prevailed in your mind, and forced itself upon you on every occasion, and, of course, in your prayers too; it was, therefore, very natural that in the latter case, you should mistake for a decree of God what, in reality, was nothing else but the voice of your provoked passions. I entertained not the least apprehension that devotion would produce more pious sentiments in your mind, because the sophistry of your passions, and the two prelates had already persuaded you that our design was just; I rather expected that the 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 no other choice was left you, than either to make good your engagement or to experience all the horrors of that tribunal.

Duke, (shuddering with horror.) Lead me back to my dungeon, lest the aspect of this monster should poison me entirely.

The day after the trial, the son of the gaoler brought me a letter, which, to my utter astonishment, was from the Duke, and contained the following lines* : * * * * *

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 admitted. I supplicated him on my knees, to grant his royal mercy to the unfortunate deluded young man, and exerted every power of eloquence to excite his pity. "Rise, Marquis," the King replied, "there is no occasion for your intercession; I have determined

* This letter is the same which is prefixed to the first volume of these Memoirs.

“already to pardon the Duke and the rest of the conspirators; yet their fate does not depend on myself alone, but also from the decision of the Council of State.” With that resolution I was dismissed.

The following day, the gaoler brought me a second letter from the Duke, which I shall transcribe literally:

‘MY DEAREST FRIEND,

‘I am allowed to converse with you once more. The 200 dobras have gained the gaoler, and the promise of a like sum has prompted him to engage to deliver this letter to you. I must inform you of an important incident, that happened last night, within the walls of my dungeon. The door of my prison was suddenly flung open, and *Hiermanfor* entered. Although I have great reason to be angry with him, yet he appeared to me an angel of light, in comparison with Alumbrado. The sight of him roused my heart from its state of despondency; however, my former gloominess of mind soon returned, when after a long and solemn silence, he exclaimed: “must we meet again in *this* place?”

‘I could return no answer; the consciousness of my guilt lay heavy on my mind, and the looks of the Irishman confounded me. Without being affected by my perplexity, he resumed, after a short silence: “you was a noble, 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 vehemently. "By heaven! my Lord!" he exclaimed, "it was no fault of mine, a journey, and business of great importance, prevented me from seeing you sooner. But I do not comprehend you sufficiently, will you be so kind as to explain the meaning of your words?"

"I will, as soon as you shall have given me an explanation of an incident which you have promised to clear up."

"What incident do you mean?" the Irishman said.

"The apparition of Antonio, at the church-yard. Was it a natural contrivance of your invention?"

"It was."

"Merciful God!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Don't ask me, the explanation—the explanation—"

"The apparition was effected by means of a convex mirror; the vision which you wanted to embrace was nothing else but the image of a statue of your tutor, which was reflected on the spot where it 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 appeared 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

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 disappear 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 replaced it again in its proper situation when you desired the phantom to appear once more."

"But if I had discovered the artifice?—"

"Don't you believe that I had taken the necessary precaution? Even if you had seen the mirror, yet you would not have discovered its effect. I was, however, pretty sure that you would not enter into an examination, being well aware that you would have no inclination of doing it, because I had desired you to make every investigation you should wish, and thus prompted you to believe that I apprehended no discovery."

"However, the phantom spoke, how could that be?"

"Not the phantom, but Count Clairval, who was in the gallery of the chapel, spoke through a speaking trumpet. The direction of the trumpet and the striking resemblance the phantom bore to your tutor, induced you to attribute the words which he pronounced to the vision."

"Hiermanfor," said I after a pause, "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.

tained. 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?"

"I have spoken the truth, and hope you will forgive me. Yes, I have deceived you, and the success of the revolution depended chiefly upon that innocent fraud. I deceived you because—forgive me my frankness—because you would be deceived."

"Your morality agrees pretty well with your policy."

"I am astonished," the Irishman replied with a contemptuous smile, "that you presume to call my morality in question; the clangor of these fetters contrasts very much with your moral speeches."

"Scarcely able to retain my rising indignation, I replied, "But if I could prove that this innocent fraud, as you please to call it, has been the chief cause of my crime, of these fetters, and of my impending execution?"

"Heaven forbid it?" the Irishman exclaimed, seized with terror.

"You have excited by your delusions my propensity to miraculous events. The explanation

tion of your deceptions did not at all destroy the dangerous effect they 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 impostor 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 patiently await the effect of his application. Farewell! my friend, farewell! I am not afraid of leaving this world, for Amelia is dead, Antonio is no more, and, alas! my father too will be condemned to die. However, the idea of dying branded with ignominy, thrills me with terror and desponding agony. Gracious Heaven, ward off this dreadful blow, if it be possible!”

Hesitating between hope and fear, I awaited the day which was to decide the fate of my hapless friend. It arrived.—

My melancholy tale draws nearer towards its conclusion? why does my hand tremble thus? why do these tears start from my eyes? what means this dreadful agony that almost breaks my heart?

heart? Alas! thy doom is fixed, ill-fated victim of delusion!

The judges who were to decide the fate of the conspirator met, and decreed that the Marquis of Villa Re*l and the Duke of Ca*ina should be beheaded as rebels against the King, whose authority they had acknowledged with the rest of the states of the empire, and the other conspirators 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 Oliv*rez 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

* He did not escape the vengeance of Heaven if, as I have reason to suppose, Alumbrado is the same person with Vi'o*va. The latter fled from Port**al to Spain, deceived the Minister through his pretended occult knowledge, and continued to be connected with him after he had been removed from the helm of government. However a journey which Alumbrado made

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 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 by-standers pardon in a short speech, and was be-headed.

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 !

to Tol*o, where he attempted to play off his magical delusions, brought on his destruction ; he was seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and executed as a heretic and a forcerer. Oli*arez too was arrested by the Inquisition, when that ruthless tribunal was informed of his connection with the villainous Alumbrado : his relations are, however, believed to have dispatched him by poison, in order to spare him the disgrace of a public execution.

Marquis of SAU*****.

C O N-

CONTINUATION.

(By an Unknown Hand.)

The Marquis of F*, to whom the preceding Memoirs had been entrusted for publication, dying nine weeks after the execution of his unhappy friend, left these interesting papers to me, after I had promised him on his death-bed to execute the last request of their ill-fated author. I have discharged the trust reposed in me some years since, and the character of the poor deluded young man has been vindicated in the eyes of the public, who have received the mournful tale of his misfortunes with tears of pity. The continuation of these extraordinary Memoirs, which I am going to add, is so wonderful and remarkable, that I wish it had been in my power to communicate it to the public along with the rest; the whole being, however, a secret of state, which I am not allowed to disclose while the persons concerned in it are alive, I shall, perhaps, be obliged to leave the 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 ar-

dour

dour 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, therefore, we can find a person who resembles him in size, and in the make of his body, and at the same time shall be willing to lose his head in the place of the Duke, it will not be difficult to save the life of the latter, without either offending the Senate, or leaving him at liberty to conspire a second time against the life of your Majesty. This person, who in every respect will answer our purpose, is *Alumbrado*. He is of the same size with the Duke, and if informed that he is condemned to be torn by horses, will not refuse to accept the mask, and to die by the sword in the place of the Duke. In order to cover this innocent fraud, we must give out that *Alumbrado* has escaped from the prison, and thus the benevolent wish of your Majesty can be accomplished with secrecy and safety."

This plan of the Irishman was executed with the privacy and assistance of only a few persons, who took a solemn oath never to disclose the secret, and *Alumbrado* was beheaded in the room of the Duke. The deceit was carried on so dexterously, that none of those who 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 Alumbado, 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 him to step nearer. The Duke having entered the apartment, the door was bolted after him, and he expected every moment to be his last. The King looked at him for some time without speaking a word, and at last began:—"You have designed the ruin of your country, and conspired against my life, what do you think you deserve?" "Death!" the Duke replied. "You have been doomed by the Council of State to suffer a very painful death; I have, however, mitigated their sentence into that of your being executed by the sword." The Duke thanked the King for his clemency, and looked at the man whom he mistook for the executioner. "Your sentence has been executed already!" the King resumed after a long pause of awful expectation. The sentence of the Duke, and the expression of his features, bespoke his desire for an explanation of these mysterious words. "You gaze at me;" the King added, "you doubt, perhaps, the truth of what I have said? however you shall soon be convinced." So saying, he made a signal to the man who was standing by his side, upon which the latter opened the sack, and taking out a head recently cut off, showed it to the Duke, who staggered back when he discerned.

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 deprived 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.

F I N I S.

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