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THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
R E V O L U T I O N O F P——L.
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. WILL.

VOL. I.

D U B L I N :

Printed by BRETT SMITH.

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



P R E F A C E

OF THE

T R A N S L A T O R.

THE sources from which we derive the knowledge of what is good and true, originate from Sensation, Experience, Reflection, Reasoning, and from the genuine accounts we receive of the observations and the experience of others; and we cannot miss the road leading to the sanctuary of Truth, if we make a proper use of *all* these different Sources of Knowledge. If we, however, conceive an exclusive attachment to *one* of them, and for instance, confine ourselves merely to sensation and experience, if we desire to *see* and to *feel* those things which cannot be perceived by the senses, but are known to us only through the medium of our understanding; if we, for example, are not satisfied with what the contemplation of nature, and the gospel teach us of God, but desire to have an immediate, and physical communion with the invisible; we then cannot avoid the deviations of fanaticism, and are easily led to confound our *feelings* and *ideas* with external effects; the effects of our soul with effects produced by superior beings; we believe that we see, hear and perceive what exists no where but in our imagination; we stray from ourselves and from the objects around us, to a world of ideas which is the workman-

ship of our fancy, and are misled by the vivacity and strength of our feelings, and mistake for *reality*, what is merely *ideal*. Thus we dream while we are awake, and sooner or later, find ourselves woe-fully deceived. All pretended apparitions, every imaginary communion with superior beings, the belief in witches, sorcerers, and in the secret power of magical spells, owe their existence to this species of fanaticism, which always has given ample scope for preying on the weakness and ignorance of the sensitive and credulous; to those who, by their superior power of reasoning, by a more intimate knowledge of nature, and the human heart, have been able to avail themselves of the predominant propensity to the wonderful, which exercises an almost uncontrouled sway over people who in their search of Truth and Knowledge, are guided only by their senses, and by experience, which commonly are chosen by those who are addicted to laziness, and indolence, destitute of a proper knowledge of Nature and Religion, disinclined to, or incapable of thinking and investigating, ruled by wild, irregular passions, and endowed with a lively and prolific imagination.

This has been the chief reason that the numberless horde of impostors, who at all times have invaded the kingdom of truth and human felicity, have found it very easy to succeed in their attempts when playing off their fanatical engines for the sake of lucre or ambition, or with the view of carrying some political end. This sort of fanaticism and fanatical illusion, has never been more predominant in civilized Europe, than in the middle century, and raged with unabated fury till the immortal Wickliff, Luther, and their fellow labourers began to combat the prevailing religious errors, and restored reason, that overflowing

source of knowledge and happiness, to her sacred rights. We should however, be mistaken if we were to imagine, that since the reformation, fanaticism has entirely lost its powerful influence on the human mind, for alas ! modern history furnishes us with but too many facts which serve to prove undeniably that this baneful foe to human happiness still counts many votaries.

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

The Prince whom I am speaking of has either been deceived by himself, or has been deceived by his courtiers, to such a degree that he firmly believes he shall be capable of extending one time the sway of his scepter to the kingdom of spirits ; and, as it has been loudly and *creditably* reported all over Germany, believed, some years ago, that he has raised up the spirit of his illustrious predecessor, and forced that man at whose nod half Europe trembled, to bow submissively to the magic wand of a man whom *all Europe despises*. How destructive this deviation of his weak mind has proved to the welfare of his subjects is but too well known to those who are no strangers to modern history. I need but to say, that he of late has created a religious tribunal in his dominions, which bears but too much similarity to the Inquisition of Spain, and the readers of these pages will require no farther proofs of the baneful consequences which have originated from his errors.

This fact, equally disgraceful to the high personage in question, as it is of public notoriety in

Germany, has roused some men of learning and public spirit to vindicate the sacred rights of reason, and to prove in a palpable manner that many extraordinary phenomena which, to the uninformed, appear to originate from supernatural causes, either may be contrived by means of natural magic, or arise from the wild irregular flights of a heated and disordered imagination and a weak understanding. That this was Mr. Tschink's view when he published the Ghost-seer, is evident from every page of his beautiful work, and that he has executed his plan in a masterly manner, has been acknowledged by all the friends of reason in Germany, where it has been received with the greatest applause, and, as it is hoped, not without benefit. That the latter may also be the case in this country, is the most ardent wish of the translator, who owes so many blessings of his life, so many serene and happy days to this country, that it would be ungrateful in him if he patiently could behold the rapid strides which the fanatic belief in the wonderful, makes in a country which has proved so blissful to him, without endeavouring to combat, at least with borrowed arms, the encreasing propensity to whatever is uncommon and *appears* to be supernatural. That he, by introducing the present work to the English public, does not enter the list with a phantom of his imagination, is but too evident, witness the great notice which has lately been taken of Mr. Brothers, and the following advertisement, which among others of the same tenour, appears so frequently in the daily papers, that it would be impossible for the advertisers to defray any expences of advertising, if they did not succeed in their attempts to delude weak minds :

“ It has been allowed in former times as well as
 “ in these, that there is a peculiar destiny presid-
 ing

“ing over the life and fortune of every human
 “being; to discover which, and to avert ill fate,
 “Mrs. Williams has her whole life studied the
 “Occult Sciences; she has conversed with
 “the most learned astronomers of almost every
 “country, and added their lucubrations to her
 “own; she has the honour of being patronized
 “and visited by ladies of the highest distinction,
 “to whom she has foretold the most important
 “events of the present aera, &c. &c. &c.”

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

P. W I L L.

THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION.

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF F---

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

I apply to you; because I know your heart. You never have denied me a reasonable prayer, and you certainly will not refuse the last. Save what is most dear to me; save my honour. My journal is in your possession; it contains the most important part of the history of my life. You may add what is wanting, and publish the whole.

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

—You—you only can prevent it—and I am sure you will save my honor by publishing my history in a simple and artless manner. The world will be made acquainted with the secret springs of my actions, the enormous, unrivalled imposition by which I have been deluded; posterity will do me justice, and many a feeling soul will drop a tear of pity when my misfortunes shall be known.

But alas! the fetters that shackle my hands prevent me from writing any longer. The blood you see on this paper flows from my lacerated arm. Nevertheless I am taking up the pen once more, in order to pray heaven to bless you, and to bid you an eternal adieu; for a dreadful presentiment tells me that I shall see you no more.

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

Unfortunate Friend,

MIGUEL.

M E M O I R S

O F

MIGUEL DUKE DE CA* I* A.

I WAS 23 years old when my father, a grandee of P——, sent me abroad under the tuition of Antonio, Count de ***, a man whose philosophical turn of mind and disinterested love for me had gained him my affection and esteem. We directed our course to ***. The nights being fine, we took advantage of that opportunity, and pursued

pursued our journey without stopping. We were not above two days journey from that town, when a terrible thunder storm overtook us in the night, which obliged us to stop at the next village. The inn being very indifferent, we apprehended it would afford us but poor accommodation, and resolved to beg the priest of the village to give us a night's lodging. Our attempt succeeded; we were received kindly and fared well. The priest informed us, during supper, that there was an old desolated castle in the village, which was reported to be the residence of evil spirits, who would suffer no human being to inhabit it. Having always had an ardent propensity for adventures of that nature, I begged him to give me a lanthorn, intending to pay a visit to those misanthropic beings; and in spite of our host's theological and my tutor's philosophical remonstrances, insisted upon spending the night at the castle, in the company of the latter, and to try whether the airy lords of the manor would not prove more hospitable to me. At length they yielded to my impatient desire of being acquainted with these dreadful beings, and my servant, along with the man of our host, was ordered to follow me to the castle with beds and candles.

I led the way, carrying a lanthorn. On our arrival at the ancient fabric we perceived, close to the entrance, a stair case, which we ascended. A spacious hall presented itself to our view at the top of it; the walls were decorated with some worm-eaten half decayed pictures, and on both sides of the hall were doors which led to the apartments. Having examined them, we made choice of that which was to the left, because it was nearest to the staircase. Our beds were laid on the floor, and two candles placed on an old worm-

eaten

eaten table. As soon as I had sent away my servant, whose whole frame quivered with fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, with the man of our kind host, I bolted the door carefully, putting a loaded pistol on each side of my couch; my tutor unsheathed his sword, and thus armed, we went to rest. Having discoursed a little while on indifferent subjects, he fell asleep, overcome by the infirmities of his advanced age, and the fatigues of our journey.

It was however quite the reverse with me: I was lying on my couch, sleepless, and full of expectation of the things which were to come; I turned myself from one side to the other, but in vain! my imagination began to work and my blood to ferment. At length I got up and opened the window. The clock of the church steeple was just tolling eleven. Impenetrable darkness veiled every object around; the vivid lightning affording me only now and then a peep at the fields surrounding the castle: no sound was heard, but the distant rolling of the thunder, and the doleful dirge of the solitary owl. A strange sensation, which I cannot describe, thrilled my whole frame. I shut the window, and went to the bed of my tutor, who was fast asleep. As I was thus standing by his bed-side, I heard something rustle before the door. I started, ran towards it, but found it strongly bolted. The chilly vapours of the night I had inhaled at the window, had left behind a very disagreeable sensation, accompanied by a kind of shivering, and I laid myself down again. A little while after the harbinger of rest touched my eyes with his leaden wand, and I was soon fast asleep. However I awoke just when the clock was striking twelve, and the last sound had scarcely reached my ears, when a dreadful noise arose which seemed to approach our room.

At length somebody knocked at our door. I got up without uttering a word, and took hold of my pistols. After a long pause, it knocked a second time. I asked my tutor in a whisper, whether he had heard it? but received no answer. Now it knocked a third time; the door burst open with a thundering noise, and a frightful figure entered the room, directing its course towards me. Two fiery eyes darting flashes of lightning at me, a voice like the roaring of a lion, joined with the clashing of chains, which the tall emaciated figure wore, would have been sufficient to dismay courage itself. However I was not yet entirely dispirited, and just going to fire a pistol at it, when my tutor suddenly started up, aiming a thrust against the spectre, which I thought would pin it to the wall; but it turned round, without having received the least hurt, collared my poor companion, and dashed him against the floor with so much force, that I thought he must have expired on the spot. Seeing this, all my remaining courage fled, and my pistols dropped to the ground. The spectre extinguished the candle and began to vent his whole fury against me, beating me unmercifully. His appearance in the dark made my blood run chill, and every hair stand on end, his whole body seeming to be encased in fire. At the same time a most tremendous noise arose over our room, doleful groans and lamentations assailed my ear, and I swooned away.

The spectre had retired, and the candles were burning again, when I recovered the use of my senses. Although I had been handled so roughly, that I scarcely could move, yet I endeavoured to creep to the spot where my tutor was stretched out, to all appearance, a lifeless corpse. Good God! how I was shocked, when I saw him as
pale

pale as ashes and disfigured with blood. After many fruitless endeavours to recall him to life, I succeeded at last. He spoke little, and what he said was hardly audible. I intended to watch by his bed side, till the dawn of day should enable us to leave that residence of horror; however I found it impossible; I grew so faint, that I was obliged to lie down after I had bolted the door.

I now began to muse on the apparition, and when reason began to recover her sway, I was ashamed of my cowardly behaviour, and determined to follow the spectre if it should appear once more, which it soon did. The groans and lamentations and the thundering noise over our head were renewed; the door was burst open, and I treated as cruelly as on the first visit of the spectre. However I preserved my whole recollection, and when my terrible visitor retired, pursued him on tip-toe, armed with sword and pistol, which I could do so much easier; as the gloomy light it admitted showed me the way. Fortunately my grizzly conductor did not look back. He descended the staircase and entered a long vaulted passage; but had not advanced six steps when he suddenly disappeared, leaving me behind in the dark. I was struck with dumb astonishment, being not able to comprehend what could have become of him. Imagine my situation! what could I do in an unknown dangerous place, surrounded with impenetrable darkness and deserted by my conductor? however I soon resolved to advance boldly, and without much hesitation endeavoured to reach the bottom of the passage; but how great was my terror, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and I sunk down into a deep vault. My pistol went off with a tremendous noise, and I found that I was lying

on a heap of hay and straw. Before I could get upon my legs, four masked men in black appeared with torches in their hands, calling to me in a thundering accent, how I dared to intrude where no visitors were admitted? At the same time they laid hold of me, and dragged me forcibly after them. Having passed many subterraneous passages and concealed stair-cases, my conductor stopped suddenly and pulled a bell. In an instant a massy folding door burst open, and I entered a hall, illuminated by a number of torches, where I beheld at a long table twelve masked persons, the deportment of whom bespoke the superiority of their rank.

He who was seated at the head of the table, addressed me with a commanding voice: “Unhappy wretch! what has tempted thee to visit this castle? Couldst thou not think that thy rashness will cost thee thy life? Make thy peace with God, for thou must die without mercy!” “How,—I replied—die? Well, then I vow, my death shall cost you dear!” So saying, I grasped my sword; however they told me to desist from such childish pranks, and disarmed and carried me to a dark chamber.

The horrid spectre of a violent death stared me in the face, and a chilly tremor shook my whole frame. But what affected me more than the impending loss of my life, was the idea of what would be the fate of my beloved tutor, the guardian angel of my juvenile days, my second father, and more than friend, whom I had hurried into the gulf of destruction, through my heedless temerity. I was going to curse my fatal curiosity, and to give vent to loud lamentations, when I accidentally saw a glimmering of light peeping through a crack in the door of my prison; putting my ear close to it, I heard

how they were consulting what was to be done with the prisoner.

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

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

"Who has told you so?"

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

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

"I am the only son of a rich grandee. Do you hear! the *only* son. If you are not strangers to pity, consider, what a deadly wound you will inflict upon the heart of my father by assassinating me."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Estremadura, my native town."

"Whither do you mean to travel?"

"I was going to visit the principal towns of Europe."

"Where did you intend to stop first?"

I named the town.

"What is your name?"

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

“What is your name?” he inquired once more.

I repeated it.

“And who is your companion?” enquired another, whom I knew by his figure and voice, to be the same person who had acted the ghost.

“My companion is my tutor.”

“Bring him hither!” said the first to two of his companions.

I then was reconducted to my prison, and ere long heard the voice of my fellow adventurer, who was asked the same questions which had been put to me, and returned the same answers. He was ordered to retire, and a long consultation began; it was however carried on in so low an accent, that I could hear nothing distinctly.

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

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

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

“To your name?”

“Certainly! for when I pronounced it, I perceived, that my examiner was seized with a sudden emotion. He started up and asked me twice. I plainly perceived that it produced a strong effect on his mind.”

“You

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

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

I found myself much worse, all my limbs being thrilled with excruciating pains, as if broken on the wheel.

We arrived mechanically at the parsonage, but would not make the least disturbance, the day beginning just to dawn, and laid ourselves down upon the grass, beneath a spreading oak, discoursing on the events of the preceding night.

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

We met with no farther adventure on the first day, but at the close of the second were surprised by a very odd incident. Within two hours distance from the town, whither we were

travelling, we saw a lame beggar coming directly towards us from a wood which we were passing. He called to the coachman to stop a little; however, he did not mind it, but drove on. In less than a few minutes the beggar was at the window of our coach, entreating my tutor to give him something. We ordered the coachman to stop, at the same time staring at each other with astonishment, because the beggar was dressed in a most whimsical manner. His motley coat was composed of numberless rags which scarcely kept together; his waistcoat which reached down to his knees, was of blue satin and richly embroidered; and the remaining part of his body was naked. His snow white beard, floating down his breast, contrasted strangely with his black hair, and yet we did not laugh, nor dared to question him about his strange appearance, for although he looked extremely tragicomical, yet he had something in his countenance which commanded respect. My tutor pulled his purse, offering him some pieces of silver coin: "Silver and gold I do not want," was his answer, "but be so kind as to give me your shoes and stockings". Strange being," said my tutor smiling, and ordered the servant to give him some out of our travelling trunk. "No!" replied the beggar, "I want the shoes and stockings you wear." "Has there ever been heard any thing of that kind?" said my tutor to me. "Be gone, insolent wretch! do you mean to make your game of us?" The beggar stuck close to the coach window, exclaiming, "and if you kill me, my lord, I will not leave you before you have granted my prayer." This insolent obstinacy raised the anger of my companion, and thinking to frighten him away, he took one of his pistols, offering to shoot him. "Fire at me," said he

fearless, "if you are mean enough to shed the blood of a fellow creature for the sake of a paltry pair of shoes and stockings." My tutor stared at him. "If thou art determined to have my shoes and stockings, then no choice is left me, but to grant thy prayers." So saying, he began to pull them off. The beggar seeing this, came to the other side of the coach, and begged very humbly to have my breeches and coat. "Indeed! this is too bad!" I exclaimed; go out of my sight, else I will chastise thee for thy insolence." He stared at me awhile, with dreadful looks, and then raised a laugh which frightened me.—"How will this end?" said my tutor to me, ordering the coachman to drive on. However the horses had not advanced three steps, when the beggar sallied forth, and brought one of them to the ground by a violent stroke with one of his crutches. My tutor grew pale. "I am sorry," said the beggar, after a short pause, "that you force me by your obstinacy to act thus; be so kind to give me what I have desired, and then you may drive on in peace." I pulled off my coat and breeches, and having taken the money out of the latter, gave him what he desired, my tutor doing the same. While we were putting on other clothes, he stood silently by the coach, and when we had done, addressed us in the following manner: "Since you have been so kind to me, gentlemen, I will return your kindness, and warn you not to stop at the hotel of *** (here he described it to us) on your arrival at the town, and then I beg the favour of you to meet me here next Friday against sun-set." So saying, he bowed and left us, disappearing in the adjacent wood.

Meanwhile our horse had recovered, and we

continued our journey with all possible speed, lest a new adventure might interrupt us once more. "What do you think of that strange being?" said I, after a long silence which had reigned in our carriage. "I do not know what to think of him," he replied, he either must be—but, pray, have you taken the money out of your breeches? 300 ducats and two rings set with diamonds, would indeed have been a fine gift!" So saying, I put my hand mechanically in my pocket, but how great was my terror, when I found the apprehension of my tutor verified. "What is the matter?" said he with marks of astonishment. "All is gone!" I exclaimed, in a rueful accent. "Gone! impossible!" He ordered the coachman to stop, and assisted me in searching my pockets. "Pray get up a little, if you please!" I got up, but all my searches were fruitless; we drove back to the spot where we had been stopped, but neither ring nor money could be found. "Very strange!" exclaimed my tutor, as we returned; "are you sure you have taken it out of the pocket?" "As sure as I am alive! this is more than pocket picking, it must be sorcery; I should think, if any thing of that kind were possible."

"The appearance of the fellow was at least strange enough," my tutor replied, "and there certainly exists a kind of sorcery which, indeed, surpasses the comprehension of one who is not let into the mystery. But however that be, the sorcerer with whom we have been engaged, seems at least to be a good sort of a fellow, considering the civil manner with which he has demanded our wearing apparel. And then you must consider that he has appointed us to meet him here next Friday; what view could he have had but to return what he has taken from us?"

“Vain hope!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This new accident gave rise to so many remarks, consultations and schemes, that we entered the gate of the town before we had time to fix where we should stay the night. The coachman stopped. “Where are we?” I exclaimed. He named the very hotel, against which the beggar had warned us. “Go on coachman!” exclaimed my tutor. “My lord!” he replied, “it is the best in the whole town.” “Let us stay here,” said I, “who would mind what such

“a rascal says?” “As you like,” my tutor replied. We got out of the coach and ordered the waiter to shew us to a good apartment.

We got an excellent room on the first floor, ordered our supper, and went early to bed.

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

The spectators raised a loud shout as we were rushing through the flames, and now we perceived first the whole extent of the dangers which had surrounded us. Having recovered a little from my sudden terror, I recollected that I had left behind a picture of my deceased mother, which was set with diamonds. This loss was insupportable to me, and I was going to return in order to save it. “Whither are you going?” my tutor exclaimed. I told it him. “Are you mad?” said he, keeping me back by the arm. “Will you wantonly rush into the arms of death?” I abandoned my rash design with great reluctance, and looked at the dreadful spectacle which was

displaying before our eyes. Before eight minutes were elapsed, I saw somebody getting out of our window, and throwing himself down through the flames. That action excited universal astonishment. "Who is that man?" every body exclaimed, crowding around the man to see him. This action struck me and my tutor particularly, because he had got out of our window, and we were making many vague conjectures, when somebody took me suddenly by the hand. Looking up, I started back, seized with astonishment, when I saw the beggar standing before me without crutches, clad in a garment of coarse cloth, his white beard singed, and his hair concealed under a monk's hood. He looked at me with great seriousness, and asked, "Why did you not follow my advice? have I not desired you not to stop at this hotel? Here is what you wanted." It was the picture of my mother! I scarcely could believe my eyes, and gazed at it with astonishment for some moments.— "Stop!" I exclaimed at length, stretching out my arm—"What do you want?" a stranger said, whom I had taken hold of. Perceiving my mistake, I enquired all around what was become of the man who had given me that picture, but all my enquiries were fruitless. He was gone, and no one knew whither. I looked around as far as I could see, assisted by the light which the fire was spreading over a great extent of ground; but he was no where to be seen. "Come," said I to my tutor, "we will go in search of him." "In such a crowd?" he replied. "Do you think you will be able to find him among such a throng of people? Let us rather go with our trunk to another hotel, for I can no longer stand this shocking sight." I easily consented to his proposal.

It struck four o'clock before we could find another lodging. My tutor was measuring the room with hasty strides, and I looking out of the window, lost in profound meditation. At length I broke the silence. "What a strange being is this," said I, "who has begged alms on the road, refused to accept money, and demanded part of our wearing-apparel, who has struck to the ground one of our horses, pretended to want neither silver nor gold, and has robbed us in a most mysterious manner; who has warned us against an hotel where we almost had found our grave in the flames; who hovers around us like our guardian angel, and goes through the fire to fetch me the picture of my mother."

"Do not ask me," my tutor replied, "time, perhaps, will unfold the mystery; mean-while be on your guard against that man." So saying, he wished me a good night and went to bed. I followed his example, but could not get rid of the idea of that strange extraordinary being. He had made so deep an impression upon me, that he haunted me in my dreams, and was the first object of my meditations when I awoke.

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

" Peace be with Count San**'s soul ! Although
 " you have sent me the earliest information of
 " his death, my dear son, yet it was nothing new
 " to me when I received it. You scarcely will
 " credit it, if I tell you that his death was made
 " known to me as soon as he expired ; and you
 " will be surprised when I name you the messen-
 " ger that brought me that intelligence. It was
 " the deceased himself, who informed me of
 " his death. Whatever your ideas may be when
 " you read this, do not doubt the veracity of your
 " father. I have seen him, face to face, and
 " with this hand which guides my pen, have I
 " pressed his clay cold hand for the last time.
 " Let me tell you how it happened.

" I was very uneasy in the night of the tenth
 " of this month, which, as your letter tells me,
 " was the day when my friend died. I awoke
 " several times, and always thought I heard
 " somebody groan. I did not mind it, and yet
 " felt my spirits very low. A terrible blow
 " against my door frightened me out of my sleep
 " at six o'clock, but I saw nobody. Two mi-
 " nutes after it was repeated, and thinking it
 " was my valet who had to tell me something
 " very important, I exclaimed, Come in ! when,
 " to my utter astonishment, Count San** en-
 " tered my room with slow and solemn steps.
 " His face was deadly wan, his look like that
 " of a dying man, ghastly staring. He came to
 " my bed, pressed my hand silently and went
 " away. ' Friend ! ' I exclaimed, ' is this your
 " last farewell on this side the grave ? ' He turned
 " round, nodded with his head, and disappeared.
 " ' I thank thee ! ' I exclaimed, ' thou hast kept
 " thy promise. Oftentimes hast thou maintained,
 " that friendship lasts beyond the grave, and
 " that the icy hand of death cannot dissolve her

“holy bonds. Thou hast given me a proof of
 “it, which I never shall forget. Peace! peace
 “be with thy soul, my faithful friend.”

“Since that time, life has no charms for me.
 “The only object which still joins me to it, art
 “thou, my son! Be wise and virtuous, and
 “never let me hear that thou hast strayed from
 “the path of religion and honesty. It certainly
 “would hurry to the grave thy affectionate
 “FATHER.”

This letter surprised me to the utmost degree, because I had always known my father to be of a philosophic turn of mind, and nothing less than a credulous fanatic. I shewed it to my tutor, and begged him to give me his opinion upon it. He returned it me with the following words:—
 “The most important part of the letter is its
 “conclusion, which you ought never to forget;
 “of the rest (added he smiling,) you may think
 “what you—*can*.”

Perceiving, that regard for my father would not suffer him to give his opinion on that strange incident, I dropped the subject. However, I was not satisfied, and utterly unable to solve the riddle. But let us return to my own concerns.

Friday came, and when the sun began to set, I rode with my tutor to the spot where we were to meet the mysterious beggar. We were well provided with arms, and waited with impatience the arrival of that strange being. He came from the adjacent wood at the appointed hour, and in the same odd dress in which we had seen him first, beckoning to us to follow him. My tutor seemed to hesitate.—“Let us follow him, said
 “I, we are three against one, and well armed;
 “what have we to fear?” He beckoned a second time.—“But if he should be a villain,” my tutor
 B 2 replied,

replied, "do you know how many of his associates may be concealed behind the bushes?" "Never mind, we shall find work enough for them!" He beckoned a third time. "Come, come!" said I, pulling my tutor after me, who seemed to follow reluctantly.

When he saw us advance, he went deeper into the wood. He uttered not a word, but looking back now and then, gave us a signal with his hand to follow him. The farther we advanced, the more he quickened his steps. What at first sight had appeared to us to be a small wood, extended itself by degrees into an immense forest, which grew more and more impenetrable and intricate. We observed, that he did not walk in a straight line, but in a serpentine direction. The darkness increased when we had walked about half an hour. My tutor stopped suddenly. "Stay!" he exclaimed, "stay, good friend, and tell us what thou wantest; we shall not proceed any farther!" However, he went on without returning an answer, beckoning at the same time to us to follow him. "No! no!" I exclaimed, "thou shalt not escape us," offering to run after him. "Stay, for God's sake, stay!" said my tutor; keeping me back, "consider that we are in his power!" "What!" exclaimed I, "should this fellow play the fool with me?" So saying, I disengaged myself and flew after him. When I was nearly come up with him, and stretching out my hand to take hold of his tattered garments, he threw down his crutches and coat, and began to run with the swiftness of a hunted deer. I also ran as fast as it was in my power, but soon perceived that he surpassed me very much in nimbleness. He possessed a wonderful dexterity in getting through the

the bushes and underwood, which impeded my course every moment. Oftentimes, when I fancied I had overtaken him, he disappeared suddenly, and having searched for him in vain a considerable time, he shewed himself again at a great distance on the opposite side. Now we had reached an open spot, and looking back after my companions whom I had entirely forgotten in the heat of the race, I saw my old tutor, who with my servant had attempted in vain to follow me, stretching out his hands to me, and was just going to return, when my man suddenly fell down, without being able to get upon his legs again. Seeing this, I darted to the place where he was struggling to get up, and was only one step distant from him, when he started up, and threw himself into the adjacent bushes. I pursued him with the impetuosity of a huntsman, who thinks to be sure of his game, which I thought was my case, because the beggar was almost within the reach of my hand, and hobbled very much since his fall. However, I found myself utterly disappointed. I lost suddenly sight of him, and forcing my way through the bushes, saw him sitting on the grass at a great distance. He offered not to stir till I was only three paces distant from it, when he once more got up, pursuing the race through the forest with incredible velocity, still hobbling very much. It now began to grow extremely dark, and looking back, I could see none of my companions. I shouted, and my servant answered me at a great distance. Firmly resolved to return, and to find out my fellow-adventurers, I directed my looks once more to the spot where I had lost sight of the beggar. Imagine my astonishment, when I saw him in a dazzling mantle hanging on a tree, and struggling violently. This sight, though it had surprised

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

The darkness of the night swayed all around, the faint rays of the moon peeping only now and then through the thick branches of the trees, which rather increased than diminished the gloominess of the scene. I had been hurried along as if in a trance, and now first recovered again the proper use of my reason. “Where am I?” was my first word, “What have I done?” However, the hope that my companions could not be far off, gave me some comfort. I went back, shouting and hallowing as loud as I could, but no answer was returned. I heard nothing except the hollow echo of my own words.——I shuddered with dreadful apprehensions. “Gracious heaven!” I exclaimed; “without a companion, without a guide in this dreary solitude!” and threw himself upon the ground.

I had not been long in this alarming situation, when something rustled behind me. I started up and unsheathed my sword. “Who is there?” I exclaimed; but it was nothing but the rustling of the wind in the leaves of the bushes. Ere long a storm seemed to be rising. The wind began to roar, and the ancient oaks to shake violently. “Fool that I was!” I exclaimed, “to suffer myself to be ensnared in so silly a manner!” My words died away in the storm, which began to
 encrease

encrease every moment. The rustling of the leaves, the cracking of the trees, and the howling of the wind composed a dismal horrid noise. The light of the moon disappeared intirely, and the impenetrable darkness of night surrounded me with all its horrors.

Overcome by fatigue, I laid myself down once more ; but was so restless and uneasy, that I soon got up again, walking slowly onwards. The branches of the trees were constantly beating in my face ; I stumbled every moment, and several times came to the ground. I was seized with additional terror, when I at once heard a howling and roaring around me, which was entirely different from that of the storm, and made me apprehend the approach of wild beasts. I gave myself up for lost, staggering onward with the agony of a dying person, and at length came to an open spot where I saw light at a distance. I recovered a little from my apprehensions, and resolved to advance towards it. Ere long I perceived that the howling and roaring pursued me, and began to run with so much velocity, that I scarcely touched the ground. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury. My eyes were constantly directed to the spot where the light came from, and when I had nearly reached it, I fell suddenly to the ground. I hurried up with the haste of one who is pursued by a robber with a naked sword, and having advanced a few steps, found myself at the gate of a castle. However, I perceived at the same time to my greatest terror, that the howling and roaring was coming nearer and nearer, and fancied I saw some wild beasts not far off. I knocked violently at the castle gate. "Who is there?" somebody whom I could not see, snarled with a rough voice from above. "For God's sake," exclaimed I, "open

“quickly the gate to a man who has lost his way
“in the forest, and is pursued by wild beasts!”
No answer was returned. My agony increased
with every moment. At length the gate was
opened. The entrance was as still and gloomy
as the grave. I groped my way through the
dark. “Come!” said the same voice I had
heard before, and at the same time a hand, cold
as ice, pulled me along. I shuddered violently,
and was going to retire when the gate was shut
after me, with a thundering noise.

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

I was fixed to the ground, wildly staring through
the impenetrable darkness. At length I heard a
hollow broken sound, at a great distance. I lis-
tened attentively. After a long pause, it vibrated
in my ear a second time. The idea that I had

nothing more to lose, and that every means of effecting my escape from that residence of horror were cut off, entirely subdued my fear, and prompted me to follow that sound. I staggered with fearful steps along the wall which led me to a staircase. Having descended five steps, I heard a doleful groan not far distant. I advanced slowly, and with the utmost circumspection, musing on my awkward situation, when at once I felt my passage obstructed by a door, which I opened without difficulty. The room to which it led, was also a residence of darkness and dismal silence, I hallowed, but no answer was returned, and I resolved to enter it boldly. Fortunately I examined the entrance with my foot, before I proceeded, and found with unspeakable horror that it was bottomless. The hollow dismal sound struck my ear again, from a small distance. I shuddered violently and staggered onward. Every thing was lonely and silent all around. I came to a second staircase, ascended seven steps, and then descended as many, when my eyes suddenly beheld a faint glimmer of light, which seemed to emerge from below, at a great distance. Coming nearer I observed that I was standing on the brink of a deep abyss, from which the glimmer broke forth. An old half rotten staircase led down: I resolved to risk every thing, and pulling off my shoes in order to avoid making a noise, began to descend. When I came to the eighth step, I heard the hollow sound again: I stopped a minute, and then went on with returning courage. When I had reached the middle, the light suddenly disappeared, and impenetrable darkness surrounded me once more. I stopped and began to consider what I should do, when a stone got loose beneath my feet, rolling down with a terrible noise against the door of

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

I do not know how I got up the steps. Having recovered a little the use of my senses, I perceived that I was on a way quite different from that which I came, and arrived at the bottom of a spiral staircase. I had reached the second partition, when I pushed against a window with my right hand, shivering the glass-pane in a thousand pieces. "Who is there?" a rough voice exclaimed. At the same time I heard some person open a door, and was just going to answer, when a most alarming discourse filled me with new apprehensions. "Have you sharpened the knife?" one of the talkers asked. "Yes, it is bright and sharp," replied another voice, "his blood shall flow abundantly." With these words the door burst open. Horror and despair winged my steps. I flew down the staircase, when I was suddenly stopt by the ice-cold hand which I had felt on my entrance in that abode of terror. My senses fled, and I dropped down.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a splendid room, and a girl with two servants were sitting by my bed-side, chafing my temples. "Where am I?" were the first sounds I uttered. They assured me I was in good hands, and on my farther enquiries to whom the house belonged, I was informed it was the property of

the Countess of Darbis, who would be glad to see me the next morning. An excellent supper was soon after placed on the table, and the servants retired when I had finished my meal.

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

I awoke at ten o'clock in the morning, and after breakfast, was ushered in to the lady of the castle. Where shall I find words to describe the sensations which violently thrilled every nerve of mine, when I beheld my hostess?—I will faithfully relate what I saw and heard.

I was conducted through three apartments to a closet, in which a lady dressed in black, with a veil of the same colour, was seated on a sofa. She rose when I entered the closet, courted very civilly, and then retook her seat, unveiling her face. The word I was going to utter died on my lips. I never have seen a countenance more striking and enchanting than her's. So much gentleness and expression, so much beauty and grandeur I never beheld in a female face. A melancholy trait, which mingled with the brilliancy of her exquisite charms, gave her beauty additional attractive power. But I blush at the weak picture I have drawn, and candidly confess, that it is far beneath the unparal-

paralleled original. After a long pause of wonder and astonishment, I said something in a faltering accent, which was to be an excuse for my intruding visit. She could not but observe the confusion in which the sight of her had thrown me; however, she bade me welcome to her castle, in very good French, and begged me to be seated.

Her kindness dispelled my perplexity, and gave me new courage. I related my adventures candidly. She was seized with astonishment, and could not comprehend the mystery of my rencounter with the beggar. I confessed that I also could not unfold it, when her valet entered the room with a small box and a letter, which he gave to the lady,

“When has this letter been brought?” she asked her servant. “Just now,” he replied. “Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me your name?” I did it without hesitation. She gave me the box, and I was struck with astonishment when I opened it. The 300 ducats, the two diamond rings, and the papers which my tutor had missed, were inclosed in it. The lady seeing my astonishment, smiled and gave me the letter. Its purport ran as follows:

“My Lady,

“The contents of the box which you will receive along with this letter are the property of a young nobleman who came last night to your castle. I beg you will be so kind to deliver it to him, if his name be Miguel de Villa* * *”

“Wonderful,” exclaimed I, “my name has as yet been a secret in this country, how can he have found it out?”

“You see,” the lady replied, “that you are

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drawing her hand back, she replied smiling, “and what would you give, my Lord?”

“My God! the most valuable trinket I have in my possession!” So saying, I took out one of the diamond rings. The countess started. “How dear must that man be to you, if you can resolve to make him such a sacrifice!”

“I candidly confess, my Lady, that my curiosity has the greater share in it, for incertitude is the most painful thing. The mystery must be dissolved, even if it should cost me ever so much.”

“What strange beings you men are! you accuse our sex of curiosity, and you yourselves cannot resist the charms of that enchantress.”

“I cannot

“I cannot but confess, my lady, that I always have been extremely fond of every thing mysterious and uncommon. (She started.) Perhaps I shall render myself ridiculous in your eyes by that confession; however this weakness is so strongly interwoven with my nature, that I find it impossible to get rid of it.”

“Why ridiculous? I rather am convinced, that the desire for uncommon and adventurous events has produced men of the first greatness; I am convinced that without a certain degree of enthusiasm no great memorable action can be performed.”

“Do you know, my Lady, that by your kind defence of my turn of mind, you are displaying your own merits?”

“How do you mean that?”

“What else, but a fondness for what is uncommon and extraordinary, could have prompted so charming a lady, who would be the pride of the most elegant circles, to withdraw from the great world, where she would be the object of universal admiration, to shut herself up in a solitary castle, and to resign her claim to the pleasures of life?”

“Alas! the pleasures of life have no charms for me,” she replied with emotion.

My Lady—

“Every sense for pleasure is dead within me since Count William has been snatched away from my bosom in the prime of life— (here a pearly tear stole from her large blue eye)— He has taken with him to the grave whatever could have made life dear to me.”

When the sweet mourner was thus lamenting her unhappy fate, a terrible noise arose in the castle, the door of our apartment opened, and

three stout fellows brought the beggar tied with cords into the closet.

“What crime have I committed, (he exclaimed with a terrible look as he entered the apartment) that you suffer me to be treated in so cruel a manner?”

“This has been done against my will,” said I, terrified.

“My Lord,” said one of the fellows who guarded him, “we could not bring him hither by other means; he refused to follow us to the castle, and defended himself so furiously that we were necessitated to tie him.”

While the servant was speaking, the stranger disengaged himself from the grasps of his guard, tore the cords asunder, threw one of his keepers to the ground, and rushed into the adjoining room.

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

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

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

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

other with silent wonder for some minutes. At length she ordered her people to retire.

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

“ It was no dream, my Lady ! ”

“ Then the stranger has really disappeared ? ”

“ So it seems. ”

She shuddered violently.

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

“ But pray, my Lady, is there no secret side door, through which the stranger could have effected his escape ? ”

“ I am sure there is none ? ” At the same time she led me to every part of the room ; but after the strictest search no secret door could be found. The windows were strongly grated with massy iron bars, he could not of course have escaped that way ; he could not be concealed in the room, for there was no furniture in it, except some chairs and tables and a sofa.

“ I must confess (said I after a short pause, during which she viewed me from top to toe) now I also do not know what to think. ”

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

Every sense of mine was lost in anxious expectation and astonishment. “ Unknown, mysterious being ! ” she exclaimed, with evident marks of solemn awe, “ if thou art still hovering around us, invisible to mortal eyes, O ! then hear the prayers of an unhappy woman ! To thee, at whose dread command obey the secret powers of nature, I address myself, for mortal men cannot alleviate my sufferings. If thou canst open the

iron gates of death, and recall to life his victims, then let me see once more a beloved husband, who has been torn from my arms in a horrid cruel manner, that I may press him once more to my faithful heart, and bid him a last farewell!"

I was thrilled with strange sensations at this prayer.

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

Here tears and heavy sighs prevented her from praying any longer, when suddenly a voice was heard: "*Thou shalt meet him here once more, after three days, at the hour of midnight.* I instantly knew the voice of the stranger, and looked anxiously around with awful dread, but could see nothing. A chilly sweat bedewed my face; a cold tremor seized my frame with icy fangs.

The Countess stared wildly at me, for some minutes, and at once started suddenly up, grasping my hand as if in a trance. "Do you hear?" exclaimed she, with a dreadful joy. "Do you hear? I shall see him again. My prayers are heard. I shall press my William once more to this fond bosom, shall hear once more the harmony of his voice. O! happy, happy, wished for meeting!" Then she began to measure the room with hasty strides, exclaiming ever and anon, "I shall

shall see once more my dear, my adored Lord, and bid him an eternal adieu."

My feelings almost overpowered me; I could not stand any longer that affecting scene, and left the room. She was close at my heels, and conjured me to keep the strictest secrecy, and not to drop a word about the appointed meeting in the presence of her servants, which I readily promised. "This day," added she, "shall be a day of rejoicing. Excuse the violence of my emotions—I cannot check the powerful effects of sensations which I have long been a stranger to.—" "Will you be so kind to share with me the joys of this day?" "I am very sorry," I replied, "that it is not in my power to accept your kind offer; but you know, my Lady, that my worthy tutor is still ignorant of my fate; and you can easily think that the good old man will expect my return with painful anxiety." She could not contest the justness of my remark; insisted however upon my staying dinner. No other choice was left me, but to accept her pressing invitation. The dinner was excellent, and the Countess so lively and good humoured, that the servants were surpris'd, and began to whisper their remarks in each other's ear.

Dinner being over, she dismissed me, but not before I had solemnly promised to return with my tutor in three days, if not sooner. However, I did not leave the house before I had cleared up my whole mysterious adventure of the preceding night. The ice-cold hand—the skulls and bones—the spectre, and every thing that had filled me with so much terror, I found now so natural, that I blushed at my childish fears. The cold hand belonged to the phlegmatic porter, and perhaps it appeared then colder to me than it really was, because I was very much heated. He had drawn his

his hand suddenly back, because F trembled violently, and struggled to disengage myself. He had not answered my question, because I had asked it with a faltering voice, and left me to light the candle which the wind had extinguished. My staggering steps had led me to a remote part of the house, where the Countess had erected a kind of mausoleum to her deceased Lord; and my hand had touched the skulls and human bones it was decorated with. The groans and sighs, which I had heard, came from an old poor woman, who had a violent tooth-ache. When the stone rolled down, she went out of the cellar, where she was suffered to lie, to see who was there; she threatened me with her hand, and went back, because she mistook me for one of the servants, and fancied the stone had been thrown down on purpose to frighten her. The door which had led me to the bottomless room, belonged to an old cellar, where the steps had been destroyed by the ravages of time, and which the servants had left open out of carelessness. The room on the spiral staircase, where I had broken the glass-pane, was inhabited by the cook and butler. Their discourse, part of which I had overheard, concerned a hog, which was to be killed the next day. When I was hurrying down the staircase, the porter received me in his arms, being afraid I might tumble down, and carried me, during my swoon, to the apartment where I recovered the use of my senses. I was ashamed that this accidental concurrence of circumstances, which if coolly considered, were nothing less than alarming, could have rendered me so ridiculously fearful, and cowardly, and took a firm resolution to act with more reflection in future. "This adventure," said I to myself, "shall teach me to bridle my impetuous imagination, to examine every

every thing uncommon by the torch of reason, and thus to guard my understanding against the dangerous delusions of a lively, impetuous fancy."

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

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

I asked him whether he knew nothing further of her?

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

“mistresses, if we will not be dismissed her service.”

“Excellent woman!” exclaimed I, and was just going to give vent to the feelings of my heart, when the servant directed my attention to two people who were walking towards us. We had not advanced fifty steps, when I knew them to be my tutor and my servant.

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

“I was running after you yesterday, as long as my legs would carry me, but when I sunk to the ground, overpowered by fatigue, I ordered the servant to follow you. He returned when it was waxing dark, with the intelligence that he had

lost

lost sight of you, and not been able to trace you out. Not knowing our way back, we were obliged to resolve to sleep in the forest. We laid ourselves down beneath an ancient oak, and soon fell asleep in spite of the roaring tempest." I interrupted him: "have you also heard the roaring and howling of wild beasts?"

"We heard the roaring of the storm and the croaking of the raven, but no sound of wild beasts. Have you heard any thing Pietro?"

The servant denied it, and I begged my tutor to proceed, not without some marks of astonishment. Having viewed me a while with examining looks, he continued his narrative.

"The dawn of morn was breaking through the clouds, when I awakened the servant. I was determined to go in search of you, happen what would. Having advanced about half a mile, two ruffians rushed out of a thicket, and soon were joined by four more. We were surrounded in a moment. Their countenance betokened thirst for blood and murder, and their daggers were unsheathed in a twinkling of an eye. 'Here is money,' I exclaimed, 'Spare our life. Down with the rascals!' exclaimed their savage-looking leader, snatching the purse from my hand, and at the same time attacked me with his ruffian band in a most furious manner. The daggers of our aggressor were chiefly pointed at me. I defended myself with unspeakable fury; however, my rage would have availed me very little against the united strength of six stout fellows who fought with undaunted ardour, if Pietro had not supported me so bravely. His zeal in saving my life made him forget his own defence, witness these wounds. Yet we certainly should have been overpowered at last, if heaven had not sent a third person to our assistance. And who do you think it was?"

— The

—The whimsical beggar was that guardian angel.”

Astonishment and wonder did not suffer me to utter a single word, and my tutor resumed :

“He stood suddenly before us, as if fallen from the clouds, and to him I certainly owe the preservation of my life, for he warded off the stroke of a poniard which would have pierced my heart. The ruffians no sooner saw him, when they flung down their poniards and ran howling away. ‘Now you may return to the town, without fear, (said he) you are safe.’ He then left us suddenly before we could utter a word. We returned to town; however, the idea of the dangers which might threaten your life haunted me every where, and I resolved to go once more in search of you. Pietro reminded me of the danger in which I had been this morning, and entreated me to let him go alone; however, anxiety for you did not suffer me to stay behind, and I am rejoiced that nothing could persuade me to listen to his prayers, for I should then not have had the pleasure of pressing you to my bosom so soon.”

“Dearest, best of men!” He stopped my mouth, and would not suffer me to go on. “No praise! no thanks!” said he, “I have followed the impulse of my heart, and am amply rewarded for it by your safety. But do you know, that this accident has cost us the rest of our wealth.”

“Did I not tell you, that the stranger has returned me every thing?” So saying, I gave him the box.

“Every thing?” he replied, after he had inspected it. “Is not one of the diamond rings missing?”

“That I have given to the Countess.”

He started back, seized with astonishment.

“I have

“ I have told you, that I promised in a fit of enthusiasm, to give her the ring, if she could procure me an interview with the mysterious beggar ; she sent her people after him ; he appeared and the ring was gone.”

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

“ She refused it at first, and even seemed offended at my offer ; however, my pride being wounded, I pressed her so long and so ardently, till she at length yielded to my importunate prayers.” Well then,” said she, “ I will accept the ring, and wear it in memory of the man who has been the chief means to afford me an opportunity of satisfying the most ardent desire of my heart.”

My tutor shook his head. “ I almost should suspect,” said he smiling, “ that pride has had the smallest share in this gift. What does your heart say to that ?”

“ Indeed ! I do not comprehend you.”

“ Not ? Why then, do you blush ?”

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

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

Twilight was just setting in, and we had not proceeded twelve steps, when we heard somebody exclaiming behind us: “Come up, barbarous mother! come up from Beelzebub’s realms, assume the form in which I saw thee last! come up! I only want to speak a few words to thee, and then thou mayst return again to hell!”

We stopped, seized with astonishment.

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

He had not pronounced the last word when a man passed us, walking with hasty steps towards the conjuror, and enquiring with apparent anxiety: “Have you seen her?”—“No, no, no!” the conjuror exclaimed, and tore his hair. When we came up with them, my tutor asked what they were doing there. “Shall I tell it?” said the conjuror whom we had seen first, to his companion, who, after a few moments consideration, told him he might do it, and left us.

“That man, my most intimate friend, has had the misfortune to be married to a woman who was a pattern of wickedness; horror and indignation would seize you, if I were to relate some of her villanies. However, fate ordained that she should be her own executioner. She hanged herself some days ago, while my friend was gone out, and concluded her life with a most horrid deed. The only object which reconciled my friend to his adverse fortune, the only comfort of his life, was a little girl who was entirely the reverse of her mo-

ther. The latter knew that he doated on the child, and was determined to strike his heart a deadly wound. The unhappy child has not been seen since her unnatural mother's death. Whether she is yet alive, or has been made away with by the infernal woman, is an impenetrable mystery; all our enquiries have been fruitless; not even a vestige of the little girl has been traced out as yet, and my friend begins to despair."

"But pray, Sir, what is the meaning of the conjuration you was just now performing, (we asked his comrade, who had joined us) and why did you conjure her here?"

"Having made away with herself," he replied, "she could not be interred in the church-yard, and has been buried here. I was going to raise up her spirit, to learn what was become of my daughter."

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

"Excuse me, Sir!" the conjuror replied with sparkling eyes, "this would not be the first time that the dead obey my summons."

My tutor and I stared at each other, and being firmly persuaded the man must be out of his senses, I begged my companion to let us be gone.

When we were going, the conjuror laid hold of my arm. "I read in your looks," said he, "what you think of me; but if you will be so kind to come home with me, I will give you a proof that my assertion is true."

"I take you at your word!" said I, and begged my governor to let us accept his invitation. He consented to my proposal, and we were in

formed on the way, that these two men were professors of the occult sciences, and that the kingdom of spirits was obedient to their command. We arrived at their house in less than half an hour, ordered our servant to await our return at the door, and were shewn up into the attic story. One of our conductors went up before us to light a candle, as he pretended. He really met us on the stair-case with a candle, shewing us into a room hung with black tapestry. He locked the door and went into a dark chamber, which he also bolted. Then the conjuror asked me in a whisper, whom I should like to have raised up. I do not know, how it came into my head to desire him to summon the spirit of Galilæus, the celebrated Italian philosopher. Having whispered his name into his ear, he promised to raise him up, and begged me to lend him my sword. He then spread a white cloth on a table which was covered with a black carpet, upon which a human skull was placed, put a candle on each side of it, and told us they were composed of human fat. After these preparations, he placed a large book marked with strange characters before him and entreated us not to utter a word. Having promised to take his advice, he brandished the sword three times over his head, and drew a circle, which extended as far as the door.

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

The necromancer seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation, and stood motionless before the table a considerable time. At once his eyes began to roll wildly in his head, and his teeth to gnash. His whole frame was violently shaken and contorted. He threw himself on the ground, and then started up again, exclaiming

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

He now went to the bolted chamber door, beating seven times against it with his sword, and then started suddenly back, approaching the table whereupon the book was lying. He took it up, turning its leaves, one of which he kissed, and then seemed to pray fervently. This done, he went again to the door, knocking silently against it one time, but jumped suddenly back into the circle, and began to tremble violently. After a short pause of horrid silence, he brandished his sword like a madman, went once more to the chamber door, and knocked eleven times against it without uttering a word. Now he drew a number of mystical characters on the table, went again to the door and knocked nine times against it with great violence. But seeing that the spirit still refused to obey his summons, he repeated his blows eleven times.

I perceived

I perceived with astonishment large drops of blood trickling down from the sockets of the skull. I made my tutor observe it, but he winked at me to be quiet. The conjuror was enraged at the obstinacy of the spirit, and summoned him again with five, then with twenty, and finally with eighteen strokes against the door, when he perceived that the mystical number was completed, and roared with a tremendous voice: "Genius! Genius! Genius! I conjure thee to bring up the dead." A violent noise arose in the adjacent chamber, and his associate rushed out of it, prostrating himself howling upon the ground, exclaiming at the same time with a trembling voice, that he had seen the ghost of Galilæus.

I could not conceive how he could pronounce that name, because he had not heard it, nor had the conjuror mentioned it, and desired to have the door of the dark chamber opened. However they refused it at first; fearing I should be frightened too much; yet when we insisted upon it, he led us to the door. Darting an impatient look into the chamber, I observed with surprise, that part of it was illuminated with a light, resembling that of the moon. When I advanced nearer, I beheld an old man wrapt in a long shroud, with a silver beard, and hollow cheeks, standing in a remote corner. Ere long he made a motion as if going to come nearer. I started back, thrilled with horror, and pulled my tutor after me, who during the whole proceeding had been very cool and attentive.

Before we left the room, I laid twelve ducats on the table, which the conjurors pretended not to observe, replying upon our oral acknowledgements, that they were rejoiced at having refused

our error, and convinced us of the possibility of apparitions from the other world.

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

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

“I confess my unbelief begins to give way at last.”

“I hope you do not believe that Galilæus has really appeared?”

“My reason struggles against it; however my eyes have *seen* the ghost.”

“The senses can easily be imposed upon, reason however is infallible, and which of both ought to be your guide in doubtful cases? Tell me what have your eyes seen? An old man in a white shroud, you will say; but how do you know that he was Galilæus?”

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

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

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

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

“Very likely,” began my tutor at table, the two conjurors went to the spot where we saw them first, in order to get money by imposing upon the credulous. The solitary spot in the suburbs was most convenient for their juggling tricks. They could not fail to attract the curio-

sity



sity of an unwary passenger by their whimsical proceedings, and they had, very likely, just begun their tragedy when they saw us at a distance. The whole scheme was certainly pre-concerted, and the other associate has been concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and appeared on the stage when he saw that he was wanted. The doleful tale of the cruel mother, is, to all appearance, a foul forgery, which has been imposed upon us, in order to give the whole a varnish of truth, and to tie the knot of the play. I foresaw, as well as the conjuror, that you would accept the invitation of these cheats."

"Granted what you have been saying were true, you will certainly find it difficult to explain the subsequent events."

"I hope these difficulties will not be insurmountable. Pray tell me, what do you find preternatural in the whole transaction? the trembling, the rolling of eyes, and the mimicry of the impostor? or perhaps the genius who appeared in the shape of a snake? I cannot but confess that I myself was startled at it; however, on mature consideration, I recollected that snakes can be deprived of their poison, and tamed in such a manner that they will obey the command of their master, appearing and disappearing whenever he likes. Or do you think the blood which trickled down from the sockets of the skull, has been the effect of supernatural means? The sight of that spectacle is indeed surprising at first view, and certainly would have had the same effect upon me, if I had not known already the trick by which it is produced. The whole sorcery consists in a bladder filled with blood, which is concealed in the inside, close to the sockets, through which the blood is forced by the pressure of the snake, which winds itself around it as you have seen.

Much less supernatural skill has been required to raise the dreadful noise in the adjoining chamber. The extraordinary light which appeared to you like moon shine, has been effected by a magic lantern. The apparition itself—I blush to mention it—how easily could it be produced by optical means, or represented by some fellow or other who was concealed in the chamber, if you consider the length of time which was taken up by the preparations of the conjuror.”

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

“And if I could not do it, would you conclude that it cannot be explained at all in a natural manner? The only reasonable consequence would be, that I have no sufficient knowledge of juggling tricks; for in that light, I must undoubtedly view the proceedings of men who are guilty of so many artifices, as I have already sufficiently proved they have employed.”

“But these jugglers, as you call them, must indeed have proceeded with astonishing art, because the man who pronounced the name of Galilæus, could not hear a syllable of what I whispered in the ear of the necromancer. How could he know that I desired that philosopher to be raised up?”

“Is an imposition any thing less than a cheating trick, because it is wrought with uncommon art? But what would you say if I should prove that it has not been so very subtle as you fancy? You maintain that the man who has been concealed in the chamber during the whole process, could not be informed of the name you whispered in his associate’s ear; however, you would find

it difficult to prove your assertion. The necromancer knew the name, and of course could impart it to his assistant, or do you think there exists no other means of communicating one's ideas to another person, than language? I only ask you whether you have not observed the repeated blows which the conjuror struck against the chamber door? What would you say, if it should have been preconcerted between them, that a certain number of blows should express a certain letter of the alphabet? could then the other not have really heard the name of Galilæus?"

"You are right, (said I, after a short consideration) "I yield to your judicious arguments."

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

"Your observation is very just. That seriousness and varnish of truth has really contributed a great deal to deceive me."

"If you like, we will pay these gentlemen another visit, and request a second conjuration; then you will be enabled to convince yourself of the truth of my remarks."

I consented to it with pleasure, and we went the subsequent evening. Having paid them so handsomely the preceding night, they were very ready to raise up another ghost. I desired them to conjure up the ghost of *Cervantes*. Their procedure differed from that of the preceding night in nothing but the number of the blows, which betrayed the whole secret. The conjuror knocked at first three times, because the name of *Cervan-*

tes begins with the third letter of the alphabet, then he knocked five times, to denote the letter e, and thus he proceeded 'till all the letters of the word Cervantes had been communicated to his associate. As soon as the door was opened I ran to the chamber; the spectre advanced towards me, however I faced it boldly, and observed that it bore not the least resemblance to the picture of Cervantes. The impostors, seeing that they were unmasked, entreated us to spare them, and confessed without hesitation, that the tale of the barbarous mother was a fiction. But one thing they refused to confess, and I would now give any thing if they had, what had induced them to play that farce.

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

“O! how happy should I be, my dear pupil!” my tutor replied, pressing my hand affectionately, “if this shame should produce the salutary effect, to make you, in future, more cautious in your judgment. But, alas! I have great reason to apprehend that your philosophy will not be capable to stand more dangerous and artful temptations of that nature, since you have suffered yourself to be so grossly deceived this time. “Will you promise me,” here he pressed me tenderly to his bosom, “that when I shall be gone over to my eternal rest, you will faithfully observe the principles I endeavoured to instil into your juvenile mind, and combat your fondness for whatever is mysterious and uncommon, that you will always attentively listen to the salutary counsels of reason, and never yield to the seducing delusions of your senses and imagination. Do you promise to fulfil this well meant request of your friend, of your second father?”

I promised it with tears of affection.

The subsequent day I received the following note from the lady of the castle :

“ MY LORD,

“ I pray, I conjure you, to come to Darbis castle as soon as possible, and not to forget to bring your old reverend friend with you.

AMELIA DE DARBIS.

My tutor, whom my description of that lady had made me very desirous to get acquainted with her, was rejoiced at that invitation. However, it appeared very strange to him that it was so uncommonly pressing, and he asked me whether I could not guess the reason.—“ No,” I replied. He smiled archly. “ Then you guess nothing; nothing at all?” “ How can you ask such a question, indeed I cannot!” “ And how can you persist in giving me an answer so little consonant with your countenance?” “ And if I *did* guess any thing,” I resumed stammering, “ who knows whether I might not be mistaken?” “ That is entirely out of the question; neither did I want to know it—But come, let us go!”—I was glad to get out of the room.

Profound silence reigned in our carriage for a quarter of an hour, when my tutor took the note from the Countess out of his pocket and read it. I perceived that he was absorbed in serious meditation. “ If I am not mistaken,” he at length began, “ the Countess is to see to-day the ghost of her husband.”

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

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

“ Indeed! a thought strikes me—however—”

“ Well?”—

“ I hope she will not invite us to be present at the apparition of the ghost.”

“ Who knows ?”

“ But why should she have conjured us to come as early as possible ? you know he will not appear before midnight.”

“ An apparition requires a preparation.”

“ How do you mean that ?”

He remained silent.

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

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

me three days before, and after half an hour's walk arrived at the castle.

The Countess met us at the entrance of her room with the prayer to excuse the abrupt and pressing manner of her invitation. "In addition to the desire," she added, addressing my tutor, "to be acquainted with the friend of so excellent a young man, I have been urged to this step by the distressing situation of my heart, which I can reveal to none but you."

"I wish, my Lady," said I, a little forward, that I were so happy—(here my tutor gave me a look which suddenly cut the thread of my harangue asunder, and I found it utterly impossible to go on.)

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

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

distressing uneasiness which increased every moment.

“The desire of seeing once more my dear ever-beloved lord, which till then I had considered as innocent and just, appeared now to me very culpable and wicked, and I wished most ardently the *Unknown* had not granted my prayer. My conscience tormented me with most painful reproaches, and my fancy haunted me by day and night with dreadful phantoms. My heart was assailed by the most distressing uneasiness, and I trembled to see the man whom but lately I wished to see once more. The promise of the *Unknown*, which at first thrilled me with unutterable rapture, fills now my soul with horror, and I dread the approach of night with the agony of a hapless culprit who is led to the place of execution. Grisly phantoms harass my soul, and my perturbed mind divines a thousand horrid thoughts. O my Lords! spare me the painful task to describe the desponding state of my poor heart, which as yet has been so much the more excruciating, because I have had nobody to whom I could unboosom myself. I have not one confidential soul in this lonely solitude. No one but yourself is acquainted with the incident which has plunged me in that state of horror, and none but you is privy to the secret source of my melancholy, which I am so little able to conceal, that all my domestics have noticed it with surprise.”

Here she paused a moment, and then resumed:

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

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

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

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

“ I have.”

“ Have you never heard any thing of him ?”

“ Never, in my whole life.”

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

“ The extraordinary and wonderful things your noble pupil related of him, the ease with which he tore asunder the cords he was bound with, and his disappearance in a room from which it is impossible to escape, have raised that confidence in my soul. The extraordinary things I have heard and seen, could not but make me fancy, that he must be a being who can command the secret powers of nature, and this idea prompted me to beseech him to grant me a meeting with my departed Lord.”

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

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

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

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

My tutor endeavoured to combat this apprehension, and his efforts seemed not to be without success. Some faint rays of returning serenity soon appeared in her countenance, which had been overspread with a melancholic gloom, which encouraged him to summon all his eloquence in order to dispel entirely the clouds of sadness still overdarkening her angelic face. He was so happy as to attain his aim. Her eyes, which had been deprived of their usual brilliancy, began to be animated again; her cheeks, covered with deadly paleness, recovered their rosy hue; and that enchanting dimpled smile, which always had powerfully charmed my soul, adorned again her crimsoning lips, but a few minutes before the seat of gloomy melancholy; every trace of sadness vanished from her brow, and the cheerful dawn of hilarity reappeared on her lovely face, smoothing every wrinkle of inward sorrow. I read the triumph of my tutor in his sparkling eyes, and began to direct the conversation to subjects more pleasing, and more conducive to cheerful ideas. He comprehended my hint, and supported me with all his power. The Countess seemed to have entirely forgotten the apparition, and took a lively share in our conversation. Our discourse became more animated at table; my tutor displayed an inexhaustible fund of pleasing anecdotes and witty sallies, and our charming hostess was in an enchanting humour.

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

before we rose from table, which had been served with extraordinary splendour and taste.

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

"I find on mature consideration," the Countess began after some turns in the garden, "that I shall not be able to stand the sight of the apparition, if not supported by a friend. (Here my tutor gave me a wink.) You have indeed set my conscience at rest in that respect; you have convinced me that my fear is unfounded, and that I have nothing to apprehend from the anger of my Lord; however, I fear such an awful scene will overpower me too much, and that I should not be able to avail myself of the assistance of your arguments; I foresee that female weakness will utterly destroy the beneficial effect of your convincing reasoning, and that so unnatural a sight will be too much for me." "My lords!" she then added, in an accent which no feeling man can resist, "since you have already obliged me so much, would you grant me one prayer more?"

"We are at your command, my lady!"

"Would you be so obliging as to be present at that awful spectacle?"

My

My tutor protested, he was very sorry to have ordered the coach at six o'clock.

"O! if that is all, I will send one of my servants to order your coachman to come to-morrow morning."

"But, my lady, would it not give rise to disagreeable reflections among your domestics, if we were to stay all night?"

"Leave that to me—I will make them believe that your pupil is a near relation of mine, which will remove every shadow of suspicion."

My tutor was too much the gentleman, to refuse any thing in his power to a beautiful lady, and we consented to stay.

Joy sparkled in her charming eyes, and every look of hers bespoke the lively gratitude of her heart. "Come! I will shew you my favourite spot!" she said, and led us to a bower, the sight of which evidently bespoke its owner's melancholic turn of mind and taste. "This is the solitary asylum where my mind is wont to wander through the mazy labyrinths of serious meditations, where I can indulge the sweet delusions of fancy, and give vent to my feelings, where the sufferings and joys of my earlier years visit me, and the scenes of my past life afford me a spectacle so entertaining and so pleasing, that I almost live entirely in this place."

"Can so young a lady (I interrupted her) have indeed experienced so many freaks of fortune?"

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

"Who could think so if you should relate them?"

"If.

“If you will promise me not to betray my secrets (she resumed after some reflection) “I will give you a sketch of my life, and I flatter myself that my tale will at least not seem tedious to you.”

We promised, it, and she began, after we had seated ourselves :

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

“One evening when my mother and brother were gone out, he sent for me to his study. The affecting scene which then ensued is still present to my recollection. He was sitting at his writing desk, when I entered the room, and rose to press me to his affectionate heart. ‘Come to the bosom of a loving father, he said, ‘and let me speak comfort to thy suffering mind. . The anticipation of the pleasure to spend with you our common birth-day, (I was then thirteen and my father fifty-three years old) has filled my heart

with secret joy for some time. I will not deprive you and myself any longer of the consolation to disclose to you the feelings of a father's heart. Poor girl! taking my hands in his, and looking tenderly at me, 'you are much in want of that poor consolation.' 'O! my father!' groaned I, while tears of grief and filial affection bedewed my cheeks. 'I know what you have suffered,' he resumed, 'and still are suffering.'

'God knows, it is not *my* fault. I have oftentimes attempted to put a stop to your affliction, but alas! all my labour has been lost. Thou art not alone unhappy, my dear child, thy father whose joyless heart feels for thee, suffers too. I should be less miserable if thou wer't not so dear to my heart; for why should I conceal it from thee, that thou art the darling of my life! yes, my child, here were no human witnesses, where the all seeing God only hears us, I confess to thee, that thou art to me the most precious jewel, my pride, my hope, and—every thing.' I kissed his reverend hand with unspeakable emotion.

'My constitution is much impaired,' he continued after a long pause, 'and I am fifty-three years old. I feel, my darling, that I shall not live much longer, and therefore have made my will.' I prostrated myself at his feet: 'Not a word more, my dear affectionate father, if you love your child. The idea of your death rends my heart asunder. O! God! if your presentiment should prove true, how miserable should then your poor forsaken daughter be; this would make me really wretched! While you are living, and share my secret sorrows, I cannot be entirely miserable.' 'My dear child,' my father resumed, 'death is our common lot, and sooner or later I must pay the debt of nature. This life is nothing but a pilgrimage to our eternal abode. Thou hast

as yet enjoyed very few cheerful hours; it shall not be so any longer. I am a rich man. Thy mother and brother have done very little to deserve my affection. The latter is a malicious, proud, and licentious boy, and thy mother—alas! thou dost not know the nameless injury and grief she has caused me. They have very little claim to my fortune, and shall be made sensible of it. But thou, my daughter, to whom as yet, I could prove so little the whole extent of my affection, shall experience one time that thou art the darling of my heart, the sole object that renders life still desirable to a wretched man.' He pressed me tenderly to his heaving heart, while he pronounced these words. My tears mingled with his. He then gave me some pious instructions which have made so deep an impression on my mind, that I shall never forget them. I left his study, moved to the soul.

“ You will hardly guess what was the secret spring of my patient demeanor, which gained me the admiration and love of my reverend father. I ought to account to you for it, and am sure you will be surprised. I was not six years old, when one evening an accident happened to me in our garden, which is so wonderful and extraordinary, that it will hardly gain your credit. My nurse, who was sure of my discretion, had left me to stray by myself through a grove of beech trees, when I suddenly heard an unknown voice exclaim—‘ Amelia! Amelia!’ I started, because I knew there was nobody in the garden but myself; however my curiosity, and the melodious accent of that voice, soon subdued my fear, and I directed my eyes to the place from whence it came. But, imagine my horror, when I observed a white figure sitting in a dark grotto, not above thirty paces distant from me. The apparition

tion made a sign to me to approach ; I was fixed to the ground, for a moment, and then began to run as fast as I could, when the figure exclaimed once more—‘ Amelia ! Amelia ! be not afraid, it is thy friend who calls thee.’ But I did not venture to look back, and ran out of the garden as fast as I could.

“ This event had left so deep an impression on my mind, that I could not close my eyes a single moment the whole night. The apparition was constantly hovering before me, and the melodious acclamation—*Amelia, be not afraid !* vibrated incessantly in my ears. I began to repent my fearful flight, and to wish the apparition might re-appear the next evening. My little heart was panting all day for the setting in of twilight, and when evening came, was filled with secret joy and fear. I had told neither my parents nor our domestics a single syllable of the apparition, lest I might not be suffered to go into the garden. My nurse, who accompanied me thither at the usual hour, left me again to myself when it began to wax dark. I kept at a great distance from the grotto, directing, however, my eyes constantly towards it. ‘ Ere long the white figure appeared again, calling with a sweet heavenly voice : ‘ come to my arms, Amelia ! why didst thou flee yesterday from thy friend ? come to me, sweet child ! don’t fear, I will not hurt thee !’ so saying, the apparition stretched out her arms ; I was thrilled with horror, and going to leave the garden, when she exclaimed : ‘ Stay, stay, as thou valuest thy happiness ! If thou fleest to-night, then thou wilt see me no more !’ the word happiness retarded my flight, and the apprehension of seeing her no more made me turn back. Curiosity, and hope to be liberated from my misery, afforded me courage and strength to ap-

proach, though with slow and fearful steps. On coming nearer I saw that the apparition was a beautiful lady in a snow white garment, standing at the entrance of the grotto, with a basket of fruits in her hand ; her figure was grand and majestic, her countenance the sweet abode of celestial kindness ; she appeared to me an inhabitant of heaven's realms. A sight so pleasing and inviting, at once dispelled every remnant of fear, and I advanced boldly. She took me, smiling, by the hand, leading me to the remotest recess of the grotto, seated herself on a mossy stone, and took me on her lap. Having kissed me thrice on my forehead, she gave me the basket and said : ' Come eat, sweet child, and refresh thyself, forget in my arms the cruel treatment of thy barbarous mother. I know thy sufferings, and will alleviate them. We will meet here once every week. I will be a mother to thee, and promote thy happiness to the utmost of my power.'

" She was 'as good as her word. I enjoyed her company once every week, and, 'ere long, our hearts were allied in the bonds of mutual affection and holy friendship. The time I spent with her, and which always fled on wings of innocent pleasure, was dedicated to consolations and sage instructions. Now you will be able to account for my patience and forbearance, with which I submitted to the cruel treatment of my unnatural mother. No season was more tedious to me than winter, when I was not suffered to go into the garden, and consequently could not see the benevolent lady, because she was no where to be met with but in the grotto."

" Have you never been surprised in her company by your nurse ?" my tutor enquired.

" Never. She always dismissed me before the servant arrived, who usually staid away above

half an hour. However, when I had attained my tenth year, I could enjoy her company for a longer space of time, because I had leave to go into the garden by myself, and frequently staid above an hour in the grotto. The happy hours I spent at that favourite place, made ample amends for the many sufferings I experienced in the course of the week, and I cannot but confess, that I owe the improvement of my mind and heart wholly to the tender care of the white lady.

“A little more than nine months after the aforementioned conversation with my father, I found her one evening depressed by deep melancholy, and lost in profound meditation. She viewed me for some time in mournful silence, and then began: ‘Amelia! we must part. I am going to take leave of thee. Thou shalt see me no more.’ I dropped to the ground in an agony of grief, and shed briny tears of unspeakable sorrow. ‘Rise my daughter,’ she resumed in a melancholy strain, ‘rise and do not spend with useless complaints the few moments I am allowed to stay with thee. Thou always hast been a good, obedient child; Heaven will reward thy piety sooner or later. Take courage, and never forget the instructions of thy friend. Thy present misery shall end in less than four months. More I dare not disclose to thee.—Farewell!’ So saying, she strained me to her panting heart, tears bedewed her face, while my sorrows and groans suffocated my voice. ‘Do not let us wantonly imbitter our separation by immoderate grief’ she said, at length, ‘my time is short; listen to what I am going to say.—Numberless misfortunes await thee in this vain world; but do not despair. Put thy confidence in him, who ordains the fate of mortals with paternal love and wisdom. He will be thy guardian, and one time bid happiness reward thy

virtue and thy sufferings. Let this idea support thy afflicted heart when thy sufferings shall seem endless to thee. Here, take this sealed paper, and keep it as a pledge of my unalterable friendship for thee. Take care not to lose it, and let not idle curiosity tempt thee to open it before thou hast found the man whom thy heart shall choose as a partner in happiness and affliction. It will be of great service to thee." So saying, she kissed me thrice on my forehead, adding with a faltering voice: "Go now, and leave me—the parting hour is arrived. Farewell! We shall meet again!" With these words she disappeared in the grotto, and I went to my apartment with weeping eyes."

"Have you never heard tidings of her after your separation?"

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

"Then you never have opened the sealed paper?"

"It was unopened when I lost it."

Here she paused a while, and then continued: "Three months after the separation from my unknown friend, we were visited by an aunt, whose presence had been rendered necessary by some family concerns. She came from Paris, and stayed but a short time at our house. I soon engaged her attention, and at the same time became dear to her heart. Although my mother

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

"The only person who opposed this welcome proposal was my mother, of whom I had least suspected any thing of that kind. She raised a number of objections, which however were so happily refuted by my father and aunt, that at length she was obliged to give her consent to my departure. When I went to take leave of that tyrannical parent, she gave me a number of dry admonitions, which she was pleased to call affectionate counsels of a tender mother. My father gave me his benediction with silent grief and weeping eyes. A single word from the lips of that dear parent would have shaken my resolution to depart, and kept me back in a house where grief and sorrow were constantly undermining my health and tranquillity, so much was
my

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

"My aunt was as good as her word.—Beneath her habitable roof, I found the ideal picture of happiness, which I had frequently drawn in the sweet hours of imaginary delusion, realised. She anticipated every wish of my little heart, and her eyes beamed with celestial pleasure, when she could rouse in my soul the dormant seed of innocent joy. She was a widow and childless; I possessed, of course, her heart undivided, and her whole great fortune was at my command. The influence which content and hilarity produced on my constitution, became soon visible. My figure, which had been withering on the maternal soil, began to be animated with new life and vigour, and I blossomed under the fostering hand of my amiable relation, like a rose transplanted in a luxuriant soil, and nursed by the beneficial care of an industrious gardener.

"Thus passed a year in undisturbed tranquillity, on roseate pinions of hilarity and joy, when—"

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

"A letter from my uncle! she exclaimed. The servant was waiting at the entrance of the door 'till she had perused it. "I am sorry," said she, "that I must leave you for some time. The regard I owe my uncle, and the important contents of the letter, oblige me to return a speedy answer.

answer. I shall endeavour to join you as soon as possible; 'till then, farewell cousin!" At these words the servant gazed at me with curious looks, and our hostess left us to ourselves. She staid above an hour. On her return she told us that she had been interrupted in her narration at the most remarkable period of her life. "However," added she, "since this period would recall many melancholy ideas which I particularly wish to avoid this day, and supper time is approaching, I will give you the continuation another time."

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

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

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

She gazed at him with astonishment.

"Then you will not play?"

A shaking of her head was the only answer.

"I fancied you would play, because you have ordered cards."

"Mere pretext," she replied, "will you not sit down?"

We seated ourselves by her side upon the sofa. It struck a quarter after eleven. Her face grew deadly wan.

"What frail beings we females are!" said she at length. "A little while ago, I was all resolu-
tion;

lation; and now every spark of courage is extinguished!"

My tutor took great pains to rouse her spirit; but all his endeavours were fruitless. She grew several times so faint, that we were obliged to revive her by the application of salts. Her ashpale face contrasted with her black dress.

When the clock which was in the room struck three quarters after eleven, she started up, but soon seated herself again, requesting me to bolt the door. Every look, every motion of the muscles of her face bespoke the dreadful agony of her mind.

I bolted the door and began to wish my tutor had not accepted the invitation.

"I am sorry," said he, "that my arguments cannot revive your courage.

"It is not the fault of your arguments, but of my imagination; what the former build, is destroyed the next moment by a dream I had last night."

"A dream!" we both exclaimed, seized with astonishment.

"Hear, and then judge me. I dreamed last night, that I was sitting at midnight, by the tomb which you have seen below stairs, reflecting on the promised apparition of my deceased lord. Solemn, awful stillness of the grave, was swaying around me. Not the least breeze of air was felt. The horrors of darkness furrounded me; a faint ray of the moon was trembling over the white stones of the tomb, and rendered the skulls and bones which were placed upon it visible to my affrighted looks. At once it seemed to me, as if they were stirring. Odours of the grave assailed my smelling organs, and the tomb began to shake violently. A hollow dismal voice called from the tomb of the grave: 'Who dares to disturb the

rest of the dead?" "It is thy wife!" a second voice replied. "I will chastise the daring wretch!" resumed the first voice. The tomb was suddenly shaken with a thundering voice, a gaping chasm appeared at the foot of the pedestal, and a grisly skeleton rose up, exclaiming with a dreadful voice—"Here I am! what dost thou want?" I fled on wings of terror, the skeleton was close at my heels, took suddenly hold of me, and—"

Here it struck twelve. The tongue of the Countess seemed to be fettered with the first stroke; she stared wildly around, her bosom heaved violently, her whole frame was convulsed with dreadful contortions. No sound came from her lips.

With the last stroke the candles were suddenly extinguished by an invisible hand; the thunder shook the house, and the windows rattled; a putrid odour filled the room, and a flash of lightning disclosed to our eyes a pale, ghastly-looking figure, three steps distant from us, which at first sight appeared to have a striking resemblance to the picture which I had seen after dinner. His eyes were hollow, and traces of corruption were visible on his cheeks. He was wrapped in a shroud, with which he endeavoured to stop the blood streaming from a gaping wound in his left side.

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

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

A long dreadful pause ensued.

"Why hast thou called me hither?"

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

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

The bleeding spectre repeated his question, slow and awful.

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

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

"*Woman! woman! woman!*"

"O speak! thy servant hears with trembling."

"*What business hast thou with the son of my assassin?*"

She started suddenly up:—"How?" pointing at me, "his father thy murderer?"

"*He did not perpetrate himself the ruffian deed, he sent his myrmidons to assassinate me.*"

"All-powerful God!" with these words I sunk on the sofa, almost fainting.—Horror raised my hair like the bristles of the porcupine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I sat on the sofa lost in dumb astonishment. The Countess seemed to be out of her senses. My tutor recovered first and roused me from my stupefaction. We then attempted to revive the Countess; but all our endeavours were fruitless. I rang the bell furiously. The servants rushed into the room, and I exclaimed in an agony of distress, “make haste, make haste to assist your lady, she has been seized with a fainting fit at play!” This accident alarmed the whole house, and all the domestics crowded into our room.

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

When we were alone I put several questions with regard to the apparition to my tutor; finding, however, that he was very sparing with his words, I kept my opinions to myself. I shall never forget that night; it was the most horrid of my life; doubts, conjectures, thwarted expectations, dreadful fancies, apprehensions, &c. &c. &c. assailed and tormented me by turns, “My father!” said I to myself, “the murderer of the husband of the darling of my heart? Impossible! And yet if I reflect on the reality of that dreadful apparition, how can I convince myself of the contrary? Who knows in what connections my father has

has been with the deceased? Who knows whether he has not, deceived by false informations, resolved to bring a sacrifice to the state by the assassination of that unfortunate man? But perhaps the whole apparition is nothing but a fraud of the Unknown, and the assassination nothing but a fiction, adapted to the plan he has formed with regard to me. Yet how can he dare to found his plan upon something, the falsity of which I can detect so easily? Easily?—Will my father ever confess it to me, if he has committed that murder? and by what means else shall I know it? However, how does his probity, his noble character correspond with an assassination by the assistance of banditti? No, it is a lie! But is not my father a Duke? perhaps he has been obliged, by reasons of state, to do what he would not have done as a private man. And suppose it should be false, alas! how shall I convince my Amelia of it? What will it avail me, while she believes it true? In what light must she view the son of her husband's murderer? How can I dare to appear before her? O God! to see her no more, to speak no more to her! And yet this might perhaps be the only means to come to the bottom of that mysterious matter. The relation of her history might probably throw some light upon the words of the phantom, and afford a clue to come to the certainty.—But to what certainty? Shall I not lose every thing if the pretended murder should be confirmed?"

These and similar ideas tormented me all night long in such a manner, that my tutor was frightened at my appearance, when he saw me in the morning.

The situation in which I found myself, told me what I had endeavoured to conceal from myself—that the beautiful Countess had fettered my heart

for ever. I felt now that the separation from her, which could not be avoided, would make me miserable to the highest degree ; and alas ! every ray of hope to avoid that separation, began to vanish the more I reflected upon the matter. How willingly would I have renounced all my claim to future grandeur, which I, as the son of a Duke, was entitled to, to any one who had pointed out to me certain means of restoring the former relation, which had subsisted between myself and the Countess.

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

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

pressions of the most violent agony. He found it extremely difficult to remove me from the castle.

However, nothing was gained by my removal, for I had left my heart at the castle. I was in a state of despondency, and nothing in the world was capable of cheering me up. I sent my servant more than four times a-day to the castle, and he always returned with the intelligence that the illness of the Countess was growing more and more alarming. How frequently was I going to be an eye witness of the situation of the lady: however, the apprehension that the sight of me might increase her illness, did not suffer me to go. Torn by two so violent passions as love and grief, my strength declined visibly, and the roses of youth began to fade on my cheeks. My tutor, who observed it with terror, fancied the removal from the source would cure the evil, and therefore proposed to continue our travels; however I told him plainly that I could not travel at present. All his remonstrances proved abortive, and I kept firm to my resolution.

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

One afternoon my servant came to inform me that the Countess was worse than ever, and at the same time gave me a letter. I knew instantly the hand

hand writing of my father, and tore it open; but how was I struck with astonishment when I read the following lines:

“ I am very ill satisfied with you. It was my intention you should travel, but not turn a knight errant. I have been informed that you have contracted an intimate acquaintance with a certain Countess De Darbis, and even disclosed to her your name and rank. Is this the obedience you pay to my commands to travel *incognito*? Do you thus answer the purpose for which I have sent you to travel? How can you account for your suffering yourself to be entangled, in the very beginning of your travels, by a foolish passion which fixes you to one spot, and fetters your reason? I command you, as you value my favour, to set off for * * * as soon as you have read this letter. If I should hear that you do not instantly execute the commands of your *father*, the orders of the *Duke* shall reduce you to obedience.

Your Father,

Duke of *** INA,
Marquis of VILLA***.

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

What struck me most, was the warmth with which my father commanded me to renounce all connexion with the lady.—“Should he, perhaps,” said I to myself, “have reason to fear that she might disclose something to me which he does not wish me to know? The Countess has related to me only the beginning of her history; who knows what I should have heard farther? The apparition of her husband gives at least reason to suspect that my father had a share in her history, which is not much to his credit. He apprehends, perhaps, his son might hear things which would give him a disadvantageous idea of his father, or at least lessen the good opinion I have entertained of him as yet.—He upbraids me for having contracted an intimate acquaintance with the Countess, and soon after he reproaches me for having disclosed to her my name and rank. How could he be displeased with that, if our family had no reason to dread this lady, and if he did not wish for very important reasons, that I might remain unknown to her? The uncommon harsh and lording strain in which he commands me to depart for * * * as soon as I should have read this letter, seems to spring not so much from a paternal design to cure me of my love, as from an apprehension to be betrayed.” In short, the murder of which the apparition had been speaking, appeared to me more and more probable. I did not conceal this conjecture from my tutor. He combated it, but not in such a manner that no doubt had been left, and thus at least some suspicion was left lurking in my heart.—This, and the harsh strain in which my father had commanded me to give up the first object of my attachment, lessened very much the regard and love I had always felt for him.

Whoever has experienced the power of the first love, can form an idea of the situation to which
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the stern command of my father reduced me. To tear myself from a woman whom I loved beyond expression; to tear myself from her at a time when a life, which was dearer to me than the favour of my father, was hovering on the brink of the grave, to remove to a place which was above three hundred leagues distant from her abode, and to expose myself to the danger of seeing her no more in this life, wounded my heart so deeply, that I should have stayed in spite of the commands of my father, if the kind and convincing remonstrances of my tutor had not forced me irresistibly to yield to sad necessity.

All that my prayers and supplications could persuade him to, was to grant me one day's respite; the day after to-morrow being fixed for our departure. I spent almost the whole day in searching for the Unknown; however, I came home very late without having had the least success, and departed the following morning without having seen him.

I now began to think that the Unknown either had no design upon me, or given it up because he had despaired of attaining his purpose. "For if neither were the case; (said I to myself) would he not have done his utmost to prevent my departure, or at least to delay it till he should have gained his aim. I was in his power; if he had had a design upon me, how could he have suffered so fine an opportunity to escape, which never will return again. Should he not have exerted all his power to retain me at a place where the presence of the beautiful Countess occupied and perplexed my soul so much, that he could have insnared and guided me very easily without apprehending any thing of my observing him." In short, I acquitted him of all suspicion, and considered him as a great man who was above all mean artifices, and would

would never dishonour by a bad use the secret power which he possessed.

The suspicion of my tutor of his being secretly associated with the lady, appeared to me to be still more unfounded and absurd. "If both had been leagued to entangle me in their nets, (said I to myself) how could they shew so much indifference and inactivity at my departure. How contradictory would it have been if the *Unknown* had dissolved the intimacy which was produced between myself and the lady by an apparition of his own contrivance, and removed me from her house? If she had preconcerted matters with him, whence that dread at the apparition, whence her terror, whence the horrible consequences of it, and the violent effect of her health? No, this cannot have been the work of the arts of dissimulation. A natural swoon can be distinguished from an artificial one, and the language of truth from that of fraud, and even the highest degree of dissimulation betrays itself after some time by little traits, which cannot escape the eye of a clear-sighted observer. If the Countess had imposed upon me, then the party-wall between nature and art, fiction and truth, appearance and reality must have been pulled down. And finally: who could have informed my father of my love, and thus effected my separation from the object of my affection? No person besides my tutor and the *Unknown* was privy to my love for the Countess; the former assured me upon his honour, that he had not betrayed me; my father must of course have been informed of it by the latter. But how could the *Unknown* have taken this step, if there had been a secret intelligence between him and the lady? No! (said I) Amelia neither is nor can be an impostor; it would be madness and the blackest calumny to suspect her of it; her heart is as pure and amiable

as her soul." Thus I discoursed with myself on the road, when the furious grief which was ranking in my heart abated now and then a little.

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

"MY LORD,

"You have ordered me to inform you frequently of the state of my Lady's health, and how great soever the pleasure I always felt when executing your commands may have been, yet I wish this time you had entrusted somebody else with that commission, for the intelligence I am going to give you is of such a nature that my hand trembled to write it down, and my heart bleeds for your Lordship.—Yes! prepare yourself for the worst, for alas! she is dead, my dear Countess is dead!

"Previous to her departure, she recovered her recollection, of which she had been bereft during her illness. She died with the greatest resignation, and I can add with pleasure. The anticipation of the joy to press in yon peaceful mansions her Lord again to her bosom, the hope of being reunited to him for ever, conquered all fear of the phantom of death. A few moments before her decease, she inquired after you. I told her that you had left us. 'Left us?' she replied with astonishment. 'Why has he left us?' She died without hearing my answer. O! My Lord! spare me the pain of drawing a picture of our grief and sorrow; we all are standing around her coffin like orphans who have lost their mother. Groans and lamentations resound through the castle. My heart bleeds—I must leave off writing.

"FRANCIS PILESKY."

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

I felt an irresistible desire to bury myself and my grief in the waves. I went to the brink of the rising bank, looked around, and then fixing my eyes again upon the water, methought some one was whispering in my ear:—"In these waves is rest, why dost thou hesitate to drown thy endless sufferings." I fancied Amelia was rising from the waves and winking me to follow her. "Yes!" exclaimed I, "I am coming." So saying, I plunged into the water. The current hurried me rapidly along, I entangled myself in my cloak and went to the bottom.

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

When my senses returned, I was seized with a strange unpeakable sensation—I felt, indeed, that I was no longer in the water, but *where* I was I could not guess. Intense darkness surrounded me; the kingdom of eternal silence seemed to have received me. I felt that I was lying on firm ground,

ground, but not a single glimmering of light hailed my eyes. Different confused ideas crowded upon and tormented me. I had kept myself as quiet as possible for a considerable time, but at length the incertitude in which I was, left me no rest. My apprehensions hurried me up; when I was going to rise, I felt myself pressed down again by an unknown power. I gave a scream of horror, and the echo of my own voice filled me with awful dread.

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

After a long interval the man seemed to stir.—Fear roused my spirit; I addressed myself to him.—"Whosoever thou art," said I, "thou art probably my preserver; receive my thanks, and tell me why I am in this place, and how I came hither?" Neither my thanks nor my apprehension seemed to move him; he remained silent and without motion. Now all my courage and every glimmer of hope left me.

The exclamation of woe resounded a third time; the phantom lifted the hat, and opened his cloak.

He was dressed in black ; a white beard was flowing down his breast ; he came towards me with slow and solemn steps.

“ Dost thou know me ?” said he, with a voice which thrilled my marrow and bones. He advanced a step more, and looking him in the face, I dropped to the ground with a loud scream. It was the *Unknown*.

I lay prostrated on my face a long while, as if struck down by a clap of thunder ; at length I got on my tottering legs. “ Dost thou know me ?” he repeated with a look which pierced my soul, and with a tone which makes even the righteous tremble. “ Unfathomable being who art hovering about me every where ! I do not know thee, though I have seen thee frequently.”

He paused awhile.

“ What hast thou done ?”

The words died upon my lips.

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

“ The loss of Amelia—my love—.”

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

“ Alas ! if you knew the power of love—”

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

“ My infatuation—”

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

“ Pronounce my doom, my fate is in thy power.”

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

“ Providence has placed thee in a situation, the importance of which thou hadst not weighed before

fore thou didst plunge into the waves. Thou art the son of a Duke, and soon wilt succeed thy noble father.—Has thy destiny no charms for thee? Dost thou deem it of no value to become one time the arbiter of the happiness of many thousands? I am not speaking now of the happiness of thy future subjects only, I am speaking of the welfare of the state, whose member thou art, and upon the constitution of which thou canst, and shalt have the most important influence, if thou desirest it. Or should it be indifferent to thee that thy native country groans under the goad of a foreign tyrant, and by degrees is reduced to a deadly languor by its ever bleeding wounds? Is a woman dearer to thy heart than the common weal? Can the distress of thy country, the voice of honour, which calls thee to great, immortal deeds, prevail so little upon thy mind, that a mean, self-interested passion is sufficient to employ all thy intellectual powers, and to make thee forget all thy honourable connections, and the concerns of a whole oppressed people?—Speak! answer me!”

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

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

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

love, and every mean passion. To dedicate myself to honour, and to the welfare of my fellow citizens, be from hence my sole aim !”

“ I do not want thee to renounce love entirely, but only to cease being her slave. I only desire thee to dedicate to her none but thy leisure hours, and not to ascribe to her a value which she has not. *Do not confine thyself to individuals, but make the whole thy chief aim.* Trifles must have no charms for thee, and the opinion of common men no value. Learn to know thyself and to value thy life. I do not wish thee to fear death, but only to honour life as an instrument to the great ends for which thou hast been endowed with superior intellectual powers. Swear that thou never wilt *seek* death until thy life shall cease being useful to thy fellow citizens ! swear !”

“ I swear by God and my honour to follow thy advice.”

He looked at me with an eye which cannot be deceived by false appearance ; he was looking at me for some time. The flame began to blaze aloft, and a soft enchanting music to vibrate in my ear. I heard harmonious strains, but saw nobody ; a sweet angelic voice accompanied the melodious notes of a harp : the theme of its song was—
Amelia lives !

“ Amelia lives ?” I exclaimed with amazement.

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

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

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

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

Two days were elapsed before I perceived that I had lost two bank bills, each of one thousand guilders. I recollected to have put them in my coat pocket the same evening I had plunged into the river, and went therefore instantly to my servant, to whom I had given my coat, asking him whether he had not found them in it. I was almost petrified when he replied he had not. Having always known him to be an honest fellow, I fancied I either had dropped them somewhere, or lost them in plunging into the river. I enjoined my servant not to tell my tutor a word of it, adding I might perhaps have mislaid them, and probably would find them again.

I was in the greatest distress, because I did not chuse to tell my tutor of it, nor could I acquaint my father with my loss, for if he has a prevailing fault, it is overstrained parsimony, which I however had so much the less reason to condemn as he was hoarding only for me, his sole future heir. Having considered for some time how to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation, I resolved to address myself to the *Unknown*, of whose power and benevolent disposition, the last accident had given me so high an idea, that I reposed an unbounded confidence in him.

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

“MY LORD,

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

“She had lain already three days in her coffin; on the evening of the third day, when she was to be buried, an unknown person came to the castle, desiring to see the deceased. We admitted him. He was dressed in black, carrying a round hat in one hand, and concealing with the other one half of his face in a scarlet cloak. He approached the deceased, viewed her for some time, and then put his mouth close to hers. Having been about three minutes in this situation, he started suddenly up taking her by the left hand, exclaiming: ‘Amelia! Amelia! Amelia! rise!’ No sooner had he pronounced the last word, than the deceased began to stir. We were standing around him almost petrified, when he suddenly let loose her hand and went out of the room. Turning round I had an opportunity of seeing his face, and knew him without difficulty to be the same person whom we once carried to your Lordship, tied with cords, and who afterwards disappeared in an adjoining apartment.

“Our astonishment was raised to the highest degree, when the Countess rose up, looking alternately at myself and my fellow servants, and seeing herself in a coffin, exclaimed with terror: ‘For heaven’s sake, where am I?’

“We were standing around her for some time, struck dumb with amazement; looking by turns

at the Countess and at each other; none of us daring to come near her. Some time elapsed before we could be persuaded by her pressing prayers, to assist her in getting out of the coffin.

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

“That very night she enquired after your Lordship; I could give her no other answer, but that you was departed for * * *, which threw her into profound meditation. She did not go to bed all night long.”

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

FRANCIS PALESKI.

The intelligence which I received by this letter, was an additional motive to make me desirous of meeting with the *Unknown*. I searched him in every direction, many miles around the town; however all my diligence to find him out was fruitless. One evening (it was late and tempestuous) when I was going home, after a long and fatiguing ramble, I perceived a person in a white cloak, following me every where. The place where I then found myself was lonely and very suspicious, which made me quicken my pace. However before I was aware of it, I was seized by the shoulders from behind, and somebody exclaimed in a terrible accent, “Have I caught thee at last?” I disengaged myself, and hardly could gain time to draw my sword; however, it

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

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

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

"May I crave the name of your acquaintance?"

"O yes! Count de Barbis."

"Count de Barbis! Impossible! I am that very person!"

I staggered back!

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

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

"How! do you know my sister-in-law?"

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“Yes, I have had the honour of paying her visit at her castle.”

Having stared at me for some time, he embraced me joyfully, pronouncing himself happy for having been made acquainted with me, lamenting at the same time, that our acquaintance had been made in a manner so very disagreeable and alarming.

He went home with me, and told me on the road, that he had mistaken me for a certain Baron who had robbed him of the heart of his mistress, and after having debauched her, had suddenly disappeared and forsaken the poor misguided girl. “How much reason have I” he added, “to praise heaven for having opened my eyes in time; for I certainly would have pierced you to the heart, if I had not perceived my mistake.”

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

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

When I went to the Count's hotel the following morning, he had been obliged to go out, but left a note for me, by which I was desired to wait a few moments. I was shewn into an apartment where I experienced a most agreeable surprise as soon as I had entered it. Amelia's picture, which hung in the room, was the first object which assailed my gazing looks. It seemed to smile at me, and was executed with admirable taste, and astonishing truth. She was painted in a loose night-gown, and the most beautiful bosom which ever my eyes beheld, was half-uncovered.

uncovered. Her auburn hair floated down her shoulders in natural tresses, and one part of it encircled her lily white arm; the spirit of heavenly love was diffused over her face, and her sparkling eyes displayed a pure celestial fire which rekindled every tender feeling of former times of bliss. My eyes were feasting in a voluptuous trance on her beautiful form, and discovered charms which had been concealed from my eyes, when viewing in a kind of ecstacy the lovely original. I was so transported by this charming sight, that I could not refrain from imprinting a burning kiss on the picture. But at the same time, I recollected the promise, never to bow at the shrine of love, which I had made to the *Unknown*; I staggered back, seized with terror, and alas! felt, for the first time, that I had promised more than I should be able to keep. When I renounced love for ever, I fancied Amelia to be dead; but now I knew that she was alive, and her picture had produced in my imagination the sweet recollection of all the happiness past which I had enjoyed by her side, and made me anticipate greater pleasures to come. Heavens! what a dreadful struggle. "No, it is impossible!" I exclaimed at length.

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

The picture introduced a discourse on the original, and the Count pretended not to have received the least tidings from his sister for six months,

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

“The Countess” said he, “was interrupted in her narrative, when she was going to speak of that period of her life, when she got acquainted with my brother. She saw him the first time in the house of an aunt at a masquerade. Amelia being very fond, and a good connoisseur of dancing, my brother soon attracted her notice, as he was one of the best dancers in the room; and you know, it is a powerful recommendation with a young girl, if one possesses an eminent skill in that seducing art. My brother, who had been charmed with Amelia at first sight, improved the propitious opportunity, and before the masquerade was finished, had contracted an intimate connexion with his charmer; which, however, was carefully concealed from her aunt. He kept up a correspondence with the house of her relation, and in a short time was so happy as to convince the Countess of the sincerity of his love. Her aunt not suspecting their growing attachment, gave him frequent invitations, and the love of my brother increased every day.

“Their happiness was uninterrupted, till Charles, Amelia’s brother, paid his sister a visit. My brother

brother suffered himself to be deceived by the fair appearance of the artful villain, and was so imprudent as to make him acquainted with the state of his heart. Charles pretended to be extremely pleased with my brother's passion for his sister, vowed eternal secrecy, and went instantly to betray him to his aunt, who, however, was too prudent to reproach her niece on account of her love, blaming her only for having concealed her attachment from a relation who took a sincere interest in her happiness. The two lovers were consequently considerable gainers by the treachery of the perfidious confidant, and at once released from the fetters of dissimulation. However, their happiness was of short duration. A certain Greek, a beautiful man, of about thirty years, who on account of the splendor of his manner of living and his immense wealth, had attracted the notice of the whole town, saw my sister-in-law, and was fettered by her uncommon charms. He endeavoured to get acquainted with Charles, and soon succeeded, disclosed his passion to him, and gained him over to his party by frequent presents of great value. Charles introduced him to his aunt, and after a few visits he began to disclose his sentiments, but Amelia pretended not to understand him. Every one pronounced her happy on account of her conquest, however she kept firm to her first attachment. The Greek offered princely presents; they were rejected. The indifference with which she treated her new lover, almost deprived him of his reason. It is very probable that Charles acquainted him with the cause of his cool reception; for one day, he invited my brother to a sumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed, led him into a closet offering a million of livres if he would renounce Amelia to him. My brother was highly

offended,

offended, and answered his rival as he deserved. The latter threw himself down at his knees, weeping, and conjuring my brother, who remained inexorable. The Greek, seeing his rival could not be persuaded to renounce Amelia, started up with furious rage, and uttered terrible threats; but neither prayers nor menaces could move my brother in his favour.

“ When the Greek saw at length that all his labour was lost, he begged the Count not to mention that incident to Amelia, and having received a promise to that purport, left him to himself. My brother stayed not a minute longer in the house of his competitor, and went home, but from that day, all his steps were watched by hired assassins, whom he escaped several times with the greatest risk of his life.

“ The aunt resolved to leave the town for some months, and to go to a country seat about five leagues distant, in order to get rid of the frequent important visits of the Greek, which began to be very troublesome to Amelia. The day on which they intended to depart was fixed, and the preparations were made so secretly, and with so much precaution, that it was almost impossible the Greek should get the least knowledge of their departure, which was concealed from every body except Charles, who got leave to visit the ladies sometimes.

“ The day which was fixed for their departure arrived, and the aunt, Amelia, and her brother, accompanied by one servant, left the town with the first dawn of day, the rest of the servants having been sent to the villa the preceding day. Having rode two leagues they entered a wood, in the middle of which seven masked men rushed out of a thicket, stopped the horses, and knocked the coachman down. This done, they opened the

the coach, forced Amelia out of the arms of her aunt, and hastened away with their trembling prize.

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

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

“When my brother heard the dreadful news he raved like a madman, got upon his horse, and rode away with the swiftness of the tempest. All our remonstrances availed nothing. “I will find her,” he exclaimed, “even if she should be concealed in the bowels of the earth.”

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

The Count fetched the letter, and was so kind as to give me leave to take a copy of it, which I shall insert here word for word.

“O my brother! I was never more convinced that innocence and virtue have their guardian angels, than I am now.—Amelia would have been

lost for ever, if the immediate intercession of Heaven had not saved her precious life. Read, and then judge whether I am an enthusiast.

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

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

“On the day of All Souls I happened to pass a church-yard during the afternoon service, and was tempted by the great multitude flocking to the church, to enter it. I sat down in a corner, wrapped myself in my cloak, and abandoned myself to the wild flights of my disordered fancy. A dreadful howling roused me from my meditations; it was the sermon. The pater who delivered it possessed the art of preaching his auditors into a profound sleep, and I soon experienced the somniferous power of his voice. When I awoke I saw neither preacher nor hearers. The church was empty, and an awful stillness reigned around. After many fruitless attempts, I succeeded at length in forcing the lock of the church door.—

Millions of twinkling stars decorated the firmament; the moon illuminated the church-yard with a pale light, and here and there the faint light of a lamp gleamed upon the graves, while the wind rustled in the dry leaves of the trees. The whole exhibited a grand and awful sight, which thrilled my frame with a cold tremor.—

When I came to the gate I found it locked, and exerted my strength in vain with fruitless attempts at forcing the massy lock. I must confess, brother, that the idea of spending a night in a church-yard chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I exclaimed—“Nobody here?” An hollow echo repeated—“here!” It seemed as if the dead had answered from their graves. No human being stirred, and I saw myself necessitated to remain where I was. Filled with horror I staggered over graves and skulls, and seated myself upon a tombstone. There I was resting alone in the ghastly company of the dead. The profound universal silence that reigned around me was now and then interrupted by the chiming of the bells from the church steeple. O! my brother, it was no unmanly fear which quickened the pulses of my heart; but it was an undescribable awful sensation, of being the only living being amid a heap of rotting and decayed carcases. I fancied frequently I heard a soft rustling, or saw a pale figure hovering towards me; however it was nothing but the rustling of the wind betwixt the dry leaves of the trees, and the pale light of the moon reflecting from the white tombstones. At length midnight was setting in; the lamps upon the graves were extinguished by degrees; dark clouds veiled the wan face of the moon; the air began to grow damp and chilling, and the smell of corruption arose sensibly. Anxious bodings trembled through

my soul, and I wrapped my cloak closer around my body.

“The clock struck twelve, and the sound of the last stroke was yet vibrating in my ear, when the folding gate of the church-yard rushed open, and was shut again with a tremendous noise. I started up, and concealed myself behind a tombstone. Hollow foot-steps and groans of a dying person assailed my ears. The moon peeped through the clouds, and I saw three persons coming towards the place where I was concealed. I unsheathed my sword, and awaited their arrival. When they came nearer, I perceived two fellows who were dragging a veiled lady over the graves, and stopped about nine paces distant from me. The lady dropped to the ground, as it seemed in a swoon, when they unhanded her.

“Let us make haste brother, and dispatch her!” one of the ruffians exclaimed. “We will not make it long!” his associate replied, “it would be wrong to torment the poor thing much.” At the same time he took hold of a spade, which he had brought with him, and began to dig up the earth. I was rivetted to the ground, seized with horror and astonishment. While one of them was digging a grave, the other took a large knife out of his pocket.

“Oh! God! So am I then doomed to destruction? O have mercy upon me, and spare my life!” exclaimed the veiled lady. The first syllable she pronounced, told me it was Amelia.

“You must die!” replied the man with the knife. Amelia removed the veil, exclaiming in a trembling accent: “If I must inevitably die, then let me pray first, that I may not leave this world unprepared.”

“The sight of her beautiful face, moved the heart of the barbarians, and her prayer was granted.

“Having

“ Having prayed for a few minutes, she began to weep bitterly.

“ Amelia! thy prayer is granted!” I exclaimed, rushing at the same time from my hiding place. The two assassins must have fancied me to be a spectre, for they stood motionless and pale with terror.

“ I buried my sword in their villainous hearts before they could recover from their fright; then I tore the keys out of the hand of one of the ruffians, threw both of them into the grave which had been dug, and covered them with earth. This done, I took Amelia under my arm, who seemed to doubt whether she saw me really, or a spectre, and hastened with her from that place of horror to my inn. I ordered post horses and after I had unfolded to her the mystery in a few words, hurried her into the coach. On the road she related to me, that the Greek who had carried her off had tried every means to gain her love, but that she had treated with scorn all his endeavours to overcome her disgust to his person, and thus had roused his anger and resentment in such a manner that he had vowed to sacrifice her to his fury. “ If I cannot enjoy thee,” the savage exclaimed, “ then nobody else shall.” “ The rest (she added) you know.”

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

The Count had scarcely done reading the letter when company was announced. A game at Faro was proposed, I suffered myself to be persuaded to be of the party, and lost almost all my money.

On

On my return to our inn, I met the *Unknown*, who seemed to have been sent by heaven to my relief. I was going to relate to him my disagreeable situation; however he did not suffer me to go on, telling me, "I know what you want, come to-morrow night to the well known spot by the side of the river, and your difficulties shall be removed." So saying, he left me.

My joy at this happy meeting was unbounded, and I repaired to the appointed place at eight o'clock the following night; however I waited till eleven o'clock before the *Unknown* joined me. I was just considering whether I should go or wait a little longer for him, when he shewed himself at a distance, like an apparition. He beckoned to me, and I followed him. He led me on unbeaten paths, along a hill which we at length ascended. Upon the top of it a ruinous building presented itself to my eyes; here my guide, who as yet had not uttered a syllable, stopped and said: "In the womb of this hill, an immense treasure is concealed. I read in the book of fate, that you are not the person who is destined to remove it, however it is in my power to let you have as much of it as you want. Are you resolved to descend into the deep and to try your fortune?"

"I am!"

The *Unknown* gave me a dark lanthorn, and an ebony wand, adding, "take this wand, it will be your protector in dangers. Whatever you may meet on your way, touch it with your wand, and no harm will befall you. You will see many things which will attract your curiosity, but do not stop, nor examine them. Pursue your way quickly, and you will come into a spacious hall, where you will find a sleeping virgin, whom you must touch with the wand, and then you may take the diamond pin, which is in her
hair.

hair: When you have taken possession of that jewel, you may return; I shall expect you here." So saying, he led me into the ruinous building, opened a trap-door, and I began to descend. The noise with which the trap-door was shut, thrilled my heart; I fancied I descended into my grave. Having reached the seventh step, I stopped and deliberated whether I should proceed farther. It was not want of courage that made me hesitate, for I think I have proved more than once, that I am no coward; however, it seemed as if some invisible power kept me forcibly back. I looked into the abyss, from which a cloud of dust and mould seemed rising up, and an undefinable dreadful anxiety straitened my breast. I struggled for some time with myself, not knowing what I should do, but soon roused my drooping spirits by the reflexion, how disgraceful it would be to me if I should return to the *Unknown*, without having executed my design, and was going to proceed; however, the anxiety which seized me with additional force, made me soon step back: I do not know what I should have determined upon at last, if a strange incident had not put a stop to my deliberation.

Having spent about eight minutes in that dreadful situation, I heard suddenly the report of a gun from without, and at the same time a confused noise of well-known voices vibrated in my ear. I recovered at once my full recollection, which had been partly suspended by an irresistible charm, and re-ascended hastily the steps. Having pushed open the trap-door, heavens! what a scene did then my eyes behold! I fancied I saw some magic delusion. The first object which my eyes met, was Count Barbis and my tutor, who ran to clasp me in their arms as soon as I appeared. However, my first astonishment gave

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

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

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

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

"Yes, an impostor" the Count said, "I will give you convincing proofs of it."

"Impossible!"

"Certainly," he resumed, "if you believe it impossible, then it will be difficult to convince you of the reality of my assertion."

"By heaven it will!"

The Count stared at me with rising indignation, and then turned to my tutor, "how much are we to be pitied that we, by our premature intercession—"

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

"By G— this is too much!" my tutor exclaimed, "what foolish delusion has fettered your heart to this villain?"

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

"One good action is no proof of honesty and virtue; and, besides one can save the life of a person with a very villainous view."

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

"How!" my tutor exclaimed, with astonishment, "your life has been in danger, and you have concealed it from me?"

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

"You fell into the river? Merciful God!"

"Through—carelessness. I was walking one evening, by myself, close by the side of the river:—Being immersed in profound thought, I did not observe that I was walking on the outermost extremity

tremity of the bank, the ground beneath my feet suddenly gave way—”

“ Merciful God ! and you fell down ? ”

“ I fell in the water. The current hurried me along ; I endeavoured to save my life by swimming, but entangled myself in my cloak, and went to the bottom.”

“ You went to the bottom ? ”

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

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

“ Whither.”

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

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

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

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

“ Then you will not go with us,” I exclaimed with warmth, “ Come ! ” taking my tutor by the arm, “ don’t let us waste so much time with useless talk ; the life of our benefactor is at stake.”

“ Well, go, if you have a mind to have a useless walk,” the Count resumed. “ Do you think justice will be so partial in this country as to pardon a criminal because he has been serviceable to you ? ”

“You are right,” my tutor replied, after some reflection. “This time my old head has been misguided again by my heart.”

We were now arrived at the hotel of the Count. He took leave very cordially of my tutor, but very coldly of me. This, and his having thwarted my plan of making an attempt to save the *Unknown*, vexed me very much, and I was determined to be revenged.

My tutor very probably expected my curiosity would tempt me to enquire after the particulars of the whole incident, however, he was disappointed. I was vexed, indisposed, anxious about the fate of the *Unknown*, and consequently could easily bridle my curiosity. My tutor who seemed desirous to rouse it, in order to justify his behaviour towards the *Unknown* and the Count, endeavoured to unseal my lips by repeated reproaches on account of my carelessness, my reservedness, &c. &c. however I returned very short and dry answers, wished him a good night and went to bed.

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

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

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

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

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

“You have called him an impostor.

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

“With the sword too?”

“Certainly!”

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

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

We unsheathed our swords.

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

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

I must remark here, that in my native town I was known to possess the greatest skill in fencing, and feared by every one on that account. I had indeed attained a very high degree of perfection in that art, partly through my natural agility and flexibility of body, and partly through frequent exercise, the consciousness of which made me boldly face every danger, and prompted me now also to meet the Count with the greatest intrepidity.

The fight began, and I observed from the first onset that my antagonist was no common fencer. But soon I experienced more than that, being disarmed after the first six turns.

The Count wanted to shake hands with me. “One turn more!” I exclaimed, taking up my rapier. He stepped back with uncommon coolness, and waited my attack. But no feint nor surprising turn succeeded. Profoundly skilled in every art of fencing, he parried with uncommon ease and dexterity every onset, though planned ever so subtle. This fired my ambition to the highest degree; the burning desire to satiate my thirst for revenge, and to conquer such a master in fencing, made me exert all my strength. Vain endeavour! I could as easily have wounded the
incorporeal.

incorporeal air, as I was able to strike a blow at my antagonist.

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

I took these words for raillery, exclaiming in an accent of frantic fury—“One turn more, perhaps I may dispel the charm!” I fought now with additional rage, because my pride was nettled.—Seeing that all my efforts of wounding the Count proved abortive, my rage increased, and I risked several desperate attempts. “Take care,” the Count exclaimed, “you are off your guard.” This remark, and his uncommon coolness, (for he acted only on the defensive) rendered me almost mad. “I or you!” I exclaimed. “Neither you nor I!” was his reply. He pronounced these words with so much self-confidence, that I could not doubt his being certain of his superior skill. I had, as yet, endeavoured in vain to strike an indifferent blow, but now my sword was pointed at his heart. The Count perceived my aim, but still behaved with the same coolness and forbearance. At length my ardour abated, my strength and art were exhausted, and the Count was still unhurt. “No!” I now exclaimed, throwing my weapon to the ground. “I will not fight against you any longer. Here is my hand, Count, I am reconciled.”

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

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

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

“ Is it possible your tutor should not have told it you already.”

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

“ Now I conceive—

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

“ The day before you visited me the last time, your tutor came to my house, pretending you had said so much to my praise that he could no longer resist the desire of being better acquainted with me. The first reciprocal compliments being over, we happened to discourse of you. Your tutor asked me when you had been with me the last time? I named the day; he shook his head, and turned the discourse upon another subject. I soon became sensible that my new acquaintance was a man of an excellent understanding, and a most amiable disposition of heart; and observed with sweet pleasure that I seemed not to be indifferent to him. Our discourse soon became more animated, warm and unreserved, and you happened again to become the object of our conversation. I cannot conceal any longer from you (your tutor said) that this young man is extremely dear to me, that I love him almost better than myself. He is grown up under my hands, I have unfolded his understanding, and chiefly through my care and attention to his improvement, (I can say, without flattering myself) he became what he is— an excellent promising young man, of whom I have

have reason to be proud. What a happy prospect does he afford his country, which will reap one time the fruits of the blossom which my eye beholds at present with silent satisfaction.'

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

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

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

"All this has my tutor told you?"

"Let me proceed!" "If you will promise me to keep it to yourself," he continued, "I will disclose to you an incident which will enable you to judge of the dangerous turn the mind of this young man has taken."

"Having promised upon my honour to be discreet, he related to me your adventures with the *Unknown*. When he had finished his relation, he looked at me for some time, gloomy and silently; then he took me by the hand and said, 'Count, I have communicated to you all that I know of the matter; however, I fear I do not know all; a silent apprehension tells me that he continues his connection with that dangerous man without my knowledge. He who never concealed any thing from me, who has laid open to me the most hidden recesses of his soul, is grown at once close and reserved. I fear, I fear he is still connected with the *Unknown*, and meets him at night, for he always comes home very late.'

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"Indeed!"

“Indeed! did he tell you so?”

“Yes, your tutor told me so, and conjured me with tears, if I should make a discovery to that point, to communicate it to him without delay. An accident enabled me sooner than I had expected to return his confidence in me.”

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

“A member of the government of this town, Mr. Alvarez, whom you saw the day before yesterday at my house, and who left it before you, saw, when stepping out of the door, a man wrapt in a purple cloak hovering around the house, as if he had some sinister design. My friend, who thought it very suspicious, pretended not to have noticed him, and went about sixty steps farther, concealing himself in a place where the light of the moon enabled him to observe the suspicious lurker, without being seen by him. Soon after you left the house too, and the man in the purple cloak followed you. My friend, seeing you enter into a conversation with him, concluded he was an acquaintance of yours who had waited for you, and was going to pursue his way, but you were then so close by the place where he was concealed that he could not leave it with propriety. “I know every thing,” said your companion, who thought himself unobserved and had opened his cloak, “come to-morrow evening to the well known spot by the side of the river, and you shall find assistance.” These words, and the accent with which they were pronounced, struck my friend; he fancied he knew the voice, and examined his countenance as well as his situation permitted it. He recollected his features, only his long white beard made him hesitate a little at first. However, even that disguise could not conceal him long; he was soon convinced that this man

was the same person whom he had known some years past in the East-Indies, and whose memory had been deeply engraven on his mind by a most remarkable incident. My friend, being spurred by what he had heard and seen, returned instantly to tell me into whose hands you had fallen. His intelligence filled me with fear and astonishment.

We consulted on the spot how we could—

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

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

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

“My friend embarked about twelve years ago for the East-Indies, forced by stress of fortune, in order to improve his situation. He had been recommended to one Finaldi, a banker of immense property. Being provided with letters of recommendation from the best houses, he was received in his counting-house without the least hesitation, and under very advantageous conditions. His great abilities and his uncommon diligence soon gained him the favour of Finaldi, and he had every reason to expect to make his fortune. A strange adventure raised his sanguine expectations still higher. One evening when he was sitting in his room quite alone overlooking his accounts, a black slave entered his apartment, giving him a note. He opened it, and read the following words: “If thou canst return love for love and keep silence, then fix a place where the bearer may find thee at midnight. Follow him whitherso-
ever

ever he shall conduct thee, and fear nothing. A loving heart and a sweet reward are awaiting thee."

"My friend perused the note more than four times without knowing what to think of it. He endeavoured in vain to sift the black slave, who pretended to have been bound to secrecy by a dreadful oath. No promises nor presents were able to open his lips. My friend could extort nothing but the promise that no harm should befall him. The reserved slave went away, and met him at midnight on the appointed spot.

"My friend followed him not without apprehension. "Slave," said he, "whither art thou conducting me?" The slave remained silent, putting his hand upon his lips. "Tell me, whither art thou conducting me?" The black beckoned to follow him silently. My friend followed with anxious expectation.

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

minated with numberless torches, and a velvet couch upon which a heavenly female figure was reposing, presented themselves to the gazing looks of my astonished friend. "Come nearer, charming European," lisped the crimsoning fair one, "but take care not to trespass the laws of modesty; for at the first signal my people will rush into the room and kill thee." Then the beautiful Indian told him, that she had seen him accidentally, had fallen in love with him at first sight, and was determined to be married to him. "It is true," added she, "my mother hates you Europeans, and this has obliged me to meet thee at night; however, I do not despair of persuading her to give her consent to our union, for she doats upon me. I only want to know whether thou canst return love for love, and wilt become my Lord. I am very rich and handsome too, as thou seest; if thou wilt promise to marry me, thou shalt have leave to see me every night."

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

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

"I need not tell you," thus he resumed, "that my friend accepted with rapture the offer of the beautiful Indian, and that the damsel exerted every power of persuasion to get the consent of her mother, her father being dead some years. Fortune seemed indeed to favour the two lovers. The greatest obstacles were already removed, the mother began to listen with patience to the arguments of her daughter, and the latter surrendered without reserve, to the tenderness of her presumed husband,

husband, when an unexpected clap of thunder destroyed every hope of future happiness; and a dreadful blow ruined my friend for ever. A rich *Irishman*, who was gone to the East-Indies half a year before my friend went, and lived in a splendid manner, sent one morning a servant to the banker, with the intelligence that he was going on board of a ship to undertake a long journey, desiring, at the same time, Mr. Finaldi to remit him without delay the sum which he had entrusted to his care. The banker was certain that he never had received money from the *Irishman*, and told his servant to inform his master he was very much mistaken, for he never had received a farthing from him, much less the sum of 15000*l.* and consequently could remit him no money. No sooner was the servant gone, when my friend was sent to the justice of peace in order to inform against the *Irishman* as a swindler, but how great was his astonishment when the supposed cheat entered the office, telling the justice that he had sent to Mr. Finaldi, soon after his arrival in the East-Indies, 15000*l.* in piasters, and begged him to keep that sum till he should demand it back. The latter he had done to-day, because he was going on a long voyage, but the banker denied having received any money, and as his departure could not be delayed, he desired to have a search warrant. He added at the same time, that if the banker should have removed his money, the officers of police would perhaps find the letter sealed with a seal, which he produced, and sent by him to Finaldi along with the money in question. So saying, he gave to the judge a copy of his letter, and a list of the different numbers with which the bags were marked, offering to wait meanwhile at the office, in order to be responsible for every thing, if neither money nor letter should be found, and then

then to prove his demand in a more convincing manner. The judge could not refuse granting the request; he went along with some officers of the police to the house of the banker, requesting him to deliver to him the money of the Irishman without delay, shewing him at the same time the copy of the letter, and enquiring whether he had not received the original? However, when Finaldi protested he had never seen such a letter, he was informed that his house and writings would be searched. Finaldi submitted very cheerfully to it, and went himself with the judge into the first floor, opening the repository and the chests in which he kept his money and bills of exchange. The banker saw, with the greatest equanimity, the judge take a note out of his pocket, and compare with it the marked bags. The judge discovered very easily those which were marked with the numbers mentioned by the Irishman, and sealed with his own seal. The letter, a copy of which had been given to the judge by the Irishman, was lying open on one of the bags, and of course the demand of the claimant fully proved, and the money ordered to be carried away. Finaldi, hearing the judge order his money to be carried away, grew almost frantic, and protested solemnly against his proceedings, but to no purpose. The judge shewed him the letter of the Irishman, and his seal on the bags. My friend saw the banker stagger back with a countenance as pale as ashes. After a long pause of horror, he swore at length by the living God, he knew not how the seal and the letter could have been put upon the bags, protesting again and again, that the money was his property. However, his pretended ignorance appeared to the judge an additional proof of the banker's crime, and he was obliged to suffer his money to be carried away, and delivered into the hands of the

Irishman, who received it with the solemn declaration that he would return very soon and formally prosecute the banker for fraud, and set sail that very hour.

“ And this Irishman ? ”—

“ Pray let me finish my narration.—On the evening of that very day, a young man with whom my friend was very intimate, came into his room, with evident signs of the greatest consternation. “ Make haste; make haste, my dear friend,” he exclaimed with a trembling voice, “ and save thyself ! Finaldi is in the greatest fury ; he has been informed—God knows by what traitor—that you have been out of the house last night, and returned some hours after midnight. He is firmly convinced that you must have been privy to the fraud of the Irishman, and betrayed him in the night. For heaven’s sake, don’t hesitate a moment ! Make haste to save yourself by flight ; every moment threatens to be fatal to you ; you are beset by Finaldi’s spies, all your steps are watched ; disguise yourself, and flee as far as you can.”

My friend being conscious of his innocence, was determined to stay. His nocturnal absence had been occasioned by the fair Indian, and not by Finaldi’s money-bags, which his confidant knew very well. “ But how will you prove your innocence ? ” the latter resumed, “ Did not your mistress make you swear a solemn oath to be silent ? Do you intend to expose the honor of the darling of your heart to public ridicule, and publish in a court of justice the nocturnal mysteries of love ? And suppose—which I never can believe you could commit such a cruel treachery, do you think this would exculpate you ? Are not appearances entirely against you ? No one except yourself and Finaldi keeps the keys to the apartments, repositories and chests which contain the money
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and the papers ; consequently, nobody but yourself, or the person with whom you were connected, can have defrauded the banker." " O God !" exclaimed my friend with despair, " I am ruined ! save me ! whither shall I flee ?" " In the arms of friendship ?" his confidant replied. " Come ! I will procure you a temporary asylum against the spies of Finaldi ; with the first dawn of day, you must go on board a ship." He was as good as his word, concealing my friend, during the night, in his lodging, and conducting him in disguise on board of a vessel as soon as morning began to dawn. " Shall I flee without taking leave of my mistress ?" My friend asked groaning. " Will you on the brink of safety, plunge yourself in the gulf of destruction ?" his confidant replied. The wind swelled the sails, and in a few minutes the ship was out of the harbour. My friend saw the East Indies and his native country no more. He afterwards repented in vain his premature flight, by which he had strengthened the suspicion of his supposed crime ; he looked in vain, with heavy groans, towards the place which contained his mistress, who, as he was informed afterwards, drowned herself out of despair. All his promising views, all his rosy hopes were ruined for ever. He was now wretched, unspeakably wretched—rendered so by one man.—Conceive his astonishment, when he found again this very man, the day before yesterday, in your *Unknown*."

" Is it possible ?"

" Yes ! it is but too certain—And in such a wretch you have confided."

" Should the Irishman really have been a cheat ?"

" How can you doubt it ?"

" I confess Count, on one side appearance is entirely against him ; but on the other side appearance is not less against the fraud."

“ I cannot comprehend you.”

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

“ For what reason ?”

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

“ Well ! what do you wish to know ?”

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

“ Never.”

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

“ No person whatever.”

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

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

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

“ No, assuredly not !”

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

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

“ Then explain to me the whole incident in a natural manner, and I will embrace you as the greatest philosopher.”

“I must confess that I find it impossible; but what does this prove? are juggling tricks imposition in a lesser degree because I cannot explain them; or does the man who has robbed another person of 15000*l.* cease being a villain, because I cannot penetrate the web of his fraud?”

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

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

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

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

“Nothing? how can you maintain this?”

“The event has proved it. He has returned every thing; he did therefore never design to appropriate our property to himself.”

“The latter conclusion, I think, is too premature. He has perhaps changed his plan.”

“Perhaps he may have returned the smaller sum,” my tutor said, “in order to hoodwink, and to cheat us of a greater sum.”

“By heaven! you judge too severely,” I exclaimed.

“ You have maintained just now,” the Count resumed, “ that if you were to suppose the Irishman to be an impostor, the incident with the banker would appear more incomprehensible to you, than if you should suppose him to be an honest man. The former part of this assertion you have explained; will you be so kind to give us some light with respect to the latter point ?”

“ If I take the Irishman to be an honest man, then I seek the impostor in Finaldi’s house, and the cheat becomes very comprehensible.”

“ In Finaldi’s house ? how should this be possible ? Did I not tell you, that no person, except my friend and the banker, had the care of the keys to his money and papers. I can be bound for the honesty of my friend.”

“ For the banker’s honesty too ?”

“ No; but I think there is no occasion for it.”

“ What can prevent me from believing, that the banker really received the 15,000*l.* from the Irishman, and wanted to cheat him of that sum ?”

“ How can you give room to such a supposition, only for a single moment. Not to mention the readiness and unconcern which Finaldi displayed on the examination of his chests, you must consider that he could easily have removed the letter which bore witness against him, if he had really received the money, and designed to defraud the Irishman of it. Then you will please to consider, that, according to the declaration of my friend, the seal of the Irishman was not on the bags the day before the examination, and that the banker certainly would not have imprinted it the preceding night, in order to betray himself the day following——”

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My discourse with the Count was interrupted by his friend who came to see him. "Anxiety for your safety," said the magistrate to the former, "and for yours, my Lord," turning to Count Galvez, my tutor, "has carried me hither. The Irishman whom I have imprisoned yesterday does not know, as yet, who his informers are, and although he never should receive intelligence of it, he will, nevertheless, suspect you to be the primary cause of his imprisonment. Do not flatter yourselves that you will be able to escape the effects of his resentment, if you stay here any longer. It is yet in your power to save yourselves, because his myrmidons are at present ignorant of the matter. But you will not if they receive intelligence of the affair. Do not think that my anxiety for your safety exaggerates the danger against which I have cautioned you. "You do not know that dreadful man, nor his incredible power. Only a speedy departure and the most secret incognito on the road can save you."

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

The Count begged leave to accompany us, alledging that he had settled his business at ****, and consequently was at liberty to follow us every where. I and my tutor, who had a particular regard for the Count, were very agreeably surprised by his offer, and accepted it with great

pleasure. We left the town as soon as it grew dark, and at six o'clock the next morning, were sixty miles distant from the place of danger.

The Count did not think it adviseable to stop, and as we stayed no where longer than two days at most, we were soon 534 miles distant.

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

My servant had received orders not to lose sight of me all the evening, and to follow me everywhere at a proper distance. When I came to the bank of the river, and began to walk up and down as if expecting somebody, he concluded that this was the place of rendezvous, and informed my tutor of it. My tutor communicated his intelligence to the Count, and the Count to the magistrate. The latter ordered some officers of the police to attend him, and followed my servant to the place where I expected the *Unknown*. All my steps were watched at a distance; which could be done so much easier, as I had not the least suspicion of being furrounded by spies.

The *Unknown* appeared, and the whole train followed us at a great distance, only the magistrate went home again, thinking his presence superfluous. My servant carried a lanthorn under his cloak in order to light the torches which the officers of the police were provided with as soon as the signal should be made in order to prevent the Irishman from making his escape in the dark. The Count and my tutor were the first

first who had ascended the hill after us, and as soon as I had entered the ruinous building, they beset the entrance in order to seize the Irishman when he should return. Their plan succeeded; the Count gave the signal with a pistol, the police officers rushed forth from their ambush and seized the Irishman. This was the natural course of an incident, which at first surprised me like a magical delusion.

Six hundred miles separated us now from the dreaded *Unknown*. We therefore believed ourselves to be out of the reach of his myrmidons, and stopped at * * * ch, without entertaining the least apprehension. In that town I renewed my acquaintance with the amiable brother of the Duke of Braganza. He was an amiable young man, adorned with the most excellent qualities. His understanding was acute and penetrating, his presence of mind unequalled, his disposition jovial, his generosity unbounded. At the same time he was enthusiastic in his friendship, possessed a noble heart, void of every art and suspicion, which however, was the residence of lawful ambition. He was affable in a high degree, and entirely destitute of that foolish pride which so frequently misleads the Spanish and Portuguese nobility to fancy themselves to be a kind of superior beings; his conversation was instructive, and his humanity and kindness to every one unbiassed by selfishness. Whoever saw and conversed with him could not but love him sincerely.

I had not seen him for six years. When we parted, he left our common native country to enter into the Spanish military service. He was when a soldier the same tender friend which he had been when at home, and with a kind of rapture put me in mind of our juvenile years, which we had spent in sweet congenial unanimity.

ty. I loved him as ardently as I had hated his brother, who was quite the reverse of him. The Prince was a true soldier, and the Duke a consummate courtier; the former constant in his friendship, and above suspicion; the latter changeable and mistrustful. The former united ambition with courage and personal bravery, the latter an arrogant desire of greatness with cowardice and irresolution; which was the reason that the Prince strove to satisfy his passion in an open and undisguised manner, and the Duke by intrigues and artful wiles.

One gloomy afternoon, when I was conversing with the Prince in a confidential manner on the lamentable state of our native country, he related to me, that on the evening previous to his departure a priest had entered his apartment with a mysterious mien, and exhorted him not to leave his native country in the bloom of his life, as he might act a very important part in a great undertaking which would soon be carried into execution. "I concluded from this hint," the Prince added, "that a plan was carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, and to place again on the throne the pretended imprisoned king; but feeling myself not called to have a share in the conspiracy, I paid no regard to his admonition and departed."

I asked the Prince whether he had not endeavoured to get more intimately acquainted with the priest and to pump out his secret? The Prince replied, "As soon as he saw that I was not inclined to enter into his views, he evaded all my questions and left me. He was the same monk who once, during a riotous concourse of the multitude at the capital, had attracted our notice. You will recollect how he went into the midst of the crowd, exclaiming in an accent of

prophetic inspiration: "There is an inland king existing! he is indeed disguised at present, but soon will shew himself in public."—Do you recollect how soon after the prophesied king appeared, but was seized and imprisoned by the Spanish government, under the fine pretext of being an impostor?"

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

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

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

good man who was believed to be the old king, died in prison, and it would be ridiculous to *spea*k only of his restoration." The Count replied, that he would not maintain that he who had pretended to be the old king had been the true one; however, he knew from secret intelligence, that he had not died in prison, as it has been pretended, but had found means to escape, and was still alive: yet he did not know the place of his concealment."—"The whole history of this unfortunate Prince," the Count added, "is very singular and mysterious. When he was twenty-four years of age he went to war against the Moors: a bloody battle was fought on a large plain, and although the enemy were very superior in number, yet he put them to flight. However the general of the enemy rallied his army again, and the fortune of war changed on the second attack. The christians were entirely routed, and the king himself was in the greatest danger. Some of his most faithful generals, who had been spared by the fury of the enemy, conjured him to save himself; and one of them who knew the country offered to lead him to a place of safety. However the young hero replied, 'What a stain would be on my royal honour, if it should be said I had fled! No, my friends, I will retreat like a soldier!' Three horses had already been killed under him, nevertheless he forced his way through the enemy to his corps de reserve, which still was in tolerable order, but surrounded on all sides. Some of his attendants called for assistance, and thus the enemy got acquainted with his dignity, surrounding him closer and closer. Meanwhile the fight was continued, and one after the other of his principal officers was killed by his side. At length one of them, who never had stirred from his side, exclaimed: 'My Lord and king, what assistance can

can we expect here?"—“That which our feats deserve to receive from Heaven,” the king answered, rushing in the midst of his enemies, and causing a great havoc among the infidels. But he was soon surrounded by great numbers, and one of the enemy called to the four knights who had followed him, to surrender, it being well known that the king was amongst them. One of his faithful knights, who perceived too plainly that no other expedient was left, begged the king to give him his sword, lest an infidel might seize it; however the hero refused firmly to grant his prayer, exclaiming, “A king never ought to part with his liberty but with his life.” These words wounded the soul of his faithful servant so deeply, that weary of his life, he rushed into the midst of the enemy, and fell covered with wounds. The king defended himself some time longer, but soon was overpowered and disarmed. Now a quarrel arose among the infidels on account of the king, every one of them contending he was *his* prisoner; the contest soon began to be very warm, and they attacked each other sword in hand. Unfortunately a cady interrupted them, and seeing their rage, exclaimed—“Ye dogs, Allah has given you victory, and now you are going to cut each other to pieces on account of a prisoner!” With these words he dispersed them with his sabre, and rushing upon the king, whose head was uncovered, gave him such a blow across the right eye-brow, that he fell from his horse mortally wounded to all appearance. The rest of the infidels seeing this, gave him some more wounds upon the head and neck, being hindered by his armour from wounding his body. “Thus,” added the knight, who was an eye-witness of that lamentable scene, and communicated the particulars to me, “thus the best and most valiant
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king was inhumanly butchered in the spring of his life.' As soon as the news of his death was known, five pretenders to the crown of my country arose at once. All these rivals proved the validity of their title in a most specious manner, but the most powerful of them carried the palm of victory. The king of Spain had the good fortune to possess himself of the crown of Portugal; and ever since my native country has groaned under the tyranny of a foreign power, which, however, some years ago was in danger of receiving a mortal blow, the king, whose death was universally believed, appearing at once at Venice! The new pretender found much credit, not only with the multitude, but also with many grandees. His pretensions were particularly strengthened by some of my countrymen who had known the king personally, and often declared upon their honour, that his features, his size and voice resembled exactly that of their royal master. He was supported so powerfully, that he soon began to live in a manner answering to his dignity, and declared himself publicly to be the person whom he represented. This alarmed the Spanish Ambassador at Venice, who succeeded at length in persuading the senate to arrest him. On his examination he related, that he had been dangerously wounded in that fatal battle, but in a most wonderful manner saved from death. He added he had been cured in Algarbia, and being ashamed of showing himself to any known person, after so great a misfortune, he had taken the resolution to visit Abyssinia, and other remote countries and kingdoms: in his wanderings he had come to Persia, assisted in many battles, and received many wounds: at length he had been tired of leading a wandering life, and found an asylum in a monastery in Georgia,

Georgia, where he had lived many years: 'till at length the desire of re-visiting his subjects had impelled him to leave his asylum. He farther added, he had landed first in Sicily, and from thence dispatched a messenger to his kingdom, who however, had never returned, which had prompted him to visit his country in person, but previously to implore the interposition of the Pope, which he had been prevented from carrying into execution by the villainy of his own people, who had robbed him on the road. After that misfortune, he said, he had repaired to Venice, where he had been recognized by some of his former subjects.

“ However, his assertion still wanted those proofs which one justly would require. He declared frankly that he relied on the candour and assistance of the Venetian Senate, who would easily recollect what letters he had wrote to them during the last war against the Turks, and how much desire he had evinced to assist them powerfully, alledging that whoever had seen the king could not but recognise the identity of his person. And, indeed, every appearance was in his favour with regard to this point. His features not only resembled exactly those of the true king, but, what is particularly remarkable, the left side of his body was shorter than his right, which was exactly the case with the prince whom he represented. A scar of a wound, which the king had received above his right eye-brow, when a child, was very visible, and many other marks by which that prince had been distinguished, were found upon him after a close examination. He remained nevertheless three whole years shut up in a prison. Meanwhile my countrymen endeavoured to move heaven and earth in his favour. The Senate of Venice being pressed from all sides, de-

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creed at length that he should leave their territory on pain of being sent to the galleys for the rest of his life. My countrymen deliberated now carefully which road the king should take in order to return to his kingdom, whether he should go by way of Germany, Swisserland, or France.— Unfortunately he chose the latter road, and no sooner had he entered the frontiers of Florence, disguised in the garb of a Dominican friar, than he was apprehended by order of the Grand Duke, and delivered up to the Spanish government at Naples, which, as one may easily conceive, was very anxious to seize upon a person, who was so dangerous to the court of Madrid.— When the Spanish Viceroy ordered him to be brought into his presence, he faced him with great confidence, and seeing that he was uncovered, said to him— ‘ Be covered, Count !’ Upon the Viceroy’s question, who had given him the power to use such freedom ? he replied with noble frankness, ‘ He who made me a king !’ how can you pretend not to know me ?’ Don’t you recollect that the king has sent you twice to my court, and that on that occasion I gave you a sword set with jewels, and your lady a diamond ring of great value ? This being literally true, the Viceroy ordered a number of rich swords and diamond rings to be brought into the apartment. The king not only knew instantly the pieces in question, selecting them from the rest, but at the same time touched a secret spring of the jewel and shewed beneath it his name, which till then had been discovered neither by the Count nor his lady.

“ But what was the consequence of these convincing proofs ? He was placed upon an ass, carried through the streets of Naples as an impostor, and sent to the galleys. When he approached the coasts of Portugal, a general commotion took place

place in my native country: The monks, being dissatisfied with the Spanish government, stirred up the populace, and a general revolt was on the eve of breaking out.—Tranquillity and order were, indeed, soon restored; two monks were gibbeted, and several other persons executed; however the commotion was not entirely stopped. The government of Spain were obliged to secure the person of the unhappy man in a castle at St. Luke, where he was closely confined, and is commonly believed to have died. However the manner of his death has never transpired, and for that very reason, the rumour of his having effected his escape cannot be refuted directly. However improbable his flight may be, yet the impossibility of it never can be proved. The government of Spain may have had good reasons for pretending the fugitive was dead, partly in order to prevent the former commotions from breaking out again, and partly animated by the hope that, intimidated by his repeated fruitless attempts, he would never dare to appear once more upon the stage, as he would have reason to fear being traced out and imprisoned a second time.”

This is the substance of the account given us upon this subject by the Count, who (which I must not forget to mention) had confessed to us on the road, that his name was not *Barbis*, but *Clairval*. “The former name,” added he, “I have adopted by desire of the Countess, who fancied a fictitious name would enable me to trace out easier the murderer of my brother.” No sooner had the Count pronounced these last words than I grew pale. This sudden striking change could not escape the eagle looks of the Count, and he stared by turns at me and my tutor. The latter thought silence would be more dangerous than a frank confession, and disclosed to the Count, with-
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out reserve, the whole history of the apparition at the castle of the Countess, vowing, at the same time, that the latter must certainly have been imposed upon by the Irishman, who very probably had bribed some of her servants to carry on his secret intrigues with more security, the noble character of my father being in open contradiction with a murder by hired assassins.

The Count protested he was entirely of the same opinion with my tutor, and could not but think the whole adventure the effect of a fine spun deception of the Irishman. "Not only the noble character of the Duke, your father," added he, "but other circumstances too, prove, without contradiction, that he can have had no hand in the assassination of my brother; who never was in your country."

"Well, then the cheat is laid open at once!" I exclaimed, "for I am certain that my father has not left his country these six years."

We were, soon after, more strongly convinced, that the apparition at the castle had been nothing else but a deception; for the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which the history of her recovery was related in a manner entirely different from the account of her valet de chambre. "Having been seized with a death-like fainting fit, (these are her very words) I received a visit from the *Unknown*, who, as I afterwards have been told by my people, poured some drops out of a small phial into my mouth and left me, after he had given orders to my nurse, to give me whatever I should desire upon my recovery from my state of insensibility.—Awaking from my swoon, I felt a violent hunger and thirst, which were no sooner appeased, than I was animated with new life and vigour. The next day I was able to leave my bed, and, in a short time, was

as well as ever I had been. My valet (added she) has disappeared suddenly, and I have not seen him since."

The latter circumstance left no doubt of Paleski's being in the pay of the Irishman. Probably he apprehended that his secret correspondence with that impostor would be detected sooner or later, and for that reason disappeared in good time.— What else than such a connection with the *Unknown* could have prompted him to write two letters which contained so many fictions, entirely to the advantage of the Irishman. If he had related the fact in a simple and natural manner like the Countess, I should indeed have thought the benefactor of Amelia to be a skilful, or at least a fortunate physician: however, the manner in which he represented the matter, could not but produce an effect quite different. Paleski had the greatest reason to expect the Irishman would appear to me a kind of superior being. To resuscitate by a touch and a few words a dead person, who had been in her coffin three days and nights; this could not have been effected by natural means, and it was not the fault of the Irishman or Paleski, that I received a true account of the matter, contrary to their expectation, which entirely dissolved the charm. On the other side, let us suppose this accident had not happened, I had not got acquainted with the Count, and consequently not seen Amelia's account, would then my belief in the Irishman's supernatural power not have been nursed, strengthened and raised to the highest pitch. "O! it is doubtless!" I exclaimed, "that these two fellows have been leagued, and availed themselves of my weak side; it is doubtless that they acted in concert, when my tutor, Amelia, and myself were deceived by the pretended apparition."

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

The Count had gained the favour of the Prince of Braganza in a high degree, being an excellent companion, and the Prince fond of social pleasures. He therefore accompanied my tutor and myself every evening to the Prince, where we spent our time in the most agreeable manner. One evening, the latter gave a little feast, and all the guests were already assembled except my tutor, who had missed to come at the fixed hour. I sent my servant several times for him, but he always returned without being able to find him out. This accident made me very uneasy, and the Count and myself did not know what to think of it. It grew late, and still my tutor did not come. The feast was finished, and the company left the house, two hours after midnight were past, and we were still waiting in vain for him, seized with anxious apprehension. At length, I went home accompanied by the Count. The hope of finding him at our hotel winged our steps; however, we were sadly disappointed, the apartment and the bed of my tutor being empty. Seized with terror, we awakened the landlord, inquiring after my governor, but neither he nor his people could tell us more, than that he had left the house at nine o'clock. The night elapsed amid anxious bodings, morning began to dawn, and my tutor did not appear. My apprehensions and anxiety surpassed all

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

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

“MY LORD,

“I am going to communicate to you matters which certainly will far surpass your expectation and appear very improbable, nay, even contradictory to you, though they are literally true. I acted right before the tribunal of my conscience, when I ordered the Irishman to be taken up, and yet I repent of it sincerely. It was the Irishman who has ruined me in the East Indies, and yet I cannot reproach him for it. He cheated the banker of 15,000*l.* and yet he is, at least in my eyes, justified on that account. My former hatred against him is changed into admiration, and I wish most ardently it were in my power to deliver him from the prison, where a severe doom awaits him. Hear, how these apparent contradictions are connected.

“ Two days after your departure, the Irishman sent for me. Several—perhaps not very honourable—reasons, prompted me to grant his request. ‘ You have taken me up,’ said he, when I entered his dungeon, ‘ because you think I was the author of your misfortune and cheated the banker. You have acted right in your opinion, and I have not sent for you in order to reproach you, although you are to be blamed on account of the precipitation with which you acted ; nor have I sent for you because I think it my duty to account to you for my actions. There is but *one*,’ said he with a solemn accent, uncovering his head and lifting up his eyes to heaven, ‘ there is but *one* to whom I am accountable. I acknowledge no other judge but him who has sent me, and whose secret orders to execute I am deputed to man. I have sent for you for no other reason,’ he continued, covering his head, ‘ than to rectify your erroneous notions. You believe that I have committed an ignoble, mean action, by robbing the banker of that sum ; I forgive you this error, for it is the common melancholic lot of mortals to judge of matters and actions by their external appearance. You will think otherwise when you shall have learnt the real state of that matter. Do you know that Finaldi in whose service you have been ? Do you know that his immense wealth is the fruit of the most sordid avarice, and abominable usury ; that in his chests the property of a thousand ruined families, ruined by his oppression, is buried, and that his money is stained with the tears of widows and orphans ? A man of a noble heart, who in the times of prosperity had raised the penniless Finaldi from the dust by loans of great amount, to the highest pinnacle of abundance, lost the greatest part of his property through his unbounded liberality, and partly through miscarried undertakings.

undertakings. He applied to Finaldi for assistance, and that ungrateful wretch completed his ruin, by extorting from him exorbitant interests. Misery and pungent grief undermined the health of the hapless man by degrees, and threw him at length upon the bed of sickness. He sent his wife to the banker to implore his assistance; Finaldi promised to relieve him, but under conditions which filled his chaste consort with horror and contempt. She went home weeping and helpless, and experienced the additional misery to return empty handed to seven half-starved children, who were crying for bread. "Go you to him, my children," the afflicted father said, "perhaps the sight of you may move his heart!" But the good man was deceived, for the barbarian ordered his servant to kick them out of the house. That deed cried to heaven for punishment. I went to the unhappy sufferer, asking him whether he could resolve to leave the East-Indies, if I could procure him 15,000*l*. He affirmed it, and I carried that sum out of the coffers of the banker to his house; that is, I restored to the ruined man one part of his property, and the happy family left with me the country where they had been treated with savage cruelty."—Here the Irishman paused, expecting my answer.

"Concerning that matter," I replied, "you have justified yourself; at least, to *my* satisfaction; but will you not let me know the means which you made use of in order to get the sum in question in your possession?"

The Irishman mused awhile, and then said, "The means which I made use of are very simple; and for that reason you will not think them worth notice. But as they were most fit and safe to execute a laudable design, prudence bade me to use them. I had got intelligence that the great-

est part of the banker's treasure was kept in the second story, and in the dead of night, got upon a ladder to the windows. Having opened the shutters and windows with proper instruments, I descended into the room, and examined it by the light of a lanthorn which illuminated only that spot where I was, while the rest of the apartment remained dark. Having opened the repositories and chests with a master-key, a row of money-bags presented itself to my eyes. Every one of them was marked with a slip of paper, upon which the amount of the sum which they contained, and the coin was wrote. I marked instantly the numbers of those bags which I designed for the unfortunate family, and sealed them with my own seal. Then I wrote a letter to the banker, in which I informed him that I was sending him 15,000l. in piasters, begging him to keep that sum, till I should demand it back. Having sealed this letter after I had taken a copy, I opened it and laid it upon one of the money-bags which I had marked. Then I locked the repository and the chest, and left the apartment in the same manner I had entered it. What happened the day following, I need not tell you."

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

the power intrusted to me, consists in the knowledge and application of such powers of nature as are concealed from the short-sighted eye of mortals. At the same time I cannot but confess, that the mysterious deeds which I perform by virtue of that knowledge, appear to men to be wonders, because the spectator is unacquainted with the means by which they are effected. Mark well what I am going to tell you now. Although the higher unknown powers of nature are at my command, yet this power has been intrusted to me, only under the condition never to make an improper use of it, and never to have recourse to it while common human means shall be sufficient to attain my view. And this was the case in the affair of the banker, when I determined to save an unhappy family from ruin. There nothing was wanting, as the event has proved, but art and precaution, and consequently I durst not have recourse to the higher power entrusted in me."

"This doubt," said I, "you also have cleared up to my satisfaction; but what will you answer if I ask you how I have deserved to have been rendered miserable by you? Why did you ruin the happiness of an innocent man, while you saved an unfortunate family from ruin? 'I could tell you,' the Irishman resumed, 'that in a case of collision, the happiness of an individual must be sacrificed to the welfare of a whole family; however, I have no need to have recourse to that sophism. It was not I who has destroyed your happiness, it was you. Why did you flee? Was you not conscious of your innocence? No one could have convicted you of a breach of trust. Besides, I had taken care that three days after my departure, a letter was delivered to the banker, in which I explained to him the means by which he had lost his money, and the reason which had prompted

me to rob him of that sum. Thus you would have been cleared of all suspicion, have retained your place in Finaldi's house, and not lost your mistress.'

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

"How could you," the Irishman interrupted me, "believe that man to be your friend? He persuaded you to make your escape, in order to occupy your place in Finaldi's house, and in the heart of your mistress. However, his hope of supplanting you in the heart of the latter, was disappointed; that he succeeded with respect to the former, I need not to tell you." "Alas!" I exclaimed, "then my foreboding has not deceived me." "Why did you suffer yourself," the Irishman continued, "to be taken in by false appearances? Why did you confide in a man of whose bad heart you could have convinced yourself by a vigorous trial? However I will not wound you by reproaches. You have been your own punisher." Here he stopped. I felt deeply the justness of his remarks, and could not bear any longer the sight of him. "I have imprisoned you," said I at length, "what can I do for you?" "Nothing," was his reply, "but to suffer justice to take its own course." "But if justice should be blind?" "Then," he replied, "I shall have an invisible guardian who will protect me, and break these fetters." With these words, he dismissed me; however, my mind has been dreadfully agitated ever since. I fancied I had arrested a villain, and am now convinced too late of my error. The consequences of my rashness will bear heavy upon him; if he is not saved by a miracle, then he certainly will be burnt alive. The judges of this extraordinary man have discovered, during his imprisonment, matters of so singular a nature, that they firmly believe

believe him to be a forcerer, and you know, Count, how inexorable our laws are with regard to that point. If he dies, his blood will cry loudly against me.

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

“ What do you think of the contents of this letter?” The Count said when I returned it to him with evident marks of astonishment.

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

“ I might almost say mine too !”

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

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

“ But his defence seems not to confirm this hard judgment of yours. The serious, solemn, and frank tone of his defence, the equanimity with which he submits to his fate, and the confidence with which he awaits the final issue of his trial —”

“ Is probably dissimulation and rank deception — nothing else. Nevertheless,” continued the Count, after some reflection, “ if I consider that my friend, who has learnt to distinguish between appearances and reality, between dissimulation and truth, who has himself had a very bad opinion of the Irishman, and without doubt accepted his

invitation for no other reason than to unmask and to humble him ; if I consider that my friend, notwithstanding this, excriminates him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one should think that all cannot be deception and hypocrisy."

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

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

" If your tutor were but here," said he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, " he would refute, with more success than I, your returning good opinion of the Irishman."

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

" I doubt it very much ! "

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

" How can you flatter yourself to get admission to a prisoner who is shut up in an inaccessible dungeon ? but let us suppose you could get access to him, it is very probable that he will be executed before we shall have travelled so many hundred miles, as my friend mentions that his trial will

not be delayed. If you, however, are determined to make a trial, you may as well write to my friend, who will execute your commission with the greatest punctuality, if your letter does not arrive too late."

"Excellent!" I exclaimed, "I will write instantly."

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

"Indeed I had entirely forgot this promise!"

"Should we not rather travel to * * * n, and see whether he will be as good as his word? I reason thus: If this extraordinary man really is what he pretends to be, if he really possesses supernatural powers, then he certainly will meet us at * * * n, according to his promise, and then you will get the intelligence which you desire. But if he is an impostor, you will not receive the least intelligence concerning the fate of your tutor; you may address him in person or by way of letters, consequently I think both our return and a letter to my friend will be useless."

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

We had resided already a whole month at * * * n, without having either heard or seen any thing of the Irishman, but I did not, nevertheless,

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

The same letter informed me, that very lately a commotion had happened in Estramadura, in favour of the brother of the Prince of Braganza, whose party had loudly demanded him to be placed on the throne of Portugal.—“You know,” my father added, “that almost one third of the kingdom belongs to the Duke; you know the title which the house of Braganza has to the crown; should it therefore be so very improbable that the conspirators will carry their point sooner or later! However, I declare solemnly, that notwithstanding our *relation* to the family of Braganza, I never shall take a share in a plot tending to invade the rights of a king to whom I have sworn allegiance.”

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

with a pretender to the crown entirely different from him?"—The Count shrugged his shoulders.

That very day we received a second letter from the Magistrate. He informed us, that the Irishman, who had been condemned to be burnt publicly in twelve days, was looking forward to his execution with the greatest serenity and unconcern. And yet, I don't know how it came, I retained still a spark of hope to see the Irishman once more, notwithstanding the ridicule of the Count.

One evening, which had succeeded a very sultry day, the Count proposed a walk to a neighbouring wood. The sky was serene when we set out, but we had scarcely been an hour in the wood when it was suddenly overclouded, and the air began to grow very heavy. Every body had already left the field from fear of an approaching storm; it was growing late, and the lightning and distant rolling of the thunder announced the impending tempest. We were going to return to the town, when suddenly cries of distress vibrated in our ears from a great distance. We hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded, and perceived a human figure, who was running with incredible velocity, looking back every now and then, as if pursued by robbers. As soon as the fugitive saw us, he hastened to meet us. I started back with horror, the figure resembling more a living spectre than a human being. His haggard countenance was covered with a death-like paleness, his tattered garments were floating in the storm, and his naked feet were stained with blood. But, conceive my astonishment, when the miserable wretch pronounced my name, and dropped to the ground. I stepped nearer to examine his features, and beheld—Palecki, the valet of Amelia!

Awful darkness began to veil every object around, the flashes of lightning grew stronger and stronger,

er, the rolling of the thunder louder, and the howling of the tempest more furious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No sooner had I pronounced these words when the fellow dropped senseless to the ground, foaming, roaring, and labouring under the most dreadful convulsions. Meanwhile the storm was drawing nearer; the sky growing blacker and every object around assumed a darker hue. The wind blew softer and damper, and the mournful dirges of the owls resounded in the wood, one peal of thunder succeeded the other, and dreadful flashes of lightning rendered darkness visible.

At length, the convulsions of the miserable wretch ceased, and he was stretched upon the ground without the least sign of life, exhibiting a view which excited horror and pity. A tremendous clap of thunder roused him from his insensibility.

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

“As

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

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

“Ever since I have deceived your Lordship.”

“Thou liest, rascal!”

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

The lightning flashed, a clap of thunder shook the firmament, and awful expectation retained our breath—however, the daring challenger remained unhurt.—The rolling of the thunder re-echoed dreadfully all around, and rain mixed with hail, gushed violently from the black and heavy clouds. We fled into a grotto which the Count, assisted by the vivid lightning, perceived at a small distance. Amelia’s valet followed us closely, pale and trembling.

“Now,” said I, “relate your story, but be brief.”

“Having sent you the second letter,” he began after a short pause, “I happened to awake the night following, and found my lamp extinguished; I fancied I heard somebody rustling by my bed, and stretched out my arm; but feeling nothing all around, I imagined I had been deceived by a dream and fell asleep again. A short time after I awoke a second time, and heard distinctly some person walking up and down the room with slow steps. It could not be a delusion, for I was wide awake, and the walking up and down continued. Being sure to have bolted my door and windows before I went to sleep, my consternation was dreadful. I wanted to get down my sword which used to be suspended by the bed-side,

but could not find it. However, I took courage and called to the night-walker, but no answer was returned, and the walking discontinued; yet this did not lessen my fear. I scarcely dared to draw breath, and listened attentively. At length the noise was renewed, and somebody approached, and an icy hand touched my face. I jumped out of my bed, seized with terror, and called for assistance; however, nobody could hear me, my room being situated in a remote part of the house. I attempted to get out of the apartment, but some person took hold of me and flung me violently back; I fell senseless on my bed.—A considerable time after, I heard a rough and hollow voice pronounce my name. Despair inspired me with courage, I got up, struck a light, and—My Lord, who do you think was standing before me?"

A tremendous clap of thunder shattering an oak in millions of pieces, prevented me from returning an answer. We were yet almost stunned, when a second peal ensued. The tree was all in a flame. Palecki trembled violently, his teeth were chattering, and he could scarcely stand upon his legs. At length I asked: "Who was that spectre which disturbed you in your bed-room at night?"

"The *Unknown*. I fancied I saw his ghost and started back thrilled with horror, but he stepped toward me asking in a dreadful accent: from what motive I had wrote to you two letters replete with fiction? seeing myself in his power I thought it would be most prudent to confess the truth and therefore replied frankly, "your disappearing in the apartment of the Countess and the miraculous cure you have effected having made me believe that you must be a supernatural being, or at least

least something more than man; I wished to ingratiate myself with you, and prompted by that desire, I have intermixed the relation of the recovery of the Countess with such fictions as I fancied would exaggerate your power."

"Reptile!" replied the *Unknown*, with annihilating looks, "didst thou fancy that I could be bribed by fraud, or aspire to a borrowed glory, attained by fiction? What will the world think of me, when the fact which thou hast disfigured by lies shall appear in its real shape?"—I was going to exculpate myself, but the *Unknown* would not listen to me. "Will the world not think," said he, "that I have been privy to that deception, and ordered thee to divulge it, with a design to give the restoration of the Countess a miraculous appearance?" I did not dare to make another attempt to vindicate myself against his reproaches. He commanded me to follow him, if I valued my life; and I did so. A chaise was waiting for me at the gate; the *Unknown* ordered me to step in, and to repair to * * * o, where I should receive his farther directions. At * * * o, he appeared again to me. "Take this garment of a Pilgrim," said he, "and travel barefoot to * * * n, where thou wilt meet the person whom thou hast belied; recall, and tell him I have sent thee." I was afraid to make any opposition, and began my pilgrimage without delay. Finding it very painful to walk barefoot, I put shoes on, in order to continue my travels with more ease. Would to heaven! I had never done it! for that very night I was punished with those dreadful convulsions which you mistook for epilepsy. I was afterward always seized with the same disorder whenever I rested longer on my pilgrimage than necessity required."

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

"Go on with thy story," the Count said to Paleski, who had paused awhile.

"I attempted in vain, to disobey the commands of the *Unknown*.—Several times I ventured to go back, and to take the road to my native town; but whenever I made such an attempt, I was seized with dreadful pains and convulsions.—At length, I arrived half an hour ago in this neighbourhood, almost spent, by the fatigues of my long pilgrimage. The charming evening invited me to rest, I threw myself on the grass and fell asleep. A violent shaking awoke me; the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, and the *Unknown* stood before me."

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

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

"He stood before thee, didst thou say?"

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

unto thee if thou darest to eat or to drink, or to taste the sweets of sleep before thou hast executed my command!" So saying, he drove me away, hunting me over ditches and hedges, through thorns and thistles, 'till my garment was rent in numberless tatters, and the blood trickling down my lacerated feet. Unable to sustain my pains any longer, I began to roar louder than the tempest, when your Lordship appeared, and my pursuer vanished like an airy vision."

Meanwhile, the rain had ceased, the tempest was over, having made room to a beautiful night. The moon peeped through the dispersing clouds, an aromatic fragrant embalmèd the air, and the nightingales began to warble in the wood, in sweet melancholic melody. We left the grotto.

"Hast thou related thy story faithfully, or imposed upon me a second time?"

"How could I hazard a second fraud, after I have been punished so dreadfully for the first?"

"Well I will believe thee. But tell me, what dost thou think of the *Unknown*? but be sincere, and speak without reserve!"

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

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

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

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

"My endeavours to know something satisfactory of him proved abortive for a long time. The greater part of those whom I addressed with that view, pretended never to have heard any thing of such a man, but some seemed to be startled at my question, and unwilling to reply to it. At

length I was advised to repair to a certain hermit who is looked upon as a saint by the multitude, and to put my question to him. I went and found him sitting on the top of a hill before his cell. His head was reclining on his hand, and he seemed immersed in profound meditation. The noise which I made in stepping nearer, roused him from his reverie; I never saw a countenance which commands so much respect at first sight as his. Although he appeared to have lived above a century, yet his eyes were sparkling with an uncommon lustre, and every mien, and every look of his, bespoke a certain innate dignity which cannot be described. I must confess I stood before him like a culprit. He enquired what I wanted. I informed him of my desire. For some time he gazed at me with penetrating looks, and then desired me to follow him, leading me into a dark and narrow apartment, sparingly lighted by the glimmering of a bluish flame, which was burning in a glass. He removed slowly a curtain from a large mirror, which was suspended close to the lamp, and ordered me to step nearer, while he moved a few steps back. Then he asked me what I did see in the mirror? I saw my own form." "This is an excellent lesson," the hermit said, "Learn to know thyself, before thou desirest to know other people." "I imagined he wanted to decline satisfying my curiosity, and said: "Reverend father! concerning the knowledge of myself, I am well aware that I am a poor guilty sinner." "Look again into the mirror!" he resumed, "I looked, and started back with terror." "What dost thou see?" the hermit asked. "I behold the very person whom I want to know." No sooner had I pronounced these words, than the curtain covered the mirror again.

“Thou hast pronounced thy own judgment,” the hermit resumed, after a long pause of silence, “thou dost not deserve to know the man whom thou hast seen just now.” “Reverend father,” I replied, “although I do not deserve to know the whole mystery, yet I hope you will not refuse me a few rays of knowledge!” He reflected awhile, and then led me into an inner apartment which was more roomy, and better lighted than the former. “Art thou any ways connected with the unknown?” he began after we were seated. “I am connected with him in a very disadvantageous manner,” I said, relating to him the whole of my adventures. “Take care not to offend him,” he resumed with a serious look, “for his resentment is dreadful. Only the most expeditious and minute execution of his commands can reconcile thee to him. I know him. He wanders from place to place, to reward or to punish, according to the deserts of men. His actions, however, are generally veiled in mysterious secrecy, and he is rarely seen; yet he never misses his man, and thou might’st sooner escape the keen-sighted looks of the holy Inquisition than his. He rewards and punishes without paying regard to persons; he values the king and the beggar only after his intrinsic worth. Silver and gold he does not want. He is incorruptible like death, and inexorable like fate. Neither menaces nor tears can move him. He pursues his course without regarding the opinions and judgments of men, without paying attention to their curses or benedictions. His course is the course of unrelenting fate, dark and impenetrable. The pleasures of men have no charms for him. His usual state is cool equanimity; no passion ruffles the serenity of his mind. He cannot be deceived by external appearances, nor is the most consummate

mate knave capable to stand his looks. It is sport to him to know the thoughts of individuals; the most secret affairs and relations of all states and nations are known to him. What has happened some thousand years ago, events which are lost, in the darkness of ancient times, he can relate with as much accuracy as if he had been an eye witness. Should you desire to know the most important events which happen this moment in all parts of the world, ask him, and he will relate them to you as faithfully as if they were carrying on in his presence. He penetrates the dark veil of futurity, and never has a prediction of his proved erroneous. In the midst of human society he lives retired and friendless like a citizen of another world. His sole, most intimate confidant is nature, the knowledge of whose hidden mysteries enables him to produce effects which fill every body with astonishment. It is not less certain, that he is possessed of the art to transform the ignoble metals into gold, and that he is gifted with the power of rendering himself invisible. I myself have been present when surrounded by a large multitude who fixed their eyes upon him, he disappeared suddenly, and a great while after appeared again in the midst of the astonished circle. I have seen him walk over rapid currents as if on the firm ground. He possesses a supernatural strength as well of body as of mind; nothing can fetter his hands; he conquers every obstacle with giant strength. Yet he makes but rarely use of his bodily strength. I have witnessed myself that he is proof against gun and sword. Nay, some people maintain that he possesses the secret of rendering himself immortal. He very seldom leaves the profound concealment which hides him from the sight of man. He prefers to appear in woods and retired places, at the time of the equinox; or when tempests.

tempests rage in the air. He is said to converse frequently with superior beings; has saved many a dying man from the jaws of death, and recalled to life the sojourners of the grave." Here the hermit stopped. "Dost thou wish to know any thing farther?" he at length enquired. I begged him to satisfy my ardent desire, but in vain. "Thou hast requested only a ray of light," he replied, "thy request has been granted—farewell! thou knowest now in whose power thou art."

"And you could not persuade the hermit to give you a more particular account of the *Unknown*?"

"All my prayers were fruitless," Paleſki replied, "but about three miles from hence I have heard more of the *Unknown*, and among others a dreadful story." So saying, Paleſki started suddenly. "Holy virgin! what is this?" he exclaimed at length, fixing his eyes to one spot, "have I not executed my commission?" "have I not recanted as you have commanded me to do?" "What is the matter," the Count and I exclaimed, seizing Paleſki by the arm.

"Don't you see it?"

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

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

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

"Protect me! O protect me!" Paleſki exclaimed with a trembling voice and a fearful countenance, "Don't you see how he lifts up his arm in a menacing manner.—God! he comes nearer—now he beckons—he bids me to retire! O have mercy! I am coming!" So saying he tore himself

from us, fled towards the forest, and was soon out of sight.

“Is the fellow mad; or have you also seen the *Unknown*?”

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

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

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

“A strange whim of my sister-in-law,” the Count said, giving me the letter. I read it, sighed, and could not conceal my consternation. He observed me carefully. “Sighs!” he whispered to himself, “tears!” I was in a violent emotion. “Count,” exclaimed I, “she flies! she flies! alas, my doom is fixed! I have lost her for ever!” “Do you call her removal a flight? and,” added he, with marks of astonishment, “what can you lose, if Amelia flies?” I had already betrayed myself too much, and consequently it would have been ridiculous if I had been reserved. I told him every thing. “Then you love Amelia?” he exclaimed.

claimed with marks of astonishment, "why did you not tell me sooner of it?" "Alas!" I exclaimed, "should it really be too late?" "I don't say that," he replied, "however one could have prevented her departure. Is she informed of your passion?" "She cannot be ignorant of it." "If that is the case, how can you think that you are the cause of her flight, as you call it?—" "Because she wants to get out of the reach of a man whom she believes to be the son of her husband's murderer." The Count seemed to be of my opinion, and replied, "If that should be the case, we must endeavour to convince her of her error." "But how will that be possible, as we are ignorant of the place of her abode?" "That we shall know very soon," was his answer, "she has always honoured me with her particular confidence, and I am firmly convinced that she will soon disclose to me her present secret."

Some time since, I had tried every means of banishing the image of the beautiful Countess from my memory; and had struggled hard to conquer a passion which I never expected to satisfy. My new adventures, my connections, amusements, and particularly the loss of my tutor, had indeed prevented me from reflecting on Amelia so frequently as I was used to do; time and separation too had contributed their share to soften the first ardor of my passion, and thus I persuaded myself to extirpate entirely the few remains of love, and to subdue a foolish passion. However Amelia's last letter, and the Count's behaviour, who not only seemed to approve my love, but, at the same time, appeared to interest himself for my success, had opened my eyes at once, and I saw that I had deceived myself; the flame which had lain dormant under the deluding embers was still alive, and blown up again with additional vehemence.

mence. The Irishman's caution never to sacrifice again at the shrine of love was forgotten, and I knew no concern of greater importance than my love.

I reminded the Count, that he still owed me the continuation of Amelia's history. He asked me where he had left off in his narration? "You stopped on the road which your brother took to Amelia's mother in order to demand her in marriage."

"They pursued their journey (he began) without meeting with any obstruction, and finished it with vowing an eternal mutual fidelity. The mother had been informed, by the aunt and her son, that her daughter was carried off, and that my brother was gone in search of her. She appeared therefore agreeably surpris'd, when he restored her lost child to her arms. She seem'd to be struck with horror, when Amelia painted the danger which had threaten'd her at the church-yard, and thank'd my brother again and again for his timely interposition. The obliging manner with which Amelia's mother received my brother whenever he visit'd her, left him no doubt that his most ardent wishes would meet no opposition, and he had agreed with Amelia to break the matter to her mother the following morning. My brother appear'd, but on his entrance in the apartment of Amelia's mother, observ'd that the eyes of the former were red with weeping, and was welcomed by the latter with great coldness and overstrained civility. His heart presag'd no good, however he attempted to make known his wishes. The mother pretended to think herself much honour'd by his proposals, but lamented at the same time that she was not able to accept his advantageous offers, because her daughter was to be married to a man who had claims of an older date, and it

was now too late to retract her promise. My brother was thunderstruck, and stared speechless at the mother and Amelia. The latter could restrain her feelings no longer, and shed a torrent of tears. The mother commanded her to leave the apartment. Amelia threw herself at the feet of her cruel parent, and my brother joined her in her endeavours to soften her callous heart, but in vain ! The mother was inexorable, and Amelia was obliged to leave the apartment, bidding my brother a doleful farewell, and tearing herself from his arms, which had encircled her waist. The unfortunate lover tried every art to move the heart of that cruel parent, but all his prayers and supplications were fruitless. At length he was in despair, and hurried on by youthful rashness, broke through every law of moderation, charging the mother with want of maternal tenderness, complaining at the constraint she was laying on Amelia, and menacing to have recourse to the interposition of the legislature. The mother grew furious, and ordered him to leave her house instantly, and they parted with mutual exasperation.

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

“ His distress was increased by his being debarred entirely from the sight of Amelia, without whose consent he would not take violent measures. He was constantly hovering around her house ;

however, his endeavours to see or to speak to Amelia proved fruitless. He attempted in vain to bribe the servants by money and promises; all of them were entirely devoted to the relentless mother, and rejected his offers obstinately. In order to leave no means untried he wrote to Amelia's aunt, described the whole situation of the matter, and his despair, conjuring her to interpose in his behalf.

“The good lady who had been thrown on the bed of sickness, by the shock which she had received by the carrying off of Amelia, executed his request instantly. Her letter was a masterpiece of eloquence, but the heart of the exasperated mother resisted every effort of persuasion.

“And Amelia? what did Amelia?”

“Her situation was a hundred times more dreadful than that of my brother. The sudden separation from her lover, at a time when they fancied themselves at the summit of felicity, the terrible certainty of never surmounting the obstacles opposing the consummation of their mutual wishes, the gloomy prospect which futurity offered to their eyes, and agonizing grief on account of my brother's forlorn situation: every—every thing conspired to wound her heart, and yet she durst not attempt to ease her afflicted mind by tears, her mother never losing sight of her; even that poor consolation was refused her by her cruel parent. “He deserves contempt, but not tears,” the barbarous woman exclaimed, “for having dared to offend me!” Amelia neither wept nor complained; however, the furious agony of her mind which she durst not vent, preyed on her vitals, and reduced her to the brink of the grave. Meanwhile, my brother tried every means to repair what he had spoiled, and went to Amelia's guardian to implore his intercession; but this last expedient too was at-

attempted without success; the guardian was informed of the whole affair and entirely devoted to the mother. My brother made use of every thing that can seduce men, and overthrow the firmest resolution, but he failed in all his attempts, and nothing could change the mind of that inexorable man. My brother left him hopeless and depending.

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

“ Charles, Amelia’s brother, was meanwhile secretly returned to Paris, in order to assist his mother in executing an infernal plot which tended to ruin Amelia’s happiness for ever. He hated his sister because she was hated by her mother, whose darling he was, and the decease of his father, whose last will was more favourable to his sister than to him, had made him her most violent persecutor. He knew too well that Amelia never would be happy without my brother; a sufficient reason for him to oppose their union with all his power! The first treachery which he had committed, was his having betrayed the secret of their mutual passion to his aunt, the second, his having introduced the Greek in her house, and last of all—you scarcely will believe that it was he who had

proposed first to carry off his sister! Now he was come to complete his villainous work. His arrival having been carefully concealed from my brother, he could safely put in motion the secret springs of his machinery, without being suspected, and execute his diabolical treachery, while my brother apprehended nothing of that nature.

“ One morning the latter went to hear mass at the church of the Dominicans. His wandering looks observed, accidentally a young lady, sitting in a pew not far distant from him. She viewed him attentively, but cast down her eyes, whenever his looks met hers. He was struck with surprise, and viewed the lovely figure attentively, but could not recollect ever to have seen her. No sooner had he turned his looks from her, when he perceived by a side glance, that her eyes were again directed to him, and turning to the prayer-book when he seemed to observe it. Curiosity prompted him to make his trial repeatedly, and the effect proved always the same. Mass was over, and every one retired; the young lady stayed, and my brother did the same. She was young and beautiful like an angel; his looks rested with silent pleasure on her lovely form. At length she arose, looking once more at my brother, and left the church. His curiosity was raised to the highest degree, and he followed her closely; but how great was his astonishment, when she stopped at the church-door, apparently waiting for him. Coming up with her, she said with crimsoning cheeks, and an amiable confusion, “ I do not know, whether I am not mistaken; however, according to the description which a certain Amelia has given me of you, I scarcely think I am.”—“ How!” my brother exclaimed, “ you know Amelia?” “ I am connected more intimately with her,” she replied, “ I am her friend. But will you favour

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

"They conversed on indifferent matters on the road, and being arrived at the door of the house, the lady said, "You need not be reserved in the presence of my mother; she knows your whole history, and takes a warm interest in Amelia's concerns." They entered the parlour and were received by a respectable matron, who begged my brother to be seated, when Lucy (this was the young lady's name) told her who my brother was, asking her daughter whether she had executed the commission of Amelia. She replied, she was just going to do it. My brother was all attention. "I have observed some time since," Lucy began, "that Amelia appeared gloomy and reserved, and conjured her several times to tell me the reason of it, without succeeding in my anxious endeavours to discover the source of her grief. Yesterday I was at length so fortunate as to see her for a few minutes in private, her mother being absent, and was informed of her melancholy history. She painted her misfortunes with colours so lively, that I was moved to tears. Perceiving the emotion of my heart, she strained me to her bosom, groaning with deep affliction: "O, my dear Lucy, endeavour to see the unhappy man, and speak comfort to his afflicted mind; conjure him not to despair. Tell him that my mother persists immutably in her resolution; and that no other means of accom-

plishing the mutual wishes of our hearts are left, except a sudden flight; tell him"—Here Amelia was interrupted by the entrance of her mother, who left us no more—and prevented her from explaining her wishes more at large.

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

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

"The first care of my brother after he had left her was to enquire who his unknown friends were, and was informed that the old lady was the widow of a French officer, who had died two years ago, and left his wife and daughter a sufficiency to live easy and comfortable. My brother was satisfied with that account.

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

"On his third visit at Lucy's house, the latter met him at the door with the joyful intelligence

that Amelia was better—"But"—added she, pausing a moment, while my brother looked at her with anxiety—"I am going to tell you great, very great news." "And what does that intelligence imply?" "That you are to be married to me!" My brother was struck with amazement; yet he recovered soon from his astonishment, thinking Lucy was jesting. "You believe I am joking!" Lucy resumed with a serious countenance, "but I assure you, you are mistaken; I am your bride as true as I am alive, and what will raise your astonishment still higher, you will ruin yourself and Amelia, if you refuse to do homage to my charms." My brother did not know what to think of the matter, and was utterly confounded. At length Lucy took a paper from her pocket book and gave it him; he scarcely could believe his eyes, when he saw the direction was from Amelia's hand. "From Amelia?" he exclaimed with sparkling looks—"yes, yes! I know her hand!" But, alas! it was no more than one line; *Do whatever Lucy shall desire.* "Is this sufficient for my legitimation?" the young lady enquired. "But what relation have your credentials to your information that you are, and must be my bride?" my brother asked with evident marks of curiosity and surprise. "That mystery my mama will unfold to you!" was her answer.

"I consulted yesterday," the Matron began, "how Amelia's elopement—for I too can see no other expedient but flight—could be effected in the easiest manner. On mature deliberation, we found that the execution of that design which appeared so very easy to you in the first heat of passion, is surrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles. Or do you think it a trifle to deceive the watchfulness of her mother, who guards Amelia night

night and day, and the officiousness of the servants who are watching all her steps? and to carry her off by violent means, you know, would be too dangerous. I and my daughter have racked our brains in vain, a long time, in order to devise some feasible plan for effecting her escape, but no sooner had we found out one, than we were obliged to give it up again. Suddenly a thought flashed through my head; should it not be possible to lull the mother's watchfulness asleep, if we could persuade her that you had seen Lucy by accident, and fallen in love with her, and despairing of ever being united to Amelia, had desired her in marriage! I communicated this idea to my daughter, who, at first, would not consent to act that part; however, her friendship for Amelia conquered at length the objections of her delicacy, and she yielded to my request. It was necessary to communicate the new plan to Amelia, and to hear her opinion. Lucy was so fortunate as to see her for a moment in private; she found the plan excellent, and consented without hesitation. Now every thing depends upon your opinion, and we are desirous to know what you think of it. My brother was surprised and affected by the unexpected kindness of his new friend, and stammered his thanks—but Lucy exclaimed:—Spare your thanks and rather tell us your opinion!

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

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

but

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

"My brother was inconsolable. Lucy did every thing in her power to cheer him up, but succeeded only in part. The following morning she surprised him with an intelligence which produced a better effect. You shall see Amelia to-morrow!" she said, "the means by which this is to be done, will indeed appear to you rather extraordinary; however, it suits our plan admirably. The mother begins to entertain some doubts with regard to the account I have given her yesterday of a sudden change of your inclination. I must endeavour to refute them through facts, and with that view have told her, that to-morrow after mass, she would see us walking arm in arm by her window. She promised to be at the window at the appointed hour, and on that occasion you will see Amelia too."

"The latter circumstance dispelled every apprehension which was lurking in the heart of my brother, and he awaited the following morning with impatience. He met Lucy at church, in order to take a walk with her as it had been agreed.—Within a small distance from Amelia's house, Lucy said, "You will find your charmer a little pale, because the fever has weakened her very much, but for God's sake! don't forget

what part you are acting, bridle your looks and assume a cheerful countenance." They arrived at the house, and Amelia was standing at the window. My brother fancied he saw her ghost, and was rivetted to the ground with astonishment. Her cheeks were pale, her whole frame was emaciated; she stared at him with hollow eyes and disappeared suddenly. "Are you a man?" Lucy whispered in his ear and dragged him onward. My brother followed mechanically, without taking notice of Amelia's mother, and looking constantly at the window where he had seen the idol of his heart. They had passed the house a considerable time before the reproaches of Lucy roused my brother from his reverie. He wanted to go back, and only the most lively remonstrances were able to dissuade him from doing it.

"You have pulled down at once," Lucy said when she saw him the succeeding day, "a structure, the building of which has cost Amelia and my mother so much trouble, and which was constructed with so much skill and pains; are these the thanks which you return for our endeavours to render you happy?" Shame sealed my brother's lips. "Or do you perhaps think to execute your plan without assistance! if so, I am sorry you did not apprise us sooner of it." My brother begged her pardon; however her anger was not so easy to be pacified. "No!" she said, "your conduct of yesterday cannot be excused. I cautioned you repeatedly, and consequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it singular that the sick Amelia does not look so rosy and round as the healthy? This circumstance, so natural and expected, how could it throw you so entirely off your guard?" Thus she continued scolding for some time, till the most submissive supplication of my brother pacified her anger. She

vowed

vowed, however, solemnly never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promise her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother seeing no possibility of executing his plan without her assistance, found himself necessitated to comply with her request.

“Lucy told him the day following, that she had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every shadow of suspicion by one decisive blow. “With this view,” she added, “I told the mother that you visited me every evening, and if she would take the pains to overhear us in a bye room, she could convince herself of your sentiments towards me. She relished this proposal so well, that she fixed to-morrow evening for the execution of her design, consequently it will be in your option, to render to her your love for me as plausible as our plan requires.”

“My brother repaired to Lucy’s apartment at the appointed hour. He was shewn into a spacious room, faintly lighted by a gleam of a single candle, and communicating in the back part with a closet, the door of which was bolted.—Lucy met him at the entrance and apprised him by signs that Amelia’s mother was in the closet. He began instantly a conversation which soon led to the appointed mark. His confidant assisted him as far as female delicacy would allow, and the conversation became very soon animated and tender. “O! Lucy,” he exclaimed at length, with the warmth of an inspired lover, “you have kindled a flame in my bosom which devours me. Do not longer keep in painful suspense a heart that adores you, a heart whose every wish concentrates in the possession of your hand, and whose violent turbulence can brook no longer the delay of a happiness which will imparadise its owner. Allow me to apply to-morrow for your mother’s consent

to our union." "Enthusiast!" Lucy replied, "and if I should allow it, and if you should take possession of this hand, (here my brother imprinted numberless kisses upon her hand) how long will your trance last? who will ensure me your faith which you have pledged already to Amelia?" "Don't talk thus, dearest Lucy!" he exclaimed, "you pierce my heart! I confess that Amelia, whom you mentioned, was one time not indifferent to me, her charms had blinded my eyes, but never fettered my heart. I have never loved her. You, Lucy, have first rendered me sensible of the omnipotent power of love. And, besides, what will Amelia care for a fidelity which is of no use to her and myself? Can I contend against fate, which renders our union impossible?"

"Merciful God!" a person exclaimed in the closet, and at the same time a violent fall was heard. My brother grew as pale as ashes, started up and exclaimed in a trembling accent, "this is Amelia's voice!" rushing at the same time towards the door of the closet, with a design to force it open. Lucy kept him back. "Have you forgot your promise? will you spoil every thing once more?" This produced the desired effect. Lucy hurried him in an adjoining room and bolted the door from without. Some time after, she returned with the intelligence that Amelia had been listening with her mother in the closet and suddenly fainted away. "Amelia!" exclaimed my brother, "you did not tell me a word of it!" "No, I did not," she replied, "for two reasons; first of all, Amelia accompanied her mother without my knowledge, and it was impossible to send her away. Secondly, I did not inform you of her being present, because you would have acted your part in so bungling a manner, that our plan would have been ruined entirely." "Is she still in your house?"

"No;

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

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

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

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

* * *

“I cannot recollect a word of what I wrote you in my last letter. A kind of frenzy had taken possession of me; but be easy brother, that dread-

ful state is past, and I can again sleep easy. This perhaps is the consequence of my obedience to her last will.

‘ You know that Amelia was carried home after the late accident had happened. The next day Lucy informed me that she had not been seized with a fainting fit, on account of our discourse, as we supposed, but had made a slip in getting upon a chair, in order to look through a crevice in the door, and hurt herself much by the fall, which, as the physician apprehended, might have occasioned a contusion in the head, and be of very bad consequences. You will spare me the description of the lamentable situation in which this intelligence has thrown your unfortunate brother.

‘ One evening I was sitting alone in my apartment, immersed in nameless grief, when a loud knocking against my door roused me from my reverie. Who is there? I exclaimed, rather angry, “ Ferdinand!” a voice groaned in a dreadful strain; the door was opened, but no one entered. A dreadful foreboding chilled my very soul; the voice which had pronounced my name was Amelia’s voice. I flew to the door with a candle, but no person could be seen nor heard. I ran downstairs, searching every corner, but no human being could be found. Now I recollected first, that it would be labour-lost, if I should search here for Amelia, who was confined to her bed by sickness; but in the same moment, an idea rushed upon my soul which thrilled me with horror. I hastened to Lucy’s house; she met me pale and trembling. “ Alas!” groaned she, hiding her wan face, “ Amelia is very ill!” She is dead! I exclaimed, all in a tremor. “ Merciful God!” she replied, “ then you know it already.” My misery was now confirmed, and I dropt to the ground in a fainting fit.

‘ When I opened my eyes, I perceived Lucy and her mother standing weeping by my side. The first word my trembling lips uttered was, Amelia! I was informed that she had been found dead in her bed. To the question, how I found myself? I replied, “strong enough to see the departed hapless girl!” I perceived that both of them were startled by my reply. The mother spoke first: You shall see her, but not now! At present I should oppose it, even if I paid no regard to *your* situation. Consider the confusion in which this incident must have thrown her family; and how could you be so imprudent to face her mother under *such* circumstances? how can you hope to be admitted!’

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

‘ I arrived, with my conductor, silently and unobserved at Amelia’s house: he opened the door and led me softly up stairs. The nurse, who was waiting

waiting for me at the top of the stair-case, took me by the hand, and conducted me through two dark apartments. When the third door was opened, a smell of corruption assailed my organs; this was the room where Amelia lay.

‘ Six torches were burning around the coffin in which the wreck of her angelic form were resting, covered with a white cloth. My conductress made a signal to me to step nearer, removing the cloth. The sight of the corpse changed my profound apathy into a dreadful commotion of mind. Amelia was stretched out in the coffin dressed like a nun, holding a crucifix in her hand; her face was not distorted by convulsions, her lips seemed to smile. “ Amelia ! ” I exclaimed, in a most vehement emotion, and threw myself upon her; however the nurse pulled me forcibly back, throwing herself at my feet, and conjured me for God’s sake, not to betray her by my turbulence. I promised to be easy, and walked up and down the room, wringing my hands in dreadful agony of body and soul.

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

tranquillity, had the desired effect. As soon as I was left alone, I was going to execute my design.

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

“I had already placed the note for Amelia’s mother on the table, was preparing to rush into eternity, and going to approach the dead with a pistol in my hand, when suddenly the coffin began to shake, the boards to crack, and the cloth to move. I stopped, seized with terror. “Ferdinand!” it resounded from the coffin, and at the same time Amelia arose. Her cheeks were still covered with a livid hue, her eyes shut, her lips blue, and her hands folded. Amazement and horror had fixed me to the floor, my blood curdled in my veins. “Ferdinand!” the corpse addressed me in a hollow accent, “Ferdinand, don’t be afraid! My spirit has got leave to return once more to its former abode in order to take leave of thee. Our love was not for this world. Retire to a cloister, and there await the hour which will soon unite us by indissoluble bonds.” Having pronounced these words, she shut her lips and dropped down again into the coffin.

“The nurse who rushed into the room, awakened me from the stupor in which that scene had thrown me. She looked fearfully around, and when her eyes met me, staggered back. I must have had the appearance of a dying man. “Jesu! Maria! what is the matter with you?” she exclaimed, “I have heard somebody talking in the room!” “Nothing, nothing!” I replied, wiping the cold sweat from my face, “I have

been

been talking to myself." Perceiving that she did not believe me, I went away, in order to avoid all farther questions.

Amelia was buried at six o'clock in the morning. I followed the funeral at some distance, with tottering steps, and now my tears began first to flow. Copious torrents eased my heart, which, till then, had laboured under the weight of silent agony. I followed the train to the church of the Carmelites, in whose vault the remains of Amelia were reposed. During the funeral ceremony, I fancied several times that the whole scene was but a delusion of a horrid dream. But when the men took hold of the coffin, in order to let it down into the tomb, I awoke at once to sensations which only can be equalled by the agonies of death. What I felt in that moment of eternal separation, I shall only feel again when body and soul will be parting.—I expanded my hands mechanically, as if going to take hold of the coffin—it disappeared—and I thought I should sink into the ground.—

Three hours had now elapsed after the burial was over, and I was still standing on the spot from which I had witnessed that afflicting scene. It appeared impossible to me to leave a place, where all my hope and all my happiness was intombed. However, the sexton reminded me at length, that it was time to shut the church, and I was obliged to leave it reluctantly. I walked from the church through the porch, and was in the monastery ere I was aware of it. Here Amelia's last words rushed suddenly on my memory, and I determined on the spot to enter into the order of the Carmelites. I was rejoiced at the opportunity to put Amelia's request in execution, in a place to which her tomb attracted me irresistibly.

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

“ The contents of this letter,” said I, after I had perused it twice, “ are as dreadful as they are incredible. The scene of Amelia in the coffin reminds me of a similar one, of which Pilecki has given me an account.”

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

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

“ The whole narrative ought to convince you of the contrary !”

“ Then the incident has really happened ?”

“ Exactly as my brother has related it.”

“ I beg your pardon, Count, I have all due regard for your word, however—you must give me leave—to pay some regard to my understanding too. It is not my fault that I entertain doubts which”—

“ Will disappear when you shall have heard the continuation.”

I was impatient to hear the rest, and the Count resumed the thread of his narrative :

“ The contents of this letter astonished me not less than you. The idea of my brother’s being in a cloister was insupportable to me. Having however, no reason so expect that, in his state of mind, he would listen to my argu-

ments, I determined to wait five or six months, flattering myself with the hope, that his former disgust against a cloistered life would awake again and render him more inclined to listen to the voice of reason and fraternal love. But two months previous to the time when I intended to pay him a visit for that purpose, I was so fortunate to get acquainted with a man whose interference effected a more happy and more unexpected change in my brother's affairs than my most sanguine hopes would have divined.

One evening when I was at the theatre, and just going to take a nap, I was suddenly roused by a noise in the box contiguous to mine, which attracted my notice. A man wrapt in a blue cloak entered the box, seating himself opposite to me. His eyes wandered with an uncommon quickness through all parts of the theatre—stopped suddenly, and seemed fixed on one object which they had sought and found. Soon after, the man took a miniature picture out of his pocket, comparing it with the person whom his looks had examined so attentively, and who was the Duke of Orleans.—However, on a motion which that nobleman made, my neighbour removed to the back part of the box where the greater distance and the darkness rendered him undiscernible to every one except myself. Now he pulled off his cloak, uncovered his head, and I saw a face which surprised me in an astonishing manner.

“I have seen many human countenances, but none like his; so much simplicity and greatness, so much mysteriousness and openness! His majestic arched forehead, which displayed a thinking mind, his clear and sparkling eye, his quick discerning looks, his aquiline nose, which seemed to scent from a distance his friends and foes, his closed and closing lips—his round protuberant

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

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

“How? the Irishman?”

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

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

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

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

“Count! recollect yourself.”

“ If it is true that the Irishman and the person of whom I have been speaking are one person, then you behold in me one of the most ungrateful wretches upon earth.”

“ I am astonished ; but I don't comprehend you.”

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

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

“ You may easily conceive how I was surprised ! I awaited the following day with the greatest impatience, and was at the theatre a great while before the play began. However, my curiosity was on the rack, for he did not come before the

play was almost over. "It will be necessary," said he, "that you depart for the monastery sooner than you intended at first. You must be there next next week. As soon as you arrive, go to the Provincial and give him this sealed note: He will give you farther instruction." So saying, he left me without giving me time to thank him for his kindness, and I saw him no more in spite of all my endeavours to find him out.

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

vincial, he told me that he had been ordered to depart the day following for the cloister of the Ursulines at Anneville, and to deliver two letters, one to the Abbess and another to sister Seraphine Albatrossi. "It is the Provincial's desire," added he, "that I shall make that journey in your and father Eugene's company." "But why that journey?" I asked. "We dare not ask that question," was his answer.

"The whole affair was still an impenetrable mystery to me. We went on our journey the next day, and arrived in the evening at the village, where we beheld the nunnery, which was situated on an eminence between two rows of fir trees. The setting sun was gilding the tops of the western mountains, and his parting rays reflected in radiant splendor from the cupola of the cloister, which was proudly towering over the trees. The surrounding trees were awfully silent, like the entrance of a sanctuary; only a single bell was tolling from the minaret. It was the signal for the vesper, and father Eugene insisted upon our staying in the chapel till it was over, because the nuns could not be spoken with before that time. We had scarcely entered the chapel when the vesper began. It was sung in the gallery by nuns, who, however were concealed from our sight by the grate work. At once a sweet angelic voice among the choristers intoned; I fancied I knew that voice, and saw my brother's face turn pale as ashes. "This is Amelia's voice!" was all that he could say; and I repeated the same. Father Eugene seemed to take notice of it; the well known voice intoned again; my brother could check his emotions no longer, starting up, and communicating his remark to the father. A smile of pity, and the observation, that the dead were not used to sing, was his whole reply. This seemed to work upon

upon my brother. He relapsed into his former gloominess; however, as often as that voice resounded, I could observe the violent struggles of his mind. I myself did not know what to think of the matter.

“Vespers being finished, we sent our respects to the Abbess, desiring to be admitted. She received us in the parlour; a fine woman, not above forty. The silent grief which was visible in her large blue eyes, was softened by an amiable smile upon her lips. Dignity and modesty were joined in her deportment. When my brother told her who I was, she welcomed me in a most engaging manner. On her question, what had brought the reverend fathers to her cloister? my brother delivered his letter.—The looks which she stole at my brother, while reading it, did not escape me. When she had perused it, he told her he had another letter to deliver to Seraphine Albatrossi; however the Abbess begged to defer it till next morning, because the rules of the order allow not to speak to a nun after vesper.

“We had already taken leave, when my brother addressed the Abbess once more. “Reverend Lady,” said he, “I have been struggling during vesper, with a doubt which has been raised by the voice of one of the choristers. Has not a young lady of the name of Amelia been received in your order some months ago?” “I know the name of all the nuns, (was her reply) however I assure you none of that name has been received.” —“How could I ask such a foolish question,” my brother resumed, “I could have known that a lady whom I saw buried, cannot be in a nunnery.—But why must I hear that voice which almost has turned my brains?” The Abbess smiled in a most significant manner, and we left her.

“ The next morning I observed, on our way to the cloister, a man whose carriage and dress resembled in a striking manner those of the stranger whom I had seen at the theatre, stepping in great haste out of the gate, and turning round a corner. However the distance being too great to discern his features, I could not be sure whether I was not mistaken. So much, however, is certain, that I took this accident for a favourable omen, which raised my drooping spirits, although I could not foresee the possibility of a happy catastrophe.

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

“ O poverty of human language ! thou art never felt more lively, than when one wants to paint scenes of such a nature. I should torment myself in vain if I were to give you, by words, an idea of the sensations which rushed upon me, when I beheld the face of the nun. Conclude what must have been the feelings of my brother when he saw—his *Amelia*, whom he had lamented as dead. Even when he had recovered from his swoon, I observed by his looks, his motions and his faltering accents, that he fancied the whole scene to be a delusion of his imagination or a second apparition. He was on the point to have a second fainting fit, when the Abbess led *Amelia* to his arms, and thus convinced him of the reality of her person.

“ Father Eugene and the Domina were so kind as to retire, and to suffer me to be the sole witness of the first emotions of the happy couple. But how was my brother seized with terror and astonishment, when he was scornfully repelled by Amelia, whom he was going to press to his panting bosom !” “ Stand off, perfidious man !” she said, “ are you come to mock me ?” My brother was rivetted to the floor, speechless, and with the wild looks of a poor wretch who has dreamed he was the happiest man living, and when awaking, finds himself in a noisome dungeon. Seeing him almost petrified, and unable to utter a syllable, I said, “ I beg your pardon, my Lady, for meddling with your concerns : however, it cannot be indifferent to hear my brother called a villain. Who has dared to instill that fatal suspicion in your heart ?” “ Would to God !” she replied, “ it were nothing but mere suspicion ! would I wear this veil if I had not the most convincing proofs of his perfidy ?” So saying, she threw herself on a chair, and covered her face again to hide her flowing tears. This sight restored my brother at once to life, and the power of utterance. O ! Amelia !” he exclaimed, “ would I appear before you in this garment, if I really was a perfidious villain. Yet, before I exculpate myself on that head, answer me only one question. By what miracle are you come to this cloister, you whom I have seen in the coffin, and at whose tomb I have shed so many torrents of burning tears ?” Amelia gazed at him with looks which seemed to say : art thou mad, or going to mock me ? Her astonishment rose to the highest degree when he resumed : “ Alas ! how have I deserved these scornful looks, and that contemptuous silence ? Have I not literally executed the last command you have pronounced in the coffin ? is not this garment which I wear,

an incontestible proof of my obedience?"—
 "What do you mean by death and coffin?"
 Amelia replied, still mistaking his speech for the language of insanity, "when have I ever given you a command to that purpose?" "The night before you was buried." At the same time he mentioned the month and day when this had happened. "The night of which you are speaking, is the same in which I entered these cloistered walls. Do you call taking the veil to die?" "As sure as I am alive (my brother exclaimed) I *saw* you really in the coffin, followed your funeral to the chapel of the Carmelites, where you have been entombed." "My God! this is too much!" exclaimed Amelia, when father Eugene entered the parlour with the Abbess.

"Children!" said the latter, "you will never come to an eclaircissement while you are destitute of the key to your history. Both of you have been imposed upon in a most villainous manner. Have patience only a few days, when the mystery shall be unfolded, and the most complete satisfaction given to you.

"The confirmation of my brother's innocence, pronounced by the Abbess, and the letter from the Provincial, were sufficient to reconcile Amelia to her lover.—The consequence of it was, that both of them left their respective order, and were married five days after.

"God be praised! indeed Count you have alarmed me very much on account of that couple."

"The affair does not end here. The marriage ceremony was performed at night, at the castle of Baron Perpignan, a relation to father Eugene. The father had just pronounced the marriage benediction, and the happy couple were yet standing at the altar, when the folding doors of the cha-

pel were flung open and Amelia's mother and brother appeared on the threshold. A momentary astonishment ensued on both sides. Charles recovered his speech first, roaring, "treachery! treachery!" however, a look of the father sealed his lips. Father Eugene having requested the witnesses who had signed the marriage contract to retire for a few minutes, he stepped forth with awful solemnity, and said: "I have summoned you hither partly in order to witness a union which all your infernal machinations could not prevent, and partly to force you to a confession of the villainous tricks which you have played this injured couple, and to atone for the wrongs they have suffered from your malice. If you don't comply instantly with these just demands, I shall find means to oblige you to do it in a manner which will make you repent your obstinacy. As soon as Amelia's mother and brother heard this energetic language, they submitted and made the following confession:

"Charles had planned the design not only to make a breach between Amelia and my brother Ferdinand, but also to shut the former up in a cloister without the knowledge of the latter, in order to prevent the possibility of a reconciliation. The execution of this plan promised him the additional advantage to get possession of her paternal inheritance—a circumstance which was the principle view which had prompted him to perpetrate that infernal deed, because the fortune his father had left him was insufficient to defray the expences of his licentious manner of living. Charles was beloved by Lucy, and consequently found it not difficult to draw her into the plot which he had formed with his mother against the unhappy couple. She consented with so much the less reluctance to lend her assistance to those wretches, be-

cause Charles had represented my brother to her as a very disadvantageous party for his sister, and promised to marry Lucy if she would join them in the execution of their design.

“ The means which were employed for accomplishing their artful plan, I have already acquainted you with at large ; they were the same which were made use of (as my brother had been persuaded) to deceive Amelia’s mother. The snare was laid in such a manner, that my brother could not well escape it. The acquaintance which he made with Lucy at chapel, was the first deciding step to his ruin. Charles represented their connection to his sister as the effect of a conquest which Lucy’s charms had gained over Ferdinand’s heart. Amelia laughed at it at first ; but Lucy, who confirmed his assertion, invented every day so many plausible lies, that Amelia’s heart at length became the wrestling place of jealousy, and the whole terrible train of that infernal monster.”

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

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

“ I comprehend you ; go on, if you please.”

“ Amelia had been tormented, as yet, by the bare possibility of Ferdinand’s perfidy ; however, the possibility attained the highest degree of probability, when she saw Lucy pass her window in triumph on Ferdinand’s arm. But having witnessed the scene which was acted at Lucy’s house, the probability of Ferdinand’s infidelity was raised to the most indubitable certainty ; the consequence of which was a fainting fit, and the profoundest contempt for my brother. Charles had waited with impatience for this crisis, and took advantage of Amelia’s lamentable situation, to persuade

her to take the veil. He succeeded without difficulty ; and she consented with a melancholy pleasure to leave a world which had no longer any charms for her. However, the villain was not satisfied with seeing his sister immured in a cloister ! although, he had taken the greatest precaution to render her reception as secret as possible, by persuading her to assume a fictitious name, yet he did not think himself sufficiently secure against Ferdinand's searches. In order to prevent for ever any investigation, he gave out that she had died. To confirm my brother still more in that persuasion, he announced her death one evening by the groans which Ferdinand had heard before his door, and acted, in the night when she was carried to the cloister, the part of the dead Amelia. You are astonished. You gaze at me with doubtful looks. Yet this was really the case. Charles had watched the time when my brother's servant was out of the house, stole softly to his door, and imitating the voice of his sister pronounced the name Ferdinand ! in a doleful accent, opened the door, and made his escape.—

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

“ And yet what I have told you is literally true. The features of Charles bearing a great resemblance to those of his sister, and the rest of the body being covered by the pall, the deception was not so very difficult. Besides, if you consider, that my brother entertained not the least doubt against Lucy's account of Amelia's death ; that the groans which he had heard before his door, and the mys-

terious manner in which he was introduced in the apartment where the pretended corps was lying, and other similar circumstances had been prepared to make the scene which was displayed before his eyes pass for reality, then you will not think him over credulous, nor the people he had to deal with too daring, and too sanguine in their hopes of deceiving him. If you add, that the sight of the coffin surrounded with lighted torches, the artificial smell of corruption, and the skillfully imitated livid colour of death which the face of Charles was painted with, the profound awful silence which reigned around, and the solemn midnight hour spread over the whole illusion the appearance of reality; and if you at the same time reflect on the dreadful state of Ferdinand's mind, you will easily conceive that it was almost impossible for him to detect the fraud, nay, even to harbour the least suspicion of a deception!—Charles would have succeeded, even if he had possessed only half the temerity which he was gifted with."

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

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

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

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

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

“A piece of wood, dressed in the garments of a nun, and an artificial face of wax, covered with a veil, represented him, or rather Amelia, and was solemnly entombed in the church of the Carmelites.”

“But how could the Irishman develop a fraud which was designed and executed with so much infernal art, and how could he so successfully destroy the consequences which it was to produce?”

“That I cannot tell you!”

“The Irishman is a God!” I exclaimed.

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

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

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

“Mother and son having finished their humiliating confession, father Eugene asked the new married couple what sort of satisfaction they wished to have ? Ferdinand examined anxiously the looks of his lady, who, after a short pause, stretched out her hand with heavenly goodness to her mother and brother, and solemnly renounced every satisfaction. My brother imitated her example. Neither of the criminals had expected such an act of generosity, and a ray of joy displayed itself on their countenance ; however father Eugene overclouded it in a moment. “This generosity,” said he, turning to the mother, “challenges your equity. It is not customary to marry a daughter without giving her a dowry, I think thirty thousand livres will not be too much. I need not to remark, that this sum is not to be deducted from Amelia's paternal inheritance, which is her lawful property. Within four weeks that money must be delivered to the Carmelites at Anneville, who will put it into the hands of the Countess without delay. Their cloister, which you have so daringly profaned by that mock burial, demands the sum of six thousand livres, as a satisfaction for the injury it has received from you.” Having pronounced this sentence he rang a bell, and the witnesses who had retired re-appeared.

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

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

“All

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

“The Byron had omitted nothing that could contribute to render the feast splendid and cheerful. A selected company, a sumptuous meal, and heavenly music spread the glow of merriment around; even Charles was uncommonly jocund; however, black, malicious revenge, was rankling in his breast. When dinner was over Ferdinand opened the ball with Amelia.—Heavens! what a dance! my imagination made me fancy the golden age of ancient Greece was returned. Every look seemed to be charmed by a magic spell, tracing with visible delight the elegant movements of the accomplished pair, who expressed in a speaking manner the harmony of their sentiments by every gesture and attitude. This enchanting spectacle occupied the attention of every one present in such a manner, that a new guest, who meanwhile had mixed with our circle, was not observed before the dance was finished, amid the universal loud applause of the whole company. It was a white mask of a middle size, of a noble majestic appearance, and dressed like a genius. Curiosity soon drew a gaping circle around him, and every one assailed him with questions and inquisitive looks, but the mask returned no answer. However this served only to raise the curiosity of the company to a higher degree, particularly

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

"The mask did not join in the dance, but wandered from place to place and was a mere observer. The latter part he acted particularly with respect to Charles, never losing sight of him during the whole night, without his seeming to notice it.

"Morning began to dawn, when Ferdinand, tired with dancing, retired to a table which was covered with wine bottles and goblets. Charles placed himself at the same table and entered into conversation with my brother. I concluded from some words which I caught while dancing, that they seemed inclined to be reconciled. This supposition was confirmed when I saw Charles ex-

changing

changing his goblet with my brother. However, the whole scene was suddenly altered. When Ferdinand had taken up the goblet of Charles, and was going to empty it, the mask who was standing at some distance exclaimed, "stop!" with so loud a voice that the attention of the whole assembly was excited. The dancers and musicians stopped, and every one crowded around the table. The mask took the goblet from my brother's hand, and begged him to desire Charles to return him his. The latter was alarmed; however he soon recovered his presence of mind, addressing the mask in a scornful strain: "Who has given you leave to meddle with other people's business?" "That you shall know," replied the stranger coolly, "as soon as you shall have emptied the goblet which you have offered to the Count." A murmur, which grew louder every moment, was raised by the company. Charles attempted to beat the goblet out of the hand of the mask; however the latter seemed to have foreseen it, holding it fast. "Then you will not drink?" the mask resumed, "I expected it; for you know what the goblet contains; however," approaching a step, and darting a piercing look at Amelia's brother, "I know it too." Charles was almost frantic with rage, and challenged the stranger to make good his words. "Well, if you will absolutely have it so," he replied: "it is——" whispering a word in the ear of Charles, which covered his face with a death-like paleness. He attempted in vain to conceal his terror, trembled and seemed ready to swoon. All eyes were directed with horror at him and the mask; all persons present were standing in profound awful expectation. Charles recovered his speech first, after a considerable interval. "Man or devil!" he exclaimed, darting at the mask, "I must see thy face!"

face!" However, the mask pushed him back with such violence that he fell on the sofa. "Poisoner!" he said with a terrible voice, "thou dost not deserve to see my face." The word poisoner raised a general commotion. The mask seeing it turned to the spectators, still holding the goblet in his hand: "I am going to account to the Lord of this castle for my actions; but previously I desire you not to suffer this young spark to escape, for he is ripe for the gibbet." The mother, who seemed to have had a presentiment of her son's villainy, had retired without noise, after the beginning of this horrid scene. Amelia, whom that abominable incident had thrown into a swoon, began to recover when her brother was seized. The ruffian exerted every strength which despair afforded him, to draw his poniard. "I will not die by the hand of the public executioner!" he roared, plunged the poniard in his bosom and dropped down; Amelia too sunk to the ground. I am not capable to describe the horror which thrilled every one of us at that shocking sight; and the impression which this event produced gained additional strength by surprising us amid the flow of merriment and joviality. The mask however retained his equanimity, taking care of Amelia whom he carried to the adjoining apartment, where she was restored to recollection with the greatest difficulty. He then hastened to Charles, who was stretched out on the floor without the least sign of life, and swimming in his blood. He examined and dressed his wound, and asserted contrary to the general opinion that he was not quite dead, sending at the same time for chirurgical assistance. Charles really recovered before the surgeon arrived. His first question was: "Whether Ferdinand was poisoned?" Receiving a negative answer, he uttered

tered a shocking curse. Father Eugene exhorted him to repent; however, Charles tore the bandage from his wound, spirted blood in the face of the ecclesiastic, and expired."

Here the Count stopped. The change of his countenance, which the recollection of that scene produced, gave me an idea of the dreadful effect which the fact itself must have had upon him and the spectators. "Let us draw the curtain before this shocking scene!" I exclaimed, and "return to the mask. Did the stranger not discover who he was?"

"Yes, to the Lord of the castle, of whom he desired a private conversation in his closet, which nobody was admitted to, except father Eugene. However, as both of them vowed eternal secrecy, it is not known who that strange apparition was."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alas!

“Alas! I then owe him not only the happiness, but also the preservation of my brother, and have committed a two-fold crime by having arrested him.” The Count relapsed into his former melancholy, and was silent. I attempted to amuse him by putting several questions to him:

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

“A part of the wine was poured into the mouth of a dog, who died that very evening, amid dreadful convulsions. Amelia’s mother died a few months after of grief, on account of the loss of her son. Lucy was deprived of her reason, and Ferdinand lived three years in happiness with his Amelia at his estate.”

“They have amply deserved the favours of fate; but what interrupted after three years a happiness, which ought to have lasted for ever?”

“The Count’s countenance was visibly overspread with gloominess. He remained silent. A violent emotion seemed to work in his soul. He attempted several times to speak, but could not utter a word, and exhibited a sight which touched me to the soul.

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

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

“Ferdinand,” he resumed, “went to Spain on business of great importance. Two months after his departure, he wrote to us that he had formed an acquaintance with a Portuguese Grandee who had come to Spain on business, and of whom his next letter would give us a more satisfactory account. Neither that letter nor himself arrived, and the time fixed for his return was expired a long while before we heard the least tidings of him. At length we received a letter from an unknown hand, which contained the afflicting intelligence that my brother had been found dead in the street covered with many wounds. This letter fell unfortunately into the hands of Amelia, who then carried the first pledge of her mutual love under her heart. An abortion was the consequence. The child was born dead, and we trembled for the life of its mother.”

Here the Count broke off. “I have now finished my tale,” said he after a short silence. “Perhaps I have been more prolix in my narrative than I ought to have been; however the fate of two persons so dear to my heart appeared to me so important, that it was impossible for me to be more brief. Forgive me, therefore, if I have trespassed too long on your patience.” I squeezed his hand affectionately, assuring him, with warmth, that he had rendered me a piece of service by his tale, for which I ever should be beholden to him, and we parted equally affected by the lamentable fate of his brother.

I was

I was wont to amuse myself frequently at night with my guitar, for which instrument I always have had a great predilection. One evening I had played longer than usual. It was already past ten o'clock, and I was not yet tired of playing, drawing melancholy tones from the strings. Looking by accident out of the window, I discovered that I had been overheard. The moon shone bright and assisted me to remark; that a female was standing in a window of the opposite house, listening attentively to my play.—The listener was a heavenly girl, clad in a white nightgown, which was overshadowed by her long black tresses. The fair one could not but observe my taking notice of her, and stealing every now and then an inquisitive glance at her lovely form, but nevertheless did not retire. I continued playing and she stayed, and at the close of the piece heaved an audible sigh. The music ceased, and she retired. My curiosity was excited, and I enquired the following day of my landlord who she was, when I was told that she was the orphan daughter of a rich merchant, who, with her mother, had been dead some years since, and at present was under the care of her uncle, who treated her very tyrannically.

“She refused some weeks since,” my landlord added, “a very advantageous match, but I do not know for what reason.”

I took the greatest pains to see her the next day, but in vain! at ten o'clock at night she reappeared at the window.—The scene of the antecedent day was repeated.

Meanwhile the Count was entirely absorbed in gloomy melancholy; the vestiges of corroding grief were strongly marked on his countenance. Entirely taken up with his reveries and sorrow, he avoided me and the conversation with men,

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

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

Although his lips did not confess the sensations of his heart, yet his whole deportment bespoke plainly enough the change which had taken place in his mind. He appeared quite a new man. The sight of that beauty had worked a miracle, which the most affectionate efforts of friendship had been incapable to effect. His cheerfulness and his fondness of society returned. His former gloominess made room for a softer melancholy; he spoke but very rarely of the Irishman, but more frequently of our fair neighbour.

Thus six days elapsed; on the seventh I proposed a ride into the country; however I found it very difficult to persuade him to accompany me.

When we returned the following day, our landlord met us with news which almost petrified

us. "Francisca," said he, "after whom you have lately enquired, has been taken up. She is suspected to have poisoned her uncle, who has been found dead in his bed. Her servant has informed against her; the inquest of the coroner has confirmed her assertion, and poisonous drugs have been found in Francisca's possession; very likely she will die by the hands of the public executioner."

Our landlord had told us the truth, and what I and the Count thought impossible, really happened. The rack extorted from the hapless girl the confession of her crime, and she was beheaded eight days after her uncle's death. I followed the train in company with the Count, flattering myself with the hope of hearing her pardon pronounced at the place of execution. She was sitting in the cart by the side of a priest, and dressed in a white garment. The horrors of the impending execution were strongly painted on her pallid, disordered countenance; her eyes were continually directed at the crucifix, which she carried in her trembling hand, and every now and then moved to her quivering lips, and very rarely she stole a look at the spectators, which seemed to implore assistance. I observed pity and emotion on every countenance, on many faces confidence in her innocence and tears. This confirmed mine and the Count's hopes.

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

no pardon could be expected. No sooner had the fellow denied it, than she wrung her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed with dreadful emotion:—"Alas! then I am doomed to die innocently in the bloom of my life?"

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

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

The unhappy girl had been executed innocently. The Count, whom I had not seen the whole afternoon, gave me that shocking information when he came home at night. "The real criminal," he said, "has been detected too late. The old man has been poisoned by the servant, who placed the poisonous drugs in the drawers of her mistress, in order to draw upon her the suspicion, and the punishment of the deed which she had perpetrated. She was bribed by the mother of the young man to whom Francisca lately has refused to give her hand; but that very young man, who

to-day has witnessed her execution, and tasted the infernal pleasure of a diabolical revenge, that very young man has accused himself, his mother and the servant, this afternoon, forced by the pungent stings of polluted conscience. A numberless multitude are now going in procession to the place of execution, in order to save the honour of the dead, and to remove the corpse from the place of infamy where it is interred.

The Count persuaded me to go with him to the place of execution. When we came to the fields we beheld at a distance the glare of innumerable torches, and a mournful solemn music vibrated in our ears. On coming nearer, we beheld a great number of people who had assembled to follow the funeral-train, which was headed by the relations and friends of the innocent victim.

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

A chilly awe, anxiety, and melancholy were the sensations which thrilled me alternately during that scene. My mind was affected in such a manner by this melancholy transaction, that it willingly caught and took hold of every idea which bore a resemblance to the objects before my eyes. The lamentable fate of the Irishman was the first idea which formed itself upon my imagination, and at the same time recalled the recollection of my tutor and Amelia. My imagination represented these objects to me in the blackest hue, and filled my soul with doubts, apprehensions, and sorrow. It was late, and almost every person had retired, when I awoke from my reverie as if from a pro-

found sleep. All objects around me were veiled in darkness, and solemn silence reigned in the church. I searched for the Count, but could find him no where, and hastened to the door. On my way thither, the faint glimmering of a dying lamp made me observe a man who was clad in black, and placed himself in the midst of the entrance. Stepping nearer, he retired a few paces to let me pass. When I looked round, I perceived that he followed me closely. Having left my servant at home, and the night being extremely dark, I grew apprehensive, and stopped in order to let him pass by; but he too checked his pace. I quickened my steps, and he did the same, and when I stopped again he followed my example. This appeared to me very singular and suspicious, and I addressed him to know the reason of his strange conduct, but he returned no answer. I accosted him a second time, when he approached me slowly, looking inquisitively at me, and exclaiming—"How are you, my Lord Duke?" "You are mistaken in the person!" I replied; his answer was: "I beg your pardon, I am not mistaken in the person of your Grace!" "Indeed you are, because I am no Duke." "Yes you are!" he replied with emphasis. I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not see his face, nor could I remember ever to have heard his voice. I still thought that he must have mistaken me for another person, resuming: "it is very strange that you pretend to know better than myself who I am."

"Strange, but not impossible! you are the Duke of Carina."

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

"A messenger from the Irishman."

Nothing could have surprised me in a more pleasing manner. I embraced him with rapture.

“Then he is yet alive!” I exclaimed——“and where is he?”

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

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

“The Irishman” said the stranger as we were walking along, “was pronounced guilty of force-ry, and at first condemned to be burnt alive. However, his judges receiving several accounts concerning his person and power, which filled their hearts with fear and awe, decreed afterwards to have him executed privately, in order to avoid all needless noise. At the same time, I must not forget to tell you, that they had employed every means to secure his person in such a manner that his escape seemed to be utterly impossible, having ordered him to be removed to a subterraneous dungeon where he was hung up in chains, and placed strong guards all around his impenetrable prison. Conceive therefore the astonishment and terror of the judges, when the executioner was dispatched to behead him in private, and returned with the intelligence that he had found the prison empty.”

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

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

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

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

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

“ He is not far from hence.”

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

“ What do you desire of him ?”

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

“ What do you expect to hear ?”

“ Alas ! that he is dead !”

“ You shall see him !”

“ Beyond the grave ?”

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

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

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

“ The most important object ?”

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

“ What can I do for my country ?”

“ The question is not what you *can*, but what you *will* do !”

“ But how do you come to ask that question ?”

“ I have put this question to you, because you shall see neither the Irishman, nor your tutor, nor Amelia, if you don't give a deciding answer.”

I remained silent.

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

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

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

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

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

“Or have you forgotten,” continued the Irishman, “that you have promised me to exert every power in the service of honour and your country which groans under the unlawful oppression of foreign despotism, while the lawful king, banished from the throne of his ancestors, languishes in inglorious obscurity?”

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

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

“Name the place of his abode, that I may go and do homage to him. My life shall be a pledge of my secrecy.”

“If you come to the foot of the Pyrenees, near Pampelona, inquire after the pious hermit, and when you come in his presence, you will behold the King!”

“Palecki,” said I, with astonishment, has told me lately of such an hermit——”

“He

“He is the same person. There I shall see your Grace again, and demand a categorical answer.”

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

“You will know it shortly. Farewell!”

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

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

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

“I hastened to the Count, who had been returned long before me, and was waiting for me with anxious apprehension. “The sight of the funeral,” said he, “produced such a dreadful impression upon my mind, that I could not remain at the cathedral; but where have you been all the time?”

“With the——Irishman!”

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

“Upon my honour, dear Count, I have seen the Irishman and conversed with him.” So saying, I related to him at large the incident.

“Then he has made good what he promised when he was taken up!” the Count exclaimed joyfully when I had finished my account. The apparition of the Irishman was balsam to the bleeding wound which his heart had received by the death of Francisca.

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

“But will his power also protect me against the resentment of my father, or his wisdom find means to conceal from him my undertaking?”

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

“ If he can promise that, then I am determined.”

“ I was surprised at the joy which the Count displayed on account of my resolution, and we determined to set out in two days for the abode of the royal hermit. Previous to our getting into the carriage, I received a letter from the magistrate, who informed me that a dangerous illness had prevented him from acquainting me sooner that the Irishman had escaped from his prison in a most mysterious and unaccountable manner. This confirmation of the miraculous escape of the Irishman, was an additional incitement to me to accelerate our journey, and we arrived on the fourth evening after our setting out at the place of our destination. We enquired without delay for the pious hermit, and soon found him out. The first sight of the hoary recluse convinced me, that the garment of a monk concealed a king.

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

“ It is he, it is the *Unknown* !” I exclaimed ; and to speak the truth, no likeness could be more striking. It resembled him to the highest degree, with only that difference that the dress was in the Arabic fashion. “ Thus,” said the king, “ he looked when I saw him the first time after the unfortunate battle in Africa, where I fell from my horse, dangerously wounded. I found myself in

his arms when I recovered from a fainting fit, at a great distance from the field of battle. He was the benevolent Samaritan who poured oil and wine in my wounds, and nursed me during my illness, till I recovered my health. In order to ensure my safety, he propagated the rumour of my death, and ordered some of his people to bring him the body of a christian which was entirely disfigured by numberless wounds, pretending it was my corpse. That body he put in a chest, and carefully marked the place where it was buried with a heap of stones. When my kingdom was usurped by the Sp * * * sh crown, government ordered my supposed corpse to be removed from the place where it was known to have been buried to B * * m, and to be solemnly entombed in that town.

“ Instructed by my benefactor, I learned the Arabic language, astronomy, and natural history. He at the same time communicated to me some medical arcana, to the application of which I owe my long life, and which has enabled me to cure many diseases that generally are thought incurable. By these means I also have acquired the name of the wonder-working hermit, by which I am known in all the neighbouring towns and villages.

“ Hiermanfor (for this was the name of my benefactor) led, in a paradisiacal spot, a retired, solitary life. The greatest part of his time he spent in my company. There were only two hours of the day when I could not see him, at twelve at noon and at midnight. At those hours he always retired under some pretext or other, and I could find him no where, in spite of my unremitting endeavours to explore the place of his retirement. I had attempted several times to speak to him on that point, but perceiving that he always assumed a very serious look whenever I put that question to him,

him, I did not dare to start it any more. However, I watched secretly every opportunity of unfolding that mystery. An accident gave me at length an opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. One evening I was in pursuit of a beautiful sky-blue serpent, and when I thought at length to lay hold of my game, it slipped through my hands into a bush. I forced my way through the underwood, and discovered the entrance to a low grotto, which led to a small stair-case under ground. I went down, tempted by curiosity, and came to an iron door. All my endeavours to force it open were fruitless. As I was standing before the door, I heard suddenly a loud noise like the roaring of the sea, but could not discover any thing else. However, I fancied I had traced out the place to which Hiermansor retired, and went away satisfied with my discovery, expecting to know the rest at twelve o'clock at night. With that view I concealed myself against midnight in the neighbourhood of the grotto. Hiermansor appeared with a dark lantern, and passed me without perceiving that his steps were watched. I heard him open the iron door, and shut it again with a tremendous noise. I descended the stair-case with timid steps, scarcely daring to fetch breath. The iron door was shut, however, a crack which I discovered after a long search enabled me to see the inner part of the cavern. An old faintly lighted vault presented itself to my inquisitive looks; three black cushions were placed in the middle. Hiermansor flung himself upon one of them, folding his hands, and seemed to pray fervently. After an interval of about five minutes, he rose and went to the dark back part of the vault. He returned with slow steps and a pale countenance, carrying a skull in his right, and a crystal goblet in his left hand. He stepped before a lamp which was suspended to the ceiling,

pouring something which seemed to be blood out of the skull into the goblet. His nature seemed to revolt against the noisome beverage; however, he emptied the goblet with one draught, stretched himself upon the cushion, shut his eyes, and was motionless. At once I heard a rustling, and two white figures appeared, placing themselves upon the cushions by Hiermansor's side. They appeared to be two new animated corpses, which had just left the grave. No sooner had they touched him, than he arose, looking at them in a manner which plainly proved that he was used to see such objects of horror. I concluded from the motion of Hiermansor's lips, that he was talking to one of the white figures, however, I could not hear the least sound. A little time after, he turned to the other figure, and seemed to be conversing with it too. At once his countenance was overspread with a dark gloom, he began to tremble, the apparition arose, the faint light of the vault suddenly increased to a glaring brightness, which in a moment was swallowed up by the blackest darkness; the ground beneath my feet began to shake, a thundering noise struck my ears, I heard Hiermansor scream violently. I was seized with a chilling tremor, ran up the steps, and arrived in my apartment almost deprived of the use of my senses.

"I lay sleepless in my bed all night long, and when morning began to dawn, Hiermansor entered my apartment to tell me that he was obliged to leave me a few days, and bade me a tender farewell, cautioning me at the same time to be on my guard during his absence. He departed, and I neglected his kind advice. Youthful thoughtlessness led me the next day after his departure farther from my abode than it was prudent; some Saracens who had seen me in the fatal battle, which had almost cost me my life, discovered and seized

seized me. Fortunately they mistook me for a Christian general, not suspecting that I was the king, who generally was believed to have lost his life in the field of battle. I shared the fate of their slaves, was forced to work very hard, and to suffer the most cruel treatment, till at length Hiermanfor redeemed me, paying an immense sum for my liberty.

“ I cannot describe the sentiments which I entertained for my benefactor since that night when I had watched him. Although my gratitude remained unaltered, yet my love for him was constrained by a kind of awe, which in his presence bordered on anxiety. He seemed to observe it, as I perceived by some questions which he occasionally started; however, I had not the courage to return a frank answer.—His conduct towards me suffered no alteration, but my notions of him were changed. I was aware that there was a distance between us which rendered his conversation painful to me. My temper made me unfit to relish the retired peaceful life which he led. The fire of youthful ardour, and the spur of honour, stimulated me violently to mix again in the variegated bustle of the world: I would stay no longer with him, and declared to him that I was determined to travel.”

“ That you shall,” Hiermanfor replied, “ but you shall travel to your kingdom, in order to re-ascend your throne ?”—“ However all his arguments and persuasions were thrown away upon me, and I was firmly determined not to return to my country before I should have signalized myself by some great feats of gallantry; the idea of meeting those who had so strongly dissuaded me from the crusade against the infidel, being too humiliating to my lofty mind.”

“ It was utterly improbable that I ever should be able to blot out, by a second victorious crusade, the shame of a lost battle, having lost my whole army and the flower of my knights. My plan, therefore, was first to acquire some renown in foreign countries by the valour of my arm, and then to return to my country, crowned with honour. Hiernansor cautioned me in vain against repentance, which would come too late. I persisted in my resolution, and travelled.

“ My benefactor accompanied me. A faithful history of my travels would, at the same time, be a history of his miraculous deeds. However, some days would scarcely be sufficient to delineate only a short sketch of his wonderful exploits; one incident which happened on our way to Algiers may, therefore, suffice to afford you a just notion of the power of that singular man.

“ Travelling one day through a little wood, we perceived in the thicket a young man, who seemed to be the victim of the most pungent grief, and struggling with despair. His face was emaciated, his right hand was armed with a poniard, and his eyes stared wildly at it. We approached without his perceiving us, in the very moment when he was going to plunge the dagger in his heart. I arrested his hand, and wrested the fatal instrument from him. He dropped senseless in my arms. Having with great difficulty restored him to the use of his senses, we persuaded him, after repeated fruitless prayers, to relate to us the history and origin of his despair. “ I am the son of the first officer of state at Algiers; my name is Morgan. My heart pants for the daughter of the Dey, and hers for me. Her father was privy to, and approved of our mutual flame, till a powerful rival, Benharad, a Mauritanian prince, came to his court. He courted the hand of my mistress, and

the Dey promised to give him his daughter in marriage. Neither the former promise which he had given me, nor the tears of the hapless girl, could shake his mind, and to-morrow evening my mistress is to be married to my rival."

"Is the Dey fond of his daughter?" Hiermanfor enquired.

"He doats on her, however pride and ambition have rendered him cruel."

"Thou shalt have her."

"A convulsive smile of the young man, and his looks, which were gazing at the poniard in my hand, proved how little confidence he reposed in that promise; however Hiermanfor soon re-kindled, by the power of his persuasion, the dormant hope in the heart of the young man. Who is not willing to believe what he ardently wishes? hope crimsoned the pale cheeks of Morgan."

"Hiermanfor asked me the next morning whether I had no desire to try my fortune at a tournament, to which Benharad had invited the nobles and knights of Algiers, in order to prove by the valour of his arm, that he was not undeserving the beautiful daughter of the Dey? I accepted his proposal with pleasure. When I was going to enter the lists, he wished me once more success, and disappeared in the throng of the numerous spectators."

The Dey himself honoured the tournament with his presence, his daughter being seated at his right hand. The charms of her beautiful person were heightened by the dazzling splendour of her attire; however the sufferings of ill-fated love had bleached the roses of her cheeks. She beheld with indifference the valour of Benharad, who conquered one antagonist after the other, which increased my vexation at this sight. I met the proud victor with my lance, in order to avenge the conquered

knight. He rushed upon me like a tempest, and the blow which I received was so vehement, that I maintained the saddle with difficulty, while my lance had been shivered to atoms by the shield of the immoveable Mauritanian.

“ Emboldened by so many victories, Benharad challenged one knight after the other, however none of them would risk a second time the shame of being unhorsed. He was already going to approach the throne of the Dey, in order to receive the prize from the hands of his beautiful daughter, when suddenly a comely youth rushed forth, offering to fight the proud conqueror. The new comer attracted the notice of the whole assembled multitude. His face was covered with a black mask, and on his shield was written with golden characters, “ My antagonist will have sufficient time to see my face when he is conquered.”

“ This is Morgan ! ” was the general exclamation. “ It is Morgan ! ” seemed the sparkling eyes, and the glowing cheeks of the princess to say.

“ Thou art the man whom I have been seeking for in vain ! ” Benharad exclaimed, “ I know thee by thy shape, in spite of thy disguise. Miserable braggard ! if female beauty is to be the prize of valour, then my arm shall teach thee who of us is most worthy to receive it ! ” The masked knight was going to throw his lance at the proud Mauritanian in lieu of an answer ; however, Benharad got the start of him, darting his lance at his antagonist, and would have pierced him if he had not saved himself by a sudden turn. Benharad’s horse was wounded mortally by the lance of the masked knight, and fell to the ground.

“ The motions and looks of the princess bespoke plainly her rapture. Benharad darted up, foaming with rage, and drew his sword ; the masked knight

knight alighted instantly and did the same. A furious combat ensued, and after it had been undecided a long time, Benharad was dangerously wounded in his right arm, and carried away by his Esquires, exhausted through the loss of blood. The masked knight approached the steps of the throne, in order to receive the well-earned prize; he received it from the trembling hands of the princess, amid the loud acclamations of the spectators; however, a death-like general silence ensued when the conqueror removed the mask, and an unknown face surprised the multitude; for it was not Morgan, but—— Hiermansor.

“He took advantage of the general silence. “Daughter of the powerful Dey!” he said, “I accept gratefully the prize from your hand; however, I pray that the latter may be the reward of Morgan, for whom I have taken up arms in order to humble his proud rival.”

“The Dey replied with haughty scorn: “Morgan has no claim to my daughter, nor to the valour of thy arms. Both are the property of other persons.”

“And whose property is the hand of your daughter?”

“Benharad’s!”

“But did not Benharad himself say that female beauty was to be the prize of valour, and who was conqueror?”

“Neither Benharad nor Morgan! but I am master.” So saying, the Dey rose with evident marks of anger.

“Be a father too!” Hiermansor exclaimed, “thy daughter loves Morgan, and he returns her love; he would have proved to-day by deeds how much he deserves her hand, if the anguish of disappointed love had not confined him to the bed

bed of sickness. Thou hast one time approved the mutual love of that noble couple, crown now their felicity by thy consent to their union." "Ha! traitor, who presumest to terminate with borrowed arms the differences of other people, who art thou that thou darrest to prescribe laws to me?" "Thou shalt soon know who I am." Hiermanfor replied with a menacing look, and was going to retire, when the Dey exclaimed in a furious accent: "Guards, seize the traitor, confine him in the darkest dungeon, and to-morrow let him publicly be cast before the lions."

"He was instantly seized and dragged to the prison; however, he had gained his aim, for Benharad's wound appeared to be mortal, and the wedding was postponed.

"The day following, I went to the place where the most shocking death awaited Hiermanfor. The spot where he was to be devoured by the ravenous beasts was enclosed with a strong iron railing, and surrounded by a numberless crowd of spectators. The Dey himself appeared; in order to satisfy his burning thirst for revenge, by the sight of that horrible spectacle. Hiermanfor was led forth. The lions saluted him from their receptacles with a dreadful roaring; however, his countenance bespoke a firm unshaken resolution, which did not leave him when, on a given signal, an iron grate was opened, and a lion whose red rolling eyes threatened death and destruction, was let loose. Hiermanfor met his foe unarmed; thrust his arm between his wide extended jaws, and the lion fell dead to the ground. The Dey grew pale. Hiermanfor turned towards him and said; "thou knowest now who I am, do not force me to make *thee* sensible of my power; give

give thy consent to thy daughter's union with Morgan."

"These words, which were pronounced in a menacing accent, provoked the pride of the Dey.

"Let us see," said he, "whether thy power can stand the test." At the same time he ordered a second lion to be let loose upon him. The ferocious animal darted at Hiermansor, but shared the fate of his comrade.

"A general astonishment seized the gazing spectators; the Dey left his place in great emotion, and ordered the conqueror of the lions to follow him. He led him to the most retired apartment of his palace, and questioned him about his power.

"My power," Hiermansor replied, "has been granted me by Allah in order to curb the pride of the powerful, and to raise the oppressed slave from the dust. Be advised, and unite thy daughter to Morgan."

"Fear alarmed the heart of the Dey, he trembled at the powerful *Unknown*; however, pride and ambition prevailed over his fear. He refused to consent to Hiermansor's proposal.

"The latter was going to retire, but the Dey, who seemed to apprehend dreadful consequences from his resentment, took him kindly by the hand, and said, "One half of my empire is at thy command, only suffer me to follow my inclination in this point!"

"Happiness is the will of Allah—thine to render two human beings miserable—and one of them is thy daughter."

"She will not be miserable, the progress of time will calm her passion; she will forget Morgan."

"Thou

“Thou art mistaken. My looks penetrate farther into futurity than thine. Grief will kill her.”

“O! thou to whom supernatural power has been granted, canst thou devise no means to cure her of that fatal passion; for I cannot change my resolution?”

“Hiermanfor seemed to meditate. “I will compose a beverage,” said he, at length, “that will cure her of her passion.” The Dey embraced him with marks of rapturous joy. The potion was prepared, the princess drank it, and went to bed. The next morning she was found dead.

“The intelligence of her death almost broke the heart of her father. He tore his silver beard, and promised immense rewards to the physicians, if they should be able to rekindle the dormant spark of life; but his ravings and his promises were fruitless; the spirit of his daughter seemed to have taken its flight to the mansions of eternal rest.

“Hiermanfor, on whose head had been set an immense price, was searched every where, but could not be discovered. At length he made his appearance voluntarily. The sight of him reduced at once the rage of the Dey, who stared speechless at him. “Thou didst desire me,” Hiermanfor said, “to cure thy daughter of her passion; I have executed thy command. No other means were sufficient to extirpate her love!” “Return, my child, to me!” exclaimed the Dey: “Return me my child!” “That anguish may kill her a second time?” Hiermanfor replied, “No! no! I shall leave thee to the consequences of thy stubbornness! thou deservest to end thy life childless.” So saying he offered to go, but was stopped. “Villainous traitor!” roared the Dey—“the most agonizing death shall

shall be the punishment of thy treachery, and thou shalt expire under the most excruciating torments, if thou dost not instantly recal my child to life." Hiermanfor looked at him with cold contempt, and did not deign to return an answer. The Dey threw himself on his knees, conjuring him with weeping eyes and amid heavy groans to resuscitate his child, and offered one half of his kingdom as a reward. "Keep thy kingdom!" said Hiermanfor, "and swear a solemn oath to marry thy daughter to Morgan, and I will recall her to life!" The whole court was assembled, Morgan summoned to appear, and the Dey swore solemnly to marry his daughter to him. Hiermanfor knelt down by the bed of the deceased, praying fervently, and then took her by the hand. No sooner had he touched her than she began to move. The roses of her cheeks returned, and she opened her eyes in Morgan's arms: the sight of her lover restored her to life and recollection, and the darling of her heart seemed ready to die with joy.

"Hiermanfor gazed joyfully at the charming scene, which was his work; but when Morgan recovered from his trance, and wanted to thank the author of his bliss, he retired suddenly, and was seen no more. The day following the loving pair celebrated the feast of eternal union."

Here the king paused awhile, in order to let the first impression of this extraordinary tale pass over, and then he continued his narrative.

"My fondness for travelling and adventures abated by degrees. The years of youthful ardor were passed away. My calling to the throne and the desire of re-visiting my subjects awoke powerfully in my soul, particularly when Hiermanfor told me, that already three impostors had dared to

represent my person, and to claim the sway over Port***l. But the very same reasons which spurred me to return to my kingdom, were represented to me by Hiermansor as a just ground for postponing the execution of my design. "One would mistake you for the fourth impostor," he said; "or at least the king of Sp***n would leave no stone unturned to represent you in that light." He advised me to wait for a better opportunity, and to preserve the strictest incognito. He then accompanied me to a monastery, where he took leave of me with the request to await his return. However, my desire to revisit my paternal soil and my subjects increased every day. I thought Hiermansor's apprehensions over anxious. The truth and justice of my cause I fancied would plead in my behalf, particularly as my person was distinguished by marks which could not but confirm my assertion of being the identical king who was supposed to have been killed. In short I conquered every doubt, and travelled towards the confines of my kingdom, without waiting for the arrival of my kind protector.

"Hiermansor was at that time at Lif***n, the capital of my kingdom, and knew of my design, although he was then far distant from me. He endeavoured to promote the execution of it, though I had deserved his resentment, because I had neglected his advice. With that view he went, in the disguise of a monk, to the Prince of Br***za, in order to persuade him to favour my cause; but seeing that the Prince seemed to be disinclined to lend his assistance to the execution of my plan, he waited for a more favourable opportunity of being serviceable to me, and soon found one. The people had been provoked by the oppression of the king of Sp***n in such a manner,

manner, that a conspiracy was formed and loud complaints were uttered. Hiermanfor, disguised in the garment of a monk, went from place to place, endeavouring to raise a kind of religious enthusiasm in my behalf, and to enflame the minds of the multitude.

“No sooner had the news of that fermentation penetrated to Ven**e, where I then resided, than I publicly declared who I was. I was summoned before the senate, through the instigation of the Sp***ish minister, in order to prove the identity of my person. I did it in the clearest manner, and nevertheless was imprisoned three years till my process was finished. Alas! if you knew what artifices my dreadful judges made use of to convict me of imposition, and what means the king of Sp*** employed to ruin me, you would not be able to refuse me a tear of pity. If I had not revealed secrets which I could not possibly have known if I had not been the person who I really am, if I had been convicted of the least falsehood, and if every circumstance had not confirmed the truth of my assertion, my life would have been lost inevitably.”

“Meanwhile Hiermanfor endeavoured to blow up the fire which he had lighted in the heads and hearts of my people, partly through pamphlets which he had printed and dispersed among the multitude, and partly by the arts of oral persuasion. It was he who caused the miraculous bell at Venezuela to be rung, that very bell which was believed to ring from itself previously to an impending great event which is to happen in the royal family, or the kingdom. In one word, Hiermanfor had left no stone unturned to stir up my subjects in my behalf; he even persuaded the king of Fr***ce to intercede for me. My judges not being able to resist any longer the loud and powerful

powerful intercession of those who demanded my liberty, ordered at length the gates of my prison to be thrown open. It is very singular that I was declared innocent, and nevertheless banished the territory of the Republic; and not less singular it is that I was allowed eight days for the preparations for my departure.

“I hesitated some days which of the two roads leading to my dominions I should chuse. Hiermanfor proposed to me to go by sea; however, the greatest number of my friends dissuaded me from it, and advised me to go by way of Fl****ce. I adopted the latter opinion, and thus delivered myself foolishly into the hands of my enemies; for I had no sooner entered the Fl****ine dominions, than I was known, in spite of the dress of a Dominican friar in which I was disguised, arrested, and delivered up to the Spanish government.”

Here the king stopped; his countenance was overspread with a melancholy gloom, and the sad recollection of his misfortunes, seemed to overpower him. “O, Hiermanfor!” he resumed at length, “Heaven has punished me dreadfully for having neglected to follow thy advice; my disobedience has deprived me of my crown and liberty. O, my benefactor, in vain hast thou delivered me from the power of my dreadful judges, and paved the road to crown and sceptre—I have myself destroyed the work of thy wisdom!” He could not proceed farther.

I prostrated myself before him, and exclaimed, “O, my Lord and King! your happier days shall return once more. Providence has not preserved your life in vain above a century; your hoary age appears to me to be a pledge of better days. The present century will atone for the injustice of that which is past. Hiermanfor is yet alive,” and

and I can boldly exhort you to repose your confidence and hope in him. And if I am destined to assist in rebuilding the structure of your happiness, I will cheerfully risk my life for you."

The king seemed to be surprised by the enthusiasm with which I pronounced these words; his eyes sparkled with tears of joy. He strained me to his bosom, and his speechless gratitude affected me more than the most animated eloquence would have done. After a long pause of profound silence he resumed at length :

"I will not imbitter this happy hour, by enlarging on the misfortunes which have rendered life a burden to me, and besides the proceedings of the Spanish government with regard to me, and the history of the ill treatment which I have experienced, are sufficiently known. Suffice it to say, that I was at length confined in the castle of St. L^omar. O how frequently have I implored heaven to cut the thread of my unhappy life asunder; for what advantage could I derive from the prolongation of an existence which was supported by a little bread and water, and rendered more painful every day by the sad recollection of former greatness and the impossibility of regaining my liberty?"

"One dark and tempestuous night, I had fallen asleep on my hard couch, borne down with grief and sorrow, when suddenly somebody interrupted the grave-like silence of my dungeon, by pronouncing my name. I started up, but the impenetrable darkness which surrounded me did not allow me to discern an object. On my question who it was that had pronounced my name, a sudden ray of light illuminated my prison, and Hiermanfor was standing before me with a lanthorn, which had been concealed under his cloak. He unlocked

unlocked my chains and bade me to follow him. We passed the guards without being stopped, and I fancied the whole incident to be a delusion of an happy dream. I was not convinced of the reality of what had happened to me, until we came into the street. Hiermanfor provided me with a dress to disguise my person; we hastened in a post-chaise which was waiting for us, drove away at a furious rate, and arrived at the frontiers of Port***1 without being discovered. From thence we proceeded to my present abode, where Hiermanfor left me. By his advice I have assumed this garb, under which nobody suspects a king, who generally is believed to rot in the peaceful lap of mother earth, and no person except you and my benefactor knows of the secret."

"And no one shall know it (the Count exclaimed) till the shouting multitude, hailing their lawful king, shall proclaim it aloud. But does not Hiermanfor visit you now and then?"

"Never, except when I request his attendance."

The Count and myself stared alternately at one another, and at the king, seized with astonishment.

"You don't comprehend me!" said the king, "I will speak plainer. Hiermanfor taught me, previous to his departure, a secret which always has succeeded in the application, though it is a very singular one. I kiss this picture three times, and pronounce some mysterious words, upon which Hiermanfor appears instantly, wheresoever he be. Only in the twelfth hour of the day and night, I am not allowed to make use of that secret. It is now past one o'clock, if you will be convinced of the truth of my assertion, I will summon him hither."

The serious mien of the King did not suffer us to suspect him being in jest, and yet the matter was so incredible that it seemed to be utterly impossible. Whose curiosity could have resisted such a charm? We begged the king to call him, and he stepped before the picture, which was suspended over the altar close to the entrance of the cell. Having looked at it in profound silence a long time, he pronounced some unknown words, and kissed the picture three times. Suddenly a rustling noise arose, the light in the lamp disappeared and returned alternately, and a voice behind us exclaimed plainly: "What is the pleasure of your Majesty?" We turned round, seized with wonder and amazement, and saw Hiermanfor standing in a corner of the cell, as pale as a corpse, dressed in a black garment, and wrapped in a scarlet cloak.

I cannot but confess that the sudden apparition of the *Unknown*, thrilled me with the same awful sensations of admiration as his disappearance in Amelia's apartment. My eyes, which in vain endeavoured to find out an inlet in the little cell through which Hiermanfor could have entered, returned with surprise to the person of that extraordinary, inexorable being, who after a long pause of silence moved towards us and repeated his question to the king.

"I have summoned thee by the desire of my guests!" replied the latter.

Hiermanfor turned towards me and said, "What resolution have you taken?"

"To obey blindly your commands!" was my reply.

"Then haste to France. Let nothing interrupt your journey! nothing! mark well what I say. Endeavour to enter the residence at night, and never appear there in the day time. Pretend

to be an Italian Abbe, who intends to stay some time for the sake of amusement, and try to get, through the Count, (pointing at my companion) admittance to the Queen. Your request will be granted as soon as you shall have delivered these papers." He gave me a sealed packet and resumed : — " However I must desire you once more to be circumspect, and to preserve the strictest incognito. Do not enquire for the reason of this caution, which I dare not disclose. I only can tell you, that your death will be unavoidable, if the King of Fr**ce, or the Cardinal Rich**u should discover who you are. Don't mind the words and actions of the Queen, farther than they will be connected with your commission. Insist upon your request, that if a rupture between your country and the King of Spain should happen, the Fr**ch government shall declare for the former. The Queen, who has a powerful influence upon the government, neither can, nor will refuse your request. But if she should press you to name the new claimant to the crown, take care to acquaint her with the real one."

" But whom shall I name ?"

" The Duke of Bra**za !"

" Perceiving my astonishment, he examined me with penetrating looks, and replied after a short pause : " You have voluntarily surrendered to my power, but you are yet at liberty to retire, provided you swear a solemn oath never to reveal what you know of the mystery. But if you mean to persist in your resolution, then give me your hand as a token of your fidelity."

I gave him my right hand mechanically. He pressed it vehemently, and said in a solemn and serious accent, " Now you are mine !" Then his looks were directed to the Count, examining his countenance inquisitively. My companion cast

his eyes to the ground, the packet trembled in his hand, and he prostrated himself at Hiermanfor's feet. "Whosoever you be, (he exclaimed) I have mistaken your person. I am cured of my error; and if the sincerest repentance can atone for my gross mistake, if the solemn declaration of my eternal attachment to you can ensure me your forgiveness, then I shall not be unworthy of your future confidence!"

"Rise!" exclaimed Hiermanfor with dignity, "I have forgiven your former errors, a proof of which is the commission which I have intrusted to you. Do you think I would confide these important papers to a man whom I hate? I have known you these many years, though you knew little or nothing of me. If you will swear eternal secrecy, you also shall know my plan."

The Count swore the oath of eternal secrecy, and Hiermanfor continued:

"The hoary royal Hermit is supported neither by a powerful army nor foreign allies; his cause must therefore be placed in the hands of a powerful person. I know no man in Port***l who is possessed of greater authority and power than the Duke of Bra***za. The third part of the kingdom is his property; he is beloved by the multitude, who are desirous to see him mount the throne. The Duke will, consequently, not find it difficult to wrest the sceptre from the king of Sp**n. It was, indeed, no easy task to persuade him to join us in our enterprize; however, he has promised, at length, to assist us by his interest. The secret springs of the revolution are already in motion, and as soon as he shall have wrested the crown of Port**l from the King of Sp**n, he is to restore it publicly to its lawful owner."

"Are you sure of this self-denial of the Duke of Br***za?"

“ I am not used to found my plans on uncertainties.”—Hiermanfor replied, with marks of displeasure, “ I know that you despise the Duke, but you mistake his character. His heart is good; the rest you may confidently leave to my care.”

“ But what will be the consequence when the Queen of Fr**ce shall find that she has been deceived, and interested herself for another person? will not her favour be turned to bloody revenge? will not the Fr**ch government declare against my country?”

“ The resentment of Fr**ce will come too late. If your country shall but have shaken off the Sp***sh yoke, and the king gained a firm footing, means then will be found to frustrate the menaces of foreign powers. All that we at present desire is, that they may not oppose the erection of the structure, for when it shall be finished, it will brave by its solidity all external attacks. However these attacks, very probably, will never happen, for it is entirely indifferent to every foreign power, whether the Duke of Br****za, or any other person, who can prove and enforce a just title to the crown, keeps possession of it. To diminish the formidable power of Sp**n, and to check it by a new raised rival, is the interest of all Europe, and no neighbouring power will disturb the future owner of the throne of your country in the quiet possession of his dignity, no matter whether he be the Duke of Br****za or some other person. It is therefore not the Duke of Br****za for whom you are going to gain the assistance of Fr**ce; no, it is your country, for which you have undertaken to interest yourself. Hol***d, Eng***d, and Sar***ia have been gained over already to our interest, and if Fr**ce joins these three powers, then the revolution will be secure against foreign enemies.”

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“ Give

“ Give me leave to make one objection ; the Queen of Fr**ce is a sister of the king of Sp**n ; how can it be expected that she will take our part against her own brother ? ”

“ And yet she will, from reasons which I am not allowed to disclose. Believe me, my Lord, there are incentives more powerful than such a relation ; nay, occasions may happen when the interest of the blood must give way to the interest of state policy. Don't you think so too ? ”

“ I have sworn to obey you implicitly. ”

“ That oath only binds your will ; you are not deprived of the liberty of thinking. ”

“ But of what use can it be to me without the liberty of acting ? — I sacrifice my opinions to your better judgment. ”

“ Then you are determined to depart ? ”

“ With the first dawn of day. ”

“ I wish you an happy journey ; and when you have executed your business return to Sp**n. At the same time you may rest assured that your father never will suspect your engagement, provided you can invent some palpable pretence or other to conceal from him your journey to Fr**ce. I have taken such measures, that no one except the conspirators ever can know what you are going to do for the revolution ; and even if your actions should transpire, yet the whole world would believe you to be not only unconnected with the conspirators, but also the most active opponent to the revolution. Yet you will easily conceive that every thing depends on the strictest obedience to the injunctions which I have given you. ”

“ Undoubtedly ! you may have the utmost reliance on my punctuality. ”

“ You may expect to receive the sweetest reward if you perform your promise like a man. ”

“I claim no other reward but that which I shall derive from the consciousness of having assisted in breaking asunder the fetters of my country, and restoring the hoary royal hermit to his dignity.”

“Your sentiments do honour to your heart, and give you an additional title to the sweet reward that awaits you, and which will satisfy the most ardent wishes of your heart.”

I read the meaning of these words in his looks, and he could not but read in my countenance that I comprehended the secret sense of his promise. He left me abruptly, without staying to witness the eruption of sensations which made me the happiest of mortals. The royal hermit, who saw him to the door, led us after his return to another cell, where he showed us to our couch.

I laid down, but could not sleep. My busy imagination was entirely occupied with the lovely image of my Amelia, and dreams of happiness which I expected to reap in her arms, according to Hiermanfor's promise. The sweet prospect which he had opened to me animated my whole nature with new life, and inspired me with a firm resolution to do and to suffer whatever should fall to my lot. My fancy drew Amelia's enchanting picture with every charm of novelty, the scenes of the few hours which I had spent in her company, with every force of reality, and the bliss of futurity, with every variety of ideal enjoyment. In vain did my mind forebode many future impediments; omnipotent love assisted me to conquer boldly every apprehension, and Hiermanfor's power raised my hope to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Occupied with these sweet reveries, I fell asleep against morning, and

had not slept an hour, when the Count came to tell me that it was time to depart. We took leave of our royal host, who parted with us with weeping eyes.

When we arrived at the inn where we had left our servant with the chaise, he gave me a packet which had been sent after me by an express. As soon as I opened it, I found the diploma of my ducal dignity, and a letter from my father, of which the following is a copy :

‘ MY DEAR SON !

‘ Wheresoever thou art, hasten to the arms of a dying parent, who wishes to see and to bless thee once more. I write these lines with a faint and trembling hand, on the brink of eternity, in order to be the first person who greets you as Duke of Ca*ina. I resigned this dignity to you, in the presence of my whole court, as soon as my illness grew dangerous, and had it proclaimed publicly at Ca*ina. Although I should recover my health, by the grace of God, yet you shall remain Duke, and I

MARQUIS OF VILLA*EAL.”

Whoever has experienced the force of filial love will be able to form an idea of my dreadful distress. When I implicitly promised the *Unknown* to travel to Fr**ce, I certainly could not have thought of the summons of a dying father; and this case had now really happened; the strongest motives which filial duty and gratitude can enforce, pressed me to obey the call of my dying parent. What could I do in that distressing situation? return to my father and break the solemn oath I had sworn to the *Unknown*? or continue my journey to Fr**ce, and disobey

the just command of my dying parent? No one can conceive the dreadful conflict which took place in my afflicted soul. I could come to no determination, and felt, for the first time, the galling pressure of the fetters which I had forged myself, by that vow of implicit obedience.

I communicated my distress to the Count, who found my doubts well founded but not indissoluble. "In cases where different duties cross each other," said he, "not the *heart*, which is a blind and partial guide, but *reason* ought to decide, and the latter always will declare for that party which is supported by the strongest arguments. What motives can you alledge for your returning to your father? Filial love? This sentiment is a sacred one; but is your vow to travel to Fr**ce less so? and are not the duties you owe to your country and your lawful king, two additional important motives which speak loudly for your journey to Fr**ce? You see for which side the greatest number of motives decides; let us now examine whither the weight of motives inclines the scale. For what purpose are you to return to the arms of your father? in order to afford him the *pleasure* of seeing you once more, and bestowing his paternal benediction upon you. For what purpose did the *Unknown* send you to Fr**ce? Was it not for the *benefit* of your country, and the lawful king? What motive is most important, that of giving *pleasure*, or that of being *useful*? What duty is most pressing, that of satisfying the wishes of a *father*, or that of accomplishing those of one's *country*? But let us now examine the consequences. If you travel to Fr**ce, your father may perhaps die without having seen you once more, and this I cannot deny, would be painful to you and to him; however,

ever, his grief will be cured by death, and your's by time. But how could you repair the damage which your country would receive by your return to your father? It is evident that Hiermanfor intends to make use of your assistance as a chief spring in the great machine which his wisdom has composed for effecting the restoration of the old King, and the release of your country. What would you say, if you, by obeying the last command of your father, should put a stop to, or perhaps entirely undo the motion of the machine? or do you know what an important influence your journey to Fr**ce may have on its motion? It is at least certain that Hiermanfor makes use of that journey as a mean of executing the great plan which he has formed; and how much he has it at heart you may conclude from the emphasis with which he has exhorted you not to suffer your journey to be retarded by any thing? you promised upon oath to execute your commission faithfully, and now you hesitate whether you shall keep or break your promise."

"I will keep it!" I exclaimed, covered with shame. "Yet the powerful influence of filial tenderness will excuse my momentary hesitation."

"Your Grace!" said the Count, taking me kindly by the hand, "the sweetest reward awaits you. Do you recollect that promise?"

This unexpected turn entirely changed my whole disposition of mind in a moment. I would have travelled to Fr**ce, from motives of duty, but was hurried on by a secret charm, which exercised a sweet power over my heart, and made me anxious to execute my commission with all possible expedition. All the delightful enchanting pictures of the preceding night crowded again on my imagination; Amelia seemed

to bid me go to F***e, her image expelled that of my father. I fancied I heard the exhortation of the *Unknown*, of my country and the old King: the voice of honour and love silenced that of a dying father; the idea that he perhaps had been the cause of my separation from Amelia, that the deed of which he had been accused by the apparition might have alienated her heart from me, made my blood ferment with additional violence; I had no rest, and ordered the servants to prepare for our departure without delay.

“Not so rash! my Lord!” said the Count, “you cannot obey the commands of your father; however, you ought at least not to offend him. His invitation deserves an excuse if you do not accept it.”

I was sensible of the justice of his reproach; however, I could find no pretence which promised to justify my disobedience to his command.

“I think I have hit upon something that will do,” said the Count after some meditation. “I think—but I will go and settle every thing—”

So saying, he left me abruptly. I could not conceive what he was about.

After half an hour he returned with a surgeon:

“You have been thrown off your horse,” he said to me, “and received a violent contusion on your left arm. This gentleman will attest it for the consideration of twenty ducats; you may send the certificate to your father, as a proof that you cannot travel.”

I paid the sum to the surgeon, received the certificate, wrote a few lines and sent both to my father.

We settled that in case my father should write a second letter, the surgeon should return an answer in my name, pretending that on account of the inflammation of my arm, he could not allow me to make the least exertion, and keep my father's letter till I should acquaint him by a few lines to what place I should wish to have it sent. An additional present of twenty-five ducats made him promise to execute every thing with the greatest punctuality, and we got in our carriage. "Why," said I, on the road to myself, "why has Hiermansfor selected *me* for this secret embassy, in a country which my father has so frequently and anxiously advised me never to enter? What ground can he have to hope that the Queen will have the kindness for *me* to grant a prayer, the completion of which will prove so detrimental to her brother? For what reason has my father cautioned me so repeatedly against a country, to the centre of which Hiermansfor allures me by the most powerful arguments and promises? On what ground does that singular man expect me to have so much power over the heart of the Queen Regent, whom I never have seen, while he on the other side endeavours to fill my heart with fear and suspicion, with respect to the Regent, who never has seen, nor received the least injury from me? What may be the reason that the Queen will receive me so kindly, while my presence in the capital is to be kept so secret from the King and his Prime Minister? Has perhaps my father committed a crime against the state of France? but how could I in that case expect to be received favourably by the Queen? Or arises the hatred which the Regent entertains against our family from private reasons, and if so, why

Should my father think it so necessary to conceal them from his son? Or should the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King arise from one source, will the former be obliged to conceal her interview with me from the monarch, from fear of the King, or of the consort of her bed? Did my father conceal from me the real reason of his earnest injunction to beware of the Fr**ch territory from political or domestic motives? Is the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King confined only to my father, or are they perhaps extended to my person on account of my parent? and if that should be the case, how great and of what a singular nature must the obligations be which the Queen owes to my father, if she shall sacrifice to his son the interest of her brother? How great and singular must be the crime which my father has committed against the King, since the latter will punish the son for it with death! Should perhaps the crime which my father has committed against the Regent form the base of the obligations which the Queen seems to owe to my parent?"—

These questions which I put to myself, in order to unfold so important a mystery, led me to no kind of certainty, but only to conjectures which, however, soon were deprived of their force by other reflections, for which reason I resolved to check my curiosity till the expected interview with the Queen should put me in a way to develop the mystery in a more satisfactory manner.

Meanwhile we continued our journey with the greatest expedition; however, the impetuosity with which we drove caused the carriage to be overturned within thirty miles of the frontiers of Fr**ce. I escaped without the least injury.

injury, but the Count received a violent confusion on his left arm which obliged him to keep his bed four days, and taught us the disagreeable truth that impetuosity leads as slowly to the mark as tardiness.

On the fifth day the impatience of the Count could not be bridled any longer by the arguments of the surgeon; he insisted upon our departure, and we arrived in Fr**ce against midnight.

We continued our journey the night following, and arrived with the first dawn of the twelfth day at P***s. The Count went that very day to beg an audience of the Queen, and his triumphant looks on his return gave me reason to hope he had succeeded in his application: His words confirmed the truth of my conjecture: "O! my Lord!" said he, "I have seen her, have put the papers in her hand—Heavens! what an amiable woman!—born to be a queen, she needs not the shallow assistance of artificial dignity, in order to instill that awe which cannot but seize even the strongest mind at the sight of her!—Born to conquer every heart, she knows how to raise up to her, by her condescending affability, those whom the splendor of her greatness has subjected to her. The sensation which prevailed in my heart when I stood before her, was a mixture of profound regard and confidence, which, however, made room for the liveliest joy, when the Queen, after the perusal of the papers, approached me with a sifterly confidence, saying, with unspeakable sweetness: "Dear Count, tell the Duke of Ca**na, that I shall be very glad to see him, that the King will go into the country to-morrow afternoon, and that I expect your friend at night." Then she told me what measures we

are to take in order to escape the vigilance of intruding looks, and dismissed me, having previously made me a present of this ring."

This account raised my curiosity to the highest pitch of impatience. I scarcely could await the night when I was to be introduced to the Queen. My hotel appeared to me a prison, and time to proceed with the tardiness of a snail. At length the wished for hour arrived. It was ten o'clock at night when I went to the park which joins the palace, disguised in the garb of an Italian Abbe. The chief lady of the bed-chamber who was waiting for us at the gate, conducted us through several rows of trees, in order to know whether we were not watched by invisible witnesses, and then directed her steps towards the palace, requesting the Count to await my return behind a thick hedge. Having advanced a few steps, she turned into a by walk leading to the walls of the palace, which, on one side, were covered with an espalier, behind which my conductress bade me to follow her. We had not proceeded twenty steps when she desired me to stop, making some motions against the wall, upon which a part of it opened in form of a little gate, through which she pushed me. There I was received by a second lady, who had been waiting for me with a dark lanthorn, leading me up a narrow staircase into an apartment which was faintly lighted.—Then she rung a bell and left me suddenly.

"I had waited five minutes, and no one came. Undescribable emotions agitated my mind. I had waited five minutes more, when at length somebody was stirring in the next room. A secret door was opened, and the Queen appeared on the threshold, with a light in her hand. My

head bowed to her while my heart met her, harrowed by strange sensations. Her eye gazed at me a long while, and her wan cheeks assumed a crimson hue. "Are you the Duke of Ca*ina?" she said after a long silence, with an undefinable sweetness, and in a trembling accent. "Yes, I am the Duke of Ca*ina!" was my reply. "Then follow me!" she resumed. I followed her, and she seated herself on a sofa, commanding me to take a seat by her side. "Give me leave, most gracious Queen," said I, bending my knee, "previously to address a prayer to your Majesty, to which nothing but the confidence in the greatness of your soul, and love for my country, could have emboldened me."

"Not before you rise and take a seat by my side!" she replied, raising me up.

Her unexpected gracious condescension, and a certain perplexity which she seemed anxious to conceal, confounded me so much, that I could not find a proper preamble to my prayer, and yet I had taken so much care to prepare myself for that occasion. She relieved me from my confusion, which she seemed not to notice. "Count Clairval," said she, "has delivered to me, the day before yesterday, some papers which have prepared me for your visit and prayer."

"Then it will be no secret to your Majesty, that a design is carrying on to deliver my oppressed country from the tyrannic yoke of Sp**n, and to restore the reins of government to the lawful King? I am come, most gracious Queen, to implore you in the name of justice, to make use of your powerful influence in behalf of that undertaking."

“How? I should lend my assistance to a design tending to injure my brother?” So saying, she looked at me, not with anger, but with undefinable inquisitiveness.

“Most gracious Queen! I could——it is ——if your Majesty——”

“How could you form the design to travel hither in order to stir up the sister against the brother? Dear Duke, you cannot but confess that this is rather singular. How did this idea come in your head?”

“Is it possible your Majesty should be ignorant of what has prompted me to risk this daring step? Should not the papers which the Count has put in the hands of your Majesty, have cleared this point in a satisfactory manner?”

“Those papers contain nothing but a previous account of your arrival, of the impending revolution, and proofs of its justice. The writer neither has signed his name, nor do I know the hand writing.”

This I had not expected, having been confident that Hiermanfor would have discovered himself to the Queen, in order to support my prayer by his authority. You may therefore easily conceive how great my consternation was, when I saw myself necessitated to enforce, as an utter stranger to the court, a prayer which could not but appear to the Queen daring to the highest degree. My consternation was too great to be concealed. “Speak without fear:” said the Queen, with inimitable sweetness. “Tell me without reserve, who has persuaded you to take this step.

“An unknown being,” I exclaimed, “that has haunted me every where on my travels, has directed all my actions with irresistible power, governs

governs me invisibly, with equal goodness and terror, has saved me from a watery grave, and penetrated through the flames in order to save the picture of my mother."

A glowing redness covered the countenance of the Queen. "Your mother?" she stammered; "the picture of your mother?"

"It is a miniature painting, set in jewels—"

"Have you got it with you?" she enquired hastily.

It was in my letter case. I took it out of the case; she received it with trembling hands, holding it against the light, and endeavoured in vain to check the tears which were starting from her eyes; her bosom was heaving violently, as if retaining with difficulty the vehement emotions which seemed to be going to burst forth. She fixed her eyes a long while on the picture in silent emotion, as it seemed to gain time for recovering from the strong effect of sensations, the source of which, I was unable to divine.

"Is she dead?" she enquired at length, without looking at me.

"She died twelve years ago," I replied sighing.

"Your features, dear Duke," she resumed after a long pause, "have no resemblance with those of this picture; and yet, the originality of the face is so remarkable to me, that it would afford me the greatest pleasure, if you would give it me."

"If your Majesty should know how dear it is to me—"

"Well, that will enhance the value it has in my eyes. Whenever I shall look at the picture of the mother, I will remember the son. I will give you *my* picture, in lieu of it; will you resign it to me on that condition?"

I bowed

I bowed respectfully, she opened a drawer, putting my picture in it, and took another out of it, which was adorned with jewels much more precious than that of my mother.

“Take it, Duke, and whenever you look at it, think that it is the picture of—a very unhappy woman.” So saying, she gave me the picture.

The accent and the mien with which these words were pronounced, wounded my heart. I prostrated myself—“How amiable Queen, should you really be unhappy? and this pledge of your condescension should be to me a remembrance of your misfortunes? O, name the source of your sorrows, and if the power of a mortal being can remove it, I will do it with pleasure, will attempt it even at the peril of my life!” So saying, I pressed my lips with vehemence on her hand.

“Rise! the interest which you take in my unhappiness renders me less unfortunate. It will not be in your power to make me happy, though I should be at liberty to unfold a mystery to you which never must be revealed. Rise, Duke! She stooped to raise me up, her cheek touched my face, and a tremor of joy trembled through my frame. “Take courage,” I exclaimed, “though neither my power nor that of any man living should be able to render you happy, yet I know a person who possesses supernatural powers, and I flatter myself he will not refuse to grant my prayers. He shall make you happy, my Queen!”

She looked at me with weeping eyes, then up to heaven, and then again at me. “Your prayer,” she said at length, “would be fruitless; for if an angel would descend from heaven to of-

fer me his assistance, he could not restore me to happiness, while certain human laws and political relations are in force.”—

I plainly perceived the dreadful struggles of her soul, and it would have been cruel to render her victory more difficult by farther persuasions.

I beheld with respectful silence the workings of her mind; however, she could not but observe that I adored her—her looks bespoke the grateful emotions of her heart.

“ You have told me a few minutes ago, that your mother is no more,” she began after a long pause. “ I hope your father is yet alive ?”

“ I have little reason to think he is.”

The Queen turned as pale as a corpse. “ You doubt ?” she stammered, “ you doubt whether your father is alive ?”

“ A dangerous illness which has confined him to his bed, gives me reason to apprehend—but what is the matter with your majesty ?”

“ Nothing—nothing at all—A dangerous illness, did you say ?”

“ So he has informed me some time since, by a letter, and requested me, at the same time, to hasten to his arms, that he might see me once more before his death, and give me his blessing.”

The Queen started up, and went to another part of the room, as if in search of something, but soon came back again :

“ He wants to see you, and you are *here* ?”

“ Before I received the letter of my father, I had promised to that *Unknown* of whom I have been speaking, that nothing should detain me from travelling to Fr**ce, and imploring your assistance in behalf of my unhappy country.”

“ Poor father !” said the Queen, absorbed in melancholy, “ how anxiously will he have ex-

pected the arrival of his son—I fancy I see the dying Marquis, how he extends his arms in vaine to receive the child of his love—”

“ Does your Majesty know my father ?” I enquired hastily.

She gazed at me: “ If I know him ?”—no !—yes—I saw him several times when at the court of my father—but why do you ask this question ?”—Without giving me time to reply, she resumed, “ Make haste ! make haste, to return to your native country ; perhaps he is yet alive—the sight of you will animate him with new strength, he will recover in your arms, and perhaps be restored to health !” The last words she pronounced with a visible joyful emotion.

“ Shall I leave your Majesty,” I replied, “ without having my prayer granted ? Is my unhappy country to expect no assistance from a Queen whose sentiments are so sublime ? Is the picture of the best of women to be to me a lasting mark of her favour and displeasure ?”

“ She seemed to meditate. “ It is true,” she said at length, “ we have entirely wandered from your concerns. Did you not tell me that you are haunted every where by an apparition ? I too have seen an apparition some time ago. It was the ghost of my departed father, who, at midnight, drew the curtains of my bed, and said, “ I am very wretched, my daughter ! neither prayers nor masses will give me relief, while Por**** which we have usurped shall be submitted to the Sp**** sceptre. O ! my daughter, if the least spark of filial love is left in thy bosom, if thou wilt relieve me from unspeakable torments, then make use of all thy interest at this court, in order to support the endeavours of those who, at present, are secretly occupied to

deliver Por****l from her oppressors. A noble youth will arrive in a few days and implore thy assistance. He is sent from heaven; grant his prayer. He has a mole on his left breast, which will be to thee a token of his mission."

I started up. "That youth stands before your Majesty," I exclaimed, uncovering my breast, "behold here the mole. O! relieve the suffering spirit of your father, relieve my country!"

She seemed to be in a trance, encircling me with her arms, and straining me to her bosom. "Thy prayer is granted!" she said in a faint accent.—No sooner had the last syllable escaped her lips, when the sound of a little bell was heard in the adjoining apartments. She disengaged herself from my neck and started back, "Gracious heaven!—" she exclaimed pale and trembling, "the King is returned. Begone! for God's sake be gone!"

"I was going to obey her command; she stopped me: "Never reveal a word of what has happened between ourselves," she whispered; "leave the palace and the kingdom as soon as possible: beware of the King, I conjure you!"

I prostrated myself and encircled her knees, shedding tears of anguish; wanted to take leave, but could not utter a single word. The bell in the adjoining apartment was rung a second time; the Queen disengaged herself, seized with terror: "make haste!—flee!—O! stay!" she exclaimed, when I hastened to the door, "come back!" She opened her arms to receive me; I flew to her bosom; she imprinted three burning kisses on my lips, and hurried into an adjoining apartment.

I do not recollect how I got out of the room. On the staircase I observed first, that the same lady

lady who had conducted me to the Queen was walking by my side. We returned the same way by which I had entered the palace, and I arrived happily at our hotel in the company of the Count.

After I had communicated to him my success, I went to my apartment in order to give audience to my thoughts; however I was not able to account for the behaviour of the Queen, and my feelings during the whole scene. Was it love that I felt for the Queen? certainly not; at least my sentiments for her were quite different from those I entertained for Amelia; was it mere esteem that endeared her so much to me? impossible!—My heart left me entirely in the dark with respect to that point, as well as my reason. It is true, *one* particular idea prevailed in my soul, however it appeared to me ridiculous, as soon as I reflected on other circumstances. The account which the Queen gave me of the apparition of the ghost of her father, completed my confusion. Was it the work of the *Unknown*, and did she really believe she had seen the ghost of her father? In that case the grant of my prayer was perhaps merely the consequence of her love for her father, whom she hoped to release thus from his sufferings; even her tears, embraces, and kisses were then nothing else but means of alluring me to strain every nerve, in order to bring to a happy conclusion an undertaking, from the execution of which the eternal happiness of her father depended. But perhaps—and that, I thought, was not less possible—has she only invented that apparition in order to prevent me from suspecting the real source of her willingness to grant my prayer, and her confidential and endearing deportment? Even the manner in which she mentioned

tioned the mole on my breast, appeared to me an artifice which she might have made use of, rather to assure herself of the identity of my person, than of my mission from above; and this supposition received an additional confirmation, by her singular behaviour after the discovery.— Thus I was wandering in the mazy labyrinth of conjectures and doubts till sleep stole upon me by degrees, and shut my heavy eyes.

We left P**is the following night, and directed our road to Sp**n as Hiermanfor had ordered.

I stopped a few days at **cia, a hundred miles from the frontiers of Fr**ce, in order to rest a little from the fatigues of my journey, and received from the bribed surgeon a letter from my father, who informed me that he was in a fair way of recovery. This welcome intelligence animated me with new life, and dispelled the gloom which had overcast my mind. We continued our journey without delay, and arrived at ***pala, where we alighted at the principal hotel. The first object that attracted my attention, was a handsome well dressed man, whose features struck me at a great distance, because I fancied I knew them. He was engaged in close conversation with a tall thin man, and did not observe me till I was close by him. My sudden appearance seemed to surprise him, and the sight of him produced the same effect upon me, for now I perceived that it was Paleski, Amelia's former valet. He approached me with evident marks of uneasiness, and welcomed me in broken accents. I ordered him to follow me to my apartment. The first question I put to him, was where Amelia resided, and how she was. Paleski lamented that it was not in his power to give me the least in-

formation.

formation on that head. I inquired after the *Unknown*, and he assured me that he had not seen him since the last scene in the wood. "However," said I, "you still owe me an account of a dreadful accident concerning the *Unknown*, of which you pretended to have been informed on your pilgrimage." Paleski hesitated a few moments, and then promised to satisfy my curiosity the day following, being prevented by business of great importance from doing it on the spot. I dismissed him, with the injunction not to forget to come to my apartment in the evening of the next day. He promised it; however I waited in vain for him, for in his room a Capuchin friar came to my hotel, desiring to speak a few words to me in private. I ordered him to be admitted, and was told by him that Paleski had had a quarrel with some young men, who first had intoxicated and then provoked him; and that he had received some mortal wounds, by which he was confined to his bed at the hospital, where he desired to see me, in order to disclose to me important secrets. The friar offered to conduct me to the hospital, and I drove thither in anxious expectation.

When I alighted at the gate of the hospital, I met Count Clairval. He seemed to be petrified when he saw me in the company of the friar. "Whither are you going?" he enquired at length. "To Paleski, who is on the brink of eternity." The Count changed colour, and whispered in my ear: "Don't go, the fellow is infected with a contagious disease."—"You are mistaken, (was my answer) he has been wounded dangerously, as his confessor tells me." "I have just come from him," the Count resumed with visible uneasiness, "the fever has de-

ranged.

ranged his head, and he will tell you a number of foolish things." "No matter," I replied, "I must see him, for he has sent me word that he has important discoveries to make." "What can he discover to you?" said the Count, "Palecki has ever been an impostor." "This will render his confession on the brink of eternity so much the more remarkable. But I must not lose a moment. Farewell, Count, till I see you again!" So saying I tore myself from him, and hastened with the friar to Palecki's apartment. When the nurse had left the room, the former said: "you need but to ring the bell, if you should want me, I shall be within hearing."—With these words he went out of the room. Palecki stared at me for some time. The livid colour of death covered his haggard countenance and the most agonizing anguish of a tormented conscience was strongly painted in his looks. "My lord!" he at length began, "I owe you a thousand thanks for your condescension; I should undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice to black despair, if you had refused to give me an opportunity to unfold mysteries to you which lie heavy on my mind."

I took a seat close by the bed, seized with dreadful bodings.

"But, my Lord," he continued, folding his hands, "will you be able to pardon the manifold injuries which you have received from me, if I can convince you that I have been only the tool of greater impostors."

"Speak frankly, and without reserve! I will forgive you every thing."

"My lord!—you are in dreadful hands. That
Unknown—"

"Who

“ Who is he ?” I interrupted him impatiently.

“ Who he is, I do not know! as sure as I am going to appear before the omniscient searcher of hearts, I do not know it. He always has observed the greatest secrecy on that head. “ I am who I am !” he always replied, when I questioned him on that point, “ and I never am what I seem to be !” Three days before you made your first appearance at the castle of the Countess, he came late at night to the gate, disguised as a beggar, and enquired for me. Supposing that he wanted alms, I gave him a piece of money. He raised a loud laughter, whilst he took a handful of ducats out of his pocket, and put them in mine. “ This is only a prelude to what I am going to do for you,” said he, without paying the least regard to my astonishment, “ if you will assist me in executing a plan which I have formed, without betraying our connection to the Countess.” “ And what plan is it ?” “ It is a very innocent one,” he replied, “ I wish to work some miracles in the castle, and should be glad if you would assist me.” “ For what purpose ?” “ I want to make two people happy,” was his reply, “ the Countess and a young nobleman, who will arrive within three days. The Countess abandons herself too much to her grief, on account of her deceased husband, and I know no better means to cure her of it, than to banish the dead husband from her heart by a living lover. As a mediator between the Countess and the young nobleman, I must render myself important to both, and for that purpose I must work miracles; if I succeed in getting the sway over their understanding, then I shall easily make myself master of their hearts.” He then asked me

me whether he could rely upon me, and if the rest of the servants could not be gained by money? I assured him of my readiness to serve him, and promised to attempt the latter, in which I succeeded. My fellow servants were easily bribed because they were persuaded that it was a laudable, or at least an innocent undertaking in which they were to be engaged. The cheat which was to be played on you and the Countess was believed to be innocent, as it appeared to be a means of gaining a salutary purpose. To be brief, I informed the *Unknown* the day following, that all of us were firmly determined to assist him in the execution of his plan; a resolution which he again rewarded with a handful of ducats.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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