

TALES OF TERROR!
OR,
MORE GHOSTS.

FORMING A COMPLETE
PHANTASMAGORIA.

Twelve o'Clock's the Time of Night
That the Graves, all gaping wide,
Quick fend forth the airy Sprite
In the Church-way Path to glide.

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TALES OF TERROR!

Prologomena to the Terrors.

A GHOST is supposed to be the spirit of a person deceased, who is either commissioned to return for some especial errand, such as the discovery of a murder; to procure restitution of lands or money unjustly withheld from an orphan or widow; or, having committed some injustice whilst living, cannot rest till that is redressed. Sometimes the occasion of spirits revisiting this world is, to inform their heir in what secret place or private drawer in an old trunk they have hidden the title-deeds of the estate; or where, in troublesome times, they buried their money and plate. Some ghosts of murdered persons, whose bodies have been secretly buried, cannot be at ease till their bones have been taken up, and deposited in consecrated ground, with all the rites of Christian burial.

In most of the relations of ghosts, they are supposed to be mere aerial beings, without substance, and that they can pass through walls and other solid bodies at pleasure. A particular instance of this is given, in Relation the 27th, in Glanvil's Collection, where one David Hunter, neatherd to the Bishop of Down and Connor, was for a long time haunted by the apparition of an old woman, whom he was by a secret impulse obliged to follow whenever she appeared, which he says he did for a considerable time, even if in bed with his wife; and because his wife could not hold him in bed, she would go too, and walk after him till day, though she saw nothing; but his little dog was so well acquainted with the apparition, that he would follow it as well as his master. If a tree stood in her walk, he observed her always to go through it. Notwithstanding this seeming immateriality, this very ghost was not without some substance; for, having performed her errand, she desired Hunter to lift her from the ground; in the doing of which, he says, she felt just like a bag of feathers. We sometimes also read of ghosts striking violent blows; and that, if not made way for, they overturn all impediments, like a furious whirlwind. Glanvil mentions an instance of this, in Relation 17th, of a Dutch lieutenant, who had the faculty of seeing ghosts; and who, being prevented making way for one which he mentioned to some friends as coming towards them, was, with his companions, violently thrown down, and sorely bruised.

The usual time at which ghosts make their appearance is midnight, and seldom before it is dark; though some spirits have been said to appear even by daylight.

Ghosts commonly appear in the same dress they usually wore whilst living, though they are sometimes clothed all in white; and the room in which they appear, if without fire or candle, is frequently said to be as light as day.

The coming of a spirit is announced some time before its appearance by a variety of loud and dreadful noises; sometimes rattling in the old hall like a coach and six, and rumbling up and down the stair-case like the trundling of bowls or cannon-balls. At length the door flies open, and the spectre stalks slowly up to the bed's foot, and opening the curtains, looks stedfastly at the person in bed by whom it is seen; a ghost being very rarely visible to more than one person, although there are several in company. A ghost has not the power to speak till it has been first spoken to; so that, notwithstanding the urgency of the business on which it may come, every thing must stand still till the person visited can find sufficient courage to speak to it; an event that sometimes does not take place for many years.

The mode of addressing a ghost, is by commanding it, in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity, to tell you who it is, and what is its business; this it may be necessary to repeat three times; after which it will, in a low and hollow voice, declare its satisfaction at

being spoken to. It commonly enters into its narrative; which being completed, and its request or commands given, with injunctions that they be immediately executed, it vanishes away, frequently in a flash of light. Sometimes its departure is attended with delightful music. During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind; so doing is extremely dangerous: If any doubts arise, they must be stated after the spirit has done its tale. Questions respecting its state, or the state of any of its former acquaintance, are offensive, and not often answered: Spirits, perhaps, being restrained from divulging the secrets of their prison-house. Occasionally spirits will even condescend to talk on common occurrences, as is instanced by Glanvil in the apparition of Major George Sydenham to Captain William Dyke, Relation 10th, wherein the Major reproved the Captain for suffering a sword which he had given him to grow rusty; saying, "Captain, Captain, this sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine." This attention to the state of arms was a remnant of the Major's professional duty when living.

Having thus given the most striking outlines respecting ghosts, I shall next treat of another species of human apparition, which, though it something resemble it, does not come under the description of a ghost. These are the exact figures and resemblances of persons then living, often seen not only by their friends at a distance, but many times by themselves; of which there are several instances in Aubrey's Miscellanies: One, of Sir Richard Napier, a physician of London, who being on the road from Bedfordshire to visit a friend in Berkshire, saw at an inn his own apparition lying on the bed as a dead corpse: He nevertheless went forward, and died in a short time. Another of Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, who met her own apparition walking in a garden at Kensington, and died a month after of the small-pox. These apparitions are called *fetches*, or *wraiths*; and in Cumberland, *swarths*. They most commonly appear to distant friends and relations, at the very instant preceding the death of the person whose figure they put on. Sometimes, as in the instances above-mentioned, there is a greater interval between the appearance and the death.

Terror One.

SOON after Henry of Lancaster was seated on the throne, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, in addition to his other honours, was created Earl Marshal of England. Returning to Raby Castle with this fresh title, and anxious to embrace again his wife and children, he resolved, when at Thirsk, to reach his castle that night; to accomplish which he quitted the more frequented road, and struck across the woods and wilds. His numerous retinue leaving him no cause to dread his journey would be interrupted by the banditti who infested those woods and wastes.

He travelled on briskly, till he entered a thick forest, which lays between Richmond and the river Greta, when night began to close around; its darkness increased by a violent storm; an unusual dread seized the bravest of his train; the forked lightning shot through the gloom which enveloped them; those who had been hired as guides through the forest, would no longer take the directions; and, overcome by their fears, they knew not which way they were going.

The rain descended in torrents; every element seemed raging for their lives. The Earl prayed fervently to the holy Saint Cuthbert, the patron of his race, for assistance in this hour

of danger; and quickly he discovered a light, which appeared at no great distance. This he endeavoured to reach, ordering his people to follow. The intervening brakes impeded the trembling crew; and those who had followed him in many a bloody field undaunted, shook with terror in this wood. "Alas! (they cried,) my Lord, whither do you lead? Know you not, this dreary forest is infested by hellish fiends, who delude the unwary and benighted traveller?"

"This storm, my Lord, this strange and unusual storm," said the chief Squire, he who had dared every thing in fight, "is it not of their raising? That light proceeds, I know it well, from the ruins of a castle long deserted by mortals; there the guilty and unquiet ghosts hold forbidden intercourse: there sacrilege and murder were committed: who enters there of human race, returns not more. Rather let us, my Lord, bear these warring elements, than madly deliver ourselves to unholy and damned beings, against whom no earthly force avails."

Crossing himself, the Earl cried, "In the name of him who drove out the unclean spirits do I trust for help; nor fear their powers of darkness and of evil. To that castle, long supposed their residence, will I go for shelter from this bitter storm."

"Then, my Lord," said the faithful Squire, "with you I dare every thing. I will not desert you in danger: Lead; I shall follow, though to the very pit of destruction."

The Earl remembered he had heard that this castle had been, in the turbulent reign of King Stephen, fortified, but dismantled by his successor Henry the Second. Here was the Lord of it murdered by his nephew; and the holy priest suffered the same fate; being dragged from the altar, when excommunicating the vile assassin, upon whom at length justice was done by the Baron's son, who was at his father's death an infant, but preserved by the loyal vassals till he attained to manhood, when he asserted his claim before the king, and defeated his base relation. Afterwards he espoused a daughter of the house of Raby; but left no child. His death was not without suspicion of foul play, from the heir of his father's murderer, who claimed the estate from the Earl of Richmond, who had seized it on the death of the Baron; after which time they had lived in warfare, the vassals taking opposite sides. The castle was in ruins, the lands uncultivated, and the vassals either slain, or dispersed, and subsisting by plunder.

The Earl's retinue still slowly followed. "Stay here," he cried aloud, "ye who fear to pursue where your Lord leads, or provide according as your separate fears dictate. each man as he wishes." Of all his numerous train, one alone rose superior to the terror which pervaded them, and followed him and the Squire. His name was Hugh.

Arrived at the castle, the Earl ordered Hugh to sound his horn. "Whoever," said he, "are the inhabitants of this ruin, they will not sure refuse us shelter. Most probable, out-casts from society, they live on rapine and plunder; yet the gold of Westmoreland shall ransom the lives of himself and followers."

The light which had diffused its brightness through the woods, vanished. Again it appeared, and seemed to glide from room to room, till they finally lost sight of it on the eastern side of the castle. The Squire rained a shower of blows on the gate; but it was fastened, and defied his attempts. The Earl proposed to visit that part of the ruin where the light disappeared.

"Alack! my Lord," said the Squire, "why thus tempt your fate? Too sure this is the residence of demons, who have allured us here but to destroy us. The strange vanishing of the light, will not that convince you?"

“Fear not,” the Earl replied. “Is not Ralph of Raby with you? did he ever yet shrink at danger?” The Squire was preparing to speak, when the Earl pushed his steed over the fallen stones, and found, by the gleam of the lightning, the eastern entrance, the gate of which, thrown off its hinges, was laid across the path.

Dismounting, “Hold,” said he, “my steed, whilst I explore the entrance of this dreaded place.” “It shall not be told at Raby,” said the faithful Squire, “the Earl Marshall was deserted by me;” and as he spoke, he gave the reins of his horse to Hugh, who, afraid to be left behind, fastened them to the gate.

Entering, they ranged over a large apartment, till they found a door, which was fastened on the inside. Applying their united force, the bolts gave way, and they discovered themselves in an apartment still larger than the other; but out of which they vainly tried to find any other passage than that by which they had entered; not a single ray of light visited them, which gave additional horror to their situation.

“Cease, my Lord,” said the Squire, “to search for another passage, which might only lead us further into danger, only put us more in the power of the accursed inhabitants: if we are doomed to die by their malice, here let it be.”

“List,” said Hugh. At that moment, as if beneath their feet, they heard the grating noise of bolts drawing back, and distinctly a door opened upon rusty hinges, and again shut; yet they distinguished no step; if there was any, it must be light as air; yet a deep sigh convinced them some one could not be far distant.

The lightning was so vivid, it flashed through each cranny of the building; the thunder, which rolled over their heads, echoed through each dismal chamber; the castle shook to its foundations; another peal succeeded, more terrible than the preceding, which struck them to the ground, and the building seemed to be falling on all sides. When they recovered themselves, they saw a part of the wall had tumbled down, which gave entrance into a long passage, that appeared to lead towards other parts of the castle; a bright blaze of light shone at the extreme end of the passage; and they now saw it was the ancient chapel they were in. They all shuddered. Here had the most daring murder, the most horrid sacrilege, been committed. The thunder was not so loud, and the rain fell in torrents.

“Let us,” said the Earl, drawing his sword, “be satisfied from whence that light proceeds. This is a night to awaken the consciences of the wicked, and make them remember, there must come a day of retribution.” Ashamed of their fears, afraid to be left behind, he was followed by his Squire and Hugh past the doors of a number of dismal looking apartments, empty and ruinous. They stopped—they listened—no sound caught their ears, save the hollow growling of the thunder, save the rain pelting against the walls of the castle. The silence was broken by the Squire, who fell at the Earl’s feet. “Allow,” said he, “my Lord, your faithful Squire, ere you proceed, to beg you would not, as yet we may retreat. Have I ever, my Lord, yet shrunk where you led? But did the light proceed from the retreat of beings like ourselves, though abandoned to crimes of every nature, they might be awed by your power, or bribed by your gold; but these are spirits of darkness, or midnight hags; who, performing at this hour their incantations, have conjured up this dreadful storm. Rather let us brave its utmost fury, than trust ourselves in their power, from which mortals never yet escaped with impunity.”

“Rather,” said the Earl, “my friend, let us pray to heaven, and all its holy saints, to preserve us.”

They knelt, each one addressing himself to heaven in fervent prayer, which done, "Let us," said the Earl, "proceed." A sudden yell sounded through the empty halls, which was succeeded by a kind of rumbling noise: the light disappeared; and again they were involved in darkness.

Hugh remembered he had with him the means of procuring a light; which having done, the Earl wished to proceed to where the blaze seemed to issue; but, yielding to their request, ascended a lofty staircase, which way they preferred to the one he proposed, and found themselves in a gallery of great length; along which moved a figure, clad in a robe of white, the full folds of which floated behind. From its head descended a veil also white, the folds of which floated behind. From its head descended a veil also white, the long ends of which reached to the ground. Its form, its figure, was effectually concealed; nor could they conjecture whether it was human or no. Its movements seemed graceful. Terrified by this appearance, the Squire and Hugh stopped, and the Earl slowly followed it.

"Turn," he exclaimed; "I conjure you, turn. If human, if pity dwells in your bosom for creatures of your own species, who, rather than endure the pelting of this storm, have here sought refuge: or, if you are some injured and unhappy spirit, I conjure you in his name, who is the Judge of the just and unjust, declare why thus against the laws of nature you walk this upper world; why thus, at this lone hour, you range along these dismal dwellings."

It answered not, but by a deep sigh; nor did it turn to view who thus interrogated it. "Nay, stop; listen; it is no mean, no base-born hind that now intrudes upon your steps. Know it is I, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. Prayers, masses shall not be wanting, if you are condemned to the pains of purgatory. Oh! speak, speak to me." At the mention of his name it seemed to start, and, lost in the gloom, vanished from his sight. He followed, and found the gallery terminated by a room, which still had some remains of furniture; a large chest stood on one side, above which hung the picture of that Lord who was murdered; his son was upon one side, and Joan of Raby, whom he married, on the other. Searching this apartment, he could find no traces of any person; yet, after a silence, and attentive listening, of some minutes, he heard a door open, and again shut, as if with caution, some where near, although he could not distinguish where. Complying with the ardent petition of his companions, he descended with them another staircase, which was at the extreme end of the gallery, and opposite the room they had ineffectually searched. They now found themselves in that part of the castle where the chief apartments had been, and fixed upon one which had but one entrance into it. This they fastened as well as they could; and Hugh kindling a fire with the mouldering remains of furniture, they resolved to spend there the rest of the night. Nor was refreshment entirely wanting, Hugh having a bottle of cordial liquor with him, and some cold provisions.

Thus warmed and refreshed, the fears of the Squire and Hugh no longer had power to banish sleep. Although the Earl felt overpowered by fatigue, he resolved to keep watch. All was silent, except at intervals, the thunder, which died away in hollow sounds on his ear. The fire cast a dismal glare on the desolated walls, and fantastic shadows seemed to glide across them. He began to reflect on their situation, and forgot at that time none of the numerous stories he had heard regarding this ruin; the light which had led them hither; its strange disappearance, which agreed with what he had been told. Might not, thought he, the storm be raised by demons? The blaze of light, the yells, the total darkness which succeeded their prayers, the figure they had all distinctly seen gliding along the gallery, its strange

invelopments, and sudden vanishing—He almost shook with terror as it rose fresh to his imagination.

He was resolved to shake off the impression it had left. Ah, thought he, what would the gallant Percy say, did he know that Ralph of Raby was frightened by goblins, by ideal beings? He began to reason away his dread; the storm he thought might proceed from natural causes; the blaze of light might be somewhat set on fire by the lightning—but the figure—he was lost in doubt, in fearful conjecture; yet firmly resolved to search in the morning every corner of the castle. At length those thoughts gave way to the stillness which reigned around, and he had sunk into that repose his strength and spirits required, when he heard a voice of uncommon clearness, with an air of solemn dignity pronounce,

“Doth Ralph Neville seek refuge in sleep! is he no longer able to watch a night upon arms? For what end was he conducted here? Presumptuous, yet favoured mortal, didst thou supposed thy feeble barricades could exclude me? See how futile they have proved; lift thine eyes, behold.”—He obeyed—before him stood the same figure he had so vainly pursued along the gallery, still veiled. “Follow me,” said the voice, “unless you want the courage of your race.”

His sword lay unsheathed by him; snatching it with one hand, with the other he took a burning brand. “Dost thou, mortal man,” said the voice, “mean to turn thy sword against beings whose bodies are impalpable? Meanest thou, Ralph of Raby, to buffet the air? Or, if I am as thou art, human, came I not to thee in the garb of peace? I visit thee to instruct, to warn.” The weapon dropped from his hand, and in silence he followed through the solitary building. Again ascending the staircase, and passing along the same gallery, he entered the apartment mentioned as terminating it. “Fear not,” it cried, “behold me; look on me: veiled as I am from thy prying sight, are the ways of Providence to man. Know thou wert conducted hither for wise purposes, as yet unknown to thee.” The transparency of the robes of this form promised not to conceal it; but their lucid whiteness, and ever varying folds, made it impossible to guess of what nature was its shape. Taller than the race of mortals, its voice was sweet and commanding, its movements graceful. “To thee, if thou fearest not to follow, shall the veil of futurity be raised.” “Lead,” he cried, “whoever, whatever thou art; fearless I shall follow, trusting in Him who by a word created the world, and all it contains. The angels and just spirits serve and praise him from the beginning, and the very devils believe and tremble.” A door flew open; the figure entering, he followed. Wrote in letters of flame, on the opposite wall, were these memorable words; *The ways of Providence, are they not inscrutable? they are veiled from the sons of dust. Bow thou then in silence, to the ever wise, ever just, and perfect decrees of Him, who out of seeming evil bringeth good.* “Ah! now,” said the Earl, falling on his knees, “I am convinced thou art most truly a minister from heaven.” “Worship is not required from thee to me; rise, Ralph Neville; sufficient is it that thou knowest I am concerned for thee, nor heed what is my nature. In thy wish to serve the house of Lancaster, from which thy wife is descended, thou hast assisted to raise Henry of Bolingbroke to the throne. Thou, in thy ill-placed ardour, forgot Richard was thy benefactor; that he had, with liberal hand, heaped lands and honours on thee; yet, Ralph of Raby, thou raisedst the standard of revolt, swayed by the haughty Joan of Beaufort, thy wife; thou turned thine arms, the arms of thy vassals against him. Thou hadst sworn to defend, and branded thy name with perjury, with ingratitude: for this shall thy posterity dearly atone. This night should thy life have been the forfeit, hadst thou not entered here. *The ways of Providence, are they not inscrutable?* Thou wert in the midst of assassins, who had sworn thy destruction; but

the morning's sun shall rise on them as dead men: be thou grateful for this preservation; let it expand thy heart with charity." "Ah!" said he, "rather let my life be the forfeit, than that my posterity, innocent of my crimes, should miserably atone for them."

"Bow in silence, son of the dust," continued his instructor, "to the decrees of Providence. The rivers of thy native land shall flow with blood, when a descendant of thine takes as his arms the bear and ragged staff; then shall the father lift his sword against his son, the child against his parents; brothers shall imbrue their hands in brothers blood."

"Mistaken chieftains of the north, dearly shall ye rue the house of Lancaster." "Ah! hush in pity," cried the Earl, "hush!" "It comes not, Ralph in thy days. If thou art firm in the allegiance thou hast sworn to Henry, perjure not thyself doubly. The *Silver Crescent* shall flee before the *dun Bull*; a cloud shall obscure it; but again shall it shew its light on high, when a fair daughter of thine shall be dazzled by its beams. The evil cometh not in thy days, unless thou bringest it from a distant land of the west, unless from its golden groves thou transplant a tender shoot, to languish beneath an English sky, whose death shall wound the fair fame of its parent. Listen again; when the *Bear* and the *silver Boar* shall draw in one yoke, the lands of England shall lay untilled, watered by the blood of its sons, by the tears of its widows; then shall the lion, meek as a lamb, be led in chains, whilst its fierce mate shall spread abroad desolation. Know," continued the voice, "Joan, thy spouse, shall bear unto thee another daughter; nourish her with care; from her shall descend a long line of chieftains and of princes: let her choice be prudent: kings will love, princes contend; and of whatever nation she marries one of royal blood, to it she gives rulers for ever. Her fate hangs on a thread; perhaps she may suffer much, but seek not to learn how; *the decrees of Providence, are they not inscrutable?* Confine what thou hast learnt to thyself till a king talks of allying himself to thee. Go thou in peace; thou knowest all that is given thee to learn: the morning breaks, thy followers will awake, they will wonder at thy absence."

The figure touched him; he fainted and fell. When he recovered, it had vanished. He was again in the desolate apartment. Beside him lay the Squire and Hugh, still in the arms of sleep; the fire was nearly burnt out; and the morning yielded a faint light through the broken windows. He arose from his hard couch, and traversed the room, thinking of what he had heard. Had he really followed the phantom, or was his imagination so strongly impressed with strange ideas, that this was but a vision? The brand he had taken with him, he found scarce extinguished. He went to the window to watch the coming day, light clouds scudded across the sky, and the thunder at a great distance, at times, awfully interrupted the stillness of the hour. Aurora foretold the approach of the sun; he called his companions; every corner of the ruin was searched; nothing could be discovered that could lead to any conjecture regarding the light which directed them there, or to satisfy them whether the figure they had seen was human or not. Though unsatisfied, they resolved to depart. They mounted their horses; but passing round the north side of the castle, a deep groan saluted their ears: they dismounted, resolved to learn from whence it proceeded; where, half buried beneath some fallen stones, lay one of the Earl's retinue, whose bold and determined character he knew.

"Speak," he cried. "Walter, what brought you here?" "Alas! my Lord," he said, "may a dying wretch hope for pardon? Oh! for a holy priest to shrive me." "Speak," the Earl cried; "if you are guilty of some hidden crime, confess yourself to me." "Grant me then, my Lord your pardon. Against you did I imagine a crime the most horrid; thanks to God, who allowed me not to perpetrate it." "May that God," said the Earl, "pardon thee, poor wretch, as I do."

“Know then,” said the dying man, “a band of firm adherents to king Richard, swore by every thing sacred to revenge him. They are not suspected by Harry of Lancaster; though he is surrounded by them; they pervade his most secret apartments; a part rouses the Percys, the Mortimers, to arms; a part, mingling with thy train, purposed last night, in this wild forest, to flay you. You resolved to visit this castle; my comrades doubted not the demons who inhabited it would effect their design for them. I knew nor man, nor goblin, would fright thee. I followed, resolved alone to execute a deed I judged as glorious. A peal of thunder shook the castle, it tumbled, and buried me in its ruins.” His anguish allowed him not to say more, and life and misery left him at once.

With downcast looks, as if ashamed of their desertion, a part of the Earl’s retinue appeared, who, falling at his feet, he granted what they implored, his pardon for their fault. “Yet,” said he, “where are your fellows? have they still the dread of demons to fright them from their duty.” They proceeded to inform him, that they had found some shelter in a woodman’s hovel, where, discoursing of his danger, one of them, who had been the chief cause of their desertion, cried, “May all the foes of king Richard, all the friends of Henry of Bolingbroke, perish as miserably as I trust and hope, at this moment, does Ralph of Raby.” On this a quarrel ensued; the part which adhered to the Earl’s cause, defeated the traitors; four were killed, and the rest fled. Here then was the veracity of the phantom proved, that the morning sun should rise on the Earl’s enemies dead men. He built and endowed the hospital in Stainmore; and over its gates was carved,

“The ways of Providence are inscrutable; out of evil he bringeth forth good; bow in silence to the decrees of the Almighty.”

Terror Two

A GREAT concourse of people were assembled, from all parts of Europe, at the great annual fair at Franckfort, about the fourteenth century. Among the rest was the Lady Bertha, and the young Julia, her niece, from beyond the Alps. Lady Bertha was the widow of an officer, whose brother, also in the army, had been killed in endeavouring to screen him from the fatal effect of a blow which was aimed at him by a desperate enemy. The brother received the wound, and, after struggling a few minutes, expired in his arms. The last word that trembled on his lips, was—“Julia!” This was sufficient for the Colonel. He, from that moment, considered Julia as the sacred legacy of his dying brother; and as soon as he returned from the campaign, introduced the young orphan (for her mother had expired in giving her life) to his wife, the affectionate and virtuous Bertha, who readily adopted the interesting charge, and had ever treated her with maternal affection.

After the death of the Colonel, who had fallen in a subsequent action, the Lady Bertha was attacked by a slow consuming illness, which it was apprehended would carry her prematurely to her grave. To avert the effects so fatal, the physicians ordered her to travel.

They reached Franckfort near the time of the fair, and she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to shew Julia a little of the world. One day they followed the crowd to view the wonderful tricks of a conjuror, who, in league with a gipsy, performed such astonishing feats, that it was the general opinion, that he was, certainly, if not the devil

himself, at least his prime minister and favorite agent. The dead could not rest quiet in their tombs for him, nor the pocket-books, &c. of the spectators in their pockets. But the company ceased laughing at these exertions of his power, to wonder at his insight into the past, and his predictions of the future—predictions so mysterious and unintelligible, as fully exercised the talent of those to whom they were addressed, while they impressed their minds with a strong conviction of truth. By oracles so impressive, he stimulated curiosity, and excited interest. Every one pressed him to be told that which had already befallen them; and, by his accuracy in that respect, to judge of the probability of his prophesies, when he suddenly proposed to unveil the secret thoughts of any person present. Incredulity sat on the stretched features of every one of them, and but few presented themselves to the test. Every one, however, who made the trial, confessed, in their turn, that he had really read their hearts, and discovered their hidden imaginations.

He at length approached the seat where the Lady Bertha and her niece were placed; and, after some unimportant tricks to the aunt, proposed to shew Julia the whole progress of her future life. Julia shrunk back, blushing and dismayed; nor could all the encouragement of her aunt induce her to submit to such an exhibition. The gipsy and the conjuror now gave the company to understand, that they would make her a party without her acquiescence, and were even proceeding to take some steps for that purpose, when a loud and solemn voice uttered, “If thou darest, Gortz.”

The magician hesitated, and turned pale: he remounted the elevated seat he had quitted to address Julia, and cast a wishful look through the crowd; but he drew back his eyes with an expression of disappointment, while the spectators, full of astonishment, inquired in vain, “who had spoke.” No one could point out the person who had uttered words that had had so instantaneous and awful an effect on the multitude. Curiosity was suspended, or rather directed to a new object; nor did Gortz, for some minutes, seem anxious to recall it to himself. He was too deeply engaged in a scrutinizing survey of his audience, to make any attempt to renew the diversions.

At length he seemed to be dubiously satisfied, and again left his exalted station. He performed with less dexterity than before some of his former feats, and the agitation of his mind was visible in the perturbation of his manners. He proceeded, however, and meeting with no further interruption, gradually recovered his spirits.

At length he proposed to shew to Julia the form of her future husband. She trembling, replied, that she had no curiosity, and besought her aunt to quit the place, and return to the inn. The Lady Bertha, however, whether she had more curiosity than her niece, or whether she did not credit the indifference of so young a creature on a subject so interesting, encouraged the man to proceed, assuring Julia, that there could be no harm in it, as it was done so publicly; and that it could not be a real ghost, because the man that was to be her husband, could not be yet dead, and therefore she need not be alarmed.

Julia remonstrated against the impiety of these proceedings. She alledged, that, in order to shew the appearance of a living person, it was necessary to throw them into a lethargic state, and to separate the soul from the body; that this could not be done but by the most horrid incantations, equally revolting to humanity and religion; and concluded by requesting to be spared this time, and to be allowed to return home; both of which requests the Lady Bertha, who felt a childish curiosity and amusement in all that passed, decidedly refused; and the conjuror proceeded in his preparations for the intended display of his power.

He addressed Julia in an awful tone of voice, beseeching her not to be alarmed. She, whose countenance was all innocence and virtue, needed not, he assured her, to admit any fear.

"I cannot endure," replied she firmly, "to witness these nefarious arts: I conjure you, but all that is sacred, to desist!"

The same voice repeated—"GORTZ!"

The magician trembled more than before, and it was longer before he recovered. At length, however, Bertha desired to be told her future fortune, and withdrew with Gortz to a remote corner of the room. Julia was not allowed to follow, and she trembled at finding herself thus alone in the midst of strangers. She looked with anxiety at her aunt, wishing she would return, when, on turning her head on one side, she perceived at her elbow a tall man, of a most singular appearance, whose whole attention seemed engrossed by her. Surprised that she had not before remarked so extraordinary a person, and alarmed, she knew not wherefore, at his steady gaze, she would have crossed the room to the spot where her aunt yet remained in close conference with Gortz, but her trembling limbs were unequal to support her. A thousand times she wished herself out of this scene of magic and infernal incantation, but she had no means of quitting it. Even were she out of it, she was ignorant of the way back to the hotel. She could not contemplate the appearance of the strange man beside her, though he as fully engrossed her thoughts as she did his gaze. His eyes were fixed upon her, and which ever way she turned, she seemed to feel their piercing brilliancy. At length the Lady Bertha returned to her seat, apparently much pleased with the communications of Gortz. Julia now, with redoubled earnestness, besought her aunt to return home; but the old lady assured her, there was much to come still more worthy of their attention than any thing they had yet seen, and declared there was nothing to fear.

After a while, Gortz again approached her, and seemed determined, by a species of artificial courage, to proceed in his incantations. She was about to speak again, when she felt herself touched on the shoulder next her gazing companion. She looked around, and he said, in a voice, which, though softened to female tenderness, she instantly recognized for the same that had already twice checked Gortz, "Suffer him to continue, and fear not; I will protect you."

As much terrified at the mysterious protection thus offered her, as at the settled purpose of Gortz, she would have turned to renew her solicitations to her aunt, but she found herself unable to articulate. She gazed, therefore, in vacant silence, at the magician. At her self-created protector she dared not look. She knew not how to define, even to herself, the feeling that prevented her from observing him; but she continued conscious to emanations of his eyes. Gortz meanwhile proceeded; yet, every now and then, cast an eager and inquiring glance around, and seemed overcome with some indescribable emotions. He frequently turned his eyes to the spot where the mystic stranger still remained, as if something there annoyed him; yet the stranger addressed him not, nor seemed to take any measures to interrupt his proceedings.

Gortz kindled a fire, and drew a circle round it. He stepped within the circle, and muttered some unintelligible words, as he threw into the fire a number of ingredients that he drew from a bag beneath his garment. Julia saw but imperfectly what he threw in, yet something appeared to her like different parts of a human body. Shuddering with horror, she turned to see how her strange companion looked, but he was gone. She was much surprised; she had not been conscious of his departure. Alarmed at this circumstance, she knew not what to conclude; and she was half inclined to believe that the extraordinary effect his eyes seemed

to have had upon her, must have arisen from her imagination being strongly impressed with wildness and terror.

Gortz now stepped out of the circle, and spoke in a low voice to the gipsy; but he kept his wand still within the mystic line. He returned, continued his incantations, and appeared much dismayed. The fire burnt very dimly; and the gipsy handed him a cruise, which he emptied on the fire. It hissed extremely, and a column of thick black smoke enveloped the magician.

The voice of Gortz was heard from amidst the obscurity, exclaiming some mystic words which Julia did not understand. At length the smoke dissipated, but the fire was extinguished. Without quitting the circle, Gortz rekindled the fire, and called aloud to Julia to advance within the hallowed line. The old lady bade her go. Julia shuddered, and hesitated. The aunt repeated her orders, which, as she endeavoured to obey, she beheld, with an astonishment that weakened her confidence in her visual organs, a figure, in every particular, resembling herself, step as if immediately from her seat into the magic circle. She saw pleasure beam in the eyes of Gortz; but she had yet self-possession enough to remark great perturbation flashing on the countenance of the gipsy. She turned to look for the stranger, but nobody was to be seen. She felt surprised, and cast her eyes on her aunt; but found herself unable to express her wonder at what had just happened: nor was her wonder lessened, on observing that the Lady Bertha looked on with complacency, and betrayed no alarm on seeing a second Julia.

The true Julia immediately conjectured that her mysterious protector, to whose power she attributed the illusion she had witnessed, had rendered her invisible to her aunt, and perhaps to all the spectators; and more earnestly than ever did she wish herself at a distance from this scene of mystery and magic! Her reflections were, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent contest within the magic circle. The gipsy, who had not entered it, seemed extremely agitated, and kept her eyes fixed on the spot with every mark of alarm and apprehension. The sounds of contention were heard, but the words were in an unknown language; yet Julia distinguished the voice both of her new friend and Gortz in high altercation. At length the whole place was filled with a thick and blinding smoke, the vaulted roof re-echoed with alternate shrieks of despair and laughs of triumph. The spectators all endeavoured to rise, and find their way out, but all was in confusion and distress. Julia could perceive that her aunt also rose. She herself, unwilling to quit her aunt, and equally afraid to move, would have caught her robe, and detained her with a forcible grasp, but she was incapable of moving her hands, nor could she utter a single articulate sound! Overwhelmed with fresh alarm, she saw the Lady Bertha quit her place; and felt that, however the powers of speech and motion were denied her, the internal motions of her mind were not deadened.

After a state of confusion that beggars of all description, the tumult ceased, the smoke gradually dispersed, and Julia found herself alone in a large vaulted apartment, which she scarcely recognised for the same that had so lately been crowded with spectators. The benches, however, remained, and the ashes of the fire still emitted a sulphurous smell. At a small distance beyond the magic circle, she observed a bundle of rags; and going up to examine it, (for her state of immovability was now at an end,) she perceived, with indescribable dismay, the lifeless body of Gortz. Struck with horror, she determined to use her recovered powers in flying from so terrible a scene; nor did the reflection, that she was

ignorant of her way, at all diminish her impatience to be gone; but when she strove to unclose the door, it was fast, beyond her utmost strength to open it. More than ever appalled, she sunk, for a few minutes, into hopeless desertion: she believed herself singled out for the most alarming purpose, and knew not how to obtain relief.

At length her natural courage and spirit revived. It was not, she felt, by yielding to languor and despair, that her situation was to be amended; exertion only could give her a chance for escaping; and while the most distant hope remained of effecting her liberation, she resolved to substitute effort for lamentation, and with this view, having uttered a few fervent ejaculations, she turned her thoughts towards the windows. They were high, and she knew not whither they might lead her; yet she piled bench on bench, till she could nearly reach them, when the whole fabric of her diligence fell with a tremendous noise to the ground. Not even now wholly dismayed, she began once more to erect the scaffolding, which was to lead, not indeed to liberty itself, but only perhaps to the sad conviction that liberty was out of her reach; yet as she proceeded, she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! would I had followed my aunt!"— "Wish it not," replied the same voice that had before addressed her: but though she looked instantly round, she could see no one.

Oppressed with terror, her trembling hands refused to lift one more bench, and she sunk down desponding. She could not utter a word, earnestly as she wished to enquire the reason of her being thus singled out a victim so alarming; and the tears, which fell rapidly from her eyes, were almost the only indications she gave of existence. At length the same voice, in an accent mild as the song of the dove, said, "Look up, Julia, and behold him who has detained thee." She was scarcely able to obey the command; yet, when she raised her eyes to the being before her, she was equally incapable of withdrawing them.

She beheld a man, tall, majestic, of a noble and commanding aspect, clothed in a dress of a fashion she had never before seen, and bearing in one hand a small ivory wand, deeply inscribed with some very peculiar characters. His hair and beard were long, and perfectly white; yet his countenance, which was singularly, though sternly, handsome, shewed no signs of age. His eye, in particular, possessed a degree of brilliancy Julia had never seen equalled by that of any human being; and she recognized in it the mysterious expression that had prevented her from returning his attentive gaze during the exhibition.

Her beautiful proportions, the grace, the elegance of her figure, the dazzling whiteness of her skin, the glowing coral of her lips, the vernal rose of her cheeks, seemed by turns to court and rivet the stranger's notice. At length he seated himself beside her, took her hand, and having surveyed it with singular attention, said, as to himself, "In point of external beauty she will do."

Julia, lost in wonder which scarcely suffered her to comprehend all that passed, heard these words but imperfectly, and tremulously murmured, "Did you speak?"

"I did," he replied, carefully entwisting her taper and flexible fingers with his own. "I have excited your wonder, Julia; but I will gratify your curiosity. I have long waited your arrival at Franckfort. I have waited it with impatience; for who does not wait with impatience that event which is to crown their happiness?"

"Surely, surely," exclaimed the trembling damsel, "I heard not aright! My senses are bewildered by fear! How can my arrival here be connected with your happiness?" "Most closely interwoven," replied he: "our fingers are not more completely twisted together than

your happiness and mine!”

Julia shuddered. The singular expression of his eye again struck her; she turned heart-sick away; and a pallid lividness chased the roses from her cheeks. She strove to separate her fingers from those of her mysterious companion; but the effort was beyond her, and she desisted in despair.

“Fear me not, Julia,” resumed he; “I will not hurt you!” “And my aunt,” said Julia, in a voice of agony; “let me go to my aunt; she will be miserable for the loss of me!”

“Your aunt shall be taken care of,” said her companion; “but she is ignorant that she has lost you!”—“Oh Heavens!” exclaimed Julia, “then she is dead!”

The mysterious stranger denied that she was dead; but the idea, of which Julia could not divest herself, made her so miserable, that he said, “No, no, she is not dead; she is only deluded.” “Deluded!” repeated the terrified girl. “What then am I!—Oh let me see her!”

“Some other time,” replied he; at present she is satisfied. She believes you are with her. “The same form which, to your great surprise, personated you during the exhibition, is with her at this moment; and this counterfeit Julia is so well tutored, that the good lady must have more than mortal penetration (which does not, I think, fall to her share) to distinguish the difference.”

“Oh Heavens!” cried Julia, “she will, perhaps, leave Franckfort, and leave me behind!”

“Perhaps she will,” replied her companion: “but you are safe; and the time will come, when you shall be re-united to your aunt. In the mean time, you shall not only be safe, but splendidly happy!”

“Impossible!” exclaimed she. “Where shall I find a friend?”

“I will be your friend, father, brother, all,” answered this singular being, whose eyes now once more flashed intolerable on her.

Again Julia shuddered.

“You fear me,” said he; “do you not?” “Can I avoid it?” asked she. “At present,” answered he, “perhaps you cannot: but I trust you will soon conquer this fear. If you submit instantly and cheerfully to my will, you will not only secure my protection, but make for ever your indulgent friend! If, on the contrary, you dispute my authority, and seek to evade my power, you will not obtain your freedom, but you will make me your enemy. The concern I feel for you, makes me fear you will chuse this way: but know you are mine, my power is as firmly established over you, as if you had actually given me your consent; and whatever trouble you may occasion me before you pronounce your acquiescence, it will be done at last.”

“Consent!—To what?” asked Julia, with a countenance of dismay.

“To be mine,” replied he, “wholly, irrevocably, and unreservedly mine! My wife; my beloved, my adored wife!”—“This is strange,” said she.

“I grant it,” replied he; “but I will tell you the tale from the beginning. I was close at hand, Julia, when your father received his death wound from a German corporal. I heard him, in a faltering voice, recommend you to your uncle, his brother. I witnessed, applauded, and confirmed, the good resolution the worthy officer took at that moment, to adopt and cherish the legacy of his brother. I judged of your innocence and worth by the speediness of this adoption, and I fixed on you for my own. I waited eagerly your arrival at Franckfort, where I

knew I was to have the first sight of you. Though I had never seen you, I knew you instantly; and judging that Gortz would alarm you, I determined to protect you. He mistook me for a competitor of his, but he soon knew me better. He felt my power; and he, who would have injured you, is now no more. And now, Julia, learn that your aunt has left Franckfort; she is many leagues hence in company with your resemblance. I have expedited her journey, that I might devote myself wholly to you. I now wait your answer. Will you be mine? Remember, though I ask it, that you are mine! Fate has given you to me; and it is to spare you, not to insure to me the possession of you, that I thus again demand, Will you be mine?"

The beams of his eyes fell full upon her, and she sickened and fainted. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a magnificent chamber, lying on a bed of state, which was splendidly adorned with gold. She perceived through the windows, venerable trees waving their enormous branches; while the beams of the setting sun tinged some distant mountains with a purple light. The certainty that she was no longer in Franckfort instantly possessed her; but, fearful of recalling the mysterious arbiter of her fate, she remained silent, and ruminated on the singular events of the day. Impressed with an indefinable and unconquerable terror of the stranger, she rejoiced that her swooning had prevented her from giving a decisive answer to his question; and resolved, could she but ascertain that she was alone, to attempt once more her escape, and to defy the grant he boasted to have obtained of her.

This, in fact, she utterly disbelieved. Her uncle, the late Captain, never took any step of consequence without imparting it to his wife: had she been betrothed to any body, no oaths of secrecy could have bound her aunt to observe it: she was certain she should have heard of a fact so important to her: besides, had this contract existed, would Lady Bertha have permitted, and even encouraged, as she had done, an attachment between her and Ferdinand, an amiable and ingenuous youth, who waited only till he should have completed his studies, to ask, and, no doubt, to obtain, his father's permission to marry her. All these circumstances, which rushed on the mind of Julia, militated entirely against the existence of such a contract, and led her to consider herself as fully authorized to attempt to regain her liberty.

While she thus revolved, in her own mind, the singular predicament she was in, she, from time to time, looked round, and listened to ascertain whether any one beside herself was in the room; when suddenly her extraordinary pursuer stood before her, and his eyes again flashed upon her. "Are you deceived?" said he. "I ask you not to speak; give me but your hand, and rise the partner of my power and my prosperity."

"Where am I?" said Julia.

"In my castle," he replied, "in the woods four miles from Franckfort. In your own castle, if you will but give me your hand!"

"Alas!" replied she, willing to gain time, yet fearful of offending him, "what is a hand without a heart? You are worthy, no doubt, of both, and I am unwilling to give you the one without the other!"

"I have not then your heart?" enquired he.

"No," replied Julia; "I scarcely yet know myself, whether I have one. Allow me a little time to familiarize myself to the idea of becoming your wife."

"I am desirous to oblige you," he answered; "but beware, Julia, how you endeavour to deceive me. You can do nothing, you can think nothing, that I shall not be instantly apprized

of. Remember, therefore, it will not be safe to try to impose on me!"

"You will, however," said she, "allow me some time?"

"A week," answered he; "and if you are as desirous to oblige me, as I have shown myself complaisant to you, you will live in my society for that time, and not prejudice yourself against me!"

Julia, who knew not whether she dreaded most to encounter his anger or his eyes, was at a loss what to reply, till he took her hand, and enquired if she were well. She readily acknowledged that she felt no indisposition, but should be glad to rise. He gently kissed the hand he held; and promised to send a woman to assist her.

The moment her mysterious lover had left the chamber, Julia jumped off the bed on which she had been laid after her unconscious and rapid journey from Franckfort, and hastily shaking her clothes, ran to the window; for she was far more solicitous about her situation than about her dress. Presently, however, a decent, elderly woman made her appearance, with every appurtenance of a lady's toilet. Julia was sorry for the disturbance, for she felt her tears rise irresistibly for the loss of her aunt; and she dared not shew them before any one. She was taught caution by terror, and quietly submitted to the pleasure of her waiting-woman, who arranged her hair in a very few minutes, and assisted in all the rest of her dress without uttering a word. She then withdrew in the same silence, which Julia was no way disposed to break. The ready tears gushed to her eyes the moment the woman had quitted the room; but she felt too much awe of her mysterious lover to dare to indulge them even when alone. She could not feel quite certain that he would not know, and be offended, if she wept.

She now thought she ought to obey him, but knew not whither to go, if she left her chamber. Her eyes too were irresistibly attracted by the beautiful scenery his windows presented to them. The castle, which appeared to be an immense and magnificent structure, stood in a large and ancient forest, which had been cleared of all its underwood for a considerable distance, by which means the castle stood in an open grove of venerable and spreading trees, surrounded by the most fine and verdant turf. Long vistas, judiciously opened through the forest, led the eye to distant scenes of beauty and fertility; while some abrupt openings displayed the horizon crowned with noble and romantic mountains. The rushing of a waterfall at no great distance was heard, though it was concealed from sight; and Julia, ever enthusiastically fond of the beautiful and sublime of Nature, felt her soul gradually stolen away from the singularity of her situation, and soothed to tranquillity by the noble, yet reposing, objects before her: yet she recollected the request of the strange lord of this domain, and would have joined him, had she known where to find him.

The shades of evening began to veil the charms of the scene she was contemplating in obscurity; and she turned from the window, exclaiming, "Whither shall I go, if I leave this room?"

"Whither would you go?" replied the voice she already knew too well.

"I would have obeyed you," she answered, trembling, "and sought your society, had I known the way."

"Speak but your wishes aloud, my Julia," said he, "and they shall always be gratified."

He held Julia's hand, as he led her from her apartment along a magnificent gallery, whose walls were painted by the hand of no inferior master. They descended a noble staircase

of the finest marble, the ballustrades of which were gilt; and Julia, who had been accustomed to a very simple mode of life, was dazzled at the splendour every where displayed. Six servants were employed in lighting up a spacious hall they had to cross, while as many more rapidly advanced to open the door of a saloon, compared to which all which she had hitherto seen was poverty. It seemed sparkling all over with gems, while flowers of the most exquisite hues and odour filled the air. A concert of wild aerial music floated at intervals through the dome, at times accompanied by choirs of most melodious voices, then again lessening by degrees till one single instrument alone was heard, yet were no performers to be seen. At one end of the saloon was a recess, in which was placed a sofa of blue velvet, ornamented with a fringe of gold. To this spot was the astonished Julia conducted, and placed on the sofa, which seemed the throne of luxury; while her extraordinary companion, without relinquishing her captive fingers, seated himself beside her, and, in a voice of exquisite tenderness, besought her to consider herself as the sovereign of all she saw, and himself as the most devoted of her slaves.

“I would wish, my Julia,” said he, “to touch that lovely bosom by gentleness and kindness; yet, remember,” grasping hard her delicate fingers, “remember you are mine!”

This mixture of menace and submission terrified Julia, who found herself completely in his power, in a room most luxuriously furnished, where not a single being but themselves appeared, and where every thing bespoke the uncontrouled voluptuousness of the master. In a few minutes a small table, covered with the most exquisite dainties, appeared in the recess, and Julia gazed with wonder. Her lover besought her to take some refreshment. She had not eaten since she quitted the hotel with her aunt, and she really wanted food. She suffered him, therefore, to persuade her; but she merely took some sweetmeats; and resolved to forbear touching salt while she staid; for dazzling, as was the magnificence with which she was surrounded, she had no wish but to escape. At length he prevailed on her to drink a glass of wine; it was exquisite; but Julia was alarmed, and insisted on diluting it with water.

After their repast was over, which had been attended with many wild strains of aerial music, Julia wished to retire, and obtained permission of her mysterious master. He led her to the door of her apartment, and imprinting on her fair hand a tender, yet respectful kiss, bade her farewell. The same sedate personage attended to assist her at her evening toilet; but Julia, weary of restraint, gave her to understand, that she required no help, but wished to be left alone. The good matron curtsied, and left her: but Julia observed that she locked the door of her apartment on the outside. This circumstance a good deal appalled her. She endeavored to secure it on the inside also; but as she was drawing the bolts, recollected, with a sigh, how little safety from intrusion she should derive from any fastenings, while under the roof a being so strangely potent. Oppressed with feelings she could not controul, she threw herself upon a sofa, and ruminated on her situation. She shuddered at the idea of being so completely in the power of her persecutor. She shuddered still more at the idea of his power itself. Power thus manifested must be illegal, must be—She hesitated to pronounce the word—*infernal!* The death of Gortz, the deception passed on her aunt, the singular captivity in which she was detained, all struck her as corroborating proofs of the truth of her surmise. From this inference, the upright mind of Julia naturall deduced another, that to resist infernal power must be right; and though very inadequate to support such resistance, she determined to do all that lay in her power; and consoling herself with the reflection, that to do right

always brings its own reward, she resolved to support with fortitude this week of trial, and then boldly to disavow her belief of the contract, and peremptorily to assert her will to depart instantly.

The utter and absolute impossibility that such a contract should exist, she was well convinced of. Who but a father could ever have power to conclude such a treaty? And would a father, at the moment of his death, consign an infant daughter to an utter stranger? For this man pretended to an early friendship to both her father and her uncle, and founded his claim solely on a contract entered into when her father quitted the world. "Of whom then," mournfully thought Julia, "of whom then did he obtain the promise of this wretched hand?"

The singularity of her lover's foreknowledge of her journey to Franckfort now struck her. "Where could he have gained intelligence which was scarcely certain to ourselves?" The question could be answered only by referring the solution of the enigma to some preternatural power. This idea made her shudder; and the more she reflected, the more she felt determined on her plan of temporizing for the week, and boldly asserting her resistance at the end of it. The week appeared to her an eternity. The various pleasures which succeeded each other, seemed to Julia more tedious than the uninteresting tricks of the conjuror. She felt herself the victim of a specious delusion, from which she was unable to emancipate herself; and she thought the hours lingered in their course. Frightful as was the resistance by which she meant to attempt to break the confinement which bound her, any active exertion seemed, at some moments, preferable to such languid acquiescence in the luxuries of the place; yet, at other moments, she felt too fearful to anticipate the period of trial, by previously announcing her decided negative. The dreadful words, "At all events you are mine!" continually resounded in her ears; yet the close of all her deliberations constantly was, that she would not be so with her own concurrence.

At length the dreaded, yet wished-for, period drew near. She had retired for the last time to her chamber. The next day was to decide her fate, and she passed the night in recalling to mind the various graces of her Ferdinand, and the extreme turpitude by which power so unholy as that of her persecutor must have been acquired; and it is difficult to say which contemplation most contributed to the resolution she felt when the morning dawned of the eventful day. Her toilet attendant refused on that day to be disengaged. She attired Julia with more than usual grace; and she could not but perceive herself, as the numerous and splendid mirrors reflected her graceful form, that she looked uncommonly lovely. Her heart beat with terrible emotion as she proceeded to the saloon; her agitation gave redoubled lustre to her eyes, and animation to her cheeks; her trembling sensibility throbbed violently in every pulse; and she entered the apartment with an air at once eager and timid.

Her lover, ever splendid in his attire, was now unusually so. He rose to meet her, advanced to the door, took her hand, led her into the centre of the room, and described a circle with his sword. She resolutely stepped beyond it, and said aloud, "Is it to magic circles you would owe my determination?" He himself left the circle; and with the most respectful tenderness taking her hand, said, "May I flatter myself your visible emotion is a favourable symptom for me? Will you now voluntarily yield your fingers to this symbolical interunion?"

"No," exclaimed Julia aloud: "Now, nor never will I yield to unholy arts of magic and incantation!"

Her lover looked much surprised, but more alarmed. Julia failed not to observe the

happy omen, and continued in a firm tone of voice, "I conjure you, by all the powers of Heaven, to restore me to my friend!" She then uttered those sacred names, against which no magical delusion can stand; and in a moment found herself on a bed in the hotel in Franckfort, with her aunt sitting by her holding her hand, and gazing on her with the most earnest attention.

"Where am I?" said Julia softly: "and was it all a dream?"

"Yes, my child, and a most horrible one," replied the Lady Bertha, "to judge by its effects on you."

"How long have I been asleep?" inquired the still trembling girl.

"Ever since the morning," answered the kind aunt; "ever since the moment when the smoke of the vile conjuror's fire overcame you, and I had you conveyed hither while insensible."

"My dear aunt," resumed the incredulous Julia, "I must have slept a whole week."

"No, my dear child," she replied; "but I have anxiously awaited your waking, both on account of your unquiet sleep, and because I have letters from Italy."

Julia's heart bounded with an involuntary joy, and she eagerly inquired their import.

"I believe we may return home," said the old lady: "my health is sufficiently benefitted; and Ferdinand has obtained his father's consent, and is anxious for your union."

Julia's dream had done much towards increasing her affection for this young man; and she joyfully stepped into the carriage which was to carry her back. On their journey she related to her aunt the strange events of her dream, and learned, with a surprise she could not repress, that she had not been ten minutes in the hall of exhibition; for that she had fainted almost instantly and been taken back to the hotel.

The Lady Bertha listened to her niece's relation with wonder. Julia deduced from it the important maxim, that a steady adherence to the interests of virtue, and a resolute refusal to concur in all schemes of vice, will ultimately conquer all difficulties, and be crowned with the most permanent and brilliant success.

Terror Three.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1700, a friar was commissioned by the Convent at Bologna, to go to Genoa, for the purpose of collecting some valuable effects that had been bequeathed to the society by a Jew, who, softened by divine grace, had become a proselyte of one of the order.

A few days previous to his departure, he received a letter from a lady, with whose family he had been long acquainted, intreating him to visit her immediately. He desired the bearer of the letter to conduct him to the residence of the lady. But how was the friar surprised to behold the Lady Hortensia, the descendant of a noble family, whom he had been accustomed to behold incircled with all the voluptuous luxury of wealth and pride, now the obscure inhabitant of a little mean mansion, situated in the most deserted suburbs of the city! He knew she had offended her family by an union with a young merchant, who, in every

instance, independent of his birth and his profession, was worthy the preference she bestowed on him; but as he was opulent, this circumstance did not account for her altered fortune. She read in the countenance of the friar, the sentiments of compassion, so sad a change had excited.

“Yes, father,” said she, “I have, indeed, suffered a severe reverse of fortune; but think not the tears I shed flow from any regret of an opulence, of which, on account of these little ones alone, I lament the deprivation.”

She pointed, as she spoke, to three lovely children, who fondly clung around her, and, with the engaging endearments of infantine tenderness, strove to mitigate her distress.

“You know,” resumed Hortensia, “how greatly my union with Anselm irritated the selfish pride of my family. The hatred of my resentful and arrogant brothers pursued my husband with unrelenting bitterness. I often feared it would bring him to an untimely grave; and whatever commercial advantages his residence in this city might afford him, I besought him with tears to sacrifice them to my peace, and to quit a country where the anxiety of my fears permitted me not to enjoy one moment’s tranquillity.

My husband, though uninfluenced by the fears which incessantly preyed on my spirits, indulgent even to my weakness, yielded, though reluctantly, to my wishes. In the design of seeking with his family that peace in some distant province, which the resentment of my relations, or rather, perhaps, my own unhappy infirmity, forbade him to enjoy in his native city, he determined to remove to Genoa, where he hoped to establish himself in an advantageous line of commerce. Commerce he loved; and the liberal expansion of his mind taught him to consider it as more truly honourable, than that indolent apathy of misjudging pride, which degrades the character it is intended to ennoble.

Having converted almost all his effects into money, and provided himself with bills of exchange, he quitted me with a thousand endearing professions of eternal remembrance, and promises of sending for me, and these dear infants, whom he bathed in tears of paternal regret, as soon as he should have time to prepare for our reception. That last interview seemed clouded with a presentiment of something dreadful: but when I reflected, that it was in compliance with my own wishes this journey was undertaken, I felt my opposition would come too late, and suffered him to depart. I consented to a separation which was doomed to be eternal! Oh, father!” continued Hortensia, bursting into a violent passion of tears, “Anselm is dead! He has been murdered: and whether he has fallen a victim to the avarice of strangers, or to the treachery of relations—Oh, the idea is too horrible!”

“But on what reason, daughter,” said the friar, “do you found this terrible supposition?”

“Alas!” replied Hortensia, “I know too well the faithful heart of my Anselm, to believe that, if in being, he would have ceased to live for me, and for his children. On his journey he wrote to me from every stage. On his arrival at Genoa he wrote. Here,” she continued, taking a paper from her bosom, “here is the last sad proof of my Anselm’s affection.”

“DEAR HORTENSIA,

“Though almost sinking under fatigue, and surrounded with the disagreeable bustle of an inn, I snatch a moment to inform you of my safe arrival at Genoa. May this city be more

propitious to our happiness than our native one has been! At present, unconnected with it by any interesting tie of friendship, it seems to me more dreary than a wilderness: but I have been so fortunate as already to find an acquaintance, to whose house I am preparing to remove. There I hope to feel more at ease, and to be able to shake off this uncomfortable gloom which so heavily oppresses my spirits; yet I feel it will never be entirely dissipated till I embrace my Hortensia and our lovely infants. Adieu! I commit you to the protection of the Almighty and his holy angels!

“ANSELM.”

“P. S. I have been obliged to leave my faithful Paulo, who has been seized with an ague, at a village forty leagues from hence, but I hope he will be able to follow me with my baggage in a few days.”

“This letter,” resumed Hortensia, is the last I received from my Anselm: nor did I ever afterwards hear the slightest information respecting his destiny. In a week from the date of this letter, I received another from Paulo, who, when sufficiently recovered, had followed his master to Genoa, with the baggage left to his care. He easily found the inn where his master had stopped; but the host informed him, that he had only remained there to take some refreshment, and write a letter, and had immediately departed with a stranger of mean appearance, who carried for him a small portmanteau, and with whom he had some conversation in Spanish; a language which the host did not understand.

“Paulo, after continuing to make a most diligent, but fruitless, search after his master for three days, applied to the magistracy. The inn-keeper and his people were examined; but the fact, as he had already stated it, was corroborated by the testimonies of so many witnesses, that his innocence admitted not of doubt. Paulo, at length, returned to me with the fatal intelligence. We knew that the small portmanteau, mentioned by the innkeeper, contained in cash, jewels, and bills of exchange, almost all the property of my husband. He had said, that he was on the point of removing to the house of an old acquaintance. What room remained there to doubt, that he had been deceived and decoyed by a specious shew of friendship and hospitality, and, with the unsuspecting confidence of friendship, had run with inadvertent step into the deadly pitfall? But by whom has it been dug? Has he fallen the accidental prey of murderous avarice, or the predestined victim of implacable revenge? This horrible secret yet sleeps in the darkness of futurity! Meantime, Oh, father, conceive, for I cannot describe my sufferings. Persecuted by a family, who, instead of consoling my sorrows, triumph with barbarous exultation in my misfortunes; abandoned by the former friends of my prosperity; stripped by the un pitying creditors of my husband, of the small remains of property which he had not converted to money; and wasted by the sense of anguish which preys incessantly on my soul! Yet, a still deeper gulph of misery opens before me; and I anticipate, with unspeakable horror, the hour which shall witness the entire consumption of the slender pittance which yet remains unspent; when even this roof, mean as it is, will be no longer allowed to shelter my infant orphans. I accidentally learned your intended journey to Genoa, and this circumstance revives my hopes. Men of your sacred character have frequently opportunities of developing mysteries impenetrable to others. The horrors attendant on the awful crisis of approaching dissolution, have been often known to

wring secrets of dreadful import from the hardened hearts of the most obdurate. The hand of Providence may guide you in your researches; surely its awful counsel will be justified to mankind, and the murderers of my husband brought to public and exemplary punishment.”

The friar promised the unhappy Hortensia to exert the utmost of his diligence in endeavouring to discover the perpetrators of the crime she had but too much reason to believe had been committed.

A few days after this conversation, he departed on his mission, and arrived in Genoa. Among the persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of his transactions, was the Seigneur Carsina, a merchant of very considerable property and eminence; who having bestowed on his only son, Alonzo, a distinguished education, had sent him into Tuscany, to serve in the armies of the Grand Duke. Exactly at the period when the friar arrived at Genoa, the young Alonzo also returned from Florence, impatient to embrace a family from which he had been separated three years.

The friar was not unmindful of his promises to Hortensia, and intreated his new friends to assist his inquiries, which they willingly acceded to; but it avails nothing to repeat exertions which produced not the slightest effect. Despairing of success, he insensibly desisted from his efforts, when, by events the most extraordinary, the mystery of iniquity was revealed, and the sacred ways of Providence vindicated to the world.

Young Alonzo and the friar frequently took long walks into the country. They were returning to the city one evening later than usual, and had scarcely reached the suburbs, when they were overtaken by a violent storm of rain and thunder.

“Luckily,” said Alonzo, “we are near a place of refuge. I have an aunt who inhabits this quarter, her house is just by.” They soon reached a handsome building; and, as the storm continued with increasing violence, the Lady Perlotta, who was a widow, proposed to them to pass the night there, and offered to dispatch to Alonzo’s father, lest their absence should excite alarm.

“What,” replied the young soldier, “would you wish my friend and me to expose ourselves to the perils we may encounter in this mansion of yours, which fame reports to be haunted?”

“My family and I,” replied the lady, “have inhabited it for a year without receiving any personal injury.”

“That is to say,” returned Alonzo, “that the goblins who infest this house, have not yet arrived at such a pitch of insolence as to pinch or buffet you.”

“There was a time,” returned the lady, “when I considered subjects of this nature in the same ludicrous light that you do, and treated them with the same levity.”

“But those nocturnal gentry have convinced you of your error, and taught you to treat them with more consideration.”

“Possibly they have.”

“I perceive,” returned Alonzo, “you are rather reserved on this subject; and I commend your circumspection, when I reflect that some of those invisible sprites may be eavesdropping at this moment, and possibly revenge on you at night any expressions derogatory to their dignity which you may utter in the day.”

“I confess,” replied the lady, “this is a subject which I do not like to hear lightly spoken of. I shall expose myself to your ridicule, by acknowledging, that the uncommon

noises by which this house is disturbed, have terrified me into a resolution of quitting it, notwithstanding my finding it in every other instance extremely convenient. I will not repeat the tales related by my servants; we all know the magnifying, or rather creative powers of ignorance and superstition. I at first treated these stories with the contempt I supposed they merited; but when some of my servants were actually driven by terror from my dwelling, and that I found it almost impossible to supply their places with others, the fear of my being left alone in this solitary house, compelled me to give attention to a grievance, which, however ideal the cause in which it originated, was now become a matter of serious importance. I determined one night to watch with my family; and for this purpose, after having myself searched the house with the strictest exactness, and seen all the doors and windows barred, I collected every individual of my household; even cats and dogs were admitted to the assembly, in the large chamber which opens to the long gallery at the top of the grand staircase.

“At twelve we entered this apartment. Not a breath of air was heard; the most profound quiet for some time prevailed in the house; this was nothing more than I expected, and my strong inclination to sleep was not banished by any uneasy apprehension. Inclined to indulge this propensity, I was beginning to think of dismissing my companions to their respective apartments, when my attention was roused by hearing the folding doors which are at the foot of the staircase distinctly opened, though I had myself carefully barred them, and some person ascend the stairs with light but slow step.”

“And had none of your companions courage to open the door, and endeavour to detect the imposter?” said Alonzo. “We had no soldier amongst us,” replied the aunt. “We were, indeed, deprived of motion, and gazed on each other in speechless astonishment; whilst we heard the continuing footsteps pass close by the door, and resound in echoes through the gallery, till the door at the farther end opened, and slowly closed again; when, as we supposed, the being, whether mortal or spiritual, had entered the chamber it belonged to. To add to my amazement, I had myself locked that door with the others in the same range, and the keys lay before me on the table. My children and domestics dropped on their knees, whilst I continued in a kind of stupor, in which astonishment seemed more prevalent than terror. For half an hour an awful stillness reigned throughout the mansion, when the door of the chamber again opened and closed; we heard the sounds of the approaching footsteps in the gallery; and I fancied I could even distinguish the flowing of silk robes, which seemed to sweep the stairs as they descended. The door into the hall again opened, and closed; afterwards all was quiet and silent as the grave. “I say nothing,” added the Lady Perlotta, “of my own sensations: I have stated the fact simply as it occurred, and leave you to make your own animadversions.”

“I confess it appears extraordinary,” said Alonzo; “yet I cannot forbear suspecting it to originate in some conspiracy amongst your servants!”

“The same idea crossed my mind,” said the lady; “but the wild horror exhibited in their countenances on the night I have described, would have sufficiently convinced me of their innocence, had I even had cause to suspect it. When this suspicion was rejected, another presented itself to my mind. I hold this house on very moderate terms; some interested and wicked person, who wished to obtain possession of it, by rendering my abode in it intolerable, might hope to induce me to part with it, which I shall certainly do, at a

considerable loss. Yet who, to obtain an end so inadequate, would recur to means so pregnant with danger?"

"As to danger," replied the young soldier, laughing, "not much, I believe, is to be apprehended from the prowess of the myrmidons by whom you are surrounded. But, my good aunt, what you have related has inspired me with an insurmountable inclination to essay this perilous adventure; and I am determined to sleep this night in that very chamber which he resorts to at the end of the gallery."

The lady turned pale at this determination, and warmly, but vainly, opposed it. The friar offered to be the companion of Alonzo's watch; but this he absolutely refused. However, they compromised the difference, by stipulating, that he should sleep in an adjoining chamber, which communicated by a door with that which he was resolved to occupy.

The necessary arrangements being made, and Alonzo having provided himself with loaded pistols, and a stiletto, about midnight the lady conducted them to their apartments, and bidding them farewell, retired to the opposite wing of the building, where she and her family had been latterly accustomed to repose.

"I approve the fancy of the goblin," said Alonzo, looking around him: "this chamber is one of the most pleasant and commodious of the building. It is vexatious that this good woman, whose circumstances are not opulent, should be driven from so suitable a habitation by some secret scheme of villainy, of which the motive seems at present incomprehensible. I do not expect to be disturbed to night. The servants saw my arms, and assisted me to charge them. The ghost, whoever he is, will not want information of this circumstance. But the repose I expect to enjoy will corroborate my suspicion of treachery, and we may consult at our leisure some more certain and secret method of detection."

Before they separated, they locked both the chambers on the inside, leaving open the door of communication. The friar retired to his allotted chamber, and threw himself on the bed in his clothes; and being overcome with the fatigue of the unusually long walk he had taken, sunk into a deep sleep, in which he continued till aroused by the repetition of his name. He startled from his slumber, and beheld a figure hanging over him, which imagination might have easily transformed to that of a ghastly spectre. It was Alonzo, who stood by his side with a taper in his hand; his countenance was overspread with livid paleness, his hair stood erect, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his frame shook with convulsive tremors.

Struck with the appearance of horror so strongly impressed on his countenance, the friar uttered some sudden ejaculations of amazement, and perceiving him ready to sink to the earth, arose to support him. He led him into the adjoining apartment, where he obliged him to swallow some of the wine which the lady had ordered to be provided for their refreshment.

"I have been accustomed to scenes of bloodshed and dismay!" said Alonzo; "my eyes have been shocked by the deadly devastation of war! but such a spectacle of horror as I have this night witnessed—Hark!" he continued, looking wildly towards the door, "did you not hear a sound in the gallery?"

It was long ere Alonzo could assume composure to give the following extraordinary relation:

"After you left me," said Alonzo, "I began to read, till feeling somewhat weary, I threw myself on my bed. Light slumbers at intervals deceived my senses; my ideas wandered

from the present scene, till recalled to a recollection of my situation by a distant noise, which appeared to be that of the unbarring of a door. My aunt's relation instantly recurred to my memory. I started, and raising myself on my left arm, listened with deep attention. The sounds increased precisely as had been described to me. I heard the footsteps advancing along the gallery in a pace slowly solemn. Still supporting myself on my left arm, I caught one of the pistols which lay on the bedside, but felt myself seized with an indescribable sensation, which allowed me not strength to rise from it. The door, though we had carefully locked it, flew open: a figure entered: it was that of a man, tall, pale, and habited in a morning robe of blue satten: it crossed the chamber, and stalked to that part of it which is opposite to the foot of the bed: it turned towards me, and crossing the arms, stood for some minutes in a musing attitude. Conceive the astonishment with which I contemplated this figure, which seemed to be that of a man of thirty: the long, pale countenance was shaded by dark dishevelled hair; but its expression was more sorrowful than terrifying. It raised its eyes to me with a stedfast but melancholy composure. The countenance with which it regarded me was more adapted to inspire compassion, than to impress terror. I felt the pistol drop from my hand. The figure raised its right hand from its breast, and gently waved it towards the door. I started from my bed, and stood upright. It advanced three paces; then stopping, it regarded me with an air of wishful and imploring solicitude. Again it turned towards the door, waving its hand to me to follow.

“No longer doubting that the being before me was supernatural, and believing it to be delegated by the Almighty to accomplish some solemn purpose of his mysterious providence, I thought it would be impiety to endeavour to counteract the impulses it wished to inspire; and feeling myself suddenly endued with a fortitude that seemed superhuman, I advanced to the table, and with my left hand seizing a light, whilst I grasped my stiletto in my right, I boldly prepared to follow my visionary conductor, who appeared to consider my movements with melancholy complacency. It glided before me through the gallery, down the staircase, and through the hall, from whence I continued to follow it through a long narrow passage, at the end of which was a staircase that led to the vaults beneath the house. I cast a glance into the dark abode I was invited to explore. The idea of descending into these subterranean recesses with a spectre risen from the grave, suddenly called to my imagination images of supernatural horror. I stopped. The phantom, which hovered on the edge of the staircase, turned, and observed me with an expression of anxiety still more melancholy and passionate. I looked backwards, as if inclined to retreat: it uttered a deep sigh: I felt my fortitude revive; and fervently recommending myself to the protection of the holy saints, I determined to pursue the apparition, should it even conduct me to the dark centre of the earth.

“I followed the spectre down the steep stone staircase, and through several vaults, till we arrived in that which seemed to be the most obscure and distant. Having reached the remotest part of this dismal recess, it stopped, and turning towards me, regarded me fixedly for a moment, then looked downwards, as if it wished me to remark the particular spot it stood on. I observed it was covered with a large bluish flag-stone. The spectre continued to regard me with an expression, of which words can convey no adequate idea, whilst I stood awaiting in breathless expectation the catastrophe of this strange and awful summons; then uttering a deep groan, the phantom stamped on the spot it stood on, and suddenly throwing back its head, discovered a wide and frightful gash in the throat; and whilst I continued to

gaze on it, it seemed, like the visionary tints of the rainbow, to melt and mingle with the surrounding atmosphere, till it utterly faded from my view. I remained for some moments," continued Alonzo, "fixed and frozen in the torpor of terrified amazement. An event so horrible, so unexpected, so utterly repugnant to every argument my reason had hitherto adopted, subverted for a period the operation of my thinking faculties. I scarcely know, I cannot recollect, how I returned from that scene of horror; and even now I am tempted, by the confusion of my ideas, to doubt the reality of the surrounding objects. Perhaps," continued he, casting a vacant stare around him, "perhaps these apartments, this furniture, perhaps even you, Father Ignatius, are but the offspring of a severed fancy; that the recent scene of horror is but the fearful illusion of a dream; and that on awaking, I shall find myself reposing tranquilly beneath my father's roof."

Alonzo, after having finished his relation to the friar, sunk into a deep reverie; but his agitated features still confessed the perturbation of his spirit. The friar was almost inclined to believe that the strange and fearful circumstances he had related, had been the coinage of his own distempered imagination, during a slumber of which he had been unconscious.

"Much as I have suffered by this adventure," said Alonzo, "convinced that it must lead to some important discovery, I am far from regretting the part I have acted in it. Yet methinks I perceive in your countenance some symptoms of incredibility. See the dawn of the morning gleams through the curtains; come with me, and I will convince you: I will lead you through the passages I have described, and which till this night I have never seen or heard of."

The friar followed Alonzo; and descending the staircase, traversed the hall, and entered the long narrow passage he had described, at the end of which they found the narrow stone flairs. Alonzo cast a look of terror down the gloomy descent; a sudden shuddering seized him. "You are now convinced," said he, grasping the arm of the friar. "Come, let us quit these gloomy recesses; this night we will return, and explore their fatal mysteries; mean time, till we have witnessed the conclusion of this adventure, let us keep it a profound secret. Come into the garden; the air may refresh me; I must prepare to meet my aunt with my accustomed cheerfulness."

As they walked, they arranged their plan of operations. The lady, whose anxiety on their account had suffered her to enjoy but little repose, soon perceived them from her window, and immediately joined them. She eagerly enquired how they had rested. They both assured her that their sleep had been unbroken.

"Yet," said the lady, with an air of distrust, "as I was too solicitous on your account to rest, distant as my apartment is, I more than once imagined I heard uncommon noises!"

"But you must recollect," said Alonzo, "that the rest of a soldier is not easily broken. I have been accustomed to sleep on the bare earth, and have enjoyed salutary repose whilst the bombs and cannons have thundered around me, and threatened to crush the roof that sheltered me: judge, then, what impression the light step of your airy visitant was likely to make on such organs as mine! Yet one circumstance engenders a suspicion that he has been playing his accustomed pranks. I recollect having locked my chamber door at night; yet, to my surprise, found it open in the morning."

The Lady Perlotta appeared alarmed.

"Why that look of terror?" said Alonzo. "You see your sprite has treated me with

great civility; but as this circumstance, whatever may be its cause, has strongly excited our curiosity, this good father and I are determined to watch again to night with greater vigilance. They then agreed to return after supper, and bade the lady farewell.

At the appointed hour they returned to the house, accompanied by a stout fellow, the favorite domestic of Alonzo, to whom they had partially confided their plan. Alonzo, under pretence of wanting clothes to dress at an early hour on the following day, sent by this person a portmanteau, in which they had deposited pickaxes, and some other implements, which they had judged would be necessary to assist in the completion of their design.

In about two hours, when all the family were at rest, they descended with as little noise as possible, carrying with them the tools they had provided. They followed Alonzo, who, urged by the ardour of a strongly interested curiosity, led the way with a firm step, and undaunted courage.

They descended to the vaults, and passed through several till they came to one where Alonzo stopped, and darting a look full of meaning, he held up the light he carried, and they distinctly perceived the broad flat stone he had described.

Pale and horror-struck for an interval, they gazed on each other in silence; then looked fearfully around, as if in apprehension of seeing the ghastly spectre glide from some obscure corner of the gloomy cavern; whilst the young Tuscan, struck with their emotion, regarded them by turns with looks of terror and curiosity.

“Come,” said the friar, fearing the effect which the recollection of the adventure of the preceding night might produce on the spirits of Alonzo, “come, it is time to begin our work.”

“Yes,” said Alonzo, setting down his light, and seizing a mattock, “it is time! Come, Giovanni, the good father will hold the lights for us whilst we work.”

Giovanni obeyed, though with evident diffidence and reluctance.

The operation was not difficult; they raised the blue flag, and some others adjoining to it, and dug away the earth beneath. They had already dug to the depth of four feet, and began to doubt whether their researches would lead to the discovery they so ardently sought, when the Florentine exclaimed, that some hard substance impeded his spade. The same circumstance occurred to Alonzo, though they stood some feet asunder. On clearing away the earth, some whitish object was discovered; and Giovanni exclaimed, in terror, that he believed it was a corpse in a winding sheet!

“Come,” said the friar, setting down the lights, and leaping into the pit to assist them, “come, let us persevere in our efforts; let us trace to its iniquitous source this dreadful mystery which the providence of the Almighty unfolds by means so miraculous!”

They then disengaged from the earth a large and heavy parcel, that was wrapped in folds of linen, which, decayed by the damp of the earth, had partly mouldered away. As they laid it on the ground, they perceived that the linen was stained with blood; they opened it, and found the body of a man, which appeared to have lain some time in the ground; but part of a robe of blue satin, in which it had been habited, still remained entire.

“See!” cried Alonzo, holding out this fragment with a look of unspeakable horror, “examine the body, father; you will find the deadly wound.”

The friar did so, and perceived that the wind-pipe had been completely severed.

“But to what does this discovery lead?” said Alonzo. “Here, indeed, are the mangled remains of an unfortunate man, who has fallen the victim of avarice or cruelty: but what

indication have we received which may point out, and bring to punishment, the perpetrator of the bloody deed?"

He shook the lined, as he spoke, and a parcel dropped from it. It was a large pocket-book. The friar eagerly opened it; and the first word which struck his eyes, was the name of Anselm in large characters. "Merciful Heaven," exclaimed he, "the murdered body I behold, is that of the husband of the unfortunate Hortensia! That husband so tenderly lamented, and so anxiously and vainly sought for—a victim to the black treachery of interested villainy—deprived of the holy sacraments of his church, of the sacred rights of Christian burial, lay mouldering in unconsecrated clay, like the vilest malefactor."

Alonzo, to whom the friar had frequently mentioned this unhappy person, being more collected, examined the pocket-book, which, to their inexpressible satisfaction, contained those bills of exchange which Hortensia mentioned that her husband had obtained previous to his departure, and which the traitors who murdered him, fearing that to negotiate them would lead to a discovery, had doubtless interred them in the same grave with their unfortunate proprietor, contenting themselves with the rich booty which his jewels and specie had afforded them. On further examination, they also found a parcel of bloody clothes, and a knife stained with blood; the instrument, doubtless, with which the inhuman deed had been perpetrated. Thus had the murderers of Anselm consigned to the earth every evidence of their atrocious crime, and, in the blindness of human folly, vainly imagined they had secured it from detection; unconscious of that all-pervading Eye, whose vigilance no fraudulent subterfuges can elude—of that Almighty Power, which could call the witnesses of their guilt from the dark centre of the earth, and even raise from the sleep of death, the pale inhabitants of the grave, to testify against the horrid crime of murder.

Terror Four.

SIR,

Last week I received a letter from a learned friend, the minister of Barnstable in Devon, which I think worthy of your perusal. He was of my time in Queen's College, Cambridge.

"There having been many prodigious things performed lately in a parish adjoining to that which Bishop Sparrow presented me to, called Cheriton-Bishop, by some discontented dæmon, I remember that I owe you an account thereof, in lieu of that which you desired of me, and which I could not serve you in.

"About November last, in the parish of Spreyton, in the county of Devon, there appeared in a field, near the dwellinghouse of Philip Furze, to his servant, Francis Fry, being of the age of twenty-one next August, an aged gentleman with a pole in his hand, and like that he was wont to carry about with him when living, to kill moles withal, who told the young man not to be afraid of him; but tell his master, i. e. his son, that several legacies, which he had bequeathed, were unpaid; naming ten shillings to one, ten shillings to another, &c. Fry replied, that the party he last named was dead. The Spectrum replied, he knew that;

but said it must be paid (and named) the next relation. These things being performed, he promised he would trouble him no further. These small legacies were paid accordingly. But the young man having carried twenty shillings ordered by the Spectre to his sister Mrs. Furze, of the parish of Staverton, near Totness, which money the gentlewoman refused to receive, being sent her, as she said, from the Devil, the same night, Fry lodging there, the Spectre appeared to him again; whereupon Fry challenged his promise not to trouble him; and said he had done all he desired him, but that Mrs. Furze would not receive the money. The Spectre replied, that it was true; but bid him ride to Totness, and buy a ring of that value, and that she would take; which was provided for, and received by her. Then Fry rode homewards, attended by a servant of Mrs. Furze. But being come into Spreyton parish, or rather a little before, he seemed to carry an old gentlewoman behind him, who often threw him off his horse, and hurried him with such violence, as astonished all that saw him, or heard how horridly the ground was beaten; and being come into his master's yard, Fry's horse (a mean beast) sprung at once twenty-five feet. The trouble from the man-spectre ceased from this time. But the old gentlewoman, Mrs. Furze, Mr. Furze's second wife, whom the Spectre, at his first appearance to Fry, called, "That wicked woman my wife, (though I knew her, and took her for a very good woman,)" presently after appeared to several in the house, viz. to Fry, Mrs. Thomasin Gidley, Anne Langdon, born in my parish, and to a little child, which was forced to be removed from the house; sometimes in her own shape, sometimes in shapes more horrid, as of a dog belching fire, and of a horse, and seeming to ride out of the window, carrying only one pane of glass away, and a little piece of iron. After this, Fry's head was thrust into a narrow space, where a man's fist could not enter, between a bed and a wall; and forced to be taken thence by the strength of men, all bruised and bloody. Upon this it was thought fit to bleed him; and, after that was done, the binder was removed from his arm, and conveyed about his middle, and presently after was drawn so very straight, it had almost killed him, and was cut asunder, making an ugly uncouth noise. Several other times with handkerchiefs, cravats, and other things, he was near strangled, they were drawn so close upon his throat. He lay one night in his periwig, (in his master's chamber, for the more safety,) which was torn all to pieces. His best periwig he inclosed in a little box on the inside, with a joined stool, and other weight upon it; the box was snapped asunder, and the wig torn all to flitters. His master saw his buckles fall all to pieces on his feet. But first I should have told you the fate of his shoestrings, one of which a gentlewoman assured me, she saw come out of his shoe, without any visible hand, and fling itself to the farther end of the room: the other was coming out too, but that a maid prevented, and helped it out, which crisped and curled about her hand like a living eel. The cloaths worn by Anne Langdon and Fry (if their own) were torn to pieces on their backs. The same gentlewoman, being the daughter of the minister of the parish, Mr. Roger Specott, shewed me one of Fry's gloves, which was torn in his pocket while she was by. I did view it near and narrowly, and do seriously confess that it is torn so very accurately in all the seams, and in other places, and laid abroad so artificially, and is so dexterously tattered, (and all done in the pocket in a minute's time,) as nothing human could have done it; no cutler could have made an engine to do it so. Other fantastical freaks have been very frequent, as the marching of a great barrel full of salt out of one room into another; an andiron laying itself over a pan of milk that was scalding on the fire; and two stitches of bacon descending from the chimney where they

hung, and laying themselves over that andiron; the appearing of the Spectrum (when in her own shape) in the same cloaths, which Mrs. Furze her daughter-in-law has on, and the entangling of Fry's face and legs about his neck, and about the frame of the chairs, so as they have been with great difficulty disengaged.

But the most remarkable of all happened on that day that I passed by the door in my return thither, which was Easter-eve, when Fry returning from work (that little he can do) he was caught by the woman Spectre by the skirts of his coat, and carried into the air. He was quickly missed by his master and the workmen, and great inquiry was made for Francis Fry, but there was no hearing of him; but half an hour after, Fry was heard whistling and singing in a kind of a quagmire. He was now affected as he was wont to be in his fits, so that none regarded what he said; but coming to himself an hour after, he solemnly protested, that the dæmon carried him so high, that he saw his master's house underneath him no bigger than a hay-cock, that he was in perfect sense, and prayed God not to suffer the Devil to destroy him; that he was suddenly set down in that quagmire. The workmen found one shoe on one side of the house, and the other shoe on the other side; his perriwig was espied next morning hanging on the top of a tall tree. It was soon observed, that Fry's part of his body that had laid in the mud, was much benumbed, and therefore the next Saturday, which was the eve of Low Sunday, they carried him to Crediton to be let blood; which being done, and the company having left him for a little while, returning, they found him in a fit, with his forehead all bruised, and swoln to a great bigness, none being able to guess how it came, till he recovered himself, and then he told them, that a bird flew in at the window with a great force, and with a stone in its mouth flew directly against his forehead. The people looked for it, and found on the ground, just under where he sat, not a stone, but a weight of brass or copper, which the people were breaking, and parting it among themselves. He was so very ill, that he could ride but one mile that night, since which time I have not heard of him, save that he was ill-handled the next day, being Sunday. Indeed, Sir, you may wonder that I have not visited that house, and the poor afflicted people; especially, since I was so near, and passed by the very door: but, besides that they have called to their assistance none but nonconforming ministers, I was not qualified to be welcome there, having given Mr. Furze a great deal of trouble the last year about a conventicle in his house, where one of this parish was the preacher. But I am very well assured of the truth of what I have written, and (as more appears) you shall hear from me again.

“I had forgot to tell you that Fry's mother came to me, grievously bewailing the miserable condition of her son. She told me, that the day before he had five pins thrust into his side. She asked, and I gave her the best advice I could; particularly, that her son should declare all the Spectre, especially the woman, gave him in charge, for I suspect, there is *aliquid latens*; and that she should remove him thence by all means. But I fear that she will not do it. For I hear that Anne Langdon is come into my parish to her mother, and that she is grievously troubled there. I might have written as much of her as of Fry, for she has been as ill treated, saving the æreal journey. Her fits and obsessions seem to be greater, for she screeches in a most hellish tone. Thomasin Gidley (though removed) is in trouble, as I hear.”

Sir, this is all my friend wrote. This letter came inclosed in another from a clergyman, my friend, who lives in those parts. He tells me, all the relations he receives from divers persons living in Spreyton, and the neighbouring parishes, agree with this. He spake with a

gentleman of good character, that was at Crediton when Fry was blooded, and saw the stone that bruised his forehead; but he did not call it copper or brass, but said it was a strange mineral. That gentleman promised to make a strict inquiry on the place into all particulars, and to give him the result; which my friend also promises me; with hopes that he shall procure for me a piece of that mineral substance which hurt his forehead.

The occasion of my friend's sending me this narrative, was my intreating him some time since, to inquire into a thing of this nature that happened in Barnstable, where he lives.

Terror Five.

Copy of a Letter from Thomas Offley, to the Rev. Mr. Offley, Rector of Middleton Stoney, near Bicester, in Oxfordshire.

Dear Brother,

I here send you a very surprising narrative, relating to Mr. Shaw, your late neighbour. The person I had the following letter from is one Mr. Waller, a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, there resident now; and Mr. Grove, mentioned below, is Register to the University, and Fellow of the same College. I had heard something of an apparition, and wrote to Mr. Waller for a relation of the fact; to which he returned me his answer.

Mr. Waller to Mr. T. Offley.

Dear Sir,

I should scarce have mentioned any thing of the matter you now write about of my own accord; but, since you have given yourself the trouble of inquiry, I am, I think, obliged, in friendship, to relate all that I can tell of the matter; and that I do the more willingly, because I can so soon produce my authority. The man to whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of the college livings in Oxfordshire, near your brother's. This gentleman called on Mr. Grove, fellow of the college, last July, in his journey to the west of England, where he staid a day or two, and promised again to call on him in his return; which accordingly he did, and stayed three days with Mr. Shaw. In that time, one night, after supper, Mr. Shaw told him that there happened a circumstance which he could not conceal from him as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the affair might have something more relation than to another man. He proceeded, therefore, and told him, that about a week before that time, (which was July 28,) as he was smoaking and reading in his study, about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb as he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. (Mr. Naylor was formerly a fellow of St. John's, and a friend of Mr. Shaw's, dead about three years.) Mr. Shaw, though wonderfully surprised, asked him how he did; and desired him to sit down; which Mr. Naylor did. They both sat there a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. After that, Mr. Shaw asked him after what manner they did in a separate state? He answered, "far different

from what they did here; but that he was very well." He enquired, whether there were any of their old acquaintance in that place where he was? He answered, "No, not one. His friend (naming Mr. Orchard) would die very quickly; and that he himself (Mr. Shaw) would not be long after." He mentioned several other people's names; but where they were, or upon what occasion, Mr. Grove cannot or does not declare. Mr. Shaw then asked him whether he would again visit him before that time. He said, "No, he could not; for he had but three days allotted him; and further he could not go." Mr. Shaw then said, "*Fiat Domini voluntus;*" and the apparation left him. This is word for word what Mr. Shaw told Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove told me. Now what surprised Mr. Grove was, that as he had, in his journey home, occasion to ride through Caxton, he called on one Mr. Clark, fellow of the college, and curate there; where enquiring the news, Mr. Clark told him that Arthur Orchard died that week, on August 6; which very much shocked Mr. Grove, and brought to mind the story which Mr. Shaw had told him. And about three weeks ago, Mr. Shaw himself died of an apoplectic fit in the desk of the very same distemper as poor Arthur Orchard. Now since this strange completion of the matter, Grove has told this relation, and stands to the truth of it; and that which confirms the thing itself, and its veracity, is, that he told the same to Dr. Balderston, the vice-chancellor, about a week before Mr. Shaw's death; and when the news came to the college, he was no ways surprised, as other people were.

And as for Mr. Shaw's part, it was the opinion of men that cannot digest the matter, that his was only a dream: but Mr. Shaw seemed to be very well satisfied of his awaking then as at another time. And suppose it were so, the fulfilling of the things predicted is a valid proof of its being a true vision, let it be represented which way soever. And again, considering them both as men of learning and integrity, the one would not have first declared, nor the other spread the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. This is all that is told of the matter. The rest I leave to your descant.

EDMUND WALLER.

From the Gentleman's Mag.
Nov. 1801.

FINIS.

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