

sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came. I will tell you what I saw :—

In an angle opposite the door were two men, with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other seated upon a kind of iron vice, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old—his grey hair testified it; the other was young—I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelphs, his cowl inclined to the right; and the young one, like the Gibelins, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Gibelins nor Guelphs, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light—the soul of Hatto, changed by Hell into a living flame—was the fire and smoke of the chimney! the gnawing sound, the sound of files!

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They showed me the ruins; pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter; and then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

After having examined the ruin, I left Mausethurm. My waterman was fast asleep, but was no sooner roused than we proceeded forthwith to cross the Rhine, when I again heard the noise of the two blacksmiths.

Half an hour afterwards I arrived at Bingen; was very hungry, supped: after which, although fatigued, although the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, I explored the Klopp, an old castle in ruins which overlooks Bingen, where I witnessed a spectacle worthy of closing a day on which I saw so many things, with so many ideas crossing my mind.