

ling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vine-dressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his Rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but, on descending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man, and pointed to the tower; but he did not understand me. I then showed him one of the large Saxon crowns, which are of the value of six francs each; he understood me immediately; and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size, instead of increasing.

It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who, returning my gaze with a sinister smile, which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, said "Bingerloch." We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a chord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunwale, and began to walk upon it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity and marvellous *sang-froid*. We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, an enormous, formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I observed was a red flame which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouth of an enormous lantern. It also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange continued noise—a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman, told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the Tower of Hatto—the place of rats. Mausethurm was before my eyes, and I was about to enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the *facade*, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature, which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door, I ventured to look into the room, from which the strange gnawing