

or three of my fellow-students, resolved, one day, to visit the wizard. Arrived at his house, we were shown into a large room, and called up one by one in the presence of the Egyptian.

"Our object in going was more for sport than anything else; but when we saw the first who was called—a wild, reckless young fellow, who feared nothing earthly—return pale and serious, our mirth was at an end. One by one the others were called, and all came back grave and thoughtful. By some chance, I was the last.

"I am not, like you, bright Sibyl, naturally superstitious; but I confess, when the interpreter ushered me into the presence of this wizard, I felt a sort of chilly awe creeping over me. He was the most singular-looking being I ever beheld. His face was exactly like that of one who has been for some days dead—a sort of dark-greenish white, with pale-blue lips, and sharp, Asiatic features. His eyes, black and piercingly sharp, looked forth from two deep caverns of sockets, and seemed the only living feature in his ghastly face. There were caldrons, and lizards, and cross-bones, and tame serpents, and curious devices carved on the walls, ceiling and floor, and the white, grinning skulls that were scattered about formed a hideously revolting sight in that darkened room.

The Egyptian stood before a smoking caldron, and, drawn up to his full height, his size appeared almost colossal. His dress was a long, black robe, all woven over with scorpions, and snakes, and other equally pleasing objects, that seemed starting out dazzlingly white from this dark background. Altogether, the room looked so like a charnel-house, and the wizard so like a supernatural being, that I am not ashamed to own I felt myself growing nervous as I looked around.