

are no men without their phantoms, as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams : at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire ; and, according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory, or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also—shall I avow it ?—when chance, by whose fantasy I was led, brought me to the banks of the Rhine, the first thought that struck me was, not that I should see the dome of Mayence, or the Cathedral of Cologne or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge, then, of my feelings, poor believing poet and infatuated antiquary that I am ! Twilight slowly succeeded day ; the hills became sombre ; the trees dark ; and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on, my eyes fixed on obscurity : I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had, up to this day, been only a dream, was about to become a reality.

I came to a turning in the road, and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine, running rapidly and murmuring among the bushes ; to my right and left, mountains, or rather huge, dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen ; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness ; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, showing a mournful-looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically on the waters. There was no human voice to be heard ; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude—a fearful and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there—night, clouds, mountains ; the quivering of the reeds ; the noise of the flood, full of secret horror, like the roaring of hydras under water ; the sad and faint blasts of wind ; the shadows, abandonment, isolation ; all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower—the soul of Hatto !

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but which at that moment produced a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till day-light, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes ; the night was dark ; the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it ? where could I find a boat in such a place ? To swim across the Rhine would be to evince rather too great a taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed. Continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tink-