

Wake Not The Dead

By Johann Ludwig Tieck

“Wilt thou forever sleep? Wilt thou never more awake, my beloved, but henceforth repose for eternity from thy short pilgrimage on earth? Doth the play shroud become thee better than the bridal veil? Is the chamber of the grave a warmer bed than the couch of love? Is the spectre Death more welcome to thy arms than thy enamored consort?” Such were the lamentations which Walter poured forth for his Brunhilda, the partner of his youthful, passionate love; thus did he bewail over her grave at the midnight hour, which time legions of shadows flit beneath the moon and across the earth to transmit wild and agitating thoughts over the sinners bosom; thus did he lament under the tall linden trees by her grave, while his head reclined on the cold stone.

Walter was a powerful lord in Burgundy, who, in his earliest youth, had been smitten with the charms of the fair Brunhilda, a beauty far surpassing in loveliness all her rivals, for her tresses—dark as the raven face of night, streaming over her shoulders—set off to the utmost advantage the beaming lustre of her slender form. The rich dye of a cheek was tinted deep and brilliant as that of the western heaven. Her eyes did not resemble those burning orbs whose pale glow gem the vault of night and whose immeasurable distance fills the soul with deep thoughts of eternity, but were rather as the sober beams which cheer this nether world, and which, while they enlighten kindle the sons of earth to joy and love.

Brunhilda became the wife of Walter and, both equally enamored and devoted, they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of a passion that rendered them reckless of aught besides, while it lulled them in a fascinating dream. Their sole apprehension was less aught should awaken them from a delirium which they prayed might continue forever. Yet how vain is the wish that would arrest the decrees of destiny!—as well might it seek to divert the circling planets from their eternal course. Short was the duration of this frenzied passion; not that it gradually decayed and subsided into apathy, but death snatched away his blooming victim and left Walter to a widowed couch. Impetuous, however, as was his first burst of grief, he was not inconsolable for ere long another bride became the partner of the youth.

Swanhilda also was beautiful—although nature had formed her charms on a very different model from those of Brunhilda. Her golden locks waved bright as the beams of morn. Only when excited by some emotion of her soul did a rosy hue tinge the lily paleness of her cheek. Her limbs were proportioned in the nicest symmetry, yet did they not possess that luxuriant fullness of animal life. Her eye beamed eloquently, but it was with the milder radiance of a star tranquillizing to tenderness rather than exciting to warmth. Thus formed, it was not possible that she should steep him in his former delirium, although she rendered happy his waking hours. Tranquil and serious, studying in all things her husband’s pleasure, she restored order and comfort in his family. Her mild benevolence wended to restrain the fiery, impetuous disposition of Walter, while at the same time her prudence recalled him in some degree from his vain, turbulent wishes and his aspirings after unattainable enjoyments to the duties and pleasures of actual life.

Swanhilda bore her husband two children, a son and a daughter. The latter was mild and patient as her mother—well contented with her solitary sports. The boy possessed his father’s fiery, restless disposition, tempered, however, with the solidity of his mother. Attached by his offspring more tenderly towards their mother, Walter now lived for several years very happily.

His thoughts would frequently, indeed, recur to Brunhilda, but without their former violence, merely as we dwell upon the memory of a friend of our earlier days borne from us on the rapid current of time to a region where we know that he is happy.

But clouds dissolve into air, flowers fade, the sand of the hourglass runs imperceptibly away, and even so do human feelings dissolve, fade, and pass away, and with them too, human happiness. Walter's inconstant breast again sighed for the ecstatic dreams of those days which he had spent with his equally romantic Brunhilda. Again did she pre-sent herself to his ardent fancy in all the glow of her bridal charms, and he began to draw a parallel between the past and the present. Nor did imagination, as it is wont, fail to array the former in the brightest hues, while it proportionately obscured the latter, so that he pictured to himself the one much richer in enjoyment and the other much less so than what actually was.

This change in her husband did not escape Swanhilda, whereupon, redoubling her attentions towards him and her cares towards their children, she expected by this means to reunite the knot that was slackened. Yet the more she endeavored to regain his affections the colder did he grow, the more intolerable did her caresses seem, and the more continually did the image of Brunhilda haunt his thoughts. The children, whose endearments had now become indispensable to him, alone stood between the parents as genii eager to effect a reconciliation; and, beloved by them both, formed a uniting link between them. Yet, as evil can be plucked from the heart of man only ere its root remains fixed deep within—too firmly set to be wholly eradicated—so was Walter's diseased fancy too far affected to have its disorder stopped; and, in a short time, completely tyrannized him. Frequently of a night, instead of retiring to his consort's chamber he repaired to Brunhilda's grave where he murmured forth his discontent saying: "Wilt thou sleep forever?"

One night as he was thus reclining on the turf indulging in his wonted sorrow, a sorcerer from the neighboring mountains entered into this field of death for the purpose of gathering for his mystic spells such herbs as grew only from the earth wherein the dead repose, and which, as if the last production of mortality, are gifted with a powerful and supernatural influence. The sorcerer perceived the mourner, and approached the spot where he was lying.

"Wherefore, fond wretch, dust thou grieve thus for what is now a hideous mass of mortality—mere bones, and nerves, and veins'? Nations have fallen unlamented. Even worlds themselves, long ere this globe of ours was created, have mouldered into nothing, nor hath anyone wept over them. Why then should thou indulge this vain affliction for a child of the dust—a being as frail as thyself, and, like thee, the creature but of a moment?"

Walter raised himself up. "Let yon worlds that shine in the firmament," replied he, "lament for each other as they perish. It is true, that I who am myself clay lament for my fellow-clay. Yet is this clay impregnated with a fire—with an essence that none of the elements of creation possess—with love. This divine passion I felt for her who now sleepeth beneath this sod."

"Will thy complaints awaken her; or could they do so, would she not soon upbraid thee for having disturbed that repose in which she now is hushed?"

"Avaunt, cold-hearted being: thou knowest not what is love. Oh! that my tears could wash away the earthly covering that conceals her from these eyes—that my groan of anguish could rouse her from her slumber of death! No, she would not again seek her earthy couch."

"Insensate that thou art, and couldst thou endure to gaze without shuddering on one disgorged from the jaws of the grave? Art thou too thyself the same from whom she parted or hath time passed o'er thy brow and left no traces there? Would not thy love rather be converted into hate and disgust?"

“Say rather that the stars would leave yon firmament, that the sun will henceforth refuse to shed his beams through the heavens. Oh! that she stood once more before me; that once again she reposed on this bosom! How quickly should we then forget that death or time had ever stepped between us.”

“Delusion! Mere delusion of the brain from heated blood, like to that which arises from the fumes of wine. It is not my wish to tempt thee—to restore to thee thy dead—else wouldst thou soon feel that I have spoken sooth.”

“How! Restore her to me,” exclaimed Walter. “Oh, if thou art indeed able to effect that, grant it to my earnest supplication; if one throb of human feeling vibrates in thy bosom, let my tears prevail with thee. Restore me my beloved; so shalt thou hereafter bless the deed, and see that it was a good work.”

“A good work! A blessed deed!” returned the sorcerer with a smile of scorn. “For me there exists no good, nor evil—since my will is always the same. Ye alone know evil, who will that which ye should not. It is indeed in my power to restore her to thee. Yet bethink thee well whether it will prove thy weal. Consider too, how deep the abyss between life and death. Across this my power can build a bridge, but it can never fill up the frightful chasm.”

Walter would have spoken, and have sought to prevail on this powerful being by fresh entreaties, but the latter prevented him, saying: “Peace! Bethink thee well, and return hither to me tomorrow at midnight. Yet once more do I warn thee: wake not the dead.”

Having uttered these words, the mysterious being disappeared. Intoxicated with fresh hope, Walter found no sleep on his couch, for fancy—prodigal of her richest stores—expanded before him the glittering web of futurity; and his eyes, moistened with the dew of rapture, glanced from one vision of happiness to another.

During the next day he wandered through the woods, lest wanted objects, by recalling the memory of later and less happier times, might disturb the blissful idea that he should again behold her—again fold her in his arms, gaze on her beaming brow by day, repose on her bosom at night; and, as this sole idea filled his imagination, how was it possible that the least doubt should arise, or that the warning of the mysterious old man should recur to his thoughts.

No sooner did the midnight hour approach, than he hastened towards the grave-field where the sorcerer was already standing by that of Brunhilda. “Hast thou maturely considered?” inquired he.

“Oh, restore to me the object of my ardent passion,” exclaimed Walter with impetuous eagerness. “Delay not thy generous action, lest I die even this night, consumed with disappointed desire, and behold her face no more.

“Well then,” answered the old man, “return hither again tomorrow at the same hour. But once more do I give thee this friendly warning: wake not the dead.”

In all the despair of impatience, Walter would have prostrated himself at his feet and supplicated him to fulfill at once a desire now increased to agony; but the sorcerer had already vanished into the night. Pouring forth his lamentations more wildly and impetuously than ever, he lay upon the grave of his adored one until the grey dawn streaked the east.

During the day, which seemed to him longer than any he had ever experienced he wandered to and fro, restless and impatient seemingly without any object, and deeply buried in his own reflections, inquiet as the murderer who mediates his first deed of blood. The stars of evening found him once more at the appointed spot. At midnight the sorcerer returned also.

“Hast thou yet maturely deliberated?” inquired he, “as on the preceding night?”

‘Oh what should I deliberate?’ returned Walter impatiently. ‘I need not to deliberate What I demand of thee, is that which thou hast promised me—that which will prove my bliss. Or dost thou but mock me? If so, hence from my sight, lest I be tempted to lay my hand on thee.’

‘Once more do I warn thee,’ answered the old man with undisturbed composure, ‘wake not the dead—let her rest.’

‘Aye, but not in the cold grave. She shall rather rest on this bosom which burns with eagerness to clasp her.’

‘Reflect, thou may’st not quit her until death, even though aversion and horror should seize thy heart. There would then remain only one horrible means.’

‘Dotard!’ cried Walter, interrupting him, ‘how may I hate that which I love with such intensity of passion? How should I abhor that for which my very drop of blood is burning?’

‘Then be it even as thou wishest,’ answered the sorcerer; ‘Step back.’

The old man now drew a circle round the grave, the while muttering words of enchantment. Immediately the storm began to howl among the tops of the trees; owls flapped their wings and uttered their low voice of omen; the stars hid their mild, beaming aspect, that they might not behold so unholy and impious a spectacle. The stone then rolled from the grave with a hollow sound, leaving a free passage for the inhabitant of that dreadful tenement. The sorcerer scattered into the yawning earth roots and herbs of most magic power, and of most penetrating odor so that the worms crawling forth from the earth congregated together, and raised themselves in a writhing column over the grave, while rushing wind burst from the earth, scattering the mould before it until at length the coffin lay uncovered. The moon-beams fell on it, and the lid burst open with a tremendous sound. Into the opening the sorcerer poured some blood from out of a man skull, exclaiming at the same time: ‘Drink, sleeper, drink of this warm stream, that thy heart may again beat within thy bosom.’ And after a short pause, shed on her some other mystic liquid. Then he cried aloud with the voice of one inspired: ‘Yes, thy heart beats once more with the flood of life. Thine eye is again opened to sight. Arise, therefore, from thy tomb.’

As an island suddenly springs forth from the dark waves of the ocean, raised upwards from the deep by the force of subterraneous fires, so did Brunhilda start from her earthy couch, borne forward by some invisible power. Taking her by the hand, the sorcerer led her towards Walter, who stood at some little distance rooted to the ground with amazement.

‘Receive again,’ said he, ‘the object of thy passionate sighs. Mayest thou never more require my aid; should that however happen, so wilt thou find me during the full of the moon, upon the mountains in that spot where the three roads meet.’

Instantly did Walter recognize in the form that stood before him her whom he so ardently loved; and a sudden glow shot through his frame at finding her thus restored to him: yet the night-frost had chilled his limbs and palsied his tongue. For a while he gazed upon her without either motion or speech, and during this pause all again became hushed and serene; and the stars shone brightly in the clear heavens.

‘Walter!’ exclaimed the figure; and at once the well-known sound, thrilling to his heart, broke the spell by which he was bound.

‘Is it reality? Is it truth,’ cried he, ‘or a cheating delusion?’

‘No, it is no imposture I am really living. Conduct me quickly to thy castle in the mountains.’

Walter looked around. The old man had disappeared, but he perceived close by his side a coal-black steed of fiery eye, ready equipped to conduct him thence. On his back lay all proper attire for Brunhilda who lost no time in arraying herself. This being done, she cried: ‘Haste, let us away ere the dawn breaks, for my eye is yet too weak to endure the light of day.’

Fully recovered from his stupor, Walter leaped into his saddle, and spurred on across the wild, towards the mountains as furiously as if pursued by the shadows of the dead hastening to recover from him their sister.

The castle to which Walter conducted his Brunhilda was situated on a rock between other rocks rising up above it. Here they arrived unseen by any save one aged domestic, on whom Walter imposed secrecy by the severest threats.

“Here will we tarry,” said Brunhilda, “until I can endure the light, and until thou canst look upon me without trembling as if struck with a cold chill.”

They accordingly continued to make that place their abode, yet no one knew that Brunhilda existed save only that aged attendant who provided their meals. During seven entire days they had no light except that of tapers; during the next seven, the light was admitted through the lofty casements only while the rising or setting sun faintly illumined the mountain tops the valleys being still enveloped in shade.

Seldom did Walter quit Brunhilda’s side. A nameless spell seemed to attach him to her—even the shudder which he felt in her presence, and which would not permit him to touch her, was not unmixed with pleasure like that thrilling, awesome emotion felt when strains of sacred music float under the vault of some temple. He rather sought, therefore, than avoided this feeling. Never till now had her voice sounded with such tones of sweetness; never before did her language possess such eloquence as it now did when she conversed with him on the subject of the past. And this was the magic fairy-land towards which her words constantly conducted him. Ever did she dwell upon the days of their first love, those hours of delight in which they had participated together when the one derived all enjoyment from the other; and so rapturous, so enchanting, so full of life did she recall to his imagination that blissful season, that he never doubted whether he had ever experienced with her so much felicity, or had been so truly happy. And, while she thus vividly portrayed their hours of past delight, she delineated in still more glowing, more enchanting colors, those hours of approaching bliss which now awaited them—richer in enjoyment than any preceding ones. In this manner did she charm her attentive auditor with enrapturing hopes for the future, and lull him in dreams of more than mortal ecstasy; so that while he listened to her siren strain he entirely forgot how little blissful was the latter period of their union when he had often sighed at her imperiousness and at her harshness both to himself and to his household. Yet even had he recalled this to mind would it have disturbed him in his present delirious trance? Had she not now left behind in the grave all the frailty of mortality? Was she not cheerful as the morning hour in spring—affectionate and mild as the last beams of an autumnal sun?

In this manner had twice seven days elapsed, and, for the first time, Walter beheld the being now dearer to him than ever in the full light of day. Every trace of the grave had disappeared from her countenance; a roseate tinge like the ruddy streaks of dawn again beamed on her pallid cheek; the taint, mouldering taint of the grave was changed into a delightful violet scent—the only sign of earth that never disappeared. He no longer felt either apprehension or awe as he gazed upon her in the sunny light of day. It was not until now that he seemed to have recovered her completely; and, glowing with all his former passion towards her, he would have pressed her to his bosom, but she gently repulsed him, saying: “Not yet. Spare your caresses until the moon has again filled her horn.”

Despite his impatience, Walter was obliged to await the lapse of another period of seven days; but on the night when the moon was arrived at the full he hastened to Brunhilda, whom he found more lovely than she had ever appeared before. Fearing no obstacles to his transports, he

embraced her with all the fervor of a deeply enamored and successful lover. Brunhilda, however, still refused to yield to his passion. "What!" exclaimed she, "is it fitting that I who have been purified by death from the frailty of mortality should become thy concubine, while a mere daughter of the earth bears the title of thy wife? Never shall it be. No, it must be within the walls of thy palace, within that chamber where I once reigned as queen, that thou obtainest the end of thy wishes—and of mine also." she added, imprinting a glowing kiss on his lips, and immediately withdrew.

Heated with passion, and determined to sacrifice everything to the accomplishment of his desires, Walter hastily quitted the apartment and, shortly after, the castle itself. He travelled over mountain and across heath with the rapidity of a storm, so that the turf was flung up by his horse's hoofs; nor once stopped until he arrived home.

Here, however, neither the affectionate caresses of Swanhilda or those of his children could touch his heart, or induce him to restrain his furious desires, Alas, is the impetuous torrent to be checked in its devastating course by the beautiful flowers over which it rushes? The stream sweeps over them unregarding, and in a single moment annihilates the pride of a white summer.

Shortly afterwards did Walter begin to hint to Swanhilda that they were ill-suited to each other—that he was anxious to taste that wild, tumultuous life so well according with the spirit of his sex, while she, on the contrary, was satisfied with the monotonous cycle of household routine—that he was eager for whatever promised novelty, while she felt most attached to what was familiarized to her by habit—and lastly, that her cold disposition, bordering upon indifference, ill assorted with his ardent temperament. It was therefore more prudent that they should seek apart from each other that happiness which they could not realize together.

A sigh and a brief acquiescence to his wishes was all the reply that Swanhilda made. On the following morning he presented her with a paper of separation, informing her that she was at liberty to return home to her father. She received it most submissively; yet, ere she departed, she gave him the following warning: "Too well do I conjecture to whom I am indebted for this our separation. Often have I seen thee at Brunhilda's grave, and beheld thee there even on that night when the face of the heavens was suddenly enveloped in a veil of clouds. Hast thou rashly dared to tear aside the awful veil that separates the mortality that dreams from that which dreameth not, O, then woe to thee, thou wretched man, for thou hast attached to thyself that which will prove thy destruction." She ceased; nor did Walter attempt any reply, for the similar admonition uttered by the sorcerer flashed upon his mind, all obscured as it was by passion, just as the lightning glares momentarily through the gloom of night without dispersing the obscurity.

Swanhilda then departed, first pronouncing to her children a tearful farewell, for they—according to the custom of the nation—belonged to the father, quitted her husband's residence, and returned to the home of her father.

Thus was the kind and benevolent Swanhilda driven an exile from those halls where she had presided with such grace—from halls which were now newly decorated to receive another mistress.

The day at length arrived on which Walter, for the second time, conducted Brunhilda home as a newly made bride. And he caused it to be reported among the domestics that his new consort had gained his affections by her extraordinary likeness to Brunhilda their former mistress. How ineffably happy did he deem himself as he conducted his beloved once more into the chamber which had often witnessed their former joys, and which was now newly gilded and adorned in a most costly style. Figures of angels scattering roses decorated the purple draperies whose ample folds o'ershadowed the nuptial couch. With what impatience did he await the hour that was to

put him in possession of those joys for which he had already paid so high a price, but whose consummation was to cost him most dearly yet.

Happy however, as Walter now was, his household were far from being equally so. The strange resemblance between their new lady and the deceased Brunhilda filled them with a secret dismay—an undefinable horror; for there was not a single difference of feature, tone of voice, or gesture. To add too to these mysterious circumstances her female attendants discovered a particular mark on her back exactly like one which Brunhilda had. A report was now circulated that their lady was no other than Brunhilda herself, who had been recalled to life by the power of necromancy. How truly horrible was the idea of living under the same roof with one who had been an inhabitant of the tomb, and of being obliged to attend upon her, and acknowledge her as mistress. There was also in Brunhilda much to increase this aversion and favor their superstition. No ornaments of gold ever decked her person. All that others were wont to wear of this metal, she had formed of silver. No richly colored and sparkling jewels glittered upon her; pearls alone lent their pale luster to adorn her bosom. Most carefully did she always avoid the cheerful light of the sun, and was wont to spend the brightest days in the most retired and gloomy apartments. Only during the twilight of the commencing or declining day did she ever walk abroad. But her favorite hour was when the phantom light of the moon bestowed on all objects a shadowy appearance, and a sombre hue. Always too at the crowing of the cock an involuntary shudder was observed to seize her limbs.

Imperious as before her death, she quickly imposed her iron yoke on everyone around her, while she seemed even far more terrible than ever, since a dread of some supernatural power attached to her appalled all who approached her. A malignant withering glance seemed to shoot from her eye on the unhappy object of her wrath, as if it would annihilate its victim. In short, those halls which, in the time of Swanhilda were the residence of cheerfulness and mirth, now resembled an extensive desert tomb. With fear imprinted on their pale countenances, the domestics glided through the apartments of the castle; and in this abode of terror there was no one save Walter who but shuddered at meeting her in a lonely place in the dusk of evening, or by the light of the moon. So great was the apprehension of her female attendants that they pined in continual disquietude, and, by degrees, all quitted her. In the course of time even others of the domestics fled, for an insupportable horror had seized them.

The art of the sorcerer had indeed bestowed upon Brunhilda an artificial life, and due nourishment had continued to support the restored body; yet, this body was not able of itself to keep up the genial glow of vitality, and to nourish the flame whence springs all the affections and passions—whether of love or hate—for death had forever destroyed and withered it: all that Brunhilda now possessed was a chilled existence colder than that of the snake. It was nevertheless necessary that she should love, and return with equal ardor the warm caresses of her spell-enthralled husband, to whose passion alone she was indebted for her renewed existence. It was necessary that a magic draught should animate the dull current in her veins, and awaken her to the glow of life and the flame of love; a potion of abomination—one not even to be named without a curse—human blood imbibed whilst yet warm from the veins of youth. This was the hellish drink for which she thirsted.

Possessing no sympathy with the purer feelings of humanity, deriving no enjoyment from aught that interests in life and occupies its varied hours, her existence was a mere blank unless when in the arms of her paramour husband, and therefore was it that she craved incessantly after the horrible draught. It was with the utmost effort that she could forbear sucking even the blood of Walter himself as he reclined beside her. Whenever she beheld some innocent child whose

lovely face denoted the exuberance of infantine health and vigor, she would entice it by soothing words and fond caresses into her most secret apartment, where, lulling it to sleep in her arms, she would suck from its bosom the warm, purple tide of life. Nor were youths of either sex safe from her horrid attack. Having first breathed up on her unhappy victim, who never failed to sink immediately into a lengthened sleep, she would then in a similar manner drain his veins of the vital juice. Thus children, youths, and maidens quickly faded away, as flowers gnawn by the cankering worm: the fullness of their limbs disappeared; a sallow hue succeeded to the rosy freshness of their cheeks; the liquid luster of the eye was deadened; and their locks became thin and grey, as if already ravaged by the storm of life. The grave swallowed up one after the other or did the miserable victim survive, he became cadaverous and wrinkled even in the very morn of existence. Parents observed with horror this devastating pestilence snatch away their offspring—a pestilence which no herb however potent, nor charm, nor holy taper, nor exorcism could avert. They either beheld their children sink one after the other into the grave, or their youthful forms, withered by the unholy vampire embrace of Brunhilda, assume the decrepitude of sudden age.

At length strange surmises and reports began to prevail. It was whispered that Brunhilda herself was the cause of all these horrors, although no one could pretend to tell in what manner she destroyed her victims, since no marks of violence were discernible. Yet when young children confessed that she had frequently lulled them asleep in her arms, and elder ones said that a sudden slumber had come upon whenever she began to converse with them, suspicion became converted into certainty; and those whose offspring had hitherto escaped unharmed, quitted their hearths and home in order to rescue from so horrible a fate those who were dearer to their simple affections than aught else the world could give.

Thus did the castle daily assume a more desolate appearance; daily did its environs become more deserted. None but a few aged, decrepit old women and grey-headed menials were to be seen remaining of the once numerous retinue. Such will, in the latter days of the earth, be the last generation of mortals, when child-bearing shall have ceased, when youth shall no more be seen, nor any arise to replace those who shall await their fate in silence.

Walter alone noticed not, or heeded not, the desolation around him. He apprehended not death, lapped as he was in a glowing elysium of love. Far more happy than formerly did he now seem in the possession of Brunhilda. All those caprices and frowns which had been wont to overcloud their former union had now entirely disappeared. She even seemed to dote on him with a warmth of passion that she had never exhibited even during the happy season of bridal love; for the flame of that youthful blood of which she drained the veins of others—rioted in her own. At night, as soon as he closed his eyes, she would breathe on him till he sank into delicious dreams from which he awoke only to experience more rapturous enjoyments. By day she would continually discourse with him on the bliss experienced by happy spirits beyond the grave, assuring him that, as his affection had recalled her from the tomb, they were now irrevocably united. Thus fascinated by a continual spell, it was not possible that he could perceive what was taking place around him. Brunhilda, however, foresaw with savage grief that the source of her youthful ardour was daily decreasing, for, in a short time, there remained nothing gifted with youth save Walter and his children, and these latter she resolved should be her next victims.

On her first return to the castle, she had felt an aversion towards the offspring of another, and therefore abandoned them entirely to the attendants appointed by Swanhilda. Now, however, she began to pay considerable attention to them, and caused them to be frequently admitted into her presence. The aged nurses were filled with dread at perceiving these marks of regard from her

towards their young charges, yet dared they not to oppose the will of their terrible and imperious mistress. Soon did Brunhilda gain the affection of the children, who were too unsuspecting of all guile to apprehend any danger from her; on the contrary, her caresses won them completely to her. Instead of ever checking their mirthful gambols, she would rather instruct them in new sports. Often too did she recite to them tales of such strange and wild interest as to exceed all the stories of their nurses. Were they wearied either with play or with listening to her narratives, she would take them on her knees and lull them to slumber. Then did visions of the most surpassing magnificence attend their dreams. So delightful did these dreams in short time become to the children, that they longed for nothing so eagerly as to slumber on Brunhilda's lap, for never did they else enjoy such visions of heavenly forms. Thus were they most anxious for that which was to prove their destruction.

These innocents stretched out their arms to approaching death, for while they were lapped in these ecstatic slumbers, Brunhilda sucked the life-stream from their bosoms. On waking, indeed, they felt themselves faint and exhausted, yet did no pain nor take any mark betray the cause. Shortly, however, did their strength entirely fail, even as the summer brook is gradually dried up. Their sports became less and less noisy; their loud, frolicsome laughter was converted into a taint smile; the full tones of their voices died away into a mere whisper. Their attendants were filled with horror and despair. Too well did they conjecture the dreadful truth, yet dared not to impart their suspicions to Walter, who was so devotedly attached to his horrible partner. Death had already smote his prey: the children were but the mere shadows of their former selves, and even this shadow quickly disappeared.

The anguished father deeply bemoaned their loss, for, notwithstanding his apparent neglect, he was strongly attached to them, nor until he had experienced their loss was he aware that his love was so great. His affliction could not fail to excite the displeasure of Brunhilda: "Why dost thou lament so fondly," said she, "for these little ones? What satisfaction could such unformed beings yield to thee, unless thou wert still attached to their mother? Thy heart then is still hers? Say is thy spirit so lumpish, or thy love so weak, or thy faith so hollow, that the hope of being mine forever is unable to touch thee?" Thus did Brunhilda express her indignation at her consort's grief, and forbade him her presence. The fear of offending her beyond forgiveness and his anxiety to appease her soon dried up his tears; and he again abandoned himself to his fatal passion until approaching destruction at length awakened him from his delusion.

Neither maiden, nor youth, was any longer to be seen either within the dreary walls of the castle or the adjoining territory. All had disappeared, for those whom the grave had not swallowed up had fled from the region of death. Who, therefore, now remained to quench the horrible thirst of the female vampire, save Walter himself? And his death she dared to contemplate unmoved; for that divine sentiment that unites two beings in one joy and one sorrow was unknown to her bosom. Was he in his tomb, so would she be free to search out other victims, and glut herself with destruction until she herself should, at the last day, be consumed with the earth itself.

She now began to fix her blood-thirsty lips on Walter's breast when, cast into a profound sleep by the odor of her violet breath, he reclined beside her quite unconscious of his impending fate. Soon did his vital powers begin to decay, and many a grey hair peeped through his raven locks. With his strength, his passion also declined; and he now frequently left her in order to pass the whole day in the sports of the chase, hoping thereby to regain his wonted vigor.

As he was reposing one day in a wood beneath the shade of an oak, he perceived on the summit of a tree a bird of strange appearance, and quite unknown to him; but before he could

take aim at it with his bow it flew away into the clouds, at the same time letting fall a rose-colored root which dropped at Walter's feet. He immediately took it up, and, although he was well acquainted with almost every plant, he could not remember to have seen any at all resembling this. Its delightfully odoriferous scent induced him to try its flavor; but ten times more bitter than wormwood, it was as gall in his mouth. Impatient of the disappointment, he flung it away with violence. Had he, however, been aware of its miraculous quality, and that it acted as a countercharm against the opiate perfume of Brunhilda's breath, he would have blessed it in spite of its bitterness. Thus do mortals often blindly cast away in displeasure the unsavory remedy that would otherwise work their weal.

When Walter returned home in the evening, and laid him down to repose as usual by Brunhilda's side, the magic power of her breath produced no effect upon him; and, for the first time during many months did he close his eyes in a natural slumber. Yet hardly had he fallen asleep, ere a pungent, smarting pain disturbed him from his dreams; and, opening his eyes, he discerned by the gloomy rays of a lamp that glimmered in the apartment, what for some moments transfixed him quite aghast: for it was Brunhilda, drawing with her lips the warm blood from his bosom. The wild cry of horror which at length escaped him terrified Brunhilda, whose mouth was besmeared with the warm blood. Monster! exclaimed he, springing from the couch. "is it thus that you love me?"

"Aye, even as the dead love," replied she with a malignant coldness.

"Creature of blood," continued Walter, "the delusion which has so long blinded me is at an end: thou art the fiend who has destroyed my children— who has murdered the offspring of my vassals."

Raising herself upwards, and, at the same time, casting on him a glance that froze him to the spot with dread, she replied: "It is not I who have murdered them—I was obliged to pamper myself with warm youthful blood in order that I might satisfy thy furious desires—thou art the murderer!" These dreadful words summoned before Walter's terrified conscience the threatening shades of all those who had thus perished; while despair choked his voice. "Why," continued she in a tone that increased his horror, "why dost thou make mouths at me like a puppet? Thou who hadst the courage to love the dead—to take into thy bed one who had been sleeping in the grave, the bedfellow of the worm—who hast clasped in thy lustful arms the corruption of the tomb. Dost thou, unhallowed as thou art, now raise this hideous cry for the sacrifice of a few lives? They are but leaves swept from their branches by a storm. Come, chase these idiot fancies, and taste the bliss thou has so dearly purchased." So saying, she extended her arms towards him; but this motion served only to increase his terror, and exclaiming: "Accursed being," he rushed out of the apartment.

All the horrors of a guilty, upbraiding conscience became his companions now that he was awakened from the delirium of his unholy pleasures. Frequently did he curse his own obstinate blindness for having given no heed to the hints and admonitions of his children's nurses, but treating them as vile calumnies. But his sorrow was now too late, for, although repentance may gain pardon for the sinner, it cannot alter the immutable decrees of fate—it cannot recall the murdered from the tomb. No sooner did the first break of dawn appear, than he set out for his lonely castle in the mountains, determined no longer to abide under the same roof with so loathsome a being. Yet vain was his flight, for, on waking the following morning, he perceived himself in Brunhilda's arms, and quite entangled in her long raven tresses which seemed to involve him and bind him in the fetters of his fate; the powerful fascination of her breath held him still more captivated so that, forgetting all that had passed, he returned her caresses until

awakening as if from a dream, he recoiled in unmixed horror from her embrace. During the day he wandered through the solitary wilds of the mountains, as a culprit seeking an asylum from his pursuers; and, at night, retired to the shelter of a cave, fearing less to couch himself within such a dreary place than to expose himself to the horror of again meeting Brunhilda. But, alas, it was in vain that he endeavored to flee her. Again, when he awoke, he found her the partner of his miserable bed. Nay, had he sought the center of the earth as his hiding place; had he even imbedded himself beneath rocks, or formed his chamber in the recesses of the ocean, still had he found her his constant companion; for, by calling her again into existence, he had rendered himself inseparably hers—so fatal were the links that united them.

Struggling with the madness that was beginning to seize him, and brooding incessantly on the ghastly visions that presented themselves to his horror-stricken mind, he lay motionless in the gloomiest recesses of the woods from the rise of sun till the shade of eve. But, no sooner was the light of day extinguished in the west and the woods buried in impenetrable darkness, than the apprehension of resigning himself to sleep drove him forth among the open mountains. The storm played wildly with the fantastic clouds. It roared among the summits of the oaks as if uttering a voice of fury, while its hollow sound, rebounding among the distant hills, seemed as the moans of a departing sinner, or as the faint cry of some wretch expiring under the murderer's hand. Walter's hair flew disorderly in the wind like black snakes wreathing around his temples and shoulders, while each sense was awake to catch fresh horror. In the clouds he seemed to behold the forms of the murdered; in the howling wind to hear their laments and groans; in the chilling blast itself he felt the dire kiss of Brunhilda; in the cry of the screeching bird he heard her voice; in the mouldering leaves he scented the charnelbed out of which he had awakened her. "Murderer of thy own offspring," exclaimed he in a voice making night and the conflict of the elements still more hideous, "paramour of a blood-thirsty vampire, reveller with the corruption of the tomb!" while in his despair he rent the wild locks from his head. Just then the full moon darted from beneath the bursting clouds; and this sight recalled to his mind the advice of the sorcerer when he trembled at the first apparition of Brunhilda rising from her sleep of death—namely, to seek him at the season of the full moon in the mountains where three roads met. Scarcely had this gleam of hope broke in on his bewildered mind than he flew to the appointed spot.

On his arrival, Walter found the old man seated there upon a stone as calmly as though it had been a bright, sunny day, and completely oblivious of the uproar around. "Art thou come then?" exclaimed he to the breathless wretch who, flinging himself at his feet, cried in a tone of anguish: "Oh save me—succor me—rescue me from the monster that scattereth death and desolation around her."

"I am acquainted with all," returned the sorcerer; "Thou now perceivest how wholesome was the advice—WAKE NOT THE DEAD."

"And wherefore a mere mysterious warning? Why didst thou not rather disclose to me at once all the horrors that awaited my sacrilegious profanation of the grave?"

"Wert thou able to listen to any other voice than that of thy impetuous passions? Did not thy eager impatience shut my mouth at the very moment I would have cautioned thee?"

"True, true: thy reproof is just. But what does it avail now—I need the promptest aid."

"Well," replied the old man. "there remains even yet a means of rescuing thyself, but it is fraught with horror, and demands all thy resolution."

"Utter it then, utter it; for what can be more appalling, more hideous than the misery I now endure?"

“Know then,” continued the sorcerer, “that only on the night of the new moon does she sleep the sleep of mortals; and then all the supernatural power which she inherits from the grave totally fails her. ‘Tis then that thou must murder her.”

“How? Murder her!” echoed Walter.

“Aye,” returned the old man calmly, “pierce her bosom with a sharpened dagger which I will furnish thee with; at the same time renounce her memory forever, swearing never to think of her intentionally, and that, if thou dost involuntarily, thou wilt repeat the curse.”

“Most horrible! Yet what can be more horrible than what she herself is? I’ll do it.”

“Keep then this resolution until the next new moon.”

“What, must I wait until then?” cried Walter. “Alas, ere then either her savage thirst for blood will have forced me into the night of the tomb, or horror will have driven me into the night of madness.”

“Nay,” replied the sorcerer, “that I can prevent; and, so saying, he conducted him to a cavern further among the mountains. “Abide here twice seven days,” said he, “so long can I protect thee against her deadly caresses. Here wilt thou find all due provision for thy wants; but take heed that nothing tempt thee to quit this place. Farewell. When the moon renews itself, then do I repair hither again.” The sorcerer then drew a magic circle around the cave, and disappeared into the darkness beyond.

Twice seven days did Walter continue in this solitude where his companions were his own terrifying thoughts and his bitter repentance. The present was all desolate and dead; the future presented the image of a horrible deed which he must perforce commit, while the past was poisoned by the memory of his guilt. Did he think on his former happy union with Brunhilda, her horrible image presented itself to his imagination with her lips defiled with dropping blood; or, did he call to mind the peaceful days he had passed with Swanhilda, he beheld her sorrowful spirit in the shadows of her murdered children. Such were the horrors that attended him by day. Those of night were still more dreadful, for then he beheld Brunhilda herself, who, wandering round the magic circle which she could not pass, called upon his name till the cavern reechoed the horrible sound. “Walter, my beloved,” cried she, “wherefore dost thou avoid me? Art thou not mine forever—mine here, and mine hereafter? And dost thou seek to murder me? Ah! commit not a deed which hurls us both to perdition—thyself as well as me.” In this manner did the horrible visitant torment him each night, and, even when she departed, robbed him of all repose.

The night of the new moon at length arrived, dark as the deed it was doomed to bring forth. The sorcerer entered the cavern; “Come,” said he to Walter, “let us depart hence, the hour is now arrived.” And he forthwith conducted him in silence to a coal-black steed, the sight of which recalled to Walter’s remembrance the fatal night. He then related to the old man Brunhilda’s nocturnal visits, and anxiously inquired whether her apprehensions of eternal perdition would be fulfilled or not. “Mortal eye,” exclaimed the sorcerer, “may not pierce the dark secrets of another world, or penetrate the deep abyss that separates earth from heaven.” Walter hesitated to mount the steed. “Be resolute,” exclaimed his companion, “but this once is it granted to thee to make the trial, and, should thou fail now, nought can rescue thee from her power.”

“What can be more than the abominations she inflicted I am determined.” And he leaped on the horse; the sorcerer mounting also behind him.

Carried with a rapidity equal to that of the storm that sweeps across the plain, they in brief space arrived at Walter’s castle. All the doors flew open at the bidding of his companion, and they speedily reached Brunhilda’s chamber, and stood beside her couch. Reclining in a tranquil

slumber, she reposed in all her native loveliness. Every trace of horror had disappeared from her countenance. She looked so pure, meek and innocent that all the sweet hours of their endearments rushed to Walter's memory like interceding angels pleading in her behalf. His unnerved hand could not take the dagger which the sorcerer presented to him. "The blow must be struck now," said the latter, "shouldst thou delay but an hour, she will lie at day-break on thy bosom, sucking the warm life-drops from thy heart."

"Horrible! Most horrible!" faltered the trembling Walter, and turning away his face, he thrust the dagger into her bosom, exclaiming: "I curse thee forever!" and the cold blood gushed upon his hand. Opening her eyes once more she cast a look of ghastly horror on her husband, and in a hollow dying accent said: "Thou too art doomed to perdition."

"Lay now thy hand upon her corpse," said the sorcerer, "and swear the oath."

Walter did as he commanded, saying: "Never will I think of her with love, never recall her to mind intentionally, and, should her image recur to my mind involuntarily, so will I exclaim to it: be thou accursed."

"Thou hast now done everything," returned the sorcerer, "restore her therefore to the earth from which thou so foolishly recalled her; and be sure to recollect thy oath, for, shouldst thou forget it but once, she would return and thou wouldst be inevitably lost. Adieu: we see each other no more." Having uttered these words he quitted the apartment and Walter also fled from this abode of horror, having first given directions that the corpse should be speedily interred.

Again did Brunhilda repose within her grave; but her image continually haunted Walter's imagination, so that his existence was one continued martyrdom in which he incessantly struggled to dismiss from his recollection the hideous phantoms of the past. Yet, the stronger his effort to banish them, so much the more frequently and the more vividly did they return, as the night-wanderer, who is enticed by a fire-wisp into quagmire or bog, sinks the deeper into his damp grave the more he struggles to escape. His imagination seemed incapable of admitting any other image than that of Brunhilda. Now he fancied he beheld her expiring, the blood streaming from her beautiful bosom; at other times he saw the lovely bride of his youth, reproaching him with having disturbed the slumbers of her tomb; and to both he was compelled to utter the dreadful words, "I curse thee forever." The terrible imprecation was constantly passing his lips, yet he was in constant terror lest he should forget it, or dream of her without being able to repeat it, and then, on awaking, find himself in her arms. Else would he recall her expiring words, and, appalled at their terrific import, imagine that the doom of his perdition was irrecoverably passed. Whence should he fly from himself, or how erase from his brain these images and forms of horror?

At length, after many a weary and fruitless wandering he returned to his castle. Here all was deserted and silent, as if the sword or a still more deadly pestilence had laid everything to waste, for the few inhabitants that still remained, and even those servants who had once shown themselves the most attached, now fled from him as though he had been branded with the mark of Cain. With horror he perceived that, by uniting himself as he had with the dead, he had cut himself off from the living. Stripped of all earthly hope, bereft of every consolation, he was rendered as poor as mortal can possibly be on this side of the grave.

Riding through the forest in the neighborhood of his castle, absorbed in his gloomy meditations, the sudden sound of a horn roused him from his reverie. Shortly after he saw appear a female figure clad in black, and mounted on a steed of the same color. Her attire was like that of a huntress, but, instead of a falcon, she bore a raven on her hand; and she was attended by a gay troop of cavaliers and dames. The first salutations being passed, he found that she was

proceeding on the same road as himself; and, when she found that Walter's castle was close at hand, she requested that he would lodge her for that night, the evening being far advanced. Most willingly did he comply with this request since the appearance of the beautiful stranger had struck him greatly—so wonderfully did she resemble Swanhilda, except that her locks were brown, and her eye dark and full of fire. With a sumptuous banquet did he entertain his guests, whose mirth and songs enlivened the lately silent halls.

Three days did this revelry continue, and so exhilarating did it prove to Walter that he seemed to have forgotten his sorrows and his fears; nor could he prevail upon himself to dismiss his visitors, dreading lest on their departure the castle would seem a hundred times more desolate than before, and his grief be proportionately increased. At his earnest request, the stranger consented to stay seven days, and again another seven days. Without being requested, she took upon herself the superintendence of the household, which she regulated as discreetly and cheerfully as Swanhilda had been wont to do, so that the castle, which had so lately been the abode of melancholy and horror, became the residence of pleasure and festivity, while Walter's grief disappeared altogether in the midst of so much gaiety.

Daily did his attachment to the fair unknown increase; he even made her his confidante; and, one evening as they were walking together apart from any of her train, he related to her his melancholy and frightful history.

"My dear friend," returned she, as soon as he had finished his tale, "it ill beseems a man of thy discretion to afflict thyself on account of all this. Thou hast awakened the dead from the sleep of the grave, and afterwards found what might have been anticipated—that the dead possess no sympathy with life. What then? Thou wilt not commit this error a second time. Thou hast however murdered the being thou had thus recalled again into existence—but it was only in appearance, for thou couldst not deprive that of life which properly had none. Thou hast too lost a wife and two children; but, at your years, such a loss is most easily repaired. There are beauties who will gladly share your couch, and make you a father again. But you dread the reckoning of hereafter. Go open the graves and ask the sleepers there whether that hereafter disturbs them." In such manner would she frequently exhort and cheer Walter, and so successful were her efforts, that in a short time his melancholy entirely disappeared.

He now ventured to declare to the unknown the passion with which she had inspired him, nor did she refuse him her hand. Within seven days afterwards the nuptials were celebrated with the utmost magnificence.

With the first dawn of day commenced the labors of those who were busied in preparing the festival; and, if the walls of the castle had often echoed before to the sounds of mirth and revelry, the very foundations now seemed to rock from the wild tumultuous uproar of unrestrained riot. The wine streamed in abundance; the goblets circled incessantly; intemperance reached its utmost bounds, while shouts of laughter almost resembling madness burst from the numerous train belonging to the unknown.

At length Walter, heated with wine and love, conducted his bride into the nuptial chamber. But scarcely had he clasped her in his arms, ere she transformed herself into a monstrous serpent, which, entwining him in its horrid folds, crushed him to death. Flames crackled on every side of the apartment. In a few minutes after the whole castle was enveloped in a blaze that consumed it entirely; while, as the walls fell in with a horrid crash, a voice exclaimed aloud—"WAKE NOT THE DEAD."