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GOTHIC BOURNES

**THE DEAD AWAKENED;
OR
IMPIOUS SORROW PUNISHED
(1832)**

TRANSCRIPTION BY

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THE
PENNY
STORY-TELLER.

ADAPTED FOR
FAMILY READING AND AMUSEMENT.

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Source text:

<https://books.google.es/books?id=b7ZbAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA122&lpg=PA122&dq=the+dead+awakened+story+wilhelm&source=bl&ots=vPRI0s25v-&sig=ACfU3U3PlvInpgkE1-ZmjPSA56imUyrGlw&hl=es&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwinrc-07vXsAhWCTN8KHXtkDg0Q6AEwDnoECAEQAg#v=onepage&q=the%20dead%20awakened%20story%20wilhelm&f=false>

(pages 122-126)

Note on the transcription

The original pagination of the source-text is indicated with a number in square brackets.

The original spelling, capitalization, and punctuation have been retained as in the source-text. The extra spaces before colons, semicolons, question and exclamation marks, and between the first pair of the inverted commas and direct speech, have been eliminated systematically throughout the text.

¹ This date refers to the first publication of the story in *The Penny Story-Teller* weekly and is indicated on page 121. However, the source-text is an 1833 reprint in a book containing 60 numbers of the magazine.

THE DEAD AWAKENED; OR, IMPIOUS SORROW PUNISHED.

WILHELM was a powerful lord in Burgundy, who in his youth was smitten with the charms of the fair Ada, a beauty far surpassing in loveliness all her rivals; for her tresses, dark as the raven, streaming over her shoulders, set off to the utmost advantage the delicacy of her slender form, and the rich hue of her cheek. Ada became the wife of Wilhelm, and, both equally devoted, were reckless of all the world besides; their sole apprehension was lest aught should awaken them from a dream which they prayed might last for ever. Vain was their wish; for after Ada's becoming the mother of two beautiful children, Death snatched away his blooming victim. The widowed husband was inconsolable for his Ada. Frequently of a night, instead of retiring to his chamber, he repaired to Ada's tomb, where he murmured forth his impious discontent, saying, "Wilt thou sleep for ever?" One night, as he was indulging his wonted sorrow, a sorcerer entered the church-yard for the purpose of gathering such herbs as grow only from the earth wherein the dead repose. He perceived the mourner, and approached the spot where he was lying. "Wherefore, fond wretch," said he, "dost thou grieve thus for what is now a hideous mass of mortality—a being as frail as thyself? Besides, will thy complaints awaken her? or, could they do so, would she not upbraid thee for having disturbed that repose in which she is now hushed?"

"Avaunt! thou knowest not what love is. O that she stood once before me!"

"It is not my wish to tempt thee; but I could restore thee thy dead, and then wouldst thou see that I have spoken truly."

"Oh!" cried Wilhelm, "if thou art indeed able to restore my love, grant it to my earnest supplication."

"I am able to restore her to thee; yet consider how deep the abyss² between life and death. My power can build a bridge across this, but it can never fill up the chasm; bethink thee well, and return hither to-morrow at midnight; yet once more I warn thee—wake not the dead!" So saying he disappeared.

No sooner had the midnight hour arrived than he saw the sorcerer standing by Ada's grave. "Hast thou considered?" inquired he.

"Oh, restore to me the object of my tenderest love," cried Wilhelm, with eagerness. "Delay not, lest I die, and behold her face no more."

² "... how deep the abyss *is* between life and death." It is not clear whether the verb was omitted deliberately or not.

"Once more I warn thee—let her rest," answered the old man. "Reflect, thou mayest not quit her until death; even though horror and aversion should seize thy heart, there would remain but one horrible means."

"Fool!" cried Wilhelm, "how can I hate that which I love so intensely?"

"Be it as thou wishest," answered the sorcerer. "Step back."

The old man drew a circle around the grave. Wilhelm was too much agitated to observe his movements; but when he turned round he saw the coffin uncovered: the lid burst open with a dreadful sound; the sorcerer poured upon the corse³ some blood from out of a human skull, saying, "Drink, sleeper, of this warm stream, that thy heart may beat again within thy bosom. Arise now from thy tomb." The sorcerer took her by the hand, and led her towards Wilhelm, who stood rooted to the ground with amazement. "Receive again," said he, "the object of thy love. Mayest thou never more require my aid; but if thou shouldst, seek me in the mountains, where the three roads meet. Farewell." "Wilhelm!" exclaimed the figure; and at once the well-known voice broke the spell by which he was bound.

"Is it reality? is it truth?" cried he, "or a dream?"

"No, it is no dream; I am really living," exclaimed Ada. "Take me to thy castle; haste, let us away ere the dawn breaks, for my eyes are yet too weak to endure the light of day."

A black steed stood near, with suitable attire on his back, for Ada, who lost no time in dressing herself. Wilhelm leaped into the saddle, and catching up his wife, whom he had had thus strangely restored to him, he rode furiously forward, and arrived at his castle before day-break, unseen by any, except an old servant, upon whom Wilhelm imposed silence by the severest threats.

In the course of a few days, Wilhelm caused it to be known that he had consoled himself by marrying a lady, the exact resemblance of his former wife. Happy as Wilhelm now was, his household were far from being so. The strong resemblance between their new lady and the dead Ada filled them with dismay and indefinable horror, for there was not a single difference of feature, of voice, or gesture. To add to these mysterious circumstances, her female attendant discovered a particular mark on her shoulder which Ada had. A report was soon circulated that their lady was no other than Ada 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 Ada much to increase this aversion, and to increase 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-coloured and sparkling jewels glittered upon her—pearls alone lent their pale lustre to adorn her. Most carefully did she avoid the cheerful light of the sun, and was [123] wont to spend the brightest days in the most gloomy apartments of the castle: only during the twilight of the commencing or declining day did she ever walk abroad; but her favourite hour was when the phantom light of the moon bestowed on all objects a shadowy appearance

³ Corpse

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 every one around her, while she seemed more terrible than ever, since a dread of some supernatural power attached to her and 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, once the residence of cheerfulness and mirth, now resembled an extensive desert tomb. With fear imprinted on their countenances, the domestics glided through the apartments of the castle; and in this abode of terror the crowing of the cock caused the living to tremble, as if they were the spirits of the departed. There was no one but who shuddered at meeting her in a lonely place in the dusk of evening, or by the light of the moon—a circumstance that was deemed ominous of some evil. 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 seized them.

The art of the sorcerer had indeed bestowed upon Ada an artificial life, and due nourishment had continued to support the restored body; yet this body of itself was not able to keep up the genial glow of vitality. The existence that Ada now possessed was a chilled existence, colder than that of a snake. It was necessary that a magic draught should animate the dull current in her veins, and awaken her to a glow of life. Human blood, imbibed whilst yet warm from the veins of youth, was the drink for which she thirsted. It was even with the utmost effort that she could forbear sucking even the blood of Wilhelm himself, as he reclined beside her. Whenever she beheld some innocent child whose lovely face denoted the exuberance of health and vigour, she would entice it by soothing words and fond caresses into the most secret apartment, where lulling it to sleep in her arms, she would suck from its bosom the warm purple stream of life; nor were youths of either sex safe from her horrid attack: having first breathed upon her unhappy victim, who never failed to fall asleep, she would then in a similar manner drain his veins of the vital juice. Thus children, youths, and maidens, quickly faded away, as flowers gnawed by the cankering worm. The fulness of their limbs disappeared, a sallow hue succeeded to the rosy freshness of their cheeks, the liquid lustre of the eye was deadened, and their locks became thin and grey, as if already ravaged by the storms of life. Parents beheld with horror this desolating pestilence devouring their offspring; nor could simple or charm, potion or amulet, avail aught against it. The grave swallowed up one after the other; or, did the miserable victims survive, they became cadaverous, and wrinkled even in the very morn of their existence.

At length strange reports began to prevail. It was whispered that Ada was the cause of all these horrors, although no one could pretend to say how she destroyed her victims, since no marks of violence were discernible. Yet when young children confessed that she had frequently lulled them to sleep in her arms, and elder ones said that a sudden slumber had come upon them 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, all their little possessions, in order to rescue their children from so horrible a doom.

Thus did the castle daily assume a more desolate appearance. None but a few old women and grey-headed menials were to be seen remaining of the once numerous retinue. Ada saw with grief that the source of her youthful ardour was daily decreasing; for in a short time nothing remained gifted with youth save Wilhelm and her children; and these latter she resolved should be her next victims.

On her first return to the castle, she had neglected her children; now, however, she began to treat them with attention, and caused them to be brought frequently into her presence. The aged nurses were filled with dread at perceiving the marks of regard from her towards their young charges, yet they dared not oppose the will of their imperious mistress. Soon did Ada gain the affection of the unsuspecting children, who were too guileless 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 would she recite to them tales of such a 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,⁴ and lull them to slumber. Then did visions of the most surpassing⁵ magnificence attend their dreams. They would fancy themselves in some garden, where flowers of every hue rose in rows one above the other, from the humble violet to the tall sunflower, forming a party-coloured embroidery of every hue sloping upwards towards the golden clouds, where little angels, whose wings sparkled with azure and gold, descended to bring them delicious cakes or splendid jewels, or sing to them soothing, melodious hymns. So delightful did these dreams in a short time become to the children, that they longed for nothing so eagerly as to slumber on Ada's lap; for never at other times did they enjoy such visions of heavenly form. Thus they were most anxious for that which was to prove their own destruction; for while they were lapped in these ecstatic slumbers, Ada sucked the life-stream from their bosoms. On waking, they felt themselves faint and exhausted; yet did no pain or mark betray the cause. Shortly, however, their strength entirely failed; their sports became less noisy; their loud, frolicsome laughter was converted into a faint smile; the full tones of their voices died away into a mere whisper. Their nurses were filled with horror and despair; too well did they conjecture the dreadful truth, yet dared not to impart their suspicions to Wilhelm, who was so devotedly attached to his dreadful partner. Death at last smote his prey, and carried them away to their graves. The anguished father deeply bemoaned their loss, for 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 Ada. "Why dost thou lament so fondly," said she, "for these little ones? Thy heart is no longer mine, but theirs. Art thou weary of me? Had these young ones grown up, would they not have attached thy spirit and thy affection more closely to this earth of clay—to this dust, and have alienated thee from that sphere to which I, who have already passed the grave, wished to raise thee? Say, is thy spirit so lumpish—thy faith so hollow—or thy love so weak, that the hope of being mine for ever is unable to move thee?" Thus did Ada express her indignation at her husband's grief, and forbade him her presence.

⁴ Knees

⁵ In the source-text: "surpassing, magnificence"

The fear of offending her beyond forgiveness, and his anxiety to appease her, soon dried up his tears.

[124] 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.

No one now remained to quench the horrible thirst of the vampire save Wilhelm; and his death she contemplated unmoved: for was he in his tomb, she would be free to search out other victims. She therefore now began to fix her blood-thirsty lips on Wilhelm's breast. Soon did his vital powers begin to decay, and many a grey hair peeped through his raven locks. He now frequently left her, to pass whole days in the sports of the chase, hoping thereby to regain his wonted vigour.

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, letting fall a rose-coloured rosette, which fell at Wilhelm's feet, who 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 delightful odoriferous scent induced him to try its flavour, but it was ten times more bitter than wormwood in his mouth; upon which, impatient of the disappointment, he flung it away with violence. Had he, however, been aware of its quality, and that it acted as a counter charm against the opiate perfume of Ada's breath, he would have blessed it, in spite of its bitterness.

When Wilhelm returned in the evening, and laid down to rest as usual, the magic power of Ada's 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 sharp, 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 Ada drawing the warm blood from his bosom. The wild cry of horror which at length escaped him terrified Ada, whose mouth was besmeared with blood. "Monster!" exclaimed he, springing up, "is it thus you love me?"

"Ay, even as the dead love!" replied she, with malignant coldness.

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

Raising herself up, 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—thou art the murderer."

These dreadful words called before Wilhelm's terrified conscience the threatening shades of all those who had 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 courage to love the dead, why, unhallowed as thou now art, raise this hideous cry for the sacrifice of a few lives? Chase, my beloved Wilhelm, these idiot fancies." Saying these words, she extended her

arms towards him, which only served to increase his terror, and exclaiming "Hateful being!" he rushed out of the apartment.

All the horrors of a guilty conscience now became his companions. Frequently did he blame his own obstinate blindness for having given no heed to his children's nurses, but treating their admonitions as vile calumnies. But his sorrow was now too late; for although repentance may aic⁶ pardon for the offender, it cannot alter the immutable decrees of Fate—it cannot call the murdered from the tomb. During the day he wandered through the solitary wilds of the mountains, as a culprit seeking an asylum from his pursuers; and at night retiring to the shelter of a cave, fearing less to sleep in such a dreary place than to expose himself to the horror of again meeting Ada; but he endeavoured in vain to flee her, for on his waking she was at his side; nay, had he sought the centre of the earth as his hiding-place; had he even embedded himself beneath the 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 wood even from the rising of the sun till the shades of evening; 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 amongst the open mountains. 'Twas a stormy night, and all things conspired to add to the terror of Wilhelm; his hair flew disorderly in the wind, like black snakes wreathing round 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. "Murderer of thy own offspring!" exclaimed he; "companion of a blood-thirsty vampire!" and in his despair he tore the wild locks from his head. Just then the full moon darted from beneath the bursting clouds; and this sight recalled to his remembrance the advice of the sorcerer, when he trembled at the first apparition of Ada rising from the sleep of death, namely, to seek him at the season of the full moon, in the mountains, where the 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, Wilhelm found the old man there seated upon a stone, as calmly as though it had been a bright, sunny day, and completely regardless of the uproar around. "Art thou come then?" exclaimed he to the breathless wretch, who flung himself at his feet, exclaiming in a tone of anguish, "Oh, save me—succour me—rescue me from the monster that scatters death and desolation around her!"

"I am acquainted with it," returned the sorcerer: "thou now perceivest how wholesome was the advice, '*Wake not the dead!*'"

"Why," cried Wilhelm, "didst thou not disclose to me at once all the horrors that awaited my sacrilegious profanation of the tomb?"

⁶ Gain.

"Wert thou then able to listen to any other voice than that of thine own 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 thy 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?"

"I 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 [125] from the grave totally fails her. 'Tis then that thou must murder her."

"How murder her!" echoed Wilhelm.

"Ay," returned the old man, "pierce her bosom with a sharpened dagger, which I will furnish thee with; at the same time renounce her memory for ever, 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 she herself is? —I'll do it."

"Keep then this resolution until the next new moon."

"What! must I wait until then?" cried Wilhelm. "Alas! ere then either her savage thirst for blood will have forced me into the tomb, or horror will have driven me mad."

"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 from 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.⁷ o⁸ saying, the sorcerer drew a magic circle around the cave with his wand, and then immediately disappeared.

Twice seven days Wilhelm remained in this solitude, and every night he beheld Ada wandering round the magic circle, which she could not pass, and exclaiming, "Wilhelm, my beloved, why dost thou avoid me? Art thou not mine, for ever mine—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 Wilhelm, "let us depart hence; the hour is now arrived;" and he forthwith conducted him in silence from the cave to a coal-black steed, the sight of which recalled to Wilhelm's

⁷ In the source-text inverted commas are missing.

⁸ So

remembrance the atal⁹ night. He then related to the old man Ada's nocturnal visits, and anxiously inquired whether her apprehensions of eternal perdition would be fulfilled or not.

"Mortal eye may not pierce the dark secrets of another world," replied the sorcerer, "or penetrate the deep abyss that separates earth from heaven."

Wilhelm hesitated to mount the steed. "Be resolute," exclaimed his companion. "But this once is it granted thee to make the trial, and shouldst thou fail now, nought can rescue thee from her power."

"What can be more horrible than she herself? 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 Wilhelm's castle. All the doors flew open at the bidding of his companion, and they quickly reached Ada's chamber, and stood before her couch. Reclining in all her native loveliness, in a tranquil slumber, Ada looked so pure, so meek, and innocent, that all the sweet hours of their endearments rushed on Wilhelm'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 even now," said the latter to him. "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 Wilhelm; and turning away his face, he thrust his dagger into her bosom. The cold blood gushed upon his hand. Opening her eyes, she cast a look of ghastly horror at her husband, and, in a hollow, dying voice, exclaimed, "Thou too art doomed to perdition!"

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

Wilhelm did as commanded, saying, "Never will I think of her with love, never recall her to mind intentionally; and should her image recur to my mind unintentionally, I will exclaim it to be hateful."

"Thou hast now done everything," returned the sorcerer. "Restore her, therefore, to the earth from which thou so foolishly recalledst her, and be sure to recollect thy oath, for shouldst thou forget it, she would return. Adieu! we see each other no more." So saying, he quitted the apartment, and Wilhelm also fled this abode of horror, having first given orders that the corpse should be speedily interred.

Once more did Ada repose in her grave; but her image haunted Wilhelm's imagination, so that his existence was one continued martyrdom, in which he struggled to dismiss from his recollection the hideous phantoms of the past. His imagination seemed incapable of admitting any other image than that of Ada. The terrible imprecation was continually passing his lips; yet was he in incessant terror, lest he should forget, and see her before him; else would he recall her expiring words, and appalled at their terrific import, imagine that the doom of his perdition was irrecoverably passed. Whence could he fly from himself? or how erase from his brain these images and forms of horror? In the din of combat—in the tumult of war, in these

⁹ Fatal

he hoped to find at least a relief of distraction; but here he was disappointed. The giant fang of apprehension now seized him, who had never before known fear; each drop of blood that sprayed upon him seemed the cold blood that gushed from Ada's wound; each dying wretch that fell beside him looked like her, when expiring she exclaimed, "Thou too art doomed to perdition." So the aspect of death seemed more full of dread to him than aught beside; and this terror compelled him to abandon the battle-field. At length he returned to his castle; here all was deserted and silent, as if the sword and the pestilence had laid everything waste. He now perceived that by uniting himself with the dead he had cut himself off from the living, who refused to hold intercourse with him.

Wilhelm was one day returning from the chase through a forest which adjoined his castle, absorbed in his gloomy meditations, when the sudden sound of a horn roused him from his reverie. Shortly after he saw a female figure, clad in black, emerge from the trees. She was mounted on a black horse; her attire was that of a huntress; but, instead of a falcon, she bore a raven on her head; and she was attended by a troop of gay cavaliers and dames. The first salutation being passed, he found she was proceeding the same road as himself: and when she found that Wilhelm's castle was close at hand, she requested that he would lodge her that night. The evening being far spent, most willingly did he comply with this request, since the appearance of this beautiful stranger had struck him greatly. Three days did he prevail on his guests to stay; and so exhilarating did it prove to Wilhelm, that he seemed to have forgotten his sorrows and his fears; nor would he yet allow his guests to leave him, dreading lest on their departure the castle should seem a hundred times more desolate than before.¹⁰ At his request the stranger consented to stay for fourteen days; and the castle now became once more the residence of pleasure and festivity, and Wilhelm's grief disappeared altogether in the midst of so much gaiety. Daily did his attachment to the fair unknown increase. He even made her [126] his confidant, and related to her his melancholy and frightful history.

"My dear friend," replied 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 death, and afterwards found what might have been anticipated—that the dead possess no sympathy with the living. What then? Thou wilt not commit this error a second time. Thou hast, however, murdered the being whom thou didst thus recall again into existence; but it was only in appearance, for thou couldst not deprive that of life which properly had none. But thou dreadst the reckoning hereafter. Go, open the graves, and ask the sleepers there whether that hereafter disturbs them."

In such a manner would she frequently exhort and cheer Wilhelm; and so successful were her efforts, that in a short time his grief entirely disappeared. He now ventured to declare to the unknown the love 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 labours of those who were busied in preparing the festival; and if the walls of the castle had often

¹⁰ In the source-text there is no full stop after "before".

echoed to the sounds of revelry and mirth, the very foundations seemed now to rock, from the wild, tumultuous uproar of unrestrained riot. At length the wine streamed in abundance, the goblets circled incessantly; intemperance reached its utmost bounds, while shouts of laughter burst from the numerous attendants belonging to the unknown. Meanwhile Wilhelm, who was seated by his bride, turned to embrace her, when to his horror scarcely had he clasped her in his arms ere she was transformed into a monstrous serpent, which entwining him in its horrible 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 horrible crash, a voice exclaimed aloud, "*Wake not the dead!*"

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