

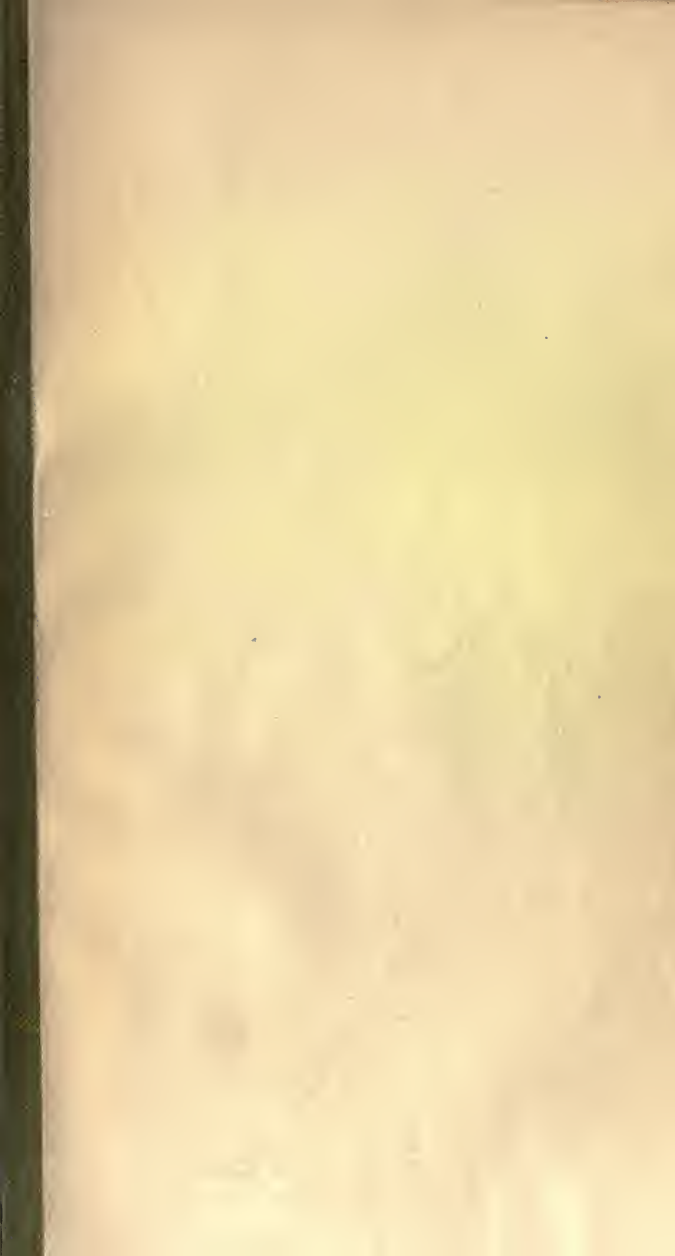


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J. Wyatt del. et Sc.

Fitzalan shuddered at the sight; and involuntarily stooping took up the Dagger.

SIR BERTRAND'S
ADVENTURES IN A RUINOUS CASTLE:

THE STORY OF
FITZALAN:

THE ADVENTURE,
JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND
HAD WITH THE
WEIRD SISTERS,
IN THE DREADFUL
WOOD OF BIRNAN:

THE STORY OF
RAYMOND CASTLE:

THE
RUIN OF THE HOUSE OF ALBERT:

AND
MARY, A FRAGMENT.

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THE
STORY OF
SIR BERTRAND.

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

———SIR Bertrand turned his steed toward the wolds, hoping to cross those dreary moors before the curfew tolled. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracts; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a louring sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendor from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forward; but at length, the encreasing darkness, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up; and, turning toward the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced toward it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpse of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of

time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered; and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vanished: at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent. Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed; and, approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow foot-steps.—All was still as death! —He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch; and, seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again! He repeated the strokes more boldly, and louder. Another interval of silence ensued!—A third time he knocked; and a third time all was still! He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before!—at the same instant, a deep, fullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop!—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps toward his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and, urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand:—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled!—He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize

it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced toward it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs; and, after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery. The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him: It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished! At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness; and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forward—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—he dropped it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stones. The stair-case declined narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—a deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—he went forward; and, proceeding beyond the first turning, discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—he followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forward the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown, and menacing gesture, brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Ber-

trand undauntedly sprang forward; and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their hands. Each of them reared its arm, and advanced one leg forward, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forward; and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms toward him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres, and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; when instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash.

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance; and, on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle.

The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendor, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the graces. She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs put a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table; and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time.

Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he

could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures.

After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words:—

“ Sir Knight, The grateful remembrance of my delivery from the iron hand of the Moorish tyrant, who in dying bequeathed his soul to the prince of the air for the horrid purpose of confining me in this my patrimonial-castle, shall never be erased from my memory. And if to you I own his power over me, it was but transient and of short duration. With horror I view the remains of his now extinguished fascination; and though years have rolled after years, and involved in their course the fate of my venerable ancestors, yet I have at last the consolation to find myself by your valor free from the machinations of Almanzor (for that was the name of the Moorish prince, whom our valiant king Edward brought over with him on his return from the crusades). My father approved of my union with him, but, alas! I never beheld him without the utmost horror. His dark insidious looks, compared to the open and undisguised mien of him I had lately lost in the troubles of the times, made me shudder. In an unlucky moment I was induced to sign, in obedience to my father's will, a covenant with Almanzor, which he pretended would place me next heir to the Moorish throne. Each signature was made with our blood, and a requiem was afterward sung for the success of the union. But alas! minds are not easily transferred; my soul owned allegiance to Sir Walter, a generous Knight of this country, and whom this horrid eastern tyrant had destroyed in conflict; and because I peremptorily refused to drink his blood, this monster swore he would invoke every power to confine me until some more valorous Knight should arrive to release me from his hands. How long I have been enchanted, I do not know; but this I can declare, that from that time to the present I have not been free from horrid dreams like those which are said to infest the wicked in their

graves." So saying she rose up, and taking Sir Bertrand by the hand, led him to the couch, where he took his repose for a few hours. Early in the morning he took his departure, promising to return soon. He was as good as his word; and in a few days, the priest united them for ever. The marriage was attended with great pomp, both of ecclesiastic and military men, who all bestowed the most liberal benedictions upon this happy pair.

THE
STORY OF
FITZALAN.

From the Monthly Visitor.

IT was after sun-set, one evening, in the decline of autumn, when, in consequence of a letter which he had just received, summoning him to attend the death-bed of a much-loved friend, the protector of his infancy, that Fitzalan, after having most affectionately embraced and bade adieu to his beloved wife Edith, and his infant Edwin, mounted his steed, and departed from his dwelling. He had many miles to travel; and a great part of the road he was to pursue, lay over a bleak and dreary heath of immense extent. He quitted his home, though only for a short time, with extreme reluctance; and, notwithstanding his haste, while it remained in sight, often stopped and looked back to catch another glimpse of the place which contained all that he held dear. Edith, and her little boy, followed him to the gate; waved their hands to him while he remained visible; and when the distance and the advance of night hid him from them, returned to the house in a melancholy mood. Edith trembled for her husband, though she knew not why: the tears stole fast down her cheeks; and little Edwin, seeing his mother weep, clasped his

arms round her neck—hid his head in her bosom—and mingled his tears with hers.

Fitzalan having at length lost sight of the dear objects that retarded his progress, pursued his journey with all possible swiftness: in a few minutes he entered upon the heath, across which lay the road he was necessitated to take. Not a single house was to be seen before him—not an individual traveller appeared, whose presence and conversation might enliven the tedious way he had to go. It was now night, and the moon had not yet risen. The chilling wind, that howling mournfully through the trees scattered their shrivelled yellow foliage upon the ground; the gloomy, spectre-like appearance of every surrounding object; the late parting from his wife and child; and the painful nature of the duty he was then hastening to perform, all contributed to fill the bosom of Fitzalan with the most melancholy reflections. “It is now sixteen years ago,” said he to himself, with a sigh, “since my brave and tender father disappeared on this heath; slain, most probably, by the sword of some vile assassin! Would to God that I could avenge his death! but, alas, I know not his murderer! The venerable Sir Edmund too, the friend, the guardian of my youth; he, whose liberality preserved my independance, when the rapacious Fitzurban wrested from me my paternal domains—he will, perhaps, ere I can arrive at his castle, be no more! I shall not have the sad satisfaction of closing those eyes that were ever turned upon me with the tenderest affection. I shall not receive the blessing of him who delighted to contribute to my happiness: but yet, all is not lost. My faithful lovely Edith, my little Edwin, still remain; and, while I possess them, I cannot be miserable.”

In this manner Fitzalan gave vent to his meditations. He had now travelled over one-third of the heath, when he imagined that he heard, at a great distance, as the gale wafted the sound, the trampling of horses feet: he stopped for a moment, in hopes that some one might be journeying the same way with himself: he listened—but, not again hearing it, he supposed that he had.

been deceived by the wind sweeping through the branches of the old half-leafless trees that were thinly scattered over the heath. He therefore proceeded: but, in a few minutes, again heard very plainly the noise of horsemen, advancing with great rapidity: he once more halted, and, favoured by the wind, and the stillness which reigned around him, heard one of them say to the other—"By'r lady! Walter, I wish we were well out of this adventure: for if he should prove such a lion-hearted fellow, as I have been told he is, it may, perhaps, cost us some broken bones, if even it should not turn out worse." "Why, what a fool you are, Hugo!" re-joined the other, angrily. "Do you think that us two, well-armed, are not a match for him? It is very well that the baron does not hear you express your childish fears; he would certainly send you to keep company with the ghosts in the caverns of the castle; but, on the other hand, do but think of the angels* we shall get possession of when we go back. Two hundred—think of that, Hugo—sweet, pretty creatures! how I long to be fingering them. By St. Cuthbert! I should desire no better sport than to have such a commission every day. Faith, I would soon be as rich as the baron; and not a whit less honest with it. But come, come, spur on, he cannot be far before us; and the sooner we get through the business, the sooner we shall get our reward. But, if we should lose him through your fears, you may e'en go back to the castle by yourself: for my part, I would as soon meet the devil as meet the baron, when he has been disappointed in one of his projects."

Fitzalan heard this mysterious discourse with a considerable degree of anxiety. He was convinced that they were assassins; and though he knew not why, yet still he was firmly convinced that he was the object of their pursuit. The assassins were now so near that they discovered Fitzalan, and loudly called out to him to stop. As Fitzalan disdained the least thought of

* An antient gold coin worth ten shillings.

flying from his enemies, even if flight might be of any avail, he turned his horse, and, in an angry tone, demanded the reason of their insolence. "Ask no questions of us," replied the ferocious Walter, "but surrender yourself our prisoner." "Slave!" rejoined Fitzalan, instantly drawing his sword, and advancing upon the ruffian, who was not backward in doing the same. Fitzalan, at last, disarmed his opponent; and, at the same instant, received a blow on the temple from Hugo, who had slyly got behind him, which stretched him senseless on the ground. On recovering from his trance, he found himself bound to the horse, his hands firmly fastened behind him, and the horse led by the two ruffians who had attacked him. He repeatedly asked his conductors to what place they were conveying him, but he asked them in vain; they preserved the most profound silence. After having travelled across the heath above an hour, the faint beams of the waning moon showed, at some distance, the turrets of a castle, which appeared to Fitzalan to be that of the baron Fitzurban. He was right in his conjecture—it was the castle of Fitzurban; and thither were the ruffians conveying him. In a few minutes they reached it; and Walter having given the signal, the draw-bridge was let down; Fitzalan, when disarmed, and faint with loss of blood, finding it impossible to make any effectual resistance, suffered himself to be taken off the horse and fettered. He was now led by Hugo and Walter, with their swords drawn, into the inner court; and Walter taking a key from his pocket applied it to a door, the lock of which being rusty with age, it was some time before it could be made to open; but, at length, he succeeded. He entered, followed by Fitzalan and Hugo, and descended a number of steps into a passage of great length, damp and noisome; from which many others branched forth: at the end of this passage, a massy door strongly bolted presented itself. Walter drew back the bolts, and unlocking the door, conducted Fitzalan into a dungeon of considerable extent, and wet with unwholesome vapours. In one corner lay a

bundle of straw, almost rotten with age. "This, Sir," said Walter, pointing to it with a malignant smile, "is your bed; I hope you will approve of it. We will leave you to your meditations; you will be but seldom disturbed, I promise you."

"Base, dastardly slave!" exclaimed Fitzalan, his eyes flashing with indignation. With a contemptuous sneer, Walter and his comrade now quitted the dungeon; and as they fastened the bolts, harsh and rusty from the lapse of years, Fitzalan felt his heart die within him. He flung himself on the bed of straw, in a state of mind nearly allied to phrenzy—a thousand tender recollections presented themselves to him, and every one of them contributed to render his present situation more horrible: torn, for ever, from his Edith! from his Edwin! manacled in a dungeon! and, perhaps, on the verge of death; not a ray of hope illumined the dreary prospect before him: "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "if I had been doomed to fall in the fair face of day, on the field of glory, I had indeed been blest: but, to be *thus* immured and shackled! fated, too, to perish by the hand of some vile assassin, inglorious and unrevenged!—thus to fall, and from those—it is too much for mortal endurance." In exclamations like this, of mingled grief and indignation, Fitzalan gave utterance to his feelings. Yet, disastrous as his present situation was, the thought of the sorrow which his Edith would suffer from his loss, gave him a thousand times more unsufferable agony than the dangers to which he was exposed. Walter and Hugo, after having secured Fitzalan, proceeded to give the baron an account of the success of their mission.

They found him waiting for them with the utmost impatience. "Well, my trusty friends," exclaimed he, the instant they appeared, "is Fitzalan in my power—beyond the possibility of escape?" "He is, my Lord," answered Walter, "as safe as locks, bolts, and the dungeon under the north tower, can keep him." "The north tower! the north tower!" repeated the baron in a hurried tone, pressing his hands forcibly against his fore-

head, while his eyes flashed with all the wildness of phrenzy. His minions looked first at their lord, and then at each other, with an expression of surprise. In a few moments the baron recovered himself, and continued the discourse. "Do not be alarmed, my friends," said he, "a violent pain shot through my head, but it is gone; and I am well again. I thank you both for your fidelity: here is the reward which I promised you. This is but a small part of what you shall receive when my happiness is confirmed. Now that the hated Fitzalan is in my power, it will be a matter of very little difficulty to effect the completion of my wishes. Tomorrow night you will proceed to execute the plan which I unfolded to you. Be faithful! and rest assured, that I will reward you beyond even the utmost extent of your hopes. Hugo! to your care I commit the man I detest. At present you may both retire." They bowed and obeyed.

When he was somewhat recovered from his tempest of passion and agony, Fitzalan rose from the ground; and with agitated steps paced his prison, carefully examining every corner of it, in expectation of discovering some outlet that might afford him the hope of escape, though ever so distant. His search was not in vain. A part of the wall, when struck, returned a hollow sound; this proved to be a small door, which he supposed led to some other of the dungeon under the castle. His heart rose on this discovery. With an eager hand he sought to find the bolts or locks, but without effect; it appeared to be fastened on the other side, and the massiveness of the plates of iron with which it was defended, mocked every attempt to procure a passage by force. It was not, however, till he was entirely worn out by the violence of his exertions, that Fitzalan desisted from endeavouring to accomplish his purpose. Baffled in all his efforts, and made more wretched by their failure, he threw himself on his damp and half-decayed heap of straw. All was solemn silence; except when it was broken by the rattling of his chains, or when the castle-bell in deep and fullen

tones announced the lapse of the hours. Fitzalan several times imagined that he heard a low but heavy groan, which seemed to him like that of a person expiring: and twice or thrice he thought the bolts of the door he had discovered just grated, as though some one were striving softly to draw them back. He listened each time with the most profound attention; but not hearing any thing more, concluded that it was the effect of his over-heated and bewildered imagination. After several hours of indescribable suffering had elapsed, the agonized and exhausted Fitzalan sunk into slumber. But to him, slumber was no respite from anguish. Innumerable dim and indefinable but horrid forms, appeared to float before him, and view him with scowling and portentous aspects.

Now he thought that he heard a more than mortal voice call upon him to execute vengeance on a murderer. He started—the scene changed—the murderer, fallen beneath his sword, lay lifeless at his feet—it vanished, and he beheld his Edith kneeling for mercy, his little Edwin clinging round her neck, screaming in terror, while a ruffian, whose dagger was stained with the half-congealed blood of recent murder, was in the act of stabbing her. He sprang forward to save her, and awoke, every limb convulsed, and the cold drops of horror trickling down his frame. “Merciful God!” he exclaimed, “my unprotected Edith!”

Thus passed the hours, till at last the dawning day appeared through a narrow oblique perforation in the wall, which just served to keep the air of the dungeon from total stagnation. Fitzalan could now examine his prison more minutely than before. This he did, but with no better effect. The door remained impervious to all his efforts; and the window, if so it might be called, gave still less prospect of escape; for independant of its form, length, and narrowness, it was firmly secured, both inside and out, by thick iron bars, which almost excluded the little light and air which was intended to be admitted. Once more then, Fitzalan in despair gave up his search, and endeavoured to discover

the motives of his imprisonment, but in vain. He was roused from his reverie, by the unbarring of the dungeon-door—it opened, and Hugo entered, armed, and with a drawn sword in his hand. He brought with him a pitcher of water and a small loaf, which he laid down near the door, and instantly departed without uttering a word. Heavily indeed passed the hours of this day: night at last came, and brought with it the same horrors as the preceding one. He still thought that he heard at times the deep chilling groan, and the hand endeavouring to remove the fastenings of the door which he had found impassable. He slept; again, the voice called for vengeance; again, the murderer lay slain; again, his Edith appeared on the brink of ruin; and he thought that now, with a frantic voice, she called on him to save her from destruction.

About noon the next day the doors unbarred, and Hugo entered, armed, and bringing, as before, a loaf and pitcher. “Tell me,” cried Fitzalan, starting from the ground, “by what authority, and for what purpose, I am brought here. To what fate am I doomed?”—“To death,” answered Hugo. “It is decided upon. To-night, when the castle clock strikes twelve, expect your executioners. Recommend yourself therefore to God, and prepare for your end. I wish,” added he, in a softened tone, “that I were to have no part in your murder; but if I were to refuse, my own life would be the forfeit.” Saying this, he closed the door, leaving Fitzalan in a state of mind bordering upon madness. In exclamations of the most unbounded rage, in vain attempts to force a passage from his dungeon, and in meditating upon the helpless situation of his wife and infant, hour after hour passed away, till at length the bell announced eleven. Fitzalan now rallying his scattered senses, prostrated himself in supplication to the father of mercy; and implored his protection for his Edwin, for his Edith. When he pronounced these dear names, all his resolution vanished: his dreams recurred to his mind, and he felt an overpowering and ominous fear for their safety. A hollow groan rung

through the cell—he started, looked wildly round, and listened—but all was silent. In a few minutes the castle clock began to strike the hour of twelve. Its heavy tone sunk to the heart of Fitzalan. It was to him the voice of death. With a harsh and hideous sound the bolts flew back. “They come,” exclaimed Fitzalan; and sprang from the ground, resolved, though unarmed, to resist to the last, and, if possible, not to die unrevenged. The door which he had so often tried in vain, flew open, and a pale light gleamed through the dungeon. The blood of Fitzalan ran cold in his veins, as his eyes met the form of a venerable old man, on whose face was the pallid hue of dissolution. In his left breast, which was bare, appeared two deep and mortal wounds. The figure beckoned to Fitzalan, whose faculties were all absorbed in awe and wonder; to follow which, recovering from his surprise, he obeyed. The fetters with which he was bound instantly fell from his limbs. He followed his guide, and entered the next cell, which was illumined by a faint radiance, whose source was not visible. The door closed upon them, and the bars jarred together; his conductor advanced to near the centre of the place—then stopped; and turning round, pointed to Fitzalan a human skull lying on the ground, and by its side a dagger; from their condition, they appeared to have lain there many years. Fitzalan shuddered at the sight; and involuntarily stooping, took up the dagger. His guide fixed his sunken eyes on him with an expression of the utmost satisfaction and tenderness, and extended his arm toward a door near them, which directly opened—then articulating with an awful voice, “vengeance on my murderer!” disappeared, leaving the dungeon in total darkness.

Fitzalan paused for a moment; it seemed to him the delusion of some delirious dream; he paused but for a moment—a thousand blended ideas and recollections of the past and present rushed across his brain, and he turned to execute the command he had received. As he passed out of this place, he heard the doors of his late

prison unbarring, and he shuddered at the thought of the fate allotted to him, which he had so wonderfully escaped. He turned up a narrow winding pair of stairs, and traversed several suites of apartments without meeting any one. As he passed along he heard a voice—he stopped and listened, and heard the person exclaim, “By this time it is all over, and I shall be happy—Happy! wretch that I am, how can I talk of happiness? Haunted day and night by ten thousand fiends, my life is a burthen: yet I dare not die! Was I not deeply damned enough before, but I must plunge myself yet deeper in perdition! O it may not be too late to save this one crime. Ho! Walter, Hugo, touch him not, I charge you! Ah! that bleeding form which glares upon me! O forgive me! O spare that frown, it freezes my heart!” The voice was silent for a moment, and then continued, “Foolish plantafies! Shall I be the slave of fear? No, let him die. I shall now enjoy what I have long wished for. If she resists, force shall bend her stubborn spirit. Shame! shall I be foiled by a woman? Oh, my brain fires again! And have I dipped my hands in blood: have I doomed my soul to eternal misery for a woman? First damned by avarice, then by lust, it is vain for me to hope for mercy from heaven! Then let me seize on every pleasure here, nor think of hereafter. To think is madness. Peace! conscience, peace! I will not hear thee! She shall be mine.” Fitzalan, wrought to phrensy during this soliloquy, had raised his dagger: a door now opened just before him, from which Fitzurban came out, with a lamp and sword in his hand. As soon as he saw Fitzalan, he shrieked, dropped the sword, and before he could call for mercy, felt the dagger in his bosom. He fell; and seeing Fitzalan prepare to repeat the blow, feebly uttered, “Hold! in mercy hold your hand! It is enough!” The attendants, alarmed by the noise of their lord falling, now came in, and bore him to a couch. Yet such was their hatred of him, that not one of them offered to molest Fitzalan. The dying man motioned with his hand for the servants to retire

farther, and Fitzalan to advance.—“ O much injured knight,” he groaned; “ can you forgive me? Will you speak peace to my departing spirit? O look not so sternly! Yet I deserve it. I have sinned beyond hope of pardon. But I must be speedy in my tale, I feel the hand of death upon me! O God! O Christ! O save a wretched sinner! Alas! for me there is no hope.” Weak through loss of blood and agony, Fitzurban fainted; when he recovered, he continued—“ It is now more than sixteen years since, to gratify my avarice, I caused your father to be seized as he was travelling, and conveyed to this castle. He fell in one of the dungeons of the north tower by the hands of an assassin. I gained possession of his domains by the vilest means. I robbed you of your birth-right; but I lost my peace; since that hour I have been a stranger to happiness. Suspecting all, and hated by all, I have existed the most miserable of wretches. Sleeping or waking, the spirit of your father has unceasingly been present; has still frowned on me, and threatened me with vengeance for my crimes. O save me from him! Now he smiles on me with scorn, and bids the fiend snatch my trembling soul. O mercy! mercy!” Terror stopped his utterance. In a few moments he was more calm, and proceeded—“ Two years ago, I first saw your Edith, and instantly”—“ Where, where is my Edith?” cried Fitzalan impetuously. “ Russian, restore her to me.” “ She is safe and spotless,” answered the dying Fitzurban—“ restrain awhile your just indignation, and listen to me. From the time I saw your Edith, I felt a fresh fire burning in my breast. I devised a thousand plans to get her into my possession; and as fast as I had formed, rejected them. It was not till four days ago, that I formed the scheme which I put in practice; and which has righteously ended in my destruction. I wrote the letter in the name of Sir Edmund, well knowing that you would fly to your friend. The result you know. Your Edith was deluded in the same manner by a letter which I dispatched yesterday morning, and which was pretended to be written by your orders from

the bed-side of Sir Edmund. She likewise fell into the snare, and was brought hither. I have seen her but once, when she received me with indignation, and awed me into silence by her frown. Enraged by this reception, I ordered Hugo and Walter to dispatch you in the dungeon; and resolved to use force, if I could not by persuasion conquer the hatred of Edith. Heaven in its justice has restored you to liberty, and I fall the victim of my own wickedness. Would to God that my death might expiate all my crimes! I make you the heir of all my domains. May you long be happy with your Edith! O speak pardon and peace to my guilty soul. Yet a short time, O spare me, heaven!—O I am lost—they seize me—Mercy, Lord, mercy!” He faintly shrieked, averted his head, as if to shun the sight of something dreadful, and expired before Fitzalan could pronounce the intreated forgiveness.

After gazing a few moments on the corpse of the lifeless Fitzurban, whose features were fixed in convulsive agony, Fitzalan ordered one of the servants to conduct him to the chamber of Edith. When he entered she was sitting absorbed in grief, with Edwin laying in her lap, and the tears trickling from her eyes upon him. As Fitzalan advanced, she lifted up her head, and frowned; but as soon as she perceived her lord, she sprang into his arms. Edwin bounded toward him, clung round him, and expressed his joy by a thousand infantine, endearing actions. Fitzalan embraced her with the most unbounded rapture; and when the tumult of joy had a little subsided, proceeded to relate his adventure in the dungeon, in the following words:—

“My dearly beloved Edith,” and with these words he tenderly embraced her, “Heaven has rewarded you for your constancy. Fitzurban, that slave whose cankered mind projected our ruin, is no more! It was his contrivance by a letter to draw me from your arms, and by the same artful means to bring you here for violation. His dying confession to me made me tremble. He related, that in the same dungeon whence I have but

just emerged, my father expired under the bloody hand of an assassin. Like me he was way-laid, and being overpowered by force was led to this place, where his short confinement concluded with his death. Like him I was to have suffered under the ruffian hand of servile murderers, but heaven has averted the stroke by sending the spirit of my father to my assistance. It was he who furnished me with the dagger, the instrument of his own death, for the destruction of Fitzurban his mortal enemy, and desperate though just retribution has lain him at my feet. It is just now in my power to right myself. He has bequeathed his own domains to me, and restored what he had unjustly usurped from my father; and thus, my dear Edith, heaven rewards the patience of the faithful servant."

THE
STORY OF THE
WEIRD SISTERS.

A Scottish Tale, from EDMUND of the FOREST.

JAMES III. of Scotland, having conferred the honour of knighthood on Edmund, for his gallantry in saving his sister from being thrown by her horse at a stag-hunt, ever after made him his favourite companion. Having proposed a hunting match in the Caledonian woods, where a wild boar, the terror of those parts, then ranged, he was attended by a number of his nobles, and his favourite, Edmund.

The boar was quickly roused, and the first wound given by James. Furious with pain, the beast turned on his royal foe, who received him with his spear, which was shivered to pieces by the shock. Already were the tusks of the savage fastened on the noble steed the king rode, when a well-directed blow from Edmund

almost severed the chine of the fierce animal, who was quickly dispatched by the spectators of the combat.

James mounted a fresh horse, and ere long another boar was raised, who taking his course to the north, seemed by his speed to set his pursuers at defiance. Eagerly the monarch and his friend followed the flying animal, unheeding that their company decreased, till they lost toward evening the boar, and found they were deserted even by the domestics, and that the dogs, wearied with the chace, had quitted them.

The country round was wild and desolate; no house appeared where they could inquire their road, or be sheltered from the night.

A reedy lake bounded their sight to the north; to the west lay high hills, whose tops were gilt by the declining sun; eastward, the high, barren, and desolate heath, on which they were, stretching beyond their farthest view; whilst to the south was seen an antient wood, near which they had passed about the time the boar had disappeared. Concluding that some of the attendants, supposing they had entered the woods, were there searching for them, the king proposed to Edmund they should return thither.

As the sun declined, a mist arose from the lake; but no sooner was it set than the heath was enveloped in a fog, which gave to those objects it did not entirely conceal, strange and false appearances. It was nearly dark when they reached the wood.

"Surely," said Edmund, "no person of your suite can be here; doubtless ere now, if they were, they would have followed and found you."

As Edmund looked on the king, he saw his countenance pale, and exhibiting marks of unusual fear.

"Turn," he cried, "my friend, your steps from this blasted wood, which shelters, I well know, no domestic of mine; for, if I mistake not, this must be the place I have heard such horrid tales concerning."

"My life I shall sell dearly in your defence. Say, my liege, is this gloomy wood the retreat of robbers and murderers?" or what is it you fear?"

"No human creature, if report says true, Edmund, returns from this fatal wood, to tell the deeds of darkness acted in it. My attendants, I guess, would quit us ere we passed a spot whose fame is widely diffused."

"What is it of which fame speaks so loudly?"

"Know then," said the king, "long after the light of christianity was spread over Scotland, that the Danes, who possessed the Orcades, practised the horrid rites of paganism, and reared here also their idols, before whom barbarous and bloody rites were practised. To those false deities, if tradition says true, which transmits the tale to these later days, was this wood consecrated; and in its inmost gloomy recess, it is still believed, stand the remains of a palace of those pagan-kings, where still it is told dwell women who mock at our holy religion, and secretly pay homage to an accursed idol, which is hid by them during the day, obedient to whose potent spells the unblest spirits, who it is said walk here their nightly rounds, fly on their mischievous errands, assuming such shapes as best fit their purpose."

They had left the wood for a considerable space behind them, when a light appearing through the fog, which they hoped proceeded from some cottage which they had not observed, they rode forward in that direction with all the speed their overwearied steeds would permit.

The light seemed to retreat, and glimmered from the same distance, as when they first remarked it, though now in a different place, for it appeared to the west. They stood—it vanished, and a low indistinct murmur was heard. Again a brighter light shot in another direction, through the dusky air.

"Let us," said Edmund, "proceed." Which with their eyes fixed on the light that now appeared stationary, they did some way; but when they imagined it within a stone's throw of them, their horses, as if obedient to the mandate, refused to proceed, though urged by the spur, as a voice distinctly cried, "Stop." At the same moment the deceitful glimmering vanished. Dazzled by so long beholding it through the thick and

almost palpable fog, strange and unusual forms seemed to swim before their sight. No sound was heard; all was still for a few seconds; when a kind of rustling noise smote on their ears, and the dun vapour which surrounded them was violently agitated—again all was still, which was broke by a voice at a distance, harsh and grating, crying,

“Whither go you, filers, thus in gloom?”—

“With Scotland’s king, to learn his doom,”

was the answer given by a loud and dissonant voice near them.

“And Scotland’s king, and England’s heir,
Shall equal be our choicest care;”

screamed another voice still more discordant.

Amazed and terrified, Edmund exclaimed, “Who are you, who, thus wrapt in gloomy darkness, pierce with loud and strange outcries our wonder-struck ears?”

A peal of laughter shook the misty air; the horses trembled in every joint; and to the flowing mane of the king’s beautiful steed a lambent kind of fire affixed itself, who, no longer obeying the curbing rein, flew forward with amazing speed, followed by Edmund with equal velocity. In vain did they endeavour to stop their rapid career—they seemed impelled by some powerful impulse, and entered the wood, of which traditionary tales had told wonders.

Down the broad avenue, up which they were borne, streamed a blaze of light that illumined the night, and showed them a building of an odd and antique form; but showed it only momentarily; for as they reached the gate it vanished, and all was total darkness, whilst, exhausted by fatigue, the swift coursers of the king and Edmund fell beneath them.

The gate stood open; and whilst disengaging themselves from their dying horses, they spied a pale light proceeding from a door at the extreme end of a wide hall, whose dark side received not the faintest ray.

“Too sure are we,” said James, “in the fatal wood of which I spoke; nor shall we escape from its dreaded inclosure.”

“ Let us, however,” exclaimed Edmund, “ learn why we are brought hither ; let us follow the light, which seems to direct our steps across the gloomy hall.”

“ Lead on,” replied the king.

A chill damp struck them as they passed through the spacious hall, whose roof echoed to their steps. A narrow passage led from it to another apartment, in the midst of which blazed a fire composed of the prodigious root of a tree, round which lay three blocks of unhewn stone.

At the upper end of this hall stood a rude kind of table, on which were placed cakes of flour, salt, and honey ; and horns filled with an unknown liquor.

“ Whither,” exclaimed the king, “ does our destiny lead us ? To what end are we tempted by the sight of provision, which, however urgent are our wants, we will not eat of ? Already, doubtless, have they been offered to those accursed idols of which tradition speaks, I fear, but too truly. Let us rather perish with hunger, than taste such poisonous viands.”

The walls of this apartment were composed of black stone, against which, immediately above the table, hung a suit of iron armour, of a size so prodigious, that it seemed formed when a race of giants inhabited the earth ; on the helmet sat a raven, which, as Edmund approached, seemed as though going to dart down upon them.

“ Let us,” said he, snatching up a flaming brand, “ explore the wonders of this place.”

Three doors appeared beside the one they had passed through, which alone was open ; the others were too securely fastened to be speedily loosened ; and entering the passage, they were again in the hall, on whose walls were traced characters of odd, and to them, unknown form ; on each side the gate rose a pillar, which, dreadful to every feeling of piety and humanity, was composed of human skulls. From the top was suspended a shield, a javelin, and other weapons, whose size seemed suited to the gigantic armour.

A deep and deadly horror seized the king of Scot-

land and his friend, as without speaking they returned to the outer apartment with countenances pale through fear.

“Shortly, said Edmund, tossing from him the brand, and seating himself on one of the stones, “we shall heighten those dreadful pillars. Death here bears a terrible appearance to my soul. It shrinks at the idea; though oft ere now have I faced it, without fearing its terrors, in the field of battle.”

“Those sad mementos of mortality,” rejoined James, “we have seen, as I recall my thoughts from the first impression they made, I dread not as warnings of our own danger; as they have, I conjecture, been placed there in remote ages by those pagans who reared this strange hall, in memory of some bloody victory they have obtained over the natives, and here yet remain, a disgrace to christianity, my predecessors, and myself.

The three doors, which had been closed, at one instant flew back, and three hags entered, whose faces, the colour of an autumn leaf, were deeply furrowed with wrinkles; yet their gait was strait and erect, and betrayed no tokens of age. Tall and robust, their persons appeared masculine and strong; their foreheads were bald, but from the back of their heads hung thick tresses, dark as the raven’s wing, which fell over their shoulders, and mingled with their garments, which were of the same hue, and loosely floated behind them, but fastened up before, showing their naked feet and midway to the knee; bare also to the shoulders were their arms. Their dusky robes were girded round them with the speckled skin of a snake; in this girdle were stuck sprigs of yew, mixed with the deadly berries of the nightshade; in one hand they held a wand, on which were painted uncouth characters; to the top of this were affixed the wings, outspread, of a bat; their other hands bore a horn, filled with some kind of liquor.

Three animals followed, whose forms declared them of the species of tigers, for they seemed much larger and fiercer than cats; their eyes glared on the strangers, as if ready to devour them; the colour of those fright-

ful savages was also black; they seated themselves on the blocks of the stone, from which their entrance had drove the king and Edmund.

Slowly, in a kind of measured step, the three hags advanced backward to the fire, which when they reached, they bent three times each knee to the ground; nine times, with solemn and slow pace, hand in hand, they went round the fire, repeating, in measured cadences, words which neither James or his friend understood, except that their own names were oft repeated; three times they severally poured some of the liquid their horns contained into the fire, which blazed fiercely, diffusing a strong aromatic perfume.

Silently had the wondering mortals beheld these strange figures perform their odd devotions, if such they might be deemed; nor had they as yet appeared to have attracted their attention; but Edmund could no longer contain himself; and drawing his dagger, advanced, and stood before them.

The three women, if such they were, turned toward him; one touched the arm of the intrepid youth with her wand, and the dagger dropped from his hand, which was suddenly benumbed.

The imperfect accent died on his tongue.

"What wouldest thou attempt, rash youth?" she cried; "know, no human hearts are lodged in our breasts; thou wishest to understand what is our nature; speak, dost thou not? Take up thy useless weapon; whet it here on my side, if thou likest; that may suffice thee to learn our substance is not, like thine, subject to wounds or disease."

Edmund retreated some paces; then cried, "I am answered; thou divinest truly, I wished to learn who or what ye are, who thus, dwelling in this place, replete with wonders, practise ceremonies, of which I am now satisfied I had better remain ignorant; all I ask, is liberty for my friend and self; for that we depart not hence without your leave, I feel now most thoroughly convinced."

"Ere the sun rises on this middle world, your re-

request," said one of the hags, "shall be granted; yet, perhaps for ever shall you and him you call friend be parted. Listen then to what we tell."

"King of men," said, with a voice deeply toned; the first, "what this night meets thy wondering sight, if ever by thee revealed, shall work thy overthrow; but what thou hear, believe, 'tis caution good."

The second spoke.—"Thy foes are friends; thy friends are foes; and those thou trust will thee deceive; plots surround, and some shall stand, and some shall fall; ere to-morrow's sun is set, wonderous tales shall meet thine ears."

"Care and trouble cloud thy days," cried in hollow accents the third; "wild dispute and bloody treason mark thy reign; and, strange to tell, ere Scotia's crown thy son adorns, a lion by its whelps shall be devoured."

The first, then turning to Edmund, began:

"Much love, Sir Knight, is turned to hate,
And toil and terror round thee wait"—

"Then haste, Sir Knight, and quickly go,
Or Scottish bands shall work thy woe,"

cried the second and ceased.

The third took up the tale,

"Thy fate does lead to southern land;
Then haste, Sir Knight, nor fate withstand."

All three then loudly, in hoarse accents, cried,

"King of men, thou know'st thy doom;
Thy fate, Sir Knight, is wrapt in gloom
Yet Scotland's king, and England's heir,
Shall equal be our dearest care."

The liquid contained in one horn was thrown on the king; a second was poured over Edmund: and the third into the fire; when the hags joining their hands, wheeled round it with a flying motion—the flame forsook the wood. Borne upward in a chariot of fire, the three figures ascended through the outlet in the roof, formed for the smoke, which filled the hall with a suffocating and offensive smell.

The animals set up the most horrid cries; and surrounded by darkness, our adventurers knew not which

way to escape their fury, imagining they were on the point of being devoured by them.

Crossing themselves, they betook them to their prayers, wondering how in so perilous a situation they could have neglected ere then to pray for assistance from whom alone they could hope to receive it.

The building shook to its foundation; the massy gate was heard flapping to and fro; the beasts howled; the iron armour fell with a horrid noise; the raven flapped his heavy wing, and his screams echoed through the wide hall. Suddenly all was still; nor light, nor sound met their eyes or ear. They listened, but in vain; at length Edmund broke the fearful silence, by proposing, as nought appeared to oppose their progress, they should quit the frightful abode they were in.

But though the king agreed to the proposition, it was not in their power to put it in practice; for the doors, which distinctly had been heard to open, were now shut.

A kind of stupor invaded every sense, and they sunk on the pavement, insensible to the horrors of the place, and wrapt in sleep which resembled that of death.

When they awoke (after having remained some time in the utmost insensibility) they found themselves safe in the court of Scotland.

THE
STORY OF
RAYMOND CASTLE,

By Mr. BACON.

From the Monthly Cabinet.

ON the borders of Scotland, in an obscure glen, surrounded by a deep and almost impassable moat, formerly stood the castle of the baron Raymond; once the favourite residence of that noble family. The existing baron had retired from this seat of his progenitors, about

twenty years, to a newly erected mansion, some thirty miles distant, on a report which was risen among his domestics, that the image of the late lord was frequently seen in an apartment on the west side of the castle. This opinion of the castle being haunted was readily adopted by the surrounding peasantry; and no one, after the close of day, dared venture within sight of it.

At this period, a war between England and Scotland raged with incredible fury; and the youth of each nation were invited to join the standard of their respective sovereigns. The baron Raymond exerted his interest among his tenantry and vassals, in favour of king David; but such were the devastations of the Scottish monarch, and his marauding army, that many of his subjects joined the forces of the victorious Edward.

Among the numerous clans and individuals that fled from Scotland, was a youth of majestic mien and manly form, the son of a vassal of the house of Raymond; who having from his infancy discovered a propensity for war, had engaged the notice of the baron, and with his son, two years younger, had been instructed in the use of arms. Glanville (for such was the name of the young peasant) suspecting that his lordship would command his attendance upon lord Edward, then on the point of setting out to join the forces of his sovereign, privately stole away from the village, intent to follow the banners of the British monarch.

Having continued his walk the whole day, he reached the skirts of a gloomy forest, that sheltered from the rude blasts of the north the castle of Raymond. He stood a few minutes, and gazed on the scene around, in hopes of discovering some cot, or shepherd's hovel, where he might pass the night. No one appearing, he struck into the forest, and, after half an hour's walk, arrived at the opposite side; the sun had now sunk beneath the horizon; and its last reflections, which pointed upon the lofty battlements, discovered to him the abandoned castle. He was an utter stranger to this part of the country, and, consequently, knew not that the

house to which he was hastening was uninhabited, or that it was denominated the Haunted Castle. His nearer approach discovered to him that it was untenanted; but his weary limbs required rest, and he therefore determined to pass the night in the venerable structure. The last glimpse of day had fled the sky when Glanville reached the moat, or rather ditch (for it was entirely dry); the banks of which having fallen in, formed an easy access to the house. The building was composed of two wings, or turrets, with a spacious dome in the centre, the door of which time had mouldered into dust; so that, without resistance, the weary traveller was admitted. A rustic kind of noise succeeded the entrance of the young adventurer, and, for the first time in his life, he felt an emotion somewhat allied to fear; but his breast, the seat of innocence and virtue, soon repelled the trembling visitor, and assumed its wonted calmness.

The cautious youth, before he left his parent's house, aware that the country through which he had to pass was thinly inhabited, and bare of accommodations, had taken with him those implements by which that necessary element, fire, is raised into action; and which to a traveller, in a country void of inhabitants, is so very essential. Having, therefore, procured a light, he found himself in a spacious hall, overgrown with weeds and rushes; around the walls and ceiling, which were very lofty, the clustering ivy crept; and here the solemn bird of night enjoyed, unmolested and at ease, her solitary reign, where, sheltered from the inclemency of the sky, she built her nest and reared her young. The strange appearance of the light alarmed the moping race, who taking wing, fled from their once peaceful dwelling, and this unwelcome guest. The noise which their sudden flight occasioned, echoed through the vaulted dome, and again called forth, in the mind of the astonished Glanville, the tremors of fear, which subsided with the knowledge of the cause from whence the sounds arose. All was again silent, and the youth advanced. A flight of steps, rising from the hall, led to the western tower;

these Glanville ascended, and soon reached a suite of rooms, disrobed of every article of furniture. Extending his search, he reached a door, in which he discovered a key, but so covered with rust, that it indicated its refusal of executing the office for which it was designed. Its service, however, was unnecessary; for, on touching the lock, the door immediately opened, and discovered a small but neat apartment, which, from the furniture it contained, had the appearance of having once been a lady's dressing-room. On a table, placed between two gothic windows, stood a mirror, near to which lay a small casket. Glanville, resting his lamp upon the table, took it up, and placing his finger on the spring, it flew open, and presented the miniature of a youth in the habit of an officer. He approached the light to have a more perfect view of the face, and, starting a few paces back, exclaimed, "Father of Mercy! what do I see?—My very self in this counterfeit presentment!" In the greatest astonishment he took it from the casket, and on the obverse side read the following words: "Wentworth, sixth lord Raymond."

"From this it appears," said he, "that the resemblance of the late lord Raymond is here preserved. I have heard the present baron did leave the castle of his ancestors on an idle report, that his immediate predecessor, after death, was often wandering among the chambers of his earthly habitation. If in this there be any sense of truth, then, it should seem, I am now inclosed within the walls of this deserted mansion. A thousand thoughts," continued he, "rush into my mind, and would be heard. I do recollect me, walking in the park one evening, to have seen the baron bending on the vacant air his disordered eye, and holding with the wind discourse: his frame shook, as if his hour of dissolution was drawing near, and, as I passed, he shrieked aloud, and fell lifeless on the ground. Often has he seized my arm, and gazed with streaming eyes upon my face. Once, I well remember, repeating this, his frequent practice, he heaved a sigh, and cried,

‘Glanville! thou art the very semblance of my murdered uncle.’ The words, and the action that did accompany them, are still fresh in my memory; and, at this moment, I know not wherefore, occur with more than common force: but I am too weary for thinking, and sleep lies heavy on my eyes. Here will I rest myself this night,” said he, throwing himself upon a sofa, which stood in the room, “and to-morrow, will give these things a farther thought.”

Fatigue had so oppressed the spirits of the youthful traveller, that he soon fell into a profound sleep. His repose was undisturbed; nor did he shake his slumber off till the sun-beams darted full upon his face, through the broken lattice of his apartment. Starting from his couch, he gazed like one just awakened from a dream, suspended in doubt, till the adventures of the preceding day recurred to his memory, whether that he saw was real, or the vision of created fancy.—“If there is ought to be believed in dreams,” said he, “then those I have had to night portend some strange event. Methought, as I lay sleeping, a spectre, issuing from that door, approached the couch and gazed attentive on my face. Long it stood in mute and silent admiration. I saw the tear of sorrow trembling in its eye: the smile of hope succeeded, and, as it left the room, I rose to watch its departure, when, its eyes still bent on me, in a hollow tone of voice it cried—*‘At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!’*—then instantly vanished from my sight. But this,” continued he, after a short pause, “is the work of mimic fancy, an idle dream, no more.”

“More!” answered a hollow voice, from beneath.

“Heavens!” exclaimed the wondering youth; “such was the voice that I heard in my sleep!—Say, thou invisible and perturbed spirit, are those things, which in my slumber’s busy memory treasured up, real, or of sportive fancy? Speak, for on thy answer depends my return to this lonely mansion.”

“*At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!*” answered the voice, in the same hollow tone.

“Then rest in peace,” said Glanville; “for by the

hopes of conquest that fire a soldier's breast, I will meet thee at the appointed hour."

A hollow groan succeeded, accompanied with a loud and thundering noise, that shook the very foundation of the castle.

When the noise had ceased, Glanville falling on his knees, solicited from heaven fortitude and courage to meet the horrors of the approaching night; and then taking from the table his sword, together with the casket that contained the miniature of the late baron, he descended the same flight of steps which had conducted him to the apartment where he had passed the night; and having recrossed the moat, ascended a neighbouring hill, on the brow of which he perceived a miserable hut. The tenants of this clay-built tenement received him with hospitality, and offered him such refreshment as their hovel afforded, which, poor and humble as it was, proved very acceptable to Glanville, who had not tasted food from the time he left his father's house.

From the door of this cottage the turrets of the abandoned castle were seen just peeping above the surrounding trees; and Glanville, whose thoughts were wholly occupied in reflecting on the occurrences of the preceding evening, and in anticipating those events which the womb of futurity laboured to bring forth, anxiously questioned his hosts on the subject of the building being deserted by its owner, and left to moulder and decay. From these he learned the name of the castle, and the circumstance which had determined lord Raymond to leave it; but of the former baron they possessed not the least knowledge.

The agitation of his mind received no relief from this information; and having thanked these cottagers for the repast they had afforded him, he bade them good day, and directed his way toward the forest, in which he intended to pass the remainder of the time between the present and the hour that was to lead him to the castle.

When he had reached the thickest part of the wood, he threw himself on the grass; and drawing the mi-

niature from his pocket, he gazed on it with the most earnest attention, and gave himself up to painful and tormenting conjecture. From this reverie he was aroused by this emphatic ejaculation—"Thank Almighty God, I have found him!" Suddenly raising his eyes, he saw before him his foster-father, who, on missing him in the village, had, at the request of his mother, pursued him. The old man, perceiving that his son looked coldly on him, eagerly inquired, with tears in his eyes, if he was not glad to see him.

"O, yes," said Glanville, starting from his reverie, and assuming a cheerful countenance, "that I am! Never did your presence glad my sight so much as at this moment: for thou art come, my father, to clear my mind of doubts that shake my peace, and, like a poisonous canker, destroy the bud of happiness. Either my suspicions have made me the most ungrateful wretch alive, or they prove me the most injured of mankind. Speak, say, who was my father? Nay, do not shrink thus from the question; but as thou hopest for mercy hereafter, tell me who my parents were; for there have arisen circumstances which might persuade a stronger mind to think myself of higher birth than my present fortune speaks me."

"I know not how to answer," said the trembling Jolet (such was the peasant's name); "yet do I well know thou art no son of mine."

"How then did I come beneath your roof? Thou didst not surely steal me, Jolet. Thou couldst never be so cruel, to rob the doating mother of her tender charge, or tear from the anxious father's fond embrace the pledge of conjugal felicity."

"O, no, my son (for in affection thou art still my son), these hands were never engaged in theft. From every dishonest act I am as pure as you were when, an helpless infant, and smiling in the ruffian's face, I snatched thee from his uplifted dagger."

"Ha! murder! Oh, my soul sickens at the very thought!—But tell me all thou knowest of my life; by what mysterious workings of Providence thou saved

me from intended murder, with every circumstance that lives within thy memory."

"The tale is very short,—my son, nor has it escaped my recollection. Returning from the borders of England, where I had been with a herd of cattle, and somewhere near the spot we now rest on, I sat me down to take refreshment; and while thus employed, I saw a man with something in his arms glide among the trees. Apprehending him to be one of the numerous banditti which at that time lurked in these parts, I crept, unperceived, behind a thicket, hoping to escape his observation; but I scarce reached my hiding place when he approached, and with much gentleness laid what he held in his arms on the grass, and unfolded the mantle, which I perceived contained an infant. From the russian's manner, I thought his business was to murder it; and yet he hesitated, sighed heavily, and kissed the babe, which all this time lay stretching its little limbs and smiling in his face. At length, plucking up as it were a determined resolution, he drew from his bosom a dagger, and at the moment when he had thrown remorse aside, and was prepared to strike, I rushed from my ambush—seized his uplifted arm, and snatched the weapon from his trembling hand. Without speaking, he instantly darted into the thickest part of the forest, while I raised the infant in my arms, and hastened on my journey, taking a different road than was usually travelled, to escape pursuit, and, thank God! reached my cottage in safety. Never shall I forget the transport of Cicely when I gave thee to her (for we had no children). She hugged thee to her breast with as much fondness as if thou wert indeed her own, and brought thee up, Glanville, with as much care."

"And never, my dear father (for I will still call thee so," said Glanville), "will I forget the debt I owe my mother and yourself." He then related to the astonished Jolet the adventure of the preceding night, and informed him of his intention to revisit the castle after the close of day. The honest peasant, alarmed for his safety, proposed accompanying him, but Glanville

would by no means consent. He conducted him to the cottage at which he had himself been in the morning, and obtained leave of the good people to accommodate Jolet for the night, intending to return in the morning, and pursue his journey to the British camp, which was at a short distance from this place.

The rest of the day, though relieved by the conversation of Jolet, appeared to Glanville extremely tedious; and he hailed, with no small degree of pleasure, the arrival of the moment in which he was to return to the castle.

Though Glanville persisted in his refusal to Jolet's request of passing the night with him, he could not object to his accompanying him part of the way. This request Glanville acceded to, in order to quiet the mind of his foster-father, which appeared to suffer greater agitation than even his own. Farther than the moat, however, he would not permit him to advance. Here he took a solemn farewell of him for the night; and Jolet, with reluctance, returned to the hovel, while Glanville entered the solitary castle.

His entering of this deserted mansion was marked by the same disturbance as occurred the evening before; nor had it less effect on his mind, which, notwithstanding the fortitude it had assumed, was considerably agitated. As before, he ascended the steps, and reached the same apartment in which he slept. The silence of the place, which was interrupted only by the fluted cries of the bittern, and the screams of the hood-winked bird of night, increased the palpitation of his heart. He felt unusual tremblings, and, had not his limbs seemed to forget their accustomed office, he would willingly have re-trod his former steps, and fled the horrid spot. He was rivetted to the place, and, however willing, was unable to move. A few minutes reflection restored him to himself; and his mind became invigorated from the consciousness of self-rectitude. He employed the intervening time in a solemn address to the Divine Being, for strength and support in the approaching hour, that was to disclose, he believed, a

most important secret—a secret in which his fate was materially involved. Scarcely had he finished his pious ejaculations, and risen from his supplicating posture, when a violent gust of wind rushed through the apartment. This was succeeded by a similar noise to that he had heard in the morning.

With breathless patience he turned his eyes toward the door, and trembling, waited the spectre's approach. With slow and solemn pace it entered the room; its figure and dress exactly corresponded with the miniature; and, before it spoke, Glanville knew it was the form of the late baron.

“Dismiss thy fears, brave youth,” said the spectre, in a hollow sounding voice, “for innocence like thine has nought to dread. I come to confirm the suspicions that hang on thy mind; and to tell thee, that in this mangled form, thou beholdest the shadow of him who once was owner of this deserted mansion, the lord of Raymond's wide domains. The wretch who now holds that title, obtained it by the fell crime of murder! yes, by murder of his dearest friend; and the blow that deprived me of life and fortune, robbed thee, my boy, of a father!”

“Merciful God!” exclaimed Glanville, “then are my suspicions confirmed indeed!—But how did he effect this cruel deed?”

“My murderer was the son of my only brother; who having at an early age lost his parent, I took under my protection, and well supplied the loss he had sustained. The feuds that broke out between the neighbouring nations, and kindled up the flames of war, urged me to the hostile plain. My ungrateful nephew was my attendant, whose sanguine mind, heated by ambition, and panting to enjoy those honours which by right of birth were mine, amidst the contending shock of arms aimed an arrow at my breast. Too certain was the aim, too sure my fall. With well dissembled grief he mourned my fate, and paid to my remains a soldier's funeral honours; yet before these obsequies were done, he dispatched a ruffian to my widowed love,

with commission to disclose my death, and, under that pretence, to seal his title to my fortunes, by sending her, and thee, her new-born son, to bear me company in the gloomy confines of the grave."

"And was my mother murdered too?" interrupted the agitated and impatient Glanville.

"The sudden news of her husband's fate spared the murderer's intended purpose. She survived not the melancholy tidings. Thus far fortune favoured his cursed design, and thou alone remained the obstacle to stop his guilty progress. But even this difficulty his genius, fertile in mischief, surmounted. Such of the servants whom he suspected of too strong an attachment to their deceased lord, he found means to discharge; and then introducing those more friendly to his interest, he gave thee to a Russian, with strong injunctions to destroy thy life; and, the better to conceal this wilful murder, conveyed a deceased infant to thy cradle. This part of his infernal plot succeeded to his wishes; all believed thy death was natural; but here the arm of heaven interposed, and snatched thee from the murderer's grasp, who, disappointed in the prosecution of this horrid purpose, besmeared his hands with blood, returned to claim the promised bounty, and confirmed thy death with horrid oaths and dreadful imprecations. What follows, thou thyself art well acquainted with. Now listen, my son, to thy father's charge. Hasten hence to join the forces of the British king, to whom the name of Raymond is well known. In the adverse army thou wilt meet thy father's murderer; hunt him through every rank; he will fall beneath thy conquering sword; yet spare his hated life, till, in the presence of the royal Edward, he has confessed the crime that clogs his guilty soul. Fear not the justice of the English monarch; he will place thee in the possession of thy family's honours and estates, and thus appease the manes of thy departed sire. Do this, my son, as thou hopest for future happiness, and revere the memory of thy murdered friends."

The shadow then glided from his sight, and the trem-

bling Glanville, unsheathing his sword, and pressing it to his lips, said,—“And this I swear to do, or may I never receive my birth-right! May ceaseless poverty be my lot!—disgrace and infamy my portion!”

Eager to pursue the advice which he had received, he hastened from the castle, and sought the shepherd's hovel, where the sleepless Jolet impatiently waited his return.

The footsteps of Glanville, as he approached the hovel, were heard by the watchful Jolet, who immediately opened the door, and in a whisper asked if he was well. Glanville answered his paternal inquiry, and informed him of the necessity of his immediately joining the English forces. Jolet requested to accompany him; but Glanville, who knew the importance of his evidence in the momentous business which now occupied his attention, would not permit him to attend him to a place where, it was more than probable, he might lose the benefit of his allegations. He strictly enjoined him to re-enter the cottage, and wait till the labours of the day called its inhabitants from their pillows, that he might thank them for the shelter they had afforded him; and then to return home, keeping himself, as much as possible, from the notice of the baron and his family, if they were not set out to join the arms of David; and, above all, to conceal the route he had taken; that he had seen him, or was privy to the fate that had befallen him.

Jolet promised to obey his injunctions, and was going to question him on the occurrences of the night, and his adventure at the castle; when Glanville checked his curiosity; and telling him that a short time would unfold all he wished to be informed of, took an affectionate leave of the honest peasant, and set out in pursuit of the British camp.

A variety of thought presented itself to the agitated mind of the young soldier, as he pursued his uncertain way. The sun had just risen above the horizon as he entered a small village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest consternation, from the near ap-

proach of the enemy's forces; a party of which he learned were, at that moment, attacking a guard of men who were conveying forage to the British camp. This information roused the martial armour of Glanville, who longed to enter the lists with the combatants. A wounded foldier, who had escaped from the field, gave the melancholy tidings that, overpowered by numbers, the English were giving way; and that the provisions must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy—a circumstance, he observed, which would entirely disconcert the measures of the king, who commanded in person, and would oblige him to abandon the expedition he had planned. Glanville instantly mounted the wounded foldier's horse; and hastening to the scene of action, had the mortification to see the English retreating in disorder, and the enemy surrounding the convoy. The captain of the party, instead of encouraging his men to brave the charge of their enemy, gave way on the first advantage, and was galloping off at full speed, when Glanville reached the disordered troops.

“For shame, Britons,” he cried, in a firm and animated tone, “let not the cowardice of your leader damp your native courage! return to the charge, and show the presuming foe, that you dread not their numbers; but are determined to dispute the field as become the foldiers of the king you serve.”

Animated by the example of this gallant stranger, they rallied their broken forces; and, under the directions of this youth, returned to the charge. An obstinate conflict ensued; but the superior skill and bravery of Glanville and his followers at length bore down all before them, drove the enemy from the field, and conducted the convoy in safety to the camp.

Some of the party, who had fled from the field on the first appearance of a defeat, had spread through the camp the fatal tidings of the convoy's loss; so that the utmost consternation prevailed. On the safe arrival of this supply the king had built his hopes of conquest; and purposed, as soon as the foldiers were

recruited in strength, which had been much exhausted by forced marches, and shortness of provision, to attack the forces of the Scottish monarch, which were encamped a short distance from them.

Thus situated, thus lost to every hope, and enveloped in the horrors of despair, imagine the exultation and joy which the arrival of a courier, whom Glanville had dispatched in the moment of victory, charged with news of the convoy's safety and near approach, produced in the disconsolate and almost famished soldiery. The king himself, whom the messenger had apprized of the circumstances of the day and of the extraordinary valour of the stranger whose exertions saved the forage from falling into the hands of the enemy, went forth to meet the saviour of his people. Honours and rewards due to such a conqueror were bestowed; and the desire which his majesty expressed of knowing the person to whom he was so much indebted, afforded the modest youth an opportunity of relating those particulars with which the reader has been made acquainted. It is needless to say, that he had the king's voice for his succession to the house of Raymond.

It was a circumstance well known, that the murderer, with his three sons, was in the camp of David; and Glanville panted for the arrival of the moment that was to lead the opposing armies into action. This impatience in a few days was gratified; and in this memorable action the fictitious baron became the prisoner of his injured cousin, who after the battle conducted him to the tent of his royal patron; and in his presence, and in that of his chiefs and nobles, charged the conquered baron with the foul crime of murder; adducing those circumstances with which, by the interference of Providence, he had been made acquainted, to support the allegation. These, however, were unnecessary; guilt and remorse were pictured in the villain's countenance, and he unequivocally confessed the crime.

The king ordered instant execution to be done upon him; but that was unnecessary; the wound he

had received from the sword of Glanville rendered death inevitable; and, at the request of that youth, the sentence was suspended.

The ambitious views which this imperious lord had formed, were now completely disappointed. His family, whom he sought to enrich and ennoble by the crime of murder, had all descended to the grave; the last that remained he saw fall in this battle, and was himself now hastening to that gloomy dwelling; not with the satisfaction of having passed a life of piety and virtue, but with the reproaches of a heart tainted with every vice, and where that of murder formed the chief.

Such was the end of an ambition, founded in murder. May this tale impress on the mind of the reader the important truth it is intended to convey—that what is begun in vice cannot end in peace; and that however successfully the cunning and artifice of narrow-minded mortals may plan the concealment of their crimes from their fellow men, they are still visible to the all-searching eye of PROVIDENCE!

THE
 RUIN OF THE
HOUSE OF ALBERT.

From RYAN's Reliques of Genius.

ADELA was the only daughter of a powerful baron of Aquitaine. Her father sprung from an illustrious family, and added to hereditary honours the glory of heroic achievements. In his youth, he accompanied the flower of the European chivalry, who fought under the banner of Godfrey, and recovered the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. He returned

to his country, crowned with victory and fair renown; and inherited the rich domains of his ancestors.

Adela was in the prime of beauty, and possessed a susceptible heart. In her air and aspect, dignity was mingled with sweetness: for in the disposition of her mind, conscious elevation of sentiment was softened by amiable and mild affections.

Edwin, a gallant youth, animated with the generous love of arms, smit with the renown of Albert's Prowess, and ambitious of profiting by the narrative of his exploits, repaired with other warriors to his hospitable castle. His eye, keen and piercing, indicated a fiery, vigorous, and active spirit. His form was well fitted to kindle desire in the bosom of tender maids: and the heart of Adela was not insensible to his merit. Their passion was mutual. He gazed on her unaffected charms with astonishment; for, till then, he had never felt the tender anxiety, the restless longing and languishment of love. Ambition had been the governing passion of his soul: but the fierceness of ambition now yielded to a softer though no less ardent desire. He no longer discoursed in keen rapture of marshalled hosts, of listed fields, and feats of venturous daring; but languished on the ineffable attractions of a roseate complexion, and a tender melting eye. The vehement impatience of the warrior was lost in the complacency and pensiveness of the lover.

Albert, perceiving this change in his deportment, demanded the cause. Edwin replied in candid and respectful guise: he told him, without reserve, of the impression made on his soul by the peerless beauty of Adela; and, with the ardency of youthful passion, besought him to ratify his sincere attachment by wedlock. "And who art thou," said the haughty baron, "who pretends to the love of Adela? What feats of heroic prowess hast thou atchieved? Or is thy ancestry distinguished among the chieftains of the south? Thy shield is inscribed with no valorous atchievement: nor are thy deeds, nor the deeds of thy fathers, rehearsed by re-

cordova minstrels. Gain thee a name in arms, and then aspire to the envied alliance of the house of Albert."

These words, like an arrow, penetrated the heart of Edwin. Love and ambition, hitherto at variance, were now united; they concurred in the same pursuit, and their vehemence was irresistible. Accordingly the youthful warrior prepared for his departure, and took a tender farewell of Adela. "Farewell!" she replied, the tears gushing from her radiant eyes. "Heaven knows, no gallant youth but thee ever shared my affections. May the holy angels, who regard true and virtuous love with esteem, grant thee protection! Speedy be thy return! And O! remember me. Gay and courtly dames, skilled in seducement and cunning device, may strive to allure thee; but their love will not equal mine." They plighted vows of mutual fidelity, and exchanged tokens of unshaken attachment. Then Edwin, clad in complete armour, a gay undaunted warrior, mounted a steed proudly caparisoned, and bent his course to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen waded in the blood of Spain.

Soon after his departure, Edgar, a proud and wealthy chieftain, with a numerous retinue of knights and retainers, came to the castle of Albert. He was received with pomp and hospitable welcome. He cast amorous glances on the reserved, unrivalled charms of Adela. He preferred his courtship with studied smiles, and speeches devised with cunning. She heard him at first with indifference; he persisted, and she requited him with contempt. He then addressed his suit to the baron: he boasted of the high renown of his ancestors, and the wide extent of his domain; he expatiated on the number of his vassals; and insisted, in magnificent terms, on the mutual honour and security that would accrue from so seemly an alliance. Albert listened to him with partial and pleased attention; he repented of the hopes he had encouraged in the soul of Edwin; and endeavoured to persuade his daughter to forget her attachment to the valiant youth. In vain the astonished

Adela lamented, wept, entreated; in vain she threw herself at her father's feet, and tore her dishevelled tresses, and in anguish smote her breast. Her opposition, instead of mitigating his rigour, augmented his resentment, and confirmed him in his ungenerous purpose. He mingled menaces and unkind reproach with his persuasions. : "By the holy rood," said he, with a fastidious and wrathful aspect, "the honour of my house shall not be stained by the pretensions of a low-born boy. Degenerated as thou art, the meanness of thy sentiments shall not sully the splendour of thine ancestry, nor load my respected age with dishonour. Receive the addresses of Edgar with suitable regard, and the deference due to my commands. Mean time preparations shall be made for the bridal solemnity, in a manner becoming the dignity of this alliance."

Adela, after remonstrating in vain against the severity of his commands, intreated, with an humble and dejected air, that the marriage ceremony might be delayed. "Can Edgar," said she, "prize the cold and constrained embraces of a heart that throbs for another? Will the sighing and anguish of a broken spirit accord with the fond caresses of a bridegroom? To Edwin my faith was plighted, and on him my imagination hath dwelt. Give me time, therefore, to divert the current of an affection too violent to be suddenly opposed; to discourage the reveries of fancy, animated by a legal and habituated passion; and to reconcile myself to the addresses of Edgar." As her reasoning was plausible, the nuptial solemnity was deferred. But, as soon as she had retired from her father's presence, she summoned a page in whom she confided; and spoke to him in the following manner: "Prepare thee for a long journey: saddle the fleetest of my father's steeds, and during the obscurity of the night depart. Hie thee to the banks of the Ebro; find Edwin; tell him of the perils that beset me; tell him that a wealthy and powerful rival, with costly parade, and glittering show of blazonry, hath imposed on my father, and insinuated

himself into his esteem." The menial bowed with humble obeisance, and with professions of diligence and fidelity departed.

Meantime Edgar pressed his suit with courteous phrase and dalliance. Daily tournaments were exhibited at the castle of Albert. The knights and barons of the neighbouring domains attended: but Edgar surpassed them in the splendor of his armour, and the pomp of his retinue. The hall resounded with revelry and rejoicing; and minstrels, clad in gaudy apparel, celebrated the praises of warlike chiefs, or sung the power and pleasures of love. Adela arrayed her countenance with smiles and courtesy; but her bosom was distracted with anguish. "O when," she cried, "shall I be delivered from the importunity of a detested suitor, and the bondage of feigned complacency? When will Edwin return, adorned with conquest, and confident with success? His merit shall shine unrivalled; and Edgar shall be covered with shame."

At length the page returned; and, repairing to the apartment of his mournful mistress, "Now heaven forefend," said he, "most gracious lady, that the tidings I bring should injure thy tender frame more than thou art able to endure! May the saints and ministring angels uphold thee!"—"Hath he perished?"—cried Adela, with a look of terror and amazement. "In what bloody field hath he fallen? Where lies the lifeless body? What barbarous adversary hath mangled and insulted his graceful form?"—"He hath not perished," replied the attendant. "But, O gentle lady! foul arts have been practised; shameful perfidy hath been committed. Edwin lives, but not for thee; he hath given his hand to another!"—"Peace! peace!" interrupted Adela, with a faltering utterance, and looks of astonishment mixed with anger, "restrain thy blasphemous speech, nor with base calumny asperse the fame of a true and gallant warrior."—"When," answered the menial, "have I been guilty of deceit or infidelity toward my gentle mistress? Full sore it grieveth me to

be the messenger of evil tidings.”—“ Rehearse them unreservedly,” cried Adela, with a tone of anxious impatience.

“ I pursued my journey,” said he, “ many days, without any adventure, till I came within sight of a stately castle. It stood on the brow of a woody hill; was garnished with towers and battlements; and commanded a wide prospect of cultivated fields and forests. As I advanced, mine ear was suddenly surprised with the din of hounds and horns, mingled with the cries of the huntsmen. I soon descried a gallant show of knights and splendid dames, mounted on milk white couriers, and pursuing the rapid deer. When the chase was ended, they stopped by the side of a chrystal brook; and a comely youth, arrayed in shining apparel, alighted from his foamy steed, and with courtly obeisance presented the prey to a fair and smiling lady. I mingled in their company, and in the lineaments of the courteous youth recognised the inconstant Edwin. O gentle lady, may heaven so help me in my utmost need, as I now speak the words of truth! And may the saints and holy angels so succour thee as thy mishap requires! The faithless youth hath committed treason against thy love. Seduced by the blandishment of an artful dame, he hath become forgetful of thy peerless beauty.”

The heart of Adela throbbed with anguish during the recital. “ Valorous heroic warrior!” she exclaimed, “ are these thy deeds of hardy prowess, to betray the innocent credulity of an easy maid? Stain to manhood, and the honoured profession of arms, be thou henceforth banished from my remembrance!”

Meantime Edgar advanced his suit with redoubled ardour. Albert, unable to brook any longer delay, insisted on having the bridal ceremony solemnized; and Adela, incited by secret pride and resentment, submitted to the will of her father. The report of this noble alliance was published through the land; and the kindred of Albert and Edgar, with the neighbouring barons, were assembled to grace the solemnity. Already were

the parties betrothed; the holy benediction was also pronounced; and for ever was Adela to be the wedded spouse of Edgar. Now, with pompous show and attendance, the banquet was served up to dames and knights, the flower of courtesy and valour. The castle resounded with minstrelsy and the dance; when a stranger, in the simple garb of a pilgrim, entered the hall. He cast his eyes around on the goodly company, and with an air of sanctity and respect implored a blessing on their fellowship. He was received with hospitable welcome, and the reverence due to his holy semblance. He spake in meek and modest guise; his eyes were often fixed on Adela; they were sometimes dimmed with a glistening tear; and ever and anon his bosom heaved with involuntary sighs. He took the harp of a minstrel; he touched the strings with masterly cunning, and accompanied the notes with a melodious voice. Tuneful, but melancholy, was the strain: he sung the sorrows of those that are forsaken; the anguish of a desponding spirit; and the wounds inflicted on a faithful heart, by inconstancy and proud disdain. He desisted, with marks of grief and inward contention. "Holy pilgrim," said Albert, the sense of calamity devours thy spirit. Inform us of thy mishap, that, if possible, we may administer comfort. Nor think it incompatible with bridal festivity, to indulge compassion, and assuage the torment of heartfelt care."

"I am the son of a freeman," replied the stranger; "and though my birth was not ennobled by splendid titles, nor my ancestry distinguished by the parade of blazonry, my bosom burned with the love of arms, and my heart was upright. In an unlucky hour I became enamoured of a gentle dame, the only daughter of a noble baron. My sincere though presumptuous suit seemed not displeasing to that peerless beauty; and with the ardent, intemperate boldness of a lover, I asked her in marriage of her sire. 'Go,' said he, 'gain thee a name in arms, and then aspire to the envied alliance of my house.' I departed, not without tender inter-

change of vows and tokens of affection with the beloved idol of my heart. I hastened to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen was waging fierce battle against the banner of the holy cross. I proffered my service to the chief of the Christians; and that my sword was not idle, and that I was not backward in the strife of arms, my honourable wounds can testify. Neither were my services, nor my thirst after martial fame, unrewarded. Fair recompence have I received, and the sun of glory hath gilded the obscurity of my birth. Rejoicing in my success, I hastened my return. But what power of utterance can express the agony of my soul, when I learned that the faithless and inconstant fair had yielded to the vows of another? I who was so true and loyal to my love and plighted troth, to be so soon forgotten, so soon forsaken!"—

"Enough, enough!" cried Adela, "O ill-requited lover! pierce not my soul with deeper wounds. O Edwin! Edwin! never was I inconstant. Bear witness, ye holy angels! But traitorous guile hath been practised. Thy integrity hath been impeached, and my vexed heart betrayed into error."

The eyes of all were now turned on the stranger. He threw off his disguise, and, instead of a pilgrim's staff, he grasped a keen and trenchant weapon. Resentment glowed in his cheek, and flashed from his fiery eye. "And who," said he, "hath impeached mine integrity? Stand forth, thou proud, but dastard baron, whose glossing tales have betrayed the unwary heart of a maiden. It is Edwin demands reparation." Conscientious fear was manifest in the disordered features, the pale cheek, and disconcerted air of Edgar. He nevertheless accepted the challenge: and the warriors, arraying themselves in complete armour, descended into the court of the castle. In the first onset, the well-tempered steel of Edwin cleft the crested helm of his adversary; he threw him to the ground, and disarmed him. "Confess thy guilt," said the conqueror, "and by what infamous arts thou hast accomplished thy design."—"By

gifts and glittering gold," he replied, "I corrupted the page of Adela, who, with counterfeited semblance of fidelity and regret, accused thee of inconstancy, and imposed falsehood on the ear of his mistress. I embraced the season of her excited resentment, and forwarded my suit with success. She is mine by the indissoluble ties of wedlock: and know, proud boy, that if thy hands be stained with my blood, it is the blood of Adela's husband; and if she receives thee to her bosom, she receives the slayer of her spouse."

Edwin started with apparent horror. He paused; but recollecting himself, "Arise," he cried, "and, by another trial, prove thyself worthy of that envied title." So saying, he raised him from the ground, and both warriors addressed themselves a second time to the fight. Edgar, burning with exasperated rancour, aimed his spear at his rival's breast. Edwin neither averted nor avoided the deadly blow. The keen weapon cleft his breast, and was tinged in the purple springs of his heart. He fell to the ground. "Farewel," he cried, "Adela! lady peerless! and dearly beloved. I have proved myself worthy of thy esteem. I die a sacrifice to thy repose. With my hands red with thy husband's blood, could I ever aspire to thy love? Could I survive and behold thee the wedded bride of another?" He heaved a sigh, and died. "Inhuman deed! cried Adela, tearing her lovely tresses, and beating her snow-white breast. She ran, she threw herself on the lifeless body. "O stay!" she exclaimed, "O leave me not in my woe! Return, fleeting spirit! Reanimate these pallid features! He heeds me not.—I heard a voice! a dreary voice! It was Edwin! He summons me away!—I come! I come! Let the nuptial bed be prepared! The clay-cold bed!"—So saying, she clasped the corps, and expired.

Instantly the page, who had been corrupted by Edgar, seizing a dagger, rushed behind that treacherous baron, and pierced him to the heart. "Perish!" he cried, "author of my ruin, and of the ruin of the house of Albert." He grew immediately frantic: he ran forth

furious and screaming: the memory of his crimes pursued him, and his reason was never restored.

The obsequies of the deceased were celebrated with due solemnity: holy requiems were chanted over their remains; and pious priests preferred orisons for their eternal repose. Albert, unable to sustain the weight of misfortune, forsook the habitation of his ancestors; and, exposing his old age to the fatigues of a pilgrimage, fought the holy land, and there passed the remainder of his days in a monastery.

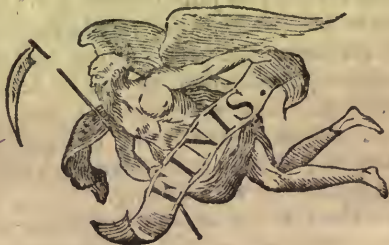
MARY.

A Fragment, from the Monthly Cabinet.

THE castle-clock struck one; the night was dark, drear, and tempestuous. Henry sat in an antique chamber of it, over a wood fire, which, in the stupor of contemplation, he had suffered to decrease into a few half lifeless embers; on the table by him lay the portrait of Mary; the features of which were not very perfectly disclosed by a taper that just glimmered in the socket. He took up the portrait, however, and gazed intensely upon it, till the taper, suddenly burning brighter, discovered to him a phenomenon, he was no less terrified than surprised at. The eyes of the portrait moved; the feature, from an angelic smile, changed to a look of solemn sadness; a tear stole down each cheek, and the bosom palpitated as with sighing.

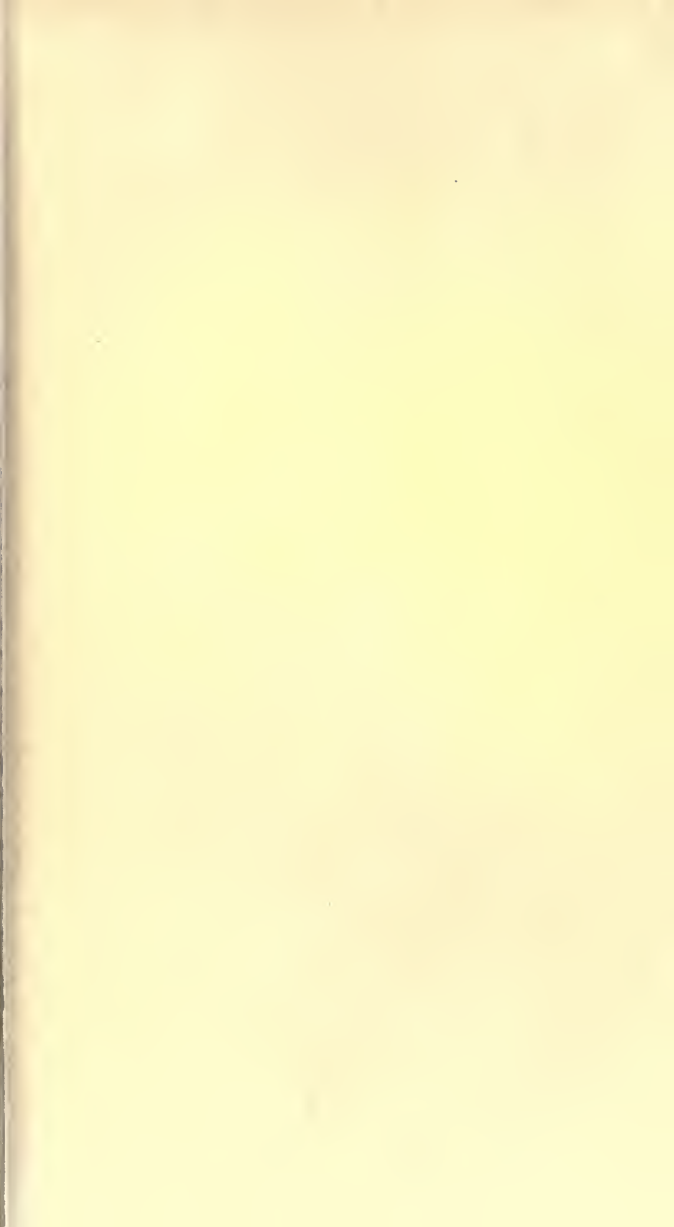
Again the clock struck *one*—it had struck the same hour but ten minutes before. Henry heard the castle gate grate on its hinges—it flammed too—the clock struck *one* again; and a deadly groan echoed through the castle. Henry was not subject to superstitious fears; nei-

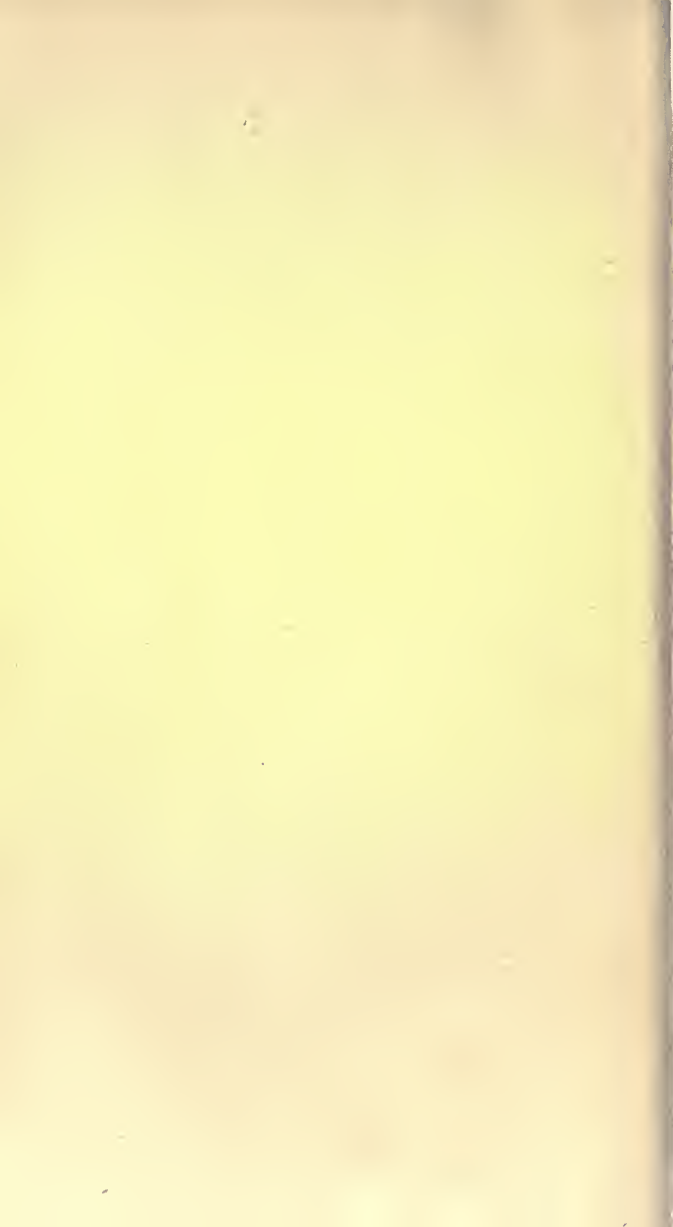
ther was he a coward; yet a hero of romance might have been justified in a case like this, should he have betrayed fear. Henry's heart sunk within him; his knees smote together, and, upon the chamber door being opened, and his name uttered in a hollow voice, he dropped the portrait to the floor; and sat, as if riveted to the chair, without daring to lift up his eyes. At length, however, as silence again prevailed, he ventured, for a moment, to raise his eyes, when—my blood freezes as I relate it—before him stood the figure of Mary in a shroud; her beamless eye fixed upon him with a vacant stare; and her bared bosom exposing a most deadly gash. “Henry! Henry! Henry!” she repeated in a hollow tone—“Henry! I am come for thee! thou hast often said that death with me was preferable to life without me; come, then, and enjoy all the ecstasies of love these ghastly features, added to the contemplation of a charnel-house, can inspire; then, grasping his hand with her icy fingers, he swooned; and instantly found himself stretched on the hearth of his master's kitchen; a romance in his hand, and the house-dog by his side, whose cold nose touching his hand, had awakened him.



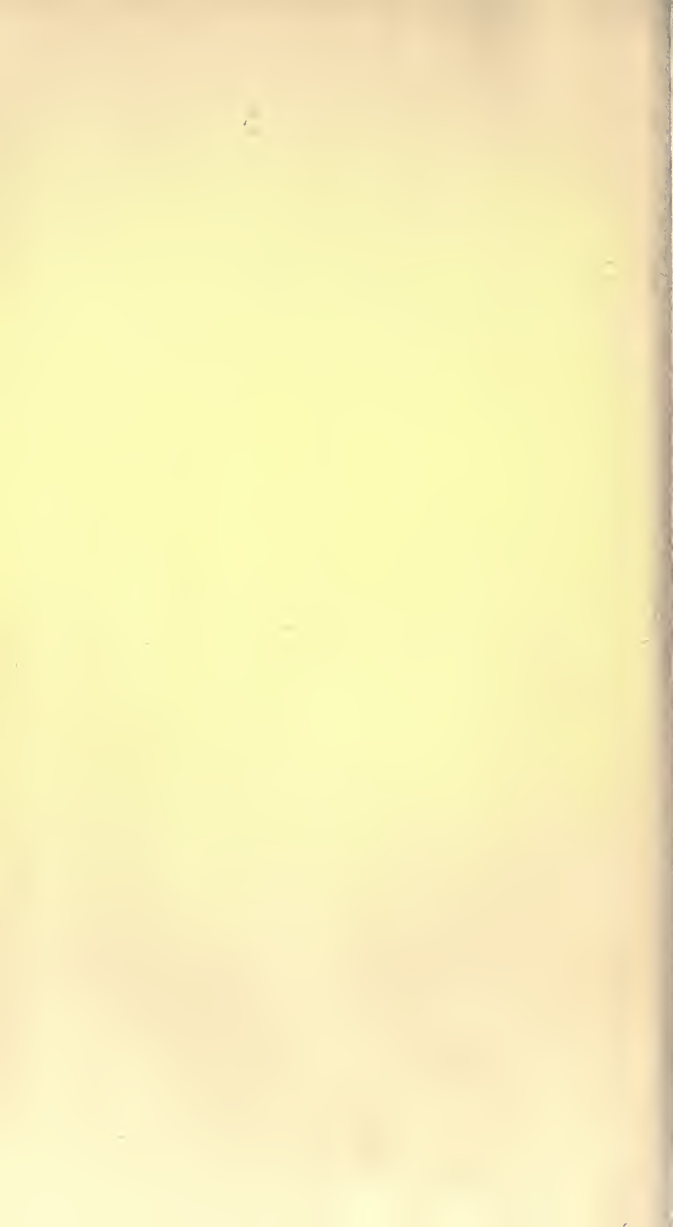


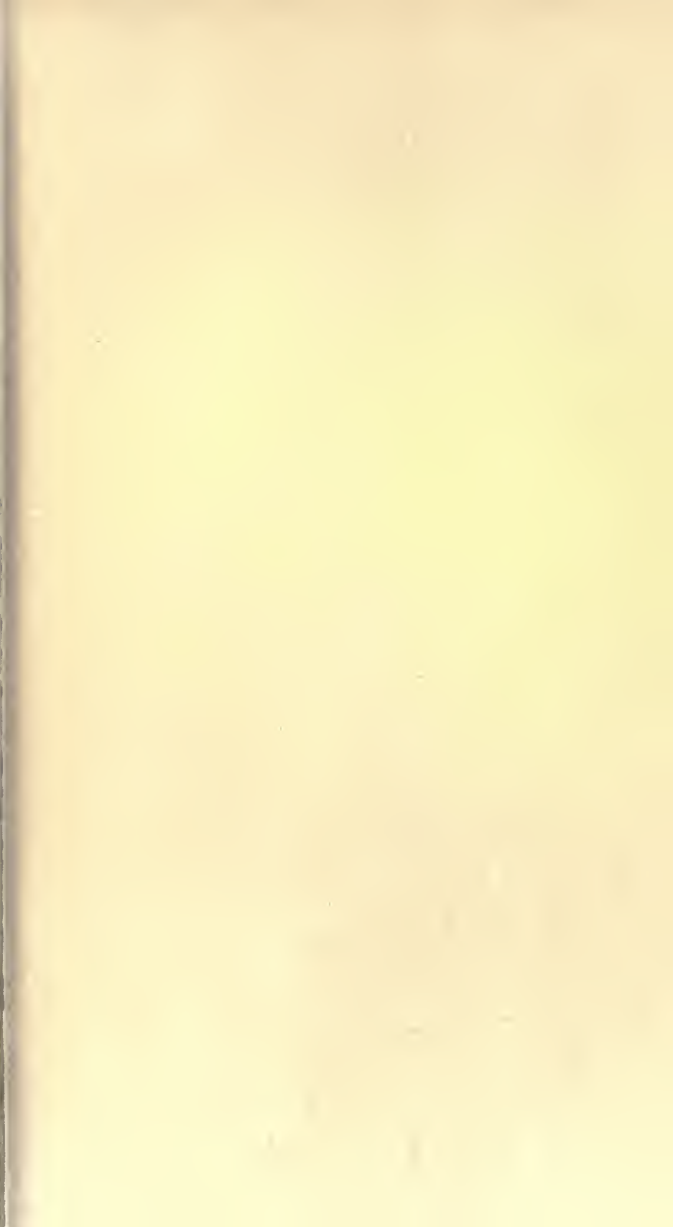




































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