

his assistance, succeeded in restoring their wretched master, and conveying him to his own apartment; but here his demoniac passions would not let him rest, and taking a ring of great value from his finger, he gave it to Hassan, having previously dismissed the others: 'You,' said he, 'at least, are faithful to my interests, and I have an important secret to disclose.' He then informed the astonished black of Reginald's existence, and his being then in a subterranean dungeon of the castle.—At this moment, the thunder rolled, and all the elements seemed in commotion: a shock, as if from an earthquake, seemed to rend the building to its centre, and a part of the southern tower fell with a lumbering noise. Even this, though it suspended the intention of Osmond, did not divert him from pursuing his horrid fratricidal purpose. 'I intended,' said he to Hasten, 'to have gone alone, and stabbed Reginald to the heart, but I do not find myself equal to the deed; it must be yours, and great shall be the reward, no less than thy freedom; and loaded with gold, you shall be restored to the plains of Africa.' The slave prostrated himself at his feet, and vowed his fidelity and readiness to fulfil his pleasure, be it what it would. 'The dungeon,' said Osmond, 'lies beneath the southern tower, hither we must repair.' Hassan carried a torch, and they went to put their dreadful meditated crime into execution.

Never did the artist view his best executed picture with more delight, or the village maid her long expected rustic lover after a painful absence, than Lady Angela gazed on the red and carbuncled nose of Father Phillip, and his protuberant form, as he slowly advanced through the pannel, first cautiously peeping to see if she was alone, 'I came,' said he, 'the first moment I could do it with safety:—there has been strange work in the castle; great bustle and confusion; the cause of which I have yet to learn.'—'I can tell a part of it,' replied our heroine; 'but this is no time for explanation.'

They crossed through the galleries and apartments leading to the southern tower, without interruption; but in this part of the castle they found great devastation from the recent storm; chasms appeared in the walls, and the stairs they had to descend were loosened in many places, which greatly retarded their progress. After traversing a winding passage, they came to a door cased with iron plates: 'Dear me,' said Angela, 'there are chains and bolts on this side!' 'Ah, we will forgive that,' replied her conductor, 'if it is

not so secured on the other: if it is our labour will prove all in vain.' But no barrier presented itself, they entered a vault, from which branched two outlets in opposite directions. 'Now I forget,' said the friar, 'I protest, whether we are to turn to the right or left; wait here a few moments, daughter, while I give a look for an iron pedestal, that is a guide to the door we want.'

Father Phillip left her, but presently returned with a speed of which she should have thought him incapable, groaning with terror: presently he fell, and extinguished the light: he recovered his footing, but Angela was left to herself, suffering inexpressible alarm. A light soon appeared coming along the passage, from which the friar had fled; this must have been the object of his terror, and certainly its appearance was appalling. A human figure, of skeleton thinness, in tattered garments, covered with long dishevelled hair, and a beard of enormous growth, dragging a chain after it, and carrying, in a withered hand, a glimmering lamp. He stopped, and spoke. 'I thought Kenrick was never coming more, but left me to perish; hapless Reginald! and now he flew from me.—It must be he. Certainly he did not expect to find me in the passage—the storm has broke the link that held my chain, yet I cannot escape hence—perhaps the dream from which I waked is about to be realized, and I shall be united to my angel Evelina. I heard a sweet voice call me father.' The lady Angela could forbear no longer; she rushed, and clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, 'Father! father!'—'Powers of mercy!' said he, 'is not this my Evelina? Oh, no! oh, no! If you are the Count Reginald, I am thine own child. Hark! I hear Osmond's hated voice! he comes this way!'—'The door is open!' said he, faintly, 'then we are come too late. No, he is here.—Reginald had flung himself at full length, and feigned sleep, and Angela was concealed in an adjoining niche. 'Now, Hassan,' said the wretch, 'do your duty.' The slave lifted his dagger, when our heroine rushed forward with a loud shriek, and her father started up. Osmond then offered his brother life and liberty, and one half of his possessions for the hand of his Angela. 'Never, said Reginald, 'will I ratify such an incestuous marriage: never shall the bosom of my child be made a pillow for the head of her mother's murderer.'—'Strike, Hassan!' said the villain.—'Hold!' said Angela, 'I will give my father's life, and I swear'—At this moment the spectre of the Lady Evelina appeared, and prevented