

THE
CASTLE SPECTRE,
AN ANCIENT ROMANCE.



CASTLE CONWAY, situated on the borders of Wales, in a most romantic spot, took its name from the rapid flood of waters that laved its walls, completely surrounding the west and northern boundaries of this stupendous edifice, the ruins of which remain till this day, to tell the curious and enquiring traveller *what it once was*. Oft did the peasant, while regaling after the labours of the day, with his nut-brown ale, repeat the horrific story of the Spectre of Lady Evelina, and the base Earl Osmond. *legible*

But hers, gentle reader, was not the only supernatural visitant Conway Castle could boast: tradition says that its founder, Lord Hubert, rides over his domains on the first of every moon, mounted on a milk white steed, clad in glittering armour; and that his faithless wife, Lady Bertha, is then seen and heard, shrieking, amidst the western tower, where he had immured her for incontinence while he was at Palestine: that Baron Hildebrand, who lost his life for high treason, regularly walks in the great hall every night, with his head under his arm. But as we are alike ignorant of the truth or falsehood of these assertions, we shall not enter into a more minute detail, but confine our selves to that of the Lady Evelina, which is certainly founded on fact.

Near Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland, lived a peasant, or rather shepherd, named Allan; his manners, his cottage, his flocks, all bore a marked superiority to those of his immediate neighbours; and he was a tenant much respected by the Percy family. He had but one child; a daughter, named Angela, and her he esteemed his richest treasure; her person was most lovely, her mind pure as the unsullied snow, and her native sense and elegance of manners exceeded all the endowments of art or studied accomplish-