

*GOTHIC BOURNES*

**The Castle Spectre,  
an Ancient Baronial Romance**

**Sara Wilkinson**

**(1820)**

**TRANSCRIPTION BY**

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**No 3**

THE  
**CASTLE SPECTRE,**  
AN  
**Ancient Baronial Romance:**

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*BY SARAH WILKINSON.*

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FOUNDED ON  
  
**THE ORIGINAL DRAMA**

OF

*M.G. LEWIS, Esq*

"Hoh! wakest or sleepest, most gallant knight,  
Sing methglen, methglen hee;  
Now is the fittest time for flight,  
Sing methglen, methglen hee.  
'Tis now beneath the western tower,  
A boat will take you from his power,  
And quickly set you free."

*A Welch Canzonet.*

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Castle Conway,<sup>1</sup> 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 the 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.

But hers, gentle reader, was not the only supernatural visitant Conway Castle could boast: tradition says that its founder, Lord Hubert,<sup>2</sup> 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 elves [sic] to that of the Lady Evelina, which is certainly founded on fact.

Near Alnwick Castle,<sup>3</sup> in Northumberland, lived a peasant, or rather a 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[4]ments. The young Lord Percy heard of her charms, and, disguised as a peasant, he sought her society, and the consequence was that he became deeply enamoured, and secretly vowed that no other maiden should ever become his bride—he still kept to his rustic dress, resolving that if Angela accepted him, she should do it for love and preference alone, and not be swayed by advantage and the temptation his birth and wealth would hold out. He soon became convinced that her heart was truly his, and that their love was mutual; but his father he knew would never consent to such an union,

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<sup>1</sup> According to *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "Castle Conway," usually called "Conwy Castle," is a medieval castle situated in North Wales.

<sup>2</sup> According to Wikipedia, the original founder of the castle was James of Saint George, who was the designer of King Edward I's castles in North Wales.

<sup>3</sup> According to *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "Alnwick Castle" is a Norman castle in Alnwick, England, that is currently the seat of the 12th duke of Northumberland and is the second biggest inhabited castle in the United Kingdom. The mention of several historical castles may have for its object to enhance the story's sense of realism and historical accuracy, while also enabling readers to visually place the events within a map and to understand the broader context of it.

and therefore he prolonged the courtship, without coming to any *éclaircissement*.<sup>4</sup> He was scarce of age, and Angela but seventeen, when Earl Percy being taken ill in London, his son was sent for, and he arrived at their town residence only in time to close his father's eyes. The funeral being over, he hastened back to Northumberland, and sending for Allan to his castle, he explained how he had courted Angela under the name of Edwy, and now entreated the hand of the fair damsel in marriage. 'Why look so wretched and woe-begone, Allan?' said the earl, at the conclusion of his speech; 'I thought to have given thee joy—does my offer displease thee?'

The old man answered, it would have been the pride of his life to have beheld Angela the bride of Northumberland; but she was not his daughter.

'How!' said the astonished ear—Allan proceeded: 'Tis now near sixteen years since, that my dame and I were sitting by our poor fire, for our lot was then very humble, having met with keen losses and misfortunes, that a well-dressed stranger entered our cottage, and delivered to our care a lovely female child, and a considerable sum of money—he had much conversation with us, and it ended in our taking oaths to bring up Angela as our own, and never betray the secret; we were tempted to this by poverty, and likewise from a knowledge that we should do justice, and be tender to the child, which might not be the case were she to fall into other hands. The man seemed satisfied with our assurances that we would move the very next day (and we came here) where we were unknown, that the babe might pass for ours; and he left our dwelling, refusing, though it was late and stormy, a shelter for the night. My wife immediately looked out some clothes belonging to a little girl we had buried; and on going to change those of the little stranger, which seemed from its mantle [5] to be damp, we were shocked and struck with horror, on removing that covering, to find an attempt had been made on its life; there was a wound on her throat, and the under garments were spotted with blood. Angela received from us parental care, and we looked on her as our own, nor did we suppose, year after year elapsing without any notice being taken, that she would ever be claimed; the money we received with her prospered, and we regarded both it and her as blessings sent from heaven; nor did we ever for a moment look on her as an incumbrance to our prospects, as I have heard of people being wicked enough to do in similar circumstances. Alas! my lord, while you were gone to London, Angela was taken from us, and we were told that she is the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray, deceased; who on his death-bed acknowledged her as his child, and left her to the guardianship of his dearest friend, Earl Osmond, of Conway Castle, whither she is removed solely against her will, for title and grandeur had no effect on the dear girl. It was then, my lord, she revealed to me her love for Edwy, and charged me with a tender message, should he seek my cottage, for she said he had been obliged to go some miles hence, and she daily expected his return. Ah! noble Percy, would she had been your bride before this event, then she had received safe protection; for both dame and I think this a strange story, and the more so, as the very man who brought her here, is the one who fetched her

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<sup>4</sup> *Éclaircissement* is a French word which means "enlightenment". Usually, it is associated with the idea of providing an explanation or clarifying a situation.

away; and we have since learned that his name is Kenrick, a confidential dependant of the earl, which, connected with the wounded state in which we received her, does not look well.'

This account made Earl Percy anxious and uneasy; he without delay sent a courier with a letter to Osmond to ask the hand of Angela, but a positive denial was returned. The unhappy lover then set out in his peasant's dress to Conway Castle, in hopes to obtain an interview with his beloved. Just as he arrived in sight of the walls, he was so fortunate as to encounter Gilbert, an old servant of his father, but now a retainer of Earl Osmond—he had received many favours from Percy, and was bound to the noble youth by firm gratitude. The earl made himself known to Gilbert, explained his love for Angela, and his wish to have an interview with her, preparatory to his demanding her in person from her guardian.

'As to your personally seeing Earl Osmond,' replied [6] Gilbert, 'I do not think it will ever be; no guest is admitted within the castle walls, and the lady Angela is the only person who has had an interview with him for many years. Kenrick, of whom he makes a sort of secretary and steward, is his only companion: he is attended by four black slaves, whom he brought with him from beyond the seas; and when he leaves his chamber, a bell rings to warn all the other domestics out of the way.' Earl Percy expressed his surprise at this arrangement, and asked Gilbert if he had ever heard a cause assigned for it. The man answered, that he had indeed been told an ugly story by Father Phillip, the good hearted confessor of the castle, that Osmond's elder brother Reginald, on his return from the Scottish wars,<sup>5</sup> was met by his countess Evelina and their child, then not more than a year old, and a few attendants; that when approaching the castle, they were all attacked and slain by banditti, and their bodies flung into the Conway, where they were washed away by the rapid tide, for they were never found. One man alone escaped death, and on his recovering from his wounds, he recognized one of the assassins in a dependant of Osmond, at least so he asserted; and, it was a fatal event for him, for the next morning, he was found dead in his bed.'

'Osmond,' said Percy, 'was then of course suspected of the murder.' 'He was, my lord,' answered Gilbert; 'and for a twofold cause—envy of his brother's possessions, and spite for rejected love: for it seems that the countess, Lady Evelina Neville, rejected his hand, which was first offered, and then accepted his brother's; but it is whispered that he was inconsolable for her death, and was frequently heard to call on her name with deep drawn sighs; perhaps it was not his wish that *she* should have been slain: from that period, the castle has been the abode of melancholy; and it is said that Lady Evelina comes nightly into the oratory, where she used to pass most of her time in the absence of her lord, and tend her baby; and is heard to sing and play on a guitar, which still lays there, a nursing song, ending every verse with

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<sup>5</sup> The fragment likely refers to the Wars of Scottish Independence, which, according to Wikipedia, were a series of conflicts between Scotland and England in the late 13th and early 14th centuries. By the wars' end, Scotland remained an independent state. The introduction of historical events in the story adds realism and context to it.

Hush a bye lullaby, sleep my dear,  
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here.

and she is heard to rock the cradle with her foot.'

'Surely you do not believe this,' said the incredulous Percy. 'No,' replied Gilbert, 'no more than I do that her husband, Earl Reginald, oftentimes stalks about the castle in [7] the armour he wore in the wars, and which was found among his baggage after he was slain; but a thought, my lord, has come across me that it may now serve a purpose. I will take you into the armoury, you can dress yourself in it, and mount a pedestal, among some statues that are there; Earl Osmond has appointed that place to-night for a conference with the Lady Angela; you can thus hear his designs respecting her, and her sentiments in return; and afterwards, it is possible, obtain an interview with the fair one.<sup>6</sup>

The scheme was approved, and Earl Percy had just time to place himself in the armour, when the ringing of a bell announced the approach of Osmond—he came attended by Kenrick and the slaves, the latter of whom soon withdrew.

Kenrick then apprised Lord Osmond (who had flung himself on a sofa) that he was certain Earl Percy, whom he had recognized in spite of his disguise, was lurking about the castle, and he had also seen some of Northumberland's troopers enter a wood.

'I must be quick in my measures, then,' said Osmond; 'Angela once mine, I can defy the world.' By their discourse, Percy gleaned the information that his beloved was the daughter of Earl Reginald, and his Countess Evelina; that Kenrick had often been sent as a spy over her, and in her lover Edwy, so watchful had he been, he had discovered, by tracing his steps, the heir of Alnwick Castle. So powerful an alliance as this would prove, alarmed Osmond, lest Earl Percy might hear Allan's story, and an unpleasant investigation take place: though if Kenrick remained faithful no one else was in possession of proofs. Of this man, owing to his knowledge of his crime, Osmond had long been tired, and had given charge to Saib, one of the blacks, to seize the first convenient opportunity, to remove him by subtle poison, which the slave well knew how to prepare; but he now lavished praises on him 'I have to thank you.' said he, 'good Kenrick, for preventing me taking Angela's life, when my dagger thirsted for her blood; and next for bringing her hither; she has wakened my heart to love, and a wish for continued existence. She is the first person on whom I have looked with pleasure for many years; she is the image of my adored Evelina; I intended before I beheld her, as you well knew, a far different fate, but now she must and shall be mine; then welcome bliss, and for this you shall have your reward.'

[8] 'O my lord!' said Kenrick, 'let me now claim the long promised retirement: till I leagued with you, guilt was unknown to me; I now wish a spot where uninterrupted

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<sup>6</sup> In the original text, the closing quotation mark is missing.

penitence may bring peace; my hands are free from actual blood but my crimes are heavy.'

'Stay,' interrupted Osmond, 'no more of this dismal theme; a *retreat* is already provided for you, where I trust you will find a *calm repose*.'

'Generous friend,' exclaimed Kenrick, full of gratitude; 'let me thank you on my knees—pardon me, I thought of late you seemed cool, and I mistrusted your friendship.'

'Enough, enough, my good Kenrick,' said Osmond, clasping his hands—he then ordered him to retire, and send the Lady Angela to him. He arose at her entrance, and greeted her with courteous salutations, which were replied to very coolly by our youthful heroine; she had heard from dame Alice, the talkative housekeeper of the castle, (who had long held that station, and was as proud of relating the traditions of the family as she was of holding the keys) much the same account of Earl Osmond, and the murdered pair, as that given by Gilbert to Percy. But when he offered her himself in marriage, and to make her the uncontrolled mistress of all his vast possessions, she indignantly refused him, and avowed her love, her unalterable passion for the peasant Edwy. Oh! what sounds of harmony and joy to Northumberland's greedy ear, as he stood cased in armour on the pedestal. In vain Osmond tried to combat against her truth and predilection for another, till overcome with rage, he talked of using force—a hollow groan met his ear; he started back, but recovering himself, he impiously said, 'Angela shall be mine, though hell and all the furies interfere;' and with these words, he clasped the lovely shrieking maid round the waist with his detested arms: at this important moment a second groan was heard, accompanied by a clanking noise of armour; Osmond turned round, and was horror-struck on beholding the statue descend from its pedestal and advance towards him in a menacing attitude. Nature, blended with a guilt-stained conscience, could not support the shock, and the earl fell senseless on the floor, crying out, 'shade of the murdered Reginald, in mercy spare me!'

Angela, thus providentially rescued from his ruffian-like grasp, fled from the armoury; and as she was leaving it, she spied a dagger, which she seized, from the idea it might afford her aid in some future extremity, should Osmond [9] have the temerity to renew his base attacks on her person. This was to be to her an evening of wonders—she had not long gained her own apartment, when Gilbert introduced Earl Percy, now divested of his borrowed armour; kneeling at her feet, he thanked her with ardour for her constancy to him, and avowed the stratagem he had used to obtain a sight of her. 'It is not rank or fortune can sway my affections,' said the blushing maid; 'and though I am now declared to be the heiress of the late Sir Malcolm Mowbray, yet Edwy, the peasant, is as dear to me as in those happy peaceful days when I considered myself the worthy Allan's daughter.'

'Excellent girl, exalted creature!' exclaimed her lover, 'I will no longer dissemble—it would be ungenerous—I am not Edwy, the peasant, but Percy, Northumberland's Earl, as such I am known to the tyrant Osmond; he has refused my suit, and from the most unworthy motives. Dearest Angela, you must confide in me; you are not safe a moment

here; Gilbert, who waits without, will give us egress from the castle; nay, do not hesitate, this opportunity lost, we may meet perhaps no more.

At this moment the door opened, and Kenrick, with the black slaves entered, and made a prisoner of Percy, whom they dragged into the presence of Osmond, leaving the terrified Angela overwhelmed with despair. Father Phillip entered the room, and exhorted her to comfort, as he would do every thing in his power to befriend her—he then asked her if she did not sleep in the cedar chamber; she replied in the affirmative; he said it was favourable to his designs, but did not explain himself further.

'I have been so fortunate,' said he, 'as to save the life of Gilbert, by warning him to flee from the castle; a minute more, and it would have been too late—the watchful Kenrick had discovered the Earl Percy, and the means by which he was introduced into the armoury; and Osmond was so irritated by the false alarm he had undergone, and the frustration of his schemes that he ordered his instant death. As for Northumberland, he will not dare to take his life, and I trust the captivity of your lover will be short; so daughter be of good cheer, we shall soon meet again:' with these words he withdrew.

Percy taxed Osmond with cowardice, in imprisoning an unarmed individual, and dared him to instant combat if he would give him a sword.

[10] 'That I am no coward,' returned Osmond, 'my deeds in arms will testify, but I value my life too much at present to set it on a chance; but the Lady Angela must be mine first, then I will meet you in the field, at the head of our mutual adherents, or else in single fight, as pleases thee best.'

'Angela thine? forbid it heaven!' replied Percy.

'Mine she shall be, and that without delay,' replied Osmond fiercely; 'and then, Percy, liberty will again be yours, but till that auspicious time you are my prisoner; and your mean artifice in stealing into my castle warrants such a proceeding on my part.'

Percy would have answered, but Osmond ordered his slaves to bear him instantly to the western tower; and Hassan and Saib were to remain and guard him, and not quit the room an instant.

The earl, anxious to regain his liberty on account of Angela, whose unprotected situation filled him with a thousand fears, exposed as she was to the power of an assassin, attempted to win his sable keepers over to his interest, by affording him means of escape, offering them a well filled purse, as a present reward, and treble the sum at a future period, with his protection if ever they found it necessary to claim it.

The blacks whispered together, and then seemed all compliance; but no sooner had they got the purse, than they laughed at him for supposing they would be false to Osmond and betray their trust.

Percy was too indignant to reply, and much chagrined, he flung himself on a couch.

Hassan and Saib began to divide the contents of the purse, when the former producing from his pocket a box of dice, proposed that instead of sharing the gold, they should fling who was to have the whole, and decide it by three throws each; 'agreed,' said Saib, 'here is a bottle of the best wine Osmond has in his cellar, and we will have a merry hour.'

A song was now heard—sure that must be Gilbert's voice, thought Percy, I will listen attentively, it may be some signal:<sup>7</sup> the first verse was again repeated.

'Hoh! wakest or sleepest, most gallant knight?  
Sing methglen, methglen hee;<sup>8</sup>  
Now is the fittest time for flight,  
Sing methglen, methglen hee.  
Tis now beneath the westeru [sic] tower,  
A boat will take you from his power,  
And quickly set you free.'

[11] The black noticed it.—'What is all this?' said Hassan; 'I will soon see,' replied Saib; and placing a chair on the table that stood under the window, he looked out, and presently descending, told his comrade that it was only the fishermen casting nets, and singing to wile [sic] away the time.

They seated themselves on the floor, and soon became very intent on their dice and bottle; and the fishermen again sang:

'Hoh! wake thee, wake thee, knight, from sleep,  
Sing methglen, methglen hee;  
Haste, haste, and quickly take the leap,  
Sing methglen, methglen hee.  
Let not the height give you alarm,  
For we will catch you safe from harm,  
And quickly set you free'

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<sup>7</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing both at the beginning and end of Percy's dialogue. These missing quotation marks cover the speech from the word "A" at the start of the speech to the word "voice", and after Percy's dialogue tag, from the word "I" to the word "signal" in the subsequent line. However, it could be a narrator's attempt to employ free indirect style, which would explain the lack of quotation marks.

<sup>8</sup> The term "Methglen" might be a reference to "metheglin", which, according to ;, originates from the Welsh word "meddyglyn," meaning "physician", likely due to the drink's reputed medicinal properties. Therefore, "Methglen" or "Metheglin" specifically denotes a type of spiced mead, incorporating ingredients like cloves, ginger, rosemary, hyssop, and thyme. According to *Collins Dictionary*, in this context, the word "Hee" could function as an onomatopoeic expression of laughter or as an accompaniment to a vigorous attack. Alternatively, it could just be an arbitrary word/syllable without semantic content employed to maintain the rhyme in the song.

'It must be so' said the earl, 'it is me they mean;' he was starting up, but seeing the blacks turn round, he had just time to regain his reclining posture. 'I thought our prisoner spoke,' said Hassan; 'so he might,' replied Saib, 'it is no uncommon thing for people to talk in their sleep, particularly when their minds are disturbed.'<sup>9</sup>

'And his cannot be very easy just now. O, this love! Ah! how dearly did I doat on my Samba and our infant son. In my own country I was blest in affection, power, and prosperity; here my sooty hue renders me an object of contempt and disdain. O memory, torturing memory! But since the tyrants forced me from Afric's valued shore, I have wowed hatred, yes, hatred eternal to all mankind!'

'I too have had my share of sorrows,' replied Saib; 'but I cannot divest my heart of pity or gratitude where it is due, and among these white folks there are good and bad.'

'Ah! they are Europeans all,' said Hassan, 'and that is enough for me; but no more of this, give me a horn of wine, and now for the dice, the first throw was in your favour.'

The men were so intent on their drink and diversion, for Hassan had produced another bottle, that they ceased to regard any thing else.

Again the fishermen's canzonet was repeated, and the two following lines given twice over in full chorus: —

'Let uot [sic] the height your mind alarm,  
For we will catch you free from harm'

Percy mounted the chair and table, so happily placed there by Saib, and looking from the casement beheld Gilbert and some fishermen in the boat, with torches, holding a sail cloth spread to catch him; the height was fearful, [12] but he leaped out, and was so fortunate as to be received by his humble friends in safety. As they rowed with all speed along the castle walls, a note was flung from one of the windows into the boat; this at first created some alarm—'It must be from the Lady Angela,' said Gilbert; 'read it, my lord, while I hold the torch.' Gilbert was wrong; it was from Father Phillip; 'and what can that immense walking tomb of fish, flesh and fowl have to say?'—'Hush, Gilbert, do not speak thus of the good man. 'Oh! 'tis the best creature in the world, my lord, and but for him, I should not have been here to tell you so—but he is no more fit to be a monk, than I to be maid of honour to the Queen of Sheba, had I lived when she went to visit King Solomon.'

The note from the monk run [sic] nearly as follows: 'I suspected what you was at, and watched you; I glory in your success, and hope it will be a prelude to permanent bliss. Fear not, for the Lady Angela, nor take any steps for her liberation, but lay close concealed at the cottage of Edric, the fisherman. Her safety shall be my particular care.'

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<sup>9</sup> In the original text, the closing quotation mark is missing.

I know a secret way from the castle, of which even Osmond is ignorant, and when all sleeps within its walls, I will conduct her from it—expect us about the hour of two.

'Yours,

PHILLIP.<sup>10</sup>

Percy had no sooner landed, than he was welcomed by Allan—that worthy man, anxious for his safety, and wishing to hear tidings of Angela, had followed the steps of his lord, accompanied by three hundred vassals and retainers, according to the baronial usage of those days, and they were now placed in ambush about the woods.

Percy was delighted with this testimony of gratitude and allegiance, and warmly pressing the old man's hand, they took shelter in Edric's cottage, where a supper of fish, &c. was soon prepared for them; it was homely, but clean and hospitable; and Percy's long fast, (for Osmond had not the generosity to order his captive the least refreshment) gave him a hearty relish to his meal, which we will leave him enjoying, and return to the castle.

As Percy had leaped from the window, the chair and table fell with a lumbering noise; this aroused the blacks, who found their prisoner gone—horror and dismay seized them. Saib climbed to the window, just as the boat was disappearing, and beheld the earl seated in it, while the fishermen raised their oars aloft in triumph, and set up a shout of joy; they then moved on, singing their favourite air of 'methglen hee.'

[13] Saib went instantly to impart this disaster to Earl Osmond, reckoning that delay would only make the matter worse; and presuming that his former services would insure his pardon for this unintentional crime, but gratitude had no place in the tyrant's breast; and drawing forth his dagger he seized the slave, and would have buried it in his breast, had not Kenrick, who had returned secretly to the castle, entered the room just in time to save the black—he struggled with Osmond; and while he held the earl, bade the trembling Saib fly for his life.

The earl's eyes seemed to dart forth flashes of lightning on Kenrick, so great was his rage.

'Was it a crime to save you from further bloodshed?' said the secretary. 'You are grown impertinent and interfering,' replied Osmond. 'It is time we part, and I will hasten your progress to the retreat you so much wish for—leave me, instantly, sir' —Kenrick retired hastily, wishing his master's words might be true.

Osmond sent for Saib, whom he pardoned, and gave him some gold, but on the express condition both these favours were bestowed, that Kenrick's contemplated

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<sup>10</sup> The signature was positioned in the same line as the closing of the letter to optimize the use of available space on the page. A similar approach is taken with the lack of space between paragraphs and between the paragraphs and the song in the original text, where everything is closely packed to save space and paper. In this version, a space has been added between the paragraphs and the song for the reader's comfort.

murder was no longer delayed, but the poison administered that very night in his supper wine, and the earl would see it infused in his presence.

The heart of the African revolted against this task: he did not find himself capable of committing a deed so foul. Kenrick had saved his life, it was but just to return the service rendered, and not repay evil for good.

Saib sought Kenrick, who was walking on the southern ramparts, and thanked him with tears of gratitude. 'I hope,' said the untutored child of nature, 'that the life you have saved shall henceforth be dedicated to better purposes than have for many years marked its days—I grow tired of Osmond and guilt.'

'Friend,' replied Kenrick, 'if it so suits thee, and thine heart like mine seems awakened to compunction and penitence, you are welcome to share my home; we can render mutual service to each other. Osmond has promised me *a calm retreat, and soon.*' 'Aye, *this very night,*' said the black.

'Ah! what mean you?' exclaimed Kenrick: 'why that look of horror? why that deepened tone?' 'Osmond dooms you to the grave—that is his promised retreat; and I am chosen to administer it this very night. When I hand you your accustomed goblet of wine after supper, appear to [14] drop it by accident, I shall not then be suspected. Collect what wealth you have, and let to-morrow's sun see you on your way from these detested walls. Farewell, I dare stay no longer; should we be observed, it might be fatal to us both.'

Death, then, said Kenrick to himself, is Osmond's intended reward for my past services;<sup>11</sup> and so soon too. O, base destroyer of my peace of mind! why did I league with thee! why barter my unsullied conscience for thy gold and never performed promises! Leave the castle!—that I could do with pleasure were it not for—Ah! how shall I act? Yes, I will seek the Lady Angela, and confide to her my fatal secret; she may pardon and protect me; she is good and virtuous, and with them dwelleth mercy.'

A summons to supper, by the usual bell, interrupted his meditations. Ah! what a sickening sensation did the sound produce. Saib handed Kenrick the full sparkling goblet; just then his favourite spaniel placed her paws on his knee, and her master pretending she had dashed the wine from his hand, let the goblet fall to the ground, where it shivered in pieces.

Lady Angela was now ordered by Osmond to retire to her chamber, and he deputed Alice, who was by no means pleased with the office assigned her, to remain with her, and take care she did not quit the room, or give anyone access to her.

'I do not like this cedar chamber,' said Alice, as [they]<sup>12</sup> entered, and looked fearfully round: 'is not your s[leep]<sup>13</sup> disturbed here? for they say the Oratory is haunted, but my

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<sup>11</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing around the words "Death then", and after Kenrick's dialogue tag, before the word "is".

<sup>12</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>13</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred, although unsure.

lord has had those folding doors fast closed that lead into it. Do you not hear Lady Evelina sing at midnight?' 'No, my good Alice: I have past every night since I have been here undisturbed; except what has arose from my fear of evil mortals. But whose pictures are these? I could gaze on them forever.'

'That,' replied the dame, 'on the right, is Lord Reginald in armour, he that was slain coming from the wars; and that on the left is his wife, the murdered countess.'

'Oh, Osmond! Osmond!' said Angela, drawing forth the dagger she had found in the armoury from under her robes, 'the hilt of this weapon bears thy name! and its blade is encrusted with blood! Ah, me, I fear 'twas theirs it drank!'

'Hide, hide that dagger, I intreat you,' said Alice, 'or I shall faint at the sight of it. O, dearest lady! did you [15] not observe the bed curtains shake?' Angela said it was the wind.

'Little did I dream,' said Alice, resuming her discourse, 'that when my dear, sweet, affable lady pressed my hand at the castle gate, as she was going to meet her lord, that I should never behold her more[.]<sup>14</sup> I remember once as she lay in that very bed, sad tidings came from the wars; and on entering the room I heard her sob. Dearest lady, said I, take comfort; and courtesying lowly, I approached the couch, just so:—here Alice suited the action to the words—with that she raised her sweet angelic head from beneath the white satin quilt; I think I see her now.' (At this very moment a head appeared from under the bedclothes and gave a dismal groan.) 'The devil! The devil!' exclaimed the terrified woman, rushing from the room; 'not all the Lord Osmonds in the world shall keep me here!'

The next instant the bedstead broke down, and the huge figure of Father Phillip rolled at Angela's feet as she was in the act of flying after Alice.

'What means all this?' said the terrified girl, 'What am I to think of this strange intrusion?'

'I do not deserve censure,' said the monk; 'but you shall hear how I came in this ridiculous situation. The picture of Earl Reginald affords a passage into this chamber [by]<sup>15</sup> means of a secret spring, and it was with some dif[ficulty]<sup>16</sup> that I forced myself through it; at that moment you [came t]o<sup>17</sup> the door, I thought it might be Earl Osmond; [but t]o<sup>18</sup> return in such haste by the way I came was not possible; neither, in my confusion, could I find the spring; so I crept into the bed, and covered myself with the clothes. I had then the vexation to find that Alice was to remain with you, and I hit on that expedient to frighten her away, which has succeeded: but she may return, or some one else in her stead, so I will tell my errand. Do not undress, or go to bed; soon after the clock strikes the first hour of the morn, I will come for you, and deliver you safe from

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<sup>14</sup> In the original text, this punctuation mark is missing. It could as well be an exclamation mark.

<sup>15</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred, although unsure.

<sup>16</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>17</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>18</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

this castle, where you have known nought but alarm and sorrow, such as moves my heart to think on.'

'Oh, good father!' exclaimed Angela, 'can we not go now? Danger lurks in every additional moment I remain here.'—'Daughter,' replied Phillip, 'it cannot be; there are several apartments we must cross in our way, which are frequently occupied, or at least resorted to until a late hour, and we must wait ere we venture, for Osmond and his house-[16]hold<sup>19</sup> being safe in their chambers; that is generally about midnight, and we will allow another hour for further security. Farewell, and all good angels guard you!'

The monk then left the chamber, and Angela kneeling down, with her eyes fixed on the pictures of Reginald and Evelina, implored heaven's protection on herself and Percy, of whose liberation she was yet ignorant.

At this instant, a few notes of a guitar were heard from the adjoining Oratory; Angela started. 'What should I fear?' said she; 'if indeed the Lady Evelina's spirit doth revisit the earth, it will not harm me.' A plaintive air was now played, while our young heroine remained on the floor, with clasped hands, but attentively listening.

Hush-abye, lullaby, sleep my dear  
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here.

'Good powers of mercy and Providence!' said Angela, 'it is the very words described by Alice. It must indeed be the spectre of the Countess; and yet I ridiculed the idea, presumptuous creature as I was! Never, for the future, will I dare to call the power of heaven in question—this may be permitted for some great and wise end.' The lines were three times repeated; all was then silent, and Angela, less agitated than it is scarce possible to suppose, arose, and paced the chamber, anxiously wishing the arrival of the expected hour that was to give her freedom. The door by which Alice left the room still remained unlocked; but the fair inmate of the cedar chamber felt no inclination to avail herself of that opportunity: she could do nothing of herself alone, and unprotected. Soon after she was alarmed by a key being placed in the wards of an opposite door. It could not be Father Phillip so soon; besides he would not come that way; and she awaited the entrance of the person, whoever it might be, with breathless expectation. Of all the individuals under the sun, the next unwelcome one appeared before her—Kenrick, he who had conveyed her from Allan's peaceful cot, the betrayer of Percy, the confederate of the tyrant ruler of the castle, perhaps an actual murderer; and what dreadful purpose might now have brought him here, she trembled to think on. Again the guitar sounded in the Oratory. It was evident Kenrick heard it not, and Angela felt a kind of sweet assurance resulting from it.

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<sup>19</sup> "Household" would probably appear as a single word but is split apart by the paging.

As Kenrick approached, she retreated. 'Stay, fair lady,' said he: 'much-wronged Angela, hear me: you have [17] nought to apprehend from me. I come to you an humble suppliant. Yes, on your intercession depends my every hope; I must, therefore, intreat a patient hearing. This night I expect will be the last that I shall hold the keys of the castle, and I wish to set you free; but there is another captive whom we must not leave behind to perish.— 'Ah! You mean Percy!' said Angela.—'No,' replied Kenrick, 'I can glad your ears with the happy assurance that Northumberland's Earl, some hours since, effected his escape hence, through the negligence of his keepers. But to the particulars of my own sad story, lady:—I was brought up with Osmond from my youth, for he early distinguished me by his particular favour, and I knew every secret of his soul. He loved Lady Evelina with frantic passion; he sued for her hand, and she refused him, but soon after married his elder brother, the Count Reginald, and they proved a most happy couple. Osmond could not bear to witness their connubial bliss. Count Reginald went to the wars, and his lady lived a most retired life, and amused herself with nursing her infant daughter, whom she tenderly loved. Peace returning, her lord, attended only by two followers, moved homewards, and the Countess, eager to meet him, and present her child, now a year old, went forth with the same number of servants.

'Osmond, who had long panted both for the possession of the castle and the lovely Evelina, now resolved on the murder of his brother, and afterwards to force the widow to receive his hand. Osmond, myself, and the four blacks, disguised as banditti,<sup>20</sup> concealed ourselves in a glen about two miles hence, to await the approach of the little party. I look back with horror to this part of my life; gold, cursed gold, was my tempter! and the suggestions of Osmond, that his brother had used him ill, (which I have since found false) urged me to be his associate in guilt.—Osmond rushed forward, and immediately knocked his brother off the horse on which he was mounted, and riding foremost of the little groupe, the slaves attacked the attendants, whom they soon made their victims, with the exception of one, whom Reginald had newly hired in the room of one whom he had buried in Scotland, and he fled, closely pursued by Saib. I took the Countess in my arms, and was going, as previously agreed, to bear her from the horrid scene, and at a certain distance give her liberty, when, of course, she would return to the castle, where Osmond might, in proper season, follow and pursue his plans, and the child was given to its [18] mother's arms. But the poor lady seeing the danger of her adored husband, rushed from me, and threw herself on Reginald's body, just as Osmond's uplifted dagger was prepared to give another stroke, and she received it in her bosom, and expired instantly. This event, the frustration of all his hopes, maddened her assassin; again he stabbed Reginald, and aiming at the child his weapon, slightly wounded its throat—Yes, Lady Angela, you bear the scar to this very hour!

'Oh, merciful heaven!' exclaimed Angela. 'Wicked Osmond, does he wish to marry the child of his murdered brother? horror is in the very thought. But pray proceed in your dreadful tale.'—Just at the instant Angela had done speaking, unperceived by both,

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<sup>20</sup> Plural for the Italian word *bandito*, literally translated as "proscribe" or "banished man."

[E]arl<sup>21</sup> Osmond had entered the cedar chamber; he had awakened from a dream of the most appalling nature, in which he beheld the spectres of the murdered persons threatening him with everlasting perdition, and finally Percy bearing off the Lady Angela from the castle, and he now formed the resolution of determining her fa[t]e<sup>22</sup> that very night; and if neither threats nor promises would extort from her a consent to become his bride, the next morning to compel her to that measure by violating her person.

Resolved on this hellish scheme, he softly entered her chamber, supposing Alice to be with her; but the good dame, fearful of being sent b[a]ck<sup>23</sup> again, had stole [sic] to her own room, and wisely kept the fright she had received to herself. He presumed they both slept, and meant to awaken and dismiss the housekeeper before he imparted his wishes to Angela.

His surprise was therefore great, on beholding her in the dress she had worn on the preceding evening, in conversation with Kenrick, and he anxiously listened to their discourse.

'Lady,' continued Kenrick, 'I interposed, and saved your life: Saib had orders to convey you to Osmond's residence, to dress your wound, and keep you safe from every one's sight, until your destiny should be determined. Osmond then left the blood-stained spot, ordering me to roll the bodies of the slain into the rapid flood.—Ah! say, can you pardon, can you intercede for a wretch like me?'

'You saved my life,' replied Angela; 'then surely you cannot plead in vain; and if my intercession to the throne of heavenly mercy can aught avail, then Kenrick you may rely on me.'

[19] 'Ah, lady!' said the penitent, 'I have need enough of prayers to heaven, but is not what I mean.—On casting the bodies into the Conway, I perceived in that of your noble father strong signs of life'—'and you murdered him!' exclaimed the agonized Angela: 'that I cannot pardon.'—'I did not murder him; but that would have been a deed of mercy. Sixteen years has he lingered out existence in a gloomy dungeon, breathing nought but foul air and noxious [sic] vapours, deprived of the light of heaven, and every comfort, save food, but that I have given with no sparing hand. My first thought was the hold I should have over Osmond whenever I should choose to reveal to him that his elder brother lived. For many revolving years, the kindness of the usurper deterred me from doing any act to his prejudice, and I was continually bouyed up<sup>24</sup> by his promises. On the other hand, I have long since found the dread snare into which I had drawn myself. To confess to Osmond what was done would seal my instant doom, and I wished most heartily for my prisoner's death, but yet it came not. Having conducted you to Allan's cottage, I thought to hear no more of you, but I was mistaken. The Earl frequently watched as to your fate; but hearing you were courted by Northumberland, he took the

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<sup>21</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>22</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>23</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>24</sup> Meaning to make someone feel happier or more confident about a situation.

alarm, and had you conveyed hither, with a view of disposing of you so as to ensure his own safety; but your beauty, and strong likeness to Lady Evelina, conquered his heart, and made him take the resolution to wed you himself; he praised me for preserving you and I claimed my long promised reward of retirement, intending to take Reginald with me, and contribute, as much as could to his comfort. Supposing himself bereaved or [sic] every kindred tie, no wife, or child, life has long become to him of no value; yet he sighed for liberty; and often has he told me, that if I would allow him to depart, he would live in obscurity, and never reveal who he was, or apprise Osmond of his existence: and the sale of a few jewels, which he had about his person when attacked, would be sufficient to support him for the remainder of his days; but I feared to trust him, without I was with him, that I might watch over him, and prevent his seeing you, for the resemblance only to your murdered mother would be sufficient to convince him that his child was living. And could I then expect him to be passive? Ah, no! Ruin to myself and Osmond must ensue. Now mark me,—the ingrate seeks my life, and thus has cancelled every tie between us.—‘Tis your hand, lady, shall free your [20] father. ‘Tis your tongue must pronounce you his daughter, and pray for my pardon and protection. Come, then.’—At this period, Angela, turning round, beheld Osmond, and shrieked aloud. Kenrick, struck with terror, would have fled, but the Earl prevented him, and called out for his black slaves, who were only in the anti-room: they rushed in, and by his order conveyed the traitor (as he termed him) to a dungeon. Osmond remained with the hapless Angela, and used the most unmanly threats to intimidate her to his purpose: but she was firm in her rejection. At this awful crisis, when she was on the point of being for ever lost, when the ruffian seized her in his hated arms, and she was trying, but without success, to get the dagger from beneath her robe, the doors of the entry flew wide open, and the Spectre of the Castle, the basely murdered Evelina, advanced from it; a flowing drapery, or veil, expanding over her head and shoulders, leaving her bosom bare, on which was seen a ghastly wound, and the blood still appeared, as if flowing from it, over her white garments.

Osmond immediately unloosed Angela, and fled, calling for his attendants in great dismay. Our heroine sunk on her knees, the Spectre bended over her, and seemed to bless her, but spoke not. She then, with a slow solemn pace, and soundless footstep, returned to the Oratory, stopping a short time before the picture of Reginald, on which she seemed to gaze with interest. The doors then closed [,]<sup>25</sup> music was heard, with chorus of heavenly voices chaunting songs of triumph, and then silence reigned.

The clock struck two, yet Father Phillip was not come, and Angela was nearly sinking from fear of disappointment and apprehension: she was now more than ever anxious to quit her prison, that she might see Percy, and impart to him the discovery she had made of her own birth, and the existence of her father, and to consult what was best to be done to discover where he was confined, and effect his liberation. There was little doubt that he was in some vault of the castle. But, alas! without any clue to guide them, it might be hard to find him; and deprived of Kenrick’s attendance, (dire thought!) he

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<sup>25</sup> This punctuation mark is missing in the original text but inferred.

might perish with hunger and thirst, and thus fatally terminate a life of wretched suffering.

Percy and his humble friends, equally marked the hour of two, and grew impatient, lest the monk should fail. 'My life on his fidelity!' said Gilbert; 'but his scheme may have failed. Stay, if my eyes do not deceive me, I see two [21] persons advancing very slowly from the castle. Yes, they approach nearer, but neither of them is in petticoats, or has the least appearance of the portly friar: let us watch their motions.'

The objects of their curiosity proceeded to Edric's, the fisherman's cottage; and it was soon visible that one was in great pain, and supported by his companion. There was nought to fear from such guests, and they soon gained admittance.—It was the dying Kenrick, led by Saib, the grateful black: the former had the keys of the castle taken from him, and was then, in the presence of Osmond, put to the torture, to make him reveal where Reginald was confined: he resisted a long time, till overpowering agony wrung from him the particular dungeon where the once brave and handsome warrior languished, bowed down with grief and privations, and on his own domain. The fiend-like tyrant then withdrew, leaving Saib with the sufferer. Kenrick had concealed about his person a master-key, which had escaped the vigilance of his searchers, and he easily prevailed on Saib to support him from the castle, and be the companion of his flight. He lived but to reveal to Percy the same confession he had to make to Angela, and to describe the dungeon in which the Earl was to be found, and he expired, earnestly recommending Saib to Northumberland's care. No hopes were now entertained of beholding Father Phillip and his lovely charge: and it was resolved to make an instant attack on the castle. The soldiery were soon collected, and they set out with ardour to save the innocent or perish in the attempt.

Osmond, harrassed [sic] and fatigued, retired to his chamber, resolving to defer, till the next day, his intentions concerning Reginald and Angela; but he was so fearful of the repetition of his dreadful dream, that he ordered two of his black slaves to watch him, and if they perceived, when he slept, that he seemed troubled or agitated, they were instantly to wake him; but he had scarcely given his commands when Hassan rushed in with the wildest alarm, and told him, that Kenrick and Saib were not to be found.—'They are then gone to Percy,' exclaimed Osmond. 'All the world turn traitors to me: I must be quick, or all is lost.' He seized a dagger, and rushed to Angela's chamber—but she was not there; and such was the conflict of rage, horror, and disappointment, within his bosom, that he sank down in a convulsive fit: his groans and struggles reached Hassan's ears, who, summoning the two remaining blacks to [22] 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 subterraneous 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,<sup>26</sup> '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 [23] 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

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<sup>26</sup> Clearly, "to Hassan" is meant.

him in her arms, exclaiming, 'Father! father!'—<sup>27</sup>Powers of mercy' said he, 'is not this my Evelina?<sup>28</sup> 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 there."<sup>29</sup>—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,<sup>30</sup> 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.'—'[Str]ike,<sup>31</sup> Hassan!' said the villain.—'Hold!' said Angela, '[Spa]re<sup>32</sup> my father's life, and I swear'— —At this moment [the]<sup>33</sup> spectre of the Lady Evelina appeared, and prevented [24] the termination of the oath.— Hassan dropped the dagger, and fled in dismay. The sound of arms now testified that Percy and his followers had entered the castle. 'I am lost!' said Osmond; 'death is near; but, like a mighty ruin, I will not fall alone.' Then snatching the weapon Hassan had left, he aimed it at Reginald; but Angela plunged her dagger into his side, stained as it was with the blood of Evelina.

'My task is done,' said the Spectre; 'henceforward I rest in peace, and trouble this castle no more.' She then vanished, and solemn music was heard. Reginald and his daughter dropped on their knees; presently the vaults were full of soldiers, headed by Percy, and led by Phillip, in great apprehensions of finding some dismal tragedy perpetrated; but at the sight of the Earl, and Lady Angela in safety, they set up shouts of joy.

Osmond lived but to receive the forgiveness of his brother, which was mercifully acceded to, and expired.

Dame Alice now bustles about with alacrity; and every tenant and vassal heard of the usurper's fall, and the restoration of the good Lord Reginald, with transports of joy.— Saib, whose repentance proved truly sincere, was rewarded with a comfortable asylum for the remainder of his days. The other blacks met the fate their crimes deserved.

The marriage of Earl Percy and the Lady Angela was celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of ancient times, when the minstrel's harp resounded through the hall.

Earl Reginald, by attentive care, soon recovered his health, and lost that premature decay, and appearance of old age, to which Kenrick's cruel policy had reduced him: he continued always with his son and daughter; and the good Father Phillips was ever a

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<sup>27</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing to introduce this dialogue.

<sup>28</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing to close Count Reginald's dialogues, and to introduce Lady Angela's words.

<sup>29</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing to close Count Reginald's dialogue.

<sup>30</sup> In the original text, quotation marks are missing to close Count Reginald's dialogue.

<sup>31</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>32</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

<sup>33</sup> Missing in the original text but inferred.

distinguished respected member of the same family, and shared his bottle and harmless jest with the mirth-loving and now independent Gilbert.—Allan and his wife had the felicity to see their foster-child the bride, the happy bride, of Northumberland. She would have raised them to a superior station in life, but they would not hear of it, and remained by choice in their own cottage. She was therefore obliged to content herself by sending repeatedly such articles of comfort, as were best suited to soothe their advanced years, and ameliorate the pains and infirmities of their old age.

THE END.

J. Bailey, Printer, 116, Chancery Lane.

### **Editor's note.**

There are several misprints in the text: "Westeru" instead of "Western", "Wile" instead of "While", "Uot" instead of "Not", "Run" instead of "Ran" "Noxious" instead of "Noxious", "To Hasten" instead of "To Hassan", "Or" instead of "Of".

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