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The phrenzied Dar-thula appearing on the Crags to the ar

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MANTLE;

OR,

A SISTER'S REVENGE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

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Dar-thula watching the departure of her Brother & Garmallon

Dunlathmon apparently dying robb'd by Garmallon of the Mantle.

The phrenzied Dar-thula appearing on the Crags to the affrighted Goatherds

Garmallon on the eve of triumphing over Macirvine stabbed by Darthula!

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THE

BLOOD-STAINED MANTLE.

UPON the summit of an immense rock, whose brow o'erhung the ocean, and whose base was continually lashed by the impetuous surge, stood the stupendous castle of the Dunlathmons. Like the mount on which it stood, it bid defiance to the storms; and centuries had passed away without the slightest apparent decay. Time, which eventually destroys all things, seemed to combat vainly with those turrets, and as vainly attempted to fix the origin of their masters, who were said to have descended from a race of giants. What common hands could have raised on such an eminence a pile so ponderous and mighty! Since that era, Scotland's hardier chiefs have fallen into obscurity, and her more savage ones into almost utter oblivion. Fancy only is capable of filling the outline left by the imperfect hand of tradition, and to fashion the nature of their manners and their existence.

Garmallon, the lord of Inis-thona, called early for his steed, and, as the neighing courser, foaming, champed his iron mouthings beneath the sturdy subjections of the groom, who led him to and fro in the almost dark avenue of the castle, the chieftain took from an oak cabinet a mantle, which he had brought from the late battle, where, though Garmallon was proclaimed victor, Dunlathmon, his friend and companion, it was believed, had perished. There were spots of blood upon that mantle, the marks of a dying hand. Garmallon observed that they had sunk from their original crimson into a darker shade: the colour for a moment

left his cheek; in an instant it returned with double force to his brow, his eye flashed with a look of horrible exultation, and, throwing the golden broidery across his shoulder, he hurried from the chamber, and haughtily mounting his steed, issued proudly from the portal. The husbandman, as Garmallon rode slowly along the valley, left suddenly his employment to pay his obeisance to the chief; but Garmallon was either too imperious, or too absorbed in his own reflections, to return the attention with the polite courtesy shown by chiefs to their dependents in those days.

Garmallon was young and handsome. He was of tall stature; noble and commanding in his person; there was a degree of manly beauty in his looks; but, while we drew near to admire the harmony of his features, we started almost dismayed from the contemptuous turn of his curled lip, and the sarcastic fire of his dark, soul-investigating eye. His family had for several centuries sought an alliance with the virtuous house of Dunlathmon; but the daughters of that clan recoiled from the fierceness of the Garmallons, whose earlier name had been stained with ambitious crimes—with blood, only to be wiped away by some heavy and severe penance, which the Garmallons, up to the present heir, had neglected to adopt.

The last young Dunlathmon had become the intimate friend of the present Garmallon; he had also proved a warm advocate in his behalf with the beautiful Dar-thula, his only sister: but, as the rose twines uncouthly with the rough foliage of the pine, so ill was assorted the hand of Garmallon for the soft and gentle maid of Dunlathmon. She esteemed the chief as a guest, as the friend of her brother, but the tearful moment of decision confessed, that her heart could never become Garmallon's. The result of that conference being made known to him, he covered his features with a smile. His wished-for union was rather the impulse of obstinacy than affection. He secretly swore to wreak a dreadful revenge; he swore to accomplish it, and he did so.

If it had been the ambition of the Garmallons to unite themselves with the Dunlathmons, it now became that of the present lord to perfect at one masterstroke the whole aim of his forefathers' ineffectual efforts. Power to overcome, as a public and declared enemy, the might of Dunlathmon, he had not; but he wrought in the dark recesses of his soul a resolve, black and cruel as his own unholy purpose.

The border chieftains were at war; and the better to support their own followers, made frequent incursions back on their neighbours, penetrating even as far as Inis-thona, the result of which seemed likely to leave behind it a lamentable desolation. The claymore of Dunlathmon, though his own territories remained impregnable, was ready to assist the cause, and defend the rights, of his pretended friend.

Dar-thula stood pensively at the extremity of a minor turret, forming a base angle of her brother's mansion, as the little band arranged itself to depart; her handmaids were with her, but she stood alone and abstracted amongst them. That morning Dar-thula refused to wear, as was her custom, the flowers of her native hills braided in her flaxen locks, which hung loosely over her shoulders, or to have the silken zone with which she usually clasped her vest, fastened on her bosom; her heart throbbed too violently; and, with her white raiment falling in unconfined drapery from her shoulders, the pale and almost motionless image of despair, she awaited to observe the departure of the warriors, as they should wind along the turnings of the steep to battle.

The morning rays of the sun had already gilded the very summit of Dunlathmon towers, as the hostile train emerged from the venerable pile. Side by side the two warriors rode, in all the pomp of feudal war, their bossy shields lambent with the golden daybreak's light; the trappings of their steeds, and martial accoutrements, announcing the throbbing and confused moment of enthusiastic departure. The long file of

dependents, wrapped in plaids, armed, and bearing on their shoulders the banners of the two chiefs, with the emulative tones of the pibroach, might have fired a less gallant heart than that of Dunlathmon; and his cheek appeared flushed with animation, as he reined his eager courser to the stately movement of his followers. Garmallon too rode nobly along: mighty in dignity; there was a visible satisfaction on his brow; but it was the satisfaction of a demon, who triumphs over the credulity of an unsuspecting victim.

The cavalcade now drew near the spot where Dar-thula stood. Dunlathmon hurried his steed to speak to her as he passed; while Garmallon, from apparent courtesy, staid at a little distance. After a moment's conversation with her brother, Dar-thula waved her hand, and he approached. "Lord Garmallon!" said she, in a tone of cold phrenzy, "this is your cause; my brother perhaps may fall in defence of your rights. I could throw myself at his feet, and supplicate he would not, for my sake, embark in another's peril, but that the ancient pride of Dunlathmon prevents it. My anguish and my apprehensions ought not therefore to damp the ardour of your enterprise; proceed, and triumph; but, Garmallon, in the hour of danger, in the moment of annihilation, remember you desert not the side of Dunlathmon; and you, my brother, while you trust your own life adventurously, too adventurously perhaps, remember that Dar-thula has no earthly protector but her brother." With these words, without a tear, though many wept that marked the woeful paleness of her looks, she turned to one of her maidens, and taking from her shoulders an embroidered mantle, placed it in the care of Dunlathmon. He instantly hung it across his armour, and receiving her extended hand, pressed it once again affectionately to his lips. Dar-thula uttered not a word, but pointed to the mantle, on which was embroidered her own name, "Dar-thula." Each understood the meaning of her silent admonition. The tears were forcing themselves

into Dunlathmon's eyes, and he spurred on his courser in order to conceal his agitation. Garmallon laid his hand on his breast to Dar-thula, as the band moved on; her's were already crossed upon her own bosom, and, unmindful of the chief's appeal, she continued to invoke the assistance and protection of Heaven, till even the sound of the war-march was lost in distance, or drowned in the roar of the neighbouring torrent.

Our adventurers continued their route till noon, and then halted in a glen not far from the encampment of the aggressors. The attack, though not till evening, was sudden, and victory seemed already to declare itself in favour of Garmallon, when an arrow from some near and well-directed hand, pierced the breast of Dunlathmon. The warrior fell, his foot caught in the trappings of his steed, in which manner he was dragged by the affrighted animal into a wood at a considerable distance from the field, where he sunk on the earth bleeding. Garmallon, true to the injunction of Dar-thula, was indeed by the side of the unfortunate Dunlathmon, and, seeing him about to breathe his last, he endeavoured to force from his shoulders the mantle given by Dar-thula at parting. Dunlathmon opened his eyes: "Garmallon," said he, in accents weakened by loss of blood, "I am not dead; desert me not, support me to some place of shelter, where I may find means to staunch the wound in my side."

"Fool!" reiterated Garmallon, scornfully, "think not Garmallon cares to preserve the hated existence of a Dunlathmon; die, last of a proud race, while Garmallon, with the intelligence of your death, returns to tyrannize over your demesnes, and the high heart of your insolent sister." With these words, throwing Dunlathmon from his arm, the remorseless assassin again proceeded to rend off the mantle. Dunlathmon's countenance changed; his lips became deadly pale; his heart beat cold and heavily.

"Garmallon!" exclaimed he, "is it indeed you? is it the voice of my friend that imparts such horrible

words? in mercy, Garmallon do not—you cannot, leave me to perish;" and with ineffectual grasp he held the mantle, which Garmallon easily succeeded in dragging from him.

The moon was rising, and, as its pale light fell upon the tall armoured figure of Garmallon, it gave him the appearance of a fiend watching over the last moments of a condemned soul; for, as Dunlathmon, with a burst of anguish, sunk apparently lifeless at his feet, the assassin seemed lingeringly to await the last convulsion. Dunlathmon had ceased to speak. Garmallon, in order to assure himself that he was no more, placed his hand upon his heart, and perceiving no symptom of returning animation, threw Dar-thula's mantle over his own shoulder, and hurrying to his steed, pursued the nearest path which led to Inisthona.

Dar-thula had already been made acquainted by Garmallon's courier with her brother's death; and, in order to renew the commencement of our narrative, we must return to Garmallon on his journey to Dunlathmon with the fatal mantle. In deep mourning, he presented himself at the castle. Dar-thula being apprised of the chief's arrival, almost rushed into his presence: her heart seemed to assure her that Garmallon would bring tidings from the grave of her brother; at least he would impart to her the dying accent of his lips—the last wish that escaped from his affectionate breast.

Any one but Garmallon might have been moved by the forlorn and altered looks of Dar-thula; but cold and relentless as marble, the arch hypocrite gazed upon the unconscious being his own guilty hand seemed to have rendered desolate.

Dar-thula, unable to support the emotion excited in her mind by the presence of the very man, whom so short a time since she had been taught by her brother to respect and esteem, wept bitterly. Garmallon was not displeased to find that the bosom of Dar-thula was

awake to the liveliest agitation; he was glad that her grief appeared likely to dissolve itself in tears, and looked forward to the moment when his protection and his hand should become but too welcome. He took the mantle of Dunlathmon from his bosom, and presenting it to Dar-thula with an air of well-feigned sorrow, "Lady," said he, "receive from my hands the last token of an expiring brother's regard, who besought me, with his closing breath, to bear it to Dar-thula, as a pledge, that dying, he remembered her; "tell her too, Garmallon," said he, "that it was his wish——."

Dar-thula could hear no more; for, as her eye rested on the impression of the bloody hand in the mantle, with a scream of horror, she fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. The blood-stained evidence of Garmallon's guilt, as it sunk expanded on the floor before him, seemed to offer a reproach for its master; and even Garmallon felt an embarrassment in his mind, while he silently gazed upon it. At length, as Dar-thula slowly recovered, "take that mantle," he exclaimed, to one of the attendants, "the last relic of a Dunlathmon, and hang it on the tomb of his ancestors." The old man wept as he respectfully took up the mantle, and Dar-thula waved her hand in mournful acquiescence.

Already Garmallon looked upon himself as the future lord of Dunlathmon, and flattered himself with the idea that Dar-thula was his devoted victim. Under this impression, he conceived it would be politic to implant in Dar-thula's mind the supposition, that Dunlathmon's dying lips had bequeathed her to him: the moment of regret was the one most auspicious to his hopes; and taking Dar-thula's hand, "Lady," he continued, "it is the painful duty of Garmallon, the rejected, despised Garmallon, to say that your brother, with his ebbing life, bequeathed to him a treasure, richer in his estimation than those wide domains: that treasure, I speak it now, lady, now, while the recollection of my departed friend pleads most urgently in my behalf, that treasure was his sister."

Dar-thula shuddered convulsively; a sudden light rushed upon her bewildered mind, and, almost with a look of scorn, she gazed upon Garmallon. "Merciful God!" she ejaculated, "Dunlathmon perhaps for my sake——;" and, with a dead pause she again wildly investigated the darkening features of Garmallon.

"Dar-thula!" exclaimed he,—"Was this a time, Garmallon?" shuddered she, extricating her hand from his grasp, and haughtily turning away; "leave me: you forget that I am still a Dunlathmon."

"In the eye of Heaven," said he, "you are now a Garmallon."

"Lord Garmallon!" resumed Dar-thula, solemnly, "Dunlathmon fell with you—God grant he fell not *by* you!"

"Woman!" cried the chieftain, furiously laying his hand on his claymore, as Dar-thula retreated a few steps; and, one or two of the vassals who, alarmed by their mistress's screams, had entered the apartment, prepared to defend her, "had a warrior dared to utter this, my claymore should instantly have pierced his heart. O cruel, black injustice! Garmallon accused of a crime, at which humanity shudders—Dar-thula, Dar-thula!" and he hastened towards the astonished group with the impetuosity of a maniac. At that instant the folding-doors of the apartment flew open, and, leaning on the arm of a stranger, Dunlathmon himself entered.

Astonishment, for a moment, suspended every faculty: at length, with a burst of joy, Dar-thula flew into the extended arms of her brother.

Garmallon attempted to speak, but Dunlathmon pointed haughtily to the door. Garmallon bit his lips in malice—his hand involuntarily rested upon his dagger; a dreadful thought came across him, and he departed.

The stranger who arrived with Dunlathmon, the preserver of his life, was the youngest son of a Border Chieftain, where he had witnessed the circumstance of Garmallon's dragging him into the forest; and immediately after the contest was decided, the youth lost no time in seeking for the unfortunate rider. Garmallon had been gone only a few minutes, when Macirvine reached the spot on which Dunlathmon was slowly recovering from his swoon; he raised the bleeding warrior in his arms, and, after binding up his wound with a bandage torn from his own raiment, succeeded in supporting him to the cabin of a woodcutter, and from thence, by means of a litter, saw him safely conveyed to his own castle.

From the violent conflict of his mental and bodily faculties, Lord Dunlathmon was for some time confined to his couch; during which period, Macirvine seldom deserted his pillow, but with most assiduous care watched the dawnings of health as they slowly returned to his cheek. Perhaps Macirvine had a secondary fascination to that of benevolence, the frequent society of the beautiful Dar-thula; nor was Dar-thula insensible to the worth and virtues of Macirvine.

Winter had set in, and Macirvine was still the welcome guest of Dunlathmon. The night was cold and stormy, and the heavy flakes of snow glistening on the moon-beams, hung about the suspended progress of vegetation, like the shroud of nature. Dunlathmon and his family were assembled round a fire of blazing faggot-wood in the hall, and Dar-thula, at the request of Macirvine, had taken up her harp, in order to beguile away the lingering hours. The rich tones of the instrument, as they echoed through the vaulted roof of the place, seemed to return a melancholy sound like that which knells the departed soul to heaven. Dar-thula paused; she thought the distant tumult of strife mingled with the dying cadences of her own plaintive melody, and she turned fearfully towards the door from whence the sounds proceeded: Dunlathmon and Macirvine also heard distinctly the rush of footsteps, and the shriek of dismay. Each arose hastily, in order to secure his claymore: at that instant, Gar-

mallon, heading a band of fierce and dark-looking men, burst into the apartment—a dreadful confusion ensued. Dunlathmon struggled for a moment with Garmallon, and wrung from him his shield—the clash of steel, and the strife of words, drowned alike the appeal of mercy and the cry of despair; desperation and revenge sat brooding in the cruel countenance of Garmallon, as the whole throng of assassins rushed furiously upon Dunlathmon, and buried a hundred daggers in his heart; with a deep groan, the unhappy chieftain sunk dead upon the earth. Garmallon bent over the body where it lay, and, with the triumph of an infernal, smote it again and again with his rueful poniard. Macirvine was inhumanly dragged into the adjoining gallery, and his dying cries were the first to arouse Dar-thula from the state of stupefaction into which she had fallen. She found herself alone, sitting by the body of her murdered brother. The clash of swords through the building still assailed her ear; and a horrible calm pervaded her mind, as she expected the momentary return of Garmallon, to terminate her own miseries. An awful silence followed. Dar-thula gazed fearfully on the distorted features of Dunlathmon, as the yellow light of the fire served to render them more awful. Dar-thula grasped wildly the cold hand of her brother, which still held firm the assassin's shield, and besought him in the anguish of her soul to rise up and preserve her from the destroyer. What followed was the darkness of chaos—the stilly approaching thunder that bursts suddenly on the head of some devoted traveller. Dar-thula was not mad, for she saw the blood flowing across the floor from Dunlathmon's body—it was as though the influence of some spell were upon her: Dar-thula was not broken-hearted, for her eyes were unfilled with tears, and her spirit appeared to have become super-human in despair, as she frequently called down a curse on Garmallon. A wild laugh apparently echoed through the gloom, and the tall spirit of Dunlathmon seemed hanging over her. Dar-

thula was on her knees: "Shade of departed Dunlathmon!" she exclaimed, "last of an injured name, Dar-thula swears to avenge thy death, or sleep beside thee, in the narrow house!—the whole blood of the Dunlathmons rushes through her heart, and it shall not yield till Garmallon is annihilated." The returning footsteps of Garmallon were heard: "He comes," said she, "to seek his shield; he will find it in the hand of the slain; it will speak to him from the grave of Dunlathmon. But Dar-thula shall be seen no more; her step shall be sad in loneliness; she shall come like a phantom in the night, like a darting adder from the green tree; her return shall bring destruction to Garmallon, and the hand which has laid low the strongest of the Dunlathmons, by the weakest of the Dunlathmons shall perish." Dar-thula rose from the ground; the spirit of her brother appeared floating before her, as she issued from the chamber of death.

Garmallon returned in search of Dar-thula; she was no longer to be found; a dull cloud overspread his brow, but it passed rapidly away. Garmallon became usurper and lord of Dunlathmon, and the form of Dar-thula appeared no more.

Ambition had reached her golden height, but Garmallon discovered, too soon, that enjoyment consists less in attainment than in anticipation. The vassals of Dunlathmon, though subdued to the government of their new chief, were secretly his foes; they abhorred the assassin of their master, and hostilities daily occurred. Macirvine, who was not dead, had been confined in a dungeon of the castle, from which he had found means of escape, and the guards themselves were companions of his flight.

Such events could not fail, while they awoke him to a sense of his own enormity, to scatter thickly on the pillow of Garmallon innumerable thorns. He had grasped so eagerly at the rose, that its hidden barbs had pierced him through and through. The murdered form of Dunlathmon stood ever before him, and the

fate of the unhappy Dar-thula forced itself continually on his mind. Night no longer yielded its slumber or its tranquillity; darkness came filled with new horrors. The guilty have no repose: they may not even sigh for the serenity of the grave. Garmallon trembled as he reflected on the blood which he had shed,—on the crime he had committed,—on the infidelity of his minions. "Summer," sighed he, "sinks imperceptibly into autumn, day into night, life into death, but the tortures of Garmallon remain eternal."

One night, Garmallon went late to his couch, his own tried warriors paced to and fro in the gallery of his chamber; the heavy sound of their footsteps was music to the chieftain's ear, and he resigned himself gradually to sleep. A fearful dream came o'er him. It was the form of Dunlathmon which he saw. The spectre was clad in white armour, his looks were ghastly in anger, his gory locks floated in the wind; his steed was white like the rider, and the forked lightning burst from its distended nostrils; a pale cloud came over them, and Garmallon was still alone. He started franticly from slumber; his cold grasp seemed rivetted to a deathlike hand, he glared desperately upon it; it was the claymore which he had laid beside him. A sudden smile passed over Garmallon's features, but they were haggard as the brow of desolation. Shame smote his heart, again he threw himself upon his pallet; he slept; he awoke. By the flare of the chimney torch, Garmallon beheld, as it were, his accusing spirit. It was a wild, fantastic spirit, tall, faded, and full of majesty; fearlessly it hung over the usurper; the dagger with which he had smote Dunlathmon was gleaming in the air—the arm of the phantom was upraised; Garmallon marked the corse-like features of Dar-thula; a deep groan escaped his lips: in powerless phrenzy he waited for the annihilating blow; it came not; a momentary irresolution seemed to withhold it;—the form had disappeared. Garmallon listened; the sound of retiring footsteps

convinced him that the intruder was earthly; firmly he grasped his weapon, the guards were asleep as he passed, but the form glided swiftly before him; "by the pale moonlight, it is, it must be Dar-thula!" Garmallon hurried along the avenue; he was on the eve of arresting the mysterious being, as it turned abruptly into the chamber where Dunlathmon had fallen. Garmallon recoiled in dismay: his heart sickened at the remembrance of its own treachery.

Some time after this the goatherds, as they led forth their goats to the glens of Dunlathmon, were alarmed by the frequent appearance of a wild woman amidst these perilous crags. That she was mad, was evident, by the distraction of her mien, the rapidity with which she fled from the approach of human beings, and the uncouth distortion of her attire. More than once she had been surprised weeping on a beetling eminence, and gazing abstractedly towards the distant battlements of Dunlathmon. Once, as it was supposed, pressed by hunger, she had entered the solitary cottage of a mountaineer, and eagerly taken from his board part of the coarse viands which it presented. She answered no inquiry, tremblingly put to her by the tenant of that cabin, but fled at the first accent of his lips, and plunged, fearless, into the remotest caverns of the hills. In those caverns the Dunlathmons of ancient times had been interred; it was believed that the ghosts of departed chiefs mingled there, and never was it known that living voice broke the stillness of its sepulchral gloom. National superstition led the peasantry to imagine, that the solitary being which some of them had of late mostly observed at the entrance of the caves, could not be mortal; they at length supposed it the unquiet spirit of Dar-thula, who had been secretly murdered by Garmallon. At the set of sun, each one trembled as he hurried his cattle past the almost inaccessible windings and declivities of the haunted glen; and mothers wept at dusk the absence of their children, lest they should have fallen into the

hands of the awful wild woman of the Dunlathmon steeps. One creature only had the courage or humanity, every morning, to leave a certain quantity of provision near the cave; but this creature, whose name was Elfie, had lived, it was said, near a century back, in the service of Dunlathmon's house; she had retired many years past to a lone hovel, and from her extreme age was looked upon as a wierd-sister, whom no one dared to interrogate: her benevolence, therefore, extended to the maniac, served not a little to heighten the idea of its being superhuman.

Several of the various accounts at last reached the ear of Garmallon; he readily believed the mysterious woman to be some agent of a conspiracy aimed against himself, and resolved alone, and in secret, to visit the habitation of the sorceress Elfie.

Daybreak found him on his way, sullenly reining his steed round the dangerous and overhanging rocks. It was impossible to proceed on horseback, Garmallon therefore descended, and fastening the animal to a withered tree, continued his route on foot. The scene before him was wildly sublime, but the sublimity of nature had little influence to touch a heart calloused by the exercise of cruelty, and shut by ambition to the sufferings of oppressed virtue. The sun was just rising from his ocean-bed, and gilded, with his benignant rays, the stormy snow-covered summits of Dunlathmon. A thousand fantastic varieties of light and shade burst through the innumerable projections of lowly and aspiring cliffs, along whose sides the clinging and sweetly-scented under-wood sparkled with millions of translucent gems. So early was it, that nothing molested the bewitching solitude of the scene, except the cautious steps of Garmallon, and the lamenting cry of the lapwing announcing his approach. The hut of the wierd Elfie at length appeared, covered almost with brambles, and surrounded by a deafening cataract of white foaming water, which rushed furiously over the loftier summit of a neighbouring height.

By means of several masses of fallen rock, which nature seemed conveniently to have hurled into the flood, Garmallon succeeded in gaining the witch's door. Elfie, who was sitting almost double over a low fire, rose to receive him as he entered; decrepitude formed no part of her existence, although the weight of many years were engraven upon her brow; with an air of almost haughty insolence, she gazed for a moment upon him; Garmallon almost sunk from the appalling dignity of her tall figure, and the terrible investigation of her dark eyes, which seemed lit with supernatural rays.

"Lord Garmallon," said she, in tones hoarse with age, and hollow as the echo of a sepulchre, "why this intrusion? whom seek you in the desolate dwelling of the almost-forgotten Elfie?"

"Woman!" answered he proudly, throwing several pieces of gold on the table, "the mysterious maniac of these crags is said frequently to receive from your hand the means of prolonging her wretched existence; doubtless, you know——Dar-thula——."

An almost internal laugh from the hag interrupted these irresolute interrogations—and glaring scornfully at Garmallon, "Fool!" exclaimed she, fiercely, "shall the dipper of his hand in blood tremble when the wind passes between the reeds of the lake? shall the assassin's eye, which averts not from the dying looks of a friend, fear to witness the reflection of an after-shadow?—Yes, it shall be so; and the life of the usurper become more bitter than the poison-berries on the stony sides of Dunlathmon's hills."—Taking up the money, and casting it indignantly upon the floor, "Garmallon," continued she, "many years of solitude have taught me to despise equally the wages of infamy and the boasted value of opulence; enough is the peace of the day; too much the misery of the morrow."

Elfie approached a recess, and taking from it a packet, drew out the mantle of Dunlathmon. "Read there!" cried she, referring to the still visible marks of

the bloody hand, as the long drapery unfolded itself, "read there, mistaken Garmallon, the fatal evidence of your early guilt; it is a language which speaketh your own doom; but for that blood——."

Pale with ire, "Tell me," exclaimed Garmallon, furiously, "how that mantle came into your possession? tell me, or——;" and he placed his hand on his claymore.

Elfie calmly touched his arm. "Lord Garmallon!" continued she, "I am too old to fear any impetuosity of yours; the blast spreads no desolation over the sapless tree. Fly, murderer of Dunlathmon! the hour of vengeance approaches—I guessed it would end so. Yes, unhappy Dar-thula! you shall be fully avenged! Hark! already I hear the note of death; they come; see, cruel Garmallon." With a sudden effort, she threw open a wide oaken casement, and pointed with her shrivelled finger, exultingly, to the distant towers of Dunlathmon.

Garmallon cast his eyes hastily across the expanse, and beheld with dismay, that the banner of Dunlathmon was replaced upon the battlements. Turning round to enquire of the sorceress, he perceived that she was gone; and after waiting some minutes in fruitless expectation of her re-appearance, he abruptly quitted the place. Alarmed at the sight of the ancient banner of Dunlathmon upon the turrets, he prepared hastily to return, and was hurrying to his steed for that purpose, when the clash of arms, at no inconsiderable distance, smote his ear; Garmallon paused, the words of Elfie returned forcibly to his recollection. At that instant he beheld a martial band filing down the mountain; the leader was Macirvine. That the treachery of his followers, and the chastisement of his enemies, were now about to prevail, Garmallon readily believed; his heart sunk within him at the conviction, and he abandoned himself for lost. Full of despair he arrived at the entrance of the cavern, the very cavern in which the wild woman was supposed to con-

ceal herself; it was a wide and deep chasm, rent by the hand of nature; the descent was steep and gloomy, but Garmallon was goaded on by despair.

He continued to grope his way for some time in darkness, pausing occasionally to hearken to the indistinct voices of his pursuers. At length he arrived at a more ample space in the cavern, which received air from above, by a sort of loop-hole, (doubtless effected by art,) which being overgrown with brake, admitted only a sufficient quantity of light to render surrounding objects indistinctly awful. A quantity of rude tombs, half sunk in the earth, scattered around, convinced Garmallon that he was in the burying place of the Dunlathmons. His knees smote each other in agony; his claymore seemed falling from his nerveless grasp; and he leaned for support against one of the projecting monuments. A light step approached the spot; Garmallon scarcely breathed; it was the form of a female which passed him: it was the wild woman of Dunlathmon.

Never had Garmallon imagined a pain so excruciating as that which swelled his heart at the sight of this distracted being. She moved slowly along,—her looks were those of the grave, her sighs were like some melancholy gale sweeping through the quiet abode of the dead. She staid suddenly before a sort of altar newly constructed in the centre of the place, formed of loose stones, unskilfully piled together; Garmallon observed a dagger upon that altar's base, and also the name of Dunlathmon uncouthly sculptured. The wild woman had sunk upon her knees, her head rested in an attitude of war upon the cold stone, and, as the long hair streamed back from her shoulders, though the eye was faded, though the cheek was sunken and pale as marble, he saw, he knew the features of his victim—Dar-thula! An involuntary shudder escaped him at the conviction; an insurmountable awe took possession of his mind, and he resolved to rush forth

and die upon the approaching blade of his enemies, rather than meet the being he had so basely wronged.

The retreat of Garmallon startled the unhappy Dar-thula; her wild shriek echoed the cavern, it reached the ear of Macirvine, who, outstepping his attendants, had entered. Garmallon, rendered mad by the contending emotions within him, rushed like a tiger from its unseen lour upon the youth as he approached. Macirvine is scarcely equal to the furious strokes of the monster; his strength, subdued by long suffering, gives way; he sinks upon his knee; the dreadful arm of Garmallon is uplifted; his blade gleams wrathful above his head; "die!" he exclaims; Dar-thula knows the voice, her hand grasps the dagger, rusted in Dunlathmon's blood; she makes suddenly between the combatants, and buries the weapon in Garmallon's heart.

Terrible was the death of Garmallon, as the avenger gazed franticly upon him. Macirvine called tenderly on the name of Dar-thula; she knew, and recognized her lover,—her soul burst joyfully to her lips; firmly she grasped his hand, her pale eyes rose towards heaven; Macirvine called tenderly on Dar-thula, but Dar-thula had ceased to hear.

THE END.

THE

DESERTERS.

There were, in the regiment of ———, two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire; and each had much friendship for the other. They had enlisted together, though from different motives; they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent; one, whom I shall call the Lover, had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered,—the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was as much beloved; her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain; the other, a lad of spirit, believing a soldier's life as fine as the recruiting serjeant had described it, willing to see the world, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted the king's picture; and may be called the Volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow: she was much grieved at this step, which he had taken without her privity and consent; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented it only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her Lover from a distant window (a nearer approach not being permitted,) beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight, then sent almost her whole soul after him in a deep-fetched sigh. They had not been long in the camp before the Volunteer had woeful proof of the

wide difference between the ideal gentleman soldier which he had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half-starved slave, the food for powder. As for the Lover, he was insensible to the hardships of the body; the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention: in vain had he endeavoured to fly from the object of his love; he had brought away his person only, leaving all his thoughts and heart behind him; and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day as in the silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed of straw. They communicated their sentiments to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court-martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one should suffer. The day following was to decide their fate. At the appointed time, the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter. The horrors which had sat brooding on their souls the preceeding night, and were now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted on their wan and pallied countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his own safety must be built on the destruction of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin.—The Lover looked earnestly at the little ministers of life and death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down.—The officer was obliged to interpose, and commanded the Volunteer to throw.—He lifted the box in his right hand, then shifed it into his left, then gave it to the right again, and, as if ashamed of his weakness, or

superstition, cast his eyes upward for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from opposite parts of the circle, the Widow and the Maid; their hair dishevelled, and their garments soiled and torn.—What a sight was this? The Mother and her Son on one side of the drum, and the Maid and her Lover on the other. The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow.—The Officer was a man, and did not hurry the Volunteer to throw.—He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His Mother fell prostrate on the earth, as did also the Maid; and both, with equal ecstacy and fervour, poured forth their different prayers: he threw—Nine!——a gleam of imperfect joy lighted up the Widow's face; and she looked as you might suppose her to have done, if, standing on the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, and buffeting the waves, when presently he gains a raft, and is paddling to shore, and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him for ever from her eyes. Meanwhile the Lovers, giving all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be thus killed together on the spot.—She was held from him by force.—He advanced towards the drum with much the same air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw—Ten!——the Maid sprung from the ground as if she would have leaped to heaven; he caught her in his arms; they fainted on each others's neck; and recovered only to faint again.—The Volunteer was the least affected of the four; all his attention was employed about his Mother, whose head was in his lap, but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an Officer had run to the Duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the Officer to the spot; and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator

of the whole transaction. He could hold no longer; he came into the circle, raised the Widow, and by echoing in her ear—"He is pardoned!—he is pardoned!" restored her to life and happiness together;—then turning to the Lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the Chaplain, to be uniten by that tie which death only could dissolve. He often declared, he felt more pleasure from this action than from the Battle of Culloden. He shed tears; but they were not those of Alexander when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

THE END.

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