

streaming over her swarthy features, came forward instantly.

"My noble Lord seeks her of the raven tresses, and the May blush on her cheek; when the sun set in the west she was seen by one of our tribe—men were with her, and they passed rapidly on towards the cross road.

"Which did they take?" demanded the agitated Lord Blondenville.

"Phanuel, come hither," said the woman to a young gipsy, who was standing with folded arms at some little distance; "the noble Earl desires to know which road was taken by the strangers."

"They passed down to the right," replied the man, touching his hat respectfully; "shall Phanuel guide his lord?"

"No, no, my good fellow," said the Earl, throwing down money, and jumping into the carriage—"farewell."

"God speed the young eagle in his flight," said Phœbe, gazing after them, "and bring him in safety to the blue-eyed maiden."

They had driven a considerable distance in the direction they were shown, when they drew near to a small inn by the road-side, round the door of which they perceived a crowd collected. The Earl literally trembled with emotion. Mr. Martyn appeared calm, but he felt not the less, as, with a quivering lip, he enquired if any thing had happened.

"A shocking accident," was the reply; "a carriage had been overturned, and one of the party killed.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Mr. Martyn, "in-scrutable are thy ways." He was obliged to support the Earl as they entered the inn together. Here they learnt that the gentleman was not killed, but evidently so much injured that his recovery was hopeless.

"Is there a lady with them?" enquired Mr. Martyn.

The answer was in the affirmative; therefore they could no longer doubt the identity of the travellers with those they sought.

The Earl desired they might be shown into the strangers' apartment, which was immediately obeyed, for his rank was at once recognised. On the door being thrown open, a most touching spectacle met their view. The room was dimly lighted, while, on a miserable pallet, lay extended a man, whose face was turned towards them; its expression denoted great suffering, accompanied by a look of such demoniac revenge, that it was impossible to look on it without shuddering; his glazed eyes were fixed on a kneeling female figure, who, with clasped hands and head bowed almost to the ground, was removed from him but a few paces—her long dark ringlets entirely shaded her features. Two other gentlemen were present—one a tall commanding-looking man,

whose foreign appearance and remarkably handsome person at once bespoke the Duke de Manfredonia.

"Amy—my beloved Amy!" exclaimed Lord Blondenville, rushing forward, and raising her in his arms.

At the sound of his voice she started, and uttering a cry of joy, her first impulse was to lay her head on his shoulder, and shut from her sight the horrors of the scene before her.

"Seize her—drag her from the vile heretic!" cried Father Anselm, endeavouring to raise himself.

The Duke drew a short stiletto, but was held back by Mr. Martyn, and the stranger—who demanded angrily:

"By what right do you thus intrude on our privacy in such a moment?"

"By that right which every man of honour has to protect the weak and the innocent from the power of the cruel," replied the Earl, fiercely; "this lady is under my protection, confided to my care, whom you have dared to carry away against her will."

"And who are you, sir, who assume such authority?"

"It is the Earl of Blondenville," returned Mr. Martyn, mildly; "and, George Denison, behold in me Henry Martyn. I beseech you, let not angry words be heard in the presence of a dying man."

Mr. Denison started as he gazed on the minister. He made no answer, but the violence of his feelings became instantly calmed; while the furious ejaculations of the Duke were only exceeded by the terrific expressions of the monk—who, writhing in agony and gnashing his teeth, still poured forth the most fearful anathemas against the innocent Amy.

"Behold the demons," he cried, "ready to tear her and cast her into the unquenchable lake!—look on their long fangs spread out to grasp her soul—aye, down with her, down with her to the flames!"

The Earl shuddered as he pressed his hands over the ears of the beautiful creature—who, trembling and aghast, leant against him for support.

"Blondenville, remove that dear child," said Mr. Martyn—"it is not fit that she should hear such words—while I attempt to soften this unholy man."

But the Earl hesitated; he felt reluctant to leave his friend alone with the strangers.

"I beseech you, obey me," continued Mr. Martyn, waving his hand—"remove her instantly."

Amy did, indeed, look death-like; she was perfectly unable to give utterance to one word, but stood stunned and stupified by the imprecations of the monk, vociferated in a hollow, sepulchral voice. Lord Blondenville was moving with her towards the door, when the Duke approached, and violently opposed their retreat. Mr. Denison here interfered:

"Suffer her to go, Manfredonia," he said; "do you not see that her presence only adds to the agitation of our good father?"