

in the extreme, its interest much increased by a legend said to be attached to its name. Katherine was perfectly enchanted as she mounted with difficulty the broken and uneven steps to the summit, and gazed down upon the terrific abyss, whilst Sir Henry, at her request, related to her the story of "The Proud Lady," as follows:

"In days of yore this ruin was a famous castle, where dwelt the brave Baron de Grey and his only daughter. The lady Isabel, a singularly beautiful creature, who, unfortunately having lost her mother while yet an infant, had been reared by dependants, who, instead of guiding her young mind to seek its happiness in piety, fostered her passions, indulged her caprices, and flattered her inordinate thirst for admiration, till she owned no will but her own. Her father, engaged in the holy wars then raging in Palestine, seldom returned to his home; consequently his daughter, being left with an immense retinue at her command, exercised the most despotic sway, none daring to thwart her slightest wish, or control her wayward desires. Her extreme beauty and great wealth brought many suitors to her feet, but as yet her proud heart had yielded homage to no one. Scorn flashed from her dark eyes each time that an indignant refusal was given, and the candidate for her hand dismissed, till at length, her character becoming known, few would subject themselves to the insults they were sure to receive at her hands. But such pride deserved humbling, and the hour drew near when this was to be effected.

"There came to the castle late one evening, a young Knight, Sir Roland Fitz Eustace, who demanded an audience with the Lady Isabel.

"Demand an audience!" she repeated, scorn and anger curling her beautiful lip. "Go, tell the slave I will not see him; bid him depart instantly."

"The answer was given and returned by another equally haughty, 'that the Lady Isabel must obey, and admit the Knight.'

"The novelty of such conduct struck her as so astonishing that she could not forbear laughing.

"Who is this insolent who dares thus to command me?" she said: "he raises my curiosity, conduct him hither, that he may receive the punishment due to his audacity."

"She stood proudly awaiting him, prepared to chide when he entered; but on the first glance her feelings underwent a complete change, for there was that in the noble bearing of the Knight, clad as he was in complete armour, that at once commanded respect, and even awe. He advanced in silence towards her, bowing his stately head as he presented a sealed packet. Her breast heaved with various emotions as she received it, and tore

open the envelope. The letter was from her father, introducing the bearer to her particular notice, as one who had twice saved his life on the battle-field, representing him as nobly born, highly honourable, and in every way worthy of her regard; he had been obliged to retire from the plains of Palestine, the Baron proceeded to say, owing to the severe and dangerous wounds he had received, and from which he had only partially recovered.

"Lady Isabel looked up on finishing this epistle and met the melancholy gaze of the Knight, earnestly fixed upon her. He was superbly handsome, and it was not without emotions strange and new to her that she welcomed him to the castle, as the friend and preserver of her father, begging he would consider all under his command so long as he wished to stay. He thanked her in tones sad yet melodious, but said that he could not tarry beyond the following day, as he was anxious to reach home. His answer disappointed the lady, who ordered refreshments to be laid in the banquet hall, which was splendidly lighted for the occasion, and where she invited him to enter, to the amazement of her household, who had never witnessed such attentions from her to any one before; the Knight received them coldly enough, placing himself by her side, and listening to the beautiful music she had summoned for his amusement, with the utmost indifference. She endeavoured to draw him into conversation, asking him a thousand questions respecting her father, all of which he answered, and then sank into the same abstracted mood as before. The vanity of the lady was piqued by such apparent neglect, till perceiving that as the night waned away, his cheek became paler and paler, she attributed it to fatigue and recent illness, and proposed that he should retire to seek that repose he seemed so much in need of. A distant clock in the same moment chiming, the Knight started up, and hastily closing his visor, he bowed his head and withdrew, leaving the lady a prey to a thousand conjectures and uneasy feelings.

"As the friend of her father, she considered it no breach of propriety to offer the rites of hospitality to the stranger, especially as he seemed suffering from his wounds caused in the defence of that beloved father. She reflected not on the sudden interest he had called forth in herself, as new as it was pleasing, and she laid her head on her pillow, satisfied that in detaining him she was only obeying the wishes of the Baron, although his image haunting her through the long dark hours of the night, might have convinced her that another reason had actuated her in so doing. Nothing could exceed the astonishment