

fierce light, and clenching his hands together, he raised them above his head, at the same time uttering a wild and terrible cry. It was but a few hours after this occurrence, which had only been witnessed by a few of the servants, that the youthful brothers came to seek the assistance of Malek. They had determined to take the advantage of their father's absence, in order to enjoy a day's fishing on the Swiscar rock, and they besought Malek to aid them in procuring a boat. For a moment Malek hesitated, but suddenly a gleam of joy lighted up his dark face, and making signs of assent, he hurried away.

The Swiscar Rock, as it is called, stands directly in sight of Dunraven Castle, but so far from the shore, that though perfectly dry at low water, it is entirely submerged as soon as the tide rises. To this place Malek guided the boat, and landing the boys safely on the rock, busied himself in arranging their fishing apparatus. As soon as he found them deeply engaged in their sport, however, he loosed the boat, and rowed rapidly to the main land.—When he approached it, he suddenly leaped from the boat, which he suffered to float away with the receding tide, and plunging through the waves, he reached the rocky colonnade, where he concealed himself from view amid the intricate windings of the cavern. Unconscious of the danger which awaited them, the boys laughed and sung and shouted in childish glee, and delighted with their success in having attained the object for which they so long panted, they took little heed of the lapse of time. Suddenly, however—for slowly as the tide had risen, the discovery came upon them like a thunderbolt—they perceived that the rock, which, at morn, had stood high and black in the sunbeams, now presented only a stony tablet, entirely encircled by the rushing waves. They waited long for Malek's return, while the rock beneath them gradually displayed less and less of its corroded surface. They cried loudly for help, but the voice of the waters rose high above their feeble accents, and it was not until the spot to which they clung, had dwindled to a foot breadth of dry land in the midst of a waste of waters, that their peril was discovered. Alas! it was discovered only to add to the horror of those who beheld it. The boat was gone, and no other could be obtained.—The selfish policy of Mr. Vaughan had forbidden his tenants to own a boat, lest they should be thus enabled to board wrecks, before he should derive the first benefit from them, and there were now no means of access to the help-

less boys. Vain were all attempts to reach them. Urged by the distress of the wretched mother, several of the peasants attached themselves to ropes, and strove to wade out to the rock, but the fierce surf, whose violence was now increased by a strong wind, drove them back bruised and bleeding upon the shore.—The sun set in a deep bank of heavy clouds—the cry of the sea-gulls was heard at intervals between the rushing of the mighty winds and the wild dashing of the cruel waters, and every thing portended a fearful storm. Higher and higher rose the waves, yet the brothers still clung together on the rock. The waters covered their graceful forms as with a veil of diamond spray, and their beautiful faces, and long fair curls, heavy with moisture, were still seen above the boiling surge, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the firmament—a loud crash of thunder stunned the senses of the fearful gazers on the beach—and in a moment the waters swept in triumph over the Swiscar Rock. The beautiful and gentle boys were gone!

It was late on the dark and stormy evening when Mr. Vaughan turned his course homeward. With all his desperate courage, he lacked moral strength, and rather would he have faced an armed man, than thus encounter darkness and tempest, when alone in the presence of his Maker. He pushed rapidly forward, trusting to his sure-footed and well trained steed, whose jetty hue and singular docility had induced the superstitious peasants to class him with the swarthy Malek, as myrmidons of the wizard Lord of Dunraven. The night was intensely dark, but Vaughan knew that he might trust to the animal's sagacity, and he therefore stayed not his speed for rocky pass or rough foothold. But ere they reached Dunraven Cliff, he was led to doubt the sagacity to which he had trusted. The lights which he believed to be those of Dunraven Castle, were gleaming on the right hand, while the horse seemed resolutely bent on pursuing the left hand path.—At length yielding to the impetuous temper which characterized him when not under the control of his profound dissimulation, Vaughan drove his spurs into the creature's sides until the rowels were dyed in blood, and wheeling him suddenly round, dashed furiously onward in the direction of the lights. Maddened with pain, the noble animal pushed forward at the top of his speed, until he reached the very brink of the cliff, when, perceiving his danger, he suddenly stopped, and his rider was precipitated over his head, sheer down a precipice, at least, an hundred feet in height.