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THE MUMMY

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A TALE

THE TWENTY SECOND PART

LONDON

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1825

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THE MUMMY!

OR
A TALE OF THE

OF

THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY.

"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?"

1 SAM., xxviii. 15.

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THE SECOND CENTURY
VOL. II
HENRY COPPIN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET
LONDON

THE MUMMY.

CHAPTER I.

THE tumult had now nearly subsided. The late busy crowd had flown, uttering shrieks of horror and dismay; and of all the countless mass of human beings that had so lately thronged around, none now remained but Edmund and Father Morris, who supported Claudia; and the Duke and Henry Seymour, who still remained near the insensible form of Elvira; the eyes of all being chained, as though by magic, upon the horrid vision before them; whilst they, pale and immovable as the sculp-

tured marble of the tomb, waited in fearful expectation of what was next to happen, and scarcely dared to move or breathe; the solemn silence that prevailed being only broken by the convulsive gasps of the expiring Queen:—an awful change from the busy hum of thousands which had so lately filled the air!

“Where am I?” exclaimed Cheops, gazing wildly around—his deep sepulchral voice thrilling through every nerve:—“Where is Arsinöe? Where is she? They seize her! They tear her from me! Curses on the wretches!—May Typhon’s everlasting vengeance pursue them with its fury, and may their hearts wither, gnawed by the never-dying snake!”

The Mummy gnashed his teeth as he spoke, and the gloom that gathered on his dark brow grew black as night. All shuddered as that horrid glance of eternal hatred seemed to freeze their blood. They turned away involuntarily; and when they looked again, the spectre had disappeared. The shattered remains of the balloon lay before them; for happening to cross London just at the moment of the greatest con-

fusion, it had become entangled in the crowd, and, notwithstanding the strong material of which it was composed, had been rent asunder in the scuffle, and had fallen with its fearful occupier to the ground.

“ Good God !” cried Father Morris, after a short pause ; “ what a horrid vision ! what can it mean ?”

“ It seemed an Egyptian Mummy,” said Edmund, shuddering ; “ and it spoke that language. But what can have resuscitated it ? What human power can have recalled to life, a being so long immured in the silent tomb !”

“ Perhaps the vehicle he came in may contain something to explain the mystery,” said Henry Seymour.

At this moment several persons ran past screaming with terror, and exclaiming that they had seen a demon. When the confusion excited by these trembling fugitives had a little subsided, a few of the courtiers began also to make their appearance, and return to their posts near the Queen. But all were pale, and they started at every sound, seeming ready, at

the least alarm, to take flight again as expeditiously as before.

Claudia still lay insensible ; her heaving chest and deep convulsive sobs for breath, alone betraying signs of life. But her fate no longer excited the deep, overwhelming interest it had done before. Whispers of wonder and superstitious horror mingled with the hopes and fears inspired by her danger ; and her removal to the palace was almost regarded with indifference, so completely were the minds of men occupied by the strange spectacle they had so lately witnessed.

Every one, indeed, neither thought nor spoke of any thing but the Mummy ; and a thousand rumours, each more extravagant than the last, spread from mouth to mouth respecting it. Men stood in groups whispering to each other, and scarcely daring to stir without a companion : nay, even then, creeping from place to place, looking cautiously around, and starting at every noise, as though they feared the awful visitor was returned : whilst the sages of the country gravely shook their heads, and

declared that what had taken place was evidently a visitation from Heaven, in punishment of the sins of mankind. An indefinable presentiment of evil hung over the spirits of all. Gloom, indeed, spread through every class of society: all dreaded they knew not what—and all shrunk with horror from the thought of supernatural agency. There is an invincible feeling implanted by Nature in the mind of man, which makes him shudder with disgust at any thing that invades her laws.

The body of the Queen being removed, attended by her physicians and the ladies of her household, the rest of the assembled courtiers gathered round the balloon; and exclamations of terror and surprise broke from their lips when they discovered it to be the same in which Edric and Dr. Entwerfen had so short a time before taken their departure for Egypt. The whole truth now seemed to flash upon them.

“I thought how it would be,” said Lord Maysworth; “you know I told you, Lord Gustavus, that in my opinion it was an expedi-

tion that could never possibly do any good—but you were of a different belief.”

“My Lord,” returned Lord Gustavus, solemnly, “thinking as I think, and as I am convinced every one who hears me must think, or at least ought to think, it is my deliberate opinion, that the expedition of my youthful friend and his learned tutor was both admirably planned and well concocted, and that if it have failed in its ulterior object, it has been solely owing to some of those unforeseen events which sometimes do occur even in the best regulated arrangements, and which it was utterly impossible for any human ability entirely to ward off and avert.”

“Edric’s balloon! Impossible!” cried Sir Ambrose, rushing forward to ascertain the fact, and forgetting all his anger against his son in his anxiety for his fate. “Yes! yes!” continued he, looking at some of the things, as they were drawn forth and exhibited by different persons in the crowd; “those were Edric’s books—that was his desk. Oh! my son! my son! what is become of him?”

Many sympathized with the unfortunate father, and more eagerly questioned each other as to the probable meaning of what they saw. No one, however, could give any explanation; and all was confusion and dismay. The bosom of Edmund, after the first moment of excitation had passed, was racked with anguish too bitter to allow him to feel curious even to know his brother's fate. But a few hours before, love and fortune seemed to unite in showering their choicest blessings upon his head, and now he was the most wretched of mankind; for if Claudia died, Rosabella or Elvira must be queen; and if Elvira should be chosen, all hopes of becoming her husband must be lost.

“Oh, God!” cried he, striking his forehead in agony, “why was I reserved for this? Why did I not perish fighting the battles of my country? And why was I saved only to be mocked with the hope of happiness, which, just as it seemed within my grasp, flies from me for ever? Wretch that I am! would that I had been never born, or at least had died in my

nurse's arms, and thus escaped the tormenting pangs that now drive me to distraction !”

Whilst Edmund thus raved, the eye of Rosabella followed his every movement, and seemed with a fiend-like pleasure to exult in his agonies. “ I am avenged,” thought she ; “ he now feels what I have so often suffered. But this is not all ; he must be probed to the quick ere he can know the bitter vengeance of a woman scorned.”

Whilst these violent emotions were convulsing the bosoms of all around, the old duke knelt by the side of Elvira, gazing upon her with the most intense anxiety. Her gentle and feminine nature had been overpowered at seeing the blood of Claudia, and she still lay insensible, looking more exquisitely lovely than fancy can conceive. The beauty of Elvira was of the most soft and feminine description ; long silken eyelashes shaded her dark hazel eyes, and gave them an expression more voluptuous than brilliant, whilst nothing could exceed the delicacy of her complexion, or the beauty of her full rosy lips. The figure of Elvira might not

have served as the model of a courageous heroine, but it would have suited admirably for an Houri; and lovely as she always was, she had perhaps never looked more so than at this moment, as the returning blood softly retinted her cheeks, and her eyes gradually unclosed. Lord Edmund gazed upon her, till, maddened by the thought that he must lose her for ever, he could no longer endure his own sensations, and, darting amongst the crowd, he endeavoured to fly from the world and from himself.

The duke, on the contrary, saw the recovery of his daughter with unalloyed transport, for though he loved Edmund, and wished to have him for a son-in-law, he was by no means insensible to the prospect of seeing his daughter a Queen, and his breast throbbed with violent emotions, which had long been a stranger to it.

In the mean time the Mummy had stalked solemnly through the city, urged more by instinct than design; the mist that still clung over him, making him seem like one wandering in a dream. Yet still he advanced; his path, like

that of a destroying angel, spreading consternation as he went, and all he met flying horror-stricken from his sight: many, however, when the monster had passed, crept softly back to gaze after him, and amongst this number was Mrs. Montagu, in whose breast curiosity, that vice of low minds, reigned predominant.

The whole family had reached home in perfect safety, the lady herself hurrying her return, the moment the accident of the Queen was made known: lest, as she said, in the confusion that might ensue, her servants might be induced to leave her house, and some evil disposed personages might strip it of its contents. Urged by this prudent motive, Mrs. Montagu had hastened home, and finding all safe, was just about to retire to re-arrange her disordered dress, when one of the servants rushed into the room with the account of a fearful spirit having been seen in the Strand, whose mysterious appearance, coupled with the singular accident that had happened to the Queen, seemed to portend some dreadful calamity that was about to fall upon the country.

“What is it like?” asked Mrs. Montagu; “have you seen it, Evelina?”

“Oh yes, ma’am!” cried the panting girl; “its eyes flare like fire, and it stares so wildly round it! and as it went along it saw a dead cat lying in the street; and it knelt down and took the creature up, and kissed it, and lamented over it in such a strange way, and in such a strange language! I never heard any thing like it in my life.”

“Oh, dear! I should like to see it!” cried Mrs. Montagu, flying to the door, and holding it half open to secure a retreat in case of necessity. Just as she reached the street, however, fate, as though willing to gratify her curiosity, occasioned the Mummy to turn back; and with that kind of half pleasure and half pain, with which the good people of England sometimes delight to gaze upon any thing horrible, Mrs. Montagu continued to look as it rapidly approached her dwelling, till, as it reached the door, to her infinite horror it stalked towards it. Awe-struck and trembling, Mrs. Montagu retreated. The Mummy followed her. He

stretched his hand out to her. She shrunk back aghast from his touch. "Lead on!" cried he with a voice of thunder. Mrs. Montagu could bear no more, and she fled screaming to the parlour, where her husband was already lost in some of his beloved calculations.

Absent as Mr. Montagu generally was, however, he was roused by this unexpected intrusion, and the blood ran chilly through his veins, as he saw the tall majestic figure of Cheops stride across the apartment. His athletic stature, his dark swarthy complexion, and his strongly marked features, aided by the fearful lustre of his piercing eyes, gave to his figure, swathed as it yet was in the vestments of the grave, a supernatural grandeur that thrilled through every nerve of Mr. Montagu's frame, and he shrunk back with horror as his fearful guest stalked past him.

Cheops saw his terror, and smiled in proud disdain as he threw himself upon a couch, placed near a window looking upon the garden, which, as we have before stated, shelved down to the river. There he lay, his eyes fixed upon

the majestic Thames, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Montagu gazed with trembling limbs and pallid lips at their strange guest, without daring either to approach or disturb him.

“ Thus have I watched the Nile,” said Cheops, his awful voice sounding as from the tomb, “ whilst the gently rising waters have gradually swelled into the flood which was to pour joy and plenty over the land:—and thus, too, have I lain, gazing upon its streams, when, the purpose of all-bounteous Nature having been fulfilled, it has sunk back, slowly retiring to its natural bed. But, oh! how different were the feelings that then throbbed in my breast, to the corroding fire that now consumes me! — Oh! Osiris! what horrid thoughts flash through my brain!—they come like overwhelming floods pouring from heaven to the great deep, sweeping all before them in one mighty ruin.—Oh! Arsinöe! by the fell rites of Typhon, there’s madness in the thought!”

Then springing from the couch, his eyes glared with yet fiercer brilliancy as he flashed

them round, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, terrified beyond the power of expression, flew towards the door, eyeing the motions of their dangerous guest with feelings of unspeakable horror. The storm of passions in the breast of Cheops, however, though tremendous, seemed soon allayed; for ere many moments had elapsed, he sank again upon the couch in a kind of lethargy, which, if it were not slumber, seemed at least to imply a temporary cessation from pain.

“Thank God!” whispered Mr. Montagu, as he motioned to his wife to creep out of the apartment. She tremblingly obeyed; and the moment she thought herself in safety, she threw herself upon her knees, and thanked God with more fervour than she had ever done before in her whole life; whilst the servants, who were all assembled in the ante-room, crowded round her, trembling and with pallid cheeks and white lips, clustering together like bees swarming round their queen.

“Oh, madam! madam!” exclaimed Angelina, in a whisper, “what will become of us?”

A serous moisture transudes from every pore in my body with the chilliness of death, and my very hair erects itself with horror upon my head."

"And my heart throbs with such violence," said Cecilia, "that the whole arterial system seems deranged."

"It is evidently an Egyptian Mummy," observed Mr. Montagu, and, as he seldom spoke, every word he uttered was listened to as an oracle. "Its language and its dress bespeak its origin, but by what strange event it has been resuscitated—"

At this moment a sharp knock at the door made the terrified servants all spring closer together, clinging to each other in an agony of nervous horror, and not one daring to approach the door. The knocking and ringing, however, at length became so violent, as to rouse even Mr. Montagu to give the clamorous intruders entrance. It was Father Morris and Sir Ambrose.

"Oh, my dear brother!" cried the latter, panting for breath; "have you heard the news?"

The strangest vision has appeared, and the Queen is certainly dying. Every one says it is a demon."

"What, the Mummy?" asked Mr. Montagu.

"Have you heard of it then?" said Sir Ambrose eagerly.

"It is now in this house," cried Mrs. Montagu.

"In this house!" repeated her brother-in-law; whilst Father Morris, who had looked pale and exhausted when he entered the hall, became still paler, and looked scarcely able to support himself.

"To arms!" cried Cheops from the inner room; "the Palli are upon us! Cowards that we are, the enemy are at our gates!"

Screaming, and scarcely knowing where they went, the terrified servants tumbled over each other in the hastiness of their retreat, huddling themselves together in a heap, yet keeping their eyes fixed upon the door from which they expected the spectre to appear, as though charmed by the fascination of a rattlesnake.

A loud crash now produced a fresh scream ; then all was still. After a long pause, which seemed of endless duration, Father Morris, evidently with a dreadful effort, roused himself and advanced—

“ Death itself is not so horrid as this suspense,” said he, as he resolutely threw open the door of the room, which had contained the Mummy, and entered it. It was empty—but the broken frame-work of the window seemed to point out in what manner the awful visitor had made his exit.

It was with infinite difficulty that Mrs. Montagu could be persuaded to return to the room ; and when she did, the remainder of the day was passed by her, and every inhabitant of her mansion, in fear and trembling. When they spoke, it was in whispers, and when they moved, they crept along with stealthy noiseless steps, as though they feared the echo of their own footsteps : the eyes of all fixed timidly upon the broken window, through which the fearful stranger had disappeared.

Slowly and heavily the hours rolled on, till the

time appointed for dinner arrived : the servants, as they served the meal, looking timidly around, instead of regarding the dishes they carried in their hands, and the family scarcely daring to eat, and only speaking in whispers, whilst they started every moment, fancying the wild eyes of Cheops again glared upon them, and his deep hollow voice again rang in their ears ; and their own tones sounded strangely hoarse and unnatural. Nothing, however, had terrified Mrs. Montagu so much as the laugh of Cheops ; strange, wild, and unearthly, it still seemed to ring in her ears, like the yell of a demon ; whilst, if any thing that happened, chanced to recall the appalling sound, her limbs shook in every joint ; her teeth chattered in her head ; terror blanched her lips and cheeks to a ghastly paleness, and she seemed every instant upon the point of rising from her seat and flying shrieking from the room.

In the mean time, the sensations these extraordinary events had created amongst the people were indescribable. Strange rumours and contradictory reports were circulated, and

the most incredible stories invented of all that had passed. The minds of men became bewildered; they knew not what to credit nor what to think; a gloomy presentiment hung over them; they seemed to feel some fearful change was at hand, but scarcely knew what to hope or what to fear. Business was at a stand: people indeed gathered together in the shops, but it was only to whisper secretly to each other, strange mysterious stories of the late marvellous events, which they dared not breathe in public. The extremes of ignorance and civilization tend alike to produce credulity, and the wildest and most improbable stories were as greedily swallowed by the most enlightened people in the world, as they could have been even by a horde of uncultivated barbarians.

The family of Mr. Montagu retired early to rest at the close of the eventful day we have been speaking of, hoping to lose in sleep the remembrance of the harassing events they had so lately witnessed. Lord Edmund had returned soon after the disappearance of the

Mummy ; but he had locked himself in his chamber, and had refused to see any one, his mind being too much agitated for him to endure the common forms of society. All was soon quiet throughout the mansion.

It was midnight when a tall figure wrapped in a large cloak, appeared slowly gliding with catlike steps through the garden of Mr. Montagu. It cautiously avoided the light, and crept along the shadiest walks and thickest allies, carefully shrouding itself from observation, and endeavouring, by availing itself of the shelter of the trees, the better to conceal its movements. It has been already stated that the garden of Mr. Montagu was only separated from that of the duke by a terrace very little used ; the door, indeed, leading to it from Mr. Montagu's premises, had been so long closed up, as to be nearly forgotten, and yet it was towards this unfrequented spot that the mysterious figure directed its course. The long neglected door slowly opened, and the stream of light it admitted, was obscured for a mo-

ment of time.

ment by a passing shade ; and then all seemed dark, silent, and mysterious as before.

“ It certainly went that way,” said a voice, the preciseness of which marked it as belonging to Abelard ; “ and it was a real, tangible, material form, as I saw its shadow intercept the light when the door was opened and it passed through.”

“ It is quite impossible,” cried Evelina, one of Mrs. Montagu’s housemaids, who having been induced by the inconstant butler to take a ramble with him by moonlight, had also witnessed this strange apparition ; “ you must be mistaken Mr. Abelard, for that door has not been opened this age. It is even nailed up, as you may see yourself if you examine it.”

“ It is very strange,” said Abelard, after he had tried the door and found it immovable ; “ I certainly saw it open.”

“ It must have been an optical delusion, Mr. Abelard,” said Evelina ; “ the retina of the eye is sometimes strangely affected, and represents objects quite different to what they really are.”

“I must consult Father Morris about it to-morrow,” resumed the butler; “for it was certainly the Mummy spectre.”

“La! do you think so, Mr. Abelard?” said Evelina, turning pale; “why then didn’t you speak to it.”

“I will if it comes again,” returned Abelard.

“Oh! there it is!” cried Evelina; and the worthy pair flew back to the house, screaming in concert, and without once daring to look behind them. Scarcely, however, had the last echo of their footsteps died away upon the ear, when the figure emerged from the recess in which it had lain concealed, and again crept slowly towards the door leading into the garden of the duke.

“Hist! Marianne!” cried he, pausing for a reply; but all was still. “Marianne!” repeated he still louder—“Fools! dolts! idiots!” continued he, stamping violently, as he still found his call of no avail; “they have kept me so long with their cursed folly, that she is gone. Eternal misery haunt them for their officious babbling. By Heaven! if they had had the sense

to climb the wall, I had been lost :—but hark, she comes !”

The door now slowly opened, and a female figure holding a light appeared.

“How is she ?” cried the stranger.

“Better,” returned the female.

“Then it is past the power of man to kill her,” resumed the first ; and rushing wildly past her he buried himself in the deepest recesses of the grove.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER MORRIS, when Abelard and Evelina confessed to him the following morning the strange spectre they had witnessed, treated the whole as the mere vision of their heated imaginations, and refusing to listen to any of their surmises respecting it, prepared to attend the Queen, who, finding herself sufficiently recovered to be able to attend to the duties of religion, had, from the general reputation of his superior sanctity, sent for him to confess her. Her Majesty, indeed, seemed rapidly improving, and the hopes of Edmund reviving with her health, he passed every hour he could abstract from the duties of his station, at the feet of his adored Elvira, his love for whom,

seemed increased by the imminence of the danger he had just escaped, of losing her for ever.

In this manner several days had passed, and the strange visit of the Mummy, and the accident of the Queen, had already taken their place on the shelf with the other *évènements passés* of the day; when one morning Sir Ambrose was startled by an earnest message from the Duke of Cornwall, entreating him to come to him without delay. Sir Ambrose immediately obeyed the summons, and found the duke walking up and down his study in a state of the greatest agitation, which Father Morris was vainly endeavouring to tranquillize.

“Oh, my beloved friend!” exclaimed the duke, springing forward and grasping the baronet’s hand the moment he saw him approach: “my dear Sir Ambrose, Claudia is no more!”

“Dead!” cried Sir Ambrose, involuntarily looking at Father Morris, whose aspect, however, still preserved only its usual cold and statue-like appearance. “Are you sure that she is dead?—I thought she was better.”

“So we all did,” said the duke: “but

alas! we deceived ourselves, for Father Morris has just seen her expire. Oh! where is Edmund?—why is he not with you?—what will become of him? It will destroy him to lose Elvira: and I, too, that have felt so proud in the expectation of his becoming my son-in-law, oh, it will break my heart!”

“Oh!” cried Father Murphy, who was also present; “and if that’s the case, why don’t you let Rosabella take the crown at once, and make no more fuss about it.”

“And yet,” continued the duke, “I cannot bear that Elvira should be deprived of her right, she would so become a crown; and with her inflexible sense of justice, and desire for improvement, she would do so much good that I should not feel justified in depriving the country of such a sovereign.”

“Thus,” said Father Morris, smiling, “do we deceive ourselves; you are ambitious whilst you think that you are only just. Believe me, if you consult Elvira’s real happiness, you will not impose upon her the troublesome duties of a crown: she will make a better wife than a

queen; for her gentle nature is less fitted to command than to obey. Rosabella has more firmness."

"I do not agree with you, Father," said Sir Ambrose; "in my opinion Elvira is infinitely better fitted to be a queen than Rosabella, for her passions are more under the control of reason."

"That is to say," resumed the monk, sneeringly, "they have not yet been called into play."

"What do you mean, Father?" began the duke.

"Nothing that could give you offence, my Lord," returned the priest. "Disgusted myself with the world, I naturally thought the princess most likely to find happiness where I seek it myself — viz. in a life of quiet and retirement."

"Enough," said the duke: "but where is Edmund? Let us seek him; no doubt he is with Elvira—poor things! we must spoil their billing and cooing."

Edmund was with Elvira, and was passion-

ately urging his suit, whilst she, engaged with her embroidery frame, listened with a half abstracted mind, and Emma duteously waited behind her chair.

“You do not love me,” said he, “or you could not answer with such provoking coldness.”

“Indeed I do, Edmund, but you are so unreasonable. I have already told you I have no idea of that passionate overwhelming love you appear to feel, it absolutely terrifies me, and I am sure it is not natural to my character.—This silk is too dark, Emma—and so, Edmund, if you feel you cannot be happy with such love as it is in my power to bestow, we had better determine at once to separate.”

“Good God!” exclaimed Edmund, striking his forehead violently with his clenched hand; “how coldly you talk of our separation!”

“What can I do? I try every thing in my power to please you. Emma, give me my scissors. But since you will not hear reason—”

“Reason!” cried Edmund fiercely, seizing her

arm, and then letting it go again ; “ If you talk of reason you will drive me distracted ! ”

“ You quite terrify me with your violence, Edmund,” said Elvira, rising, and preparing to quit the room.

“ Oh stay ! stay, my adored Elvira ! ” exclaimed Lord Edmund, throwing himself upon his knees and catching her hand ; “ for Heaven’s sake, stay ! pardon my impetuosity—frown upon me, treat me with coldness, disdain, or contempt, but do not, do not leave me.”

“ I do not know what you wish ; I have repeatedly told you I am ready to become your wife whenever our parents think fit ; and that I will do every thing in my power to make you happy. Do you call that coldness ? ”

“ I do—I do indeed : freezing, insulting coldness. Oh, Elvira ! I would rather see you spurn me—hear you declare you hated me, or know that you doomed me to destruction, than hear you speak of our marriage in that calm, unvaried tone.”

“ How unreasonable you are ! ” said Elvira,

smiling. "Hear him, Emma; is he not a singular being? And if I find it so difficult to please him now, what must I expect when I become his wife?"

"Tormenting girl!" exclaimed Edmund, "you know your power but too well."

"What ridiculous creatures these lords of the creation are!" said Elvira, playfully holding out her hand to Edmund, though she still affected to address Emma; "I really don't think any of them know what they would have; and I believe the only way to manage them is to make one's-self perfectly disagreeable."

"That *you* can never do," cried Edmund, rapturously kissing her hand.

At this moment a slight tap at the door announced the arrival of the duke and his friends.

"So, so!" said the duke, "we have found you, have we? but you must take your leave of such tender scenes for the future."

"What do you mean?" asked Edmund.

"The Queen is dead," said Sir Ambrose.

The glowing countenance of Edmund turned

of a ghastly paleness ; and his livid lips quivered, as he leaned against the window for support.

“ Assist him ! ” cried the duke. “ He will faint ! Don’t distress yourself, Edmund ; the death of Claudia shall make no alteration in your prospects.”

“ I am better,” said Edmund faintly, attempting to smile, and waving off all assistance ; “ ’Twas but for a moment : the suddenness of the shock overcame me : I thought the Queen was better.”

“ She was supposed so,” returned the duke ; “ but it seems she had some internal malady her physicians were not aware of. An inward bruise, I believe. But don’t make yourself unhappy about it, Edmund ; I cannot bear to see you wretched. Let Rosabella take the crown, and think no more about it.

“ Your Grace wrongs me,” said Edmund, his fine countenance glowing with the exalted feelings of his soul. “ However I may suffer from the violence of my feelings, I can never permit them to interfere with my sense of duty. Elvira has a right to ascend the throne, and if

my exertions can ensure her success, she shall be Queen."

"Thou art a brave lad!" cried the duke. "And will you really try to secure the election of Elvira, when you know, by so doing, you will deprive yourself of her for ever?"

"I shall do my duty," said Lord Edmund, pressing his lips firmly together, as though to suppress his feelings. Father Morris looked at him from under his over-shadowing cowl with a kind of sardonic smile, which seemed to say "You speak well, but let us see how you will act."

"My noble Edmund!" murmured Sir Ambrose, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Elvira's eyes thanked her lover for his disinterestedness; and the glow of anticipated triumph which flushed her cheeks, betrayed, that neither her love for Edmund, nor the grief for the loss of her cousin, could suppress her joy at the flattering prospect opened before her. "Elvira!" said Lord Edmund, gazing upon her earnestly, as though he would penetrate the inmost recesses of her bosom. "What

are your wishes? Do not hesitate to declare them, for alas! much hangs upon your words."

Elvira blushed, and cast her eyes upon the ground; however, Lord Edmund comprehended but too well the meaning of her silence, and he sighed deeply. "It is enough," said he, in a mournful tone; "then the die is cast." He paused a few moments, whilst his friends, though they all looked at him with the deepest commiseration, respected his emotion too much to venture to interrupt it: then rousing himself, he hastily brushed a tear from his eye, and exclaimed, "How weak is human nature! I know my duty, and I will perform it; but yet—Oh Elvira!"

"Compose yourself, my beloved Edmund," said his father; "to-morrow you will be more calm."

"Oh, talk not of to-morrow!" replied Edmund; "to-day is the season for action. Keep the death of Claudia concealed a few hours, if possible. I will in the mean time assemble my friends: I know the army is devoted to me. A council of state will be

chosen to direct the kingdom during the interregnum. I must be one of its members: some weeks must elapse before the election can take place, I think?"

"Three months is the time fixed," said the duke: "but you know the votes of all the people are to be collected, and that, with such a population as ours, will be no trifle: to be sure, it is the deputies that are to do the business, but then it will take some time to elect them."

"When the founder of the present dynasty ordained her successor should be chosen by the votes of the whole people," said Sir Ambrose; "she wisely recollected the difficulty that must arise from collecting their votes impartially, and directed they should elect deputies; but when she ordered that every ten thousand men throughout the kingdom should choose a deputy of their own rank and station to come to London to represent them, she did not calculate upon the immensity of our present population, nor think of the evils the presence

of such a disorderly body of men must bring upon the capital."

"Yet any attempt to reduce their number, would inevitably overturn the government," observed Father Morris; "for as it is the only act of freedom the people have long been permitted to enjoy, they will be proportionably tenacious of it."

"And the majority of these deputies are to decide the election," said Edmund, musing; "then our business must be to secure that majority. Think you that any good can be done by endeavouring to procure the return of those who are disposed to be favourable to us?"

"Very little," returned Father Morris, to whom this observation was addressed; "for the lower classes, from their conceit and pedantry, are extremely difficult to manage. Their deputies, however, notwithstanding the ordinance of the Queen, will probably be more polished, and less learned, as the lower classes will be ill able to spare the time necessary to

become deputies, whilst the country gentlemen will be delighted to obtain something to do."

"We must be prompt," said the duke, "at all events. I don't like delay."

"True!" replied Edmund, starting from a reverie into which he had fallen; "I must get myself nominated a member of the council, and we must arrange our other plans afterwards."

The party now separated, and Elvira, left alone with her companion, indulged in dreams of future grandeur. "I am sorry for the death of Claudia," said she, "but I never loved her; she was so cold and uninteresting—such a mere matter-of-fact being—she had no soul, Emma, and how can one love a being so totally passionless and insipid? I wonder," continued she, after a short pause, "what Henry Seymour will think of this?"

Emma smiled. "Poor Lord Edmund!" said she.

"I know what you would say," returned Elvira; "I am sorry for him, and I admire

his conduct extremely. There is really something very noble about him."

Emma again smiled, for she saw, in spite of this admiration, that in a week poor Lord Edmund would be forgotten.

In the mean time, poor Rosabella's mind was a prey to the most violent passions. A billet from Father Morris had informed her of the death of her cousin, and of the designs brooding against her interests. "I will be revenged," said she; "I will show them mine is not a soul to dwell upon impotent grief. I will assemble my friends; my father's party was strong in the state; it cannot be quite extinct. Let me see, to whom shall I apply?"

"The Lords Noodle and Doodle (both of ancient families) were both devoted to your father, and were under great obligations to him when they were young," observed Marianne.

"But they are such fools!" said Rosabella.

"They are well connected," returned her confidant; "and power does not always attend upon talent."

“True, and, as they are so weak, I may guide them as I will.”

“Do not rely upon that: folly is generally obstinate; and though there may be hopes of convincing a man of sense, fools will always have their own way.”

“How then are they to be dealt with?”

“By letting them fancy they direct, when, in fact, they are directed. Apply to Lords Noodle and Doodle, as though for advice, more than assistance. Consult them how you ought to act, and suggest the advantages that will arise from your possessing the throne so artfully, that they may fancy what you say the dictates of their own minds, and then, if they advise any course, they in some measure pledge themselves to support you, if you pursue it.”

“I do not doubt obtaining their sanction, and that of Lord Gustavus de Montfort; but I wish I could also obtain the countenance of Dr. Hardman, for he has many friends, and some talents,” said Rosabella; “and I own I

do not feel satisfied to trust myself entirely in the hands of any of the others."

"Talk of liberty and public spirit," replied Marianne; "promise a redress of grievances, and a radical reform of all evils, and you may secure Dr. Hardman. Yet he is not a fool; nay, he is even shrewd, penetrating, and persevering; but as lunatics are generally mad only upon one subject, so even men of sense have generally some prevailing folly, and his is, that of being thought of importance in the state. Indeed, in my opinion, there are very few human beings that we may not make subservient to our views, if we have but penetration enough to discover their weak sides, and art enough to avail ourselves of the discovery."

"The world is very much obliged to you for the high opinion you have of it," returned Rosabella; "however, I like your advice, and will pursue it. But do you think Father Morris will approve?"

"Oh, I will answer for him," interrupted Marianne.

“I will then write to each of the three lords,” continued Rosabella; “and appoint a time and place for an interview with each. I must attend to the doctor afterwards.”

“Beware,” said Marianne; “you have a difficult game to play. The old proverb says, it is well to have two strings to one’s bow; but four, I fear, will be too much for you to manage.”

“Fear me not,” cried her mistress; “impetuous as I generally am, I can be cautious when I see occasion.”

In pursuance of her resolution, Rosabella wrote to the noblemen, whose assistance she wished to secure; and receiving favourable answers, the hour of twelve that night was fixed upon for a secret meeting between Lord Gustavus and herself upon the subject. The utmost secrecy was requisite, as Rosabella knew the fiery temper of her uncle, and felt confident, that if he discovered her plans before they were ripe for execution, his vengeance would have no bounds. She wished, therefore, to ascertain her strength privately; and,

as she was aware a fruitless struggle would only involve her in ruin, she resolved not to betray her intentions till there appeared at least a fair prospect of success.

For this reason, when the duke informed her of the death of the Queen, she affected only the surprise she might naturally be supposed to feel at the suddenness of the event; and appeared absorbed in grief for the loss of her cousin, without seeming even to think of the consequences likely to ensue to herself; in short, she acted her part so well, that the duke was completely deceived; and when he returned to Sir Ambrose, after his conference with her, he exclaimed, "We had no occasion to alarm ourselves, or give ourselves so much trouble: I don't believe Rosabella even thinks about the throne; and I am sure she doesn't care a straw whether she has it or not. I am even confident, from what I have seen to-night, that I have only to express my wishes in favour of Elvira, to have her resign all pretensions immediately."

Sir Ambrose smiled and shook his head in-

credulously, and the duke was provoked ; for, like all weak, obstinate men, he was extremely tenacious of the infallibility of his judgment.

“ Why do you shake your head ? ” said he ;

“ Do you disbelieve my assertion ? ”

“ I do not disbelieve your assertion ; I only doubt your penetration ! ”

“ And why do you doubt that ? ”

“ Because I know Rosabella. ”

“ Then you think her indifference affected ? ”

“ I think it too great to be real. Moderation is not by any means a characteristic of Rosabella. She is ever in extremes ; and when she appears otherwise, depend upon it she is only acting a part, and she has some end in view that she hopes to gain by it. ”

“ Well, let her be as sly as she will, she cannot deceive me ! I ’ll watch her ! I ’ll defy her to think, walk, look, or speak, without my knowing of it ; and if I find she nourishes even the thought of rivalling Elvira, she shall quit my house immediately. I will encourage no vipers. ”

Sir Ambrose smiled inwardly at the mis-

taken confidence of his friend in his own judgment. Thinking it useless, however, to irritate him by farther opposition, he endeavoured to turn the conversation upon another subject. "It is strange," said he, "how frequently I have been thinking of that Mummy. If there be no deception in the business, it is a perfect miracle!"

"And what deception can there be?" returned the duke, peevishly: "you think yourself so very wise, and that you know so much better than other people, only because you are always suspecting something wrong. Now, for my part, I think, as poor Dr. Entwerfen used to say, 'Incredulity is often as much the offspring of folly as credulity!'"

"I wonder what has become of the doctor and Edric? for, ill as Edric behaved, he is still my son; and I own I should like to know where he is."

"Oh! I don't think you have the least occasion in the world to trouble yourself about him. Depend upon it, he and his mad friend, Doctor Entwerfen are rambling about Egypt, and are

happier now than ever they were before in their lives."

"If you are right," said Sir Ambrose, "and they are now in Egypt; as they have lost their balloon, they may be even in want of necessaries."

"And it is very right they should be so," replied the duke; "what business had they to go away?"

The hours of this eventful day rolled on heavily with Rosabella; the important consequences of the struggle she was about to engage in forcibly impressed her mind. Ruin must inevitably ensue if she failed, and even if she succeeded, her path seemed strewed with thorns. The anxiety natural to the intrigues she was about to be involved in, also hung about her. Though haughty and vindictive, Rosabella was not naturally deceitful. Indeed the very violence and impetuosity of her passions rendered it difficult for her to appear otherwise than she really was. The secret intercourse, however, which, through the intervention of Marianne, she had long maintained with Father Morris,

had somewhat practised her in concealment, but it was still repugnant to her nature. She was now anxiously expecting a visit from the reverend father, and as he was generally remarkably punctual to his appointments, his non-appearance filled her with a sensation of dread; and a presentiment of evil crept over her, that she tried in vain to overcome.

“It is long past the hour the father mentioned,” said Marianne, after a long pause, during which she had been listening with the utmost attention to every sound. “I cannot imagine the cause of his absence. Surely our plans have not been discovered.” And as she spoke, her blanched cheeks and livid lips betrayed the deep interest she took in his fate.

“How gloomily that heavy bell clangs in my ear!” said Rosabella; “it seems to ring the death-knell of my hopes. A gloomy foreboding hangs upon my mind, and undefinable horrors rise in dim perspective before me.”

“Hark!” cried Marianne, her sense of hearing sharpened by anxiety; “he comes! yes, yes, he comes,” added she, after a short pause;

and in a few seconds Rosabella heard the Father's well-known step. "You are very late," said she, as he entered the room.

"Good God! what is the matter?" asked Marianne, as the haggard, agitated features of the priest met her eye. "You look like one who has held communion with infernal spirits."

"You say right, Marianne," replied the Father, in a deep hollow tone; "I have, indeed, conversed with spirits—for never could those fearful eyes that so long have glared upon me, belong to mortal."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosabella.

"I have again seen the Mummy! that fearful spectre from the tomb. I have even conversed with him, and he lives and breathes; nay even reasons, thinks, and speaks like a human being; but the cerecloths of the grave are still wrapped round him, his fearful eyes glare with unearthly lustre, and his deep sepulchral voice thrills through every nerve."

"What, that horrid creature whom we saw descend from above at the very moment of Claudia's accident? Heaven grant no horrible

consequences may ensue from so awful an invasion of the general laws of nature!" said Rosabella.

"Are you certain it is no deception?" asked Marianne.

"Deception!" returned the priest, "even I trembled, Marianne, when I gazed upon the countenance of that tremendous being, and read there the traces of fierce and ungoverned passions, wild and destructive in their course as the raging whirlwind. Even I, dreaded the influence he might exert upon our destinies, and shuddered at the thought of such a creature's being released from the fetters of the tomb, and sent back as a destroying spirit upon earth. The eternal gloom that hangs upon his brow, seems to bespeak a fallen angel, for such is the deadly hate that must have animated the rebellious spirits when expelled from heaven. His look is terrific; and my blood froze in my veins at his horrid laugh, which seemed to ring in my ears like the mockery of fiends when they have involved a human being inextricably in their toils."

“It may be a fiend,” murmured Marianne, in a low whisper. At this moment, the clock struck twelve.

Rosabella started at the sound. “Lord Gustavus will expect me,” cried she.

“Go, then,” replied the priest, “with Marianne. I will follow presently.”

With trembling limbs, beating heart, and all the trepidation which the consciousness of guilt cannot fail to give even to the firmest mind, Rosabella and Marianne proceeded to the terrace, where they found Lord Gustavus waiting to receive them.

“You may think it strange, my Lord,” said the agitated princess, as she advanced, leaving her confidant at the gate which led from the garden, “that I should desire this meeting.”

“By no means—by no means,” said Lord Gustavus, condescendingly. “Indeed, I have already had some conversation with an emissary of your’s, that has let me into your views; and I find from him your ideas upon several important subjects are so clear, so just, so sen-

sible, and so accordant with my own, that I feel disposed to become your partisan, even before you utter a syllable."

"And who is this emissary?" asked Rosabella, unable to account for a reception so unexpectedly gracious, and alarmed at what she feared a premature exposure of her plans.

"Father Morris," replied Lord Gustavus, alarmed in his turn, lest he should have unguardedly committed himself: "he told me, he was an accredited agent of yours, and even induced me to—to—"

"Your Lordship need not hesitate," returned Rosabella; "I was not aware, that Father Morris had seen you, or I should not have expressed surprise."

"I have been induced then," said Lord Gustavus, "to bring with me two friends of mine, Lord Maysworth and Dr. Hardman. They are fully convinced of the justness of your ideas respecting retrenchment and reform; and they think your plans of curtailing the expenditure, by throwing all the power of the state into the hands of a few trustworthy in-

dividuals, upon whom you may thoroughly rely, (such as them or myself, for instance,) most excellent."

Poor Rosabella was here completely puzzled, as she had not the slightest idea of what plan Lord Gustavus could possibly allude to; nor indeed was it probable she should, it being entirely the offspring of the creative brain of Father Morris, invented by him solely for the purpose of the winning of the noble lords, to whom he had confided it, over to her party. Rosabella was naturally quick, and, possessing abundantly that very unexplainable, but well-known faculty, designated "tact," she instantly divined the motive that had induced Father Morris to attribute this scheme to her, and determined to avoid, if possible, betraying her ignorance.

Lord Maysworth and Dr. Hardman, who had remained at a little distance, and whom the agitation of Rosabella had prevented her before seeing, now advanced; and after having been presented to the princess, the former assured her of his devotion to her cause.

"I admire your ideas exceedingly," said he; "and particularly your intention of removing Lord Edmund from the command of the army, and placing an older and more experienced person in his stead."

"Lord Edmund!" cried Rosabella, thrown off her guard by the sudden mention of that name.

"Father Morris told me so," resumed Lord Maysworth, in surprise.

"And he told you truly," interrupted Rosabella. "Father Morris is worthy of all the confidence I can repose in him; and, in fact, he knows my inmost thoughts; but I was not aware that he had seen you."

A conversation now ensued, in the course of which Lord Maysworth detailed, with admirable minuteness, a variety of subjects calling for reform. Rosabella did not understand half he said, for his calculations bewildered her; and her mind, accustomed to soar with the eagle flight of genius, and take in oceans with a glance, could scarcely condescend to listen to the petty articles of economy in expenditure, to

which it seemed principally his object to draw her attention. She assented, however, to all he said ; and having let him speak as long as he liked, without showing symptoms of weariness, and having luckily said 'yes' and 'no' in the right places, he departed quite enchanted, and completely gained over to her party, declaring her to be, without exception, one of the most sensible young women he had ever conversed with in his life. To this, Lord Gustavus and Dr. Hardman assented, as she had appeared also to acquiesce in all they had said ; and the noble lords and learned doctor departed perfectly satisfied.

Scarcely were they gone, when Father Morris appeared. "My dear father!" exclaimed Rosabella, enraptured at the result of the interview, "congratulate me! Lord Maysworth, Dr. Hardman, and Lord Gustavus, are our own."

"I rejoice sincerely, my child," returned the priest ; "for Heaven knows I feel as great an interest in your welfare as in my own. But what did they say? Let us hear if your hopes are well founded."

“ At first their expressions were rather of a negative nature—for they told me rather that a party existed against my rival, than for myself. They say the duke has many enemies, from his obstinate and conceited disposition ; they said also that my father *had* had many friends.”

“ And do they exist no longer then, that you lay such emphasis on the word *had* ?” asked Father Morris bitterly.

“ They exist, but it seems my father has been so unfortunate as to lose their friendship,” returned Rosabella ; “ Lord Gustavus even alluded to some crime, which he said he had committed.”

“ Crime ! Did he dare to call it crime ?”

“ He did indeed, and it is not possible to describe the torture that rent my bosom as he spoke. I always knew my father had been unfortunate, but I never before even suspected him of having been guilty.”

“ Nor was he guilty, girl ! none but fools or idiots dare breathe such an accusation against his name.”

“ Ten thousand blessings on you for relieving my mind from the agony of believing him unworthy of my love. I am perfectly satisfied with your assurance ; and yet, methinks, I would fain know his history.”

“ Rosabella, you never knew your father ; you were but three years old when circumstances occurred that urged him to commit a deed of desperation. Seek not to inquire farther ; and endeavour, since misfortune has thrown a shade over your father’s name, to redeem it by the lustre of your own.”

“ As an obscure individual, whatever might be my will, power would be wanting.”

“ But it shall not be wanting. You shall be Queen. I swear it, though all the powers of heaven and earth should unite to oppose my designs, and though even blood should be necessary to seal the compact—”

He was going on when a fiendish laugh rang in his ears ; and, looking up, he beheld the gigantic form of Cheops standing over him. The bright moonbeams showed, with horrible distinctness, the strange attire, savage features,

and unearthly gaze of the Mummy, as his horrid laugh echoed from the wall behind them and pealed across the water. Rosabella had not before seen him, except when she knelt before the dying Queen; and, shrieking with horror, she fled for refuge to her uncle's garden, whilst Cheops thus tauntingly addressed the priest.

“ You were conspiring mischief. Though the language your lips employed was unknown to me, that of your looks was clear. Men do not cast their eyes upon the earth, and murmur forth their accents as though they trembled at the sound of their own voices, when their purposes are such as will bear avowal. Make me your confidant, and by the aid of my serpent deity, my guardian Cneph, I may assist you: but force me to become your enemy, and Typhon himself never pursued Isis and the infant Horus with more unrelenting vengeance than I will follow you and destroy your plans.”

Dreading alike to trust, or enrage this mysterious being, and cursing the evil chance that

had led him to that spot, Father Morris, who, like all the English in those days, was an universal linguist, found himself obliged partially to obey this injunction, and inform the Mummy of his design. Cheops burst into one of his terrific laughs of derision. "And so," he said, "you would make yonder feeble girl who fled screaming at my approach, a Queen. A fit monarch for a warlike people. Can a woman's arm resist an invasion of the Palli, or a woman's hands direct the reins of Mizraim's government? Alas! alas! where am I wandering? I forgot the change wrought in my destiny, and that your people seem powerless as the sovereign you would give them. Be satisfied, I will not betray thee. Indeed, so do I hate thy countrymen, that I shall rejoice to see thee triumph in deceiving them. Beware, however, how thou attemptest to deceive me, lest my vengeance, quick, sure, and unforeseen as the secret agency of the Eoptæ, should fall upon and crush thee at the very moment of the fruition of thy wishes."

Fearing, whilst he hated the mysterious

being thus strangely thrust into his most inmost secrets, Father Morris promised obedience, and the Mummy retreated within the walls of Mrs. Montagu's garden; ere he left the priest, however, he held out his hand to him. "Give me your hand," said he, "and let us seal our compact." Father Morris shuddered as he obeyed; for the words of the Mummy recalled those he had just employed, when this fearful apparition broke in upon him, and brought with them a train of thoughts he would now willingly have shaken off. He did not dare, however, to refuse, and reluctantly held out his hand: the Mummy seized it with an iron grasp, and an icy chill seemed to creep from his hand to Father Morris's heart, as he burst into one of his demon-like laughs and left him.

Father Morris, unable to shake off the horror that oppressed him, for he felt as though he had entered into a compact with a fiend, stood gazing at the supernatural appearance of Cheops as he stalked across the terrace. His gaunt figure (rendered more awful by the grave-clothes that bound it) was magnified in

the moonbeams, which seemed to increase, rather than to mitigate the unearthly ugliness of the apparition they shone upon. The priest was fixed in a fearful trance: in imagination, he still felt the cold and iron grasp of the Mummy, whose eyes seemed as though they were still looking into his very soul, and whose solemn accents were even now scaring his faculties. At length, however, Father Morris recovered something of his self-possession, and fled from the spot (he scarcely knew in what direction) under the fear, at every turning, of again encountering the dreaded Mummy!

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the reverend father took refuge in his chamber after this fearful and memorable interview, he felt that strange mysterious sensation of something dreadful hanging over him, though he scarcely knew what, which so often weighs upon the mind when any great and unexpected change has taken place in our destiny. He threw himself upon a sofa, and endeavoured in vain to analyze his feelings. He was not superstitious; but there was something about the Mummy that inspired him with awe in spite of himself, and he felt that he was no longer his own master, for a supernatural power seemed to mingle with his designs, and control his actions: he endeavoured in vain to recur to the

plans he had that morning arranged for gaining over partizans to the side of Rosabella; he could not govern his ideas; he could no longer direct them as he wished; one sole thought occupied his mind, one sole image floated before his senses. He held his head with his hands, he pressed them firmly against his ears, and closed his eyes, as though by shutting out external objects his mind could recover its tone. It was all in vain! the gaunt figure of the Mummy still seemed to stalk before his eyes, and his fiendish laugh still to ring in his ears. Father Morris rose from his couch and threw open his window; the cool evening breeze revived him, and restored his faculties. He now began to reason with himself.

“It is very strange,” said he; “but, unaccountable though it may seem, the destinies of this fearful being are evidently interwoven with mine. His appearance here at this eventful moment, and his forcing himself upon my confidence, which a secret power superior to my own prevented the possibility of my refusing him, cannot surely be accidental. No, no—

he is permitted to revisit this earth for some positive and definite purpose; perchance to counteract my plans, perchance to aid them. There is no vanity in the thought; for upon my destiny, at this moment, hangs that of a mighty empire, and I feel that I am but a blind instrument in the hands of Fate, condemned to work, mole-like, in the dark, uncertain whether I be not drawing destruction upon my head at the very moment when I fancy I am attaining the pinnacle of happiness and glory. However, I will not be wanting to myself; this strange agent may be sent to aid me, and it shall not be my fault if I do not avail myself of his assistance. In his present garb he creates disgust and terror; but clothed as a human being, his superhuman eloquence, and the strange fearful interest excited by his looks and manner, might render him a powerful assistant. It shall be my present business, then, to endeavour to make him serviceable to my views; and to do this I must persuade him to adopt the dress and manners of the country."

Pleased with the resolution he had taken,

and quite forgetting the lateness of the hour, Father Morris descended hastily to the usual sitting room of Mrs. Montagu; but what was his horror, on entering it, to find, instead of the usual cheerful party he expected, only the dreaded Mummy! Cheops again lay stretched upon the couch he had before occupied, his eyes fixed upon the brilliant constellation of Orion, and his lips murmuring an address to the deity he fancied it to represent.

“Yes, blessed Horus!” cried Cheops, as Father Morris entered the room; “thou wilt hear my prayer, for thou hast also been a stranger in a foreign land; forced even in thy mother’s arms to fly, pursued by all the fury of fell Typhon’s rage; thou knowest how to pity the unhappy! And thou too, bright Isis!” continued he, addressing the moon, “thou also hast known sorrow; when thy streaming tears occasioned the first overflowing of the Nile, and grief for the loss of Osiris rent thy bosom with despair—then becamest thou well fitted to be patroness of the wretched. O Arsinöe!

Thou wert with the wretched in his hour!

could I but recall the fatal moment when I saw thee last !”

“Despair is sinful,” said Father Morris, who now stood beside him; “repentance may obtain forgiveness even of the most heinous crimes.”

Cheops started upon his feet at the sound of the father’s voice, and burst into one of his fearful laughs: “And who art thou,” cried he, “who presumest to preach repentance to me? Oh! I know thee now, thou art the priest whose confidant I am become. But though I will aid thee, think not I will be thy slave—no, rather art thou mine, for thou art in my power !”

Father Morris felt his blood curdle in his veins at this address, and, though he strove to speak, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not articulate a word. Cheops saw his embarrassment, and continued in a milder tone, “Fear nothing; we may be useful to each other. I would fain quit these garments of the tomb, and since I seem des-

tined to remain some time amongst your fellow-men, I will endeavour to assume their manners. You seem to have influence amongst them; try, then, to pacify their fears, and teach them to regard me as a fellow-being."

At this moment the solemn clang of a deep-toned bell fell heavily upon their ears. Cheops started at the sound, and, springing from the couch on which he had reclined, bent forward eagerly to listen as it slowly pealed through the deep silence of the night. It was the great bell of the ancient cathedral of St. Paul, which tolled to announce that on the following day the body of the deceased Queen would lie in state.

"What is it?" cried Cheops; "whence comes that fearful knell, awful as the sound which is doomed to sink into the souls of the initiate of the Isian mysteries? Again it tolls; speak! whence comes it? what does it foretell? Is it the signal of another change of existence, strange, awful, and mysterious, as that I have already experienced? Let it come, I am prepared. The gods cannot inflict tortures more

horrid than those I already suffer. Cannot I have I said? dread Osiris, forgive the impious thought! Methinks e'en now I see thy dark blue countenance frowning in awful majesty at my unguarded rashness. Forgive me, mighty Spirit! No longer will I repine at thy decrees, but teach my proud rebellious heart submission. Alas! alas! had I before done so. But it is now too late, and happiness is lost to me for ever."

Sighing, he hid his face in his hands as he spoke; and all again was silent, save the deep-toned bell, which still fell heavily at intervals upon the ear. Slowly the hours rolled on, yet still Father Morris sate gazing on the Mummy, till the first bright tints of morning broke through the dark grey sky, and a half-subdued bustle in the streets, as of people hurrying to and fro, announced that preparations were making to hang them with black.

The confused murmur—the busy voices hushed to whispers, and the still-continued tolling of the muffled bell, harmonized with the fearful form of the Mummy-visitant,

which, now seen dimly by the uncertain shades of the breaking twilight, seemed to acquire fresh horrors from the obscure and wavering gleams thrown upon it. It was at this moment, when objects were gradually becoming more distinct every instant, that Lord Edmund rushed into the room—"Father Morris," cried he, "you must aid me, or all is lost!"

And as he spoke, he started back aghast; for the terrific form of the Mummy struck upon his sight. He had seen him, it was true, on his first descent; but the events that had since occurred, involving as they did the dearest interests of his soul, had almost driven the circumstance from his memory. Now, however, aided by the illusive light, the spectre appeared before him in all its frightful reality, and even the firm mind of Edmund shrunk back aghast from the appalling sight.

"Why do you shrink?" said Cheops, his deep hollow voice thrilling through the souls of his auditors; "why does my form appear to create such terror? Is it because a tomb has

been my dwelling? Oh, degenerate race! know that the sons of Mizraim, bold, wise, and learned as they were, held that communion with the dead was needful to the living. They loved to gaze upon the empty casket, deprived of all that gave it value, for it taught the meanness of the body; and who could dwell upon the withering worthless clay, and not acknowledge to his soul how poor were its highest pleasures, when compared to the sublime aspirations of the spirit? Why then tremble? Virtue need fear no spectres, and vice might shudder at itself. If thine own conscience do not upbraid thee, what hast thou to fear?"

"Nothing!" said Lord Edmund firmly; "spectre or demon, whatever you may be, I fear you not! 'Twas but the infirmity of human nature; it is past, and I am again myself, and strong in the consciousness of the integrity of my own mind. It is not in the power of Hell itself to fright me from my purpose!"

"The integrity of thine own mind!" cried Cheops, with one of his horrid laughs; "Poor

weak offspring of clay! ay, confide in thy boasted strength; rely upon thy vaunted firmness; but when the hour of trial and temptation shall arrive, tremble!"

Lord Edmund shuddered in spite of himself, and his blood ran colder in his veins! "Who art thou?" cried he, indignantly; "strange, terrible being that thou art?—and why art thou permitted to revisit earth to taunt me into madness?"

"I was once as thou art," returned Cheops. "Young, ardent, and impetuous, I thought the world was made for happiness, and that men were born to be my slaves. Glory was my idol, and Fame the only meed I coveted. Deeply did I drink of her intoxicating cup; my renown spread to the remotest corners of the earth, and my power became as boundless as my ambition! To immortalize my name, I caused the erection of an enormous pyramid! and my grandeur seemed beyond the reach of destiny to destroy. But I trusted in my own strength, and I fell! Tremble then,

weak man ! nor dare to boast how thou wilt act until the moment of temptation shall arrive !”

The deep thrilling voice of the Mummy fell upon Lord Edmund's ear as a warning from the tomb. He too was relying on his own strength, and should he too fall ? Forbid it Heaven ! “ No !” thought he, “ in some cases I might fear ; but now, when the welfare of her I love is at stake, I cannot fail !”

The Mummy smiled as he read the thoughts that passed over Lord Edmund's expressive countenance. “ Thus I too thought,” muttered he ; “ and as I was, so will he be deceived ! Human nature is still the same even in this remote corner of the globe. Fool that I was, then, to attempt to reverse her decrees ! Forgive me, mighty Isis !” The rest was lost in inarticulate murmurs as the Mummy's head sank upon his breast.

“ Oh, God !” cried Edmund to Father Morris ; “ whence comes this fearful spectre ? what does it import ?”

“ I know not,” said Father Morris, in a

hoarse unnatural whisper, his eyes still strained upon the Mummy. Edmund started, for the unusual abstraction of Father Morris added fresh horror to the scene: his senses seemed bewildered; he scarcely knew where he was, or what was passing around him; he rubbed his eyes, and tried to wake from what appeared a frightful dream; but in vain; the vision was still there in all its horrible distinctness, and Edmund felt a terrific creeping steal along his nerves as the hollow sepulchral voice of the Mummy again fell upon his ears.

“Alas! where am I?” continued he; “can that river be a ramification of my beloved Nile? or am I indeed torn from all I prize and love, to be cast upon this secluded spot, where all seems strange and insignificant? O deity of the foaming waters! holy Sirius, hear me! Calm my troubled spirit, and grant some gracious manifestation of thy divinity to chase my growing doubts. But I deceive myself; this is not the Nile! No papyrine boats glide o’er its polished surface. No acanthus groves nor forests of lofty palm border its

banks. No, no! the immortal palm, fit emblem of the soul, grows only in those favoured realms, where, spurning at oppression, it resists the feeble efforts of man to bend it to the earth, and springs upward with only added vigour from the feeble attempts made to subdue it!"

The Mummy ceased, and a solemn silence prevailed; whilst passions fierce as the whirlwind's fury flitted across his face, chilling the beholder's heart with horror at the fearful being whose bosom could conceive them.

Father Morris was not naturally timid; he even possessed uncommon strength both of nerves and mind; yet an unwonted shuddering ran through his frame as he gazed upon Cheops, and traced the workings of that demoniac mind as they were successively imprinted on his features. Involuntarily he turned away in disgust. "For God's sake, let us go!" cried he, gasping for breath; for a strange feeling that he could not define, seemed to impede his respiration.

"Yes, yes—let us go!" stammered forth

Edmund ; still, however, keeping his eyes fixed upon the awful object of his fear, as he slowly moved towards the door.

“ Stay !” cried Cheops in a voice of thunder. Involuntarily they obeyed. “ How feeble is this race of men !” resumed the Mummy ; “ how different from the sons of ancient Mizraim, from the Macrobian Ethiopians, or even our Pallic foes ; degenerate in form as well as spirit, their souls no longer seem emanations from the divinity, though perhaps the immortal spark becomes degraded and abased from its long continuance in clay, and is sunk for ever from its pristine greatness ! Stay, then !” continued he ; “ why should you fly me ? I mean you no harm, and I swear by the sacred tomb of Osiris in Philoe, that I will not hurt you. Drive me not then from amongst you, and I may aid your projects : at least, it is your duty to receive me as the destined instrument of Fate, since Osiris decrees that my soul shall quit its transmigrations in the form of animals to re-animate this worthless body. Take me

then into your counsels, confide in my power and I swear by the holy dust of Isis that you shall not repent."

"Avaunt, demon!" cried Lord Edmund, and, bursting from the room, he rushed out of the house.

What farther passed between the priest and his awful visitor, was known only to themselves; for when the family descended to breakfast, the Mummy was gone, and Father Morris appeared absorbed in his usual studies, without taking the slightest notice of the terrific occurrences of the night.

The death of the Queen being now generally known, her remains, laid in state, were exposed to the lamentations of her subjects, and the family of Mrs. Montagu were amongst the earliest visitors to the mournful spectacle.

In an immense hall, hung with black, was placed a kind of bier, covered with black cloth, supporting the body of the deceased Queen, over which was thrown a velvet pall, so disposed, however, as to display the beautiful features of the deceased, which, though now fixed

in death, still retained their native expression of majestic dignity.

Immense tapers of an enormous thickness lighted the sombre walls, hung with black cloth ; whilst chorister boys walked up and down chanting hymns in honour of the deceased, and flinging incense in the air from silver vessels suspended by silver chains, which they carried in their hands ; thus shedding fragrance around, and chasing the fearful odour of mortality even from the very chamber of death. Priests wrapped in funeral garments also slowly paraded the room, muttering prayers, and joining occasionally their full, deep-toned voices with the shriller chant of the boys.

The space where the public were admitted, was railed off from the lower end of the hall ; but near the body knelt a beautiful female arrayed in black velvet, and her fair face and arms shaded by a veil of black crape.

“ O Osiris ! ” cried a figure wrapped in a long dark cloak, grasping the arm of Father Morris, “ who is that lovely creature ? There, bending over the last awful relics of mortality,

methinks she looks beauteous as the phoenix rising from the funeral pile, and triumphing in glory over the impotent malice of the grave."

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake!" whispered the deep, full voice of Father Morris; "it is Elvira, the rival of Rosabella, whom you have sworn to support."

"Typhon himself could not injure her," said Cheops, for it was he; and he stood with his eyes fixed upon her, apparently lost in meditation.

"For mercy's sake, let us go on!" whispered the priest, "you will excite attention—we shall be discovered. Besides," continued he in a lower tone, "did you find a crown so delightful that you think you would injure her by depriving her of one?"

"No! by the holy limbs of Osiris!" said Cheops; and, obeying the influence of the friar's arm, he moved onwards.

"Why was not Rosabella with Elvira in the hall?" asked Sir Ambrose. "I thought it was commanded by the law that all the princesses of the Blood Royal should exhibit themselves

publicly as mourners by the corpse of the deceased Queen."

"Rosabella is ill," replied the duke. "Grief for the loss of her cousin has produced an access of fever, and she is unable to quit her bed."

"Indeed!" returned Sir Ambrose, incredulously; "it is very strange! I own I did not give Rosabella credit for so much sensibility."

Notwithstanding the incredulity of Sir Ambrose, however, Rosabella was really dangerously ill; though her illness did not proceed exactly from the cause she chose to assign for it. The terror she had felt at the sudden appearance of the Mummy, whom she thought a supernatural being, at the very moment she believed the death of her cousin was darkly hinted at by the monk, operating upon an over-excited imagination, had produced fever; and for some days Rosabella was in considerable danger.

The secret exertions of Father Morris, however, in her behalf, prevented Rosabella's cause

from being injured by her illness ; and, by the time she was able to leave her bed, Lord Gustavus de Montfort, Lord Maysworth, and Dr. Hardman, with the Lords Noodle and Doodle, had declared themselves her adherents, bringing with them all the numerous host who, finding it too much trouble to judge for themselves, are always ready to follow in the train of a great man. The day when this important declaration was made, was that on which all the nobility of the realm assembled in that splendid monument of antiquity, Westminster Hall, to choose the council of state to govern the kingdom during the interregnum. This venerable pile, which had seen so many generations successively rise and pass away, now cleared of the incumbrances with which the bad taste of the middle ages had loaded it, shone in all its original magnificence, and opened wide its ponderous portals to receive the whole nobility of England upon this important occasion.

It was a glorious, and almost an awful sight, to see so many great and illustrious cha-

racters, some of whose names were celebrated even to the remotest corners of the globe, collected together in that magnificent hall. Few however, thought of the grandeur of the spectacle; the deep interest excited by the occasion that assembled them absorbing all minor feelings. The business of the day was soon entered upon; and twelve noble individuals chosen to direct the affairs of state, till another Queen should be elected.

The Duke of Cornwall, Lord Edmund Montagu, Lord Gustavus de Montfort, Lord Maysworth, and the Lords Noodle and Doodle, were amongst the number chosen; and as soon as the election was completed, the council retired together to an apartment appropriated to their use, to consult upon the measures to be taken to secure the due election of their future Queen. Then it was, that the anxious father of Elvira was paralyzed, to hear the noble lords above-mentioned declare themselves partisans of her rival; and to see others who had till then remained neuter, seem inclined to range themselves upon the

same side. In vain did Edmund exert his powerful eloquence; the weight and influence of the adverse lords far outweighed all his arguments in the breasts of the auditors; and the poor old duke returned home depressed and almost broken-hearted, from the conviction he received, that the feeling of the majority of the council was decidedly against his child.

The moment the duke reached his own palace, he repaired to the apartment of Rosabella, and found her apparently in a state of convalescence, reclining upon a sofa, supported by her confidant Marianne, with Father Morris sitting at her feet. The holy father was evidently confused at the unexpected arrival of the duke; and he rose hastily in great disorder, to endeavour to account for his appearance there. The duke, however, was too much enraged to listen to him, or, indeed, to notice the suspicious circumstance of his secretly visiting the princess; his passion was solely directed against Rosabella, and not even her present feeble and emaciated appearance was sufficient to disarm his anger.

“Wretch!” he exclaimed; “vile, ungrateful wretch that thou art! Thou hast destroyed me. Thou wilt bring the grey hairs of thy benefactor with sorrow to the grave! And so treacherously too! Oh, Rosabella! how could you plot against me whilst you were enjoying the shelter of my roof. Against me, did I say? Alas! would it were only against me! But no! with fiend-like barbarity, you have conspired to destroy my child!”

The duke had here unwittingly struck a chord that thrilled through the inmost souls of his auditors; he did not heed their confusion, however, but went on.

“Oh, Rosabella! if I could have guessed, when thou wert brought to me a little smiling infant, and I took thee under my protection to foster thee as my own child, that thou wouldst prove a serpent to sting my heart to the core! But I was told it would be so—Sir Ambrose warned me to beware. ‘Your brother,’ said he, ‘has proved a villain; the violence of his passions has led him to commit unheard-of crimes; and may not the same furies glow in the bosom of

this smiling infant? Do not desert her, but do not educate the offspring of guilt in the bosom of your own family.’”

“And did Sir Ambrose say this?” exclaimed Father Morris, grinding his teeth together, and scarcely able to articulate from the strength of the emotion that convulsed his frame. The duke, however, did not hear his question, and passionately continued—“He advised well, but I was deaf to his counsel; Fate hurried me on to my own destruction, and I nourished with the tenderest care a wretch whom I have this day discovered plotting with traitors to deprive my child of her birth-right!”

“What do you mean, my Lord?” said Rosabella; “I do not understand you.”

“Yes, yes!” replied the duke, “ask what I mean; you may well assume that face or smiling innocence—too—too often it has served your purpose! Fool, idiot, that I have been, to have been so easily deceived! But your arts will now be vain. Lord Gustavus de Montfort would not have openly declared himself your

friend, as he did to-day, if the most insidious arts had not been practised to win him."

"And has he done so?" asked Rosabella, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"Has he done so?" repeated the duke bitterly; "no doubt you know it but too well. Also that the prosing Lord Maysworth, the enlightened Lord Noodle, and the intelligent Lord Doodle, have enlisted their empty heads and long purses upon your side."

"Have they?" cried Rosabella, transport brightening every feature.

"Oh, Rosabella!" exclaimed the duke, passion giving way to agony, and torrents of tears streaming down his aged face; "that look of affected astonishment is intolerable! You must have known all this! I am a poor, weak, old man! there needed not such plotting to deceive me. It breaks my heart to find you guilty of hypocrisy."

Rosabella was affected by her uncle's tears: all his former kindness rushed upon her mind, and Nature resuming her powerful influence,

she forgot all her ambitious projects, her hopes, her fears, and her intrigues; she thought only of the feeble, miserable, old man before her; and, attempting to throw her arms round his neck, she sought to mingle her tears with his, and, clinging to his feet, implored his forgiveness. The duke, however, could not read her heart, and, blinded by his passion, saw in this action only an aggravated insult: violently he spurned her from him, commanding her to leave his house immediately, and, by so doing, extinguished for ever every gentler feeling in his niece's breast.

Rosabella's haughty spirit did not wait a second repulse. Her tears were instantly dried, and, with eyes flashing fire and cheeks glowing with indignation, she rushed out of the room, without deigning to reply.

The duke's rage, if possible, exceeded her own; and these near relations, united as they were by the tenderest ties, parted in mutual hatred, sincerely hoping, on both sides, that they might never meet again.

Father Morris and Marianne followed Rosabella; and they found, as they expected, that the violent over-excitement of the moment had given way to hysterics. These tremendous convulsive agonies soon exhausted her enfeebled frame, and she lay upon a sofa in a state of torpid languor nearly approaching to insensibility, whilst her friends consulted upon what course they should pursue. During this pause of uncertainty and painful deliberation—for as Rosabella was entirely dependent upon her uncle, the case seemed hopeless—a letter arrived from Lord Gustavus de Montfort, offering the loan of his palace and his purse to the princess. That prudent and calculating nobleman was fully aware of the situation in which Rosabella would be thrown by his declaration in her favour, and of the advantage that would accrue to himself in after-times, if she should obtain the crown, from his having at such a moment conferred an important service upon his future sovereign.

Father Morris did not hesitate to open this

letter and read it. Rosabella was not in a state to be consulted. Indeed, the case was one that did not admit of hesitation; and a conveyance having been procured, the princess was removed to the house of Lord Gustavus, before she had recovered the full use of her faculties.

CHAPTER IV

The morning appointed for the execution of the will of the late King was passed by Rosabella in the most anxious solicitude. Lord Gustavus, who had not yet returned, she was obliged to be a stranger to the world as the thought, but when she saw her father it was decided by her father and she was the witness of his disappointment should he be refused, she was told that she should be the first to leave and would be required to be gone by the morning.

These feelings with agitation and anxiety she every day, the first of her life, she had never before, when she was young, she had not seen him in a long time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning appointed for the election of the council of state was passed by Elvira in the most intense anxiety. For herself, she had no wish to be a Queen—nay, perhaps she trembled at the thought; but when she saw how earnestly it was desired by her father, and thought of the bitterness of his disappointment should she be rejected, her eyes filled with tears, and she felt ready to make any sacrifice to promote his happiness.

Thus, trembling with agitation, yet fearing alike every change, the fair Elvira sate, leaning her head upon her hand, whilst Sir Ambrose, whose rank did not entitle him to a vote, Dr.

Coleman, and Henry Seymour, endeavoured to console her.

“My dear young lady,” said the good doctor, “indeed, indeed, I think you distress yourself quite unnecessarily. With such supporters as your father and Lord Edmund, I do not think you can fail of success.”

“You quite mistake me, doctor, I assure you,” returned the princess; “I think not of the crown, yet it is not possible to express what I have suffered during the last few hours. Ere my father went to the council this morning, his agitation was so excessive that I feared it would destroy him, and my impatience for his return is become almost agony.”

“Let me entreat your Highness to be composed,” said Henry Seymour. “You torment yourself with vain terrors. I cannot suffer myself to imagine for a moment that the duke can be otherwise than successful.”

“My dear child,” observed Sir Ambrose, “exert your own good sense; nothing can be more foolish than to let imaginary horrors usurp any influence over your senses; you thus

suffer doubly, and often the pains of anticipation exceed those of reality. But, see, here comes Father Murphy, and my little lively niece, Clara. Well, father, what news? Will the princess be Queen?"

"Och, and there can be no manner of doubt of it!" returned Father Murphy.

Elvira turned pale. "God in his mercy grant you may be mistaken!" said she.

"Oh, dear!" cried Clara, involuntarily.

"Why do you exclaim, fair lady?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"I am so surprised—so astonished!" said the blushing girl.

"At what?" resumed the doctor inquisitively.

"That—that," said Clara timidly, "that the princess should not like to be a Queen."

"Alas! alas!" said Elvira, smiling languidly, "you are too young, Clara, to know the awful responsibility such a situation would impose. The Queen of England must devote herself to her people; once elected, she is cut off for ever from all the happiness of domestic

life. She must form no ties—she must indulge in no attachments—she can never feel the happiness of devoting herself entirely to promote the welfare of one adored object. She can never know the transports of a mother!" and, sighing deeply, Elvira cast her eyes upon the ground, whilst those of Henry Seymour were fixed earnestly upon her.

"Yet all this," said Sir Ambrose, "is rather imaginary than real. The subjects of a good Queen ought to be her children; and the glory of contributing to the happiness of thousands, and ruling nations by a nod, may well compensate for the humbler comforts of a domestic fireside."

"I do not agree with you," rejoined Dr. Coleman; "I think the situation of a Queen is one both of trouble and responsibility. We all know how difficult it is to give satisfaction even in the most ordinary occurrences of life; and how much more must that difficulty be increased in such an exalted station. Besides, it seems cruel to condemn a young and beautiful woman to the miseries of celibacy. Woman

naturally seems to want support ; she is to man, what the clinging ivy is to the majestic oak,—its loveliest ornament ; but take away the standard tree, and she falls forlorn and unsupported to the dust. Do you not think so, Mr. Seymour ?”

The youth started at this appeal, for his thoughts had indeed wandered far from the scene before him. “ Yes,” said he, after a short pause.

Sir Ambrose laughed heartily. “ Upon my word,” said he, “ I congratulate you, Dr. Coleman, upon your happiness in having such attentive auditors. The princess looks as if she had not heard a single word that you have said ; whilst Mr. Seymour, when you appeal to him for his opinion, only starts, and says ‘ Yes.’”

“ You are quite right, Sir Ambrose,” returned Dr. Coleman, smiling good-humouredly ; “ and I begin to discover that reasons are quite useless when the feelings are interested.”

“ Och !” said Father Murphy ; “ and my opinion is that we have all rason to be interested ; for I should not be surprised at all

at all, if the King of Ireland was to take advantage of our troubles, to make a descent upon us. There is no time so fitting for throwing every thing into confusion, as when nobody knows what he is doing."

"There may be much justice in your remark, holy father," said Henry Seymour, smiling; "but, for my own part, I own I do not apprehend the King of Ireland has any such bloody-minded intentions."

"Report speaks highly of his son," observed Elvira.

"Not more highly than he deserves," cried Doctor Coleman enthusiastically. "The youthful Roderick is brave, noble, and generous; possessing every quality to fit him for a hero; and is quite incapable of any thing bordering upon meanness."

"Is he handsome?" asked Clara, with infinite *naïveté*, looking up earnestly at the doctor as she spoke.

"As the Achilles of the ancients," replied the doctor.

"Dear me, how I should like to see him!"

said the little beauty, with the utmost simplicity:—"Should not you, Mr. Seymour?"

"I cannot say I have any curiosity," returned Henry Seymour, having infinite difficulty to help laughing.

"Dear me, how very odd!" said Clara, looking at him earnestly; "I do believe the doctor was only quizzing us, and that he's very ugly and disagreeable. Is he, Mr. Seymour?"

The air and manner with which she put this question, quite destroyed the small remains of gravity Henry Seymour had till now with so much difficulty preserved; and, bursting into a violent fit of laughter, he rushed out of the room. Every body looked astonished, and Dr. Coleman embarrassed. After a short pause, however, he seemed to recover himself. "It is very strange the duke does not come," said he, pulling out his watch. "The council must be chosen before this; and they seldom stay to deliberate long at a first sitting."

"I am miserable," cried Elvira. "If he should be ill!"

"Shall I seek him?" asked Dr. Coleman;

and, reading her assent in her countenance, he quitted the room.

“The doctor is very obliging,” said Sir Ambrose; “but he never did like Rosabella. He hated her father, and when Duke Edgar—but, I forget! his history is a secret which must rest for ever in my own breast.”

“Do tell *me*, uncle!” cried Clara coaxingly; “I should so like to hear it, and every body says you know all about him.”

“And what can his history have to do with such a little chit as you?”

“I don’t know,” said Clara with the utmost innocence; “but I am sure I should like to hear it.”

“Why?” again asked Sir Ambrose.

“Because every body says it is a secret,” replied Clara, clinging round him, and fondly stroking his face;—“so do tell me, my dear uncle, pray do?”

“You are a little coaxing witch,” said Sir Ambrose, patting her long silky hair; “I would tell you any thing in reason, but the history of the father of Rosabella—”

“Rosabella!” cried the duke, bursting into the apartment with the fury of a maniac—“Rosabella! who speaks of Rosabella? She is a wretch, a vile, insidious wretch! She has destroyed me—she has conspired to destroy my child!”

And as he spake, the agonized old man sank into a chair, fainting with exhaustion, whilst a sanguine stream gushed from his mouth and nostrils, a blood-vessel having been ruptured by the violence of his emotions. Elvira shrieked in anguish, and, dreadfully terrified, threw herself upon her knees beside him, imploring him to speak to her, whilst Sir Ambrose, even more alarmed than herself, ran screaming for assistance. Dr. Coleman and Henry Seymour were at hand. The duke, and his daughter, who had fainted, were conveyed to their separate apartments, attended by Clara, Sir Ambrose, and the doctor, whilst Henry Seymour and Father Murphy were left together.

“O Beauty!” thought Henry Seymour, as he watched the lovely form of Elvira, looking like some fair flower drooping on its stem,

carried past him, "how omnipotent is thy power! Even the savage monarch of the forest, tamed by thee, has crouched beside a maiden's feet! How heavenly does she look! pure as the immortal spirit, when, ere his breast was sullied by the grosser passions, man first conversed with God!"

"And sure if it's the princess ye're thinking of," said Father Murphy, tired of being so long silent, "ye've rason to look so sadly after her, for it's all over, and she'll never be Queen."

Henry Seymour started: the voice of the holy father sounded harsh and discordant in his ears; it had dispelled all his fairy dreams; and with a movement of impatience he threw open some folding doors, and walked into the garden. Father Murphy followed him.

"And where is it that ye're going?" asked he.

"I would be alone," said Henry in a commanding tone.

"And so ye shall be," returned Father Murphy, "when I'm after laving ye; and that I will do in a whiffey. But—"

“Begone!” cried a peculiarly low, hollow voice which sounded close to the friar’s ear. He started, and as he looked up, the withering glance of Cheops fell full upon him; he screamed wildly and fled, uttering shrieks of terror.

Cheops looked after him with a scornful smile, and then fixing his superhuman eyes on Henry Seymour, he waited for him to speak. Few were the human beings who could have met that scowl unmoved. Those wild eyes, shaded as they were by the thick dark brows above them, always seemed to sink direct to the beholder’s soul: Henry Seymour, however, shrank not from their gaze. A long pause ensued.

“You wish for help,” said Cheops, “and it is in my power to assist you. I know you well, you are not what you seem; but fear not, and all your hopes shall be fulfilled.”

“Alas! how can they?” said the youth, “when I know them not myself.”

“Hear me!” returned Cheops; “you love Elvira, you would fain become her husband, and would yet not deprive her of the crown.

Even now, you were revolving in your mind a scheme to reconcile these two apparently incompatible objects; but, besides innumerable minor obstacles, one great one destroys your plans—you have a father."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Henry Seymour wildly, "who and what art thou?"

But, ere he had finished speaking, the Mummy was gone. "Fiend! demon!" cried the youth, "what means this unreal mockery? But thou shalt not escape me thus."

In the mean time, the duke had somewhat recovered, and, by permission of Dr. Coleman, Lord Edmund and Sir Ambrose were admitted to his chamber. The reverend Fathers Morris and Murphy were there already.

"I believe it is quite against the rules," said the doctor, "to allow visitors to a patient in the duke's state;—but he is so irritable, I fear keeping him in suspense might occasion a relapse."

"I am sorry to see you thus, my dearest friend," said Edmund, pressing the duke's hand warmly; "you have always been a second father to me, and, God knows! I love you as myself."

The Duke fervently returned his pressure, but he could not speak. "My dear, dear friend!" said Sir Ambrose, the tears trembling in his eyes.

"Come! come!" said Dr. Colman, good-humouredly, "I must not let you agitate my patient. Lord Edmund is only come, my Lord Duke, to take leave. He is going into the country to try to exert his influence amongst the electors."

The duke shook his head.

"I must not have you despair," said Sir Ambrose; "we shall beat them yet: not but that we must fight hard, for Rosabella is as crafty as a fox, and you see what a party she has made:—besides, she's as selfish as her father."

"No," said the duke feebly, and speaking with great difficulty; "Edgar was not selfish."

"The influence of natural affection is astonishing!" said Sir Ambrose; "since it makes you speak thus of one who has so grossly injured you."

"Edgar's faults," replied the duke, scarcely

able to articulate, "were rather those of circumstance than of feeling. I am convinced of it, and forgive him. Nay, if he were alive, and I could see him, I would clasp him to my heart."

"Och!" said Father Murphy, "and that's said just like yourself; for there's nothing so like a Christian spirit as forgiving our enemies;—and so may Heaven prosper and bless all that love ye, and send all that hate ye to the Devil."

"But how does that accord with the Christian spirit you were talking of?" asked Dr. Coleman, smiling.

"Och!" replied Father Murphy, "and it's clane another thing. For none but the Devil's own brats could hate the duke, and he's a right to his own, surely."

Dr. Coleman, though not quite convinced by the sophistry of the holy father, did not attempt to controvert it; and the party, fearing to fatigue the duke, soon after separated.

A few hours after this conversation, Father Morris was walking in one of the shadiest parts of the garden of Mr. Montagu, where the thick

trees spread over his head, and by their umbrageous foliage, almost shut out the light of the sun. In the very centre of this gloomy grove, a funereal urn had been erected by one of the former possessors of the mansion, over which hung a weeping willow. The monument had once been gaudily adorned with bright colours and gilding, to mark the armorial bearings and dignity of the dust that mouldered below. Now, however, damp and neglect had hastened the work of Time in that secluded spot. The once white marble was stained with a dirty green, and moss had grown round the crumbling monument of former greatness: the plaister effigies of the arms had cracked, and peeled off in places; whilst wild-flowers had taken root in the fissures, and reared their blooming heads, and twined their fantastic wreaths around the mouldering stone, hanging in wild luxuriant festoons over this emblem of decay, as though to mock the feeble efforts of man to perpetuate his name, and assert triumphantly the supremacy of Nature.

Father Morris was struck by the effect pro-