
Sir Roland, by Hal Willis, Volume 3

Forrester Charles Robert

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SIR ROLAND.



A ROMANCE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

SIR ROLAND.

A ROMANCE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY HAL WILLIS,

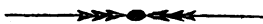
Student at Law,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE BAYNARD."



" To the hall ! to the hall !
The banquet invites ;
There music delights,
And wine crowns with transport the valorous knights."

VOL. III.



London :

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1827.
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SIR ROLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE hour of retirement and repose had arrived, and all within the castle, with the exception of the watch and ward, had sought their respective chambers. Sir Roland had just thrown himself on his couch, without undressing, and absorbed in one of those profound reveries, in which a man cannot be said to be quite asleep, or wide awake—when the senses are just lulled to repose, and the busy mind is still conscious of the reality of surrounding objects. The fairy form of the enchanting Myriol, indelibly imprinted on his heart,

and his trusty memory, had, with necromantic art, summoned up a thousand scenes of ideal and visionary bliss, formed by fancy, and dying as soon as formed.

In this transitory illusion he was dreaming away the hours, when his arm was firmly grasped, and his name pronounced in an audible whisper.

Alarmed at being thus suddenly aroused, he started up, half awake, from his couch, and grappled with the person that held him.—“Who—who art thou? what brings thee hither? how came ye here?” were the interrogatories he uttered in a breath, much surprised how it were possible that any one could gain entrance to his chamber; to force the heavy door, studded with iron and strongly barred, was a thing impracticable to human hands.

“Hush, I pray thee! silence thy fears, I am thy friend, sir William.”

“Is it thee?” said the knight, in surprise, and scarcely convinced of the veracity

city of the intruder's assertion, he led him towards the twinkling night-lamp, which was intended to illumine the obscurity of his apartment, and here having scrutinized his features, he was assured of the knight's identity. "And prithee what urgent matter brings thee hither at this unseasonable hour? What driveth sleep from thine eyes, and makes thee wander about like some unhappy spirit, to the alarm and terror of thy loving friends? How can I exorcise thee? And, by all that's ghostly! sir William, being of flesh and blood, as I am verily convinced thou art, how camest thou through yon door?"

Sir William made no answer, but taking the lamp, he drew aside the Gobelin tapestry which adorned the stone walls, and shewed him an outlet to a private stair, which he had left open.

"Hah!" cried sir Roland, "a mighty pretty contrivance that, for a retreat when a man is in jeopardy."

"List to me," said sir William, anxiously