

with her small white hand gently patted his cheek, while she murmured a low sweet song that had been the cradle lullaby of her happy infancy. He could not bear that voice, that touch, and know that those caresses were lavished unconsciously upon him—he could not endure that even in insanity she should cease to recognize him, and looking fondly up in her sweet face, he asked, in a tone which love teaches to the sternest and the coldest,

“Eurota, my beloved, dost thou not know thy Rodolph?”

“Rodolph! Rodolph!” she repeated, and looked around her with a troubled air—then turning towards him with an earnest gaze, she threw her arms around his neck, and drew his head lovingly to her lap—“Wilt thou go with me?” she said—“I will show thee where the eagle builds, and where the spirits of those who perish in the Giel hold their revels—down, down in the fathomless depths which no eye but mine can pierce—come let us begone, for the sun must give us his light when we encounter the perils of the Giel”—and she rose and moved on in the direction leading to the terrible pass.

A desire to witness the wonders and terrors of this place had always been singularly strong in the mind of Eurota. While she was still a child the pastor had once crossed it, to visit the farm of Vettie, and it was the only time, during a residence of more than twenty years in its near vicinity, that he had made the hazardous pilgrimage. He returned from it with his mind filled and awed by its wild and terrific scenery, and his descriptions of it, had even at that early age, so impressed the imagination of Eurota, that it had ever since been a cherished purpose of her heart, at some convenient time, to behold its wonders and conquer its dangers for herself. She had often roved with her father to the farm of Mœ, which lies under a high sand-hill, near the entrance to the Giel, surrounded by terrific natural objects, which betokened the vicinity of that tremendous pass. Here, while they partook the hospitality of the simple dwellers in this lonely spot, they would look forth upon the dark precipices of the Giel, and listen to the deep-toned voices of its hundred cataracts, and talk of its mysteries and dangers, till Eurota’s excited mind would burst forth in a thousand eager inquiries, and she would entreat that they might press onward, and penetrate its depths together. But the pastor recoiled from such an enterprise for her young foot, light and bold, and accustomed as it was to thread the rugged paths of her northern mountains; and, for himself, he had no inclination again to peril his life amidst its crags. Yet still the desire to attempt the undertaking remained a ruling one in her mind—and now that in the wreck of reason every barrier of duty and affection was swept away, there was no restraint upon her wishes, and they led her instinctively towards

the spot, round which with deep mysterious interest, her imagination had hovered for years.

Rodolph eagerly grasped at her wild proposal,—he had motives stronger even than his love for the fair girl, whom, maniac as she was, he rejoiced to bear away from all who claimed her, for wishing to flee to the most isolated spot in the universe. The imputation of a fearful crime, that had awakened the wrath of his sovereign, was upon him. She had sworn to revenge it, and aware that Christina’s vengeance was both summary and terrible, he fled, leaving behind some powerful friends, through whose influence he hoped to establish his pretended innocence, and be again restored to his country, and the royal favour. For many weary months he had wandered from province to province, and from realm to realm, changing his name with every change of residence, and shunning the glance of every eye that rested upon him with an inquiring look. There were mines in the neighbourhood of Farnæs, that often attracted visitors, and on the day succeeding that on which he had so abruptly quitted the pastor’s dwelling, he was startled, as he lay listlessly on the turf beside the river, by the appearance of three strangers, who, on their way to these mines, were passing along the road. Their persons were familiar to him, and he shrunk closer to the ground as they rode slowly by, passing him so near that he could have touched their horses’ hoofs; while the low accents of their voices, as they earnestly conversed, fell distinctly upon his ear. He scarcely breathed till they were lost to view, for he knew if he were seen and recognised, his fate was irrevocably sealed. As the last rider disappeared in the windings of the road, Uzendal leaped up and plunged into the woods, and there he had dwelt till now, except when the imperative calls of nature summoned him forth to satisfy its claims beneath some humble roof.

He would instantly have quitted the country, had not the sweet spell of an unchangeable love for the beautiful Eurota chained him to its soil—and now, day by day he watched to behold her, fondly hoping she would still frequent her favourite haunts on the romantic banks of the Utdedal, and joyously his heart leaped when at last she came, though sadly were its glad emotions hushed at the discovery of her alienated reason. The causes that had produced so lamentable a result were too well known to him, and fondly hoping and believing that her malady would shortly yield to the tender soothing of affection, he abandoned himself to the joy of regaining the idol, whom he loved with an intensity, that was a mystery even to himself. In the remote and almost inaccessible retreat of Vettie’s farm, could they attain it, he felt assured that for a time he might find a safe asylum, and Eurota a quiet haven, where her troubled spirit could repose in peace, till it had re-