

saken the castle, and wandered far into the forest, brooding over my future destiny, and striving to form some scheme for my guidance, when I became a habitant of the unknown world; but ignorant as I was, of the way of man, I but involved myself in deeper doubt, and the evening of the third day saw me without settled purpose, save that when the sun again set I would be far away from my childhood's haunts.

I had none with whom I ever held converse, and my resolution was locked in my own breast. Feverish and restless, I could not sleep, and long ere dawn I rose, and sought my way through the forest towards the deserted castle. I had loitered, and morning was breaking when I reached its outer walls. I started to find that it was no longer lonely—carriages stood under the dilapidated archways, and busy sounds were issuing from its precincts in every direction; grooms were busy with their master's steeds, preparing them for the road, and the sounds of boisterous laughter sickened me as I gazed on the unwished for change.

I turned away with a disappointed feeling, to find that the solitude of the scene was broken, and a new impetus was given to my determination to leave my home and my country forever. I turned to the river's side, and walked towards the village.

And I should look upon these peaceful though unblest scenes no more! Could it be, that for this a sigh came from my heaving breast? Was it possible that man could regret what he never loved. It was indeed so—there is a link that binds even the most miserable to his native land—aye, though his heart may never have felt the vibration of one pleasant or happy string. With such feelings was my breast filled and I felt less wretched, even in my sadness, than I had done for years, as I sat down on the river's brink, to muse over these newly awakened feelings. Presently, the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and two steeds appeared rushing forwards with a wild and furious rapidity. One already had lost its rider, and a lady, clinging to the mane of the other, seemed as if she would be dashed among the shelving rocks at every bound. On, however, they came—horse and rider borne irresistibly onwards—there was naught to check the fury of their heedless career. Terror was written on the beautiful countenance of the rider, and only mechanically she clung to the saddle—for all consciousness seemed to have deserted her. A moment had scarcely passed and the steeds neared the water's edge, and startled at its appearance, the one on which the lady rode, made a sudden pause, and his rider was flung far over his head, into the deep, deep pool. The whole scene had been enacted with a rapidity so dreadful, that I could only gaze in stupid wonder, to see the empire of silence disturbed by an event so new, and I was aroused from my

stupor, only by the death-like shriek of the lady, as she sunk into the opening waters.

I know not werefore it was that I, who had "no sympathy with breathing flesh"—who was wont to luxuriate in thoughts of human woe—should have obeyed the spur of a generous impulse. But so it was—a moment after I dashed the wave aside, and my arm circled the form of the sinking maiden. To me the water was as a native element, and I bore her to the beach, as easily and with as much care as a mother nurses her sleeping child. But even then, it seemed as if the effort had been made too late. Breathless and insensible, no sign of animation chased from the fair countenance on which I gazed, with an admiration intense and painful, its death-like pallor. Beautiful being! while looking upon thy prostrate form, my soul drank in its first thought of human purity. He had been indeed a demon, who could have looked at thee and thought of sin! Be still, my heart! my hour is not yet come—I would be calm a while, to think over, with unmaddened brain, the thrilling feelings which that form awoke.

Unskilled in the ways of woman, I knew not what would win the struggling spirit back to its beautiful tenement. I shrieked for aid, but there was none near; and I received for answer only the echoes of my own wild cry. Distractedly I raised her inanimate form from the earth, and wrapping her dripping garments around her, as if endowed with superhuman strength, I rushed towards the village, nor rested till my lovely burthen was laid on a lowly bed in the cottage of my aged guardian—her, whom an hour before, I had determined to leave for ever, without a word of kindness or farewell. I besought her, with an eagerness at which she laughed, to save the life of the fragile creature at whose side I knelt. She obeyed my will, and I watched with a throbbing heart, till success began to crown her efforts; and I could have blest her when I saw returning life colour the pallid cheek of the stranger maiden.

As consciousness became stronger, her eye wandered over the unfamiliar objects that lay scattered around her, until it met the gaze that mine fixed on her, when a gleam of recollection seemed to pierce the clouds that overcast her memory, and she cried, in a voice whose tremor spoke her heart's anxiety,

"Albert, my brother! where, oh! where is he?"

For the first time, a thought of the unmastered steed crossed my memory, and exclaiming: "I will seek him," I darted from the cottage, along the line by which I had seen their heedless advance.

My search was not long in vain; I had not proceeded far, when I met a youth, covered with blood and mire, dragging himself along the rugged path. He seemed toil-worn and wearied, and with difficulty staggered onwards; but there was air about him which shewed that he was no villager, and I at