

of the Ufledal—that her long hair had swept the ground, while she lay as one dead in his arms—but supposing from some cause she had fainted, he did not, as he had a long and weary way to traverse, turn from the path to follow them.

With agony unutterable the afflicted father listened to this statement, and then, accompanied by some friends, he followed the peasant to the place where he had seen and recognised Uzendal. It was a sequestered spot on the banks of the rushing Ufledal, which the pastor had often frequented with his lost darling—for it had been one of her most favourite haunts. How his heart swelled as he looked round on every familiar object, so fondly associated with her,—but it became icy cold, chilled as with the touch of death, when, lying on the turf, he spied a ribbon that had bound the soft tresses of his beloved one—he raised it with a trembling hand—he gazed upon it with a fixed and glassy eye—for it was stained with blood! Those fearful words, uttered by the desperate Uzendal, and which since had so haunted his memory, seemed again to ring upon his ears—“the pangs of slighted love are terrible instigators to revenge!” “Aye, and he has quaffed the cup,” murmured the heart-stricken father; “and my child—my murdered child!”—it was a thought of overwhelming horror, nature could not support it, and sinking down in a death-like swoon, the venerable pastor was borne insensible to his desolate home.

On the morning of Eurota's disappearance, she had stolen, before the first faint streak of light, from her sleepless couch, and with the restlessness of an unquiet mind, wandered mechanically forth, straying she knew not, thought not, whither, till her step paused in the leafy dell, where she had so often met with Rodolph, and where she had first heard the dear avowal of his love. The incipient delirium of her mind, was on the point of breaking forth into decided insanity, for the deep and various emotions which had recently agitated it, had ripened prematurely the germs of that fearful malady which she inherited from her mother. The unwearying tenderness and care, which from infancy had sedulously sought to avert from her all causes of excitement, and to surround her with objects of gentleness and joy, had alone prevented its fatal symptoms from appearing sooner. But in this her soul's first deep and sore trial, she seemed conscious of her insidious foe's approach, and though she struggled for calmness, and prayed that reason might be spared her, yet in the midst of her struggles and her prayers, strange phantoms and fearful thoughts thronged in wild confusion through her brain.

It was with the feeling that she could flee from these haunting demons, that on this morning she had strayed away from her home, to wander among the scenes she loved; but even there they pursued her. It seemed to her that mocking sounds were in

the air, strange faces looked down upon her from the gorgeous clouds that followed the course of the rising sun, and busy hands beckoned to her from beneath the glassy waves, as they hurried on their course. She sat down on the root of an old tree that overhung the river, her disease each moment gaining strength, and idly plucking the violets which gemmed the turf, she cast them one by one upon the waves, laughing with wild glee when they floated safely on, but weeping with childish sorrow if perchance a treacherous eddy drew them beneath the surface, or some projecting object impeded their onward progress. Longer she might have remained, wiling away the morning with her delirious fancies, but suddenly a footstep sounded beside her—a voice softly pronounced her name, and Rodolph Uzendal knelt at her feet. He threw his arms passionately around her, but she struggled from them, and with a wild shriek arose and fled. Indignant and astonished, he forebore to follow her, till her foot striking against a pebble, she fell. In an instant he was by her side, and raising her in his arms, he bore her back to the spot where he had first surprised her. There was blood upon her temple, for in her fall she had slightly scratched it, and in alarm Rodolph tore the ribbon from her hair to staunch the wound. The delicate skin was scarcely raised, but a few crimson drops issued from it to dye the ribbon of a fearful hue, when it was thrown upon the turf, and there left forgotten, to give its fatal testimony against the banished Uzendal—false, as the circumstantial evidence that has doomed many an innocent head to an untimely grave.

She lay passive on his arm, while he smoothed back her clustering hair, and washed the stain from her forehead, in the river that flowed past their feet. When he had done, he would have drawn her gently to his bosom, but she resisted his purpose, and raising her head, gazed with an earnest, yet vacant eye, upon his face, uttering, in a whisper, “I am not mad—do not believe them if they tell you so—should I know you if I were? and are you not the spirit of Saxenstein?”—This was a young man who had hopelessly loved her, and who had perished a year before in his passage through the Giel. “You have come to show me the wonders of the Giel,” she continued in the same mysterious tone—“let us away then, and we will dive into its whirlpools together,” and casting her arms around him, she broke forth into the wild and thrilling laugh of insanity.

“Oh, my lost Eurota,” burst with passionate grief from the lips of Rodolph, to whom the mystery of her demeanour was now fearfully explained, and as the terrible conviction of her insanity forced itself upon him, the strong, proud man, was subdued to the weakness of a child, and, laying his head in her lap, he wept such tears as had never before flowed from those haughty eyes. She bent over him tenderly, as a mother above her sleeping infant, and