

O'er my spirit thou hast cast
 A magic spell, too sweet to last,
 A pleasing strife of hopes and fears,
 Of passing smiles and gushing tears,
 Pain by rapture chased away,
 Thoughts too full of joy to stay.

When yon moon whose pensive beam,
 Gilds with light the grove and stream,
 And yon starry hosts of night,
 Wandering through the azure height,
 To dust and death their glories bow,
 Then will I forget thy vow !

"You must do more, Eleonora," exclaimed the royal minstrel ; "you must make it reciprocal."

"Do not question me too closely, noble Dahl—my heart flutters—my brain is strangely bewildered—come to me tomorrow, I dare not answer you tonight."

"Tomorrow, fair star of Brandenburg, will be too late—this night alone is mine. One word from those sweet lips will decide my fate."

"The moon is still high in the heavens, the night is not far spent," replied the princess ; "Return to this spot two hours hence, and I will give you a positive answer."

"And why not now ?"

"I have no power over destiny."

"What says your own heart ?"

That has decided long ago—but I must not, dare not trust to its decision."

"Abide by that decision, dearest Eleonora, nor apply the cold worldly maxims of prudence, to check the generous feelings of the heart."

"Farewell ?" returned the princess, disregarding his passionate appeal ; "two hours hence, meet me by the fountain which terminates the cypress walk to the left of the lawn. That interview will determine our future destiny."

She waved her hand, and vanished from his sight, leaving the king rooted like a statue to the spot, till his reveries were disturbed by the voice of the page.

"Now, if ambition does not conquer love, your majesty stands some chance of obtaining a wife ; an event which a few hours ago, I well nigh despaired of. How, sire, shall you contrive to exist during the ensuing hours ?"

"The ensuing years, you mean," returned the king impatiently ; and quitting the spot, he retraced his steps to his own apartment. He flung himself upon a couch and tried to compose himself to sleep, but a fever was in his blood, and he could not remain in one settled position for a moment ; now pacing the room with rapid steps, or standing with folded arms, gazing intently on the heavens.

The page, who was carefully examining his master's countenance, (and who moreover possessed all

the sagacity requisite for a young gentleman in his situation,) ran over on a small guitar, the notes of a favourite little air, which in gayer moments had often won from the king a smile of approbation, and, perceiving him turn his head, he grew bolder, and changing suddenly the tune, sang the following ditty, which ready wit supplied on the spur of the moment—

Love laughing to ambition said,

"Resign thy laurel crown to me ;"

The mighty conqueror shook his head,

"My bride is Immortality !"

With that the urchin drew his bow,

And smiling, fixed his keenest dart ;

So true the aim, so sure the blow,

He struck the tyrant to the heart.

The laurel wreath is all unbound,

The banner in the dust lies furled ;

The trumpet spreads no terrors round—

What now to him is all the world.

"Thou art a perfect adept, Eric, in reading the thoughts of others," said the king ; "where did you gain your knowledge of the human heart ?"

"It came naturally to me from the first moment I commenced page. Your majesty has a tell-tale face, and your eyes betray secrets, though your tongue is silent—I am no conjurer myself, but I know a potent one, that holds his nightly levee not far from this spot."

"Ha !" said the king, coming forward ; "what does the sage pretend to teach ?"

"The destinies of others," returned the sagacious boy ; "he deals in signs and wonders, and keeps several tame devils for the amusement and instruction of his customers. There is not a secret in the city of Brandenburg, but duly passes through his hands. He would dispute the palm of honour with the celebrated Tycho Brake, and if your majesty wishes the two ensuing hours to pass away more expeditiously, suppose you don your cloak, and hear what the stars in their golden sources have ordained for you."

"An excellent plan," said the king, who greatly enjoyed the proposal ; "I will reward thee for that thought one of these days, my gentle Eric."

The page was quite alert in making the necessary preparations for their nocturnal visit ; and passing through the garden, they challenged the sentinel at the low postern door that led into the street, who perceiving Gustavus to be a cavalier of note, instantly gave them free egress.

Though Eric had been only a few days in the city, he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of every street and winding alley, till suddenly turning down a broad avenue of trees, which led towards