

ing her forth to the dance, he chilled her whole frame with the freezing touch which, even through his gauntlet seemed to pierce her very heart. She was forced to summon all her strength to support herself during the dance, and was painfully impatient for its conclusion. At length the desired moment arrived, and her partner conducted her back to her seat, bowing courteously, and thanking her. But at that instant she felt even more acutely the icy coldness of his hand, while his glowing, penetrating eye, through his visor, seemed to burn for a moment into her very soul. As he turned to leave, a convulsive pang rent her heart, and, with a shriek, she sank, lifeless on the floor. Instant and universal was the alarm; all rushed to the scene of the calamity; and in the confusion of the moment the stranger knight vanished.

Inexpressible was the grief of all. In the bloom of beauty and rich fulness of youth lay the bride, cold and inanimate, a stark and senseless corpse. Every conceivable appliance was tried to recall departed life; but departed it had for ever, and all attempts were vain; and when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that not the smallest hope remained, the guests in silence left the house of mourning, and the inhabitants of the castle were left alone with their sorrow.

Three days had now passed away. The corpse of Rosowina rested in the vault of the castle chapel, and the mourners, after paying the last honors to the dead, had again departed. Otto, left alone at Eberstein, refused all human consolation. The first stupefaction of sorrow had now given place to a clamorous and boundless despair. He cursed the day of his nativity, and in his wild desperation cried aloud that he would readily sacrifice the salvation of his soul, and renounce his claim on eternal happiness, were it only granted him to spend the rest of life at Rosowina's side.

Before the door of the vault in which the young countess slept the wakeless sleep, Gisbrecht kept watch and ward. Gisbrecht was an old man-at-arms of the house of Eberstein, which he had served faithfully for more than forty years. He was a warrior from his youth, and had stood loyally at the side of his master, and of his master's father and grandfather, in many a bloody conflict; fear, except the fear of

God, which he diligently cultivated, was a stranger to his soul. With slow and measured tread he paced up and down at his station, meditating on the sudden death of the young and beautiful countess, and thence passing in thought to the instability and nothingness of all human things. Often had his glance fallen on the entrance to the vault; but now—what was that? Scarcely did he trust his eyes; yet it was so. The gate opened, and a white-robed figure came forth from the depths of the sepulchre. For a while, Gisbrecht stood motionless, with bated breath, but fearless, while the apparition approached him. But when he gazed nearer on the pale, ashy countenance, and recognized beyond a doubt the features of Rosowina, the horrors of the spirit-world came upon him; and, impelled by an unutterable terror, he rushed up the steps, and along the corridor which led to his lord's chamber, unheeding the call of the white figure, which followed close upon his track.

Count Otto, in his despair, was turning himself from side to side upon his bed, when he heard a heavy knock upon the door; and, as he rose and opened it, there stood old Gisbrecht, pale, trembling, with distorted features, and scarcely able to stammer out from his trembling lips:

"O my lord count! the Lady of Waldensfels—"

"Art mad, Gisbrecht?" cried the count, astonished at the manner and words of the old man.

"Pardon me, lord count," continued Gisbrecht stammering; "I meant to say the young departed countess—"

"O Rosowina!" exclaimed the count, with an involuntary sigh.

"Here she is—thy Rosowina!" cried a pallid female form, which, with these words, precipitated herself into the count's embrace.

The count knew not what to think. He was overpowered with astonishment. Was it a dream? was it an apparition? or was it Rosowina indeed? Yes, it was indeed she. It was her silver voice. Her heart beat, her lips breathed, the mild and angelic features were there. It was Rosowina indeed, whom, wrapt in the ceremonies of the grave, he held in his embrace.

On the morrow, the wondrous tale was everywhere told in the castle and the neighborhood. The Countess Rosowina had not died; she had only been in a