

plauded at masque and festival, and which was well known to both ladies.

The lady left her lofty tower,
To meet her love returning ;
The moon shone bright on the forest bower,
And the stars in heaven were burning—
She looked to hill, she looked to vale,
She looked on stream and tree—
The roses on her cheek waxed pale,
And her tears fell silently.

Has victory smiled on thy sable crest ?
Or art thou coldly lying,
With many a wound on thy noble breast,
Amongst the dead and dying ?—
Or has the trumpet in thine ear,
A tale of triumph told,
Of deathless deeds recorded there,
By knight and warrior bold ?

She starts—then hurries o'er the plain,
An armed band to meet ;
The foremost of that martial train,
Kneels lowly at her feet—
Her tears are dried—her grief has fled,—
Her eye with joy beams bright ;
Well and gallantly hast thou sped—
Welcome, my own true knight !

"I should know that voice," whispered the princess to her companion. "Good heavens ! it is my brother. Should he discover us, we are lost !"

Then hastily drawing down her veil, she wrapped the heavy cloak in which she was enveloped, carefully round her. The prince was now within a few paces, and he stopped for a moment before them, repeating, as he did so, the last line of the stanzas :

"Welcome, my own true knight !"

Eleonora's heart beat violently, and she trembled from head to foot, as the prince exclaimed in a gay tone :

"Fair and softly, pretty damsels ; what do you bither under the gentle brow of night ?"

Both ladies made an effort to pass the unwelcome interrogator in silence ; but in the attempt the wind suddenly blew back the veil that shaded the princess' face, and the moon shone full on her countenance, which was instantly recognized by her brother.

"Eleonora !" he cried in a tone of surprise and alarm ; "Eleonora and the Countess Aurora, abroad at this unseasonable hour, and unattended by squire or page. What am I to infer from a fact so extraordinary ?"

"George, I beseech you, look not so sternly on me," said the princess, weeping afresh ; "forgive the fatal curiosity which tempted me to seek through the shades of night, old Herman's Tower."

"Umph !" said the prince, "I suppose I am to

guess the rest. We have both been engaged in the same wise errand, and I doubt not return equally satisfied. But, madam, are not you aware that these nightly excursions are prejudicial to the character of a high born female, and attended with danger ? But dry these tears, Eleonora," he continued, kissing the bright drops from her pale cheek ; "I will not betray you to your father. But what said the astrologer—did he promise you lady-bird a husband ?"

"I know not what he said, George. I believe him to be an impostor," returned the princess pettishly.

"Then I may conclude he gave you no very favourable specimen of his art. My lady Aurora, what did the magician in his wisdom devise for you ?"

"I did not put his skill in requisition, your grace ; I fear the stars will not smile so graciously on a poor maiden like me, or shower down such golden favours as they did for her highness."

"In what shape ?"

"That which your highness most covets—a crown."

"How," cried the prince, turning to the agitated Eleonora, "did you consider this promise vain and unsatisfactory. Or did your ambition aspire to the imperial purple, when you looked coldly on such an offer ? By my faith as a true knight, he refused me even now the glorious vision which you view with such indifference."

"Alas ! my brother," said Eleonora, looking earnestly in his face—"is our happiness solely derived from the garb we wear, and the rank we hold in the eye of the world. Is it not rather an union between kindred hearts, and minds formed to sympathize and understand each other. What pleasure could a crown bestow without these blissful ties ?"

"You speak in riddles tonight, Eleonora. A few days have strangely altered your ideas on this subject. Are you aware of the contents of the dispatches which arrived last night from Stockholm ?"

"Too well."

"Is it a matter of indifference, Eleonora ?" cried the astonished prince. "Does not your heart rejoice in these important tidings ?"

"Such would once have been the case."

"You rave, Eleonora ! Has it not been the wish of years, the fondly cherished hope of your enthusiastic bosom. Tell me, Eleonora, and tell me truly, what malignant fiend has cast its gloomy influence over the bright star of your destiny ?"

The princess cast her eyes to the ground. A thousand opposite feelings were struggling in her breast. Ambition and love alternately predominated—the latter at length triumphed ; and in a faltering voice, she replied :

"You have demanded the truth, George, and however painful the avowal may be, I will not shrink from declaring it. The brave and heroic King of Sweden has deemed me worthy to share his crown,