

ly. Besides, they believe that I am devotedly attached to your cousin's person; and they all know how common it is for the most experienced hunters to lose their lives among the gloomy passes of these mountains. Be firm, and neither betray by look or gesture your guilt, and you are safe.'

"And who is to do this deed?"

"Leave that to me. When we come to the foot of the pass, lag you behind as if fatigued. I know that he will spring a-head to show off his superior skill and courage. Wait until he attains the narrowest part of the dangerous path; then slowly raise your hand, and that signal shall rid you of your enemy and set you free."

"Christian! I exclaimed; 'how shall I repay you for this great service?"

"Wait until it is done," said he, drily; 'and now, good night. You must not be missed, or it will awaken after suspicions. Be firm, and all will do well.'

"I glided along in the deep shadow of the wall until I regained unobserved my own apartment. When there, I re-lighted my lamp and sat down and sternly contemplated the proposed murder. It appeared to involve so little risk, either to my person or character, that I yielded myself up to the perpetration of it, without remorse. Even, should I be brought to trial upon suspicion, the Count must prove me sane, and discover his own criminal proceedings against me before he could make me guilty. Satisfied with this conviction, I threw myself into bed and fell fast asleep."

"The next morning I was early in the court yard, inspecting the training of a very spirited horse. I had not been long there when I was joined by Count P—. 'A beautiful animal that,' he said; 'but I must confess he is by far too spirited for me. I love a generous animal, but these wild devils are often tricky and treacherous. It would require some nerve to manage that beast.'

"He wants a mad rider," said I, springing lightly upon his back. 'See how easily he obeys a master spirit.'

"I rode him several times round the enclosure at full speed, greatly to the admiration of the Count."

"You are a glorious rider," he cried; 'where did you learn the art of horsemanship?"

"Among the hills. But the grand secret is never to let the animal suspect that you fear him. This is the way that man rules over man. With the lower order of beings this power renders him absolute."

"The Count regarded me with a glance of peculiar interest, and when I sprang from the horse and returned him to the groom, he placed

his arm within mine, and drew me towards the gardens."

"Fredwald Christenstien," he said, in a low voice, 'I have conceived a strong friendship for you. I believe that you are an injured man. Is there any way in which I can serve you?"

"Alas! no, my lord," I said, greatly moved by this unexpected kindness. "I am not yet of age to plead my own cause, and vindicate my own rights; and any interference from another quarter might, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed, endanger my life."

"My father has great influence with the king," he said. "Could you draw up a memorial of your wrongs, he would present it himself to our good monarch, and see you righted. Think over this at your leisure, and write to me freely upon the subject. I shall be glad to hear from you, even if I should fail in my attempts to serve you."

"Ah! had I listened to the advice of this admirable young man, instead of obeying the dictates of my own evil passions, how much misery and crime would it have spared me. You see how God, in this instance, stretched forth his hand to save me from ruin, and provided a remedy for all my past sorrows, had I accepted his gracious offer. I never recall this part of my history without the deepest self-reproach—the most poignant grief—and wish that I had begged my bread through the world rather than have outraged the voice of conscience: and the direct command of the Almighty. The sacrifice of my cousin, besides gratifying my revenge, appeared the shortest way to obtain redress for my injuries; and, whilst I thanked the young nobleman, with tears in my eyes, for his generous interference in my behalf, I determined to take my own way; and be my own avenger." — \* \* \*

"Hark! what was that?" said Burwood, placing his hand to his ear, and listening intently. "I thought I heard a deep sigh, proceeding from the gloom yonder."

"It was Storer, groaning in his sleep," returned Tasker, refilling his glass. "Perhaps it was my good angel, benumbing himself over my fall. You are a foolish fellow, Lawrence, to start at the sound of the wind, and tremble at your own shadow."

"Well, Captain, all men are not alike. I am not afraid of my own shadow. No, no; I am not such a fool as that. But if there are such things as ghosts, this is the proper hour and place to see them."

"Evil spirits there are in plenty," returned Tasker, "as these casks can testify. What uncommitted crimes; what horrid blasphemies; what selfish, diabolical cruelty, is treasured up in those caskets of iniquity! Men will one day