

this be true! but lead me to her, that I may once more look upon her ere she sink beneath the touch of death!"

Trembling with dread of the anger of the young noble, the woman led the way to the chamber of Isabella. The raging of delirium was for a few moments calmed in an uneasy slumber. She lay with one small hand beneath her burning cheek, deep flushed with crimson hue, the other, white as the snow of winter, lay on the coarse clean covering of the bed; her eyes half closed, her lips were slightly parted, while her heavy labored breathing, bespoke how much of suffering she endured. Gustavus gazed upon her and felt this was his own work.

"She will die!" he said, in the calm tones of despair, "yes; she will die, and be lost to me forever! would to heaven that my own life might be made a sacrifice for hers! Yes, angel girl, I—who have brought thee to the gates of death, to whom thou owest all thy sufferings, would submit to the torture, and suffer the most bitter pangs which ruthless cruelty could inflict, might I but save thy precious life! Isabella, idol of my soul, how little knowest thou my bitter misery! But in vain do I lament that thou hearest not the voice of my woe; thy ear is deaf to my lamentation! thy pure spirit, in all its native innocence, will go home to its eternal rest, unconscious that he who loved thee to madness, and to whom thou thoughtest thou owed a debt of gratitude, which in truth was deepest hate, was thy murderer! Thy venerable father will know not the fate of his darling; thy tender mother will mourn and watch in vain for the child of her dearest love; thy brothers will repine at thy long tarrying, and seek to no avail, while thou, in all thy youthful loveliness, art mouldering in thy grave, far, far from the proud cemetery of thy illustrious ancestors. One lonely mourner will seek the hallowed spot; one eye shall weep thy early doom, until heart-rending misery shall wring out the last sad drop of existence, and he also shall cease to be. Francis, my once cherished, my much injured friend! how wouldst thou curse me didst thou know the fearful truth! Say, was thy love for this fair being ardent as was mine? Why do I ask? Who could behold her, and not yield to her his heart? Oh! what must be the anguish of him who loved her, who learned to think her all his own, and then behold her snatched from him, while he knew not the hand that did the hateful deed—and he was left to mourn her loss through long, long weary years, and then go mourning to an early grave, still ignorant of thy destiny!"

Gustavus touched lightly the flushed and fever-

ish brow, and then sank down in all the bitterness of hopeless grief. This was an event on which he had calculated not. If Isabella was once in his power, he hoped by the tenderness of his manner towards her, to gain her esteem, while his deep devotion would awake her pity and inspire at last a softer sentiment. Thoughts of death, even of illness, had not mingled in his plans. For a moment he covered his face with his hands to shut out the sad spectacle before him, while tears burst forth from the eyes, which all who knew him thought too proud to weep, and deep mental agony shook his form with convulsive emotion.

But the wild agony was past, and now he gazed in calm despair upon that beautiful wreck, and clasping his hands together, until the red blood seemed starting from his compressed fingers, he exclaimed, "And must, must that lovely being die! Must she be laid in the grave amid this lonely wild, with none but him who has robbed her of existence to weep her early doom? Aye, must she die, and her friends in their noble home, long mourn and look for her in vain! Must, must the worm feed on that lovely cheek, and revel amid the lustre of that brilliant eye! must her lamp of life go out, and that too when but just opening into her youthful existence! Yes so it is, and I who loved her, so dearly, so desperately, her murderer! Wretch, guilty wretch, to crush thus early that lovely flower! Can heaven forgive such guilt? No; already is its wrath descending on me! I see it in this angelic form, laid prostrate by my ruthless hand, I feel it in this weight of misery, which rends my guilty heart. But would that I alone might feel its power! that that sweet child of innocence might escape the devastating rod! then might I bow in meek submission to the hand of Almighty vengeance! but oh! the agony—to see my lovely victim thus suffer the effects of my crime! Oh might her life be purchased by the sacrifice of mine, most gladly would I for her yield up this hapless life! But it may not be; and in the sufferings of her I so fondly love must I receive the punishment of my guilt!"

Days passed by, and Gustavus de Lindendorf still lingered beside that bed of suffering, and watched over his hapless victim with the tenderest care, while she, alas! unconscious of his deep sorrow, and deep solicitude, seemed fast hastening to her early doom. Daily did he hear her invoke the aid of her venerable and warlike father, to save her from the ruthless hands of her ruffian captors; he heard her solicit the kindly care of a mother's hand, to soothe her when racked by