

his page, and walked on with assumed serenity towards a group of ladies, whom he saw assembled at a tea-table. In a turn of the walk he encountered the merry princess Alwina, with one of her kinswomen on her arm. After the first salutations had passed, she said to him, softly and quickly, "We have a piece of pastime in hand, in which you must assist us, Count Wildeck. That the Haldenbachs have a very strange family surname, we have long known; but Rosaura could never be prevailed upon to tell us what it was,—nay, she always seemed vexed and embarrassed when the question was put to her: and this has increased our curiosity. But, my brother, yesterday, ascertained, by private listening, that they call Colonel Haldenbach—when his full name is mentioned—Death-brand. Now, therefore, I beg you will bring into your conversation as many 'death-brands', or, again, as many 'deaths' and 'brands' separately, as you possibly can; we will do the same; and Rosaura must know nothing of our plan."

Julius bowed assent with a smile, and the ladies disappeared, in order to approach by another way, so that their jesting bargain with the Count might not be suspected. He found Rosaura very pale and serious; and she greeted him with indescribably moving grace—turning her large, dark eyes towards him, from under her long, shaded eye-lashes, and again casting them down to the ground with a deep sigh—that he almost repented of the part he had agreed to take in the princess's sport. He knew, too, how little Rosaura was accustomed to hear such jesting as this; and the thought of wounding the heart of this pale, sorrowing beauty, went to his very soul. But the impossibility of addressing one private word to her, or of receiving any explanation from her, in this circle of strangers, and in the presence of so many inquisitive and almost childish faces, roused his vexation afresh: and he began the jest by asking Rosaura whether it would not prove the death of her beauty if she allowed so fair a countenance to be exposed to the brand (or burning) of the evening sun. Rosaura evidently connected the two fearful syllables, and looked anxiously around. Then the princess Alwina stepped up with her companions, seated herself opposite to Rosaura, and taking up the Count's sentence, proceeded: "And, after all, is there not here a 'death-brand' among us?"

Julius rejoined in the same style; the others followed; and, as Alwina had planned, "death" and "brand" flew backwards and forwards so plentifully, in their laughing talk, that even those who were strangers to the secret found themselves involuntarily recurring to these two syllables; and "death-brand," and "brand" and "death," and "death" and "brand" and "death," rang like a multiplied echo through their jesting conversation. Alwina could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud.

But Rosaura became paler and paler; and suddenly rising, she said, in a very serious tone, "Count Wildeck, two words with you."

Hereupon, she stepped slowly down a linden avenue. The whole circle were speechless with astonishment; and Julius, half-shuddering, walked after her.

Rosaura remained silent for a little. At last she said, "You have truly accomplished a great feat, sir count, when you talked out of my unhappy uncle the fearful surname of our race, in order, it seems, to furnish a little novelty, and to idle away the time at your liking with these agreeable companions. I thank you, Count Wildeck,—truly, I thank you; for, in some respects, I shall pursue my morning's journey with much more satisfaction; and then, I have, by this proof of your candour, considerably enlarged, or rather confirmed, my knowledge of men's character. You were in the right, last night, sure enough. You were as candid with me, as, I doubt not, you have always been."

The reproaches of his beloved had, at first, so melted the heart of the youth, that he silently walked beside her, with humble, downcast look; but the charge of falsehood raised at once his indignant spirit.

"On my honour, lady," said he firmly, "what I said to you yesternight was the pure truth. I have never heard your uncle utter a single syllable which acquainted me with the surname of your family. It was told me for the first time within the last quarter of an hour."

At the recollection of the fearful name, Julius shuddered and stopped.

Rosaura at the first words of his answer, had lowered her angry look before the bright knightly eye of the youth; and she now replied, with soft voice, "I am grieved to have judged you wrongly, Count Wildeck. It would have been doing you an injury, and therefore—O heavens! I speak distractedly;—but really,—therefore,—if you are indeed devoted to me, go not to my uncle, to castle Finsterborn to-morrow—or rather, go not there at all. "Your hand upon it, Julius."

She held out to him her fair right hand. For the first time she had called him Julius; her voice was so touching—so lovingly tender.

"O gracious Heaven!" said the youth softly, and touching the hand of his longed-for angel, "I will indeed do whatever you desire. But permit me one small request: may I pay you one visit during your absence, dear Rosaura?"

"Dear Rosaura!" replied the lady of Haldenbach loftily, while she drew back her hand,— "Dear Rosaura! truly, there is nothing in the world so bold as a young fashionable of our day! And the very little, little request! Pay your visits where you will, Sir Count—only not to me."

And with anger-glowing cheeks she turned herself away, and hastened back to her companions.

Julius followed her, and whispered softly, "Only one more word. Shall I go to Finsterborn?"

"On my account,"—said Rosaura to herself;—and it seemed to the Count as if she spoke it seriously—"On my account to death!"

"Willingly, from my heart," replied he, touched in the very depth of his spirit; and resolved now to give up all else in the world for the mysterious hunt of the Colonel Haldenbach, surnamed Death-brand.

Gloomy, and out of tune, the company dispersed; and Julius received no farewell from his beloved. But as her open carriage, already far before the slow, dejected rider, wound round a bending of the road, it seemed to him as if she waved her handkerchief towards him as an adieu, and at the same time hid her weeping face in her snow-white veil.

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

DAY-DREAM ISLAND.

BY DOUGLAS FERROLD.

A thousand, yea, a thousand isles,
Bedeck'd the sparkling seas;
Endear'd by her 's sweetest smiles,
And hear'n's 's blamiest breeze.
Fair places, fresh as with the bloom
Of Eden's fragrant bow'rs—
Ere sorrow's tears, or passion's gloom,
Defil'd the laughing Hours.
Ah, yes! not yet hath vanish'd hence,
That grace of blessed price,
That gives to human innocence,
A human paradise!
And not amidst these lovely fanes,
Still sanctified below,
From sordid hopes, and selfish pains,
Man's vanity and woe,
Can aught more beautiful be known,
Than that delicious spot,
Where dwell—a king on nature's throne—
A Fay of happy lot.
A very king, that Fairy wight,
Amidst a courtly throng
Of creatures, lovely to the sight,
And singing Truth's own song.
Ten thousand trees his courtiers were,
With fruits, aye, lowly bent;
And birds, that thro' the spley air
Their unbought music sent.
And myriad flow'rs of brightest dyes,
Endow'd with ev'ry sweet,
Did turn on him, their laughing eyes,
And kiss his straying feet.
The kid, the squirrel, and the roe,
The parrot, Jay, and dove,
Did leap and scream, and murmur low,
Their unaffected love.
'Twas thus that pigmy Elf was king,
And thus, by noblest right,
He fealty had of ev'ry thing,
By love's supremest might.

(To be continued in our next.)