

guide, and the fitful girl, for whose life and safety, in that terrific place, he constantly trembled. But there were strong motives to prompt him to perseverance, and having persuaded Eurota to ride one of the horses, while he mounted the other, he again pressed forward, and shortly after, following the guide, they turned a little to the right, and entered the Giel itself, over a bridge formed of the trunks of trees, overlaid with birch bark, turf and gravel. But it seemed so frail a support that it trembled beneath their tread, and with the motion, the turf and gravel continually rattled through its crevices, and fell into the deep abyss over which it hung. Rodolph trembled for her he loved, and soon resigning his horse to their guide, he walked beside her, holding her rein, and carefully guarding her from too near an approach to the edge of the precipice. But shortly the road became so exceedingly narrow, that the little pony was compelled to traverse its way alone, and Uzendal actually turned pale as he watched the sagacious and docile animal bearing his precious burden along the dizzy height, from whence one false step would have hurled them both to destruction, and where the foot-hold seemed scarcely broad enough for the smallest child to walk in.

Yet still as they advanced, the terrors of the way increased. Sometimes huge masses of snow lay across their path, that had been dashed down from the higher precipices, and over which they were obliged to pass with the utmost caution, lest the slippery heap should slide off into the dark abyss, and bear them with it to a fearful death. Again, their progress would be impeded by a wall of solid ice, which threatened to forbid further advance, and would in fact have done so, had not their guide, with his axe, cut notches in the frozen barrier, by which they were enabled to surmount it. In short their whole progress through the Giel was one series of horrors,—overhanging precipices, that seemed ready to fall down and crush them, and hundreds of fathoms beneath their feet, a terrible abyss, on the very verge of which they were compelled to walk, and into which one unguarded step, or one moment of giddiness would have plunged them headlong.

Who can picture the mental sufferings of Rodolph Uzendal, as he watched the progress of her he loved through this tremendous pass? To himself, they seemed punishment sufficient for all the crimes and errors of his past eventful life—and never, could he have imagined half the dangers of the way, would he have periled his own life, and far less that of Eurota, by adventuring thus madly to defy its terrors. But she—how gaily she passed onward—her fair hair unbound, floating on the wind, her cheek glowing with excitement, and her rich voice ringing out like a sweet chime of silver bells, among the clear elastic air of the mountains. Not a sensation of fear chilled her heart, not a thought of danger restrained the airy grace of her motions; but alive

only to the presence of her lover, the very spirit of happiness seemed to animate her. She called often upon his name, and though her eye flashed with unnatural light, it softened when it encountered his, and beamed upon him with such tender joy that his heart thrilled beneath the look, and he felt it happiness far more than he deserved, to be recognised by her even amid the wildness of delirium—to know that when every other attachment was unheeded, every familiar object forgotten in the chaos of her mind, she still clung to him with a constancy and fervour, which not even the absence of reason could abate.

She was generally manageable, and tolerably calm, but occasionally when her spirits soared beyond the ordinary bounds of gaiety, she terrified her lover by the risks she dared. Once in particular, when they stood upon the most perilous spot, perhaps, that they had yet attained, so perilous, that Rodolph involuntarily paused, as though it were an act of desperation to proceed, Eurota, with a wild laugh, turned her horse's head towards the brow of the precipice, as if it were her purpose to leap into the yawning chasm below. With an exclamation of agony, Rodolph grasped the rein, and drew him back, then with an imploring look and voice, entreated her not again to terrify him by such presumption.

"What fearest thou?" she asked soothingly—"that it would harm me to leap over this rocky barrier? I, who can outstrip the wild bird in its flight?—aye, though thou believest it not"—and with a voice so clear and powerful that its lowest notes were heard above the roar of the torrents that shook the solid mountain on which they stood, she burst forth into one of her wild and thrilling songs—

I soar where the wing of the young eagle droops,
Far, far o'er proud Gulbrandsdal's breast,
I rest not my foot on the pinnacle high
Of Galetin's pine covered crest,—

But upwards I spring on the clear viewless air,
To meet the first ray of the sun,
And I follow his track through yon regions of
light,
Till the race of his coursers is done!

Then I rove with the stars thro' the bright fields of
space,
Or sport with the moon in her sphere,—
I traverse the ocean, I ride on its foam,
And ere morn, I am back again here!

For I love to look down in the foaming abyss,
From the mountain cliff hanging above,
I fear not the Giel!—its sounds are all sweet,
They speak to my fond heart of love!