

your personal appearance this morning. Your shield was wont to do well enough for that purpose, and it took me just five minutes buckling on your armour before the battle of Sturm—so impatient were you for the fight, you would not suffer the enemy to wait half the time you have expended in attiring yourself to wait upon your bride. Well, heaven defend me from falling in love!"

"Thou art a silly boy, Eric," replied the king; "and know not the happiness you wish to be denied. Now, on the faith of a soldier! I have found more pleasure in winning one approving smile from the ruby lips of yon pale pensive girl, than in riding over a well fought field, when the shouts of victory were ringing in mine ears. Knowest thou not, Eric, that it is easier to win a battle than a woman's heart, where ambition guards the treasure, and the world raises the war-cry against the fulfilment of your wishes."

"But your majesty has not yet won the prize—you have staked all on a woman's love, and have not observed the retreat sounded by her resentment. What if the enemy should face about and beat you with your own weapons?"

"Explain yourself," said the king.

"By taking a vow of celibacy, and refusing the King of Sweden."

"Ha!" said the monarch; "dost thou not see that such a determination would complete my triumph? No," he continued, half checking a sigh; "I do not flatter myself by anticipating such favourable results—her parting look, so full of reproachful anger, convinced me that in idea she had already accepted the crown that my supposed rival offered her. It now rests with me to prove myself worthy of the affection she entertained for me, unprejudiced by my exalted station; and in the person of Count Dahl, discover both the king she admired and the man she loved."

As he finished speaking, a discharge of artillery and a merry peal of bells from every steeple, announced the publicity of the Swedish monarch's choice. Every street exhibited groups of happy faces, conversing over the benefits that would result from the proposed alliance with such a renowned prince. She alone, who was the theme of every tongue, the prospect of whose splendid destiny rejoiced every heart, was sad and dejected, yet remained true to her determination, since she could not marry the man she loved, to remain single, or enter upon a religious life.

When her father entered her chamber to congratulate her on her approaching union with the hero she had so long and ardently admired, his astonishment at her refusing so excellent an alliance was only equalled by his displeasure. Finding that neither entreaties nor remonstrances could induce her to alter her purpose, he gave way to the most violent indignation.

"Oh, Eleonora!" he said, pacing the apartment in great agitation; "if not for your own sake, yet for my sake, for the good of your country, abandon this fatal resolution."

"Never!" returned the princess, rising, with an air of dignity, and approaching her angry father; "what I have said, I will not depart from. Your grace has other daughters, fairer than Eleonora—let the Swedish monarch transfer his choice, I willingly resign my prior claim—but were he," she continued with vehemence; "at this moment a suppliant at my feet, I would reject his hand if I could not offer him a free and undivided heart."

"My generous, high-minded Eleonora!—thou art indeed worthy of being a monarch's bride," said the royal Swede, who had entered unobserved with Prince George, sinking on one knee before the astonished princess; "Behold Gustavus at your feet! forget the monarch—only love the man!"

Who that had beheld the sweet smile that rested on the lip of the princess, as overcome by a thousand tumultuous feelings of delight, she sank fainting on the bosom of her royal lover, would have wished recalled the brief semblance of death that wore so lovely, so serene an aspect.

Her bridegroom imprinted one long and fervent kiss on the fair brow of his unconscious bride, ere the loud cries of the populace recalled her to existence, and the names of Gustavus of Sweden and Eleonora of Brandenburg, were borne far upon the winds of heaven.

The Elector was well pleased in discovering that his guest and his illustrious son-in-law were one and the same person, and the marriage of the royal pair was celebrated without the aid of a proxy.

• The plot of this tale bears a strong resemblance to a story that appeared three years ago in the *New York Albion*. When the author states, that the story now submitted to the public, was written as far back as the year 1824, it will acquit her of the literary crime of borrowing from another.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

"CHOOSE well the wife of thy bosom," said the dying Caliph to his son, and "choose well thy wife," has been reiterated by philosophers, priests, and gray-headed experience. "Beauty is a rose, gold is dust. Be not weakly overcome by outward adornments. Examine carefully, investigate coolly, analyze minutely, and be not hasty in thy decision. If thy fair one stand the test of a chemical analysis, and prove 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,'

then mayest thou consult thy heart." Now this is certainly very sensible advice, but the idea of following it is, I think, absurd. The act of choosing presupposes a knowledge of a number of objects. To make choice of a wife implies, then, that a man should first become intimately acquainted, yet totally