

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Alas, how light a cause may move
 Dissensions between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 'That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOON.

I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl: she was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worthy of satisfying.

There was a small grotto by the lake that wound before the old arched windows of the hall: a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the kingfisher, who, plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen; and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding-place. It was in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little pale and

more slender, she continued for three whole years.

On the third anniversary of her resolution—she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time; but, not as on other days, the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back, again and again, at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water-lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banqueting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was halfafraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

"Sibyl!—dear Sibyl!" it exclaimed, "wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?"

Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and, with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well-made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with