

which Gawin, the Earl's son, and Maitland his nephew, were present, and all endeavored, by every means in their power, to acquire the good will of the Prince's favourite. It was not these, however, that Ramorgny studied to please. The daughter was his subject; and his knowledge of human nature soon enabled him to form an estimate of her character, not far wide of the truth. She was dark, but beautiful; with a fair, burning eye, which occasionally exhibited flashes of the spirit of her ancestor, Jack Agnes. Her temper was clearly that of a demon—her spirit wild and untamed.—When contradicted, her anger, notwithstanding the indications of her parents, burst forth with ungovernable energy. She disregarded the rules of ordinary politeness, by flying to her brother Gawin, indecorous times. She scolded the servants; and even on one occasion, when she had risen from the table, and thought she was unobserved, she applied her fingers to the ears of a female, and pinched her till she screamed. The lady who suspected what was going forward, alluded to her—the lady winked—the son rebuked her by the gown: their efforts were fruitless. Ramorgny was satisfied that Elizabeth of Dunbar was a true scion of the Blackfold Agnes.

The experience which Ramorgny had thus acquired, was completely corroborated by the common report of the Borderers—where the lady went by the name of Black Bess of Dunbar. She was represented as an incarnation of Mahoun—a fiend, whom all the sons of her father and mother, aided by their relatives, had not been able to subdue. Men into the ordinary flexible consistence of mortals. The excuses which were made to the knight by the parents, that she was ill, or had a headache, and so forth, only served to corroborate his experience, and the belief of others. His only wonder was, that the Earl of March could have thought of committing such a female to the arms of a civilized man—to a Prince. No one but a demon could have dared!

Ramorgny next directed his steps to the castle of Douglas, to make his survey and station in that quarter. He was received by Earl Archibald, who was now an old man, with much cordiality, and in a short time introduced to Elizabeth. The contrast between this lady and the one he had left was remarkable at first sight, and before she had

opened her mouth to reply to the elegantly polished compliments of the most accomplished man of his time. She was fair, with auburn hair, and blue eyes—tall, and elegantly formed—imbued with so much of the spirit of a gentlewoman that her whole figure, in its easy flexible movements, seemed to obey the slightest touch of the presiding genius of grace and beauty. Ramorgny felt and acknowledged with that rapidity with which men of the world can detect the indications of an elevated soul, the power of the mute eloquence of this exquisitely formed complex piece of nature's machinery. But when the spirit spoke, and the combination of so many charms started into new life, responding, in every turn and lineament, to music that seemed to have been formed to give them additional grace, and apparently claiming the voice as their own individual expression; the effect was completed, to the disturbance of Ramorgny's feelings and the flight of his peace: her soft and gentle tones went straight to his heart. The silken cords of love were cast around him by every look, motion, and expression—and the Prince's deputy became in spite of himself his rival.

Ramorgny felt disinclined to leave the castle. Every additional circumstance that came under his observation increased his passion. The prevailing character of Elizabeth's mind and feelings, was extreme gentleness, softness, and sensibility, in which could be discovered no affectation of sentimentality. Her manner was natural and easy—and it was impossible to behold her for a moment without being sensible that she was a creature formed to sacrifice herself and her individual thoughts, wishes, and aspirations, to the happiness of the man who should be so fortunate as to secure her affections.—This softness of manner extended itself to the style of her speech, which was slow, smooth, and natural, seeming to derive its sweetness from the perennial smile that played upon her lips.

Struck with an intense passion, Ramorgny forgot the object of his mission. The Prince was only recollected as an unpleasant object—that came between him and the object of his affections. He resorted to every means of cultivating the good opinion, if not the love, of the lady; but handsome and gallant as he was—invested with the powers of French-love-making in all its details of conversation,