

question even if Adelaide, she who used to disguise her jealousy under the mask of affection for one who invariably bore away the palm of beauty, has ever spoken to her or inquired for her since her fall from greatness."—"Ottocar seems fairly in the toils of the enchantress," observed the elder gentleman; "what are the chances that he should be caught?"—"Those which promise cloudless weather on an April day, constancy to the wind, and steadiness to the gossamer that floats on every breeze," was the reponse. "If Ottocar have a heart, and that is a point I doubt, it is given to Victorine."

The music had not ceased, but Adelaide's capricious partner, already tired, abruptly disengaged himself, and left the lady alone in the dance. He retired to a remote corner, and, leaning against a pillar, seemed for a time wholly unconscious of the passing scene. Awakened from this lethargic reverie, he called for wine, and drank off successive

bumpers, as the obedient servants refilled the golden goblet. Exhilarated by the draught, he entered the crowd again; talked, and laughed, and sang, apostrophizing every pair of bright eyes and every dimpled cheek that met his view. Adelaide alone remained unnoticed. It was in vain that, by a thousand feminine arts, she sought to attract him. His brow became contracted, he flung scornfully from her, and signs of impatience, nay, even of anger, manifested themselves whenever she addressed him. Piqued at last, she turned away with a half-mortified, half-contemptuous air, and looked round in search of Raigersfeldt. He was on the point of retiring, and had nearly gained the door when he caught a smile, a second, an inviting glance, an imploring look. But they detained him not: he passed through the glittering vestibule, descended the marble staircase, and wandered at random through the city, thinking only of Victorine Altdorf.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE FATE OF LEOLINE.

TAKEN FROM A MONKISH MANUSCRIPT.

I.

The sun had set, the night did lower,
As Leoline couch'd in his den;
Couch'd in the strength of his boasted tow'r,
Rais'd (as they tell) by immortal pow'r,
'Mid the gloom of a mountain glen.

His vassals, cringing around him stood,
Awaiting the bend of his brow;
His bearing was proud as the oak of the wood,
When waving his boughs on the sapling brood,
That bred on the sward below!

Thrice wildly rung the magic sword,
That gleamed on his steel-clad thigh—
"Retire"—and sudden as issued the word,
They all, save one, fled the frown of their Lord,
One, who brav'd the dark scowl of his eye.

Leoline sprung from his lofty seat,
Unsheathing his belted brand—
"Begone, vile slave, nor dare to await
The wrath of him, whose will is fate,
Depart at my dread command!"