

ween the Earl of March and a party at court, the object of which was to get a match brought about between Rothsay and Elizabeth of Dunbar. These, for a time, wrought so favourably, that March, who never knew what had taken place between Rothsay and his daughter, entertained the strongest hopes of success. He had offered an immense dowery, which the great extent of his estates near the Borders enabled him to pay, as the price of the connection with royalty; and it would seem that he had received from headquarters strong pledges that his wishes would be gratified. Ramorgny secretly joined the March party; but all their endeavours could not prevent the final triumph of the Douglas, who had also offered a large sum with his daughter, and who was, besides, backed by the Queen, and by the secret wishes of Rothsay himself.

The nuptials of the Prince with Elizabeth Douglas were celebrated with great rejoicings at Edinburgh. They were graced by the presence of the King and Queen, and all the principal nobility of the land. Among the rest, were to be seen two persons destined to supply afterwards the materials of an extraordinary chapter in the history of Scotland; the shadows of which, if presentiment had thrown them before, would have wrapped the gay scene of the marriage in the gloomy mantle of the dismal Atreos. The first of these was Rothsay's uncle Albany, who, ever since he was displaced from his governorship by the faction who awarded to the young Prince the regency of the kingdom, had prayed fervently for the death of the royal stripling that had, with precocious audacity, dared to compete with disciplined age in the management of the kingdom. The other was Ramorgny who appeared at the celebration of the nuptials, dressed in the gayest style, and wearing on his lips, the fallacious smile of the treacherous courtier, while his heart was filled with rage and jealousy, and his fancy teemed with schemes of deadly revenge. The picture, to one who could have seen into futurity, would have presented the extraordinary foreground of an apparent universal joy, filling all hearts and making all glad—and close behind the grinning furies of revenge.

Ramorgny, who knew the volatile nature of the Prince, waited patiently until the pleasures of the first moon were experienced and exhausted. He knew the Prince's sentiments

of his uncle—that there existed between the two relatives an inimical feeling—that Rothsay, who possessed a noble and generous spirit, would stoop to any base purpose to get quit of the authority of his uncle. Ramorgny did not suppose—but he hoped so far to implicate the thoughtless Prince in a scheme of his devising as to make his act appear, by misconception, of such a nature to Albany, as would give his revenge the specious appearance of self-defence, and accelerate the fate of his victim.

In accordance with this scheme, Ramorgny continued to fill the Prince's mind with details of his uncle's inimical feelings towards him—which was of the more easy accomplishment, that the Prince was already aware of his uncle's disposition. The choleric youth listened to these tales with impatience, and often allowed himself to be hurried into extravagant expressions of indignation, which a servant of Ramorgny's, a servile creature ready to commit any crime for money, was instructed, when occasion offered to note and remember, for a time, Ramorgny limited his details to such acts as occasionally occurred and which the unrestrainable hatred of Albany furnished in such abundance that he found no great necessity to have recourse to invention, unless it were, indeed, to add the colouring, which was generally of the most extravagant kind, and best suited to reach the heart of the Prince and influence his anger and indignation.

Farther, Ramorgny could not venture so long a time to go. The generous youth sometimes got wearied with the recital of his uncle's indignities; and, willing to leave him to his own heart, kept on in the tenor of his own path, which, however, was none of the straightest—his aberrations, after his marriage, being, as before, the result of every fancy which such men as Ramorgny, acting on an excited and irregular imagination, chose, by their consummate arts, to introduce into his mind. This did not suit Ramorgny. He required stronger materials to work with, and did not hesitate to use them. It is easy to work for evil in a heart originally corrupt; but to corrupt, and then to seduce is a work of time; and it is to the credit of human nature that virtue is often strong enough to maintain its place against the attacks of the most insidious schemers.

It was now Ramorgny's effort to rouse the suspicions of the Prince as to his perse-