

blue banner streamed along the martial line. Hope,—exultation,—joy,—sparkled in her eyes, and thrilled through her frame; but a chilling damp checked those delightful emotions, as with a feeling of bitter disappointment she contemplated the small number of warriors who followed Waldenheim's standard. Yet again was despondency banished from her sanguine breast, when she reflected that it was probably only the advanced guard who were now approaching the town; and if this brave band should dare attack, unsupported, a fortress rendered unusually strong both by nature and art, still fortune might and would befriend adventurous spirits, or all that she had read of desperate enterprises crowned with glorious success, were false and deceitful legends, idle dreams treacherously framed to betray the trusting heart to ruin.

The garrison of St. Omer soon caught the alarm; and Jacqueline, compelled to retire from the walls, heard only that a trumpet,—for Waldenheim's armament did not boast a herald,—had arrived before the gate of St. Omer, formally demanding the surrender of the town in the name of Maximilian, a requisition which had been received with a laugh of deriding scorn.

The Burgundians pitched their tents at a convenient distance from the outworks, and made preparations for a regular seige. All was bustle and activity within the town; every street was filled with the din of arms; squires and lacqueys were seen burnishing the steel cuirass and the polished helm; the clink of the armourers' hammers resounded from all quarters; and soldiers hurrying to and fro hastened to relieve each other on the walls.

Suffering every alternation of bounding hope and the most chilling despair, Jacqueline, restless, anxious, impatient, now revoling some impracticable scheme of affording assistance to the besiegers, in the next moment sickening at the impossibili-

ty of becoming an active agent in their service, could only still the tumultuous sensations of her throbbing heart by prayer. She flew to the neighbouring cathedral, and poured forth her whole soul in supplication before the shrine of the virgin, listening, at the conclusion of every Ave, for the brazen roar of those dreadful engines which she concluded the enemy would bring to bear against the strong bulwarks of the fortress. But her vigil was not rewarded by the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun. Waldenheim then—and her heart panted with redoubled emotion at the thought—would venture to attack the walls armed only with the arrow, the battle-axe, and the lance; a momentary thrill of terror shot across her mind, but it was instantly dissipated; she could not link the idea of defeat with the stout Burgundian soldier, and she rejoiced at a circumstance which would enhance the glory of his victory. Despite of these heroic feelings, Jacqueline could not contemplate the thought of the ghastly objects which she would, in all probability encounter in her return home without horror; she feared to meet some mangled remnant of mortality borne, writhing in convulsive anguish, from the walls, to see blood flowing that she could not staunch, and to hear the deep groans wrung by torturing agony from a soul struggling in the pangs of death. Whilst absorbed in these painful anticipations a burst of merriment greeted her astonished ear; the soldiers who had rushed in the morning to man the walls were returning leisurely to their quarters unhurt, not with the shout of triumph which would have followed a successful engagement, but humming, as usual, the lays of the Troubadours.

Annoyed and confounded by this unlooked for result of a day which she confidently expected would have been marked by some signal event, Jacqueline sought her own home. Montmorenci stood smiling at the portal, his dainty white plume