

cap pulled over his brows, entered. Amira flew to meet him, and with open arms he advanced to receive her, but ere she was folded in his embrace, she started back, exclaiming—

"Holy Mother, are you not then De Clisson?"

"No, Lady, a nobler than the Constable De Clisson stands before thee. The Duke of Brittany is here once more to sue for thy love, and ready to forget thy late haughty rejection of him."

"If it were haughty *then*, it must be the same now. My sentiments have undergone no change since last we met, unless it be to regard the author of so base a proposal as you were pleased to make me, with still deeper disdain, than at the moment it fell from your lips."

"By my troth, fair infidel, thy arrogance becomes thee well, and I have far greater hopes of winning thee, than if thy bearing were more calm and quiet. If thou hast smiles for one so far beneath me in rank as De Clisson, I doubt not but that thou wilt speedily find plenty for me. It was he doubtless, who caused thy cage to be so fairly gilded, but when he tires of his singing bird, he can with little trouble find another. Better accept the protection of one, who will surround thee with still greater splendor, and who is ready to swear by his trusty sword which never yet has failed him, that thou shalt ever hold the first place in his heart."

"There have vows been plighted me, far holier than you promise, for they were breathed before the altar."

"Thou darest not say that thou art a wife!"

"I not only dare to say thus, but I glory in saying that I am the wife of De Clisson."

"Thy glory shall be turned to sorrow and shame, as the sun shines again on the earth, fair infidel."

"I am no infidel, but a Christian, as this sacred emblem will show," and she drew a small cross from beneath the cincture that girded her robe.

"I thank thee for removing the only scruple that lay upon my conscience, when I proffered thee my love, and ere we again meet, I will take good care that there be no husband in the way to burthen thine. Farewell, Lady De Clisson, I will be careful that thou dost not pine for my presence."

The door had no sooner closed, than Amira, whose indignation began to give place to fear as regarded her husband's safety, commenced writing a note, in which she warned him to beware of the Duke of Brittany, and ere fifteen

minutes had elapsed, a trusty messenger was on the road bearing it to his master.

At early dawn a letter was put into Amira's hand. The hand-writing was unknown to her, but on opening it, she found that it was from the Duke of Brittany. The contents were as follow—

"Forget, if possible, fair lady, the rash words that fell from me last evening, or remember them only as the ebullition of momentary anger and jealousy. A few hours of cool reflection have caused me to see my folly and to view your conduct with the admiration it merits.—Persevere in your virtuous course and thus continue to render yourself worthy of the love of him you have chosen, whose virtues and bravery have ever recommended him to the kind consideration of every true and gentle knight."

"The Duke cannot deceive me," said Amira. "The malignant scowl that distorted his features proceeded from no momentary ebullition of anger, but from a fixed and deadly purpose of revenge."

A messenger from De Clisson cut short her soliloquy. He had that moment arrived and had ridden hard, as was evident from the flush on his countenance and the dusty appearance of his dress.

"Has any thing happened to your master?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing but good, my lady; and he sends you his kind greeting with the assurance that he had intended to be with you himself by this time, had not the noble Duke of Brittany sent a special messenger inviting him, in company with Lord Beaumanoir, and others, to pay a visit of inspection to the castle of Ermyne, which he is now building. So courteous and pressing in invitation he could not with decency refuse, but he bids me tell you that he will be here to-morrow night without fail.

"Did my messenger arrive before he started for Ermyne castle?"

"No, my lady, there was no messenger came from you or any other person, and as he took the cross-road for the purpose of taking Lord Beaumanoir with him, he will not meet him."

To the mind of Amira this sudden complaisance of the Duke, was by no means a favourable omen, and at first she resolved to despatch a second note to her husband, but another expedient presenting itself to her mind, she immediately commenced putting it into execution.

A gay cavalcade, consisting of the Duke De Clisson, Lord Beaumanoir, Lord Delaval, and others, with their several attendants, having assembled at the Duke's palace, where they received liberal entertainment, proceeded merrily