

there was little danger that her patriotic feelings would be subdued by the representations of Von Rothfels, of the superior advantages to be derived from living under the French dominion, while they were associated with the image of Maurice Waldenheim.

Count Bertrand after he had sufficiently betrayed his contempt for both father and daughter, which, notwithstanding his pretended deference to the latter, was exceedingly obvious to Jacqueline's discriminating mind, at length took his leave; and depressed in spirits by the assurance of a speedy peace between France and England, the object of this accomplished courtier's unwelcome homage threw a mantle around her, and ascending the ramparts, endeavoured, in the charms of the adjacent scenery, to dissipate those unpleasant sensations which clouded a mind until now a stranger to sorrow. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the whole landscape was bathed in its golden glories; it lit up the towers of Dunkirk and of Calais, as they rose to the right and left on the distant coast; threw an effulgent blaze of light upon the yellow sands between Dunkirk and Gravelines, and cast a strong illumination upon the dark walls of that gloomy fortress. The woods of Cassell were deeply embrowned with the hues of autumn, and a tempestuous night had stripped the trees which skirted the broad road across the flat country leading to the Netherlands so completely of their foliage, that every object proceeding from that quarter might be discerned at a considerable distance. It was the least interesting part of the landscape, yet thither Jacqueline continually directed her eyes: all was silent and solitary: vainly did she seek for the flash of the polished lance in the sun, and the waving of plumes and pennons: the naked branches of the trees alone met her view, or showers of dead leaves, borne by the breeze, swept like small clouds through the empty

space. Wearied with watching, she bent her steps to a home no longer sacred to felicity. A painful scene awaited the gentle girl. Unaccustomed to dispute a parent's will, she could only oppose tears and entreaties to the stern behest of Von Rothfels, when he commanded her to receive the Count de Montmorenci as her destined husband. She wept and prayed unavailing, and her sole hope of escaping a union which she abhorred, rested in the speedy fulfilment of Waldenheim's oath. Jacqueline trusted that a token despatched by a wandering minstrel to the Burgundian knight had made him acquainted with her perilous situation; and soothing her terrors with the fond idea that love would discover the means of preserving her from a fate she dreaded, she sought her couch, and obtained a transient oblivion from the cares which oppressed her burthened heart.

The next day, at the hour in which Montmorenci was engaged with the troops under his command, Jacqueline again repaired to the battlements, and again turned her expectant eyes towards the road leading to the Netherlands. An occasional traveller, a herd of cattle, or a peasant conveying the produce of his farm to market, were for some time the only objects that enlivened the scene. Still she continued to gaze; and just as the declining sun warned her of her long absence from home, her parting glance caught the gleam of spears in the distance. She paused,—looked again,—she was not deceived; and presently a body of archers and men at arms, accompanied by a squadron of *landznechts*, made their appearance, defiling in good order between the trees. Jacqueline's heart beat high. From the direction in which these soldiers marched, she had little doubt of their being Burgundians, led perchance by Waldenheim. In another instant she became convinced of the truth of her surmise; for, extended by a light breeze to its utmost length, the