

will to submit uncomplainingly to its iron discipline. The royal gardens lay below, but owing to the iron bars that crossed his window, that portion nearest the buildings was concealed from his view, and, all at once, he became conscious that a soft female voice occasionally mingled its melody with the wild bird's carol. Notes of so much sweetness, imagined, could proceed only from the lover's lips, and he earnestly desired to obtain a view of the songstress. His wish seemed likely to remain ungratified, as she continued that part of the garden which he was debarred from beholding. At length, however, he emerged to view, and approaching a large rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the blown flowers. The Prince had never before beheld a face and form so perfectly beautiful. It was at so early an hour that she probably imagined that there were no watchful eyes to observe her, and her rich chestnut hair, restrained by golden bodkin or jewelled band, fell in long, glassy ringlets over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness, at every motion sweeping the dew from the glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the voice, and peculiar air, even, after having been long lost, are sometimes revived in a descendant.—The features of this lovely creature were almost the same as those which have so long since been made familiar by the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The rich, ripe lips, the same expression of pensive tenderness, the soft brilliant eyes were shaded by the same long and silken lashes, and the outline of her exquisite chin and throat melted as harmoniously into that of the snowy neck.—Gathering a few other flowers valuable for their grateful perfume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet, which, having tied with a band of silk floss, she left that part of the garden and hid to the Prince's view. Rescating himself at the table and taking up the pen, which a few minutes before, he had abandoned, he quickly sketched one of those little songs which have since been attributed to him under the name of Scottish Melodies. He then took a paper which sat in one corner of the room, and soon adapted the lines to a simple and beautiful air, with which he resolved to greet the lady of the bouquet, should she appear once in the garden. By means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, he ascertained that her name was Joanna Beaufort, and that she was the blood-royal of England. He soon had the opportunity which he desired to try the

effect of his song, the words of which were so pointed, that she could not be at a loss to know that she was the person addressed. The prince could even discern the deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly turned away, but the high grated windows of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy walls, precluded her from obtaining even an indistinct view of his person, which she gladly would have done by stealth, through the flowery hedge behind which she retreated. She only knew that the minstrel was Prince James of Scotland, whose fate had frequently been the private theme of conversation among the ladies of the court.—Strongly as she was tempted, the following morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but she resisted the inclination, although, while she was gathering some roses far less beautiful, where she could not obtain even a glimpse of the prisoner's window, she would hear him singing the same song to which she had listened the morning preceding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince repair to his window, in the hope to again behold her who had inspired him with such lively sentiments of admiration and love. It was his fate to be disappointed.

One day, near its close, when on her way to the apartments of the Queen, Joanna Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, lowly bowing, requested her to acquire of her grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish songs. She conveyed the message, and Catherine, who might find the English court somewhat dull, in comparison with that of her own country, ordered him to be admitted. He was tall and finely formed, and wore the plaid of his country with much grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet from his brow, which he carefully consigned to the floor, displaying a profusion of glossy raven curls. Having respectfully greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over the strings of the harp by way of prelude, and then in a clear, manly voice, commenced his song. At the sound of his voice, Joanna Beaufort started, and to conceal her agitation from the Queen, sunk back into the recess of a window. As he sung, the minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor. Once only he ventured to raise them to the face of the fair girl who stood opposite to him, and then his voice faltered, and his fingers roved over the harp-strings with an unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have been the reflection of the heavy crimson curtain that shaded the window, but as she turned from his gaze, a color broke over her cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that