

brought intelligence of the approach of the English or the Burgundians ; that Boulogne had fallen, and that the town was threatened by a hostile force ; but this expectation was soon dissipated : a few trifling orders, given with his usual affectation, sufficed to display the soldier's attention to his military duties. In another moment she heard the boisterous and hearty greetings offered by her father, and the interview was inevitable.

Ushered into the apartment by his friendly but unpolished host, Count Bertrand, attired in the extreme of the last Parisian fashion, advanced to pay his respects to the provincial rustic whose beauty and whose wealth had attracted him despite her country breeding. Jacqueline was an inattentive listener to her noble admirer's florid compliments, and little interested in the account of the hoods and wimples, the long training gowns, and flowing head-dresses, worn by the gay dames of the French capital, since she never desired to exchange her national costume for foreign vanities ; and was only roused to animation when the conversation turned upon the politics of the day.

"The English have forgotten the art of war," cried Montmorenci, "or love to fight only upon their own soil. A French herald is now in their camp, and when he can strike a bargain with these trading islanders our master will be free to pursue his conquests in Italy."

"And where then is Maximilian ?" exclaimed Jacqueline ; will he look tamely on, and see the only chance of recovering his son's inheritance bartered away for a few paltry pieces of gold ?"

"Know ye not," returned Montmorenci, "that the German beast is dull and slow of foot ? Where was the recreant knight when Charles VIII. carried away his affianced bride, the heiress of Bretagne ? Where is he now, when he should spur on his English allies to action ? Engaged in some pitiful broil at home,

he keeps aloof, giving Henry of Lancaster an excuse to follow his own sordid inclinations, and gather ducats instead of laurels in his wars." Jacqueline, was grieved and angry at this disdainful mention of the king of the Romans, but felt that the reproach was but too just ; she therefore remained silent, listening with wounded ear to the remarks of her father, who, devoted to France, rejoiced over the declining state of the Burgundian affairs.

Arnold von Rothfels, though descended from a noble family, had soiled his fingers by trade. His love of gain had in the first instance overcome his pride ; but a latent spark still existing in his breast, he was dazzled by the prospect of uniting his daughter in marriage with the heir of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. The brilliant expectations which Count Bertrand's offer held out, effected an entire revolution in Arnold's sentiments. He forgot that he was by birth a Fleming ; that he owed allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy ; and that he had promised the hand of Jacqueline to one of Maximilian's most trusty knights, Maurice Waldenheim, the son of a deceased friend. The memory of the fair heiress of Von Rothfels was, however more tenacious ; she fondly recalled those happy days which she had spent at the court of Margaret, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, where Maurice Waldenheim, had carried off the prizes at the tournaments, and laid them at her feet ; and where she had embroidered a fair blue banner as the reward of his prowess, which the young soldier vowed, during a solemn banquet at which Maximilian carved the pheasant in person, should wave in proud victory over the French standard, now so exultingly floating above the towers of St. Omer. It was not in the power of the finical and haughty Montmorenci to banish these tender reminiscences. Jacqueline believed that her lover would religiously perform every iota of his promise ; and