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MONMOUTH; OR, THE KING'S SON.*

PY T. D. F.

It was long on that sad night before James could be soothed to calmness; he felt alone in the world; and as he wandered from room to room, where he had been wont to see his mother, it seemed as if his young heart would break. In vain were all words of comfort, till nature, overwrought and wearied, could bear no more, and he sank to sleep on his mother's death-bed, where he had thrown himself in passionate grief; then, with tender care, did they put him upon his own couch, and Hugh, who had always been his particular attendant, watched by him, dreading lest, when he awoke, he would again give way to his violent grief. But kind sleep is indeed the best friend and comforter to the young. To them it is rosy-lidded, and when they awake throws its softening hues over all the cares and sorrows of the preceding day; to the more mature it brings oblivion but for a time, and the anxieties and sorrows of life seem more fearful, after having for a short time lost sight of them.

This was James' first grief, and when he awoke in the morning he was calm and hopeful, and though he still shed tears, they were those balmy drops which are the fruits both so refreshing and soothing. His mother had told him that when she was gone, he would go to his father, and though he felt some resentment at the infrequency of his visits, and the little wish his father had shown to live with them, yet there was something fascinating and pleasing in the idea of going to court, and child-like his active mind occupied itself in busy imaginings of the court and camp, interspersed with soft remembrances

of his mother, which would make the ready tear roll down his smooth cheek.

That day a king's messenger conveyed him from the humble cottage to the palace.

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ERA II.
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ONE evening about ten years from the time of which our last chapter treated, a splendid revel was being held at the palace of St. James. It was in honour of the appointment of Madame Querouille to the rank of Duchess of Portsmouth.

This fascinating woman had been brought over by the Duchess of Orleans, at the time of her interview with her royal brother at Dover, in the hope that, obtaining an influence over Charles' heart, she would induce him to favour the French instead of the Spanish interests. And she succeeded but too well. In spite of honour, his country's weal, and the voice of his people and counsellors, the weak monarch became the tool of an intriguing woman, and yielded ignobly to all the demands of France, and his Queen had the mortification not only of feeling she had no place in her husband's affections, but of seeing her country dishonoured and slighted. But she was a true woman, and yielded not her dignity as wife or Queen, and though she could not put down the minion, whom Charles' fondness had raised almost to a level with herself, she forced her respect.

She had refused to be present at the revel where she knew the young Duchess would be, in part, if not nominally, the Queen; and she held a levee of her particular friends in her own private

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