

brings to mind the expression of some beautiful Madonna by one of the great artists. She is pale—very pale, with the faintest tint of color in her cheeks; but she is so transparently fair that the blue veins that swell her throbbing temples can be clearly defined; and it would seem as if almost every pulsation in them is visible. Her hair is of that rich, glossy gold color that is so seldom seen, but so beautiful when it is seen. So rich it is that it might be taken for the bright metal itself spun out into threads of impalpability. It hangs in luxuriant curls from that brow of purest marble. While those on the other side are swept back by a hand, whose whiteness, smallness and symmetry would form a subject for a sculptor's dream. Her dress is of crimson velvet, made in the fashion of the time, with long, loose sleeves which display the arm, when raised, to the elbow. From the open front of the dress there is seen a skirt of figured yellow satin, and the same vestment is observed above the neck, where it is fastened about the throat by a sparkling gem. Upon her head she wears a small cap or coronet, of black velvet, such as we sometimes see in the portraits of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland; around which are two rows of largest pearls. This gives an air of gravity to her yet youthful brow, and adds to the melancholy expression her countenance wears.

But why weeps she when all around are rejoicing? Why does she seek solitude, and loneliness and grief, when all around are anxious for her presence and are filled with joy? She weeps those nuptials that now seem inevitable; and she mourns the absence of him to whom (or to his memory) she is still as constant as though they had never been severed.

CHAPTER II.

"And he wore a scarf of embroidery rare,
The last love-gift of his ladye fair."

SHAKESPEARE.

EUSTACE D'Onsellet, Count de Lisle was the son of one of the first noblemen of Lorraine. It happened that the castle and estates of his father adjoined those of the Baron de Santileur; and it also happened that the two noblemen were friends, and had continued so from early youth. Under these circumstances it was but natural that an intimacy should spring up between Eustace D'Onsellet, or, as he was always from childhood called, the young Count de Lisle, and Clarice, the only daughter of the Baron de Santileur.

They had been brought up as children together, (indeed from their infancy they had been betrothed by their parents) and as children they had learned to love each other, without knowing the meaning of their own feelings. The intimacy subsisted from childhood to adolescence, and the passion, which at first was but childish affection, ripened at length into the tenderest love. It was one of those fortunate instances of early betrothments where the views of the parents subsequently made the happiness of the children; and where young hearts followed in the direction pointed out by mature heads.

Eustace had always been accustomed to call Clarice his little wife, and she had always been taught to look upon him as her future husband, and as soon as they began to understand the meaning of these terms, they hailed with joy the selection that their parents had made. Situated as they were and had been; there were no concealments on either side—there was no affected coyness on her part; nor did he keep the most hidden thoughts of his soul a secret from her—they felt that they loved each with the tenderest passion, and they did not hesitate to confess it.

Things were in this condition when the father of Eustace D'Onsellet died, and left him sole lord of his extensive estates. Eustace was then but a few months more than nineteen years of age, and Clarice was not yet quite fifteen, and the period when they were to be married (when she became eighteen) was yet some three years distant.

This event—the death of his father—had a great influence upon the fate of the young Count de Lisle. He loved his parent with the most devoted attachment; and the loss of him preyed upon his spirits, and for a time cast a deep gloom over his disposition.

It was a short time previous to this that the celebrated enthusiast, Peter the Hermit, had commenced preaching the first crusade. Europe rang with the preparations for this war. France, England, Italy and Germany were marshalling their thousands, to transport them to the shores of Asia. Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, accompanied by the flower of the nobility of the province, was already on his way to Italy whence he was to embark with his followers for the place of ultimate destination. Religious phrenzy was at its highest point, and all classes seemed eager to participate in this conflict, in which, besides the glory to be obtained, the cause of true piety was to be so effectually served.

As we have said before, it was at this time that Eustace D'Onsellet had the misfortune to lose his only remaining parent. He had ever