

board with violence into its scabbard—'Beware, Sir John, of drawing my path—you know the quarter I mean—otherwise, you may rue it. Remember, young man,' he added, 'I have cautioned you.'

'And remember I have defied you,' replied the undaunted youth whom he addressed, 'Earl though ye be?' And he turned haughtily on his heel and left the apartment which was the scene of this occurrence.—To this defiance the Earl made no reply; but those who were near him saw an expression of deadly wrath on his dark stern countenance that made them at once congratulate themselves on not being the objects of it, and fear the worst for him who was, should he ever be unfortunate enough to fall into his power.

'And when, Sir John, will you return?' was a question put in a gentle and faint voice—faint with emotion—by the Lady Jane Hamilton to her lover, as they walked arm in arm in the little sequestered dell, of which we have already spoken, one beautiful summer evening shortly after the occurrence of the circumstance just related. 'When do you think you will return?' she said sadly, on being informed by her lover that the following day was fixed upon for his departure for the Continent, whither he had, for some time previously, intended going—an intention of which the Lady Jane had been perfectly aware—to improve himself by a few months' travel.

'This is June,' said the young Knight, in a voice scarcely less tremulous than that of his fair companion. And he paused a moment, and then added—'I will be home, my love, God willing, about the latter end of October; and, believe me, Lady Jane, short as this time is, it looks an eternity to me.'

A lengthened silence succeeded; for both were too much engrossed by the melancholy thoughts which their approaching separation gave rise to, to prosecute the conversation. Another short, but sad and yet happy hour, quickly flew over the lovers, when the gathering shades of night intimated to them that their interview must terminate. Feeling this, the fond pair, for the thousandth time, solemnly pledged themselves, in the face of heaven, to continue faithful to their vows, tenderly embraced each other, and parted.

On the day following, Sir John set out for London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, thence to Madrid, where suddenly all traces of him were lost; and no after inquiries could ever elicit the slightest explanation of his mysterious disappearance.

Weeks, months, and years passed away, but they brought no intelligence of the fate of the unfortunate young Knight. It was the universal belief that he had perished by the hands of assassins; and in this conviction all further inquiry regarding him finally ceased; while time, as it passed on, produced its usual effects in lessening the general interest in his fate, and in gradually obliterating the recollection of him from the minds of his acquaintances. But there was one ever whose memory time had no such power—one who did not only fondly remember him, but who, night and day, sorrowed for his loss through long tedious years. Lady Jane Hamilton, although circumstances subsequently changed her destiny, never forgot the first love of her young and enthusiastic heart.

Soon after the departure of Sir John Faa, the Earl of

Heddlington, taking advantage of that circumstance, resolved, if possible, to accomplish the marriage of his daughter to the Earl of Casalis before the return of the former; and, fortunately, as he conceived, the latter himself, as if actuated by the same motive, reserved at this moment certain overtures connected with this matter which had lain for some time in abeyance, and pressed his suit with the lady's father with an urgency that would admit of no evasion or delay.

For full two years, however, after the departure of her lover, and fully a year and a half after the period when he was first believed to have perished, neither the threats of her father nor the importunities of her noble suitor could prevail on the Lady Jane to become the Countess of Casalis. At the end of this period, however, the broken-hearted maiden—believing in the death of her lover, and unable longer to withstand the incessant and remorseless persecution with which she was assailed, daily and hourly, by her ambitious father—permitted herself to be dragged to the altar, but not before she had been shown a letter, whether forged or not is not known, from the English ambassador at the Spanish court, giving assurance of the death of Sir John Faa, whom he represented as having perished in the way generally believed—namely, by the daggers of some bravos.

The marriage of the Lady Jane Hamilton to the Earl of Casalis was celebrated at Tynningham Castle, with all the magnificence and pomp which the magic wand of wealth could call into existence. Its tall and numerous windows blazed with light. Its liveried lackeys flew through its illuminated halls, preciously burdened with silver trenchers, on which smoked the roast and the richest viands; or bore massive flagons of the same precious metal, filled with the choicest wines; while its gorgeous apartments rung with the joyous sounds of mirth and music. But it was a striking thing to note, in the midst of all this splendid pageantry, and in the midst of this crowd of merry faces, that the only one who wore sad looks, the only one who appeared unmoved by this stirring scene, and who took no share in the rejoicing that was going forward, was her on whose account and whom to honour, all this bustle and magnificence had been created.

In a corner of the principal hall, where all the *élite* of the night were assembled, the Countess of Casalis sat all alone, pale as death, gazing with vacant eyes on the moving and glittering spectacle before her, and looking only the more wretched and unhappy for the splendour with which she was attired. All the efforts of her father and her husband were unable to compel her even to assume the appearance of a becoming happiness; and, finding this, they at length refrained (from a fear that perseverance on their part would lead to some more awkward exposure) from insisting upon her taking any share in doing the honours of the evening, and allowed her to occupy undisturbed the retired seat which she had chosen, and to which, though frequently brought forward to receive the congratulations of new comers, she seized every opportunity of instantly returning.—Nor was the conduct of the unhappy bride during the ceremony of these congratulations, brief though they were, less marked by indications of the wretched feelings which overwhelmed her, than on other more important