

listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

"The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian, too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to his bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valour, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

"But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad, was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest again returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced, by the fate of her sister, of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and for this purpose suddenly broke off all connection with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all: she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and, finally, his wife. It was her will, not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded, and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination: stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed

the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed; She beheld in this scene, the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life and trilled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah silly delusion! (she exclaimed in bitterness of heart,) of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lillas, laughing: "what more would the people have had?"—"Youth, and its love, and its hopes, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess, *they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock, past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter——"

"Grandam, is it your own tale you tell, and our Grandsire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lillas. "Ah! I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam: your Lillas will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

TOO MUCH BLUE.

EARLY on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder, placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who I'll warrant fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced winking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter mean time, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At