

"Then, I suppose," said the Prince, "I owe my life to thy ladyship's mercy, extended by way of tender exception to my individual case?"

"Say rather that thou owest it to my contempt," replied Elizabeth. "Thou hast not yet experienced one of my looks. I have treated thee tenderly, because of the love I bear to Queen Anabella, thy mother, to whom I would beg leave to commit thee for a further supply of that milk and breadberry, which as thy sallow cheeks indicate, thou hast been cheated in thy infancy. Do not fret that thou art too old; for thy present condition is but an extension of childhood—now, I have heard thy rattle."

"Women are privileged," replied the Prince, "in temper."

"So are children," rejoined Elizabeth, "only, when thou hast arrived at maturity, thou mayst claim my indignation; meantime, I recommend thee to the Queen."

And, saying this, she left the astonished, and, standing in the chamber like a statue. Covering himself, he left the castle precipitously without seeing the Earl, bring his and muttering curses against Ramorgny, who had deceived him, and Elizabeth who insulted him. As he proceeded on his homewards, he bethought himself of the great characters Ramorgny gave the two ladies; and wishing to give him credit for having confounded the attributes applicable to each, he resolved to see Elizabeth Douglas, and, changing his course, proceeded in direction of Castle Douglas.

On arrival at the residence of the old Earl, who had contributed to place his family on the throne, brought into the mind of the Prince some recollections which produced feelings which were deeply planted in his heart, and only prevented from producing clear and amiable effects, by lawless habits derived from dissolute companions. With his mind elevated by noble aspirations, and his hopes of being one day an ornament to his country, which he sincerely loved, he was in an excellent mood for appreciating the virtues and beauty of a woman who, as a consort, make him a better and a wiser man, and, by a consequence a better monarch, and subsequently a good king. He saw Elizabeth Douglas at a distance from the castle, and introducing himself in the most elegant manner of which no man

of his time was more capable, was delighted with her conversation and inspired by her personal charms. Proceeding together to the castle, they were met at the gate by the old Earl, who complimented Rothsay, as well as his daughter, by saying that all he had sighed for was that they should meet and be able to appreciate each other's qualities; for he was assured that one hour's conversation between persons so accomplished, actuated by such motives, and inspired with such sentiments, would do more to procure an attachment than a year's diplomacy and court intrigue.

Rothsay willingly remained for some time at the Castle, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with Elizabeth alone, and of appreciating her noble qualities.

"I had got thee misrepresented to me," said the Prince, "but I believe, unintentionally, and by a transposition of names. What would Elizabeth Douglas think if she were informed that she was likened to the wife of Socrates, and the superior castigator of Hercules?"

"I should conceive that the reporter did not know me," answered Elizabeth, "or wished to deceive. I am not an admirer of either of these ladies, of whom I have heard; but I plume not myself upon any other quality than a wish to use my wealth and station for the benefit of those who, though better and holier than I am, have, by the force of divine necessity, been obliged to bow their necks under the yoke of poverty and misfortune. Yet I fear all I can take credit for is a wish to do good. My actions and my words have not that accordance I could wish; but, by the blessing of God, I hope to improve in my self discipline; and, in the meantime, I trust no one will be able to accuse me of injuring the humblest of God's creatures."

"How seldom do these sentiments reach the ears of royalty," said Rothsay, whose heart swelled with the genuine sentiments long concealed, "and especially from the lips of nobility! Yet, pleasant as it is to contemplate goodness in mortals born of sin, it is difficult to estimate the extent of the influence of generous sympathy when it is found in the bosom of beauty. Do not pain me by saying I flatter thee. At present, I am not the gay son of King Robert; but by the wand of enchantment changed for a season—would it