

"Euphrosyne!" whispered the well-known voice. Glowing with joy, she turned towards him. He advanced.

"You are safe, thank God!" she said; but the sound of a closing door, and then of voices approaching, alarmed her; and snatching her hand from his grasp she darted swiftly away. Louis stood for a minute like one entranced; but he had no time to linger; and comforted by having seen her, he strove to persuade himself that it was better for her happiness and for his honor that he had been saved the expression of feelings, into which, had the interview been prolonged, he might have been betrayed. He left the castle, and departed swiftly on his mission.

The brief truce of the night was broken at early dawn by the guns of the enemy, who, undrained by the ill fortune of the preceding day, renewed the assault with a courage worthy of success. But they contended against fearful odds; and though, for six continuous hours, they pressed the attack with unexampled vigour, they were at last compelled to retreat before the overwhelming power of their opponents. Many there were on the decks of the little fleet who would have preferred dying in the struggle; but Sir William Phipps, no less brave than he was humane, wished to avoid a useless waste of life, and assured that all chance of victory was at an end, he ordered the anchors to be weighed; and crippled by the guns of the fortress many of her gallant hearts cold and silent, others bleeding on her decks, the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream.

Fast and continuous from the heights of the citadel poured on the retreating fleet the fire of its cannon; scarcely a ball sped through the air in vain; and when at last one of them, in its flight struck the mast of the admiral's vessel, and sent it headlong, with the proud flag of England at its top, into the St. Lawrence, what humiliation crushed the hearts of its defenders!—what insolent joy swelled the triumph of the victors!

Borne up by its silken folds, the flag floated slowly on towards the conquerors—a token of surrender which they hailed with shouts that shook the city to its centre. On it came, watched with breathless interest by that eager multitude, till suddenly, saturated by the waves, it disappeared beneath them, the end of the splintered flagstaff floating on the surface, designated the place where it had sunk.—The breathless hush which succeeded its immersion was broken by the clear commanding voice of M. de Frontenac impetuously exclaiming:

"Shall the trophy be lost to us, and not an arm among the hundreds here outstretched to pick it from the waves?"

"God forbid!" shouted Louis St. Ours; and with the words he cast aside his coat and sword, and leaping from the bank, dashed out into the stream. The welkin rang with enthusiastic cheers; and many a one who had shrunk from the peril, now envied the young man who had dared it the glory of the act.

The retreating foe were still near enough to mark the proceedings on shore; and hoping to rescue their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they renewed their slackened fire. But regardless of danger, though the balls fell fast around him, St. Ours pressed on. The throng upon the shore watched his progress in profound silence; but when he safely neared the flag-staff, and grasping it, held up the flag, a burst of gratulation, long and deafening, greeted his triumph, and was again renewed, and yet again, as he swam back with the trophy to the shore. Leaping up the bank, he laid it with a proudly throbbing heart, at the feet of M. de Frontenac.

Surrounded by his staff, the old noble stood upon the highest point of the bank, watching the scene with intense interest. A smile at its gallant issue lit up the veteran's haughty face, softening its stern expression, and revealing by its sunshine the kindness which really formed a part of his character, though too often obscured by the arbitrary manner which his love of rule had fostered. Bending courteously towards St. Ours:

"Well and bravely done, young sir!" said he—"well and bravely! the crowning act of a heroic day! On the spot which has witnessed your valour, it is fitting that, in my sovereign's name, I decree you the guerdon it deserves. Kneel down, Louis St. Ours!"—and drawing his sword from its scabbard, he held the glittering blade, flashing in the sunlight, over the young man's head for a moment, then laying it upon his shoulder—"Rise, Baron de Mornay!" he exclaimed; "and be thou fortunate in love, as thou hast this day shewn thyself valiant in arms, and loyal to the service of thy king!"

At these words the new-made baron rose flushed and excited, pleased by the approbation of his commander, and the flattering distinction accorded him;

but above all, mystified and astonished at being accosted by the paternal name he had so long disused as the symbol of his legal bondage. Twice within the last few hours he had heard it repeated by those to whom he had never been known as other than Louis St. Ours; and now he was rebaptised with his family-name, dignified with a lordly title.

"He casts us quite into the shade," said D'Esperon to a young officer beside him; "and after 'tis fine exploit, the women will so deify him!"—Young D'Aubigny, the person addressed, shrunk from the gay remark: he felt too deeply the power of the rival with whom, in love at least, he saw how vain it was to contend; and without attempting any reply, he turned upon his heel, and walked away.

The city that night presented a scene of rejoicing, except where, here and there, a closed dwelling told of the desolation which the brief combat had brought into it. A banquet at the castle celebrated the victory of the garrison; and conspicuous among the adornments of the grand saloon, hung the English flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who, at the peril of his life, had snatched it from the waves. Euphrosyne looked the very incarnation of happiness—a delicate rose hue flushed her cheek, but pale or deepened with every varying emotion; a beaming light was in her eye, a bounding joy in her step, a tender gladness in her voice, that betrayed to Louis more eloquently than words, the depth and fervour of her love. Never before had she so plainly manifested her preference: it seemed as if she designed to convince him of it, and that so undisguisedly, that, even while his heart struggled between the joy and anguish which the certainty of her love brought with it, he was half inclined to censure its almost triumphant demonstration.

More painfully than ever came home to him his hopeless bondage—his hateful obligations to another; and reproaching himself that he had so long tacitly permitted the growth of her affection, he resolved that very evening, even while her hand held the cup of happiness to his lips, to turn from it, and reveal to her his true position. With this purpose, he turned to seek her; but not finding her among the crowd, he strayed on towards a small apartment, whose glass-doors opened upon the terrace, which, at that hour, he thought to find unoccupied, and where he could collect himself for the interview he sought.

With downcast eyes, and arms folded across his breast, the very impersonation of melancholy musing, Louis entered the apartment; but as he slowly crossed its threshold, a murmur of voices startled him, and raising his eyes, he saw, seated in a high-backed Gothic chair, surmounted by his own arms, the Comte de Frontenac, while beside him stood Euphrosyne, one arm thrown caressingly around his neck, and her fair face, a very April-face, with its mingled smiles and tears, half-hidden on his shoulder. Entranced by the unexpected sight, yet retaining a dim consciousness of intrusion, Louis mechanically turned to retreat, when the voice of the governor arrested his steps.

"Nay, do not quit us, Baron de Mornay," he cried. "There surely is an unseen Power that directs our actions, or you would not have been drawn hither at so apropos a moment. Come and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honour! I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged your chivalrous conduct by the bestowal of an empty title; and now I would signalise my sense of your brave and gallant bearing, by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than worldly wealth and honours—Euphrosyne!"

She did not answer to his call, but kneeling in silence beside him, strove with her small hands to cover her blushing face, as it rested on his knee.—The Comte turned his eyes from her with a smile, and again addressed St. Ours:

"Young man, I knew your father, and loved him; and so loving him, rejoice that he has left such a son to honour his memory, and bear up his ancient name; and being such a one, I not unwillingly intrust to your keeping the happiness of my child, my Euphrosyne—mine by adoption, the precious gift of a sister whom I shall never cease to mourn."

There was a breathless pause: the young man's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—his heart seemed to cease its pulsations—he stood for a minute as if transformed to marble, then roused by an overpowering rush of agony, he rapidly traversed the apartment. It was a moment of terrible suffering; he could not bear it long; and suddenly nervously himself to the act, he paused before the chair of M. de Frontenac, and raised his eyes to read a sentence of wrath and banishment in that stern despotic face, but instead thereof, he saw an expression of kindness, softening the eagle glance of

the veteran, such as he had never witnessed there before.

A mist obscured his sight, and dimly through it he saw the still kneeling figure of Euphrosyne, her face bowed down and hidden in her hands; and impulsively he cast himself beside her, breathing out in broken sentences his love and his despair, rapidly detailing the history of his early and forced marriage, and deploring with passionate eloquence the relentless destiny that crushed from his heart the hope dearest to it on earth.

"This is a story, forsooth," said the comte in a tone that sounded mockingly to the diseased sense of the unhappy lover. "Euphrosyne, my bird heard you ever the like of it?"

"Ay, almost the same dear uncle," she said, raising her lovely face, now so radiant with happiness that the young man, amazed, almost indignant, gazed fixedly upon her for a moment, half ready to believe himself the dupe of some concerted jest.

"The same, say you!—pray how so!" questioned the comte.

"List if it be not," she answered. "A story of a maiden wedded in her childhood, left unclaimed, forsaken even by her perjured lord, whose pictured face only kept alive her remembrance, ay, and nourished her affection till they met again; and now— The words faltered on her lips, as, with a trembling hand, she unclamped a chain of gold from her neck, and held the miniature suspended from it towards him, then bending down, hid her blushing face from his gaze.

He took it eagerly, and pressing the spring, disclosed the likeness of a youth, beautiful as Adonis; yet, was it not—could it be a transcript of his own boyish features! It was a strange bewildering thought, nor would he have yielded to the conviction of its truth, had it not been forced upon him beyond a doubt by seeing his own name engraved upon the case. Yet even that evidence seemed insufficient, for he held it up in the strong light of the hanging lamp, reading with fixed gaze the name Louis de Mornay clearly cut upon the gold.

"Rosyne!" he cried, catching her impetuously in his arms—"Rosyne—Rosyne de Laney! she whom I have wronged, and shunned, and hated! Can it be that she and the beautiful Euphrosyne, the day-star of my life, are one—the same? If this is true, will not she to whom I have been so unjust show mercy, and let the sufferings I have but feebly pictured atone for the fatal error of the past?"—Looking up with a smile of trusting love, she replied:

"It is forgotten now—forgotten, dearest Louis, and forgiven. The joyful reunion of this moment seals and sanctifies the empty vows of our childhood. Henceforth, let us live for God, who has so blessed us, and for each other."

"Ah, take her, my young gallant; and make her what amends you can for your past folly and neglect," said M. de Frontenac in a tone of unwonted emotion. "For years, she has been my precious charge, and for her sake I have marked your course, and at last brought you to my side, that in case I found you worthy of my peerless little blossom, a happy denouement might crown your melancholy romance. The name she bears is an assumed one, of course—for with that marriage-symbol on her finger, which I could never prevail on her to lay aside, it was not meet to deprive her of her matronly dignity. And now I will leave you to mutual explanations: our guests are dispersing, and a few hours still remain before the morrow summons us to sterner duties. Be well assured that you are satisfied with each other, else it will be easy for the church to undo the knot which affection has never rivetted. But if all is right and true in your hearts, we will have you re-married on the same day that we chant a Te Deum for the victory which has chased the invaders from our shores."

A bland smile brightened his face for a moment, then turning away, he left them to their happiness; and the door he closed as he withdrew, we will not venture to open: the privacy of such affection should be sacred from all intrusion.

A few days saw the waters of the St. Lawrence free from the invading squadron, which, after various unsuccessful attempts to gain possession of some portion of the Canadian territory, withdrew, shattered and discomfited, from the disastrous conflict. The final disappearance of the foe caused great rejoicings in the city of Quebec; and amidst the festivities of the occasion, the nuptials of Euphrosyne and Louis took place under different circumstances, and with different feelings, from those which marked the former ceremonial; and with a pomp, too, which better suited the taste of M. de Frontenac, than gratified their own simple desires.

In the Church of Notre Dame, with holy symbols around them, and the English flag, the trophy of de Mornay's gallantry, waving from the walls, where for many years after it continued to hang,

the young couple, in the assured bliss of mutual affection, replighted their solemn troth, and rendered their thanks to the kind Providence which had thus led them in safety through the valley of the shadow of death.

Miscellaneous.

A PUN THAT WAS NO JOKE.—A Frenchman near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbour, which he recommended as being a very serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favourable reply; but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark—"He's not look very good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute inspection that the beast was worth the sum asked for him, made the purchase and took him home.

A few days after he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse.

"Vat is de mattaire?" said the Frenchman.

"Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter enough—the horse can't see!—he's as blind as a bat!"

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, "vat I was tell you? I was telling you he not look very good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all."

COOL ROGUEERY.—A lady in this city had the misfortune to loose one of a handsome pair of ear-rings recently and made some efforts to find the missing jewel. A day or two afterwards, a youngster called at the door, and informing the lady that he knew of a boy who had found an ear-ring, asked very innocently to take the other to compare it and to see if it belonged to her. Not suspecting roguery the lady complied with the request, and soon afterwards ascertained that her remaining jewel had been traded away on the street.—*Bangor Wig.*

In Paris, apothecaries are obliged to put up all poisons in red paper, while white labels must be used for medicines intended for internal application.

HORRIBLE IF TRUE.—At a recent meeting of unmarried printers, the following toast was given: "Woman, Heaven reward her,—she is always in favor of a well conducted press."

A writer dating from Italy, says there are no chapels for the poor, and no churches for the rich in Italy. The rich and the poor meet together—the prince and the pauper kneel alike side by side on the same cold marble floor.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee.

Because she is all ready for proposals.

A NOVELTY.—To see two women pass each other on the street without both turning round to see what the other had on.

The official intelligence received from London by the *Pacific* gives assurance to our Government that the proposed British naval expedition has no reference to Central American matters, nor in any respect a purpose unfriendly to this country. In consequence of this, Commodore Paulding will proceed to the coast of Nicaragua with only one ship, the *Potomac*, and in charge only of the general concerns of the United States in that quarter.—*Washington Union.*

Kinburn, and the fort of Ozcakoff, on the opposite side of the Dnieper, were taken by the Russians from the Turks in the year 1788. The taking of Ozcakoff was followed by a terrible massacre, in which, according to the *Duc de Raguse*, 40,000 Turks perished. In addition to these, 3,000 Turks perished at Kinburn, when that fort was stormed by the ferocious Suwarow.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.—NEW YORK, NOV. 22.—The Herald has a letter from its Rio Janeiro correspondent dated October 9. Cholera had committed dreadful ravages in the Province of Bahie and along the coast. In Bahie 15,000 persons died so rapidly that a difficulty was found in getting help to bury the bodies, and although the sailors of the imperial navy lent their aid, many of the deceased had to be burned, and two thousand of the inhabitants of Rio were swept away, but the disease was fast disappearing. The slave population had suffered severely. The shipping is still healthy. The new coffee crop was light and prices had again advanced. There was a large supply of flour on hand, and rates were likely to decline.

Mrs. Partington expresses great apprehension that the people in California will bleed to death, as every paper she picks up announces "another vein opened."