

She was dancing with the young Baron D'Aubigny, an officer of the governor's household; and she moved with an airy grace that scarcely suffered her buoyant step to touch the floor; while, in the pauses of the figure, she conversed gaily with her partner, her animated face upturned to his with a beaming look that made St. Ours start.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that the tender devotion so long manifested towards her by the baron, was at last awaking an answering feeling in her heart, and could it be this subtle magic which heightened even her marvellous beauty, and lent to every gesture a diviner grace? At this surmise, admitted only for an instant, a jealous pang wrung his heart; but another stolen glance reassured him, for he met an answering look from her sweet eyes—a look which he knew never came but from the heart.

To some she might have seemed absorbed in the tender tale her handsome partner was whispering in her ear; but Louis better understood her, and knew that for him alone her lip was wreathed with smiles, and the light of love danced in her eyes.—He could not resist her fascination, nay, he did not strive to do so, and he advanced a step, as if to approach her. She marked the gesture, and instantly her whole face became radiant with pleasurable emotion. His heart bounded with passionate joy at the sight; and repelling the cruel thought that she never could be his, he murmured to himself: "For this night at least, which perhaps may be my last, I will bask in the sunshine of her smiles;" and the next moment saw him standing flushed with happiness at her side.

The young baron drew back, mortified and offended, at the approach of St. Ours, assured by the smile of tender welcome with which the fair Euphrosyne greeted his approach, that he saw in him the rival destined to snatch away the treasure he coveted. But, unheeding his chagrin, the lovers, rapt in their dream of bliss, wandered away towards the open balcony, over which hung the cloudless moon, and where they found the silence which their spirits craved.

High in air hung the lofty terrace where they stood, overlooking that part of the city called the lower town, its narrow precipitous streets winding down hundreds of feet below the stately castle of St. Louis. It was October, but the weather was soft and balmy as a night in June; and the rosi-gnol, the Canadian nightingale, at intervals broke forth into song from amid the thickets of lilac and acacia where he sat concealed. The vault of heaven was brilliant with its countless stars, among which shone the young moon's crescent; but their glory was eclipsed by the coruscations of the mystical aurora, often so resplendent in the autumnal nights of northern latitudes.

St. Ours, with his fair companion, stood leaning against the massive stone-work that guarded the balcony, watching in silent admiration the splendid aurora—now darting its luminous arrows far up to the heavens, now broadening and reddening into sheets of flame, that waved to and fro like blood-red banners—and again, paling to a silver radiance, as innumerable shafts of light, diverging from the horizon, streamed up to the very zenith, and there uniting, formed a vast curtain of inconceivable splendour, which seemed to enclose the hemisphere.

Attracted by the report of the brilliant phenomenon, many of the guests had gathered on the balcony to witness it; but behind the screen of the stone-abutment, the lovers remained unobserved—communing in spirit, though their lips were silent. Suddenly the strange brightness grew more intense; the grand tent shook out its luminous folds, waving and shimmering till the heavens were one canopy of light, beneath whose radiance every feature of the landscape became distinctly visible—the rocky summits of Cape Diamond—the wooden promontory of Point Levi—the fair valley of St. Charles, with its guardian barrier of mountains—the little village of Beauport, and near its shores the dark ships of the invaders, lying motionless at their anchorage. Their tall masts, and the delicate tracery of their slender spars, were clearly defined against the glowing sky; and as St. Ours pointed them out to Euphrosyne, he felt a slight shudder pass through her frame, and he could scarcely catch her tremulous whisper as she murmured: "It is a fearful sight that hostile armament, which to-morrow—ah! to-morrow!"—The concluding accents were inaudible, for she bent over the low balustrade to hide her emotion.

The heart of St. Ours throbbed wildly, nay, rapaciously: he knew for whose safety she most feared, and the certainty that he was most beloved, brought with it a dangerous delight. Yet the experience of each day's intercourse with her had taught him to wear an enforced calmness, which now sustained him as he answered her half-uttered fears with a few quiet words. At variance were

his tones with the tumult of his feelings, but he dared not abandon himself to their control.

"There is, I think, little to fear from yonder invaders, who, in full view of our impregnable fortress, will scarcely venture an attack. But even should they be so foolhardy, and some of us, as it must be, fall in the service of our king, would there not be consolation, fair Euphrosyne, in that saying of the ancients, which you yesterday repeated to me—'Whom the gods love, die early?'"

She attempted no reply, but still bent in silence over the balcony, hiding her face in the flowers she held. He saw them tremble in her light grasp, and saw, too, glittering on their fragrant leaves, the precious tears which fell from her downcast eyes. How difficult he found it then to crush down the aching secret of his heart!—it trembled on his lips as, drawing her closer to his side, he repeated in love and passionate accents her cherished name.

But only for an instant slept the cruel remembrance of his thralldom; and checking the rash confession he was almost in the act of pouring forth, he moved a few steps from her, and bowing his head upon his breast, strove to still the rebellious murmurs of his heart. She drew towards him, and, as though she understood the cause of his disturbance, laid her hand on his arm with that sweet familiarity which had of late grown up between them, and said in her sweet winning tone, and with a look of bewitching tenderness: "Louis, you are unhappy; and will you not suffer me, your friend—your sister—to be your comforter?"

"Sister!" he repeated with a sudden start. "Ah! Euphrosyne, could I tell you all!—but not to-night. Let me at least enjoy these fleeting hours, for we know not what the morrow may have in store for us."

An expression of pain crossed her face, but she answered him with cheerful tones and sweet childings of the indulgence of his morbid fancies.

"Ah, sweetest Euphrosyne, chide me as you will," he said: "I deserve your harshest rebuke for casting one shadow from my own darkened life over the joyous sunshine of yours; by daring, with the web of an evil destiny around me, to lavish my love and my despair where I can neither ask nor hope for aught in return."

Transported by the fervour of his passion, St. Ours gave rapid utterance to these words—such words of tender meaning as he had never before spoken to the object of his hopeless love. Euphrosyne heard them with a thrill of joy which spoke eloquently in the glad light of her bashful eyes, as she raised them with a glance of soft reproach to his face, instantly to cast them down again, shrinking from his fervent regards. But when he read in that tender look the full and perfect love which her heart accorded him, he felt deeply the untruthfulness of his conduct in permitting the silent growth of her affection without striving to check it, by revealing to her his true position. Self-condemned and wretched, he stood before her, inwardly resolving, though it should forever terminate their intercourse, to embrace the earliest opportunity of making known to her all the unhappy circumstances which placed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Euphrosyne, with the instinct of love, marked the deepening gloom of his manner; but she felt that she was dear to him, and the deep joy of her heart remained unchilled; her eyes met his with undimmed tenderness, and no shadow darkened the sunshine of her smiles. Louis marvelled at her serenity; his own soul was in tumult, and he felt persuaded that his sufferings could not escape her notice. Why, then, did she manifest no distrust, no disturbance? It was inexplicable to him, and almost was he tempted to believe that she valued his affection only as a triumph to her vanity; but a glance at her pure and innocent face dispelled the unworthy thought. She loved him with the fond undoubting trust of woman; and he, wretch that he was, had won her young and guileless heart, only to betray it to certain misery and despair. It was too much to bear; and to escape from it, he could at that moment have been content to know that, in the coming strife, some leaden messenger of death would for ever still the throbbings of his aching heart.—*To be continued.*

David was a tavern keeper and, Goliath was an intemperate man.

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it, and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it."

"Wasn't Goliath a giant a strong man?"

"Yes he was a giant but he had a weak head."

"How so?"

"Why, to get so easily slewed."

"Yes, George that was undoubtedly owing to the strength of the sling."

Why is a kiss like a rumour?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Miscellaneous.

INTERESTING FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN.—DISCOVERY OF A NEW RACE OF INDIANS, &c.—The California papers contain some interesting facts respecting the recent cruise of the U. S. sloop-of-war Vincennes, Commander Rogers, as the flagship of the North Pacific survey. The Vincennes entered Behring's Straits in the month of August, 1855, and anchored in Senivane Bay, a port in the eastern coast of Asia. The principal object of visiting this point was to obtain astronomical observations, and a party of twelve was left for that purpose, whilst Com. Rogers cruised Northward. He visited Herald Island, but sought in vain for the land said to have been discovered by Capt. Kellet, and thinks that officer must have been deceived by low clouds. Wrangle's Land was also sought for in vain, in the latitude set down for it. The Vincennes returned in a month, and found the party at Senavine in safety and good health.

Vegetation in this region is exceedingly sparse.—Mr. Wright, the botanist, discovered some dwarf species of the willow, growing at an average height of one and a half inches. A considerable quantity of these "trees" were gathered and eaten as salad. Some other species of timber were found, none of which exceeded, when full grown, the height of two or three inches. Amongst the party was Mr. Kern, who was one of Col. Fremont's party in the overland expedition to California in 1845. The famous "Kern river" is named after him. The subject of most interest to the general reader, is the information gained respecting the Tchuechis Indians, a warlike race who inhabit this portion of Asia. They owe no allegiance to foreign power.

The manners and customs of these people are peculiarly their own. Unlike savages in other portions of the world, they are characteristically provident and anxious of accumulating property. Having no knowledge of the existence of a Supreme Being, and acknowledging no attribute superior to animal instinct, they are without superstition, and lead a life of happy ignorance of all things unconnected with the present. It is equally remarkable of this untutored race, that in their social relations, and in the intercourse between the sexes they are governed to a certain extent by correct principles of morality. They depend almost entirely upon the hard-earned fruits of the chase for subsistence, seemingly having but little taste or desire for the luxuries that might be obtained from the Russians in exchange for valuable furs. At rare intervals the fortunate captor of the blue otter exchanges his prize for knives and tobacco, but further than this they appear to have no desire to trade with the Russians. Their principal article of diet is whale's flesh, which they preserve for months by simply burying it in the frozen earth.

Lieutenant Brooke endeavoured, by many devices, to awaken in the mind of the old chief some ideas regarding the existence of a Supreme Being, and one day, when they had been sitting a long time in argument upon the subject, the savage exclaimed, in a tone of voice which sufficiently indicated the birth of a new, though scarcely defined thought.—"Good! Man cannot make whales."

One of the marines attached to Lieu. Brooke's party, was very desirous of being left among the Indians. He stated his desire to open a school at Senivane, and instruct the natives in such branches of education as could be made applicable to their understanding. His request, however, could not be granted. No greater opportunity, nor more favorable has ever been offered for missionary labor.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—Brothers! sisters! blessed names; are they not cherishing in this world of sunshine and shadow? Do we not love them, though angry words may sometimes soil our lips to them? Are we not afterwards repentant of this our foolishness? And as we put our arms around their neck and kiss away the tear of forgiveness, do we realize how much we have for which to be grateful? And many other kindred and dear acquaintances are with us on the journey of life; but we overlook our blessings, and try to penetrate into the dark future, that we may find something to grumble over, instead of raising our hearts in thanksgiving and praise, for the many blessings around us.

"Papa, what does the editor lick his Price Current with?"

"Whip it? He don't whip it my child."

"Then he lies, pa."

"Hush! Tom, that's a very naughty word."

"Well, by George! this ere paper says, 'Price Current carefully corrected,'—and I guess when I gets corrected I gets licked, hey—don't I?"

"Go to bed, sonny."

Why should the tailors be formed into a regiment of heavy dragoons? Ans. Because they are splendid fellows for charging.

FAITHFUL LOVE.—The gallant Sir Thomas Trowbridge is about to lead to the altar Miss Louisa Gurney, daughter of Daniel Gurney, Esq., of Norwich and sister of the Hon. Mrs. W. Cooper. Seldom has that proud meed of homage which beauty loves to pay to valor been conferred on a more worthy recipient. The descendant of one of England's greatest admirals, and among the brave at Alma, the valor of Sir Thomas Trowbridge at Inkerman, has become one of the glorious facts of history. Those who record the great achievements of England's soldiers in the present war, will emblazon, in the brightest colours of military story, how, when his skill and courage in directing the fire of a battery had contributed to turn the tide of battle, and when a fatal cannon shot had carried away both his feet—the wounded hero refused to be conveyed to the rear, demanding of his fellow soldiers but to carry him to the front and raise him on a gun carriage, that before bleeding to death, he might witness the successful issue of the conflict, and then, coolly, in that position, continuing to direct the fire of his battery until he shared in the final triumph and shouts of victory.

Preserved by almost a miracle to life—his services crowned by every applause that a nation's gratitude could bestow—his honours hallowed and enhanced by the tear of pity from his sovereign herself, while placing them upon his shattered frame, the noble soldier now reaps his final and greatest reward in this happy consummation of a long cherished attachment with the beautiful and amiable lady who is about to share his titles and honors, while she consoles and repays his sufferings.—*English paper.*

This interesting marriage reminds us of the similar case of the gallant Capt. Barclay, who was married while in command of the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie. It is said that after the disaster, he wrote to his betrothed, desiring that she would consider herself released from the engagement, but his misfortune only increased her affection, and she insisted upon the marriage. It is also related of the great Duke of Wellington, that Miss Pakenham having been lately disfigured by pittings of the small pox, with which disease she was attacked after her betrothal to him, she released him from his engagement, but from motives either of honor or affection, he refused to be disengaged, and married her.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless this is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt or move them. If you have a friend that loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not lavished on you for naught.

Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good the kind, the affectionate, and virtuous see and feel this heavenly principle, for heavenly it is; it is the fruit gathered from a sacred germ implanted by heaven in man's bosom.

And true fidelity has its reward. It may be slighted by some, overlooked by others; but pure minded men cultivate and cherish fond and undying love for it.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with the most vivid flashes from the darkest cloud, so does fidelity proceed from a heart susceptible to the calls of deepest melancholy and shows itself brighter and stronger in the adversity of a friend.—*Mirror of the Times.*

He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest, and dares to do it; that is master of his own passions and seems to be a slave to another's. Such an one merits more respect than those gay things that owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.—*Dr. Fuller.*

For every one, life has some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fount of pure waters, and all men at some time or other taste their sweetness. Who is he that has not found on his path of life, some fragrant rosebush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."