

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 nerving 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 him 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 strange 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, no longer so radiant with happiness that the young baron, 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 unclasped 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 gleamly cut upon the gold.

'Rosyne! he cried, catching her impetuously in his arms—'Rosine—Rosine de Lancy! 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 shew 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.'

'Ay, 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 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 never could 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 rivited. But if all is right and true in your hearts, we will have you 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 loyal 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 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 insafely through the valley of the shadow of death.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

DURING a residence of some months at a station on the Malabar coast of Hindostan I frequently went into the forest alone, for the purpose of amusing myself by the great variety of game, but seldom ventured so far as to prevent my returning before night. Attended by a native, I one day proposed ascending a mountain, whose blue summit could scarcely be distinguished from the town, rising afar in the wilderness above the lesser heights of the great Gaunt range. We started at daybreak, and plunged directly into the forest, in a direction towards the object of our expedition. I carried a heavy rifle, and wore a brace of pistols and a long hunting knife in my girdle. My companion wore nothing but a pair of unshapely shoes made of untanned leather, and a garment of leopard-skin which descended to the knees, was fastened at the waist by a belt, in which was placed a heavy knife, with a curved blade, which I observed was very sharp and bright; he carried no other weapon except a short fowling piece, loaded with ball. He was an athletic and bold looking fellow, acquainted with all the methods of hunting and combating all of the fierce prowlers of the wilds, and possessed of an uncommon degree of sagacity, coolness and physical strength. These were the qualities I desired, for I had been informed that the mountain we had been in quest of was considered by the natives as a dangerous place, even for the most skillful and daring hunter, being full of rocky caves inaccessible to any thing but the beast to whom they afforded shelter; and the country in its vicinity being covered with dense forests and dark tangled jungles, into which the foot of man had never ventured.

As we approached the mountain our progress indeed became more and more difficult.—Thick bushes and fallen timber frequently obstructed our way. Nearly all appearance of game ceased here. The smallest animals had fled their region, or had fallen prey to more lordly species of the brute creation. Occasionally we heard the crashing of the boughs, and caught a glimpse of some moving object in the dark recesses of the thickets, or saw the spotted folds of the cobra dicapella, and other fearful snakes, glide away and disappear among the leaves and thick brush, as though startled at our approach. But thus far we had proceeded so cautiously as not to disturb these dangerous creatures, or attract their attention. My companion would frequently pause, in a listening attitude, and cast his piercing glance into the tree-tops which met above us and completely shut out the light of day, as though he expected to see the crouching tiger or the anaconda, ready to dart upon us; and yet there was no expression of fear on the fellows countenance—it was the caution of the true hunter.

We had nearly accomplished nearly one half of the ascent, when we were stopped by a wall of rock, perpendicular in many places to the height of several hundred feet, and running across the face of the mountain, to the right and left, until the eye lost its curve on either side. Seeing no way of passing over, under, or through the obstacle, I directed the native to follow the ledge a short distance towards the left, in order to find an opening, while I took the right. I proceeded some distance, and found a break in the rock through which I thought we might make our way to the top.—Trees had grown up in this opening, and bushes had sprung from every crevice along its sides, filling it up so completely that only an occasional glimpse could be had of the sky through the top, which appeared no wider than one's hand.

While contemplating this singular arrangement, the native made his appearance, and after attentively considering the opening, said he could make the ascent. At this moment a sudden current of air, bursting through the crevice, parted the bushes and disclosed, a little beyond, a spot where the great rock seemed no longer entire. We had proceeded along this passage, which was nearly blocked up by the trees and brush, until we reached this point, and were convinced at once the ascent would not be difficult. The crevice widened here, and it struck me in particular that it seemed no longer a rent, but a natural opening, which grew gradually wider as it ran further into the mountain, and the sides of which were composed of earth and rock of various dimensions, some projecting nearly or quite across the fissure. The side which we proposed to ascend was not quite perpendicular at this spot, and its broken appear-

ance, and the shrubs growing from it, made our success apparently feasible.

Impelled by curiosity and a desire to know more of this singular opening, I determined to penetrate farther into it, while my companion tried the ascent. I proceeded some distance, and noticed that the passage seemed to grow no wider; but the vegetation became thinner at every step, and at length ceased almost entirely. Here, on looking up, I saw that the crevice was crossed some fifty feet above, and before me was darkness, in which I dared not penetrate. While looking with a sort of horror into this dark chasm which seemed to lead directly toward the heart of the mountain, I heard a rustling sound proceeding from its recesses, and started back appalled at the thought of having entered, perhaps, the very den of the fierce tiger or the dread lion. The noise was repeated, and hastily turning, I retraced my steps as silently and rapidly as possible. I cast my eyes up among the rocks to discover my companion, but found that I had passed the spot where he commenced climbing, and as I turned again to go back, I saw through the bushes an enormous serpent glide slowly towards me, along that part of the passage I had traversed. He did not seem to be aware of the presence of any foe or victim, but crept along with his body half concealed among the bushes, and his head close to the ground, until arriving under the native, and probably alarmed at some noise the latter made, he then raised himself several feet from the ground, and beholding the man above him, gave a loud and terrible hiss, and quick as lightning coiled himself around the nearest tree, and ascended to its first boughs. The sight paralyzed every mental and physical faculty I possessed. I had no life but in the horror of gazing upon this frightful monster—horror which was greatly increased by the peril in which it placed my companion. He meanwhile heard the terrible hissing below him and became fully aware of the extent of his danger. He had climbed forty or fifty feet, and was very nearly as high as the top of the tree which the serpent was ascending in pursuit of him.

For ten or fifteen feet above where he now stood, the rock was perpendicular, and afforded no facilities for climbing, except its crevices and the bushes that grew from them. Up he went, however, with incredible agility, until within a few feet of a spot where the wall seemed to jut back, forming a sort of shelf; here nothing seemed within his reach by which he might raise himself higher, and for a moment he paused. Above him, and quite out of his reach, was a decayed root, which did not look strong enough to sustain his weight, and above that was a strong bush which, if he could but grasp, he felt certain of being able to reach the shelf where he would have some chance of defending himself, and he observed the top of the great opening was not far above this, although a closer examination would have shown him that it was impossible to reach it from his present position, for the wall above the shelf and on either side, presented a solid, smooth front, without shrub or crevice. He had but an instant to consider. He heard a quiet rustling in the tree below, a branch of which ran very near him, and again that sharp hiss told him that his frightful enemy was almost in reach of him. With the energy that desperation gives in such moments he made a spring up the perpendicular face of the rock. If he missed his aim, or the root broke unless he could seize the bush above it he was lost, for he would inevitably fall, and the serpent would seize him as soon as within his reach. The root did break almost an instant after his weight was upon it, but the agile native had managed to lay his hand on the bush, and after another powerful effort he was upon the shelf. Seeing it was impossible to climb farther, he turned, and settling his back firmly against the rock, drew his knife and fixed his eyes upon his enemy.

My companion had left his fowling piece near where I stood, and I seized it and fired a second time, but without effect. He reached the end of the limb, which, though running horizontally, was a continuance of the main body of the tree, and having been broken near the shelf, was strong enough to bear his weight and bend very little. Here with his head flattened and his arched and swollen crest glowing like fire, he prepared to spring upon his prize. The blood streamed from the wound in his neck, and flowing down crimsoned the bright scales, but he seemed to be but little injured. His burning and dilating eyes were fixed upon the native, and his red forked tongue darted like an incessant flame from his mouth. The man was prepared for him—the keen knife glittered in his hand—but his situation was a terrible one.

At this moment a dark shadow fell upon him. He looked up and in amazement, beheld a lion of great size standing upon the brink of the opening, some ten feet above him, with his eyes fixed on the other side and evidently intending to cross. A hiss from below caught his ear, and dropping his head quickly between his leg, he lifted his mane, and with a loud roar sprang fiercely at the native, who avoided him by shrinking close to the rock, and as he came within reach on the shelf, he plunged the knife into his side. As the lion recovered his leap and turned upon his foe, I saw two or three coils fly from the limb like rings of fire, and in an instant one of them was round the shaggy

neck of the lordly beast, and the fangs of the serpent were fastened just above his eyes. He was dragged struggling from the shelf, and the serpent retaining his hold upon the limb, they swung heavily against the body of the tree.—The joints of the serpent stretched to their utmost tension, and the limb bent and cracked with the weight it sustained, but he firmly kept hold, and drew the cord about the neck of the struggling lion as a hangman's knot. But the mighty beast was not thus to be overcome. With one of his strong paws he grasped the snake above the head, and turning seized that part in his mouth, crushing bones and flesh, and grinding his teeth in fury when they met. The cords upon the limb now relaxed, and they fell heavily upon the ground, fighting in a heap and whirling the dry leaves up in a cloud with their fiery energy.

I ran up the path which the native had selected before, and was soon joined by him.—With little difficulty we reached the top of the opening, and turned to look at the strange battle below. But it was over. The huge serpent lay bloody and motionless at the foot of the tree, and the victorious lion disappeared among the bushes in the direction of the fissure. He had received some severe wounds, and I doubt not his bones ached from the great stress of the serpent's folds. Our attempted ascent of the mountain ended for that day, and we quickly wended our way homeward.

UNKNOWN TONGUES.

The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God, and He hears their voice, and fills their appetites. But few of the mammalia, only, can be said to have articulate speech or true vocal utterance. Far above insects and reptiles in point of language, they yet cannot compare with the happier birds of heaven. Most quadrupeds utter sounds of pain; the timid rabbits cries when seized, and in peril the humble mole has a voice. That of Brazil, even, produces a short, nasal grunt from under the ground which it repeats four times in quick succession. Coming as it were, from unknown regions, this sound baffles the acute ear, and puzzles the stranger not a little, until the experienced Indian discovers from him the curious little 'Tucucu.' But all these animals have only faint and indistinct sounds, and there is a long scale to ascend from the grunt of the pig to the joyous bark of the dog or the plaintive cry of the camel. The pig's language has no consonants, hence it cannot be expressed in words or notes. All utterance of the elements consists of vowels simply—so does the infant's first cry, for in nature as in man consonants pre-suppose higher development, and vowels are the signs of unconscious action. Strange it is, that pigs should know how to keep time to music, and we hear of such skill in several. When the great Medici was a victim to sad melancholies, some fawning courtier once surprised him by ushering, of a sudden, six well-dressed pigs into his chamber. They danced so well and moved so grotesquely, that even Cosmo could not resist and broke out into a hearty, wholesome laughter.

The simple voice of lambs has a charm of its own for the Christian. He can never forget Him who said in beautiful allegory, 'The sheep follow him for they know his voice, but they know not the voice of strangers.' The ear is acute as their tones are simple. A lamb will, by the bleating alone, find its mother out of a thousand. What abounding wealth does not nature exhibit even in her voices! what a countless variety of modulations she must have given to the single note of the ewe to produce such effects.

The horse has sounds only for passion and pain; what interests us most is, the manner in which the tones he utters are developed and refined in precise proportion to his general improvement. The neighing of the wild horse of the steppes is shrill and fierce, but how low and gentle is the affectionate voice of the thorough-bred, as he replies to his master's caresses! Among the trumpets he says hi! hi! and the grandeur of his neighing is terror. He utters fierce cries when, with bristling mane and maddened eyes, he rushes to attack a rival on the wide prairie; and the expiring voice of a dying horse is never forgotten by those who have once heard it in the raving floods of a torrent or amidst the agonies of a deserted battle-field.

Cats, also, have their amusing but by no means melodious concerts. Gravely and majestically sits the most valiant of beaux in the midst of an admiring circle of belles. He utters a deep, solemn note; they answer in all kinds of voices; but not exactly in pure or clear accents. Louder and wilder rises the chorus, fiercer grow their passions, blows are dealt with little forbearance, ensues ludicrous in the extreme to the eye, but to the ear torture.—Stranger still, and as yet, unexplained, is their conduct when, like true toppers, they get drunk from eating the root of valerian. On moonlight nights of early spring they have often been seen under the intoxicating influence of this well-known poison.

They caper and shriek, they scamper and scream, they leap and kick and tumble about like genuine madmen. Hence the significant though barbarous word of the German, 'Katzenjammer,' so expressive of the dread feelings