shaded with a most beautiful grove of stately oaks.

Hither on fine clear autumn evenings, our lovers would stroll, gathering the freshest of the now falling flowers, and to gaze on the diversified panorama of mountain meadow, hill and stream, spread out beneath them.

Both looked with [illegible] eyes upon the glories that this landscape presented to the admirer of nature [illegible] under the shade of these [illegible] for hours, gazing sometimes in silent admiration, and again breaking forth in the most extravagant praise of the grand and picturesque scenery.

On the east was the valley of the Willamette, its lines and groves of [illegible] beautiful prairie and wood [illegible] laying like an extended [illegible] heaven's own hand [illegible] ever smiling [illegible] presented to [illegible] the most [illegible] and ravishing [illegible] that human eye ever dwelt upon.— The blue tinted [illegible] Cascades, like dark thunderclouds, loomed far above the valley on the east, while nearer on the west the Coast Range frowned in rugged grandeur, and far to the north and south each range with a peak of perennial snow [illegible] and then shooting [illegible] white mountain sky, might be traced, rising swell after swell, till they melted like shadows in the blue distance.

Issuing from the gorges of the mountains in cataract and foam, a hundred streams wound their way through this delightful valley, fringed by the stooping ash and spreading vine-maple, their foliage were rich with the golden tint of autumn, till their sparkling waters reached their glad home in the blue Willamette's limpid bosom. Often they lingered long over this scene of sublimity, to contemplate, to admire, and to praise. And often afterwards when anguish was wringing his heart, did Stuart fondly remember the happy hours he had spent, 'neath those umbrageous oaks, his soul lifted to ecstasy, as he expatiated on the sublime and beautiful scenery, and listened to responsive praise from his fair companion.

While out one day on one of these excursions, a conversation ensued by Mary observing that Stuart's claim was a very [illegible] one.

Stuart's bachelor residence [illegible] claim, lay only a few miles to the [illegible] in full view from the eminence where they stood.

'I think,' said Mary 'you have a delightful claim. That beautiful grove of alders that surround your spring and shades your dwelling, must form such a pleasant summer bower. The cool foliage above, with a cold spring bubbling at your feet, must make it a most [illegible] retreat.'

'Thank you,' said Stuart 'you seem rather inclined to compliment my taste in the selection, but if it is pleasant in *summer*, what would you think of it in winter, when dry [illegible] and every stray ray of the sun that finds its way through the clouds, are objects so much to be enjoyed and desired?'

He spoke in a free and bantering tone, and Mary laughingly replied, O! a sunbeam, or a puddle is a matter too small to dispute about, but to me it would seem more like being remembered by the elements without these wintry evenings, to hear the loud blast sing through the trees; it would afford a sort of solemn company to listen to them roaring and tossing in the wind and storm, as if mocking their wild spirits—or I mean, as Stuart seemed to look as though he was rather in the dark, as to her meaning—it would make it less lonesome. 'Can you appreciate that, you bachelor?' she added, rather impudently.

'I confess,' said Stuart, 'that is a little more palpable than the first. This living like a hermet, is becoming very irksome, I assure you.'

The remark, though made in jest was strictly true. Many a night since bald and drizzled winter had sounded the requiem of the departing autumn, had Stuart lain on his straw bed, rolling from side to side, listening to the moaning of the cold night-wind as it roared through the trees, and made the dry limbs creak in his alder grove, and thought 'Oh how lonely,' and then again turning over, and drawing his blanket more closely around him, as the wild wind whistled through some unchinked crevice in his cabin wall, his thoughts would revert to Mary Raymond—and then what he thought considering what the reader already knows of his views of her, may in the language, morbid genius often appeals to, 'be better imagined than described.'

'The lonely life you lead I should think, would be too cold and dull, for one of your social and genial temperament,' observed Mary. She then added jocosely, 'I should like to be present some time and see you perform your kitchen and housewife duties. I wonder if a bachelor ever uses a dish-rag! If they do men have such a propensity to put everything into their pockets, that I don't know how they thwart the instinct, and keep from stowing their greasy dish-rag in the same snug place.

'O! easy enough,' answered Stuart, our appetites never being very squeamish, dish-washing we never have to do, and we have therefore no trouble in denying the use of our pockets to the dish-rag, for the reason that it does not belong to our kitchen paraphernalia.'

'But baching is not a kind of living I like at all, and I console myself with the *hope*, I shall not live so *always*.'

The glance of meaning that accompanied this remark, revealed to Mary in an allusion that which no words could more fully have declared.

'Yes,' she replied with mock seriousness, you bachelors are hopeful creatures. The old maid mopes, and the bachelor hopes, and it would seem that one is about as successful a way to secure connubial happiness as the other. And though from my heart I pity your forlorn condition, I consider it's in the aggregate a very undeserving class; though, as I told about, there are exceptions to this rule, as well as others.'

The kind loving glance that accompanied this admission, sent such a thrill to Stuart's heart, that his black sparkling eye grew radiant and animated, and his blood danced freely, almost wildly, from heart to brain.

'And I presume' he asked, 'that in conformity to the rule that the company present is always [illegible] in personal remarks, I am one of your worthy exceptions,' of this [illegible] class.'

I confess your merit demands [illegible] such discrimination [illegible] Mary solemnly [illegible] will all the [illegible]

[illegible] been intimate [illegible] had fervently, deeply [illegible] mutually loved each other, and had [illegible] and criticised, those literature,' and what more certain way is there to fall irretrievably in love than this? liked the same books, admired the same scenes, and coincided in thought, taste and feeling, with such perfect agreement as lovers only experience, yet their personal feelings remained unexplained.

Not a word, personal to themselves, had ever been spoken. No avowal, no confession of attachment, had ever taken place—not a breathing of love, not a single sentimental syllable.

With a fervid, deep, and holy flame they had loved, yet, until something had been said alluding to it, neither could scarce believe their own hearts.

But now each felt happy, fully they trusted each other; and without avowal or confession, no further assurance was necessary, to convince them they were loved.

Lightly and happily Stuart's eye danced over hill and dale, and forest-encircled prairie, and with his usual liveliness, he attempted to dilate upon their glories; but one happy thought crowded all others from his mind, and his remarks only served to reveal the folly of a person who is trying to talk of one thing, while their mind is busy with another, and they fell as innocent of thought, and point, from his lips, as they did upon the ear to which they were addressed.

Sweet indeed are the days that pass in the blissful light of conjugal affection, blessed indeed the hours of connubial happiness; but O! more sweet the hour, more blessed the moment when with timid heart, and faltering voice, we are first told that we are loved, and feel its conscious power.

We will now leave the hero and heroine of our story, while their prospects are bright, and their hearts happy, and ask the reader's attention to some lateral events that have a bearing upon the future of our story.

CHAPTER II.

December, proverbially the worst month in our year, came, bringing clouds and rain and storm; dark howling nights and gloomy days. The very weather seemed to herald on its breezes some tale of woe, and the dark and dreary month seemed as if to prepare the mind for the awful news it was destined to bring—news that made many an anxious father look well to the priming in his rifle ere he retired to rest, and many a nervous mother to listen with fearful forebodings to the sound of the distant wolf howl as it echoed from the mountain side, or with starting eye and quivering lip to the fitful sighing of the night wind, as she fancied she had almost detected the sound of the muffled steps of the dreaded foe.

'Have you heard the news?' was each man's startling exclamation, as he casually met his neighbor. From one to another, and from settlement to settlement, with a rapidity almost telegraphic, the news flew through the country that the immigrants who had remained at Dr. Whitman's mission to winter, two hundred miles back upon the immigrant route, had, together with Dr. Whitman and his lady, been nearly all murdered by the Indians—that of those taken prisoners, the males had been killed, and the women treated with the most revolting indignities, even to ravishment and subservience to the brutal lusts of their savage captors—that a general union of all the Indian tribes in middle Oregon had taken place, with a view to the extermination of the whites on the Oregon Pacific coast, and that emmisaries from these tribes were now among our Willamette Indians, trying to incite them to hostilities, and win them to the grand combination.

Such was the news that on the 20th of December reached the settlements and flew with winged speed across the country.

What a spectacle of excitement was our quiet valley! Neighbors gathered together, old men smoking their pipes and telling stories of border life, giving instruction and caution to the younger ones, who were scouring rifles, running bullets, and making warlike preparations of every sort; while the women and children crowded together to listen to grandmother—somebody—tell her fears, prognosticate the dread disasters, and lament that they had ever quitted the land, far east, of peace and quiet, where no Indian war-whoop was ever heard, no brain-cleaving hatchet ever seen or dreaded—to wander away to the lonely wilderness of the west, and finally perish, far from those dear paternal scenes, by the merciless hand of the wild and demon savage.

It was a time of trouble, perplexity and gloom. Friend no longer met friend with the beaming smile of contentment and peace of mind, but with brows clouded with gloom, and countenances furrowed with the lines of painful anxiety.

It was a time for some bold and daring mind to conceive a plan for saving the settlements from the dangers which were impending over them, and for carrying it out by vigorous and effectual action. Fortunately our country lacked not this element. Something she may have lacked to properly meet the crisis, but it was not men competent to guide in the day of dismay, or too cowardly to stand firm and unshaken in the hour of danger and battle—and nobly did they perform their duty in this trying time.

The Provisional Legislature was in session at the time, and conjointly with the Governor, voted and decreed a conscription of four hundred men, to be called the Oregon Rifle Regiment, which was divided into six companies, the whole to be commanded by Col. Cornelius Gilliam, a most gallant and worthy man. With this force it was determined to carry the war into Africa—meet the Indians upon their own ground [illegible] they had time to pass the [illegible] Cascades, as they [illegible] and pillage.

[illegible] was [illegible] preparation. Who [illegible] and who is not, were the questions each man put to his neighbor when they met.

Old bachelors, till now nonentities, and almost nuisances, from their numbers, like paupers in Ireland, were trash floating thick on the over burthened surface of community, suddenly found themselves in great demand. Their services were now loudly called for, by the other portion of community, who said to them, you have nothing to hinder you from going, but we have families which we cannot leave, therefore you must go.

Enthusiasm on the part of the single men was by no means wanting, but they had hitherto been treated with so much contumely and indignity, that many could not forbear returning thanks for cull. They said that they had to bear the most unrelenting persecution and obloquy in time of peace, because of their unfortunate, but the same class who dealt out to them all this merciless approbrium, were glad of their services for protection, and thrust them forward to meet the dangers of war, while they tarried by their snug firesides at home.

In the county where lived the hero and heroine of our story, [illegible] vailed. Never was [illegible] completely aroused. The young, the middle-aged and the old, from the beardless youth to the time-worn and hoary headed, were making preparation, if their circumstances permitted, to march for the seat of war.

The man who could go and would not, was immediately discarded by all, and his name [illegible] less coward. He that [illegible] low man to be cruelly [illegible] dered, and the [illegible] sex, made to [illegible] lust, and [illegible] of America [illegible] outed by the [illegible] won, and [illegible] high [illegible] been callous to every noble and generous impulse. One heart, one feeling seemed to animate all, [illegible]

Woman in all ages, has held in her grasp an immense power to accomplish good, or to do evil.

Let woman [illegible] morality shall be [illegible] and her influence will [illegible] than all the labored eloquence of the pulpit, or the long dissertations of [illegible] and vice versa. Her power is immense, incomputable. Let her say do this, or that, and our smiles, our best wishes and approval shall be yours,' and men immovable by every other reason, will obey with alacrity.

The women of Oregon at the present crisis were not insensible of their influence, and to their honor and the good of their country, they wielded it.

In the district of country alluded to above a public meeting was called, for the purpose of methodically arranging the volunteers who were going, arranging a time for starting on the journey, providing them with ammunition, provisions, &c.

The meeting was held in the open air, at the residence of one of the most prominent citizens. It was New Year's day.—The winter, thus far, had been severer than usual, but the dawn ushered in a day of surpassing serenity and splendor. The blue sky of Oregon was unblemished by a single cloud, and the bright morning sun shone warm and pleasant. The grassy hills and quiet-looking vales were as beautiful and placid as though no word of alarm, or note calling their occupants to bloody strife were waking their drowsy echoes. 'Tis well indeed that the world without is not controlled as the man within it. 'Tis well indeed that our own misfortunes blight not a flower on earth's smiling face, that the sorrows which bring us tears and the mourning habit, bring no blasting rains nor robes of sable to the fair face of earth, or all would be gloomy, dreary and dismal—a world of howling misery.

In the rapid, fashionable gallop of all who ride horseback in this country, a large number of persons, of both sexes, arrived upon the ground.

One or two animated stump speeches were delivered by some of the leading men, and an article was drawn up to which each volunteer signed his name, to signify his enlistment. The volunteers as they came forth from the crowd, were ranged in a long line in front. The scene was a lively and interesting one. Besides the bulk of the crowd there were a number of smaller groups, each surrounding some wavering one whom they were endeavoring by every argument, to persuade to step into the ranks composed of those choice spirits who had been selected to go. A loud shout of exultation would arise from his entreators, as their hero would be seen at last to step to the stand on which lay the roll, and subscribing his name walk proudly into the line of his warrior friends, who hailed him as he joined them, while the phalanx of ladies, with their blandest smiles and waving white handkerchiefs, signified their warm approval. More than one bachelor felt the glow of manly pride warmer on his cheek, as he was greeted by these last evidences of approval and appreciation. Many indeed, averred it was their first proud day in Oregon.

Mary Raymond was there taking a deep interest in the proceedings of the day. Already through her persuasions had her brother Job volunteered, and she neglected no opportunity to encourage all others to do the same. She felt all the indignance of her ardent soul aroused by the outrages committed upon her defenseless sex, and the man who, from sheer laziness or cowardice, would not avenge them, was with her contemptible beyond the reach of language to express.

Herself [illegible] glanced from [illegible] of her gallant lover [illegible] with him—but his prime [illegible] in that mo[illegible] mass of bustle and excitement. Disappointed as she was at his absence, she did not despair. She had not seen him since the dreadful news had arrived, but she thought she knew too well the noble impulses of his nature, to doubt that he would vindicate the honor of a man, and at once take up arms to revenge the cause of murdered innocence and insulted virtue. Highly as she esteemed him, deeply and truly as she loved him, could she have believed that his intention was to remain at home she would have discarded him as a man and resigned him as a lover, let the struggle of the heart be what it might.

Amazed by disappointment, and [illegible] plexed for an explanation for his absence, she reached her home that evening. Night came, but with it little rest to Mary's disturbed and anxious mind; and with her head on her pillow, she formed her resolution into a [illegible] of rule for future action. It was to discountenance Stuart if he did not enlist in the cause which held so much import with her as to be connected into [illegible] her [illegible]

[illegible] to know whether Stuart was going or whether Mary's [illegible] not [illegible]

Stuart was absent [illegible] No means [illegible] his [illegible] upset [illegible] of the lawless [illegible] his fellows [illegible] than he [illegible] the public [illegible] and doing [illegible] was a supposition that Mary would [illegible] the act.

He [illegible] on this way. Mary was [illegible] and she was [illegible] but it was now too late; would she not naturally conclude that 'he cared nothing for her, and under this conclusion would she not abandon all thought of him, and perhaps even be induced to bestow herself upon some other.

His wish was [illegible] although he fully intended to go, and to intimate that he was—this would convince Mary, amid the general excitement for going, of his great attachment to her; in the meantime he wished to [illegible] acknowledge his own affection, and draw from her a confession of her love for him. Knowing the influence an avowal of her attachment would give him over her, he trusted to his own skill and address, to then be able to persuade her to permit him to fulfil his patriotic purpose, and claim her as his own on his return. Twice before the day of the volunteers' meeting he had been to Mr. Raymonds to obtain the interview with Mary, but she being absent the day arrived and Stuart was unprepared for a decisive step. It was therefore for reasons fully as weighty as his urgent business with Pettygrove & Co., that he set out for Oregon City the day previous—a trip that it required two days to perform.

Contrary to his wish the news spread abroad in the settlement that he was going to volunteer. Mary heard this the morning after the day of the meeting, and no intelligence could have been more welcome. Her mind once more assumed its wonted serenity, and Stuart was returned to his former place in her heart—yet he would not that she should have known this for the hope of a world.

How little did he know of her true heroism, how widely, and yet how characteristically of all men, in their judgment of women, did he judge her feelings? Much as he has studied her, long as he has known her, closely linked as have been his destinies with hers, man knows not woman's unfathomable heart. Capricious, whimsical, wilful at times; reasonable and yielding at others, she is ever changeful and uncertain.

For often when man so stays his opinion with reason, then it seems beyond any event of incertitude, has he found himself most egregiously mistaken. Thus it is with all men, and thus it was with Stuart in this instance.

The day subsequent to his return from Oregon City, Sunday morning, Stuart rose early from his straw bed, cooked hastily, and ate hurriedly a scanty breakfast, and dressing in his best attire, and mounting one of his finest and most beautiful horses, was soon cutting the green turf across the prairie, in the direction of Mr. Raymonds', at a pace that anywhere else than in Oregon—the land of lively paits, and galloping—would have betokened something unusual.

His dress, and manner of riding were all of the thorough provincial style in vogue. A neatly fitting frock coat, light deerskin pantaloons fringed at the side, striped cotton shirt, and red silk cravat, embroidered moccasins, spanish leggings, a flowing crimson sash, and gingling spurs, composed his integuments and appendages.

Lightly his noble charger bounded along the green sward, slacking only when the rein was drawn too tightly by his rider, as he approached some boggy depression in the smooth surface he was passing over.—As this horse may figure some in the future of our story, he deserves to be described to the reader.

He was rather small but beautifully proportioned. His step and mien, were active and proud—his head held erect, and his eye wild and restless. He was a bright bay, with rich dark mane and his shining hair of silken fineness, betrayed the fine blood of a royal ancestry.

His principal fault was an audacious disposition, though with Stuart, his high spiritedness was made perfectly tractable.

When the rider mounted him he would foam and fret like a colt, and yet it was on the highway, and when once upon the road, he bounded fleetly and lightly on, as though he did not deign to leave a track upon the earth, which he seemed to scorn with his dashing heel.

The sun shown clear and warm, except where intercepted by an occasional cloud, and the prairie lark was trilling out her merry sunny song.

The green grass sparkled with the rain that stood upon it from a passing shower of the night before. The view was unclouded, and the dark blue mountains always an object for the enraptured eye of genius, of good breath [illegible] no mention, now curtained by floating fog, gleamed like lazy shadows on the distant horizon.

All lighting and blissful chimes seemed to pervade all nature, and inspired by the glad stuff which every object wore, Stuart rode briskly on, with a light and happy heart.

That Mary loved him he entertained no doubt. No misgiving or [illegible] shadow of his now happy heart. No wonder then that he [illegible] and [illegible] that his countenance [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] he alighted at the [illegible] into Mr. Raymond's yard. [illegible] Stuart's delight, he found that the [illegible] of Mary and her brother Job, who [illegible]

Mary [illegible] going to the [illegible]

Mary met Stuart at the door with one of her sweetest smiles, and bidding him good morning, and [illegible] she was glad to see him.

Stuart immediately [illegible] that by this [illegible] that he would volunteer, and [illegible] leaving [illegible] abandoning [illegible]

It was [illegible] to him, that he must [illegible] he should [illegible] his desire to volunteer.

He felt a sort of flutter at his heart, [illegible] know [illegible] why. In fact [illegible] who [illegible] could have gone [illegible] the grave and important step he was preparing to himself without [illegible] Countless [illegible] all his [illegible] his [illegible] bosom was [illegible] battle [illegible] it [illegible] stronger [illegible] that its [illegible] by his fair companion, were at his [illegible]

All that little stock of small talk, with which every man freights himself, was long since exhausted by Stuart, and his usually fertile conversational powers seemed to be able to produce nothing, but [illegible] of observation, which seemed only to heighten the irksomeness betrayed by both, and to render more observable the cloud of gravity surrounding them.

With a nervousness which plainly [illegible] embarrassment, he now moved his seat closer to Mary's side. It was not the embarrassment of uncertainty, or the confusion originated by doubt, that lent his lips and cheeks their livid hue, and the convulsive effort required utterance. It was the deep ineffable love, which he was going to attempt to express to the idol to whom he had given it, and the feeling that no words of his, could adequately communicate it, that covered with confusion, the usually calm and self-possessed lover.

Mary too, was little less agitated. Such extraordinary embarrassment as that manifested by Stuart, could be occasioned by only one thing, and the idea of the one we love above all others, sitting by our side, struggling to make a modest declaration of devoted love, yes when we know that that heart is full to bursting, and yet scarce dares, and scarce can utter a syllable. She must be either more or less than human, who does not tremble while the sweet streams of hope fulfilled, and love returned, send their warm gushes to her heart. He spoke. His voice was almost inaudible, but his words was sweeter than softest music on her enraptured ear. And as he told in low sweet tones, the love of his overflowing heart, 'she listened with downcast eyes and modest grace.' Stuart ceased. Almost mechanically she yielded her hand to his, but she said no word in return, and he proceeded—'Now Mary, you know my heart, you know I love you, and pardon me dear girl if I have presumed to think, I have now your heart—your kind deportment has proved it to me. Speak dear girl, will you torture me with suspense?' She slightly pressed his hand, and he continued—'will you, my sweet girl, accept my heart and hand, for life—say dear Mary will you accept me?'

As he was concluding, the singularity of his request for an engagement, when he was just, as she supposed, on the eve of leaving, and the fact too that he had said nothing of the war, or of going with the army, occurred to her mind. Without answering him, she turned inquiringly to him, as he was gazing intently on her countenance, and asked—'Are you not going to the war?' An unusual light was in her eye, and a strange expression covered her countenance, that Stuart could not unravel. For a moment he hesitated; he supposed that she had some distrust of his affection, and this was the trial to which she was subjecting him, to enable her to decide. He heard her throbbing heart, and it seemed to say, abandon her, and tell her you are going, and she is lost to you forever, and he answered—'No Mary, accept me, and I devote myself to you, and the improvements on my farm necessary to our comfort, so Mary, I am not going.'

A flash of lightning from a cloudless sky, or a rainbow in a hurricane, would have been no amazement to Mary, in comparison with those words. Their import seemed almost stunning, and her heart felt that moment, as if a cold blade of steel was cutting its tendrils. She released his hold of her hand, and fixing her eyes full upon him while they flashed a scorn that seemed almost to wither, she said—'Are you so presumptuous as to suppose that I will accept you?'

The lips which five minutes before, were quivering with love's warmest thrill, and were ready to utter in softest accents the heart warm assent, now seemed almost to blister with the scorching negation, which came like the withering of the hissing asp [illegible] through their tight [illegible] She said not a word more, but the brow of contempt—the eye of disdain—the lip curling with scorn and derision, and last of all, the extreme silence, with which she regarded him, seemed in their intensity, to brand their impression on his very heart. Under their withering, consuming influence, he [illegible] cowered and fell, and the bright pinnacle [illegible] so lately elate with all the [illegible] of a lover's hope, now [illegible] all the bitterness of a lover's despair. He had so fully committed his heart to an idea, he had loved [illegible] and truly, and had relied so constantly on its return, that disappointment so great and so unexpected, almost paralyzed him. With his hand on his forehead, he sat like one stricken. Not a sound or word escaped the lips of either, for several moments, and if Stuart's heart was nigh to breaking, Mary's throbbing bosom evinced little less agitation.

At length Stuart rose to his feet, and passing his hand on his brow, as if to assure himself that it was indeed reality, and standing before her, he once more raised his eyes to hers, his face fuller of subdued but inexpressible anguish, that Mary had ever before seen in the human countenance.—He spoke in a tone low and softened, with the emotion that nearly impeded his utterance—'Mary with what sincerity and fervor I have loved you, my bleeding heart [illegible] knows. And it was not to [illegible] to offer that love for I thought—and here his voice became almost inaudible, 'you loved me in return'—Heaven knows the blissful pleasure [illegible] which I [illegible] I have hugged the [illegible] delusion. It has been the sun by day, and the star by night, which have lighted my hopes and thoughts. But [illegible] proved a dream, a wild illusion only [illegible] I shall trouble you no more.' [illegible] words sank to a whisper [illegible] once more farewell, and may [illegible] be happy.'

Not [illegible] from his [illegible] emotion burst the strong bonds of [illegible] control, to lay upon the anguish [illegible] heart. His hollow voice, his despairing words, his look of [illegible] grief were all, and they conveyed to Mary an impression of unfeigned anguish, so deep, and yet so subdued and calm, that her pity had almost usurped the throne of her reason and judgment, when with a slight [illegible] respectful movement, he took her hand, touched it to his lips, and in an instant was gone.

It is painful to describe the storm of emotion that convulsed the bosom of Mary.—Now that she was left alone to her feelings.

She recalled his passionate avowal of love the woe depicted on his face, as he spoke the last fond, but hopeless words, and her soul melted to a fountain of love and pity. A flood of tenderness came over her, such only as a loving heart can feel, and tears of bitter disappointment fell on her heaving bosom. Soon however she grew calm, and she tried to bring her shattered senses to reason coolly, upon the course she had pursued.

It was only that she should be so deceived—this was the poisoned dart that left its sting behind. 'Is it possible he is not going?' she exclaimed to herself; 'yes he said he was not.' And then she would say 'how could I be so mistaken?' I have seen his noble eye sparkle with fire at a tale of injustice—that manly countenance burn with the glow of lofty indignation, at the recital of a wrong, and yet,—and her wild bewildering contradictory thoughts could fix themselves permanently upon no conclusion.

She loved the man, but as represented by himself, she thought him a coward, unworthy of her.

If you can understand this dilemma, dear reader, you can imagine the contending currents that were warring in her bosom. At length she thought perhaps, she was hasty in judgment [illegible] Oh if she could only have called him back, and had an explanation. But [illegible] too late, he was gone, and Oh [illegible] forever.'

We [illegible] her, with the hope that [illegible] will not evaporate [illegible] again.

We will not follow Stuart on his return, 'twere too [illegible] a task to describe.—Suffice it to [illegible] that there was no impediment to the fulfilment of patriotic wishes, now.

He [illegible] to remain, and would not if he could. It was not the path of glory that [illegible] was, but the thorny road of duty, [illegible] which he was called to march. It was not the place of the soldier in glittering steps and flaunting regimentals, marching to the measured sound of martial music, on the field of fame, and winning the hero's dearest hope—unfading renown, but it was the hard and toilsome position of the volunteer, where services were unrewarded, and brave deeds remained unknown, and unlauded, except by those who witnessed them, and when the conscientiousness of duty alone, was the temptation to follow it.

To the army he now turned his thoughts, and the next morning, armed, equipped, and [illegible] he joined the patriotic band.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]