

ion were continually in requisition to decide upon the necessary articles to be packed up. Nor was Agnes idle. She sat down to fix the thongs to a pair of moccasins for George, and assisted him in adjusting the wrappings for his feet, as familiarly as if she had been a wife of years' standing; and a pretty picture she would have made, as she sat on the ground at George's feet, binding the strings round his ankles, while her bridegroom bent down with admiring fondness on her slight form, set off as it was by the full, flowing muslin dress, her pale cheek shaded by the clustering ringlets of her dark glossy hair, among which, half hidden, peeped forth the simple emblem of her bridal state—the pure white rose.

The morning broke through heavy snow-drifts, and piercing winds; a day as melancholy as the hearts of the mothers, wives, sisters and friends, who were then about to part with those so near and dear to them, perhaps never to meet again. It was not till the last waving hands could be no longer distinguished through the blinding snow-shower, and dim gray twilight, that the anxious household felt how really terrible the separation was under such circumstances as the present. Their very ignorance of the state of affairs in the country increased the feeling of uneasiness that prevailed. All was horrible uncertainty and fearful conjecture.

And how fared it with our poor Agnes at this trying moment? She had borne up courageously, beyond even her old uncle's most sanguine hopes, till the last; but when the object of her affections was no longer visible to her aching eyes, she flung herself into her mother's arms and wept, till worn out with excess of grief, the more violent from having been so long repressed, she at last sobbed herself to sleep upon her mother's breast, like an overweaned infant. Her young companions laid her upon the sofa, and sorrowfully went to their task of restoring all things to their former state, and assumed once more their every-day garments, laying aside the bridal finery for some more auspicious day.

And now it was that the family, like hundreds similarly situated at this period, began to feel the helplessness of their condition. A second peremptory summons hastened the departure of all the men servants. Nor did Mr. Denham and uncle Frederick hesitate to obey the call; they were neither too old, nor too