

any more than we did. My heart and soul were overcharged with deep emotions, I could scarcely comprehend the extent of what I felt, and she was equally ignorant of the nature of her own condition:—'twas passing strange:—and thus we proceeded, till on one bright summer's evening, we were sitting under a spreading acacia tree in the garden, reading Shakspeare's "Tempest," dividing the characters between us. At length we came to the scene between *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*, and as she proceeded with the part of *Miranda*, I saw her countenance change, the blood mantled in her cheek, and her voice grew tremulously soft. She paused where the poet did not contemplate a pause—she faltered where the poet was eloquent—and when she uttered the words

"I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape  
Besides yourself to like of—"

her very heart seemed to me on her lips; she endeavoured to proceed, but the channel of utterance failed for a moment; at length she pursued the text,

"But I prattle  
Something too wildly;"

and then abruptly closed the book, and by her sudden motion dashed my cheek with a warm, eloquent tear, which from my cheek soon trickled down to my heart; she turned down one avenue, and I another; we read no more that day, nor the next, nor the next; we never asked each other why; but we never read again in that book.

'Time passed on, and the string which had discoursed such "eloquent music" was not touched again; each seemed afraid to wake the spell that had wrought so strongly, and each suspected the full chord with which that string would vibrate if touched again. I could not, dared not touch it; she ought not—delicacy forbade. Here my excessive sensibility cut my heart-strings.

If a boor glanced at her as she walked through the village, I felt disposed to cudgel him for his impudence. If an equal claimed her attention, and whispered his pleasantry in her ears, my spirit was up in arms: yet why? I had laid no claim to her—I had not the courage to secure my prize—I had not the fortitude to lose it. I was jealous where I had no right, I was confident where I had not the resolution to muse the dreams of hope into reality. Oh how bitter, how sweetly bitter was all this—the work of that sensibility—overflowing sensibility, source of all my woe, past, present, and future!

Oh Isabel—Isabel! bright, bright vision;

"No more, no more, oh never more on me  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

Perished—perished for ever: the vision and the heart, its freshness and its fervor!

And shall I linger over the sad story, which clings to me like a vampire, and drinks up my life's blood! Did she fade like a summer flower, pining in silent love, letting "concealment like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek"—did she sadly number the hours gone by when hope made her heart beat quickly, and imagination winged its way on fairy pinions—did she sink into her grave, the victim of unrequited love, blessing with her dying breath the name of him who feared to say he loved her? Oh my heart! Did she all this for thee? No!—she eloped with her music master.

Shortly after this event my father died, and I became in my turn the possessor of the small patrimony on which I reside. I fled from the world and from society, wearing out myself in the living death or dying life which I described at the commencement of this sketch. I am a broken-hearted recluse—my Isabel, a widow with fifteen children.

## THE GAZETTE.

A cool and refreshing evening had succeeded a sultry day in August, and the park at Brussels was crowded with pedestrians. One military group were earnestly engaged in perusing an English newspaper; it was to them a most important document, as it contained the Waterloo gazette: and yet its columns were a mingled source of pleasure and regret:—it notified their own promotions, and recorded the death of many a valued friend.

"Denis, you have succeeded to a gallant soldier," said Frank Kennedy, to the newly-appointed colonel of the 28th. "Poor Hilson! long will his loss be felt; so brave, and yet so gentle! The men adored him. When he fell, the groan of anguish that burst from our square will never leave my memory. At that moment the lancers assailed us in front and flank: our close and sustained fire dispersed them; and during the temporary lull that succeeded, we laid our colonel's still warm body in the earth, and covered it with a few sods. He sleeps where he fell; and where could his gallant spirit find a meet resting-place?"

"Tis all the fate of war. Hilson's death gave me a regiment and made you a major, Frank. It was a pity, too that McCarthy did not survive to enjoy the reward of his heroism. His regiment speaks of his actions with enthusiasm."

"No wonder; his deeds were worthy of an age of chivalry. In every charge McCarthy was foremost in the fight. How he escaped so long is astonishing. To him, Waterloo was a succession of personal encounters. Numbers died by his sword; and, where he perished, a crowd of cuirassiers were heaped around, and told how desperate his dying efforts had been."

"After all," said the little major, with a sigh, "war requires a set-off for the numerous calamities it inflicts on life and limb; for my part, I am ruined."

"Ruined! why what the deuce ruined you? There you are, fresh as a recruit; a lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and senior major of the gallant 29th."

"Ah! Denis; this infernal scar upon my cheek; it quite disfigures me. You know one looks to a quiet retirement after a little more service, and is it not melancholy to think that my features and fortunes are both blemished?"

"Ha! ha! ha! and does a scratch upon the cheek render a man not marketable? No, Jack, no; that very scar gives you a martial and distinguished air, that, if I be any judge of beauty, will render your natural charms irresistible."

"As Melcomb has alluded to 'quiet retirements' and future fortunes, I have made up my mind to—"

"Do what?" exclaimed the lieutenant-colonels together.

"Marry!"

"Marry!"

"Ay, to-morrow morning; and have to request