

home lights and the curling smoke from farm-house and hamlet in the distance reminded them that they were near their own kind.

But there was neither boat nor sail in sight on the memorable afternoon upon which my story opens, not a trace of the human life that now pulsates through this great artery of the land, save a small sail-boat drifting slowly under the shadow of Cro'nest. The faint breeze from the west died away as the sun declined, and the occupant had dropped the sail that only flapped idly against the mast. The tide was still setting up in the centre of the river, but had turned close in-shore. Therefore, the young man, who was the sole occupant of the boat, reclined languidly in the stern, with his hand on the tiller, and drifted slowly with the current around the mimic capes and along the slight indentations of the shore, often so close that he could leap upon a jutting rock.

Though the almost motionless vessel and the seemingly listless occupant were in keeping with the sultry hour, during which nature appeared in a dreamy revery, still their presence was the result of war. A nearer view of the young man who was mechanically steering, proved that his languid attitude was calculated to mislead. A frown lowered upon his wide brow, and his large, dark eyes were full of trouble—now emitting gleams of anger, and again moist in their sympathy with thoughts that must have been very sad or very bitter. His full, flexible mouth was at times tremulous with feeling, but often so firmly compressed as to express not