

A detachment of soldiers arrived from Canterbury, and sought them in the woods, where they yet remained. The party separated, intending to approach the misguided throng at different points. One company was commanded by their captain, the other leader was Belgrave, who chanced to be in Canterbury at the time, on business, and glad of an unthought of visit to his beloved, had joined them. His party were the first to reach the open space occupied by 'Thoms.' His followers who had surrounded him, fell back, and he, with Florence by his side, advanced to meet the soldiery. The sight of her transfigured Belgrave with horror and surprise; he had advanced alone, but she heeded him not. She only felt the eyes of her destroyer glaring on her, and only heard his voice as he placed the deadly weapon in her hand, saying—'*accepted of heaven, fulfil thy destiny.*' A bright smile played over her face—she raised her arm and fired; but 'twas not by her hand her lover was doomed to fall—the bullet fell among the green grass and rolled harmless to his feet. 'Thoms' discharged his own pistol, and lodged its contents in the noble heart of Belgrave; but that foul miscreant had run his race, and the muskets of the soldiers put an end to his dark career.

"Poor Florence! you remember Zelica in the veiled prophet; that beautiful creation of the poet may assist your fancy, but who can describe the bursting agony and wild despair of her broken heart, as the beguiling mist fell from her eyes. The reaction was too strong for her fragile frame to bear—that fond and gentle one, whose arm had been nerved to murder her beloved, sank beneath the accusations of her own recovered mind. She had been taken prisoner with the others, but was soon released, and her brother received her, with a charge that she should be kept in confinement. Madness had been urged in her defence. Alas! it was not the cause, but became the result of her conduct, and a private asylum near this, received the wreck of that once peerless creature. The wretched people whom 'Thoms' had so misled, returned to their homes and peace was again restored; but many a blighted heart yet weeps at the deeds of that man of woe.

"Two years passed away, and Florence yet lingered here; but in so sad and spiritless a state, she hardly might be said to exist. No ray of that once glorious intellect, shone forth from its shattered cell, to light her to the tomb. We watched her fast fading life, and each day seemed as if 'twould be her last of suffering.

When last year, in that season, which you in your own distant land, so sweetly name the 'fall,' we were assembled on the sabbath eve for prayer; the open doors let in the sunlight, and I thought of Florence when I saw the light leaves' shadows on the marble floor, as they were borne from their stems by the sighing breeze.

The loud pealing notes of the organ floated around, and the chaunt of the sublime evening service mingled its hallowed strains with the lofty music, when as it proceeded, a voice of wild and thrilling melody was heard far, far above the others. Along the aisle, came gliding a figure with noiseless steps, so ethereal, so spiritual in its beauty, that none could deem it of earth. A lighting up of the spirit had come, and in her dying hour, Florence had found her way hither. Awe came over all—the choir ceased, and her voice was heard alone in the sublime and beautiful words of Simeon's song. Startling was the appearance of her brilliant loveliness at that moment—her eyes shone with the radiance of stars—the evening tide of life had kindled a rose hue on her cheek, and the rich tresses of her hair fell around her like a shining veil. The deep pathos of her voice seemed to ring through every nerve—she ceased, and we bore her to the altar steps. The setting sunbeams seemed to wreath her brow with glory as she lay in the last light. She knew me, and clasping my hand, whispered—'*Heaven has forgiven, but earth may not. Lay me not in my father's tomb, but seek me a lonely grave where none but you may know my unhonoured rest. I have seen that fatal face once more, its power is gone and my path to heaven is free.*' The shadows gathered o'er her face—they passed, and she was dead; dying even as she had lived, unlike all others, and I obeyed her last wish by placing here her grave. You now have heard her story—may mercy shield you from what destroyed her—beware of coldness at that all important subject; but beware also of being an '*Enthusiast.*'"

The light of day had left the sky, and the moon poured her silvery beams on the tomb of Florence—I shed a tear to her memory, and left the old church-yard sadder than when I entered it.

NOTE.—For an account of the Kent disturbance, see Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

EMILY B.—x.

Mount Auburn, (English Settlement), 1850