

the admiration of Argyleshire. She boasted, besides the ordinary complement of high-backed chairs, narrow settees, and diminutive tea-tables, a harpsichord, a scrutoire surmounted with glass doors, serving at once for writing-desk and book-case, and furnished with the usual limited female library; a japan cabinet, well stuffed with choice china, mixed with divers curiosities, natural and artificial, of questionable beauty, and not remarkable for preservation; a glass case of gorgeous humming birds; and a gilt cage, containing a recent gift of her cousin—a bullfinch of great tameness, and such extraordinary accomplishments, that he not only drew his own water in an ingenious bucket constructed for the purpose, but attested his loyalty by piping very successfully the whole of the national anthem, from the first bar to the last, and had completely won the old piper's affections, by making certain indistinct and far-off efforts to catch the notes of the "Gathering of the Clan," as performed by him for a full hour every morning, walking up and down in front of the hall door. Dutch tiles decorated the chimney, India paper covered the walls, and the little apartment had a look of snugness and comfort, hardly to have been expected amongst the wild hills of the north. The starry white jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the hardy purple clematis—

"The favoured flower
That bears the name of virgin's bower"—

were trained round the windows; and a half glass door opened upon a sheltered flower-plot, bordered with thrift, and gay with pinks, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and garden lilies, intermixed with tall rose trees and carefully-trained bushes of Dutch honeysuckle, each almost as short, and quite as round as a Dutch cheese; whilst another door, on the opposite side of the room, led, by a narrow winding staircase, to her sleeping chamber above. It was a very complete lady's apartment; although most of the advantage of its insulation, and its power of egress from the castle without the knowledge of the other inhabitants, had hitherto been thrown away upon its fair possessor. She now decided that Janet and Luath should pass through the glass door when setting forth on their moonlight expedition. There was, to be sure, a wall round one side of the little flower garden into which it opened; whilst, on the other, it sank abruptly to the lake from which her father derived his territorial title; but that wall was in so precarious a state, and Janet so strong and active, that there was little doubt of her surmounting the difficulty. As to Luath, he would clear it at a bound.

Sunny and cheerful was Marion's little parlour, with its in-door comforts and luxuries, its out-door prettiness, its pleasant garden, and its sidelong peep of the calm clear waters, shut in by sheltering hills; and cheerful and sunny had been the temper with which the young Scottish maiden—high-born, healthful, and fair, the beloved and only daughter of a kind and indulgent father, the betrothed bride of the man whom she loved best in the world—had been wont to return to it, to pursue her ordinary avocations, after her daily ramble among the mountains or by the lake side. Now her mood was changed, anxious, uneasy, unquiet, the secret with which she had become acquainted—a secret which she felt must be imparted to no one, save her faithful Janet—must be held sacred at every risk—weighed upon her like a sin. She sat down to her scrutoire, with the double purpose of depositing in one of its little recesses, the half-fallen rose, (for, with the softened feelings so natural to a woman, when rendering, at a great risk, a great service, she had already relented towards him by whom it had been presented,) and of writing the important billet, which with Luath, was to form his passport; but, harassed with doubts, whether, in following the impulse of the moment, she had done right or wrong, and weighed down by the horrible responsibility belonging to her situation, she had no sooner folded the flower carefully in silver paper, and cleared one of the pigeon-holes for its reception, than, with an irresistible movement of self-pity, mingled, it may be, with a shade of self-distrust, she laid her head upon her hand, and burst into tears.

Her heart, some what relieved by that great female comfort and privilege, a hearty fit of crying, she lifted up her head, with the intention of writing her letter forthwith, and chasing the subject, as much as might be, from her mind, when her attention was arrested by a packet, which she had dislodged from its place in depositing the token-flower, and which had unrolled itself in falling, and now lay open before her eyes.

It was a water-colour drawing, of great finish and beauty, executed by Helen, and representing the two friends in a glen near the castle. Marion, richly dressed, was seated in the foreground; one little hand thrown round the neck of the faithful Luath, whose honest countenance, always animated and intelligent, was vivified into double life by the report of Dungallan's gun, whose figure was seen farther down the glen, firing at a red deer, bounding by. Helen had drawn herself in profile, standing behind her companion, accoutred in plaid and boddick, as a Highland lassie, and setting off, by her darker complexion and simpler garb, the delicate and swanlike loveliness of the young beauty of Locheden. Even in this picture, the unselfish and amiable character of the artist might be traced. Herself eminently handsome, she had cast into the shade her own graceful figure and noble features, and had given all her care to heighten the charms of her friend.

Marion's spirits, already weakened, could not resist the flood of recollection that burst upon her at sight of this drawing, and of some stanzas which had served it for an envelope; slight, but graceful verses, in which the poet had mingled, with fond praises of his sister's skill as a portrait painter, very intelligent hints of his own devotion to the fair original.

"Poor Helen!" sighed she; "poor, poor Dungallan!"

The sigh was echoed from behind her, and, turning round, with a shock of nervous trepidation, she saw her Cousin Archibald, leaning upon her chair.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell, for daring to look over you," said he, somewhat stiffly; "but having, after despatching answers to communications of some consequence, sought you in vain in your usual walks, and receiving, upon my return to the castle, the most contradictory answers to my questions as to your 'whereabout,' I was tempted, by the open door, and the sight of my friend Luath, to use my old privilege of the *entre*, and make my appearance in your withdrawing room. Old Angus informed me that you were walking, and well; Mistress Janet, on the contrary, said that you were at home, and indisposed; and, without intending, believe me, to intrude upon meditations which were clearly not intended to meet the general eye, I could not resist the temptation to inquire personally, which of the two reports was correct."

"Both were right, to a certain point," said Marion, with some effort. "I walked out, as I generally do, after breakfast, and returned, not ill, indeed, but less well than usual."

"It pleased Mistress Janet to deny that you had been out at all," persisted Archibald, drily; eyeing, with no good will, the waiting damsel, who had, by this time, made her way into the apartment, and was busying herself in collecting her lady's bonnet and shawl. "However, to let that matter rest, I wished to warn you against rambling about unattended, at this particular time. Intelligence has been received that one of the prime leaders in this rebellion, the very chief over whose portrait, conjoined with your own, I find you weeping, has been traced to this neighbourhood."

"Eh, sirs! Dungallan! Guidness save him, puir chiel, frae thae bloody redcoats!" was the ejaculation of Janet.

"Whether there be more truth in the exploded doctrine of sympathies than it suits the philosophers of this enlightened age to admit," continued Archibald, doggedly, "or whether the interest which you and Mistress Janet there, are pleased to testify in his fate, together with this mysterious walk, may serve to solve the enigma of his lurking about a place so remote from his own country, and apparently surrounded by enemies, remains to be determined. At all events, the coincidence is curious."

"My grateful affection for his sister, the daughter of my poor mother's dearest friend, the friend and instructress of my own childhood, might well account for any interest that I might take in Dungallan's fate," said Marion, rousing herself as she perceived the effect which her passive dejection and silent acquiescence in his suspicions, was producing upon the jealous temper of her lover. "If he fell a victim to these cruel, cruel laws, poor Helen's happiness would be ruined for ever."

"Sisters are convenient persons," observed Captain Campbell. "I am unfortunate in not possessing one; although, even if I were happy enough to boast a relation as accomplished as Miss Helen Cameron, I should lack the skill to set off her presents with a garnish of love verses. I am none of those same metro ballad-singers, thank Heaven!" added he, with increasing bitterness. "I am of Hotspur's mind, and

"Had rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;"

"As for my walk, this morning," began Marion, desirous of turning the conversation, "that"—Fettered by the recollection of all that had passed in that morning's walk, and heart-struck by the sternness of his gaze, her voice faltered, and she suddenly stopped.

"What have I done, Archibald, that you should look at me and speak to me so unkindly?" said she, after a short pause, turning to him, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and a sweetness and earnestness of manner that won its way instantly to the lover's heart. He soothed and apologized, and, before they parted to dress for dinner, a perfect reconciliation had taken place, and he had vowed, for the fiftieth time, never again to suffer a shade of jealousy to pass across his mind.

Such vows are easily made; but to keep them requires a cooler temperament than that of Archibald Campbell; twenty times, that very afternoon, was the stifled passion upon the brink of bursting forth.

We must all have felt, even although we may have been fortunate enough not to have a secret of life and death in our charge, like poor Marion, how difficult it is, when the mind is filled with one subject, to keep up an easy and unembarrassed conversation upon any other; the more especially when our companion is one to whom we have been accustomed to confide every thought as it happened to arise. In such a situation, not only is our behaviour embarrassed and constrained, but there is a sort of spell over our

faculties, so that, in steering clear of the one great danger, we run foul of all sorts of minor perils, and say and do, we hardly know what, in a vain endeavour to cover the awkwardness of our real position.

To be Continued.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

PROROGATION.—This afternoon, at half past three o'clock His Excellency the *LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR* came down to the Council Chamber, attended by his Staff, to close the Legislative Session. His Excellency was received at the Province Building by a guard of honor of the 93d highlanders; the fine band of that Regiment playing God save the Queen, and salutes being fired from George's Island on his entrance and departure. Shortly after the arrival of His Excellency, the Assembly were summoned to attend, and His Excellency was pleased to give assent to a number of bills, and his dissent to a bill relating to the disposal of School Lands. The Session was then closed with the following Speech—[Times.]

Mr President, and Honourable Gentlemen of Her Majesty's Council;

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

As the public business is brought to a close, I have great pleasure in releasing you from your Legislative labours.

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

I thank you, in Her Majesty's name, for the supplies you have granted for the Public Service for the present year.

You have done as much as could be expected by your liberal grant of £10,000 for the Service and Equipment of the Militia, and it will be my ambition, as it is my duty, on any emergency that may arise, to give the fullest effect to the means of defence which you have provided. It is to be hoped, however, as the outbreak in the Canadas has been suppressed, and as the Government of the United States have adopted active measures for maintaining neutrality on their frontier, that the amicable relations which so happily exist between the Governments will not be interrupted.

It would have afforded me much gratification if the important business, which it became my duty to bring under your consideration, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, (in consequence of your Address to the Throne last Session) had been satisfactorily arranged, and I cannot but express my regret that a subject of such deep interest to the prosperity and tranquillity of the Province remains unadjusted.

I cannot permit to pass unnoticed the resolution which you lately handed to me, expressing your regret that in the formation of the Legislative Council, Her Majesty's gracious Instructions had not been carried out; especially as you took occasion to present that resolution at the moment when you had reason to believe that it had become necessary for me to make some alteration in that Body, in consequence of Instructions then just received. It was my duty as well as my inclination to give the fullest effect to those Instructions, and I can confidently affirm that no means or exertions upon my part were wanting; but you, Gentlemen, must first make provision for the payment of the Legislative Council, (in a similar manner as you pay yourselves) before individuals can be induced, or can afford, to come from the country, and give up their time and labour, without remuneration.

It is unavailing to attempt to give satisfaction to all—some individuals no doubt are dissatisfied that they are not named to the Council, but as I am responsible to Her Majesty for the selection which I have made, I shall firmly resist any attempt to encroach upon Her Majesty's prerogative, or to influence me in the fulfilment of my duty.

Mr. President, and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council;

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

I have deemed it proper to withhold my assent to the Bill passed by you, for the appointment of Trustees for School Lands in this Province, because some of the allotments have been for many years past, and still are in the charge of Trustees, nominated by my predecessors or myself, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature, passed in the year 1766.

I shall not fail however, to transmit, to Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, a copy of this Bill, and request instructions for my guidance, in the event of the consideration of this subject being resumed in the next Session of General Assembly. I trust that I need not assure you, that I shall do so in such a manner, that it may induce the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government to the weight which is due to any subject emanating from both branches of the Legislature.

I have witnessed with much satisfaction, the uninterrupted zeal and harmony which appears to have animated the two Branches of the Legislature during the present Session, and I confidently rely that you will, on your return to your homes, cultivate in your respective circles those sound principles of loyalty and affection to our most Gracious Sovereign, and attachment to the Parent Kingdom, which alone can promote and secure the real interests of this rising and happy Colony.