

teenth year, and as graceful and beautiful a creature as ever unfolded into womanhood. With her mother's name she inherited many traits of her peculiar beauty—her sunny eyes, her brilliant complexion, her perfect symmetry of shape, and airy grace of motion,—while her dark soft hair, her natural vivacity, and the inbred politesse and refinement which ever marked her manner, betrayed her paternal descent from that grand nation to whom these distinguishing characteristics peculiarly belong.

Millicent loved her father, but her mother had been to her an object of passionate affection. She resembled her in character and mind as well as in person, and from her early teaching, the daughter had imbibed, a deep and fervent attachment for her maternal land. It can be no matter of surprise, therefore, that the excitement which was daily gaining strength and bitterness around her, should cause her much uneasiness. When first her father and his friends began to utter their invectives and express their discontents, she could wield many playful arguments in reply, but as the state of things became more serious, and her ear was constantly wounded by threats and execrations, she forced herself to be silent, because she saw her father's brow darken, when in her gentle pleading tones she ventured to utter a word of extenuation or defence.

Many, indeed, at this time were her secret fears and forebodings, and more keenly than ever did she now miss the tender counsel and affectionate sympathy of her mother. Her father's love for her, seemed, with all the better feelings of his heart, to be merged in the wild enthusiasm of party, and amidst the conflicting tumult of hopes and fears, and unaccomplished purposes, even the gentle presence and endearing caresses of his child, lost the power of soothing him which they had once possessed. There was only one being to whom she could freely utter her fears, and to whom she dared use the language of earnest remonstrance, and if in him it failed to produce the effect she wished, it at least called forth the gentle soothing of affection, instead of the stern rebuke which now too often fell from the lips of her father.

Léon de Lorimier was the ward of M. de St. Vallery, and the orphan son of his early and dear friend. He had been reared from childhood to mature youth in the family of his guardian, and, as was almost the necessary consequence of such companionship, a mutual affection had grown up between Millicent and Léon, which as time advanced, and matured the graces and virtues of each,

had ripened into an attachment of no ordinary strength.

M. de St. Vallery, who loved Léon as a son, saw with pleasure the mutual inclinations of the young people, and when appealed to on the subject by his ward, most cheerfully promised to bestow on him the hand of his daughter. At the opening of our story they had affianced nearly two years, and though both still young, St. Vallery yielded to Léon's entreaties, and consented that the marriage festivities should be celebrated during the Christmas holidays which were approaching.

Léon de Lorimier, in compliance with his father's dying injunction, had finished his education at one of the literary institutions of the United States, and had there imbibed those republican sentiments, and that ardent love of liberty, which he ever after cherished. He had since visited Europe, had resided for some time in France, his father land, and from thence, crossing the channel, had remained long enough in England to become familiar with its laws and institutions. But the aristocracy, the magnificence, the luxurious refinement of the old world failed to weaken in his heart the opinions and sentiments he had imbibed in the new, where he had received those early impressions, and adopted those principles never to be destroyed or effaced.

Yet was Léon no bigoted partizan, and though he espoused the cause of the Canadians, the cant words of the party were never on his lips, nor would he allow that there was either tyranny or oppression to complain of, from their rulers. In common with thousands, he wished for reform on some points, and he thought and declared, that as a people wholly distinct from the English in manners, habits, and religion, the Canadians would be far happier, and advance more rapidly in intellectual power and improvement, were they to become a separate nation, independent wholly of the home government; still he did not advocate any open or violent rupture. Their object, he said, must be effected by time, and the aid of other causes, which were silently, but surely, operating to bring about the desired result.

Yet notwithstanding the moderation then urged by Léon de Lorimier, and by others also who deprecated any overt act of disloyalty, the excitement which prevailed among all classes of the French population was so great, as completely to spurn all counsel or control from the more cautious or peaceably inclined. Thus the aspect of public affairs became each day more gloomy and threatening, and Millicent's anxiety increased in