

until this morning when I awoke.— You may imagine my surprise and joy, on finding that you were with me. I thought only one night had elapsed since my melancholy wanderings, and how you had found and conveyed me here without my knowledge, was a mystery I could not solve. Anxious for your awakening, I retired to a little distance: and now it is all explained.”

Love, pure and ardent as it was, could not alone support the fatigues of a long and difficult journey. William took up his gun, and had not proceeded far, when he found a deer within the range of his shot; a number of these he had seen the day before, but killing deer was not then his object. In a few minutes some of the venison, suspended by bending twigs, was roasting over the fire. This seasoned by hunger, made a delicious meal.

They now arose and pursued their journey. When they arrived at the path which led to the river, Fanny recovered the things she had lost. They now ascended the hill and travelled on until evening, when they prepared to pass the night, where few lovers would wish to bivouac. However, this passed happily, compared with the two which had preceded it.

The next morning they fell in with some of the numerous people who were scouring the woods; and by the firing of guns and blowing horns, their party increased as they journeyed on. Who is that venerable person advancing with hasty steps?

“My child! my child!” was all that the old gentleman was able to utter as he clasped his daughter in his arms.

“Oh my father! how is my dear mother,” was Fanny’s immediate inquiry. “She is dreadfully afflicted,” said her father, ‘but trusts in heaven.”

Fanny then taking William by the hand, says—“here father is my deliverer.”

“God bless you, my son,” said Mr. Homes, embracing him, ‘God bless you: but for you, our grey hairs would have went with sorrow down to the grave! can we ever repay you?”

William looked towards Fanny with an expression which seemed to say *you can*, and Fanny’s responding glance did not speak despair.

The joyful tidings flew before them; and an affecting scene ensued when the mother and daughter met! Nature would have sunk under the feelings which she herself created, had not tears relieved her bursting heart.

William, overwhelmed with congratulations, after taking leave of Fan-

ny, returned home to seek that rest he so much required. His parents and sister formed part of the large circle that gathered around their evening fire, all anxious to hear from Fanny the history of her lonely sojourn; and the tale brought tears from every eye. Long the company lingered, unwilling to break up; and ere they retired to rest, a prayer of thanksgiving, warm and ardent as ever flowed from the lips of man, rose from this happy dwelling.

In a few weeks, another company was assembled at Mr. Homes’ and William saluted a lovely bride, amid the congratulations of numerous friends, rendered more dear to them and to each other, by the adventures of the forest.

NEWBURN.

MISCELLANY.

“Various that the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change and pleas’d with novelty,
May be indulg’d.”

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

REMINISCENCE OF OAKVILLE.

It was in the month of April when I last visited the harbor of Oakville, G. D. the scenery of which brought to my recollection a few hours I spent at that place about six years ago. At that time only one miserable deserted log hut was erected, which now stands as a monument of past years and present curiosity. To take shelter in this forsaken, and said to be, haunted hovel seem’d to me, who was then about eighteen, hardly possible. One hour the sun had been sunk below the western horizon before I reached this dismal place. The winds whistled through the branches of the long-stripped trees; the clouds flew swiftly across the face of heaven, and the agitated lake roared with wild confusion.

A few steps and I reached the eastern bank of the Sixteen which brought fully to my view, the rolling waters as they beat upon the beach and broke in whitened foam. The shrubby oaks bent beneath the wild wind; the lofty pine nodding beneath the oppressive element, seem’d almost willing to give up its ancient possession, whilst others too weak to resist, tumbled from their base, making the earth tremble as they reached its face, and leaving a mist of branches loosely floating round; in fine, all the elements appear’d to have conspired to present the most awful picture of horror and dismay.

On a little eminence I paused, placing the butt of my rifle on the ground and leaning upon the muzzle, I contemplated in the most solemn manner, the scene before me. To retrace my steps

homeward was not possible; to seek for an inhabited house would be folly, because the nearest was at least two miles distant and the path unknown; but to remain in the place where I was would be the wisest resolve. Looking around for a spot on which to build a fire, I pitched upon one in a ravine which ran towards the creek, and with a good deal of difficulty kindled a fire, and the old wood around afforded plenty of fuel to make a large flame. I seated myself on a log near my fire, and with my rifle began to keep a watch for the night.

The wheels of darkness rolled on in stern majesty over the broad wilderness of shadows, and nothing brought with it any diversity of sight or sound but the crash of a tree, at considerable intervals, whose weight jarred the wide extended forest. About midnight the wind abated and nearly a calm followed. The roar of the lake yet echoed through the air. The rebounding wave rolled along the shore, hearing with it the bright sparkle of its foam. The owl hooted his dismal cry from the nodding pine; the wolf’s long wild howl rose upon the startled echoes afar off, amid the frowning trees on the west bank, and the astonished pack followed downward the winding of the creek with a steady pace. Every yelp indicated their nearer approach, and every silent moment brought with it the weight of oppressive terror. With all the firmness of a youth whom danger had never started from the straight forward path, I rose from my seat, cocked my rifle, and waited for the burst of the next howl, which in all probability, would not be many hundred yards from my position. It came—it rolled along the stream in all the wildness of a ferocious sound, reverberating from “hill to glen;” it rung through the forest till it could only be heard in startling echoes and lost amid the voice of the waters. Hung by suspense and nearly trembling with fear, I awaited the attack of my enemies, who by this time had forded the stream. Another startling howl aroused my remaining senses, and told me their distance; and I stood watching with earnest expectation for the first to make his appearance, determining to be the death at least of one. * *

The death-like howl told me that my aim was fatal! Again all was still! no sound—no noise! all appear’d as silent as death! The long rolling wave yet sent forth its slow harsh voice, and the hooting owl at times still issued his plaintive notes among the dark trees of the forest. Hardly did my breath steal its way, or my eyes move from the di-