

the fine young man I was mentioning to you; shall I introduce you?"—Edward without answering continued walking, and as they passed the stranger, he made a low bow and seemed to wish to stop, but meeting the eye of Edward, his dark brow involuntarily shrunk into an abashed scowl, and he passed on.

Edward had learned something of his character, and found him to be a gambler, and dissipated fashionable coxcomb. He had heard likewise of Robert's intriguing with Jane and of her love for him, and her apparent coolness for himself of late. He therefore took this opportunity of expressing his affectionate regard for her, and his expectation of a mutual return of affection and fidelity towards, and for him, on her part. She protested her innocence; and although she admired Robert, yet Edward was the true idol of her heart.

Edward and Jane were at this time engaged, and were to be married the following winter. Satisfied with the appeal of his Jane, though conscious of the weakness and pliancy of woman's heart, Edward contented himself with this admonition. The crafty and treacherous Roberts never lost an opportunity for bringing about his infernal intention.—In the absence of the family, he frequently prevailed on Jane to walk out with him; in these walks he vilified to her the character of her present lover Edward, by insinuations, and made her fair promises, if she would change her intention of marrying him, of an ample reward and fortune. Indeed he exhausted his fund of artful persuasion, convincing love, pretended affection and brazen duplicity, in trying to seduce her from the cause of virtue and constancy.

Could thy heart, O woman, withstand such temptations, delivered in the gentlest manner, and with the most consummate skill of an arch seducer? Where was chastity, the diamond of thy nature, pure as the glittering beam of the morning sun upon the mountain snow, or as the midnight rose that steals the silver beam of Cynthia, whilst the southern blast its fragrance sips; could not thy virgin purity, shielded by thy

loveliness, astound the villain's eye? Lovely virtue! thy intrinsic worth and beauty feels too oft the viper sting of vice! Though distant vengeance never fails to come around.

Edward and a companion of his were walking out one evening on the green skirts of a wood, when his eye caught the form of his fickle Jane, supported by her treacherous lover, Roberts. As they approached towards him, Edward's bosom swelled with that indignant feeling, injured love and conscious innocence ever assume in such a situation. He viewed Jane with a species of mingled pity and love, and his heart forgave her inconstancy from his conscious belief of Jane's virtue. But his eye sparkled with contempt at the base wretch who could thus plot, premeditatedly her unsuspected ruin. As they passed, Jane blushed and hung down her head; but Roberts looking at Edward with a contemptuous smile, bade him "good evening." Edward's anger burst upon Roberts with—"villain, will you add contemptuous provocation to your treachery?" and, raising his cane, would have laid him level at his feet, had he not consideration for the feelings of Miss Somers, and the remonstrances of his friend, prevailed upon him to desist. When turning upon his heel he said, "Vaunting Coxcomb! show your courage by meeting me at the dawn of morn, as a gentleman?" "*En tout mon cocur!*" was the reply of Roberts with a bow. All things were arranged for an early meeting, seconds chosen, and place and time appointed to act that scene of barbarous origin, and tragic results.

When morning came, Edward and his second, before the sun had risen—when the dewy fragrance of morn and the rapturous twittering of songsters in the woods cheered his spirits, proceeded to the place appointed for the duel. No one had yet arrived of the opposite party. Edward some time, seated on a log, remained absorbed in thought. Though unshaken in his courage, still from a consideration of the whole affair, he grew melancholy and dejected; conscious of the folly of an appeal to arms, and unwilling to become the murderer of a silly young man; still

a sense of his wrong, a hope of his being able to bring the young fellow to his senses, and that he strove to regain falling virtue, ere its ruin, induced him to await the result of the battle.

The sun had tipped the forest's head, and shone brightly—beautifully on the glowing scene, and to the exhilaration of the animal creation; adding lustre to the vegetable world. No Roberts appeared; and a degree of impatience was visible on the face of Edward Winton, as he paced the ground to and fro with the rays of the sun shining on its pale and intelligent expression. When turning to his second, he says, "I told you so—I thought him a coward—I thought he would escape." Chagrined and disappointed, they were forced to return home.

Roberts had agreed with Miss Somers that evening, to escape and leave the country. By a masterly manoeuvre she was let down from her chamber window in the dead of night—when the moon spread its silvery covering on the scene around, and wooed the silence of the night; yes, when the moon was towering in the majesty and sullen splendor of its round, with the stamp of its Maker's greatness on its virgin landscape, this armour of vice was going on; this wicked man was imposing upon the blind infatuation of a well-meaning, innocent young woman. Having a post chaise at hand, they fled, and were never heard of more, leaving her parents to lament their negligence and her wanton credulity and folly.

Edward, when he heard of this elopement, was much affected; he had always had a sincere affection for Jane. However, time gradually erased the vividness of her memory from his mind; his worldly occupations engaged the attention of his thoughts, and he was married two years after this, to the sister of Jane. More than ten years after this, Doctor Winton, as he was a medical man, in taking a tour through the United States, stopped in the vicinity of Boston, at an Inn. While sitting reading a newspaper in one of the back rooms, he heard an earnest inquiring for a Doctor: that Miss Clifton was on the point of death