

feudal magnificence, it was no wonder that its popularity was beyond that of any other mansion in America. To this house, not only the great and learned among the American residents and European tourists alike resorted, but it was equally open to the crowds of Indians, who, attracted by the hearty cordiality of its master, laid aside their usual reserve, and flocked to the hospitable board of William Johnson.

From afar, Margaret Seaton heard of this sylvan abode, and wondered if its occupant ever thought of her whose coldness had driven him to its deep shades. Drawn from him for awhile by the prospect of a more intellectual lover than the boy of nineteen, as William Johnson was when she parted from him, she too had experienced a disappointment as keen and severe as a lover's revenge could wish to inflict. Retribution for her broken faith to William Johnson had overtaken her, and now, disgusted with the vain show in which she had lived, and the heartless desertion of the lover for whom she had sacrificed a true and faithful heart, she formed the mad project of going to America, and witnessing the new life which her former lover was said to lead.

Circumstances were favorable to this idea. Her parents were no more, and the wealth they had left was at her disposal alone. She knew that, since the night on which the two stood at the little Gothic church, a boy and girl in the first flush of youth, that she, at least, must have altered. The soft curls hung as lovingly around the neck, but the fair brow had a shade of care, and the blue eyes were faded from their first brilliance. Night and day she mourned over the decision of that night, and it had left a shadow upon her beauty like a blight upon the lily. She embarked for America under an assumed name, arriving at the very height of the luxuriant American summer.

Johnson Castle was deserted when the unknown lady arrived in its neighbourhood; and another residence on the banks of the river, where a most singularly beautiful location had attracted the notice of the munificent owner of the land, had risen in a beauty that threw the castle into comparative homeliness. Outside of the ample and beautiful domain surrounding this favored spot, was an English settlement, composed mainly of artisans or workmen whom the master's liberality had induced to remain. In one of these habitations the proud English maiden found a home; and ventured to ramble over the very grounds of her old lover, trusting to her altered looks to conceal her identity with the Margaret of his early dream.

Wandering over the magnificent grounds surrounding Johnson Hall, she encountered an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by two beautiful girls, in whose sweet young faces Margaret read their relation to William Johnson. These then were his children, and although she had heard, with a strange joy, for which she despised herself, of the death of his wife, she could not retain such feelings when she thought of these lovely girls, left without a mother, as she herself had been—perhaps, some day drifting like herself upon the outer circle of a happiness which she could never hope to know. Then came the remembrance that had it not been for her folly, she might have been a wife and mother; the wife of him she indeed worshipped, and the mother to his children.

Determined to have a single look, if no more, of that face so beloved, Margaret walked on. Past the fertile fields, past the smiling river, through the groves of chesnut and maple, to the very borders of the beautiful garden. What was it that caught her eye within its bounds?