

world of ours, the fairest joys are the most fleeting: even as the beauty which, while we behold its glory, and acknowledge its power, passing unconsciously away.

But to return. We left our lovers wending their slow course over the valley, and communing with each other in the confidence of mutual affection, nor thought they, that each moment they were approaching the brink of unknown danger—it might be destruction.

After indulging in one of those visions of felicity, which we are so apt to cherish, when like the soldier, our hearts are young and our hope undimmed, and which he painted in all those glowing tints with which love delights to clothe its creations; in conclusion, Edward said to his companion, just as the hoofs of their horses trod simultaneously upon the echoing planks of the bridge—

"Then, my own, will we make our happy home in the abode of my ancestors, and I will show you all my old haunts; the river where I used to fish—far clearer and more undisturbed than this beneath us; the woodland walk, the quiet dell, so dear to my childhood, but never, no, never half so much appreciated as when with sweet Clarence, I shall revisit those scenes, which I have often thought the most beautiful in all England."

The whole party were now upon the narrow bridge which trembled with the heavy tread of the soldiery, when, suddenly, as if from the bowels of the earth, a terrific yell burst forth, and while it was yet lingering in the ears of the astonished listeners, a number of armed savages sprang from the grass that had concealed them, and rushed in a body to intercept their progress, and ere they could think of retreating, or, in fact, before their faculties had recovered from the shock of surprise, another band of enemies on the opposite side of the river had cut off the passage in the rear. Edward, as soon as his first alarm had given place to the instinct of preservation, gave one look behind, and seeing that their only hope of safety lay in the success of a bold effort to force their way to the bank in front, he shouted aloud in the energy of desperation—

"Forward, men—for your lives!" And, grasping the reins of the half-fainting Clarence, he dashed into the midst of the ferocious throng just as the Indians poured their irregular fire among the crowded soldiery, who were confined upon the scanty bridge, with deadly effect; for the swift plunge of several bodies into the dark water was heard to follow, which was hailed by a whoop of exultation from the re-

morseless foe. For a time nought could be distinguished amidst the smoke and confusion save the glancing bayonets and the gleam of uplifted knives and tomahawks around the spot where Edward disappeared. But he was soon seen cleaving his way out of the dusky circle, with the rapid sweep of his long blade, striking his opponents right and left, and warding off the blows aimed at his helpless charge. Yet his life must have been sacrificed had it not been for Dennis, who followed close behind his master and beat back his numerous adversaries with his bayonet's point, making deadly work upon the exposed bodies of the Indians, and accompanying each thrust with an Irish howl, which made an equal impression on their breasts. It was a fearful scene. The woodwork of the bridge became slippery with blood, which occasioned the death of some, whom the ball and hatchet had as yet spared; for in the frenzied rush of the soldiers to the front, many were precipitated into the flood below, who added to the screams and yells of their foes the sharper cry of horror and despair, as they sank grasping beneath its turbid surface, or were carried away by the rapid current before the eyes of their comrades, who were incapable of rendering them any assistance, and so they perished.

"Push on—push on!" shouted Edward, disengaging himself from the throng of natives, and followed by the remnant of his small party, who fought, back to back, against the numbers hemming them in on every side. But before the horses heads could be turned from the conflict to effect a rapid retreat, a gigantic warrior was seen making swift bounds towards them. When within a few paces the Indian flung his hatchet with a fierce whoop, which, cutting the air with great force and a whirling sound, buried itself in the chest of Edward's charger. Making a tremendous spring forward, that tore his hand from its grasp of Clarence's bridle, the wounded animal bounded with frantic speed over the plain, and after several plunges at random, fell heavily to the earth with his rider; but not until Edward had seen, with a pang of agony, the horse of his betrothed led away among a crowd of savages, and he heard a shriek which made his very heart cease to beat. Then all sense failed him, as he was dashed to the ground by the fall of his expiring steed. His fate would have been quickly sealed, had not the faithful Dennis bestrode his lifeless body, and clubbing his firelock, kept the enemy at bay. But succour was at hand. A gun from Fort Cumberland roar-