

ed, she did not see him, and again, on the succeeding evening when he came she pleaded an excuse, and did not go down, but left her father to entertain him. On the succeeding day she received an impassioned lover's note from him, in which he accused her of caprice and coquetry. It was meet that he should call her so, she thought, but she felt then that she could not see him, but sitting down, she penned him a note, telling of her long engagement to her cousin, his attachment to her, her father's expectations, and her own decision of remaining true to her promise.

Colonel Dwight received this from the servant, and read it with conflicting emotions.

"Ha, she does not say she *loves* this soldier cousin, Apollis!" he exclaimed. *I* have the girl's heart, and now I must be bold, and push the victory till I obtain the prize herself, with all the accomplishments. And it is easy enough to do. Women's hearts are like wax, and a bold and daring suitor can mould them at his will. Let me but manage to see the French girl once more, and I can accomplish the rest. Persuasive words and her own heart will complete the work. She will fly with me, and then, as my wife, Monsieur Villiers will not refuse to take his daughter to his heart and fortune, and this cousin can in the army find solace for his lost love."

The next day, as Theresa sat in her apartment, she again received a note from Colonel Dwight, handed her by her waiting-maid whom he had bribed into service. It ran thus:

"Will Mademoiselle Theresa meet Colonel Dwight this afternoon in her garden? He leaves Quebec to-morrow, with but little hopes of a return, and he craves this meeting as a last favor from one whom he has learned to love, and whose image will go wherever his footsteps lead.

"At 5 P. M. he will be there, and watch and wait for the coming of Mademoiselle Theresa."

There she read this note. It would do no harm to meet the English officer, and she would go. Her heart was in this decision. She thought she was strong; she would go for a moment only, bid him adieu, and he would know then that she had not intended to trifle with him.

At dinner, Monsieur Villiers said joyfully:

"Theresa, Adolphe will be with us by to-morrow! How happy we shall be! I count the hours now; and before he returns again to the army, you two shall be united, for it is not well to wait longer. Adolphe is brave, and if anything should occur that I should not live till the war is ended, then I should die content, knowing I left you as his wife."

Theresa did not reply. She heard her father, but where was her heart? She could not tell. A blending together of the two—the English officer and her cousin Adolphe—was within it. Which regard would prove victor she could not decide; out she was determined to conceal her feeling for the Englishman, and by making her cousin and her father happy, fulfill her promise.

The hours of the afternoon wore away, and five o'clock drew nigh. As the fingers of the little ormula clock on the marble mantel in her room marked the hour, Theresa, with palpitating heart and trembling hand, opened the door and glided down the stairway leading to the garden in rear of the house.

Colonel Dwight awaited her there, and advanced eagerly towards her, he led her to a seat under a high, overshadowing oak.

A half hour elapsed, and the words of the Englishman were beginning to tell upon the

heart of the French girl. She was half persuaded to go with him and become his wife.

But suddenly looking up, she started to her feet, with an exclamation of alarm, crying out:

"*Mon Dieu!* 'tis Adolphe come to reproach me!"

Colonel Dwight also sprang to his feet, for he saw, what was no sudden vision, but real flesh and blood, a handsome young French youth, in huntsman's dress, at scarcely a rod's distance, intently regarding them. He knew full well it was Adolphe, who, in this suit, had travelled from the distant French encampment. His brow darkened angrily, and grasping Theresa by the arm, he sought to turn her steps away, and to flee with her from the spot.

But the words of the young man arrested them. Stretching out one arm toward them while the other rested on his rifle, and with a stern yet sad gaze in the eyes that looked upon them, he exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu,* Theresa! What do I behold? My betrothed in the company of another, and he one of my country's enemies? It is as I feared! You are untrue to me!"

Theresa stood for a moment, riveted to the spot; then shaking off the grasp of Colonel Dwight, with a sudden cry of mingled joy and grief, she rushed towards Adolphe, who had not moved, and bursting into tears, she threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, Adolphe!" she cried, "you have come to awake me from the fascinations of the charmer? I am true to you! Take me home to my father. I cannot leave him or you, my own Adolphe!"

The young man raised her tenderly, and looking deeply and earnestly into her eyes, he asked in saddened tones:

"Do you go of your own free will, Theresa or has my coming terrified you to this? Answer me truly, as you value the future peace and happiness of our household.

Clinging to him with a tighter clasp, she replied:

"Yes, yes, take me home, for I cannot go with him!" with a shuddering look toward Colonel Dwight, who stood, pale with rage, a spectator of the scene. "Oh, Adolphe, I am yours, and only yours," she continued.

"Then do not leave me, or look sternly upon me, but let me go with you to my father, and he will bless us both, in joy at your safe return."

Drawing Theresa's arm within his own, the young man turned toward the English officer.

"You have heard the lady's words," he said, sternly. "She has fixed her choice. I forgive you for the injury you would have caused me," and then they turned toward the house.

Colonel Dwight walked away, with bowed head at his discomfiture. His first impulse was to inform of the young French soldier's presence in Quebec; yet it would avail him nothing, for Theresa was now lost to him, and it would only give rise to conjectures concerning his own disappointment, for his admiration for her was well known. He had already resigned his commission, and made arrangements to leave the city, deeming Theresa secure as his companion, and so, the next vessel to England bore among its passengers the discomfited British officer.

Great was the joy of Monsieur Villiers to behold Adolphe enter with his daughter, and after listening to an account of his many detentions, and the perils he had endured on the way, and learning the brief period of his stay—for he must set out on his return the next day—he insisted that he must give Theresa to him ere he went away. And so that night, in Monsieur Villiers' mansion,

there was a quiet wedding ceremony performed by the old French priest, in which Theresa and Adolphe were united, and when on the morrow, the brave French youth departed again for camp, he carried with him, to brighten and cheer his life, the blessing of his happy wife, Theresa.

Within the ensuing year the war closed, the British still retaining their hold in the Canadas. When peace was fully restored, finding that their countrymen would not again hold Quoi Monsieur Villiers with Adolphe and his wife, Theresa, departed for *la belle France*, where a long and happy life crowned the trials they had met in the New World.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

[From the Ottawa Citizen of the 30th Nov.]

In a recent issue we alluded to a pamphlet which has been laid on our table, and promised a more searching scrutiny of its "fact and figures." The title of this paper is "The Route of the Intercolonial Railway in a National Commercial, and Economical point of view." It is well written, in a clear and vigorous style, and shows an intimate acquaintance with the subject. From the animus apparent, we should conclude the writer is indignant at what he evidently considers the disingenuousness of the supporters of Frontier and Central lines, and is more anxious to show up their special pleading and inconsistencies, than to advocate his own line. He places much more confidence in the survey of 1848 conducted by Major ROBINSON, of the Royal Engineer Department, than he does in any of the rapid and imperfect surveys, so called, that have recently been made by Mr. SANFORD FLEMING, Mr. WALTER BUCK, and others. His reasons for this are not without weight; because, as he states, Major ROBINSON could have had no personal or sectional interest to serve; he was a stranger in the country, wholly unconnected with its business men, and therefore ignorant of any sectional interest to be served. His duties occupied three years, and cost the country £30,000 stg. He carefully surveyed every mile of the route he describes, made accurate working plans of every section, and carefully estimated their cost; and any one familiar with the thorough and substantial manner in which the Royal Engineers of England do their work, will conclude that Major ROBINSON estimates are more likely to err on the side of excess than on that of stint. On the other hand, the writer quotes Mr. FLEMING'S Report to show that he confesses his survey to have been very hasty and imperfect; that in many cases, he merely guessed at the route, from the general features of the surrounding country, and claims only a *probability* that such and such difficulties may be avoided, or that such and such a course may possibly be found practicable on a *more thorough survey*.

Relying, then on Major ROBINSON'S figures, he proceeds to show that the Northern Central line—a modification of the one surveyed by that officer—is not only the best military road, but is the cheapest to build, the shortest to run, and the easiest to maintain; that it runs through, or gives railway facilities to, the Counties of Kings, Queens, Sunbury, Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester, Restigouche, Bonaventure, Gaspé, and Rimouski; that these Counties will give more inhabitants per mile than any other line; that the