

you many proofs of friendship, and never injured you—nay, loved and trusted you?"

"Never injured me!" replied Montbelliard. Proud man, 'tis false. Look here," and he raised his dark locks from his forehead, "know you this mark, and will you still declare you never wronged me?"

"François Montauban!" exclaimed the duke, starting back. "Merciful heaven! yet no, it cannot be——"

"Yes; it is François Montauban—the bastard kinsman of the noble Duke of ——! the victim of his violence—his slave—the mark of all his scornful jests and wayward humours—the object on whom the young oppressor lavished his bitter blows and bitterer words."

"François Montauban!" again exclaimed the duke; but in a tone of agonized recognition.

"The same—the same," continued the dying man, with a sullen glare of defiance. "It avails not now to speak of the events that brought me hither—I fled from the oppressor's face—and plunged into the maddening vortex of the world; the world oppressed—derided—and deceived me.—I sought another hemisphere; and thither the young despot, who had embittered my childish days, followed me, to snatch the guerdon of my toils and blood! Yes; the proud Duke de ——, quitted his lordly home and courtly circle, to rob his bastard kinsman of his rights! and lord it in Tortuga over a horde of pirates. But I have been revenged—deeply revenged. Even from the grave take my defiance—receive the evidences of my quenchless hatred, and listen to my shout of triumph." He waved his hand round his head, a smile lighted up his ghastly features, and he expired while uttering a cry of malignant and gratified revenge.

From that dismal night, the pirate Chief was never seen again in Tortuga by his rude, but sincerely attached followers. The Duke de —— returned to France, and after he had renounced his titles and estates in favor of his little son, disappeared in the same extraordinary and singular manner from among men, as he had suddenly and unexpectedly appeared among them. Nothing was ever known with certainty respecting his fate; but as a stranger was reported to have entered the convent of La Trappe, about the time this unfortunate nobleman quitted the castle of his ancestors for ever, it was conjectured, that within those gloomy walls, he endeavoured to expiate the errors of his wild and wayward youth, and daring manhood, by a life of prayer and penance.

## THE INDIAN NURSE'S DEATH SONG.

"I HEAR the voices of the brave from yonder fair south-west—

They welcome poor Namoina unto her place of rest.  
The hills are glad with living things—the valleys bright with corn,  
Beyond the beautiful blue sky where all the brave are gone.

"The earth is cold—the hills are lone—the pleasant places sad,  
And everything is desolate that once could make me glad.

The white man's corn is growing now upon our fathers' graves—

And Cowtantowit's\* children flee unto the western waves!

"'Tis time Namoina too should go—she cannot longer stay—

For as the rainbow from the cloud her tribe hath passed away;

Her heart is throbbing at thy voice, O wait thee, Mohaton!  
She hears her father, too—the brave, the mighty Anawon;  
She hears her little baby's voice, soft as the wind at even—  
And all her brethren beckon her unto the far-off heaven!

"Child of the Rising-sun!† my Flower! Namoina cannot stay;

For all the voices of her tribe are calling her away,  
But one tear falleth on her cheek—it is to leave thee now  
Within a world whose fearful blight may gather round thy brow—

But at the coming of thy steps may pain forever flee;  
And He thy fathers worship, prove a way of light to thee.

"My native hills! and vales! and streams! ye will not be less bright

When poor Namoina hath gone forth unto the realms of light!

But stranger voices even now your sweetest echoes wake,  
And stranger hands will spoil you all! O haste my heart and break!

"I never knew, till this dark hour, ye were so very dear!  
But, ah! why do I linger so? my brethren are not here!  
The bosom now is desolate where sun-light used to dwell—

'Tis getting cold! my burning eye—'Tis dark! O! Fare ye well!"

## THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;  
And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,  
When sickness shook this trembling frame,  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could dance and sing no more,  
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be,  
Were this world only made for me!

\*The Indian's God.

†The Indians call the white people the children of sunrise, because they came from the east.