

Original.

TO MISS M.—

Dear M. for thee I warmly breathe,
A wish that all thy future days,
Might pass as sweet as now, beneath
The state of hope's unruled rays.

May friendship pure as morning dew,
Thy smile with odors ever greet;
Its radiance shed as bright a hue,
But not so frail, nor quick to fleet.

May science ope her golden gate,
And fill thy mind's exalted flow;
And virtue ever on thee wait,
As pure as diamonds dipp'd in snow.

May softest pleasures long be thine,
And may'st thou live beloved, and love—
And blessings ever on thee shine,
As do an Angel host above.

May an unmingled joy remain,
From sorrow, strife and follies free;
Till life be pass'd without a stain—
May you forever happy be.

PAUL.

ROGER DIMON.

Continued.

Among the persons who had become acquainted with Dimon at Montreal was a British Officer, Major Frazer, a man of unquestioned daring, but an unprincipled and notorious libertine. It was well known that Gen. Wilkinson was collecting his forces at Sackett's harbor and Grenadier Island, for a descent on Montreal, and Major Frazer was attached to the few battalions which Gen. Provost ordered from the latter place to Prescott to assist in checking their progress. Frazer had learned the history of Dimon's flight with the young Annette and as he immediately on his arrival at Prescott met with Dimon, he insisted on being permitted an acquaintance with the matchless woman.

"By heavens," said Frazer to Dimon, the next morning after his presentation to her, "I do not blame you for running away with that enchantress; I might myself have done as foolish a thing had as tempting and as beautiful a prize been thrown in my way."

"Frazer," replied Dimon; "I do not consider a union with a lovely woman as a foolish act, especially when beauty is the least of her excellent and amiable qualities."

"Upon my honor Dimon you look and talk as sober as any bishop about this sham marriage of yours, I should not be surprised if the gypsy should flatter you into a real noose;" said Frazer in a tone of levity.

"There is no sham marriage in the case;" said Dimon sternly; "Annette's affectionate heart is too pure to trifle with."

"Heigho! I see how it is" was the response of the officer; "Roger Dimon is as deep in love as a school boy; the cunning girl did not practise her arts in the nunnery for nothing."

"Frazer, that beautiful creature is mine; we are married, and she must be spoken of and treated as my wife."

There was something in Dimon's manner which informed Frazer that he was not to be

trifled with; but he threw no small degree of incredulity in his tone as he replied? "well I must believe you, but I should not have supposed that Roger Dimon could have been so caught by the dark eyes of a girl."

"If you knew her purity and worth, you would think differently."

"Purity;" sneeringly repeated Frazer; "every one is pure until they are tempted."

A flush passed over the brow of Dimon; "Frazer you know Roger Dimon too well to suppose he can allow his honor or that of his wife to be trifled with. Let one disrespectful word be heard from your lips, and your life or mine is the forfeit. So saying he turned on his heel and walked away while Frazer muttered, "you shall tell a different story about her purity, wedded fool before long or my name is not Richard Frazer."

Full of his diabolical resolution he set himself seriously to work to destroy the happiness of Dimon and his young bride; and by assuming guise of perfect friendship and respect he found himself treated with the familiarity of a friend in the family he was basely plotting to ruin.

The descent of Wilkinson and his army for a while postponed his plans and it was not until the encampment at the French mills was broken up, and that fine army which under a competent leader would have ensured the conquest of Montreal had vanished like the mists of summer, that he found himself at the liberty to resume his projects. The winter passed, spring came, but he had made no progress; he had not in the least undermined the impregnable fortress of a pure heart. She would not understand the innuendoes in which he sometimes ventured to indulge; that feeling of propriety which is innate in woman made her revolt at the heartless manner in which he spoke of life's tenderest ties, and he soon found that he was becoming the object of her ill concealed aversion and abhorrence. The quick eye of Dimon saw the change which marked her reception of the officer, and he guessed the cause. Annette acknowledged the aversion she felt to his company, but as she well knew an avowal of the cause would be attended with fatal consequences to Frazer, she concealed her reasons in her own bosom. Frazer was not at all disposed to relinquish the pursuit and her coldness only served to inflame his passions. He was chagrined to think so inexperienced a creature should so long prove superior to his arts—his pride was roused, and he vowed he the consequences what they might she should not escape—and there was a feeling of demoniacal gratification ran through his heart, at the thought that at one blow he should gratify his passions and humble the pride and confidence of Dimon and his beautiful bride. It was necessary if possible that Di-