

him which she supposed him a stranger to, with what a magic did she find herself stricken, when she learned from his lips that her own feelings were but a transcript of his own! I need only add that the fortunes of *Halbert N—*, and *Viola S—*, were cast together. Theirs was the devotion of the soul, founded on the basis of virtue—a love beginning upon earth, and reaching up to Heaven! I need not paint to the reader the beautiful workings of a passion so pure and disinterested as theirs. Every good mind can judge of the happiness of two beings, who, like the twin-stems of the rose, had grown up, and expanded into each other's embrace!

But, reader, you are looking for a change—aye, you think doubtless, that such perfect peace on earth, cannot be of long duration—you remember “that the fairest flower finds the earliest blight,” and that “the course of true love never did run smooth.” A change came over the affairs of the two families mentioned. A viper that had been nurtured in the bosom of one of them, sought to plant his deadly fang in the bosom that had warmed and sustained him. Jealousy, that terrific, “green eyed monster,” crept in upon the unsuspecting peace of the hitherto loving families. Envy reared its head, and at intervals cast out its forked tongue. Malice with her dark eye, and slander with her envenomed fang cast a gloom upon the scene, while revenge, with *demon smile*, seemed waiting to rush in! Destruction followed hard upon this train of evils, and a cloud big with anger, overshadowed those who had but yesterday enjoyed all that virtue and innocence could desire. During this time, you ask for Halbert and Viola. Ah! they were involved in the breaking up of the deep fountains of former friendship; and although each felt the more attached to the other, in proportion as difficulties arose in the families, yet for a time, they were separated; when they did meet, it was only for a moment—and that moment communicated to each the decree that had gone forth against their union. Time rolled on, yet he healed nothing with his softening influence. At length

the country became involved in war, and then it was, that the families became in a measure reconciled. In consequence of the enlistment of two sons from each family, who could not longer live in a state of jealousy and turmoil, overtures were made by Halbert, which resulted in part in restoring peace. This done, Halbert, became anxious to join the army, but how will the reader suppose Viola received such an idea.

It was a beautiful afternoon in autumn, that the lovers walked by the cool and placid Lake, arm in arm. A long silence had been preserved by both, and the countenance of Halbert had become pale and his eye set, and motionless. Viola perceiving the vacant stare of his eye, said in soft accents, yet evidently under deep emotion.

“Halbert, I fear you are premeditating evil—is it so?” “Viola,” said he, and he paused to sigh—“I must leave you for a time—perhaps forever. I must join the army.”

“I do not object,” said the noble-spirited girl, “if duty calls you to the defence of your country, I will trust you in the hands of him, who crowns the victorious and frowns upon the vanquished. Go, my dear one, and when in the battle you strive for victory, remember that you are purchasing peace for a future-fire-side.”

“Viola,” said he, grasping her hand, “you have yet to hear a determination that I fear.”

“Why do you pause,” said she looking upon his agitated countenance.

“Viola, I must join the American Army!”

“What! the enemy! wilt thou thrust the sword to the hearts of thy brothers!—nay wilt thou unsheath it against *this bosom!*”

Halbert shook with convulsions, while the astonished girl, remembering her love, said in a soothing tone;

“Dear Halbert, those words were not thine own—thou art unwell, and thy thoughts have overcharged thee.”

“Viola—much as I love thee and desire thy happiness, the determina-

tion just expressed is fixed. I must go!”

“Then thou art *already* mine enemy!” said she starting back, and turning towards her home with haste, gave one scream of madness, and was immediately lost in the thicket.

Halbert stood as if bereft of reason. A strange and awful feeling came over him, and he sunk to the earth. When again his reason returned he found himself upon the bank of a river many miles from the place of parting with Viola. It was the river that divided the hostile countries—and putting off all thoughts of kindred, of home, of friends, and of his dearly beloved—he crossed, and enrolled his name against that fireside and that home, where he had been nurtured and caressed, through many years of peace and happiness!

Reader, I will not tax your patriotism farther, nor add to your indignation by any remark of mine—but I will leave you to express what of indignation may seem to you just. The act was a rash and unnatural one, and if it had any palliative traits they are all unknown.

The battle of Queenston was in Oct. 18—. In that battle Halbert N—, lost his life! It was the first battle he had been engaged in—and he was among that unfortunate number who were thrust down the Heights at the point of the bayonet!

And now gentle reader, since we have come to the spot where the soldier-youth fainted, and was borne off by his companion, if you will return with me to the lodgings of him who bore off his fainting companion, then we shall have seen the end of one present tale. But I will let my friend's language tell you the remainder of the story, as he has often told it to me.

“After several unsuccessful attempts to revive the fainting spirits of the young soldier (said he) I at length succeeded—but a kind of aberration of mind being over him for several days; all enquiries relative to his parentage and home, seemed beyond his power to answer. But by a singular accident, I found upon a piece of parchment his history. I cannot unfold the manner of my discovery, but suffice it to say