

fair forms twined the mazy dance to the delicious music of a military band, softened by distance. The glittering uniform of the soldier, mingled with the more tasteful one of the sailor, and the chaste plain dress of the civilian—the sweet presence of woman shed its balmy influence around, and all was happiness as perfect as is allowed us here below. The brave old soldier, whose half century of service had been rewarded by his sovereign with the government of the Colony, hung over his daughter's chair, interchanging with its occupant and our hero, that light chat which forms the staple of our usual intercourse.

“Why are you not dancing, my Mary?”

“I have been, papa, and am a little tired, besides, I hardly like dancing with a new acquaintance, and the officers who have arrived to-day are the only partners who have offered—to them I have pleaded fatigue.”

“I did not expect such an accusation from you, Miss Mary,” cried Annecley, “I am not a very new acquaintance. I hope, Sir, you do not imagine that I have not pressed Miss Mary to dance.”