

to detect an Indian foe lurking beneath its ample cover; though, to all appearance, every trace of their subtle enemy had departed from the neighbourhood. But bitter experience of the fallacy of trusting to, what under other circumstances would be deemed a position of most perfect security, made them cautious and doubtful, even in a spot where peace seemed to have set its seal. That their fears were not without sufficient reason will be apparent, when it is related that the party had scarcely reached the rising ground at the termination of the valley, when the painted, serpent-like head of a crawling savage was protruded into the trampled trail they had left behind. He took a long scrutinizing look at the retreating soldiers, and a malignant gleam shot from his eyes, while his parted lips showed the white teeth in a triumphant grin, as he adjusted the wisp of grass which was secured to the back of his head by means of a wither passed round the swarthy brow. At the same time the meadow in the vicinity appeared to move, as if a number of converging breezes were playing over its surface. Meanwhile the unconscious party arrived at Fort Lawrence, within the palisades of which they were speedily admitted, and their commander ushered into an apartment, the arrangement of which indicated the presiding influence of female taste, speaking eloquently to the exalted fancy of the lover. A door at the further end suddenly opened, and the next moment the sweet, child-like Clarence was weeping on his shoulder, while she muttered in broken accents, "Dear Edward—my father!"

Kissing the tears that bedewed her soft cheek, the youth sought to relieve the anxiety of his beloved, by those endearing expressions which affection knows so well how to employ, allaying her overwrought fears for the safety of her parent. As the arrangements of Clarence had been previously completed, she hastened her departure with that promptness which an eager desire to visit the bedside of her father and a sense of duty seemed to demand on the part of his gentle daughter.

Bidding farewell to her friendly protectors, who regretted her departure, she left the fort under the guidance of Edward and the armed escort. With the consciousness that her best loved was at her side, the feelings of the maiden warmed with the elasticity of youth, and the loveliness of the scene and the hour, as they wended down the descent among the trees that whispered with their countless leaves overhead and around them: while the shrill drums of the cicada,

"Those people of the pine," filled the groves with incessant music, it seemed to follow the travellers until they emerged upon the plain. When the wide luxuriant landscape first presented itself to the gaze of Clarence she exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Look, Edward, how very, *very* beautiful!"

Her companion turned, not in the implied direction, but towards the animated glowing countenance at his side, and smiled as he replied—

"Yes, dearest, but methinks, the face of earth has received an additional lustre, since traversed this same path, but a short hour since. There is a brighter tint to the yellow sunbeam, and the green leaves; the very heaven seems purer than heretofore. When comes this spell, this surprising witchcraft, perhaps mine own love can explain the mystery?"

And the lover sought to read an answer in the half veiled eyes of Clarence, whose blushes gave sufficient evidence that she felt the compliment conveyed in his words.

Ah, Edward, did your betrothed ever appear so beautiful in your sight, as at that moment? The soft bloom upon her cheek, heightened by a flutter of pleasurable excitement; the light brown curls playing in the warm breeze, and tinged with gold in the sunshine; the clear expressive blue eye, now turned in the fullness of confiding love upon thine, then seeking the shelter of the dark fringed lid, with a diffidence irresistibly sweet. Look at that slight, graceful figure just rounding into womanhood, and think of the dove-like heart whose every throb is quickened by a feeling of tenderness for thee. Ah, what happiness is still vouchsafed to those within the enchanted circle of "Love's young dream." 'Tis sad, to think that the charm can ever break, and that as the weary years roll on, and the heart grows old in the pursuit of shadows, we should turn not to the false hope which we trusted, but to the memory—perchance, disregarded; wondering to see how bright and pure one solitary vision shines amid the painful and less blameless records of a later period. 'Tis very sad to find that retrospection cannot afford, after our vain search for happiness, aught that might ally itself with that blessing,—save the memento of a broken dream. As earthly objects grow dim to the mental eye, and a truer hope points upward to the calm heaven, the old man finds, as the light breaks amid the darkness, that the love of his youth and age are, in their effect, the same. Alas! that in this