

ration of the prospect, for his back was turned on the sublimity of the west, but as if in quest of some land-marks, which he seemingly expected to find in the neighbourhood. As he paused in his uncertainty, a sea breeze wound coolly across, he uncovered his head to its influence, and exposed a forehead high, and strongly developed, over which, fell thickly, his dark, bushy hair. There was in his countenance, an air of foreignness—sun-burnt and brown, if not altogether a native of another clime, they spoke of years of exposure to the strong rays of an intertropical sun. Further observation was here interrupted. A peasant passed by from whom the stranger enquired if Mrs. De Courçi did not reside in the immediate vicinity. She had been dead many years, and the lodge had been abandoned ever since, until about a couple of months ago, when Miss De Courçi came down to reside there, during the season, for the benefit of her health. “She was but very poorly,” the peasant added, “and those who ought to know, were afraid that she would not winter on this side of the grave, she was mighty far gone in the decay.”

Reginald De Courçi, for it was he, on his return from South America, where he had amassed a splendid fortune—heard no more. The Elm trees of De Courçi Lodge caught his wandering eye, and he started forward with rapid strides, to throw himself at the feet of her, who unknown to him, had long been hastening to the grave, a victim to the hard-fought struggle between the dictates of conscience, and the yearnings of affection.

The sun had set, and over the mountains at the eastern extremity of the bay gilding the pensive twilight, the “harvest moon” rose slow and majestic, a red, rayless globe, of splendid fire. Not a breeze was abroad—the genial air bore balm upon its wings for a moment to the patient spirit that sat in the parlour of De Courçi Lodge, gazing on the scenery around, her thoughts, the while spreading themselves abstractedly over the past, ere hope, disappointed, required a staff. Her mother, her cousin, the scenes of other days, flitted in visions before her. From the past, her thoughts, at a bound, dived into the