

nised the young couple, and marked the air of happiness imprinted on their countenances.

At this moment a buccaneer, around whom bounded a number of *brachs* and other dogs, advanced boldly into the clearing, without heeding the presence of the other party.

"Lazy vagabond!" he exclaimed, as he raised his thick lash over the shrinking wretch.

"For what do you chastise this unhappy man?" asked Joachim.

"The fellow is too proud for his work," replied the buccaneer, roughly, without even looking at his querist. "He forgets that he is the attendant of a buccaneer, and would fain resume his idle trade of monk. I have endeavoured, but as yet in vain, to get him into better training!"

"I see that L'Olonnais is still the same," said Joachim, holding out his hand to the buccaneer.

The latter fixed his eyes in astonishment on his former companion.

"Joachim Montbars!" he exclaimed, grasping the proffered hand. "Is it possible? Is it really you whom I find in this brilliant costume?"

Then, looking to Donna Carmen, who met his glance with a mingled blush and smile, he continued:

"Ah! I see that a woman has had more courage than all the Brethren of the Coast. Well! I congratulate you, Joachim! yet without envying you. I would rather remain a free adventurer, rich to-day, poor to-morrow, and the next day wealthy again. Of what use are plasters in the pocket of a dead man?—and our lives are perilled every day. But the sun is down, and our *bon-car* is at some little distance. Adieu, Joachim! In spite of change we remain friends."

"And this poor wretch?" said Carmen, as Joachim and L'Olonnais again clasped each other's hands.

"He!" replied the buccaneer, rudely raising the monk to his feet; "he may bid adieu forever to Rancheria. He will die an attendant, for he will never be worthy of becoming a free buccaneer."

And, driving the unfortunate Fray Eusebio before him, he plunged, with his train of dogs, into the depths of the forest.

"Do you still regret that wandering life, Joachim?" asked Donna Carmen, catching his half-suppressed sigh as his old companion disappeared.

"Art thou not the universe to me?" replied the young man, tenderly. "Our union has been purchased by the destruction of all we love. But my parents, at least, are avenged, since this monk, whose hatred pursued them, and us through

them, with such fury, is so cruelly punished in his present lot, and above all, dearest Carmen! in the sight of our mutual happiness."

Thus affectionately discoursing, the wedded lovers slowly proceeded towards the Hatto, whilst the golden stars, emerging from the twilight, shone brightly down upon them from the blue sky above.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

BY G. S. WYNN.

Oh! when the heart sinks chill and lonely,
Call soothing Nature to thy side,
And let her gentle whispers only
Thy wilful gloom and sadness chide.

Soft, blissful tears the spring-tide shakes
With emerald hand from portals sheen;
And laughing then glad earth awakes,
As iron winter ne'er had been;

And buds again the branch that late
Shook in the blast a stricken spray:
And streams dance down their course elate,
Though chain'd their tide but yesterday.

The waning sun now seeks the west,
Said from a day of gloom and sorrow—
Those streaks that show his bed of rest
Tell of a bright and joyous morrow.

The brooklet's wandering arms are stay'd
And darken'd by the envious willow,
But soon a shadeless path is made
To, leaping, clasp the ocean's billow.

Each rankled turf, that on the lea
Sank 'neath December's scythe, and perish'd,
Waits but green April's infancy,
To show the buds its shroud had cherish'd.

Where moulders lone the ruin'd keep,
The daisy wall-flower's breath is shed,
To bid the grave-wrung tears we weep
Be soothing fragrance o'er the dead!

'Neath curtain-clouds the queen of night
A moment veils her silver brow;
Then darting sheds a spell of light
To clothe the world, but darkness now.

No mist that shrouds the morning hills,
No hear-frost wreath the wild buds leaven,
No dewy rear night's eye distills,
But flies the noon-day glance of heaven.

So, when thy heart sinks chill and lonely,
Call soothing Nature to thy side,
And let her gentle whispers only
Thy wilful gloom and sadness chide.