

to the hospitable hearth bespoke the kindred origin of the inhabitants. Many a time had young Sherwood detailed to his blooming bride, his father's descriptions of their forfeited home, with its foaming rivulet dashing through a rich valley embosomed in wooded hills—the old farm house in the Dutch style, surrounded by its capacious and well stocked farm yard—nay, the very ford by which the streamlet was crossed, was so well imprinted on his memory, that he had no difficulty in identifying the place at the first glance. True it is, that the woods had disappeared, their place being occupied by golden crops; and, that the stream, which in olden times rushed along unimpeded, save by a single dam which furnished power for a small grist mill, now, in its descent, was used throughout, by the several trades required in a flourishing neighbourhood. A beautiful evening spread its veil of blue mist over the valley—gaily carolled the lassies, as they passed either towards the pastures, or on their return with foaming pails. A neatly framed bridge had superseded the ford—our travellers crossed it; and now, the

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