

ton on my way to school. The sun was lingering in the western horizon, as we had sauntered forth to view its departing glory, and to take a last farewell of those scenes we had loved to contemplate. To me, they were hallowed scenes—for there Ellen had pledged to me her warm, sincere friendship:

And never burned with purer glow—  
Affections consecrated flame,  
Than in her breast who was to me  
More than mere mortal again may be.

We obtained a seat which commanded a view of the unrivalled splendours of the scene—the stillness of the twilight was broken only by the murmur of a distant waterfall—my heart was in unison with the scene and I gazed upon its beauties with uncontrollable delight. I turned to read in Ellen's face—that index of her soul—the same enthusiastic emotions, but I discovered that her countenance, which was wont to be illuminated with happiness was sad, and yet sweetly beautiful in its sorrowful expression. I begged to know the cause of her grief, and her gentle nature at last yielded to my importunity.

I had intended said she that the secret of my soul should ever be buried there—but my heart needs your kind sympathy, it will lighten although it cannot remove my grief. I have often heard you and others of my friends express surprise, that although my hand has been so often sought by worthy and estimable men, that my heart has been untouched. This would be strange indeed, had not my affections been previously secured by one whom—but oh I cannot tell you half his noble, exalted qualities. 'Twas but to know to love *Henry Mantville*. We met for the first time while I was visiting my aunt in New-York, nearly four years since. He was a frequent visitor at her house during the winter I spent there, and I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with his character. He “never told his love” but his manner was peculiarly kind and tender, and the expressive glance of his eye imparted all that his lips could have uttered. I well remember on one occasion, when he seemed uncommonly excited—he exclaimed “Oh that