

would share it with you, and I would ask for no return, for my heart would gladden, and my spirit would smile within me, when I would see your eye beam back contentedly upon me—but you will not confide in me, because I am po-o-r-r-r !”

Oh ! no, Reginald, you wrong me, indeed you do,” she cried, as she heard the odious word, *letter after letter, grating bitterly* through his clinched teeth—but he heard her not, the curse of a proud spirit was upon him, and she was unheeded. Shortly after, on the dark blue sea, far, far away from his country and his love, pacing the deck, he was seen, by the light of a midnight moon, to raise his hand to heaven, and in its face he sternly vowed, never to return, until fortune would have removed the obstacles which he thought, at present, opposed his happiness.

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It was some seven or eight years after the occurrence of the circumstances which we have narrated above, on the close of an evening in harvest—the sun all brilliancy and gold, was dipping his broad disk into the bosom of the vast sheet of water, which stretched itself away to the South-West, that a small skiff-shot, from the side of a vessel, riding broad away in the Roadstead, and made for the land, skipping like a sea-mew, lightly over the surface of the waves. It was not long until she gained the beach, when throwing his purse as a parting *douceur* to the crew, a stranger leaped ashore, and with an agile and elastic step, speedily gained the summit of the hill, whither the wind had already wafted the hearty farewell cheer, with which the sailors were bidding „God speed.” He was in the prime of manhood—perhaps thirty-five—tall, upright, and well-set, full of vigour, and of health. He wore the undress uniform of a foreign country ; green frock, richly braided on the breast, trowsers of the same colour, along the outer seam of which, descended a narrow stripe of gold lace, a travelling cap of green sild velvet, with band and tassel, to correspond to the trimming of the trowsers, whilst from a narrow black belt, at his waist, hung a small dagger, apparently more for ornament than use.

On reaching the top of the acivity, he drew up, not in admi-