

clouds of his own creating, talking of merry doings in the village.

Upon after inquiry, I found that many causes of discontent had combined to embitter the lot of my simple-hearted friends. Their ancient allies, the Indians, had sold their hunting grounds, and their removal deprived the village of its only branch of commerce. Surveyors were busily employed in measuring off the whole country, with the avowed intention on the part of the government of converting into private property those beautiful regions which had heretofore been free to all who trod the soil, or breathed the air. Portions of it were already thus occupied. Farms and villages were spreading over the country with alarming rapidity, deforming the face of nature, and scaring the elk and the buffalo from their long frequented ranges. Yankees and Kentuckians were pouring in, bringing with them the selfish distinctions and destructive spirit of society. Settlements were planted in the immediate vicinity of the village, and the ancient heritage of the ponies was invaded by the ignoble beasts of the interlopers.

From that time the village began to depopulate. Some of the inhabitants followed the footsteps of the Indians, and continue to this day to trade between them and the whites, forming a kind of link between civilised and savage men. A larger portion, headed by the priest, floated down the Mississippi, to seek congenial society among the sugar plantations of their countrymen in the south. They found a pleasant spot on the margin of a large bayou, whose placid stream was enlivened by droves of alligators, sporting their innocent gambols on its surface. Swamps, extending in every direction, protected them from farther intrusion. Here a new village arose, and a young generation of French was born, as happy and as carelese as that which is passing away.

Baptiste alone adhered to the soil of his fathers, and Jeanette, in obedience to her marriage vow, cleaved to Baptiste. He sometimes talked of following his clan; but when the hour came, he could never summon fortitude to pull up his stakes. He had passed so many happy years of single blessedness in his own cabin, and had been so long accustomed to view that of Jeanette with a wistful eye, that they had become necessary to his happiness. Like other idle bachelors, he had his day-dreams, pointing to future enjoyment. He had been for years planning the junction of his domains with those of his fair neighbour; had arranged how the fences were to intersect, the fields to be enlarged, and the whole to be managed by the thrifty economy of his partner. All these plans were to be realised; and he wisely concluded that he could smoke his pipe and talk to Jeanette as comfortably here as elsewhere; and as he had not danced for many years, and Jeanette was growing rather too corpulent for that exercise, he reasoned that even the deprivation of the fiddlers and king-balls could be borne. Jeanette loved comfort too;

but having besides a sharp eye for the main chance, was governed by a deeper policy. By a prudent appropriation of her own savings and those of her husband, she purchased from the emigrants many of the fairest acres in the village, and thus secured an ample property.

A large log-house has since been erected in the space between the cottages of Baptiste and Jeanette, which form wings to the main building, and are carefully preserved in remembrance of old times. All the neighbouring houses have fallen down, and a few heaps of rubbish, surrounded by corn fields, show where they stood. All is changed, except the two proprietors, who live here in ease and plenty, exhibiting in their old age, the same amiable character which in early life won for them the respect and love of their neighbours, and of each other.

LOVE.

LOVE was my nature—'twas the well-spring of my existence. When I opened the secret fountains of my heart, its waters gushed out a clear pure stream of liquid gold, and the sparkling current poured a rich tribute at the feet of its mistress. Such were the treasures I lavished, without cessation, upon as bright a being as heaven ever created. She was beauteous—she was pure—sweet, gentle, amiable; in short, she was the perfection of loveliness. I loved her, and the devotion of my heart won the sweetest reward that ever mortal sighed for—the trusting confidence of her own pure breast, which beat in unison with mine. Ah! the rapture of that eventful moment. My brain reels as memory dwells upon that intoxicating draught of bliss. I loved no more. Love was an idle word when used to express the depth and intensity of my passion. Idolatry and love may speak, in part, of its extent. I worshipped with the devotion of the heart, and loved her with the strength of the passions. She was the object of my being, and thoughts of her mixed with every action of my life. The day was fixed which was to see the joining of two hearts that needed no tie to bind them in a closer and more enduring union. That were an impossibility; but the world sanctions a union of hands as well as hearts, and we awaited the solemn ceremony.

FALSEHOOD.

THE first sin committed in this world was a lie, and the first liar was the devil. The Greeks, who allowed their deities almost every weakness, held that they forfeited heaven by falsehood, and that an oath was as sacred to Jupiter, the cloud-compeller, as to the meanest denizen of earth. A regard to truth is the last of all the virtues, and supposes high cultivation. The savage is full of falsehood, both in word and deed; the ignorant man will deceive if he can, but learns if he promises to perform—in other language, to keep his word when he has given it; an important part of truth, but not the whole.