

OFFICE, MACDONNELL STREET.
WEDNESDAY EV'G, MARCH 18, 1868.

The Maiden's Choice

OR, THE LAIRD OF BIRKENLEUCH.

A Tale of the Covenanters.

A thrill of hope passed through her heart, and the fresh current revived her strength. She listened with breathless intensity for any sound either without or within to indicate that pursuers were on her track, but the only sounds that reached her ear were the rustle of the gentle breeze among the fading October foliage, and the stream rushing over its rocky bed at the bottom of the Glench. She would have been less fearful of discovery had she known that Allan was at that moment searching for her in the lower chambers, and was on his way to the subterranean passages and cells, amid the intricacies of which he was to lose his way.

Agitated though Helen was, she had still sufficient presence of mind to close the tower-door, and then descend to the ground-floor terrace, which formed a path round the base of that portion of the mansion. In front of her was the garden surrounded by a high wall, and to the left a strip of plantation, which extended to the distance from the house. This latter was evidently the path which Helen should take in continuing her flight, and with swift noiseless steps she glided from the terrace, and sprang over the low fence which encircled the wood. Here she was at once under the concealing branches of the trees, and sped on through the darkness at her utmost speed—silence and solitude reigning supreme around her.

On, on she went, winged by fear, long after she had emerged from the wood, and quitted the immediate vicinity of Birkenleuch. Should her escape from the mansion be discovered, Charlie and his troops would commence an active pursuit, and she was not sure until she had found some secure place of shelter.

She might have turned in the direction of Greystone, where many doors would have been opened to admit her; but Charlie's power over the villagers was too great to risk a resting place there. Her father's cottage was, also, no great distance away; but she might as well return to the mansion itself as go there, for had not her father wrought all the evil that had happened, and brought upon her the misery she had endured, and the horrible fate to which she was exposed? No! her thoughts instinctively flew to Brankwood, as the goal to be reached, and she resolved to press on to that as her place of refuge. In the hands of Sir Gilbert Barton she would be amply protected from Charlie's unscrupulous violence. Besides, was she not laden with intelligence of the utmost interest and importance to the Baronet—tidings which would cause him to receive her with a joyful welcome, and thrill his honest heart with undreamed-of happiness.

To Brankwood, then she directed her way, crossing the deep solitary valley above the Glench, and ascending towards the upland at a pace which few alone could maintain. Often she paused for a moment to recover breath, and listen apprehensively for the sounds of pursuit. But all was quiet and still under the calm night-sky. The only eyes that looked down upon her were the eyes of the stars, and they were so pure and peaceful in their gaze that she felt encouraged and gladdened at sight of them. A settled stillness reigned over the midnight scene, and no human sound reached her ear, save once when, from a wooded hollow, came a moaning through the silent darkness the sweet and solemn cadences of sacred song.

Down in the sequestered spot at that midnight hour a little band of Covenanters had gathered together for religious worship, and for those exercises of devotion, which the rulers had so strictly prohibited. The fire of persecution still burned fiercely in the land, and those pious ones who would not relinquish the ancient faith were wanderers in the wilds, whose midnight echoes were often broken, as now, by the plaintive notes of their sacred song, and the mournful wail of their supplications, as they pleaded with Heaven for the return of spiritual freedom, and raised the beseeching cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long!"

A moment only did the fugitive tarry to listen to the measured chant, and then continued her flight with the same haste and fear. She was bare-headed, and she knew for the circumstances of her departure from Birkenleuch had not permitted of preparation of any kind. Fortunately the night was mild and the ground dry, and she felt no cold. Her terror, so long as she was on the ground, drew near to the ark of refuge to which she was bound, and when she fairly found herself upon the fields of Brankwood she drew long relieving breaths, and experienced something like a blessed sensation of safety.

Being now free to reflect, she began to think what was next to be done. She had not courage to seek admission to Brankwood at that untimely hour, and she made up her mind to pass the rest of the time in some sheltered place near the house. She knew of many such; particularly her thoughts reverted to a snug summer-house on the brow of the ravine which Richard Waynes had erected, and where she had passed with him many hours of unclouded happiness—where they dreamt the bright dreams of love, and drank delicious draughts from the cup of affection which each held to the other's lips.

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The delight, we may be very sure was mutual; the reaction was indeed so great, and the sense of security brought by the dog's presence so perfect that Helen's highly-strung nerves could not bear it all at once, and she sank sobbing to the ground, with her arms round the neck of the noble animal, and for some moments forgot all sorrow but utter ejaculations of thankfulness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Two MEN BURNED TO DEATH.—On Friday night the 28th ult, two young men were frightfully burnt, one to death, and the other so severely scorched that he has since died. The names of the parties are Thos. Sifton and Alex. Brown, both natives of Ireland. It appears that they were both sleeping in a shanty in the township of Draper, County of Victoria, and before retiring for the night had built on a large fire, which, by some means, fell on the floor, and communicated with the bed while they were asleep. On awaking, Brown tried to extinguish the fire, but failing in this, he made his escape, finding egress through the door. His comrade not being so fortunate, perished in the devouring element. When found, his body was a blackened mass being almost reduced to a cinder. Brown, on effecting his escape tried to render assistance to his companion, whose shrieks were appalling, but without avail. Brown was so badly burnt that the soles of his feet adhered to the snow. In this deplorable condition he managed to walk a mile and a quarter to F. O'Boyle's shanty. He was taken to the house of Patrick Prunty, Muskoka, where he lingered in the greatest agony until the 3rd inst.

The woman named Annie Manion; whose husband and children were pros- trated with poison, at Toronto, a few days since, the youngest child dying from the effects, has been committed for "man-laugher" by the coroner.

Home Depot at London and Liverpool.
Canada Depot, 23 Hospital Street,
Montreal.

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MR. N. HIGINBOTHAM, Agent, Guelph.

Guelph, August 3, 1867. dw-15

CASTLE GARDEN SALOON

MARKET SQUARE,

GUELPH, ONT.

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Late of the Commercial Hotel, Whitty.

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Perfectly colorless and

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Only 15 cts. per Gallon.

LAMP GLASSES and WICKS

Always on hand

E. HARVEY

Chemist and Druggist.

Opposite the English Church, Wyndham-st,

Guelph, Ontario.

Guelph, 22nd Feb, 1868 dw

Funerals, Funerals!

NATHAN TOVELL has to intimate that he is prepared to attend funerals as usual Coffins always on hand. Hearse to hire. His Steam Plating Mill is in constant operation. All kinds of lumber, sashes, doors, blinds, mouldings, &c. He solicits a share of public patronage.

NATHAN TOVELL, Nelson Crescent

Guelph, 27th Aug. 1867.

Dominion Store!

(Late Post Office Store.)

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of Em- brodery for ladies Underclothing. Also for Braiding on all sorts of Dress Goods.

Some of the Finest Patterns ever seen

Call and see them, they are for sale singly.— Standing done to order on the shortest notice. Also on hand an assortment of

New Oranges and Lemons.

For sale GATE'S & CO'S VICTORIA SEWING Machines. Don't forget the stand, next to the Wellington Hotel.

M