

In the evening of the next day, he called on Markham at his office, and was surprised to see their old acquaintance Amos in close conversation with him.

"It is a diabolical plot they have been hatching," said he, addressing Langdon; "but I shall know now how to deal with Valdemar, the principal mover in this affair. Balked and ruined by the sea, and caught in the net he had prepared for others, this detractor, scoundrel and thief will yet live to rue the day on which he set his foot on these shores. Amos has told me all," said he, "and shall not go unrewarded."

"Listen," said Amos, speaking to Langdon—"I heard the Captain say—listen—I heard him say to the mate, shortly after leaving port, this is the best chance for wealth I have met with yet."

"And where were you, Amos, at the time?" replied Langdon calmly.

"Behind the cabin door. Listen—I heard the Captain say he intended to sell the vessel as soon as he got to some foreign port,—I forget now the name."

A long conversation followed, which Langdon fully corroborated as correct: at the same time telling Markham the same story he had heard from one of the men. He also communicated his own suspicions and doubts concerning Valdemar, and where he had first met him—the strange duel—his former robberies and escapes.

Little now remains to be told. The disclosures connected with the wreck passed from mouth to mouth, and reaching the ears of Valdemar, he fled at once to the Continent, where, if late information be correct, he attempted the same trick; but being arrested, and convicted of theft in his scheme, was tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation in a penal colony.

Years have passed now since these events took place. John Markham, notwithstanding his many difficulties and trials, has since progressed in business, and finds a good friend in Mr. Gibson, whose son-in-law he now is. He married Venetia soon after, who loves as only a true woman can love: and the only regret he feels, in looking back upon the past, is the thought of that eventful time, when he first doubted her love and struggled with his feelings.

Langdon has fully atoned for the errors of his youth, and is now an able and respected lawyer, having applied himself assiduously to the practice of his profession. The bright-eyed and coquettish Laura of his youth sits now at his fire side, and laughs at times over their hurried courtship and early acquaintance.

But there are purer joys in store for these, and for all, whom, as the years go by, love blesses and rewards, who live down the sins of slander, selfishness and pride, and who feel, through trial and suffering, that life's duties have been faithfully performed.

THE ST. JOHN.

BY J. H.

They may talk of the Rivers of other lands—

Of the Danube or noble Rhine,

Where fought of yore the undaunted bands

From Alps and Apennines—

Of the yellow Tiber, where sat entron'd

The City of old so grand—

Or the Don, by whose waters Serfs have groan'd

In a despot trampled land.

Let the Mississippi's waters sweep

To the sea with resistless tide,

And the great St. Lawrence in anger leap

O'er a mountain's rugged side;

While others sing of the pleasant Seine,

Or the mighty Amazon,

We'll raise our songs in as proud a strain

In praise of the broad St. John!

Five hundred miles in its long career

It flows on its lordly way,

Where the lofty pine and the cedar rear

Their crests to meridian day.

Through the forest dark it speeds along—

It winds through the vallies fair,

Where the boatman's voice and the raftman's song

Are borne on the morning air.

When the winter hath bound it with icy hand

To the hard unyielding beach,

The ice-boat speeds, by the keen winds fann'd,

Up the smooth and glittering Reach:

And the skater skims with his steel shod feet

O'er the river's glassy face,

And vies in speed with the courser fleet,

Or the hound which joins the chase.

When the summer hath melted the barrier frail,

And broken its icy seal,

Its surface is whiten'd by many a sail

And furrow'd by many a keel.

The steamboats trace on its waters dark

Their track in the snow-white foam,

And the Indian paddles his fragile bark

To his lowly wigwam home.

Down many a rapid it grandly glides,

Ere it reaches the tide toss'd bay,

In a thundering fall like an avalanche slides,

As it rushes upon its way.

It struggles and chafes in its rocky bed

With the swift in-coming tide,

Till the rocks are worn away and shed

From the gorge's rugged side.

Then out to the sea with a stately sweep—

Past the sides of the wave worn piers—

It mingles its tide with the mighty deep,

As it has for a thousand years.

Tho' throanes may be rent and kingdoms go

Into premature decay,

The great St. John will still grandly flow

On its course as it flows to-day.