

until the moment when the girl attempted to remove from her neck a black ribbon which held the locket that had been her constant companion since it was removed from the bosom of her murdered husband. This she vehemently insisted on retaining, and in strong contrast with her necklace of pearls and her brussels lace, appeared that dark badge of sorrow. When she entered the apartment where the bridal party awaited her, she was observed to shudder as the bridegroom approached to lead her to a seat; but the emotion was instantly repressed, and she passively suffered him to place himself at her side. His eye was caught by the black ribbon, and with singular want of tact as well as delicacy, he made some jesting remark as he raised his hand, as if to draw from its hiding-place, the treasure which was attached to the dusky band. Margaret felt the dignity of womanhood insulted by the gesture, she turned suddenly to repulse his audacious touch, but as she did so, her eye fell on a ring which he wore on his finger. Without a word she snatched it wildly from him, and the next instant the fearful shriek was uttered which had so shaken the nerves of all who heard it. That ring was found tightly clasped in her hand, after she was placed in bed, and it was instantly recognized as the one which had been her gift to Carrington Wilson. It was of rich and massive gold set with a single diamond of great value; but, as a proof beyond all doubt, her brother who was familiar with the secret, touched a spring which raised the diamond and disclosed the word 'Margaret,' enamelled on its inner gold.

"Do you read the enigma? or must I tell you that suspicion was aroused, and that by a singular concatenation of circumstances, such as often confounds the most deeply laid schemes of villany, the man who styled himself Sir William Thornton, but who was better known by the name of Will Tobin, was found guilty of the murder of Carrington Wilson, more than two years previous. When in prison, under sentence, he confessed the crime, to which he had been tempted by the sight of the victim's well filled pocket-book, which he had noticed as the hapless young man was paying for his night's lodging. But he solemnly disavowed any knowledge of the connection between the murdered man and the widow whom he sought to wed. He had destroyed Carrington's few papers without reading them, and the name of Wilson was too common a one to excite any suspicion in his mind. The wealth of Mrs. Danville, and his accidental

discovery of Mrs. Danville's ambitious views, determined him to personate the character he had so successfully assumed. But for the silly vanity which led him to add the fatal ring to his wedding ornaments, the widow of the murdered would have been the wife of the murderer!

"Margaret did not survive the shock. She died without giving any evidence of returning consciousness, and six weeks after she was consigned to her early grave, the criminal perished by the strong arm of the offended law."



TO C — W —.

THEY tell me that she loves me still,
 Though I have coldly passed her;
 They say I pluck'd the flow'r at will,
 And to the winds have cast her;
 Oh! would that we had never met,
 I love her—as a brother,—
 But my heart forbids me to forget
 Its passion for another.

'Tis true I linger'd by her side,
 But all who knew carress'd her;
 I did not woo her for my bride,
 But as a friend address'd her.
 I did not deem that when we spoke
 Love's accents then were shaken,
 Or that I thus the chords awoke,
 That in her breast are broken.

She does not blame me, though her friends,
 With looks of anger greet me,
 But, pining, 'neath her sorrow bends,
 As she'd to love entreat me.
 I would that we had never met,
 I love—but as a brother;
 For, oh! I never can forget,
 I fondly love another."



SONG TO —.

I love the stars—I see one now
 Look smiling down upon the stream,
 And its reflected form below
 Shines like the light of many a dream.
 The form beneath—the form above,
 Exchange their beams like love to love.

I wish thou wert that starry orb,
 And I were that wave's mirrored-breast,
 That I might evermore absorb
 The starlight that I love the best;
 That thou mightest look into my heart,
 And see thyself its brightest part.