

me, and see the brand of ignominy her hand and his—accursed both---burnt in upon my brow. She forsook this bosom---but tell me if it was in disgust with these my scars?"

And as he bared it, distractedly, that noble chest was seen indeed disfigured with many a gash---on which a wife might well have rested her head with gratitude not less devout because of a lofty pride mingling with life-deep affection. But the burst of passion was gone by---and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

"Oh! cruel---cruel was her conduct to me---yet what has mine been to her---for so many years! I could not tear her image from my memory---not an hour has it ceased to haunt me---since I came among these mountains, her ghost is for ever at my side. I have striven to drive it away by curses, but still there is the phantom. Sometimes beautiful as on our marriage day---all in purest white,---adorned with flowers---it wreathes its arms around my neck---and offers its mouth to my kisses---and then all at once is changed into a leering wretch, retained a likeness of my bride---then into a corpse. And perhaps she is dead---dead of cold and hunger---she whom I cherished in all luxury---whose delicate frame seemed to bring round itself all the purest air and sweetest sunshine---she may have expired in the very mire---and her body been huddled into some hole called a pauper's grave. And I have suffered all this to happen her! Or have I suffered her to become one of the miserable multitude who support hated and hateful life by prostitution? Black was her crime---yet hardly did she deserve to be one of that howling crew---she whose voice was once so sweet, her eyes so pure---and her soul so innocent---for up to the hour I parted with her weeping, no evil thought had ever been hers---then why, ye eternal Heavens! why fell she from that sphere where she shone like a star? Let that mystery that shrouds my mind in darkness be lightened---let me