

Smote me even in its truth—I woo'd her
 Back to life, and struggled with the arm that
 Grasped her—to see the strength that clings
 Round woman, in such hours. The strife of
 Love, faith, fear, within her woman's breast so
 Deeply wrought, that even life's strong cord *must* break.
 She cling to me in all the passion of despair :
 Say not my brother !—No ! not my brother !
 But as she read the fatal yes ? my spell-bound
 Voice could not give utterance to, with one burst
 She threw me from her, and as she lay in love's
 Outstretched arm, her sunk eye fluttered through
 Its white lids ; and her heart grew still in her
 Hushed bosom, ne'er to throb again.

F.



OSMYN A TALE.

“ The very air

Is drunk with pleasure, happiness
 Seems overflowing from the breasts of all.
 The half-starved beggar in the street forgets
 The pangs of hunger, waves his ragged cap
 Aloft, and shouts joy ! joy ! The song and dance
 Go gaily round, and, mocking heaven's bright stars,
 Comets and streams of fire ascend from earth.”—*G. Sforza.*

The wide square of St. Mark's was crowded with masqueraders, and a mimic day blazed from the torches and the lamps which clustered round the pillars and porticoes, revealing the barbaric splendour of the palaces, the elaborate ornaments of the architecture and the tapestry hangings, the rich draperies of silver tissue and embroidered silks, which were thrown over the balconies ; whilst long garlands of flowers and fanciful knots of ribbons floated like pennants from the windows. The golden-winged lions crowning the columns of St. Mark, gleamed as brightly in the midnight radiance as when they reflected the rays of the meridian sun. The gods of the ancient mythology seemed to have descended from Mount Olympus to share the revels of the denizens of the lower world. The sea had given up its