

cheek of the happy bride, but none so beautiful as hers; and many were the brave soldiers who grasped the hand of the bridegroom, and wished him happiness, but none of so gallant a presence.

When the clergyman entered the room, Burton revived and looked around. The glare of light attracted his attention; he raised himself convulsively upon his elbow, and gazed with burning eyeballs on the whole ceremony; beheld the proud and happy look of Arden; the subdued, virgin joy of Eugenie.

His hand instinctively sought his sword; the blood spouted from his lip, as he pierced it in the madness of his impotent rage; and making an effort to rise to his feet, when he saw Arden place the ring on Eugenie's finger, he fell back again insensible, with his hands clenched, and a curse dying upon his tongue.

The subsequent destinies of Isabel Ney and the remaining characters of our romance, as well as that of our hero, are familiar matters of his-