

the lungs. He thanked the sympathizing Polly, with the best grace he could; and said that he should be better in a few days.

"I hope so," resumed the fair one; "I am a woman of small experience in these matters, and I fear that I should not make a very good nurse!"

John heard her not, for at that moment the soft blue eyes of his first wife were looking into his very soul.

"I was thinking," said Miss Polly, who did not know how to account for his strange abstraction, "that it would be a useless expence for us to hire a separate house. My sister has consented for us to share this with her; and it would be as well," she continued, with a significant look, "to take her at her word."

"But the children!" cried John, starting from his fearful dream; "where shall we stow the dear children?"

"Children!" screamed Miss Polly; "I never knew that you had any children."

"My dear madam! you knew that I had been married twice—that my wives were young and handsome. I am happy to say that I am the father of three fine boys!"

"I hate children," returned Miss Polly, with a frown; "boys in particular."

"But my boys are beautiful."

"So much the worse. Children are a great pest; and handsome children are always spoilt."

"Their aunt would take care of them, for a trifling consideration."

"And pray, who is to pay it?"

"The person who considers them such a trouble," returned Andrews, rising, and taking his hat. For the same voice was murmuring in his ears, "John, tell the old witch to be kind to my poor boys."

"Where I am, I am determined that my children shall be also."

Now, Miss Polly did not wish to lose her husband; so she smoothed down, and told him that she would do the best she could by them, which doubtless, would be bad enough, if we might judge by her treatment of the poor donkey.

John went away with fearful misgivings; but the wedding was near at hand, and it was too late to repent, when the licence was bought, and the guests invited.

"Good heavens!" cried the unfortunate bridegroom, dashing the tears from his eyes, as he flung himself for the last time, as a single man, upon his sorry bed. "That night-ware of a woman will be the death of me."

Contrary to his expectations, he quickly fell asleep, and forgot all his sorrows until near day-break, when fancy began to play him some of

her old tricks. He was carried by her capricious ladyship, into the parish church, before the altar of which he beheld his bride elect, standing deeply veiled, and magnificently arrayed in a fawn-colored silk gown, a proper emblem of her youth and innocence. Two young women, clad in white, stood on either side, to assist her in the trying moment, when her veil had to be raised, and her glove withdrawn to receive the symbol of eternal love. The priest, too, was there, in his white stole, with the sacred book open before him. But John thought there was something very queer in his physiognomy; that the black locks that clustered profusely round his head, rose rather mysteriously on either side, vastly resembling in shape the short horns of a wild bull. He glanced intuitively towards his lower extremities, but the long gown, like charity, covered all defects; yet Andrews felt a perverse curiosity to ascertain if his feet were in harmony with his head. A lean slippered pantaloon, marvelously resembling a baboon in a frock coat; was to give away the lady. As Andrews approached, he greeted him with a sardonic grin; and pointed with his fleshless hand to the bonny bride.

The service commenced, but it sounded in his ears like blasphemous ribaldry. At length came the moment when he was to put on the ring. One of the white robed females raised the bride's veil, and suddenly displayed a death's head, still retaining a startling likeness of Miss Polly; while the soft voice whispered in his ear, "Is she any thing like me, John?" He staggered and would have fallen to the ground; but was caught in the arms of the other female, who said to him, in a bantering voice—

"Some marriages are made in heaven. But this was made in t'other place."

At this announcement loud peals of laughter shook the place, the priest vanished in a flame of fire, and John awakened in a cold sweat.

"Come, Andrews! get up, get up," cried the merry voice of his friend Ben. "Are you not ashamed of sleeping so long on your wedding day? This is a poor compliment to the bride."

"She may be ———, for what I care," returned Andrews. "But my mind is made up; so here goes!"

And springing lightly from his bed, he commenced whistling a lively tune, and cutting a thousand mad antics round the apartment.

Ben Boyce stared at him in astonishment, thinking to himself that his friend's mirth was too extravagant to be genuine. But how did his wonder increase, when, flinging down his shaving brush in the midst of that important operation, which covered his new pants with lather, he