

Then so wild his despair, when her dark
glossy hair
Fell in clouds o'er her forehead of snow,
That he rush'd from the crowd with a laugh
long and loud
In the last fearful frenzy of woe.

And now on yon peak, rugged dizzy and bleak,
That but whispers back ocean's dull roar,
In the depths of despair he oft battles the air,
A poor maniac lost evermore.

And when in their might the winds traverse
the night,

And the face of the sky is o'ercast,
He laughs at the screams of the seagull, and
dreams

That he stabs the curst fiend of the blast.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE ENGLISHMAN, BOLINGBROKE, MARRIES
A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

MARRIAGE alway effects a decided change upon the sentiments of those who come within the sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well regulated, mind something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was separate and independent is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will color the destiny of the other. But when the union is that of love, this feeling of dependence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged, expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others and for society. But it is the generous and the virtuous alone who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are too callous to give nur-

ture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an expansive benevolence. A certain degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love and friendship.

The beautiful Indian girl Menæ was of a noble, generous nature; she had never been selfish; and now that her affections had an object on which to concentrate their warmth, her heart glowed with a disinterested emotion. With a native ingenuousness of soul that had always induced her, even without reflection, to consult the happiness of others in preference to her own, she had now an object whose interests were so dear that it was natural to sacrifice to them all her own inclinations. From the moment of her marriage she began to adapt her conduct to the taste of her husband. She adopted his opinions, imitated his manners, and gradually exchanged the ornaments of her tribe for those which accorded better with his fancy. It costs her not a pang of regret to throw aside the costume which she considered graceful, and had worn with pride in the meridian of her beauty and to invest her charms in a foreign drapery, which was far less becoming in her own eyes. Whatever her husband admired, became graceful in her estimation, and that which rendered her attractive to him, she wore with more than youthful delight.

A similar change took place in her domestic arrangements. Instead of the rude wigwam of the Indian, Bolingbroke had built a small but neat cottage—and had furnished it with some of the comforts, though few of the luxuries of his country, and his wife early endeavored to gratify his wishes by adapting herself to his habits of living. She learned to sit upon a chair, to eat from a table, and to treat her husband as a companion rather than a master. Hour after hour did she listen attentively to his description of the habits of his countrywomen, and carefully did she treasure up in memory every hint which might