

And then I knew there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day, had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home, I saw that the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

EMMELINE.

Why sittest thou by the shore,

Emmeline?

Why sportest thou no more,

Emmeline;

'Mid those oosy-looking damsels just emerging from the brine,

Thy blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,

Looking wistful and half tristful,

Emmeline?

One summer morn like this,

Emmeline,

Thy heart beat close to *his*,

Emmeline!

And I rather think he took the liberty to twine

His arm just for one moment round that slender waist of thine;

Oh! wasn't it imprudent for a penniless law-student,

Emmeline?

He loves you—the poor wretch!

Emmeline;

But there's many a better catch,

Emmeline.

Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,

And deserve the eligible match your dearest friends assign:

He is but a poor and true man, you a lady (not a woman),

Emmeline.

C. P. M.