

a time, a deep and prolonged silence fell on the party. The Spaniard sat watching her guests with anxious and troubled looks. De Valmont seemed ill at ease. "Fair lady, your wine, methinks, is strangely potent! My brain whirls round, and the lights look dim and ghastly! Ha! what means these strange and dreadful feelings?"

He buried his face in his hands and leant on the table. Nina still continued to watch him eagerly, until, at length, she arose and shook him with violence. "What ho! De Valmont, look up! see, your lady love, the fair Rosalie smiles upon you!"

With a painful effort the young man lifted his head, and fixed a dim and ghastly stare on a sight, which filled his guilty soul with horror and dismay. Reclining in one corner of the couch, was the frail partner of his dalliance, a swollen and discoloured corpse. With a dreadful execration, and struggling desperately to rise and draw his sword, he shouted—"Wretch, you have poisoned us! But thou shalt not escape; thou, too, shalt accompany me." But the effort was vain, his nerveless limbs refused their office, and he sunk back on the couch in an agony of pain and dismay.—And there stood the fair fiend, gazing with flashing eyes and a smile of triumph, on the scene of her revenge.

"Yes, perjured traitor, you have guessed truly, you are indeed poisoned. I tell thee, De Valmont, thou hast not an hour to live.—No power on earth can save thee. And now I leave thee to thy thoughts. Think on all the crimes of thy life, think on thy wrongs to me, and despair!" Saying this, and with one long look at her victims, she rapidly left the apartment, locking the door, and removing the key. But we draw a veil over the death pangs of this wretched man.

The next morning, De Valmont's servants, who had accompanied him to the house of the dancer, and who had awaited his departure in a room below, with many a smothered curse of impatience at his long delay, became alarmed, and proceeded to the door of the apartment.

After loudly knocking, and calling without receiving any answer, they burst open the door, and entered the room, where an appalling sight met their astonished view. Amidst the scene of the late festivity, surrounded by all the gorgeous and glittering appliances of revelry, in horrible mockery of the place, sat the ghastly and disfigured forms of the two dead guests.

"And what," I enquired, "became of the

agent in this terrible deed of vengeance? Did she escape?"

"No," replied D—a. "That night, in the nets which are placed to intercept the bodies of the victims of suicide or assassination, was entangled the form of a fair and richly dressed girl. And on a marble table of the *Morgue*, was exposed to the eager gaze of a thousand spectators, all that remained of the once lovely and admirable La Nina. Struck with remorse at her awful crime, or despairing to escape the pursuit and punishment of the outraged laws, she had thrown herself into the *Seine*."



### SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

Oh, give me welcome—I come—I come  
From a sweet and balmy land,  
With the tropic rose I have made my home;  
'Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam—  
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,  
I have played with the foam of a Southern  
strand.

Oh, give me welcome! I bring—I bring  
A gift for the coming May,  
The sunshine falls from my restless wing,  
It touches the ice of the mountain spring;  
But I laugh—I laugh as it melts away,  
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

Oh, give me welcome—a welcome now!  
The winter was stern and cold,  
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow  
While I lifted his robe of spotless snow.  
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old  
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now! while the south wind weaves  
His breath with the morning dew,  
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves—  
And drives from the hollow the sear dry leaves.  
Where the violet hides its eye of blue  
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

Oh, welcome me—while I have a rout  
With the pleasant April rain—  
The birds that sing with a silvery shout  
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out  
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,  
'Mid the delicate leaves that are green again.



IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who is in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.