

therefore made her arrangements to do so—and of course she could not leave Marah behind her. She pleaded and implored not to be taken away. Mr. Müller wished her to be placed with Madame Corderos where her education could proceed; but Mrs. Morrison was firm; she knew, without her protection and watchful oversight, that Marah could not be safe, and she was glad too of the opportunity to free herself from further responsibility, by restoring her to her parents, so she was deaf to all entreaties; to Mr. Müller's remonstrances, she replied, when he was ready to marry he could receive Marah from her parents' hands, and if his love was sincere, it could bear the test of absence.

It seemed a hard-hearted thing to the two lovers, that Mrs. Morrison should be so obstinate; they dared not openly rebel, though the day before she sailed, Mrs. M. found Marah had made some cunning arrangements for being left behind; they were defeated, however, and when the favoring gale sprang up, they soon left that lovely green isle of St. Domingo far away. Marah sobbed and cried, while she pressed to her lips the fragrant bouquet which had been the parting gift of Hermann, and recalled his promise of soon claiming her; while Mrs. Morrison laughed in her sleeve at the probable end of this romance. And what, gentle reader, was the end? Why of course the old story.

"He in whom,
Her heart had treasured all its boast and pride,
Proved faithless."

His love was like

"A figure
Traced in ice, which with an hour's heat,
Dissolves in water, and doth lose its germ"

Not that it did not retain its impression a little while, yes, perhaps quite as long as "*de beaux garçons*," generally do; he wrote to her quite ardently at first, but soon the chill of indifference began creeping over the lines; he no longer was so urgent in pressing her to return; he dropped his correspondence with Mrs. Morrison, and by the time she was ready to return to Hayti, all intercourse had ceased.

Marah begged to be taken back with Mrs. M.; she promised to behave well, not to seek Mr. Müller, to do her duty faithfully; but Mrs. Morrison could not subject herself to a repetition of the same annoyances.

Soon after Mrs. Morrison's arrival, Mr. Müller called upon her, professed himself entirely awakened from his dream, acknowledged it must have been an optical illusion, thanked her again and again, that by her firmness she had with-

drawn Marah from him, and thus prevented his sealing his earthly wretchedness, by contracting a marriage with her. From an enthusiastic, love-crazed man, he had become a sensible, quiet philosopher, discussing affairs of the heart, and Marah in particular, with the utmost *sang froid*. His delusion had been, and was a mystery to himself, which no reasoning, and no thought, and he had given a good deal of both to it, could explain; but he hoped he had grown a wiser man from the lesson.

And the poor girl, what became of her? some sympathising friend would ask. Fortunately, she had not a temperament which felt deeply; her vanity had been gratified, but she had not had sympathy enough in Hermann Müller's tastes, for her heart to be deeply interested; she grieved a few days, then snapped her fingers, sprang lightly round upon her negro heels, and sang away all traces of the "false white man's" love. His homage had stamped her a belle, in her own estimation at least, but she was quite ready to accept the first "Dandy Jim," who laid his warm, loving heart in his open, black palm, and proffered it for her acceptance. And so,

"Men (and women too) have died,
And worms have eaten them, but not for love!"

THE HOMELESS ORPHAN.

BY G. M. K.

See where she weeps by yon confessional,
A maid, whose heaving breast and tresses torn,
And downcast eyes, tell eloquently all!

What causes one so evidently good,
To be thus blighted, or oppressed by woes?
Oh! is there nought in blooming womanhood,
To guard it 'gainst the wiles of cruel foes?

She is an orphan, now without a home,
Driven from her last asylum, she comes there,
That safely her hard fate she may bemoan,
When the poor heart flies frightened with despair.

Alas! poor girl! thy pitying pastor's care,
In tears bestowed, may be to thee a balm;
But oh! his wealth, his poverty and prayer,
He cannot give a home's delightful calm.

SWIMMING.

There is a rapture in the headlong leap,
The wedge-like cleaving of the closing deep!
A feeling full of hardihood and power,
With which we court the waters that devour.
Oh! 'tis a feeling great, sublime, supreme,
Like the extatic influence of a dream—
To speed one's way thus o'er the sliding plain,
And make a kindred being with the main.