

to the water, interrupted the uniformity of its murmurs. I called for Maurice, he answered not. The moon again shone forth in her splendour, and I looked for him and the deaf and dumb girl : both had disappeared. My voice had, however, attracted the attention of the boatman.

“ Two persons are in the water,” I exclaimed in terror “ they will be drowned.”

The boatmen ran to the place. Torches were lighted, the river searched, and in the course of half an hour the body of Maurice was found among the reeds. All our efforts for his recovery were of no avail ; the spark of life had fled. The body of the little dead woman was never found.

I shall not state the conclusion to which I have come upon the above facts. The reader knows as much as I do, and may, according to his ideas, account for the agitation of Maurice on hearing the name of Ursula, his impatience to get beyond Châlons, the catastrophe which prevented his marriage, and the impression produced upon him by the little dead woman, my description of whom is not an imaginary one.—*Le Salmigondis*.

THE DYING POET.

(FROM LAMARTINE.)

The full cup of my days breaks in my grasp
 Life hurries from my breast at every gasp
 Nor tears nor prayers can stay it more :—Death's wing
 Strikes on the mournful bell of holy tower
 In broken sounds, my last—my fatal hour—

Am I to weep—or shall I sing?—

I'll sing—since yet my hand is on the lyre,
 I'll sing—since me, swan-like does Death inspire
 The verge of other worlds, when first I view—
 A burst of music—bless'd presage 't will prove :
 If my soul's nought but harmony and love
 A song divine be its adieu—

The breaking harp yields a sublimer sound,
 The dying lamp revives and sheds around
 A momentary ray of purer flame :

The swan at her last hour looks to the sky,
 Man, man alone casts back his languid eye,

To count his days and weep o'er them—