

no consciousness of the sacred rite; and she expired with such a horrible cry, as filled all the shuddering auditors with inexpressible terror.

Montbelliard felt his breast relieved of a lead-like load, as he witnessed the death of his guilty associate; for his secret was safe—it had perished with her; yet he still trembled at the terrible predicament in which he had lately stood; and resolved to prevent the possibility of his ever being placed in such a dangerous situation again.

St. Amande's feelings were harrowed to the quick. Amazement—remorse—horror—anguish—and despair, alternately distracted his soul, as he recalled the dismal events of this night, and tried to fathom the mystery attending the appearance of her whose spirit continually haunted him, but of whose guilt he could not doubt.

He led no bride to his home, but sadly watched by the bier of her whom he had conducted to the marriage altar only a few hours before. Their nuptials had been interrupted by the cold tenant of the grave; and death had become the consort of her who was to have been his wife. Such were his reflections as he sat by the corpse of Almeria Guarda, and regarded her pallid and distorted features, which now retained no trace of beauty or humanity; and when morning dawned, he beheld her remains consigned to the earth, and before the sound of the *miserere* had died away, rushed from the chapel to hide himself from the light of day, and to give vent in solitude to the anguish that devoured his heart.

(To be continued.)

THE SUITORS.

Wealth sought the bower of Beauty,

Dress'd like a modern beau;

Just then, Love, Health and Duty

Took up their hats to go.

Wealth such a cordial welcome met,

As made the others grieve,

So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette,

Love, pouting, took French leave—

He did—

Love, pouting, took French leave.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,

Next call'd to see the fair;

He laid his hand on Beauty,

And left her in despair.

Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health—

And she was doom'd to prove,

That those who Duty slight for Wealth,

Can never hope for Love—

Ah, no—

Can never hope for Love.

SONG.

They may talk of love in a cottage,

And bowers of trellised vine—

Of nature bewitchingly simple,

And milkmaids half divine.

They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping

In the shade of a spreading tree,

And a walk in the fields at morning,

By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation,

By the light of a chandelier—

With music to play in the pauses,

And nobody very near;

Or a seat on a silken sofa

With a glass of pure old wine,

And mamma too blind to discover

The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,

Your vine is a nest for flies—

Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,

And simplicity talks of pies!

You lie down to your shady slumber,

And wake with a bug in your ear,

And your damsel that walks in the morning,

Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,

And mightily likes his ease—

And true love has an eye for a dinner,

And starves beneath shady trees.

His wing is the fan of a lady,

His foot's an invisible thing,

And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,

And shot from a silver string.

CLEAR, MY LOVE.

Clear, my love, thy clouded brow,

And let me see thee smile;

Why should our parting pain thee so

It is but for a while?

Say can I slight so fond a heart

Believe, believe me, never.

Hear me now before we part—

I'll love, I'll love thee ever.

Beauty's beaming eyes, sweet girl,

To smiles, may kindle mine;

Yet deem not once thy love betrayed,

Each sigh shall still be thine.

Oh! would I slight so fond a heart

Believe, believe me, never.

Hear my vow before we part—

I'll love, I'll love thee ever.