

grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees lofty and beautiful wave to the airy motion of the winds; but there are a group of Indians together, they fit to and fro with something like sorrow on their dark brows. And in the mist lies a manly form—but his cheeks how deathly, his eyes wild with the filthy fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See," she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembled in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, oh, how wildly for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leaving the dying and the living together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright with quivering lip and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her

vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are set in their sockets! dim are his piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of his father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lip quivering faster and faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scooped him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother!—a victim of this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand