

vin in private. Georgiana was more alarmed than ever; she was sure he had some terrible news of her husband, and insisted on its being instantly communicated to her.

"Calm yourself, my dear cousin; your husband is not dead, I assure you," said the young man.

"Then some dreadful accident has happened, I am sure, or he would not have been absent all night," replied she. "He must be seriously hurt—let me go to him instantly."

"I pledge you my honor he is not hurt."

"Then where is he—and what do you mean?"

"My dear cousin, permit me to speak to my uncle alone."

"No—whatever you say, I must and will hear. I insist on your telling me all you know, and at once. I cannot bear this suspense, and I must inform you, sir, that I think your present conduct not only inexplicable but unfeeling."

"Well, then,"—and he hesitated a few moments—"well, you must know it soon, and the present time is perhaps as good as any other. Your husband, madam, is an impostor, a thief, and, as I believe, a murderer. He knows that I am acquainted with all this, and has fled from apprehension that I would unmask his villainies and bring him to punishment."

Georgiana neither screamed nor fainted, for her sensibilities were not very acute. But she was stunned by this startling annunciation, until pride, and perhaps a better feeling, confidence in her husband, prompted her to declare her utter disbelief in these terrible imputations. The young man, thus called upon to sustain his veracity, entered on a minute detail of all the transactions at Smyrna, as before related, and concluded by expressing his full belief that the count would never return. Georgiana still maintained his innocence, and insisted that he should be searched for every where; but Mr. Mervin now interfered and declared his conviction that her husband was an impostor and a villain. Georgiana retired with her mother, who sided with her on this occasion, and discovered, what she had overlooked before, that her jewels, her money, and her gold purse, had all disappeared with her husband. "The mean wretch, to rob me of my jewels!" exclaimed Georgiana; and for a time indignation triumphed over grief.

The illustrious maglar and lion never made his appearance again in the great menagerie of the New World. He had walked to the nearest town, whence he transported himself to the nearest seaport, where he dropped his title and remained incog. till an opportunity offered to embark for Leghorn. There he ar-

rived in safety, and after due consideration proceeded to Venice. Here his adventures terminated. He entered on a course of life which finally brought him to the galleys, where he had the satisfaction of once more meeting his father, who reproached him for his neglect and want of filial duty in never seeking him. "But for all this," replied Knim, "you cannot deny that I am a dutiful son—I have followed in the footsteps of my father."

The catastrophe of the lion was hushed up, but soon got wind, and flew to the utmost extremities of the new world of fashion. Some declared they never could have believed that such an agreeable, elegant, accomplished man could be an impostor; while others, some how or other, always had a sort of suspicion he was not what he pretended to be. All this passed away as a nine days' wonder, and the example of disappointed vanity and humbled pride was soon forgotten by those whom it might perhaps have shielded from a similar fate. Neither mother nor daughter ever afterward figured in the fashionable world, but passed the remainder of their lives in a retirement they were not fitted to embellish or enjoy. Georgiana heard nothing more of the count, and remained a widowed wife with a living husband. She received no pleasure and derived no benefit from the beauties of nature around, for every object reminded her of the miserable youth with whose happiness she had trifled, whose mind she had destroyed, and whose life she had brought to an untimely end. She did not dare to go to church, for there she never failed to see the gray-headed parents of the youth, dressed in mourning, and, as her conscience whispered, accusing her at the bar of eternal justice as the murderer of their only child. Her mother was not one to whom she could look for parental consolation or rational advice; her father was too fond of his ease to interfere in the troubles of others; and her brother was a fashionable young gentleman in whiskers. Thus she continued to wear away a weary existence, accompanied indeed by no very acute suffering from the recollections of the past, but destitute of all those sources of consolation, those spiritual blessings that, while they light up the future with hope, atone for past transgressions. Georgiana deserved her fate, for she had sported with the happiness of others, and had no right to expect to enjoy it herself. Her husband was a thief and a murderer in the estimation of mankind, and she was little better in the eyes of her Maker. There was a sympathy in their minds, a unity in their fate; and no doubt their marriage was ordained for the punishment of their mutual offences.

SONNET TO THE OPAL.

Oh gem of beauty! borrowing from the day
All hues to crown thee in thy fleeting grace,
Why should a thought of sadness find a place
Where all is brilliant, beautiful and gay?
Thy sister gems endure, but thou dost feel
The touch of dissolution o'er thee steal,
Wasting thy brightness in a slow decay.

Thou art befitting type of human souls,
That in the cold, the glittering, dying dwell;
Whose hopes the present fills, whom sense controls,
And earth binds down with false, delusive spell;
Things that in use decay. Oh, changeful gem!
Passing, though fair, burning thyself away
While we bewildered gaze, thy likeness is to them!

E. O. S.