

feeds in silence on itself. Such grief was his—yet he exhibited no trace thereof. Every muscle of his face was immoveable, and his pale lip he compressed, for he was determined to suppress even the sigh that would burst and betray the anguish of the soul within.

Alas ! for the young, the warm-hearted, and the sanguine, whose happiness is at the mercy of the affections, who with an eagle eye, and lion heart, pursues his course, and deviates never, but perseveres to become the jest of disappointment—alas for him ! the scattered pine is not more completely a ruin than he. Alas for him ! no desolation is like unto his.

'Twas night, as was said before, and the quietude of the grave overshadowed all around. The untrimmed candles flickered dull and dispirited, by affording merely light sufficient to embody the gloom beyond, with the distorted imaginings of a feverish brain, now disturbed and excited by constant watchings, and alone with the dead, in all the helpless hopelessness of blighted happiness, Reginald De Courçî sat motionless, his eyes fixed on the wreck of all that this world ever offered him worth living for, and as feature after feature, he traced the delineations of that fine and delicate countenance, whose mild expression was seldom absent from his thoughts, memory for a moment led him back to the past, and he lived over again those hours when his soul, in all the extacy of silence, hung entranced in passionate adoration over the object of its idolatry, and self-deception whispered him, and he willingly believed that her death was but a dream, and that *now* he was awake, and that she was before him, and alive, and that her eyes beamed fondly upon him, though in apparent sadness, as if reproaching him for his long absence, and seeming want of affection. His heart smote upon him for his truantship. To dispel the cloud of doubt which hung upon her brow, he approached her with a warm and assuring look.—He opened his arms wide to clasp her to his breast, and to kiss away her fears, when just as he was in the act of advancing, good God ! he staggered over *her* coffin, and pressed in horror to his, her cold, and clammy lips !

Oh ! never did mortal man awake to such a realization of