

seal is on thy brow. Hell's monarch bids thee hail, and waits to ope his everlasting gates to Maurice Mortimer the Murderer!" A universal shriek rose high above the blast, in fiendish echo, and suddenly the deep mouthed thunders hoarsely muttered, "murderer!" But now the yawning waves had gorged their prey, and I alone survived to curse the morrow's sun.

For fifteen years I wandered in a foreign land, and then again I sought my native shore.

It was a Sabbath eve in summer time, when, mingling with the pious worshippers, I entered once again the village church. The venerable pastor ascended with tottering steps the sacred desk. It was the same good, holy man, whose tones I oft had listened to in boyhood; whose arms had often pressed me to his bosom, whose hand full oft had rested on my infant head in blessing. He stood within the shadow of the tomb's dark portals, but his passport was secure, his guide was in attendance, his lamp was trimmed, and his light was burning. He spoke of mercy, boundless, unfathomable, free—of plentiful redemption, of compassion infinite—revivifying tears bedewed my cheeks, and as that copious and blessed stream welled from my riven heart, a transient beam of hope pierced through the dreary midnight of my soul. I lingered in the churchyard, till the last faint footfall tolled upon my ear, and then sunk into bitter musing. But my cup was not yet drained. As my eye ranged over the many storied tablets of the tomb, an exquisitely moulded monument of Italian marble caught my view. I walked towards it—the inscription was simple; it recorded the violent and untimely deaths of

"HENRY AND MARION VERNON."

My brain reeled; I staggered, fell, and sunk into a deathly stupor. When I awoke, the sun was shining in meridian splendour; I rushed precipitately from the spot, and wandered in a state of frenzy I know not whither. When memory returned, the moon was sailing slowly in the quiet sky, and I stood upon the spot where this cursed hand first dabbled in human gore, and invoked a childless, widowed mother's dying curse. Here my race is run—the award awaits me, and 'ere man shall shudder at this chronicle of crime, Maurice Mortimer—the murderer and the suicide—shall have entered upon his immortality.

May, 1848.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY R. E. M.

They bade her deck her brow with flowers,
And wreath with gems her hair;
To mix in fashion's brilliant halls,
And be the gayest there.

They said, her smile was all too sad,
Too mournful was her glance,
For one who breathed in festive bowers,
And joined the festive dance.

What recked they of the breaking heart,
To gloom and sorrow wed,
That ever mourned so wildly for
The forgotten dead?

They knew that all the much loved ones,
To whom her young heart clung,
Who'd watched her from her childhood's hours
Aye! round her cradle hung;

And o'er her opening path of life,
Affection's roses strewn,
Had all gone down to dust, and she
Was left on earth alone.

And yet they told her e'er to smile,
Amid that heartless throng,
To wake the lute with joyous touch,
And sing the festive song.

How oft amid the glittering clouds,
That bowed at folly's shrine,
'Mid fairy forms and blushing flowers,
'Mid perfumes, music, wine,

The bitter thought stole o'er, that she,
Was left alas! alone,
No heart that beat or felt for hers,
No loving look or tone.

'Tis true that many bowed before
Her beauty's magic might,
And whispered words of homage deep,
And called her fair and bright;

But still she ever turned away,
Her heart unmoved and cold,
She yearned but for the loving tones,
The well known strains of old.

What, though the honeyed words that now
Were breathed to her so oft,
So full of flattery's silver spells,
So winning and so soft—

Were fraught with all the tenderness
Of deep idolatry;
They but recalled the thought of those,
She never more might see.

It was a spell 'gainst all the charms,
So oft around her spread,
Her heart was sacred, only, to
The Memory of the dead.

The world spoke of her want of heart,
They called her cold and proud,
And hinted "twas a statue fair
To which they all had bowed."

But little recked she of their taunts,
Or smiles—they pained her not;
They could not take, or add, one gleam,
Of sunshine to her lot.

And thus the mourner passed through life,
A life of weary pain,
Its only hope, that she would yet
The loved ones meet again.