

Alas! the seal of death, was already on his brow. The doctor could only reply :

"The chances are against you."

"How long, oh! how long," said he, thinking of his dead wife, "before I see my dear Virginia? My dear Lenore? I would like to see my love—my dear love!"

And thus he continued, with language widely poetical in its character, and tragically sad in its awful despair.

Verily, that poetry, which as he once said was "with him a *passion*, not a *purpose*," proved his "ruling passion strong in death."

Under the effects of his exposure and humiliation, this ill-starred genius sank rapidly. He gave the friends, that surrounded his bedside the addresses of his relatives, with the request that they might be notified of his death. So doing, and without a further struggle, he resigned himself to that current of death that was swiftly bearing him out to the ocean of eternity.

He sank into a period of unconsciousness, but was revived by a glass of beef tea. He then tried to articulate something; and, as the doctor bent over him, he feebly said :

"Doctor, it is all over! Write, 'Eddie is no more.'"

"Mr. Poe," said the doctor, "permit me to say that you are near your end. Have you any wish or word for friends?" The unhappy man raised his fading eyes, and briefly said : "Nevermore!"

Oh! strange eventuality of fate! that

"The dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of never—nevermore!"

With a bitter sense of his humiliation, with a deep contrition for his past excesses, which were terribly exaggerated in his dying eyes by their frightful culmination, poor Poe had no hope for the illimitable future.

When Doctor Moran said to him : "Look to your Saviour, there is mercy for you and for all mankind; God is love!" he rejoined, with despairing energy :

"The arched heavens encompass me, and God has his decrees written on the frontlet of every human being and demons incarnate : their goal will be the seething waves of black despair!"

"Hope, and trust Him!"

To this the only reply was some incoherent mutterings, whose meaning will never be rightly understood. Finally he said, and these were the last words that passed his lips :

"Rest—shore—no more!"

Soon after this, shortly after midnight, on the 7th of October, 1849, with a convulsive movement of the arm and a gentle sigh, all that was immortal of the sufferer, burst the bars of this earthly prison and winged its eternal flight; and thus perished, in the forty-first year of his age, and the zenith of his genius, Edgar Allan Poe.

Death, though it come under the brightest auspices, softened by the blessed hope of immortality, is, at best, stern, hard, inexorable. To the tragic horror of this death, the annals of biography can scarcely furnish a parallel. Such a death, so undeserved and so tragic, should awaken for Poe the pitying sympathy of posterity.

In a corner of the Westminster churchyard, in Baltimore, happily reposes all that is mortal of the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells." To it and to him we think no other epitaph so fitting as the exquisite lines from Gray's elegy :

"Here rests his head upon a lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame well known;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth
And melancholy marked him for her own.

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God."

James M. Beck, in the *Oriental Casket*.

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet:
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

The Mother's Prayer.

Hark! hark! the mother prayeth
In tender pleadings low;
Low bowed her head in meekness,
And fast the tear-drops flow.
Tread lightly as we enter,
For all is sacred there;
The angels bright are waiting
To Heaven the mother's prayer.

Soft, like pure cooling water
Upon the fevered brow;
Sweet, like its gentle ripples,
It stealth o'er me now.
Like the flower's dewy breath,
On wings of new-born air,
It fills my soul with fragrance—
That mother's holy prayer.

Time hath twined his silver threads,
Mid locks of raven hue,
Bowed the sprightly form of youth,
Yet not her spirit true.
But as time and grief wore on,
And traced the lines of care,
E'er, in low sweet tones, was heard
The mother's holy prayer.

She prays for him, the father,
The shepherd of the fold,
That he may find that pure gem—
More precious far than gold,
And oh, her child! the erring,
Oh, would that he were there!
His heart, though stone, would soften
To hear that mother's prayer.

O pilgrim, on time's highway,
Recall the fleeting years
When knelt you by her joyous,
And kissed away her tears.
And e'er when clouds of sorrow
O'er shade life's pathway fair,
Oh trust in God! He for thee
Will bear the mother's prayer.

Is Mars Inhabited?

There is no other place in the solar system, says a scientific paper, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as the planet Mars. The telescope reveals to us broad tracts of lands, and expanses of sea upon his surface. The durations of his day and night almost coincide with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating changes of the seasons. His nights are illumined by two satellites which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and oftener, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact the existence of one is indispensable to his own features. Hence, the inference that Mars is a habitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that the planet, provided apparently with all the requisites to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of inert matter, which, though conforming to the laws of gravitation, is otherwise serving no useful end as the abode and sustenance of animated creatures. It is fair in accord with analogy and rational speculation to conclude that Mars is the centre of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with living beings.

It has been clearly established by the evidence presented at London police courts that the "penny dreadfuls," or cheap novelettes, of which boy-highwaymen are the heroes, have produced an abundant crop of young thieves, who have only imitated the adventures described with devilish ingenuity by the romance writers.