

verer torment were still before me. I went on and on, and the vault widened; and the light increased and the sounds changed. There were loud laughs and low mutterings, in the tone of ridicule; and shouts of triumph and exultation; and, in brief, all the thousand mingled tones of a gay and joyous revel. Can these, I exclaimed, be the sounds of misery when at the deepest? 'Bethink thee,' said a shadowy form beside me, — 'bethink thee if it be so on earth.' And as I remembered that it was so, and bethought me of the mad revels of shipwrecked seamen and of plague-stricken cities, I awoke. But on this subject you must spare me."

"Forgive me," I said; "to-morrow I leave college, and not with the less reluctance that I must part from you. But I shall yet find you occupying a place among the *literati* of our country, and shall remember with pride that you were my friend."

He sighed deeply. "My hopes rise and fall with my spirits," he said; "and to-night I am melancholy. Do you ever go to buffets with yourself, Mr. Lindsay? Do you ever mock, in your sadder moods, the hopes which render you happiest when you are gay? Ah! 'tis bitter warfare when a man contends with Hope! — when he sees her, with little aid from the personifying influence, as a thing distinct from himself, — a lying spirit that comes to flatter and deceive him. It is thus I see her to-night.

See'st thou that grave? — does mortal know
 Aught of the dust that lies below?
 'Tis foul, 'tis damp, 'tis void of form, —
 A bed where winds the loathsome worm!
 A little heap, mould'ring and brown,
 Like that on flowerless meadow thrown
 By mossy stream, when winter reigns