

The dim extreme of this long leafy aisle
 Reveal'd to view a time fray'd castle-pile ;
 Oaks' massy boles the long approach command,
 Like brother giants linked hand in hand.
 The castle, partly ruined, had been rear'd
 By the Visconti in whose line appear'd,
 Through many ages, names of truly great,
 Their country's weal who wrought in craft of state ;
 Who many a meed for daring valor earn'd,
 Nor e'er from foe in dastard flight had turn'd.
 From sire to son their pride was handed down,
 Ancestral honor, prized beyond a crown.
 At length arose a son who brought not fame,
 But black disgrace to that unsullied name ;
 In foreign clime, a broken wretch he died,
 Nor wife, nor friend, nor stranger at his side.

This wooded alley's mouth, where pour'd the sun
 Through emerald leaves on greener sward, shewed one
 So fair, so fragile, that the wind might seem
 To bear her sky-ward, bosom'd in its stream.
 Upon a couch she lay, by servants care
 To this spot mov'd to breathe the balmy air ;
 Her form was wrapp'd in costly fabrics' fold,
 That jealous clung, as loth to leave their hold.
 Seen dinting soft the pillows' snow, her face
 Reveal'd in every feature dreamy grace ;
 'Twas framed by rings and tendrils of soft hair,
 A wealth, a glory, gleaming, wond'rous rare.
 Her gladden'd gaze was fix'd on tender skies,
 Whose dark sweet blue was mirror'd in those eyes—
 Great wistful, starlike eyes, that ever grew
 More calm and steadfast as the Heaven's hue.
 Her cheek and brow were ting'd by rosy light
 With more than earthly radiance, strangely bright.
 Delicious languor steeps her every sense,
 The convalescent's grateful recompense,
 For season long of fever's anguish borne—
 Nor slumber came at eve nor rest at morn.
 Long had she tarried at the gates of Death,
 Now slow return'd she but with cautious breath,
 As from a cavern dark to upper air,
 With wild flowers, sweet and dazzling sunlight, fair.

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KELOIOS.