

There in the woods she dwelt remote
 From friends or kindred near ;
 Of time and wrong she took no note,
 Content, her world was there.

But in her husband's heart a shoot
 Sprang up, from which distilled
 A juice more fatal than the fruit
 The Upas forests yield.

No deadlier serpent twines his coils
 Around his captured prey,
 Or with more fascinating wiles
 Beguiles the downward way.

A passion blighting all the joys
 Which welded love imparts,
 And rudely rends those mystic ties
 That join connubial hearts ;

Which makes the heart a loathsome nest
 Of all polluting things ;
 Foul birds and reptiles, savage beast,
 With worse than vipers stings.

And then at times the brood would wake,
 And howl their fierce desire,
 Or fretful whine their thirst to slake
 With draughts of liquid fire.

Ah, well she knew the sullen scowl
 That gathered on his brow,
 When kindling passions, like a coal,
 Within began to glow.