

He wakes again to life at last,
 But not to consciousness or pain—
 The throb of agony has pass'd
 Though life doth still awhile remain.
 And they who stand beside him there,
 And bathe with rough but pitying care
 His blood-stain'd breast and fever'd brow,
 He knows them not—his spirit now
 Is far away from that lone spot
 In scenes long-left, but unforget—
 A stately terraced walk he sees,
 Pale-tinted by the crescent moon :
 The odour of the summer breeze,
 The whisper of the swaying trees,
 Fall softly on his soul — and soon
 A clinging form is by his side —
 Their lips are one—the whole world wide
 Has not so fair a form for him —
 His heart beats fast, his senses swim
 Under her whisper'd words. Alas !
 That such should be, and come, and pass,
 Even as the wind that stayeth not.

Well may the listeners shrink—God
 wot !

A laugh from dying lips to hear :
 In sooth, it hath a ghastly sound
 That well may cause a throb of fear
 In hearts as bold as those around—
 And bitterly, though faint and low,
 From those pale lips the accents flow :

I told thee, when thy fantasy
 Had sicken'd and had ceas'd to be—
 When thou, unmoved, my name couldst
 hear,
 Or hear it with a shrinking fear—
 When hand met hand, and no quick thrill
 Came, as of old, thy heart to fill—
 And that one memory had become
 A blear'd ghost, wan and wearisome —
 Thou hadst but one brief word to say,
 Or look — and I no more would blot
 The brightness of thy life's young day,
 But drop from out that life away,
 And be as thou hadst known me not.

I told thee, when the thing was said,
 I would go down without a cry—
 A bubble—and the wave goes by,
 And all the past is blurr'd and dead.
 Why should I curse thee? All around
 The dead leaves drop. The wintry ground
 Is bare and black, that once was green—
 The song-birds of the summer's sheen
 Where bleak winds blow no more abide—
 All life's poor glammers wax and wane—

Then how shouldst thou unchanged re-
 main,
 In all this change of time and tide !

The damp of death is on his brow,
 The flame but feebly flickers now—
 A struggle for the strangled breath,
 A gasp that faint and fainter grows :
 And then the long, deep, calm repose,
 The one long hush of death !
 They draw the hood across his face,
 And leave him to his Maker's grace !

THE EAST.

(ONE YEAR LATER.)

Blithe, and bright, and debonair,
 Is Deercliffe Court this afternoon—
 The roses in their flush of June
 On terrace, lawn, and gay parterre,
 In glowing masses fill the air
 With summer fragrance. All around
 Fair forms are floating, and the sound
 Of light patrician laughter blends
 With faint-heard strains of melody—
 And friends are gaily greeting friends—
 And warm and bright the summer sky
 Its cloudless azure dome extends
 O'er all that courtly company.

Within the vast ancestral rooms,
 The noble hosts of Deercliffe stand
 With winning smile and ready hand
 To greet their throng of guests. Rich
 glooms
 Upon the blazon'd arras throw
 On Parian groups their purple glow :
 And bowers of tropic plants, between,
 Roll back the sunlight's rippling sheen :
 And high above, in long array,
 Steel-coated warriors grim and grey,
 And ermin'd judges, stern and cold,
 And plumed gallants, gay and bold,
 Who many a roaring catch had troll'd
 In those old halls, in days that were ;
 And maidens in their bloom of May,
 White-throated with their pearl-deck'd hair
 And poor dead smiles, long pass'd away.
 Look down upon as bright a scene
 As in those halls hath ever been.

She stands beside a marble fawn,
 Gold-crown'd above her low pale brow
 With sun-flush'd tresses and a glow
 On lips and cheek of pearly dawn.