

Poor timid mouse, or spider large?
 The maid we will at once discharge—
 But, oh! my love, why this dull breath?
 O! can it be presage of death?
 Arouse my dear, and tend thy son,
 Our happy life has just begun."
 So, as he watch'd with tender care,
 Uncertain of the cause of scare,
 Nor dreaming of his first-born's loss,
 Her breath returned; sigh followed sigh,
 And sighs so sad no mortal drew,
 Till consciousness returned anew:
 Then, springing sudden from his arm,
 In anguish shrieked the thrill alarm,
 "My babe! My child! My darling child!
 O, John! O, Heaven! I shall go wild!
 Where is my boy? my pet? my joy?
 My lost one? O, my darling boy!"
 Still, as he sought to calm her down,
 One madden'd bound and she had flown,
 Down the dark stair, out in the street,
 Regardless of unslipper'd feet,
 Disordered dress, dishevelled hair,
 Her fragile form, her bosom bare.
 A tender barque, but tempest tossed;
 One only thought, the babe, she'd lost;
 A maniac in maternal grief,
 Whose hot, hot, tears gave no relief.

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Loud rang the bell with sudden clang,
 And stirred the stilly night;
 And loud, again, the echoes rang,
 They wakened with affright;
 And yet, again, till ope'd the door,
 A vision passed their view;
 Scarce touched the hall, the steps, the floor,
 With meteor force it flew;