

VI.

Too true the charge ; alas ! 't was even so !
Firm in his grasp was found the stolen whip ;
And Alwin recognized, (though lying low,)
The man who, yesternight, could sit and sip
The inebriating draught, while on his lip
Trembled the oath, for utterance too great ;
And when compelled, reluctant seemed to slip
From his unhallowed mouth ! how changed his
state !

Those lips forever hushed, sealed by the stamp of
Fate.

VII.

Now Alwin gazed, in sorrow and dismay,
On him who yesternight was glee so rare,
Now lying low, a lifeless lump of clay ;
His naked spirit fled, but where—O, where ?
To realms of day ? Ah, no, no place is there
For drunkards vile ; thither they cannot fly !
Down to the regions, then, of black despair !
Or, did some delegate speed from on high,
Pursue the sinking soul, and waft it to the sky ?