

He, stays, below, "Oh! just one smoke "
 She bounds upstairs with gleesome joke,
 In vision sees the sleepy maid;
 And on soft pillow baby laid;
 And all ecstatic in her bliss.
 Leaps to the cradle for a kiss,
 Nor thinks it would be much amiss,
 To rouse the darling's blue iris,
 And in her loving arms prepare,
 To feast upon th' unconscious stare.

* * *

Casting free on bed and chair
 The jewels that bedeck her hair;
 Her bodice loose, that he might share,
 The bounties nature should prepare;
 She rushed to clutch him in her arms,
 When thunderstruck! with dire alarms,
 No babe she found! No child was there!
 The room was empty as the air.
 "My child! My child! My darling child!"
 She raved in tones of maniac wild:
 "My God! My babe! Where have you flown?
 My darling love! Am I alone?"
 Then straining at her streaming locks,
 Tore from the roots the heavy flocks.
 "O, heaven! I faint! I cannot see!
 Whatever will become of me!"
 "John! John!" in her despair;
 "John-n—John-n-n!" rang through the air,
 Then yielding to maternal grief,
 In syncope found brief relief.

* * *

Uprushed he then with hasty stride,
 Dashed fierce his glowing pipe aside,
 Amazed, distressed, caught up his bride,
 And pressed her to his loving side.
 "What ails my love? Come tell me dear,
 What has occurred to make you fear?"