

CLARA.

Ah, fair would I
Forget that fearful night,—the clash of arms,
The oaths and groans, the cries of rage and pain,
And sound of bodies falling on the deck,
While I, as you desired, remained below
In helpless dread and anguish,—knowing not
What fate was yours, nor what might soon be mine !

PHILIP.

It was an ugly scene, but ended soon,
And might have ended worse, but for the watch
We kept so closely on those wretched men,
Who thought to crush us by a sudden blow,
And madly did they fight in desperate stress !
It was their chance, they thought, to grasp a prize
That might retrieve their losses, serve their need ;
But happily *our* arms were ready too,
And we—to meet them !

CLARA.

Yes. Thank God for that !
Yet wicked,—heartless,—as we knew that man,
The painful memory of his evil face,
His haggard look of hopeless, dull despair,
As he lay panting out his ebbing life,
Still haunts me like a spectre, night and day.
He seemed already to endure the pangs
Of a lost soul that realized its doom !

PHILIP.

Yes ; 'twas a sight to make us sharply feel
The dread, mysterious issues of our lives,
To see how,—making its own misery,—
That cruel selfish soul that forced its will
At any bitter cost to other lives,
Without compunction, pity, or regret,
So passed despairing to the dark beyond !
We may not judge ; let Him—who knows him best !