

She was a lady whom what's writ resembles.
 (My muse just now so at my rashness trembles,
 I scarce can think of aught that's rhyme or reason,
 Such is her horror of such blatant treason).
 In youth as other maids she loved the world,
 And all her love in that love she imperilled ;
 Loving the world, a worldling her heart found,
 And faithless to the vows that her love crowned,
 He heartless left her wretched and in shame,
 With naught to comfort in her state or name ;
 And so through life, with canker at her heart,
 Grew hate of all, till hate was of her part,
 And now as heroine I bring her forth,
 The cloud of youth, the ghost of murdered Mirth,
 Her age uncertain and her looks pronounced ;
 No single feature, but itself announced,
 As the sharp symbol of a keener thought,
 That lurked in ambush, in some deadly spot,
 Bristling with feint and tierce of verbal measure,
 The very hell of all acquaintance pleasure.
 Prim and religious, austere as a nun—
 Sweet bud of earth burned in religion's sun—
 Ne'er veering from the path of rectitude,
 Sure of the ground whereon she always stood,
 Viewing with eyes that never saw excuse,
 The faults of others deemed she her abuse ;
 And when by chance the righting of a wrong
 Came in her way, 'twas not unrighted long.
 Thus rectifying, she became so just,
 That heaven's keys had been but paltry trust ;
 So well was blazoned her discrimination,
 The devil a goat had e'er approached her station.
 She was a mother. How ? Say I ne'er knew,