



(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE LATE DECEASE OF A VALUED FRIEND.

BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Who comes to the chamber?
It is Azrael the Angel of Death!"

(*Southey's Thalaba.*)

The sound of the death-bell was heard o'er the plain,
And mournfully boomed its monotonous strain;
The voice of the tomb seemed to speak in its toll,
And Sorrow's dark Mantle enshrouded the soul.

The decree has gone forth!—the flower in its bloom
Is plucked but to fade o'er the lone, ivied tomb;—
'Tis gone from the spot where its beauty had grown,
And death leaves us sorrowful,—silent—alone!

In my spring-time of life, a dear friend I found thee,
With beauty and innocence shining around thee;
Thy smile of true friendship delighted us all—
It is lost!—and we weep o'er thy sad, sable pall!

Mourn not, beloved friends, though cold marble rest
On the lips that affection full often has prest;
True friends, in *this* world, may be severed in twain,
But in Heaven they will soon be united again.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth has gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew;
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering around the dead.

O, there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a land wherein the Queen of Night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit that longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing its flight away.