

With blushing cheek and timid eye,
Vowed him a love that could not die?
Oh, can such love so swiftly fly?

In safety she has reached the land.
He sees her there unheeding stand;
She will not stretch her fair, cold hand,
To guide the lost one to the strand:
Though now, as if a helm of sand,
The rudder swerves from his command.

In vain his eyes turn towards the shore,
In vain her pity they implore;
She will not by a word restore
His failing strength.—He strives no more
To shun his doom. His bark drives o'er
The rapids,—whelm'd amidst their roar!

The scene grows dim and fades away;
The room assumes a deeper gray;
But that bowed head, that eye's quenched ray,
On which the fitful fire-gleams play,
A sense of darker gloom convey
Than shades that may be chased by day.

Oh, Fancy! not the darkest hue
Thy magic chemistry can brew,
The threads of fiction to imbue
With mimic woes we half deem true,
A sadder picture ever drew
Than that reality I view.

An aching heart, a nerveless frame,
A spirit fervid once as flame,
And thrilling high at thought of fame,
Yearning to win a deathless name,
As dreams of glory crowding came,
Indifferent now to praise or blame!

And she, so tender, pure and fair,
Whose love he thought the one thing rare,
Time, chance, or fate could not out-wear—
Cold and unyielding, can she bear
To see him perish in despair,
Nor clasp his hand, and with him share
A nobler life, in purer air!

L. M.