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NO. I.

PAMELA.

(TO JOHN P. LEONARD, ESQ., OF PARIS
—through whose kind watchfulness and
noble patriotism the remains of Pamela
—Lady Edward Fitzgerald were saved
from the *fossee Commune*, into which
were cast the bodies buried in the
grave yard of Montmartre, and by
whom they were conveyed to London,
and interred in the family vault at
Thames-Ditton.)

i.

Few were the women her rivals in beauty,
Few were the hearts so fond and so true;
Few were the wives that surpassed her in
duty,
Virtues were round her, of every hue.
When grief's saddest morrow
The wild day of sorrow
For him of her love, did break on his life,
With anguish and weeping,
She guarded him sleeping,
The truthful, the noble, the Geraldine's
wife!

ii.

Her dear one surviving, in France's gay
centre,
She wept and she pined o'er the joys that
had flown,
No pleasure e'er more in that bright soul
could enter
'Twas filled with a sorrow completely its
own.
'Till saddening, repining,
And slowly declining,
At last she went forth from this valley of
strife;
She sunk in that slumber,
Whose hours have no number,
And woke in God's glory—the Geraldine's
wife.

iii.

To the tombs of Montmartre this beauty was
taken,
To sleep with the thousands that lonely
there rest,
To await the great call when those thousands
awaken;
To sleep far away from her home in the
west.
Far away from the tomb-yard
Whose darkness and gloom guard
The rest of those dear ones she loved in her
life;
Were none there to name her?
No guardian to claim her?
No one to watch over the Geraldine's wife!

iv.

Yes, from Erin's own Isle a son true and
kindly,
Protected her tomb on an alien sod;
While hundreds went by and coldly or
blindly
Neglected the dust o'er whose glory they
trod!
And when all were hurried
Away, to be buried
In the *fossee* for the common, the lowly in
life,
He hastened to take her
From the grave they would make her;
He guarded and watched o'er the Ger-
aldine's wife.

v.

And back to the land where her husband is
sleeping,
And back to the west he swiftly did come,
To place her remains, where the shadows are
creeping
O'er the friends that lie low in the graves of
her home.
The death bells are ringing,
While sadly they're bringing
Pamela to rest from the world's awful strife;
And each one in praying,
Is tearfully saying,
"God bless the true friend of the Ger-
aldine's wife!"