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No. 1.

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 dark'ness 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 Gera-  
ldine'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 Gera-  
ldine's wife!"