

'Mid dewy flowers, and sparkling streamlets
 cool,
 Are lonely as some gloomy catacomb,
 The dismal haunts of bats and horrid ghouls;
 As sweet as tones of soft Eolian harp,
 The river's murmurings oft had seemed to
 them,
 But now, its plashings, to her wounded heart,
 Became a sad and mournful requiem.
 Enchanted oft in evening's gloomy gray,
 They'd breathed the incense born of dewy
 bloom,

And thus her bruised and bleeding heart was
 kept
 In anguish, such as breaking hearts do feel;
 When all her throbbing nerves exhausted were,
 She lay, at last, in slumber's quiet spell—
 An angel came, and softly talked to her
 About the mystic land, where spirits dwell.

—

He told her of the Indians' future home,
 Beyond the silent river, deep and wide,
 And that her lover sent for her to come
 And be forever, there, his spirit bride;



“THE MOUNTAINS REARING TO THE VAULTED SKIES.”

But now, with dark'ning shade of closing day,
 She seemed to hear sad wailings from the
 tomb;
 In midnight's fitful, dreamy slumbers bound,
 Her troubled thoughts were running, running
 fast,
 And weaving light and mystic webs around
 The bright and happy days forever past.
 She often dreamed, then woke and wept,
 To find her sleeping fancies all unreal,

The tidings strange, she trembling heard him
 tell—
 How could she, but with creeping horrors,
 hear
 Of leaving friends, and all she loved so well.
 To make her home among the dead so drear?
 With soothing tones, he calmed her troubled
 soul,
 And said, that even all the bliss of heav'n
 Her lover's longings fond could not console.