

Of One in Russia

By Richard Garnett, LL.D.

DOVE that of old fraught with the olive-spray
Toldest of earth arisen from the flood,
And how the grove in ancient station stood,
And badest man take courage and be gay ;

Vain for new leaf this January day
To search the savage waste of Scythian wood ;
Yet thither wend, of Clara's ill or good
Bringing back tidings on thy westering way.

Tell her the flame the brand should blithely fling
Dies on the hearth in ashes chill and drear,
And season vainly lengthens unto Spring
Since she forsook the love that held her here,
Sorrow and dread and many a joyless thing
Leaving in place of her that was so dear.