

THE DESPATCH OF THE DOOM.

("Pendant que dans l'auberge.")

[Bk. IV. xiii., Jersey, November, 1852.]

While in the jolly tavern, the bandits gayly drink,
Upon the haunted highway, sharp hoof-beats loudly clink?
Yea; past scant-buried victims, hard-spurring sturdy steed,
A mute and grisly rider is trampling grass and weed,
And by the black-sealed warrant which in his grasp shines clear,
I know it is the Future--God's Justicer is here!