

The following was written by Beauchamp in prison on being
awakened by a vision of his wife before she joined him.

Daughter of grief thy spirit moves
In every whistling wind that raves
Across my prison grate;
It bids my fainting soul to bear
Thee with its sister death's sweet
Slept to heaven's gate.

In visions bright it hovers round
And whispers the delightful sound
"Peace to thy troubled mind"
"What though unpublish'd workmen write
The vent on thee their unarm'd site
"Thy unarm'd breast is hid?"

And oft when visions thus arrive
Thy husband's faintest hopes revive
"Tis no delusive dream,
"Tis springing from his bed of grief,
"He finds a moment's sweet relief
"Through round his sorrow's gleam.

Still, still when calm reflection reigns
Thy soul its sweet repose regains
"In this triumphant thought
"That in thy hour though absent far
"Thy soul has laid its stone for her
"O bliss her sweetest thought!

Thus rave ye angry storms of fate!
And sound ye loudest blasts of hate,
Ye perjural reptile worms,
Disdaining ought to yield, my soul
Shall gladly fly this earthly goal,
Safe to my home's arms.

Prison for clay the inward soul!
Triumphant sours, didacious cool,
"He smokes a sensual court?"
The shaft's too late, I soar too high,
I rise in triumph to the sky,
Not caring whence it was birth!

Oh never let the world as by
A tear in thy angelic eye
Be firm as him you love!
O, wherefore pine to hear my knell?
Has not god order'd all things well?
"The will must in heaven above!

The following epitaph was written by Mrs. Beauchamp to
be engraven on their tombstone.

Entombed below in others arms
The husband and the wife repose,
Safe from life's never-ending storms,
Secure from all their evil foes.

A child of evil fate she lived
A villain's wiles her peace had won;
The husband of her heart's vision
The happiness she long had lost.