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Let me thy chorded breast wake from its sleeping,  
One throb from thy Symphonied soul wake again ;  
Too long has the Siren of Song in thy keeping  
Felt the touch of the hand that would wake—but in vain.—NORMAN.



# EALIEN AND LENARD;

OR,

## THE SHADOW OF A PROPHECY

An Epic Poem

BY  
JAMES NORMAN

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## PREFACE.

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THE subjoined poem is a poetical narrative by a young friend, a companion, whom I was fortunate in meeting in one of the rural districts situate in the middle counties of England. Being at that time in quest of places having historical connections, or otherwise replete with traditional importance, I was but too eager to take advantage of my young friend as guide on his invitation to visit the Forest of S——, where, as he described, we found a cave or grotto-like structure that saliently raised its jagged head of stone. Deep in the density of the forest, yet strange, this cave was environed even in the midst of that luxuriant place by a circular track or terrace of soil exhibiting a sterility surprising—so bare, so barren, that not one vestige of anything pertaining to botanical life seemed manifest there. “This,” my friend explained, “was what was known as ‘The Cave of the Sorceress.’” Becoming interested in the place and its weirdness, I importuned my companion to relate to me such of its history as he was conversant with. At my solicitation he replied in the affirmative, but cautioned as to my tolerance, as the story, he said, connected with the cave was of considerable length, but assured me that it bore many items of interest which he felt confident would furnish me with food for thought. “Years ago,” he said—“in fact as far back as the reign of the Eighth Harry—when in the earlier portion of his

rule at that time, his consort being Catherine of Arragon, the credentials of Spanish nativity were themselves sufficient to assure an introduction into the baronial halls or mansions of Merry England.

“As tradition tells,” he continued, “there came at that period to take up her abode in that cave a woman, presumably of alien birth, from the manner of her attire, arrayed, as she was, in the picturesque robes of an Oriental maid. Save but to one were her features concealed. Ere she had been the setting of many suns a resident of that isolated and cheerless abode, which, to the people of that day, was known as the ‘Druids’ Shrine,’ but has since changed its appellation to the ‘Sorceress’s Cave,’ by the tragic events that followed her period of stay, and the story connected with the scenes enacted within its austere interior, the rumor was rapidly spread—though at that early date, when we consider, must have indeed been slow, as news was but verbally transmitted—the statement was mooted among the people of the district that the woman, beautiful to a remarkable degree, was possessed of wonderful powers; such only as were thought to be possessed by magicians or persons having preternatural gifts, was there to be consulted by such as were eager to avail themselves of the opportunity to have their future state in life laid bare. At that time,” my friend added, “a youth, the son of Geffory Morrell, was the affianced suitor for the hand of Ealien de Neville, and, as was supposed by the members of the respective families, to be on the eve of their betrothal, when, through something inexplicable at that time, an interdiction was placed on the appearance of this youth

at Rufus Hall, the home of her father, the Baron de Neville."

Chroniclers of the affair, my friend rejoined, in answer to my question as to the abrupt cessation of the good feeling existing between the families, that the evil influences bringing about the disruption were afterwards attributed to the machinations of the new-comer or beautiful Sorceress, when it was subsequently rumored that a collusion or secret understanding existed, as was then learned, between the Sorceress and one, a nobleman, a guest at the home of the baron-father of Ealien, to whom the youth Len'ard Morrell had been paying suit. "And whom, pray," I inquired, "was this stranger or recipient of their grace who should, in return, afford secret aid to an enemy of the Baron's daughter?" "There," my youthful companion ejaculated, "was the secret. The guest of the Baron de Neville, as the history of the affair records, was one purporting to be a scion of one of the noblest houses of Spain—a man of vast and unlimited knowledge, coupled with a versatility of character that made him a favorite with the aged Baron, who, dazzled by the stories of wealth possessed by the Count Orlander, the title by which he was known, immediately received him to the favor of his wealth-governed partiality." As we sat there alone, confronted by that rock-reared structure around which some devastating spirit must have circled, whose tread, like the blighting breath of some deadly plague, left bare its circumference as the sterile heart of some drought-cursed desert. Yet beyond the limits of that barren patch Nature seemed to have clothed with her bounteous

hand the forest with an extreme abundance of vernal decorations. Around, above, the stately monarchs seemed to bow their leaf-crowned heads in token of gratitude to the gentle breeze that now and again combed out with its passing breath their shaggy brows of green, while beneath their knotty limbs, like sylvan octopuses, bore aloft their fettered arches of pulsating leafage, that nestled securely in each leaf-girthed bower the variegated families of songsters, whose members, emitting their caroling notes that seemed to blend in a beautiful madrigal of symphonious song,

“Such as Orpheus must have known,  
That first inspired his lyre to tone,”

each vibrating note rising, swelling, trembling, now rolling away in waves of limpid melody till their echo reverberates, to be answered by a chorus of musical throats till the interwoven leaves that canopied the surrounding seemed to control, to imprison within that sylvan sphere the symphony of its feathered orchestra—so lost in contemplating Nature, its beauties, the marvellous handiwork of the Omnipotent designer, whose care was visible

“E’en in the blade of grass, as in the giant oak—  
All things to him divine, his loving care bespoke.”

So wrapt, indeed, had I been that I but now noticed the look of annoyance that swept across my friend’s face at my seeming disinterestedness in the story he was recounting. Eager to repair or make reparation for this inattention on my part, I hastened to express my regret



for the unwarranted indifference. Ere I could proceed further his keenness forestalled my intention. "Nay! nay!" exclaimed he, whose name I had learned was Henry Beckwith; "what you have interpreted as a look of displeasure was but the expression of wonder as to what profundity of thought or what height of fancy's dream, my friend, your mind was traversing during those moments of reverie." "Yes, I replied,—

"They who the works of God admire  
Pray in their gratified desire."

"Poetry!" he exclaimed; "but of such an order," speaking, at the same time with a smile to palliate my injured feelings, that the Muses in the shadow of Parnassus and Mount Aganippe must beat the air in frantic madness at this burlesquing of these sacred gifts. "My friend," I interposed, by way of correcting his levity:

"Men their language may adorn,  
But, sir, a poet must be born."

My friend laughed so heartily at my apparently chagrined feelings that I replied, good-naturedly:

"A laugh is oft the silent thief  
That steals the bitter pangs from grief."

To this my friend responded:

"And merriment is oft the soul  
That drinks from care, fair pleasure's bowl."

Now, indeed, came my opportunity to turn the shafts of ridicule. Forgetting for the time my mission there, I

looked at my companion, who calmly awaited my answer. Seriously, as the condemned victim awaits his doom, I waited—paused, maliciously hoping to make the suspense more acute. My companion looked appealingly towards me, as though he would plead for indulgence ; but no. What mercy can the criticised, the injured feelings of the aspiring poet know? Had he not laughed—yea, sacrilegiously—at those supposedly beautiful thoughts that I had woven with the ethereal thread of fancy—that I had nourished, cherished, lest the elusive muse might abandon me ere I had completed the glittering robe that was to adorn the ideal of my brain-created metaphor? No, no ; a terrible penalty must be exacted. Now was I whetting the keen edge of sarcasm, preparing to mutilate industriously this young man's presumptuous attempt to link his poetical incongruities—bowl and soul. Indeed, I were utterly unfit for the confidence of the divine muse did I not grow indignant ; unworthy child of hers—never ! Jealousy seemed to harness my soul with a fiery desire to walk through the inconsistencies of his expression ; yea, to furrōw up with the plough of satire his beautifully left-out seeds of thought, necessary, yet perhaps as attractive by their absence. Now would I show this young man, who would wriggle in for poetical fame, the naked folly of his endeavor to soar to the golden realms where preside alone the immortals favored by the gods. But, alas, hesitation ! Ruin shadows the waiter, disappointment blasts with its seal delay ! How secretly I chuckled inwardly ! All was prepared to launch forth in one grand denunciation of Henry's effort to hold even for one moment com-

munion with the muse of poetry. My friend's eyes brightened with a mischievous twinkle. I was about to speak, but—woe!—his words came like an invulnerable shield that turned, shattered the darts I had so fondly dreamed would stagger his poetical aspirations.

“They who to the muse aspire,  
Who know her not, nor yet her eyes,  
Are they alone who would desire  
The poet's gifts to criticise.”

There was a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he gazed on me. Little did he know how his words had shattered the temple I had so fondly reared, that was to crush him into an insignificant attempter of rhyme. Alas for human dreams! Foiled, I would still endeavor to show this newly-acquired friend of mine—

“That not in rhyme can beauty live  
That fails the purest thoughts to give.”

“Henry,” I replied, with candor, “your words do contain some small percentage of poetical genius; but,” I continued, with emphasis, “Nature designed artfully to create these rocks insensible to words.” I looked to see the effect this satire had on my companion, to which he replied naïvely :

“These rocks have not yet colder grown  
Than hearts impervious to a thrill,  
That love not when in rhyme alone  
The rôle of moral fancies fill.”

Finding my efforts futile to embarrass this young man, who was vain enough to imagine that he could convert

even rocks into his abominable verse, the day well advanced, I suggested he set poetry aside in the jewelled urn of inspiration and proceed to relate his tale of the Sorceress in the more common language of mortals. The day warm, the fragrance of the woodland flowers rising in waves of incense seemed, with their scented breath, to invite our prolonged stay. "Here," continued my friend, "villagers found their way to this cave, astounded by the stories of the witch's power, for such she was called by the simpler folks of that day; so wrought were they by her ability to show the past and foretell the future that her fame became widespread.

"Among those who sought her revelations was the youth Len'ard Morrell, and generally supposed future son-in-law of the Baron de Neville. That, as after events proved, was the inception that led to a terrible tragedy. From the night of the interview his manner, being, actions, all became changed; the erect bearing born in the consciousness of blooming manhood became the half-crouched, suspecting glide of the brain-racked horror-haunted victim of some fearful phantasy, as though each moment presented some terrible picture, leaving its unhappy victim no respite." "And why," I interposed, "was it that this singular change took place in the life of the young Esquire, for such I conjecture he must have been."

Here my friend's face turned towards mine for a moment as if to intimate he was about to relate something momentous. As Henry's head turned from mine again my eyes instinctively followed the direction of his gaze. There, he spoke, as his finger pointed to the cave on the

night of his interview with the Sorceress, was some frightful scene revealed to him, the forewarning of a cruel tragedy, the prophecy "that he, Len'ard Morrell, would murder her, his affianced, on the eve of her wedding to another." So impressively had he repeated this portion of his story, so imbued seemed he with a sense of that awful tragedy that must have followed, that his glance lingered, evidently fascinated by his mastery over the details leading to the consummation of that night's scene. Drifting to a state of abstractedness, Henry, obviously forgetting my presence for the time, continued to scrutinize interestedly the cave. Can he, I mused, of esthetic proclivities, admiring Nature with vain effort to portray, as only embryo poets can, so far forget the allurements of Nature's beauty now as to allow his mind to ruminate on the weird scenes, the doubtless bloody deed, the culmination of that horror-haunted youth's frenzy—all leading to the enactment of that predicted tragedy? There as we sat on the fallen limb of an adjacent oak, one sheared from the motherhead, probably, by the same phenomenon that blasted with its withering touch the space before us. I had there ample opportunity to study my friend. After gazing on that face intently, one remarkable for intellectual delineation, his brow the unmistakable evidence of genius, whether dormant or cultivated—evidently cultivated in this student of the events connected with the cave and its dark history. Why this young man should descend into the distressing gossamer of that mediæval event was something that complicated my erstwhile smooth-running thoughts. Determined to draw my friend to a closer narration of the

results that succeeded the prophecy and its ultimate effect on the mind of the youthful admirer of the Baron's daughter, I inquired if some motive ulterior from the arts she professed to be mistress of had prompted the disclosure of that scene that afterwards proved so disastrous to the hopes of the youthful lover. "Few," he exclaimed, "ever learned the secrets of the woman's life." The termination of the fateful event was clouded in one of those shrouds of mystery that so often hermetically seal the lips of all involved. But, nevertheless, sufficient of the story leaked to the outer world to connect the youth's earlier life in a love affair with this afterwards notorious woman. "So," I repeated, ere my friend could proceed with his narrative, "this woman sought by her arts to achieve the annihilation of this youth's happiness by foreshadowing his commission of a crime so foully inhuman, and all, my friend, for the appeasement of the basest passion that Nature left its unfortunate children afflicted with." "Not that alone," he spoke in reply, "but to blast the life, the honor, the fame; to pervert the being of one whose only fault was to possess the love she conceived had once been hers." "How, pray," I asked, "was she to accomplish this pernicious task without detection, by at least some friend of her unfortunate victims?" "By a scheme so craftily laid, so cunningly contrived, so opaque in its integral as to defy the comprehension of all unacquainted with the powers utilized by her to its consummation. The one received by the Baron as his guest," he explained, "was the accomplice of this woman. One pledged to secure by a power, then little understood, the realization

of her cherished dream of revenge ; one who by the overmastering magnetism of his eyes was to subjugate the will of this hapless maiden, conforming it to his desire by what is now known as hypnotical influence, thus enabling the unscrupulous Spaniard to procreate in the Baron's daughter for himself the semblance of a newborn passion of love. So mad became the enslaved maiden's infatuation for him, so blind became her will to his purpose, inciting her in that enthralled hallucination to plead with the Baron for his consent to their betrothal. The prophecy—Ealien's desertion of Len'ard—the scandalous stories of her shameless amorousness for this stranger reaching his ears through the mooted criticisms of the gossips—pointed with terrible significance to his perpetration of this crime by a decree of fate. Thus the unfortunate youth lived, haunted by the shadow of her cruel prophecy, and the inevitable doom that seemed to await him."

Deeply engrossed had I listened to each word, Henry quite as absorbed in the story he was telling, with the earnestness of one swayed by the emotion of his own depicting. How long we might have continued to sit on that disparted limb of the woodland aborigine had not the umbrageous mantle of waning day roused us to a knowledge of the fleeting hours, could scarce be gauged but by the interest taken both by the teller of and listener to this peculiar story. As my friend commented on the lateness of the day and the necessity of our adjournment from the forest, the thought arose deprecatingly that from the theatre of its action the story would be unprolific of interest ; but, alas ! how little was my estimation

of this my new-found friend, who, on leaving the forest, promised to continue the narrative, giving expression to thoughts which, if not classed as philosophical, must at least by me be dubbed as sensible. "You see," remarked he, as we wended our way through the labyrinth of circuitous paths leading from its depths, "a third character, bearing the name of François, acting as esquire to this assumed Count, made possible the nefarious scheme of Zandi the Sorceress, the name it was afterwards learned she was called by her complots in that inhuman conspiracy." "What could," I interjected, "have prompted him to a participation in a plot so diabolical?" "It was," replied Henry, "to win the hand of this notorious woman, when he, cognizant of her pledged affections to his master, sought by an abject subserviency to her will to replace that love by her esteem for his menial conformity to every wish that seemed to gratify her cherished dream of revenge." "Ah, Henry!" I murmured, "how regrettable that man should grow so base, forgetting the divine mandate of charity, prostituting heaven's noblest gift, seeking to win affections by methods frustrating the design of the Creator." "Yes," exclaimed Henry, looking around admiringly at nature, and speaking as if to himself:

"O! human kind—how less of toil,  
Of harassed fears—of ceaseless care—  
Might we of life its grief despoil  
Did mortals less of hatred bear,"

At this resumption of his poetical phrases I halted and gazed at him with an ostensible look of annoyance, yet inwardly recognizing some merit in his smattering of



poetry. The spot where I stood, as my companion smiled genially, opened before us a scene refreshing in beauty from the homogeneousness one encounters from a sojourn in the forest, the parting sun bathing in its mellowest light the landscape, as here and there the whitewashed cottages, studding the scenery, resembled the home-coming at eve of a dismantled fleet of snowy caravels, the waving fields of tall grass giving each the semblance of motion. "Who would have thought," interposed my young friend, noting my look of wonder at the beautiful scene spread before us, "that these scenes could have been the theatre of such dark machinations." "And yet," I replied, "you, whose mind soars to the realms of fancy, can dwell, ponder, yea! abide in the history of that dark tragedy." "Yes," he answered in exultant tones, "I, who have studied sedulously its details, learned through chroniclers the unfortunate youth's story, and the incidents leading to the eve of his sweetheart's appointed wedding to the assumed Count, the night foretold in prophecy by the Sorceress should witness her murder by the hapless lover, shall endeavor to relate in the vein of a poet's verse, 'The Story of Ealien and Len'ard; or, the Shadow of a Prophecy.'" What commiseration I felt for this presumptuous youth, as he finished speaking, my features were loath to manifest; what poetical dissertation could my friend furnish on such a theme? Still, anxious to hear the story and test my companion's talents, I determined to reserve my judgment for the present. Leaving Henry for the evening, I repaired to the hostelry of which I was a guest. By appointment we were to meet the following morning, when I in company

with him was to visit the scenes incidental to his story. True to agreement my friend appeared, when, repairing to the trysting place, he began by recounting the story of the lovers' meeting.



EALIEEN AND LENARD;  
OR,  
THE SHADOW OF A PROPHECY.

---

THE LOVERS' MEETING—AFTER THE PROPHECY.

Out in the solitude at eve we stood,  
While down its opal'd wave the moon's soft flood  
Upon her golden hair its silver sheen  
With halo crowned her brow, so calm, serene.  
I stood enraptured, charmed, like one entranced,  
On Ealien looked, to smiling steal a glance ;  
And though the very calm was sacred now,  
I saw, enthroned on that bewitching brow,  
The mirror'd picture of a thought's sweet birth—  
One from the heavenly clime exiled to earth,  
That in her unsophisticated mind  
Found rest in her where love my eyes divined.  
That look, that glance, her very soul expressed  
That I, my dream of hope, her love possessed.  
Soft as the morning lights the eastern sky,  
And yields the gloom to nature's waking eye,  
As o'er the sable form of vanquished night  
Aurora, triumphed, waves her shield of light,

So o'er my soul, like waking beams of morn,  
Her look brought hope, new aspirations born,  
Wherein, like night, had ruled the soul's despair,  
Now wakes to find new hope, the victor, there.  
Like one less fearful that the morrow's light  
Would seal this as Utopian dreams of night,  
I clutched her hand as though the very grasp  
Would link her soul to mine in deathless clasp.  
Ealien seemed pained to see my dread, my fear.  
Could I but doubt, she thought, her love sincere.  
If fear thy stern, grim visage, foe of hope,  
Could read where guides my love, 'yond horoscope,  
That silver tenor would, she spoke, but show  
That fears like thine, Lenard, but groundless grow.

“Then pledge we, Ealien,” he, eager, cried,  
“That none but I shall claim thee as a bride.”

“What new abortive dread now racks thy mind  
To deem but faithful thou, Ealien, should find?  
Has love with thee at length omnivorous grown  
That rankling thoughts of doubt its flames have sown,  
That mocks thy fears, as though impending doom  
From out the hypothesis of fancies loom,  
And darkened like the shades o'er summer skies,  
As if some faded hour thy hope defies?  
Have not my pledge, my vows, to thee oft told  
That thou, and thou alone, my heart could hold?  
I saw thy look, Lenard, in that brief space

While yet I spoke, of budding hopes give trace ;  
But transient as the lightning flashes' gleam  
Thy aspect changed like some dark, morbid dream  
That holds within its realms, where demons lurk,  
Some dark suspicion's foul, unholy work."

" Ealien, could thou my hidden fears divine,  
'Twere pity, not reproach, for me were thine.  
Each hope of love within thy smiles did bask,  
Not deeming that a soul so fair could mask ;  
And yet the heavenly myriads, fairer, fell,  
Where pride had masked in heaven, to make a hell.  
If from beneath the obfuscated veil  
That hides, Ealien, the future's untold tale,  
I could, despairing, here a scene impart,  
As shown to me by necromancer's art.  
Yet no ; reluctant now would I disturb,  
Or by prophetic fears thy mind perturb.  
Within thy face, Ealien, no look portends  
The deep, designing craft that, subtle, lends  
When treachery the unsuspecting soul  
Would lead to blighted love's despairing goal."

As my friend had told of the fears, the apprehension of that harassed soul, with the milder expostulation of Ealien at the groundless birth of, to her, unseemingly suspicion, I had noticed the palpable omission of interrogation by the lovers that might have led to the elucidation of the complexities that enveloped them. Thus feeling

constrained to remind my friend of their lack of love-like tact, "that to me appeared to be one of the essentials of devoted courtship,"—viz., a close questioning for and examination of all looks, words and actions—and possessed with the inordinate inclination to disparage the poetical diction of my companion—"a task equally as simple to my mind" as the criticism of a Raphael by the painter of a barnyard fence. Thus I arranged my satire with due attention to the unsupported evidence of Lenard's suspicion, when Henry, obviously divining my intention, continued, exasperatingly. "You see, my friend," he remarked, "she being unconscious of anything leading to his suspicions, while doubt in his mind, being almost as destructive as conviction, prompted the erstwhile unsuspecting Lenard to relate something of the previous evening's adventure in the forest.

#### LENARD'S STORY.

"Last eve, Ealien, while yet the moon was high  
With inadvertency my steps drew nigh,  
And found so dense a wild sequestered place,  
Where Luna's beam no kindly light could trace  
Within, so still its dark, enveloped gloom  
That hushed in breath the stillness of a tomb,  
Where, canopied, the hooded monarchs rise  
To hide, with leaf-locked arms, the starlit skies.  
The stillness reigned, as night's grim satyr there,  
Till plaintive sounds that mock the silent air—  
As, ruffled now, the bleak-eyed owl did gaze

To challenge, with his cries, the devious ways  
 That led me there, in that nocturnal hour,  
 To break the calmness of his sylvan bower.  
 Through night's monitions now my fears averse,  
 To deeper in those strange, weird shades, traverse—  
 Wherein of late have mortals gathered there,  
 And filled with dismal sound the midnight air,  
 With dark, unholy plots, in night's conclave  
 To greet their priestess in her forest cave.  
 And yet my mind, unwilling there to go,  
 Some power, Ealien—yes, hidden—ruled me so,  
 And urged my lagging steps, with unseen hand,  
 To view alone the night's egregious band,  
 And see the owner of such wondrous lore,  
 As she, their priestess, as reputed, bore.  
 Of her they say, though yet of youthful years,  
 Her knowledge, deep, profound, surpass all seers ;  
 That from the future's dark, unfathomed space,  
 With keen prescience, her will its secrets trace,  
 And picture to the mind, from unborn years,  
 Hopes, dreams for some ; yet some, appalled with fears,  
 Might well, aghast, gaze on its dreaded scene.  
 No, no ; her pictures, Ealien, are no dreams."

"Thy mind, Lenard, of her doth picture well !  
 Did she to thee some hidden secrets tell ?"

"I did not say in council I conversed  
 With her, they say, so deep in magic versed."

"Alas! Lenard, thy Ealien reads the truth :  
 This crafty wretch would seal in care thy youth,  
 Within thy heart suspicion's discord set.  
 Lenard, ill-starred the hour that ye have met.  
 They say, in bygone years some bitter wrong  
 Hath made her heart, by subtle passion, long  
 With hate unceasing as the ocean's sweep,  
 Till 'neath her wrong her vanquished foe shall sleep.  
 And yet within the past she, fervent, might  
 Have loved, Lenard, and known not love's requite,  
 And springs of love, converted now to woe,  
 Supply to hate where love was wont to flow."

"From whence didst thou of her this story glean,  
 That one so potent could so wronged have been?  
 So blends thy sympathy for her with hate,  
 As one conversant with her hapless fate."

"Thy words imply, Ealien, that death alone  
 Could expiate by him the wrong she's known.  
 Each thought begets a scene that painful grows  
 Of her I fain would o'er oblivion close,  
 And banish from my mind that dreaded scene  
 That I, as witness of her powers, have seen.  
 If thou, Ealien, the future could divine,  
 Thy love, in constancy, would cling to mine ;  
 Thy heart to me, were all the world averse,  
 Would cling, to break the future's destined curse,  
 Each day, Ealien, where night and night despair,



Without thy love, Ealien, my life to share.  
Were I so great, omnipotent, that all  
The countless sons of men obeyed my call,  
With all the pomp of earthly grandeur blessed—  
All, all were vain had I not thee possessed.  
Thou art to me the fruit of love's first dream,  
And yet to thee, my love, I constant deem  
Were all unworthy of a love so pure  
As thine, who would not chide, and yet endure  
These dark suspicions that my doubts betray  
Of fears I apprehend, yet dare not say.  
'Twere love to fear, should suitor seek thy hand  
Who fain with wealth my Ealien would command.  
Thou knowest well thy father's bitter hate—  
So deep, intent—hath grown to me of late.  
Should he but deem that meeting clandestine,  
Our love yet lived, he would perverse design  
And plan to frustrate our fondest hope—  
Futile with him his passion's zeal to cope,  
Thou knowest Ealien, frail, my eager chance  
Of thee immured by him to steal one glance.  
With doubts repelled, alone with thee I rest  
Each pure unsullied hope, within thy breast—  
That treasured there, when thou from me are hence—  
Shall plead for me with love's warm eloquence ;  
But yet like her, of whom thou didst relate,  
Can love, when once transmuted, turn to hate,

Or that on which the eye delights to rest,  
Repugnant grow to wake hate's fiercest zest?  
On thoughts like these, Ealien, I dare not dwell—  
O, would to thee my fears that I could tell!  
This tongue, Ealien, uncurbed would promulgate  
The fears my mind would fain obliterate.  
From whom, Ealien, hast thou her story learned?  
Is she of foreign birth, or one returned,  
That when the lapse of years hath glided o'er,  
With fell design seeks back her native shore?"

“From one, Lenard, a stranger to our land,  
Whose brief sojourning here, I understand,  
Is dedicated, so he said, to find  
A future mistress, winsome, fair and kind;  
Credentials, too, of merit that bore proof,  
Hath gained him ingress 'neath my father's roof;  
And now his boldness, Lenard, here presumes  
That manner born when confidence assumes  
That garb of self-reliance with proud air,  
'Gainst which formalities would hopeless dare  
To pit the austere champion of its right  
Anent the stranger's calm, imperious might.  
Thus such his traits that now he doth reside  
Within our home, an honored guest, beside  
Which none so well has ever favor found—  
His wealth, display, surprises all around  
And wins much favor in my father's eyes,

Whose lust for wealth, too blunt, cannot disguise.  
It grieves me sore to see him fawning grow,  
For one, Lenard, that we so little know."

"From whence has this nomadic Cræsus came?  
Hast thou, Ealien, yet learned the stranger's name?  
Or knowest thou aught of his previous life,  
Why he by such strange mission seeks a wife?"

"In conversation he my father told  
His genealogy could boast of old  
Alliance with the Royal House of Spain,  
And held high place amidst its monarch's train,  
Enabled by his father's late demise,  
With independent right 'neath English skies  
To roam in quest of one whose traits could bind  
Her to his love by charms and grace entwined."

"Ealien, has he thee, too, so well impressed?  
Or has he aught of love to thee confessed?"

"Why askest thou, Lenard? Canst thou not trust  
My love in thee? Or if, indeed, I must  
Admit, he has to me already spoken  
Of a beauteous land beyond the ocean,  
Where midst its groves his old ancestral pile  
Awaits the magic of a woman's smile."

"And thou, Ealien, unto his tale gave ear;  
Does wealth, euphonious, make his charms appear,  
That each and all should list while he may pour  
His tale of greatness to ye o'er and o'er?"

" At thy solicitation I but spoke,  
 I thought not, Lenard, hatred to convoke  
 Against this man, when thou his name had sought,  
 As though his very presence wrong had wrought.  
 Could thou hold fear of this strange wanderer's chance?  
 As if my heart, beleaguered by a glance,  
 Would yield its keys to each impassioned gaze;  
 To each soft wooing smile its portals raise?  
 Nay, nay, Lenard, I tell thee now not so;  
 Could love within my breast so fickle grow  
 Like the treasured shells from the ocean's shore,  
 That, endearing, bear in their opaled core,  
 And murmuring, cling with a subdued lay,  
 And sing o'er again what the wild waves say.  
 My heart, like to them, speaks ever of thee,  
 And I list, Lenard, to its ecstasy;  
 But it murmurs now of a deep unrest  
 That ominous grows within thy breast."

" Ealien, my mind, indeed, has grown perturbed,  
 Since of this occult stranger I have heard;  
 Whose presence thou hast said exasperates—  
 Not that alone, to me, but desolates!  
 And lifts the sombre curtain of grim fear  
 O'er all the dreams, Ealien, I held most dear.  
 The first dread fact to bind to last night's scene,  
 That lowers its dark repulsive form between;  
 I see again, as she has shown, that bed;

But no, its occupant is not yet dead !  
 Could I, that love thee, perpetrate this deed ?  
 Ealien, I love thee far too well, indeed."

"So strange, so wild, Lenard, thy fancies grow—  
 Confide in me, that I thy love may know.  
 What fear, what dread, unhinges now thy brain ?  
 Thou'rt fancies' slave to act as one insane ;  
 What deed, Lenard, with all thy gentle soul,  
 Did she depict as thine, that fears control  
 And merge in harrowing form thy every thought ;  
 Or has her dark invidious arts so wrought  
 This horrid picture on thy once calm mind  
 That peace or solace now it cannot find ?  
 Tell me, Lenard, have we not loved for years ?  
 Is not my love with thee, to calm thy fears,  
 To neutralize the vaporings of a set  
 Whose warnings naught but sorrow could beget ;  
 Who claim to see within the womb of time  
 Each unenacted scene, each deed, each crime ?  
 How simple we that deed to frustrate !  
 Since she the future did prognosticate,  
 And guard against the evils of that day,  
 Since premonitions mark where pitfalls lay."

"Ealien, thy words with reassurance ring ;  
 My soul from dark despair on hope's bright wing  
 Soars far above the dolorous isle of fear,  
 To find thy constancy as ever dear.

Panoplied by thy firm love I'll try  
To combat fears, Ealien, should they draw nigh.  
What carest I what all their arts forecast !  
Thy love is mine and pledged unto the last."

"Tell me, Lenard, if some repugnant sight  
Were witnessed in thy wanderings there last night?  
To whom couldst thou, if not to me, confide?  
To me, Lenard, thy own, thy promised bride ;  
Whose counsels might, with prudence, mitigate,  
And with its eager love alleviate  
Each sorrow that within thy mind doth dwell,  
If thou couldst but the scenes of last night tell."

"When through the shoals that now infest our way  
Our bark hath passed, and havens lay  
To harbor in that fair, hymeneal clime,  
With every hope fulfilled and thou art mine,  
Unto thy listening ears, Ealien, I'll tell  
Of these grave fears that now are wont to dwell ;  
But not till then dare I to thee recite  
The fearful scenes, the warnings of last night."

"Lenard, with thee in patience will I bear,  
Till time ejects and banishes thy care ;  
With love's sweet solace back thy thoughts beguile,  
And win again my own Lenard's true smile.  
My father's interdiction cannot last,  
The storm to beat the wildest soon is past.  
His anger will subside to thy fair name,

It but took birth since this strange noble came.  
I know not why, Lenard, but in his eyes  
Lurks some dark power those orbs will not disguise ;  
Betimes, Lenard, I fear their searching gleam—  
Their lucent light, at times, seems lulled to dream  
Of things abstruse that reasons mystify—  
Then rests alone on me that waking eye.  
His manner, though, is courteous and urbane,  
His suavity is so charming as to gain  
The envy of our less accomplished friends,  
Who lack the grace that he to culture lends.  
Yet, though he does these noble traits possess,  
Of him I hold mistrust, I do confess.  
My father with his wealth his manners charmed,  
Of all, but deep respect hath been disarmed.  
But in those keen, unfathomed, Argus eyes  
Some latent mysteries hid, and subtle lies.  
Of him, Lenard, no jealous thoughts should rise,  
My loathing of this man makes no disguise.”

“ By title how is this patrician known,  
Who in thy father’s eyes such grace could own ?”

“ As Count Orlander, he is such addressed  
By they who seek my father’s favored guest.  
And since his advent to our once staid place,  
Our home of naught but festive scenes gives trace :  
My heart grows sad amidst its joyous air,  
To know, my own Lenard, thou art not there.

They know not that my heart, unreconciled,  
Sees only joy when thou, Lenard, hast smiled."

"Has he, Ealien—this stranger—sought thy hand,  
Whose wealth thy father's favor would command?  
I realize thy father's greed for gold—  
Too oft have I of this, his passion, told;  
I know his fawning, sycophantic ways,  
He sees his Mecca where its glitter lays:  
On Mammon's altar would he sacrifice  
To greed, Ealien, the jewel he should prize.  
Oh, wealth! the dark perverter of our race,  
Thy slimy toils on every hand give trace—  
Thou immolator of each pure desire,  
That dies unhallowed on thy altar's fire."

"Lenard, remember he of whom you speak  
Would not for me, at least, misfortune seek;  
I know a daughter's love—as such I claim  
The reverence due my father's sacred name.  
Would not his heart, that loves me well, repine  
To see the clouds of sorrow ever mine?  
You wrong him, Lenard, now, to judge him so,  
Though much he's wronged thee by his hate, I know:  
I know with time his anger will relent,  
And of asperity to thee repent.  
His feelings, acrimonious yet to thee,  
Seem fraught, whene'er he speaks with irony,  
Time modifies; his anger will assuage,



When gentle thoughts come stealing to engage,  
And transport back again to bygone years  
To one, once loved, whose voice again he hears,  
That pleads to him in soft angelic tone—  
'For we, whose love is ardent as their own'—  
Their union proved a bliss from heaven sent—  
Should he but dream of this he would relent."

"Ealien, why should he now vindictive be  
To nurse his contumacious hate for me?"

"Thou didst no wrong, Lenard, whereof I knew,  
He might believe what gossips say be true  
That years ago, when thou, perhaps, had grown  
To think but lightly of its wild seeds sown,  
Regarding then each deed within the day,  
That night, succeeding, chased its thoughts away.  
No weighty matters then of grave import  
Had on thy youthful mind its sequence wrought;  
Then, every hour, as sunbeams on the wave,  
But lived to greet the swelling hopes it gave.  
They say thy name was linked with one so fair,  
That Venus lacked the charms assembled there;  
Of humble birth, meantime of spirit proud,  
With graces of a Dryad's queen endowed,  
That thou wert wont to bask within her smile;  
And she, construing it to love the while,—  
Though unsuspecting thee of misfeasance,—  
She knew not then how hopeless was her chance

To wed with one so far beyond her sphere.  
 In ignorance of this, her love grew dear,  
 Impulsive, passioned, as the stream whose breast  
 Chafes fiercely at its form, by bounds caressed ;  
 Whose sinuous arms its turbulence confine,  
 Her intense love would burst all bounds to thine.  
 That when of thy duplicity she learned,  
 This liaison unenvied scandal earned,  
 That she, distracted in her love to find  
 That thou, between such spheres, wert not inclined  
 To trammel with the love she bore to thee  
 In misalliance wed with her degree.  
 They say her heart was rent, her grief so wild,  
 To hear her once respected name reviled ;  
 To feel how loathed, where once her spotless name—  
 In honest deference could their homage claim  
 Where once her matchless beauty reigned as queen—  
 Her name became the foul traducer's theme ;  
 No wonder then that, maddened, she had fled—  
 And rumor, so they say, that she is dead."

"No more of this black infamy I'll hear !  
 They lie, who'd fill thy breast with this grave fear.  
 Who could unto thy father's ears unfold  
 This fabricated tale that thou hast told?"

"I know not now from whence he got this creed ;  
 He does give credence to its truth indeed ;  
 And when unbridled by an angry spell,

Too eager is he then this tale to tell.  
But I, Lenard, with all my powers refute  
This deed, they would to thee, my love, impute ;  
I know, Lenard, thou couldst not guilty be  
To this commission of duplicity.  
They slander thee when they of thee speak so ;  
I did avow of this, thou didst not know—  
Hast thou not told me I was love's first dream ;  
The culprit's eye has not thy candid beam—  
How could I doubt thy love was wholly mine.  
Heaven but allows in virtue truth to shine ;  
No flower the vandal's hand by thee hath known,  
Or trusting maiden's lips call thee her own.  
'Twas solace now to hear thy lips deny  
The foul invidious tale that they would try  
To incense in my mind, in hopes to fear  
And make repulsive, thee, I love so dear.  
Lenard, for thy own Ealien's sake, to-night  
Let all thy fears give place to calm delight.  
If words of mine can cheer thy lonesome heart,  
Accept them—in the interim we must part.  
When somnolence hath claimed thy jaded eyes,  
May all for thee Elysian scenes arise,  
And extirpate each vestige of a dread  
That now, I know too well, pervades thy head.  
May Morpheus soothe thy sleep with tranquil smile,  
Thy Ealien's love shall live for thee the while

No angry father's scowl or loves profess  
 Can make me dream of thee, Lenard, the less.  
 By those bright orbs that festoon heaven's blue  
 I swear! none else shall share my love with you.  
 Farewell; and here again at eve I'll meet,  
 With smiles of love, my own Lenard to greet."

"Adieu, may naught between us interfere;  
 If not, Ealien, again I'll meet thee here."

Patiently had I listened to Henry's *verbatim* of Lenard's story, which, in contradistinction to his opening Canto, became more perplexing—perplexity invariably setting the seal of success on poetical aspirations if gauged by the standard of our established ideas. Congratulating him on the incomprehensibleness of the situation surrounding the lovers; assuring him that the mystification of Lenard's visit to the forest might well conduce to Ealien's inquiry as to his sanity; when my poetical companion brought me to a concise terminus of effusions by explaining that the Count's appearance, coinciding with the prediction of the Sorceress, created justifiable reasons in Lenard's mind for his dread of that foreshadowed crime; his fears augmented by the words of Ealien's song, sung by her that evening to allay his suspicions. Here Henry repeated the words impressively, and I, a martyr to his poetical whim, patiently listened:

"I thought I saw thee in a dream,  
 I saw thy form beside me bent;

In bliss I could but of thee deem,  
 The joy thy love to me had sent ;  
 But O ! I saw thy form grow dim,  
 Thine eyes, reproaching me, in pain  
 I called, and thought that thou wert lost,  
 But woke to find thee mine again.

“ I thought I saw thy pleading hand  
 Stretched forth, within that dream, to mine ;  
 I saw thee in thy sorrow stand,  
 And sought to place this hand in thine ;  
 But O ! I saw an ocean vast  
 Bear thee from me. I called in vain ;  
 In grief I wept—that dream is past,  
 And thou art by my side again.”

“ Knowing, as you will, by Ealien’s own words,” he continued, “ the mysterious Count had already made indirect overtures by his blandishments, cogently assisted by the parsimonious favor of the Baron.” Here I could not fail to remind Henry that the inexorableness of the irate father was a feature in contrast to the beautiful fidelity of the daughter, who, knowing nothing of the incubus that was haunting her lover’s mind, gently chided him for his harsh invectives against her loving though at times furious father, feeling that I had there the opportunity of cutting in shreds, by my criticisms, the incompatibility of a sane young man allowing himself to be urged by some unseen hand into the depth of that mediæval forest ; when the young poet, surmising by my equivocal reference to the Baron and his daughter,

that I would attempt to work in, as usual, some of my clever satirical thrusts, cut short the delectable dream, as before, by informing me that a second visit to the cave of the Sorceress and his narration of the events that transpired on the night of the Count's visit would relieve Lenard's story of the mysterious gossamer that now shrouded it. By this time the sun having reached its apex in the meridian, the invitation of Henry to revisit the forest seemed to bring a sylvan-like sense of relief from the torrid focusing that relentless Sol was bestowing on all failing to seek immunity from the effulgence of his gift. On our way thither I was about to question my companion regarding certain defects I had discovered in his poetical rendition, when, being blandly informed that after our visit to the forest as his guest I would find a sufficiently enlarged sphere wherein to satiate my whetted appetite for cavil, ere I could respond, Henry raised his hand as an injunction for silence, and commenced as follows :

#### THE FOREST CAVE—THE SORCERESS.

In the deep recess of a wooded dell,  
Where its leafy robes luxuriant fell ;  
Undisturbed by all, save the fleeting hare  
That wakes with its rustle the stillness there ;  
Or far above where the oaks tower high  
To hide the vein in the Western sky,  
That tinge with gold the sun's soft setting light,  
Whose yellow robes precurse advancing night—

Rings through its leafy dome the woodcock's cry  
To warn its absent mate that night is nigh ;  
To seek within those bowers a safe repose  
Ere the darkening shades o'er the forest close.  
Through the waning light of the day appears—  
In its midst, where rocks there clustering rears—  
Cold, cheerless, grim, to mar that fertile zone—  
As the Druids' shrine was a cave there known,  
Whose quaint surroundings like a page appears  
That reads from the past of forgotten years.  
And here, perchance, some keenly studious sage  
Had made its weird confines an hermitage ;  
Or some ascetic, from a world of care,  
Found there his lone retreat for silent prayer.  
In this cave-like cottage, whose jutting rocks  
Time fierce assails, their grim heads idly mocks.  
Within this strange abode now sat alone  
The outlines of a woman widely known,  
And one endowed with darkly-handsome face,  
Within whose faultless profile one could trace  
A look so restive, stern—foreboding ill ;—  
Whose deep-set gaze with awe beholders fill.  
Those potent orbs, whose corruscating gleam  
Hath spread her fame, and all her wondrous deem ;  
And simple folks, once skeptical around,  
Now marvel at her lore, so true have found  
Her keen research to fathom all their past,—

And scenes now verified, her arts forecast—  
No doubting now, her powers to assail,  
So strangely on their minds her arts prevail.  
Amongst them none knew whence this creature came,  
Or yet hath gleamed this necromancer's name ;  
But nightly to her lone, barbaric home—  
When none but troubled minds are wont to roam—  
Who seeks this wild retreat through forest glade  
Is one whose heart with deference, visits paid ;  
To see her now within this lone exile  
His steps, again, bend to her domicile.  
He leaves the hall where all in silence sleep,  
With eager steps he seeks the forest deep—  
No dread, no fear, that those he leaves behind  
Will seek his couch, or yet his absence find.  
What deep import lies in this stealthy act,  
What scheme now binds their souls to this compact,  
That he should wend his steps when others sleep  
And she for him her arduous vigil keep ;  
Or why should he, the guest of Rufus Hall—  
The Count Orlander—on this creature call ?  
Suffice, she waits his steps with anxious care,  
As o'er her dark imperious brow an air  
Of anger sweeps—why tarries he behind ?  
Can he, too, solace in her presence find ;  
Can she, this Ealien, as some lily grown  
In nature's garden, every virtue own ;



That 'neath the cadence of her blushless smile  
All rays of love, as sunshine, tarries while  
Each jealous mate, forlorn, with drooping head,  
Like I, forget, with hope forever fled?

Could I forget the past to bury deep  
The festering wounds that, tireless, never sleep ;  
That gnaw with cankering fangs this prostrate heart—  
The bleeding shrine his wrongs hath torn apart ?  
Rest on, Lenard, and deem thy blushing bride !  
Love's captive thine, thy treasured hope beside ;  
Ferment thy mind with bridal scenes arrayed  
As though her plighted troth to thee were paid.  
That in the hour my vengeance seeks thy heart,  
My eyes may gloat to see it torn apart :  
To see its temple shattered, rent with grief,  
Of treasured hopes bereft, and I, the thief.  
Yes I, Lenard, when I had vowed to take  
A stricken heart to seek that silent lake,  
From worldly scornings deep within its breast ;  
There, there, from grief alone, a bourne for rest.  
What pity grew for me, despised, alone,  
From thee for whom its hated wrongs were borne ;  
That form, thy thoughts, conceived within to lie  
Its cold lethean breast, has scorned to die.  
Yes ! maddened, duped—from all I loved disgraced—  
The witless slave to love was I debased :  
I knew not then that high or lowly birth

Held diverse spheres in this fair gift of earth.  
All castes inspired, from Eden's godhead's mould,  
Should here the baneful law of class behold,  
As though the forms begot by village swain  
Could not, with class, as pure a soul contain.  
So young to die, I waited, hoped, in vain—  
Yes, hoped that in his breast there might remain  
Some inner voice, like whisperings implore,  
For me he could with love, to joy, restore :  
But no, his haughty pride no word would speak  
To check the babbling tongues, who ever seek  
To goad with poignant cuts the feeling soul,  
Till pain exacts its bitter, deepest toll.  
His heart, steeled adamant unto my woes,  
Made in this breast each kinder feeling close—  
Abandoned, scorned, to that last sad appeal  
What sympathy did his cold heart reveal ?  
These cheeks now tinge to think with bitter shame  
That I invoked, in anguish sought to claim  
From those proud lips the pledge to make me wife,—  
I sought but justice for an injured life—  
Those cruel words, with cold contumely,  
There dared to chide such bland simplicity,  
And laughed to say, within the village whirl,  
My love might recompense some village churl,  
Delighted, would, with me, his beauteous queen,  
Perchance, forget what I to him had been—

And with requited love me compensate  
For blighted dreams, in love compassionate.  
Those lips that spoke love's wishes oft to me,  
And breathed its fervid breath so tenderly,  
To say that life no promised sweetness knew  
For him, could I be aught but ever true :  
And then despise with cold unfeeling scorn  
Because my rank was simple, lowly born.  
Dismayed ! I from his loathsome presence fled ;  
Yielding to where despairing spirits led,  
I deemed in death alone my breast might ease.  
The surging winds that stirr'd the nodding trees  
Like mocking demons waved their sombre plume,  
To goad my grief-racked soul on to its doom,  
Where maddened, frenzied, I, like one alone,  
Whose dimming light of hope at length had flown  
And sees beyond its shades but grim despair  
Where sorrow reaps through years its wearied care,  
I sought that lake, where oft we wandered by,  
Determined there within its shades to die.  
Upon its bank I halted, thought of thee,  
Of thee, Lenard, of thy base perfidy ;  
Love's dream was past, the spectre rose of hate.  
Fool ! I to deem for him—to immolate  
A life unsullied, save it loved too well  
To list when thy mendacious tongue would tell  
Of years that loomed in love, o'er time's calm tide,

When I with thee should be thy rural bride.  
Thus vanished hopes illusive ; form and fate  
Seemed bitter there my grief to consummate.  
Deep as the grief the heaven-lost spirits bore  
That gazed their last on heaven's celestial shore  
As deep was mine, I saw the earth and then—  
Would I no more on nature gaze ; then when  
The home where childhood's fair first dreams arose,  
To me deemed sullied now, the angered close,  
For I the envied once of beauties there—  
The taunter had no kindly thought to spare,  
Resolved, unhallowed though, this irksome life  
For hate I'd live, engage, its bitter strife  
On night's dark footstool 'neath her jewelled dome,  
Yes, I the derelict, without a home—  
Hath sworn to curse thy steps, with shadowed hate  
Soon now thy cherished dream I'll frustrate.  
Of her Lenard thy love, thou'lt be bereft,  
Like me, thy guilty soul, with grief be cleft ;  
About thy life, the gossamer I weave  
To link suspicion and thy thoughts deceive  
And make like mine thy bosom racked with dread  
That scene—last night, thy fairest hopes have fled.  
I'll crush with scorn thy supercilious pride !  
That dared the plebeian maiden's plea deride—  
I live to see thy vaunted pride brought low—  
The outcast then—now Zandi, strikes the blow !

Down—every thought, of old within this breast,  
 Let vengeance add to hate, its fiercest zest ;  
 Let fury reason now of pent-up wrong,  
 In callousness my woman's heart grows strong ;  
 Where once the tide of love could permeate,  
 Let freshets now add to its intense hate—  
 That tireless still, this mind shall plot and scheme  
 And make thy cursed downfall, now, my theme.

She calmed her passion now ; the storm subdued,  
 With deep concern the lonely cave she viewed.  
 'Tis strange Barillo lags to-night behind !  
 Can apprehension fill with dread his mind ?  
 To prompt delay forgetting now our truce  
 Or grow beguiled when Ealien's smiles seduce.  
 Beware, Barillo, mystic chief, I've known,  
 Through all thy arts thy secrets are my own ;  
 While steadfast thou in Zandi hast a friend,  
 Deceptive all the crafts thy arts could lend  
 Would thee forsake in Zandi's triumph hour  
 To pit deceit, to my unfathomed power.  
 What sound is that deep in the woods without ?  
 " 'Tis he," I hear my own Barillo's shout ;  
 Away with fear, I must with grace receive—  
 Through him alone can I revenge achieve.

Thrice welcome to this isolated shrine  
 Where night surrounds with aspect saturnine ;  
 'Tis prudent, too, we here alone should meet

When thou, Orlander, seek my lone retreat.  
Her words addressed to one of handsome mien,  
Stalwart, erect, whose form bends now between  
The aperture, crude, rough, that served as door.  
His steps re-echo o'er its rocky floor,  
Her face hereto with passion's storm beset,  
Seems soothed, since her dark eyes the stranger's met.  
Apparelled with unstinted stamp of wealth,  
His swarthy visage bore the glow of health.  
The broad expansive brow, the wealth of hair,  
Spoke thought profound, the ruling factor there.  
With eyes that pierce to mock the carnal veils  
The inmost thought their deep research assails—  
As if within the temple of each mind  
His latent powers the servile child could find  
To marshal forth their will at his behest ;  
And reason, slave, fled at that light possessed,  
His manner, voice, all purport joy complete  
As stepping forth, Zandi, to eager greet,  
That creature, wildly beautiful to see  
Surrounded by that mystic dignity,  
And with a deference sacredly he stooped  
To kiss her hand as she with smiles rebuked.  
Thou'st tarried late, to-night, at Rufus Hall,  
My heart was troubled till I heard thee call.

“ My queen,” he spoke, “ as o'er the trackless foam,  
The heart-sick mariner's fond dream of home

Makes every thought an unseen tie to bind—  
Each long-forgotten word to echoing—find  
Within his breast on love's responsive chords  
The fondest dreams his yearning heart affords,  
And I, like they on life's uncertain sea  
Grow fonder in the interim of thee ;  
The clouds that hide the sunshine from the flower  
Rob them of hope, like me, each absent hour—  
That I debarred by this, thy stern decree,  
From love's requite, till craft and subtlety  
Shall weave within thy mesh thy hated foe,  
And she so helpless, too, shall feel the blow."

"Thy heart," she sneered, "in fickle weakness grew,  
Since her soft smile could thee so well subdue.  
Dids't thou not pledge to use thy potent art?—  
I tell thee now, these two in life must part.  
Did I not pledge thee, too, that in return,  
The love thou sought this task alone could earn ;  
If from this pledge thy fears would be absolved,  
Alone, implacably I stand resolved  
To utilize the powers my arts have brought,  
Till o'er their ruined life is vengeance wrought ;  
If for my promised love the sacrifice  
Were all too vast, unworthy then the prize  
And all thy vows thy words repudiate ;  
'Tis fear, or love, now makes thee hesitate  
When I with woman's nature, cautious, weak,

Would dare this deed—art thou afraid to speak,  
Or has the shadow of his anger thrown  
His retributive vow to cow thine own?"

“To thee, Zandi, provoked, I would reply!  
The storm-burst of his hate I would defy;  
This breast knows fear where cowards have no part—  
But here, Zandi, beats still a human heart.  
Why should this creature inoffensive feel  
The judgment on his wrongs, that thou wouldst deal?  
Away—I read thy thoughts—wouldst thou conceal  
From me the love thy heart has grown to feel?  
When I had thought reluctance grew from fear—  
Too well I now discern, 'tis love's reverer—  
For her, that makes thee cavil now to know  
That she thou'dst save shall feel the poignant blow.  
List, now, I tell thee ere thou saw this maid  
Not then of sequences wert thou afraid,  
Didst thou not swear naught could thy will deter,  
Not though its task imperilled, blighted her;  
But since in her thou'st seen much to applaud,  
Of justice now, thou wouldst my wrongs defraud.  
Away—no love-sick maiden's heart I bear,  
But one with deep resolve, this task to dare.  
No hawk shall cross the vengeful eagle's flight  
Or dare its perils with the foe in sight;  
And thou take heed, lest passion's fickle sway  
Prompts thee by subterfuge to bar my way!"



As Zandi rose, the keen depths of her ire  
Were mirrored by her eyes that gleamed with fire ;  
Her bosom heaved, as if with tortured dread  
Her mind some picture of the future read.

He met her glance with stern, unflinching eye,  
As calmly undisturbed as summer's sky ;  
“ Have I,” he spoke, “ been aught but duty's slave ?  
To thee, Zandi, each nightly call proof gave  
That I unboundedly thy will observed.  
And this, the gratitude my love deserved  
Small recompense to-night, from thee I hear,  
When harsh invectives jar my listening ear,  
When smiles devoted could but ill repay  
This exiled heart from thine, as light from day,  
Thou knowest well in this factitious part  
My love lies buried in my Zandi's heart.  
And yet thy taunts, unwarranted aver  
That I with love's design was shielding her.  
The hawk that balks the eagle from its prey  
Seeks not its rock-bound nest where perils lay,  
But warns its prey of that impending hour  
She poises fierce her talons to devour.”

“ Might not, Orlander, then the cry be found,  
Mistrusted as those warning notes resound ?”

“ Thy words have such grave import that I glean  
Thou must, Zandi, Lenard or her have seen.”

“ Love hath its sunshine, too, its fears to share,

And thou, Orlander, of Lenard beware ;  
No idle word of mine could he construe  
To ill of thee, in that eve's interview.  
I seek alone, to challenge thy deceit  
In paths that perilous, make our retreat :  
Be firm with craft in thy allotted part,  
Thy recompense shall be thy Zandi's heart.  
Mark well—but false, and though the Stygian gloom  
Awaits my soul, that hour shall see thy doom.—  
Thou knowest well the terms there understood,  
My heart seeks not with appetite for blood,  
But vengeance deep, more hideous, mine shall be  
To blast their fairest hopes remorselessly,  
To darken sunshine o'er his devious way,  
With deadly hate his own base pride repay.  
And when that power,

Of which thou art possessed,

Shall fill with hallucinations Ealien's breast,  
When o'er her mind oblivion draws a veil,  
Upon her insane mind canst thou prevail.  
Make thou her love so fond, intense for thee—  
Let all that mad infatuation see  
Till scandal's wicked tongue with poisoned tip  
Reviles her deeds in shame on every lip.  
And simpering menials, at her fawning, sneer  
Till each invidious tale hath reached his ear ;  
When from the fount of bitterness each drink

Shall lead his hopeless mind to that dread brink  
Of black despair, he to my youth consigned.  
In Zandi then, Orlander, thou shalt find  
A love for thee as boundless as the girth  
That bore Alcestus\* on its wings from earth,  
When human thoughts to passion's conquest gave  
That dream of love, to live beyond the grave."  
"Can thou Zandi—

In whom the dead fruit lies  
Of love's first dream but lost, not realized—  
But once can love its maiden blossoms bear—  
And passion wakes to love's creation there."

At this rejoinder through her wondrous eyes  
Stole a savage gleam, but that calm disguise  
Wore a veil of smiles, where that angry sweep  
Herald thoughts from her past, that never sleep.

"Thou once wert wont for this same love to yearn,  
Wilt thou, Orlander, now its proffer spurn,  
And loathing, turn because thy heart inclines  
To sympathy for her, my love resigns,  
Forgetting when a branded outlaw then,  
For thy mysterious arts, from haunts of men,  
Was I to thy notorious name averse?  
Did not my skill for thee with bounteous purse  
Supply thy need till from its life redeemed,  
Thy name, Orlander, grew with all esteemed.

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\* Wife of Admetus (myth.).

To all—the Count Orlander—but to me,  
 Barillo, priest of that weird mystery  
 That subjugates to will the weaker minds.  
 Thy secret art so often mortal finds  
 To warp with unseen coil the stifled brain,  
 And o'er its shattered reason fearless reign.  
 But one more victim, she and thy disguise  
 Of virtue, ill befits to sympathize  
 For her sad fate, and vent this feigned disdain.  
 When thou wouldst risk the treasure to retain.  
 Deem not unwise, that I, in this exile,  
 Remain lethargic whilst thy powers beguile,  
 And weave with skill the soft deluding thread  
 That fills in amorous scenes this Ealien's head.  
 Beyond that sphere where vengeance will declare  
 Shall satiate my wrongs, thou must not dare  
 Alliance seek with her, and wedded try  
 The power of Zandi's unseen hand defy.  
 Mark thee, Barillo, I with dread enjoin!  
 Hope not beyond my knowledge to purloin  
 The day, the hour, when thou with her wouldst wed—  
 Yea, in that hour, thy form with blood grows red."

"If thou canst see how all things terminate,  
 And dread fruit grows from thy keen nourished hate,  
 Tell me, Zandi, what doth the future bear,  
 Should I, the hazard of this mission, dare?  
 That harrowing picture well thy mind hath read,

In crimson hue to thee this form grows red,  
That I have sworn no more again shall see  
The cursed intrigue of crime's iniquity."

"Seek not that I the future should divine,  
Suffice, its omens mark success as thine.  
From out the deep Arcane of my lore,  
Barillo, thou shalt learn of me no more."

"Not till from thee the future I shall know,  
Would I imperilled in this intrigue go!  
Tell me, can I the vengeful vows discard  
That come from this o'er-zealous youth, Lenard;  
Might not some scion, angered of her race,  
Seek redress in my blood for her disgrace?

'Twere just, Zandi,

Should I corrupt the fame  
Of that more honored than the fairest name,  
That all the glittering pomp of earth's display—  
Where Polar night to Solar's brightest ray—  
Beside the Nakur, pure chaste, possessed  
Where virtue's holy flame adorned their breast—  
And hell but seeks from here, the spirit lent,  
When down to dark Erebus gloom is sent  
The false despoiler of a woman's name,  
That flaunts o'er virtue's shrine—a woman's shame."

"Thy words, Barillo, o'er the wrongs of yore,  
Bring back the weirdsome scene, the silent shore,  
The bitter vow, the future thou shalt know,

And thou, panoplied, may fearless go."

As Zandi spoke and seized with hasty hand  
 A vial (now her form rose sternly grand),  
 One treasured with the odd impress of age  
 That told its past o'er long forgotten page.  
 Beneath the fitful rush's uncertain glare,  
 Barillo, too absorbed a word to dare  
 To break the calm, the stillness of the scene,  
 The hour to him had come at last, to glean  
 If fortune bore to him, and bounteous gave  
 The future hopes that he Ealien might save.

"Save—that his heart, love's votary at her shrine,  
 Might win her by conquest—yes, make her mine.  
 If not o'er her, he thought, I can prevail,  
 I will, with arts, her love at length assail."

His keen eye meet her stern inquiring look,  
 As Zandi's hand the slender vial took,  
 And poising in her hand its crystal frame,  
 Allowed each falling drop to seek the flame  
 That from the smouldering fagots feebly crept.  
 Her arms now o'er, in mystic motion swept ;  
 The hour, the cave—could hell the scene compare,  
 And she, as some lost spirit in despair  
 That seeks the portals of some hidden shore  
 And wildly to its inmates sad implore,  
 "Come forth, ye spirits from that hidden clime  
 Within whose vast unfathomed space, there time—

Evolving from its mists—to ye, revealed  
 Each unborn deed, its measured course will yield.”  
 Her voice rose now to almost frantic shriek,  
 “Come forth at my command—your aid I seek!”

Barillo, calm, unmoved by her weird cry,  
 Now heard with dread a myriad’s tongue reply,  
 From every leaf the forest monarchs bore  
 A thousand tongues in mad confusion pour—  
 Their moanings reach his now affrighted ears ;  
 Zandi beholds with cold disdain, his fears ;  
 “Art thou afraid,” she cried, “to now behold  
 The hidden future that my powers unfold?”

His eyes regain their cogent lustre now ;  
 Transient as the lightning’s flash, his brow  
 Swept from its broad expanse the cloud of dread.  
 Swift as the unthralled spirit leaves its dead,  
 Her taunt, her words, his dauntless courage stung—  
 Fiercely defiant now, his answer rung :  
 “Show all the blackest arts by thee possessed,  
 With howling demons here, thy cave invest  
 Till these affrighted rocks from fear recoil,  
 In trepidation at their dread turmoil—  
 And frenzied all of life, the forest fly—  
 Yet unperturbed will I thy hosts defy.”

“Thy courage well sustains ; thou then shalt see !  
 Behold, Barillo, thy futurity.”

The falling drops had caught the dying flames ;

Again she calls by strange mysterious names—  
As smoke above the festooned pagan pyre,  
Barillo saw emerging from the fire  
The leaden wreaths that wrap in misty shroud  
And hides her form within the circling cloud.  
A voice amidst the wreathing temple speaks,  
“What mortal in this clime from us now seeks  
To learn through thee where hidden secrets lay,  
Thou votaress at our shrine, we must obey.”

“Yea, I command, the future he would know,  
The after course that comes ye spirits show,  
That he may glean the success of our scheme  
Surpasses e'en Barillo's fondest dream.”

Amazed he stood ; Barillo's eye beheld  
A scene on which his gaze was fixed, impelled.

“'Tis I,” he shouts, so deeply wrapt, intent,  
So eager now his eyes were on it bent,  
He saw himself rest in a garden fair,  
And she, Ealien de Neville, too, was there ;  
Upon his knees her head, so fair, reclined,  
Her hands rest there, within his own entwined.  
Those lustrous eyes gaze anxious to his face ;  
He can upon his own love's passion trace.  
Her lips they move, he heard distinct the tone,  
“I am, Orlander, thine, and thine alone.  
My eyes reveal in love none else but thee,  
How soon, Orlander, may we wedded be?”



His soul intent saw none but Ealien there,  
Unheeded now was Zandi's scowling glare,  
So deep engrossed, his passion made response :  
"Ealien, my own, this heart can love but once ;  
For thee, Ealien, would I her arts defy—  
Relinquish thee, nay, sooner would I die ;  
For thee the blackest arts of hell I'd brave,  
Should I, in wedding thee, but find the grave."  
Roused from the scene as Zandi mocking laughed,  
He starts, blind fool, to Zandi's searching craft.

"Thou playest well," she hissed, "the lover's part !  
Thy words convey the feelings of thy heart."

The picture vanished now as Zandi spoke,  
He looked to see the fast dispelling smoke  
That love revealed, he saw, but all too late ;  
Each word incurred, he deemed, her bitter hate.

"Zandi," he spoke, "see how with clever skill  
I can, while thine, the rôle of lover fill."

"Take heed, Barillo, in this well-feigned zeal  
What thou portrayest now thy heart may feel.  
As o'er yon scene the mystic curtains fall,  
So must thy stay transpire at Rufus Hall ;  
Beyond that hour, mark well, 'tis understood  
The fates decree a scene, I see but blood.  
I know not why, Barillo, but 'tis true,  
I see the carmine robes in every view  
That clothe the hours shouldst thou, imperilled, stay.

The night's fast fleeing past, thou must away.  
 Till thou return'st these eyes shall watchful be,  
 And I, Zandi, thy every deed shall see."

"Farewell, Zandi, thy love shall be the prize,  
 For thee Barillo would all sacrifice."

#### THE DUPE.

He leaves.

From out the shadows quickly loom  
 A figure pale, bewildered, from the gloom.  
 And scarce Barillo's parting words had died,  
 At Zandi's call the figure stood beside  
 And gazed on her with look 'twixt love and dread,  
 Such as we gaze on those we love, when dead.  
 She turns to him with deep deceptive sigh.

"François, he little knew that thou wert nigh,  
 Thou'rt faithful more than kindness can requite,  
 And I alone with none to love despite  
 I can o'er all in triumph wave my power.  
 And yet, Diana wearied of her bower,  
 And sought on earth the sleeping shepherd's kiss  
 To feel the rapture of that moment's bliss.  
 Yea, as the flowers turn eager to the light,  
 So could my soul that yearns for love to-night,  
 Turn to a love that would my will obey,  
 And for the prize chase humane thoughts away."

Before Zandi he stands with awe impressed,  
 A thousand thoughts surged madly through his breast.

“ Another dupe enslaved to that fell smile—  
Fool, instrument to serve her vengeful wile.”

“ Dare I but hope,” he doubting murmurs now,  
And looked at Zandi’s calm assuring brow,  
“ That I thy slave may hope, yes dare to be,  
Aspirant for this love, so lone in thee ?”

The intense thought of passion now portrayed,  
As he with sacred reverence her surveyed.  
His furtive glance droops ’neath her potent eyes—  
He breathes, “ Thou wouldst such love as mine despise.”

“ Not so François, shouldst thou me faithful serve,  
Thou mayest hope my love to yet deserve.”

“ Bid me to task then, I, love’s willing slave,  
For thee to win the verge of death would brave ;  
But hope to win thee sickens to despair  
When he, whom now I serve, thy love doth share.”

“ Of his perfidious love thou must not speak,  
Mine hath he now abjured, Ealien’s to seek.  
No, him I loathe, since he hath vainly tried  
His vows, for passion’s whim, to cast aside.  
List thou, François, thou art his trusted friend,  
He does, I know, to thee his secrets lend ;  
I read in all where scheming secrets lie,  
But his dark orbs, yea baffle me, defy.  
If thou wouldst serve me well, seek not why I  
Strange plots should frame, when they I hate must die.  
Whom I should hate by thee must be abhorred

If thou wouldst seek from me love's just reward,  
 Feign methods simple, till thy guileness lures  
 From him each thought thy craft to me secures.  
 When thou for me his hopes shall frustrate,  
 Then shall my hand thy efforts compensate."

He stooped to kiss the hand that Zandi gave—  
 "I am, he breathes, from this thy willing slave ;"

And gazing on that strange clad form, his eyes  
 Beamed forth their hopes as she, with warmth, replies :  
 "Who here at morn would Zandi's counsels seek,  
 Shall find herein but echo's tongue to speak.  
 But thou, François, of me need have no fear,  
 Zandi to Rufus Hall shall linger near.  
 The time may briefly span ere I thy aid  
 Shall seek to test ere love's requite be paid."

As Henry portrayed the inveiglement of François, the dupe, to the dominating will of that mysterious woman in the reprehensibleness of his servitude, governed as it was by a love aspiring to one exerting such a vast influence over his inferior mind, my thoughts converged to a sympathy for the unfortunate François, who, having witnessed the dreaded power of the Sorceress, undoubtedly fell an easy victim to her wiles. Henry, in rebuttal, reasoning that the culpability of François arose from his willingness to destroy every noble instinct in his devotion to her virulent thirst for revenge, too evident, I replied :

'Tis not the last, the first step to our fall,  
 That compromits the end beyond recall.

In sauntering back over the scenes of the previous day in company with my young friend, with whom I was to spend the evening as guest, I persistently commented on the efforts of the Spanish Count to deceive the Sorceress, and the scene wherein she discovered his clandestine love for Ealien. Had he, Henry rejoined, openly attempted to eschew or retreat from the compact that governed her motives in seeking his aid, she would, doubtless, have disclosed the identity of the adventurer, destroying the hopes entertained by him as the noble guest and suitor for the hand of Ealien. Beyond this explanation Henry repelled my every effort to further discuss the scene in the case. Reaching a quaintly constructed cottage on the environments of the village, pretty in uniqueness, fronted by a beautiful garden, artistically arranged, ivy surmounting with a mural robe where morning-glories vainly strove to hide the antiquated appearance of its walls :

A home, I thought, as this must be,  
A refuge of felicity.

Entering the portals realized amply my expectation of its delectability. A venerable lady greeted by Henry as mother, after a pleasant salutation, admitted us ; all my pent-up yearning to dissect the value of his story disappeared in the presence of the beautiful girl "made known to me as Henry's sister"—Antisthenes confused in the presence of Venus—such were my feelings of admiration for her as to entirely obliterate every penumbra from the perfection of Henry's poetical narrative.

Was he not the brother of this lovely girl—could imperfection exist in anything she may have approved of? No, all seemed perfect. Cupid already winged his keenest arrow to my erstwhile invulnerable heart. Eagerly I related to Margaret—such was this divine creature's name—the pleasure I had derived from my short acquaintance with her brother, and the unbounded satisfaction I had felt in listening to a descriptive poem he had in part related to me that day. Henry, with a smile, chided me for this dissimulation. After a pleasant tête-à-tête, during which the thralldom of infatuation for the young lady was weaving rapidly its gossamer of roseate bonds, repairing, at the suggestion of Henry, to a neatly-arranged parlor, the company consisting of the Beckwiths and a small coterie of invited friends, anxious to install myself, “for more than the consideration given a mere acquaintance,” in the heart of Henry's sister, I pleaded with her in suavified terms to afford me the pleasure of hearing her sing, my young friend coupling his request with mine. Margaret blushingly promised to gratify my wish. Taking her place at the piano, her fingers nimbly chasing each other over the keys, she sang with pathos :

O'er the lapse of time when storms  
    Mar the beauty once sublime,  
Will the sinuous lilies form,  
    Envy then a grace like thine.  
Will the lapse of years depart  
    Leaving thee alone its trace—  
Thou'lt be then my own sweetheart,  
    Ever still this loving face.

Years may shed its snow where now  
Tiara'd with an autumn gold,  
Rippling tresses kiss the brow  
That I now so softly hold.  
Years may all thy charms dispart,  
Leaving naught of beauty's trace.  
Love shall see alone, sweetheart,  
Then, as now, a loving face.

As the notes of Margaret's song ended my heart seemed gravitating closer and closer in its attachment to that fair creature. My musings were checked for the nonce by Henry's appeal to me to entertain the company, remarking with a roguishness :

That he, who well would criticise,  
Must of his talents first apprise.

My eyes wandered to Margaret's, whose looks inexorably sustained his request. Seeing there was no aperture for escape I took my place as she arose from the piano, a martyr to another of my young friend's whims, rendering, as well as my poor voice would permit, a song of my own home, unapproachable in beauty, the peerless Schuylkill Valley :

In a valley like an Eden,  
Beauty finding there her home,  
Through her fair labyrinths at even,  
Would I there delighted roam.  
Through its vale and sylph-like bowers,  
By the banks where Nature teems,

With the richest of her dowers—  
Where the pleasant Schuylkill streams.

There in loveliness abounding  
Lies a vale soft robed in green,  
Where the rocks above it frowning  
Guard the home of Nature's queen.  
There by stream and Arboretum,  
Where its gentle waters flow,  
There alone in beauty's welcome,  
Can this heart love's rapture know.

As my fingers wandered inadvertently over the keys, Henry pithily reminded me that the fervor of my song was antithetical to the spirit of severity I had manifested in the disparagement of the poem he had so far repeated to me. Here I turned to his lovely sister—she it was that to me spread the mantle of infallibility over the poetical aspirations of the brother. Had silence been golden my lack of criticism of Henry's talents, real or imaginary, that evening would have invested me with the marvelous touch of a Midas, my bridled tongue holding back its unsparing censure as 'neath the protection of this modern Aphrodite. Presumptuous grew the assuming young poet, and I, a mendicant for her smiles, dared but submit a listener's ear to the eulogy lavished on him. Hoping to find some defect in his panoply, I appealed warmly to his mother, urging that Henry, to justify his claim, should improvise in her honor. Henry, by the incline of his head, intimated his willingness to her, who, seating herself by his side, allowed her hand to



rest in the affectionate one of her son's, the mother and son presenting a picture defying portrayal in eloquence or color. All the deficiencies of the young poet vanished in the affectionate scene before me. Holding her hand tenderly within his own, Henry, to my surprise, extemporized the subjoined ode :

This hand infirm, now trite and old,  
With a tremor—a legend of love untold,  
'Tis not in a theme of yesterday—  
But a story of years now passed away.  
This hand, with a tremor as now,  
With a maidenly smile was laid,  
To a gentle press in the kind caress  
Of a hand when her vow was paid ;  
But that maidenly hand again grew strong  
With the touch of love through the years that's fled,  
Yet the trembling hand now guides along  
Her bark when the helmsman of love is dead.

The boatman still may guide her bark—  
With his love—as it drifts through the waning years,  
With a hand as strong, he leaves behind—  
Where the trembling helm of her love may find,  
In the succor her love had known—  
Through the years ere his love had flown,  
And another hand—of his love a part—  
Shall guide his lost love's lonely heart,  
And brave for his sake, through the years the tide—  
Where her helmless bark o'er its sea is tossed,  
And her trembling hand shall know the guide  
Of the loved one left—for the loved one lost.

At the conclusion of his solicitous tribute of love to his mother, one of the guests, an elderly gentleman with a rudely-awakened expression of eye, enthusiastically bounded to his feet, clutched Henry feverishly by the hand, then began disgoring adulatory absurdities. Now this conduct to me appeared unpardonable—he having no beautiful sister to cast her protecting mantle around him, thus leaving bare his sycophantic heart to the cuts of my praise-scoffing tongue. This gentleman, after being the recipient of several of my well-groomed and highly-charged invectives for his effusiveness, politely informed me that, to him, critics were always the object of his aversion—birds lacking plumage or song, flowers devoid of beauty or aroma, parasites usurping the song of the bird, devouring, mutilating, disfiguring the budding plant ere its unfolding petals disclosed the beauty, the incense of its imprisoned breath. After receiving that gentleman's homily with a look of repentance, my meekness being the result of Margaret's look of disapproval on my conduct, hoping to find a more expedient time to assail the gentleman with the startled expression, I postponed discussion on the merits or demerits of the young bard, the evening passing felicitously, each hour ripening into something more than admiration for the lovely and accomplished sister of my new friend. Scarce could I conceal from myself the spirit of appreciation of Henry's talents that was fastening itself upon me, as the following morning, after a cheery adieu, with the admonition against infrequent visits during my sojourn in the vicinity from Margaret, who had grown so dear in my brief acquaintance with her, and the genial Mrs.

Beckwith, the object of so much of Henry's affection, each standing in the doorway of the pretty cottage. As we repaired to what remained of Rufus Hall for the resumption of Henry's story, as we neared the grim remnant of that mediæval structure, being in truth the relic of one of those baronial strongholds, whose buttressed walls and frowning battlements yielded immunity to its lordly possessor in troublous times, the dungeons invariably serving as a mode of riddance from disquieting or factious individuals in periods of peace, as we drew closer, noting the dilapidated condition of that once impressive structure, the thought forced the conclusion on me that :

Mutation marks the régime of decay,  
 And blending ages drifting to the goal—  
 Of time's vast limit—when alone shall stay  
 The flame that lives in man's immortal soul.

There in a room of that fabric Henry began.

RUFUS HALL—THE BEDCHAMBER—THE COUNT'S  
 SOLILOQUY.

The morning arose o'er the night passed by,  
 And the sun with gold tinged the azure sky.  
 From his weary couch Orlander arose  
 With a fitful dream from his short repose.  
 Ah ! deep, he murmured, hath this wrong impressed  
 And mocked with hideous dream my futile rest !  
 Hath earth no place the guilty mind could seek

Where that immortal spirit dare not speak,  
That men define as conscience, to remind  
And rack with hell-born scenes the guilty mind?  
Within thy state, O sleep! thou twin of death,  
Its unremitting light, with fiery breath,  
Reveals the horror of the culprit's sin,  
And, like some keen, omnivorous fire within,  
Consumes the peace that holier thoughts possessed,  
And haunts with spectred wrong the criminal's breast.  
The hours, so short in sleep, to me denied  
Could not the warnings of this spectre hide;  
That silent judge, in Eden's fall ordained,  
Hath o'er my sleep with fierce, bent visage reigned.  
Or could it be that Zandi's bitter threat  
Would in my sleep these fancied scenes beget?  
Ah! well might words like hers my thoughts confound,  
And with unbridled fears my breast surround.  
That cave—its hell-created scenes— her shriek,  
At whose command the unseen myriads speak.  
I hear as yet, that maddened, sullen roar,  
Like breakers wild that beat the lonesome shore.  
Well might I dream, appalled, this blood is cold.  
That I for her could once affection hold.  
So base, yet garbed in nature's choice attire,  
Her words, her look did once to love inspire.  
That temple, reared as beauty's hallowed fane,  
Naught can of love in woman's soul contain.

Hopes, blasted now, in hate have crystallized  
 A heart I deemed were treasured to be prized ;  
 But now, Zandi, the shadows deep between  
 At last, Barillo, hath thy spirit seen.  
 As Æolus breathes, when chilled his breath, at eve  
 To blight each petaled throne, each flower bereave  
 Of virgin tints where frozen zephyrs blow,  
 Zandi seeks now in shame to blight her foe.  
 Keen was her glance, her fierce, suspecting glare,  
 When I, Zandi, forgot thy presence there.  
 In passion's burst those words to Ealien strayed :  
 Fool-tricked was I ; each word my love betrayed.  
 Methinks 'twas from this thought that she displayed  
 That amorous scene and love's avowal made,  
 That love's spontaneity to such appeal  
 Might symptoms of its hidden flame reveal.  
 That phantom scene her arts conjur'd to lure  
 The secret of that love I deemed secure  
 That beamed with rarer hues when I alone,  
 Through nights of doubt perceived its lustre shone.  
 Yet I had hoped none might its life disclose  
 Till I, by stealth, of Zandi might dispose ;  
 But from those words—

To Ealien she must feel

'Twere meet in strategy, not love, to deal  
 With me, since now that love hath ceased to thrill,  
 That made me slave to her revengeful will.

The truth dawns now why her duplicity  
Has sought to purport love unceasingly ;  
That I, cajoled by her delusive smile,  
Might with my art this maiden's love beguile,  
And blight this creature's fair, unsullied name ;  
For her revenge a flower pollute, defame,  
That she may deal through her the poignant blow  
That wrecks the hopes of him, her hapless foe.  
In hate's reprisal, that he took not, too,  
Her love, forsooth, where he no passion knew ;  
And I alone who own the art to deal  
The power inscrutable Ealien must feel  
When I intrench with it her youthful mind,  
And o'er her will my own dominion find.  
And this, Zandi, thy plan, unceasing, sought—  
Thy every aim that I for this were brought ;  
That I this power would wield to thy design,  
Then claiming recompense, thy love as mine ;  
The price to blot with infamy and shame,  
And, sullied, garb with doubt this creature's name,  
For whom e'en now my breast with passions burn,  
And I to make her mine now fondly yearn,  
Like flowers at morn that raise their drooping head  
As from their form the night's chill dews have fled,  
And wake to kiss the sun's first beam of light,  
Now sadder hang with dew-drop'd head at night,  
And weep the loss, their joys that light had known

As shadows dark lay now—his rays have flown—  
As that loved sun were Ealien's face to me,  
My hope to win, my aim's felicity,  
Her beaming face o'er me its radiance cast,  
But night must have no shadows, this no past.  
His face assumed a stern but pensive look.  
I must, Zandi, at last thy anger brook.  
She deems, in fear, that I her will obey,  
Lest she the secret of this scheme betray.  
This brain must work to baffle, now he said.  
I will of her dispose, then Ealien wed.  
Her prophecies as shadows but appear  
When to the light, from gloom, my hopes draw near.  
I will, Zandi, in truth thy will obey ;  
In amorous scenes she shall for me display  
Her love, as witless she, my powers can still  
Fill her with love by my o'ermastering will.  
Not to her shame for thee, but reared above  
This sacrifice—her I eternal love.  
My scheme redounds to baffle now thy fame,  
Who sought in hate's redress a woman's shame.  
Beware, Zandi ; Barillo's scheme now hath  
No shadows dark to cloud, but thee, his path.  
He starts to see—

A shadowed form that lies  
Before him—now, a moment, vanished, flies.  
Swift as the shadow flits Orlander turns,

No mortal there his anxious eye discerns ;  
 Beyond the door François, in stealth, had passed ;  
 His gliding form the fleeting shadow cast.  
 Could that, Orlander murmured, fancy be  
 That framed yon shadowed form's dark effigy ?  
 Or hath this spectre here my steps pursued  
 Where falls my whispered tale in solitude,  
 To weave, at her command, the hidden toil  
 That would, to wed Ealien, my scheme yet foil ?  
 Curse her ! he hissed ; I will her arts defy  
 And baffle, though her demon hosts were by.  
 With hasty touch he wakes the tiny bell ;  
 Soft, clear its note as weeping fountains tell,  
 With silver tongue, where crystal pendants flow  
 And leap to kiss the mirrored pool below.

Scarce had his hand its silver echo woke,  
 Prompt as the summoned genii, François spoke :  
 " I have, Señor, thy call now heard, and here,  
 As one devoted to thy will appear."  
 " Thou art, indeed, a slave at duty's shrine,  
 And I, François, know well such worth as thine :  
 Guileless, unshrewd, by candor bounteous blest—  
 All merits these, and, too, by thee possessed."

" Such praise, Señor, would but me more enslave  
 To one who has to me distinction gave."

" Does yet, François, the hall with life bestir ?"

" It does, Señor ; I did but now confer



With one without, and as we idle talked,  
Superb in beauty by his mistress walked."

"Did she, François, seem more than passing fair?"

"None have I seen, Señor, that could compare."

"As she ye passed did aught his words infer  
That I, as wooer here, in love sought her?"

"He did of thee in whispered tones comment,  
That thou to win her hand and wed were bent."

"To thee, François, I will alone confide  
My hopes, my dream, to make Ealien my bride.  
And Zandi, she who with us hither came,  
Thou must, to serve me well, impeach her name.  
Of leagues infernal, here—where doubts abound—  
In whispered breath tell all a witch thou'st found,  
Till passions swell in breasts that dormant lie.  
She may, François, amidst its vortex die.  
Her from my path," he hissed, "none can deter  
When I with hidden power, enslaved, hold her.  
Ealien, François, shall then be mine alone,  
Not to debase, but her as bride to own."

"Thy wish, Señor, to me his wills concur,  
And François now shall rid thy path of her."

As Henry concluded his iteration of the Count's monologue and the simulation of François in his proffer of compliance with the Count's scheme to win Ealien, first removing Zandi from his path, I began to feel a sense of repugnance for the name of that wretch who

could so well dissimulate. As we had previously visited the trysting place, Henry enjoined me to listen to the story of Lenard's grief, his apprehension arising from the long absence of his sweetheart.

#### THE TRYSTING PLACE.

Night after night in vain I wait,  
Faithful yon jewelled orbs appear,  
The sighing winds compassionate,  
But her soft smile comes not to cheer.  
The fears that slept within my breast  
From apathy tumultuous grow,  
Through harrowed nights of doubt, no rest  
Till I, Ealien, of thee must know.  
Ye gems in yon empyrean crown!  
That light the haloed brow of night,  
Should ye upon her path look down,  
Lead her, ye gems, back to my sight.  
Could virtue live if she, so fair,  
Who's pledged to me, here last we met,  
Could lull with smiles that angels bear—  
My fears, and then her vows forget.  
Yet, like a spectre to my mind  
Recurr this necromancer's tale,  
Each hour engrossed, to deeper find  
Those scenes depicted, me assail;  
And fancies mockingly repair

To that dread scene where Ealien lies ;  
Fool I, and maddened in despair,  
With brutal hands suppress her cries  
To murder her move not ye winds !  
Your sightless wings this tale might steal,  
Ere echo back could now consign  
This awful secret I reveal.  
But no ! 'tis false, I dare not think  
She could to me perfidious grow ;  
Appalled, I from the thought would shrink,  
That hag's monitions brought me woe :  
Ye gods ! had I not seen her there,  
With powers none human could possess—  
Where shrieking legions fill'd the air  
Obedient to that Sorceress ;  
My mind could banish from its realms  
Her murdered form, ere she his bride—  
The thought that hourly overwhelms  
And haunts with spectre such, my side.

Since that dark night of horror I  
Again, in vain, this creature sought—  
Since thou no longer comest nigh,  
To her, with grief and fear distraught  
To learn if they thee obviate,  
Or thou, self-willing, shuns my sight,  
While I with hopes expiring wait  
Thy advent here, my love, each night.

Futile my search in forest, when  
This nocturn prophetess had fled—  
In that lone cave no denizen,  
Where she that night my future read.  
Could I but see her now, and she  
In mercy could this racked soul tell  
Unfounded, base, her prophecy—  
Ye gods ! this hour's dread fears dispel,  
That she by arts conjured that scene,  
That foul phantasmagorial rose  
That night, and swear 'twas false, Ealien  
Would not by me know death's keen throes.  
And yet, masked priestess, did not she  
Of him, this Count, to me reveal  
That Ealien would unblushingly  
Her love for him from me conceal ?  
He, favored guest, Ealien, not here—  
How strange—her dark monitions bear  
Their truth, since Ealien insincere,  
Seeks now, perchance, his love to share.  
But by yon stars ! by them she swore  
That I alone her love possessed :  
This heart shall cease and beat no more,  
Ere she shall couch another's breast.

What ! am I mad to dream Ealien  
Could see love's smiles and I not nigh ?  
Could love's soft blushes hide unseen

And mask in smile's deceit her eye ?  
No, no, Ealien, these eyes must see  
Thy perfidy, thy guilt, ere I  
Who love thee deem but pure of thee ;  
Her hariolations I defy.

“ And they who would have proof must seek,  
The drone marks not as summer flies,  
The fairest flowers but fragrant keep,  
Where pure unsullied virtue lies.”

Each word in bitter tone came forth  
From out a clump adjacent by,  
Where towering elms cast o'er the earth  
Their shadows grim, like giants lie.

Lenard, first startled by the tone,  
Grew furious now ; they had then heard  
Who back responded to his own,  
Each thought re-echoed—this inferred.  
Towards the brush with angry stride  
He rushed with poniard now in hand.  
Come forth ! he shouts, but cowards hide ;  
Fierce rang his words at my command.  
His face a startled look revealed  
To see the Sorceress standing there ;  
That figure now he knew, there veiled—  
Garbed she as Islam's daughters wear.

“ Why thus surprised, Lenard, and start  
As though uncalled I did appear ?

I heard thee importune my art ;  
At thy request alone I am here."

"What need to hide?" Lenard replied,  
"From thee who can all things discern,  
In vain through forest deep I've tried  
Of thee, mysterious one, to learn."

"Why shouldst thou seek of me to speak?—  
Time will to thee all things portray,  
And her of whom thou'd learn and seek  
My arts were loath now to betray."

"No innuendoes to my mind  
Illicit thoughts of her convey,  
Till proof, thou prophetess, I find ;  
My heart her love could not gainsay.  
Didst thou not say the idle drone,  
That garners not when summer flies,  
Neglects the treasure they would own,  
And vandals pillage virtue's prize ?  
These words, momentous, grave must be,  
To intimate that I, the drone,  
Who basks in thy analogy,  
Till she, Ealien, from me has flown.  
To thee whose dread research has told  
Of what is not, and yet to be,  
Who did this direful end unfold—  
Have I, strange mortal, friend in thee?"

"Thou hast a friend in me to share,

And one to make thy deeds her own ;  
Mark well, Lenard, I will not spare  
To make thy feelings those *I've* known."

Unconscious of the scorpion's sting,  
Her hand, in gratitude, he grasped.  
"I will thee to thy Ealien bring,  
Since thou, Lenard, my aid has asked."

"If she within its walls confined—  
Inveterate still her father's hate,  
How can we to her ingress find,  
Where bars our way its frowning gate?"

"Ask not of me, whose power can lead,  
No gates my entry there shall close.  
The hour now waxes late indeed,  
And thou, I know, impatient grows  
To see her eyes denote surprise,  
To see her bound with joy to greet  
And clasp thee, as her smothered cries  
In ecstasies thy name repeat."

The night with balm soft kissed the breeze,  
From fragrant blushes, Flora slept,  
Like wearied Titans hung the trees  
To shadow'd sleep, whereon they stepped,  
That led, Lenard, O, who shall say!  
With doubt or effervescent hope,  
To yon grim walls that would betray  
Her sin, or joy's fair portals ope.

In strange companionship he strode  
O'er paths his feet were wont to tread  
When she, whom now he sought, he wooed,  
And beauty, passion's flame, had fed.  
As nearer loomed its walls in sight  
Her voice broke on his reverie—  
“ Illumed, Lenard, the hall to-night  
To me seems wrapt in festive glee ;  
Some banquet here, or knightly dance  
Makes merry mirth within its wall,  
And thus begets an easy chance  
For our admittance to its hall.  
Thou follow me, we must, concealed  
From prying eyes, still linger here,  
Subservient to the power I wield  
Aid shall, at my behest, appear.  
See, now comes one, yon figure there,  
To serve as ally in our need,  
To see thy Ealien, now prepare,  
And follow thou where I may lead.”

“ How strange,” mused Lenard, “ she should find  
Auxiliary within that hall—  
That some mysterious tie must bind  
To summon at her unheard call.”

#### THE GARDEN—THE SNARE.

Back from the terrace Lenard stood  
Unseen by those who passed along



And wondered why the evening should  
Converted be to fête and song.  
He knew there was not wont to be  
Those relics of a sumptuous grace ;  
This guise of prodigality  
Suits here but ill, De Neville's place,  
That they should honor, Lenard said,  
'Tis meet of whom, that thou shouldst know—  
Since they at thy command here led  
Would thee acquaint of, that I trow."

"Move not, Lenard, this group draws near,  
Now deeper in the shadows turn ;  
And news, perchance, we then may hear,  
And thou of her, thy loved one, learn."

From where he stood his eye could see  
Where stretched the green-robed sward around,  
And garnered in their rustic glee,  
The rural's joyous dance abound.  
These lawns so long neglected now  
Wake like a dream from Flora's bower,  
When Midas touched her sleeping brow,  
And gold-hued rose the primrose flower ;  
Still here where love might build its throne !  
And close from care its raptured eyes,  
A dread, a fear, before unknown,  
Of some impending dangers rise.

"See now, Lenard, they nearer draw !"

'Tis Hugh de Neville now that speaks ;  
“ And see, 'tis her—yes, there I saw ;  
Thy Ealien, now, this Spaniard seeks.”

With angry gesture now he turned—  
“ What meanest thou by him she seeks ?  
Thou dost but prattle, thou so learned,  
As one unwise, that witless speaks.”

Had he but seen beneath her mask,  
At his retort, her cunning lear—  
Hate deep, inveterate, there was cast  
That prompts her now bid him to hear.  
“ Father !” the words “ he is my choice ”  
Reach Lenard's ears—his fears have flown ;  
“ Hear thou, defamer, Ealien's voice !  
Proclaims for me her love alone.”

“ Be calm, Lenard, they now confer,  
Thy hopes aspiring still rejoice—”

Ignoring Zandi, wrapt in her,  
He hears again his loved one's voice.  
Father, none other shall me claim  
But him, she speaks, who now is nigh.  
“ Then,” Lenard whispered, “ love's proclaim  
Tells her in truth, Lenard is by.”

My child, he hath but now arrived—  
De Neville spoke—to greet his name  
I have with wealth unstinted, tried  
To honor since to us he came.

“How, generous soul, have I misjudged—  
 With imputations have I told  
 Of selfish deeds thy greed adjudged,  
 And deemed thee slave of Mammon’s gold,  
 But now I will myself reveal,  
 And here De Neville’s pardon seek,  
 Since he for me can kindness feel—  
 Long have I sought this hour to speak.”

With joy enraptured, uncontrolled,  
 Lenard would rush, yea! grasp his hand—  
 “Be not,” the Sorceress murmured, “bold!  
 Ere thou their converse understand.”

“And thou wouldst here my will deter—  
 Thy shadow, now, my hopes surmount;”

“’Tis not of thee, fool, they aver—”  
 Spoke Zandi—“but of him, the Count.”

“Thou liest, hag! now to her side—  
 I rush untrammelled now, by fear,  
 Fool were I here with thee to hide,  
 When they avow that I am near.”

Lenard prepared to leave where he  
 Ensconced had been in secret by,  
 He hears Ealien’s voice joyously,  
 And deems for him her welcome cry.

He starts, then halts, in dread amaze,  
 As one transfixed, he saw her press,  
 And there before his maddened gaze  
 Rush joyous to this Count’s caress.

“Thou hast,” he cried, “the truth revealed,  
Thy harriolation did not lie!  
Yet why shouldst thou here seek, concealed,  
That I to witness this were nigh?”

His fingers clinched, the hot blood rose,  
His brow grew dark in passion's storm—  
Could grief augment his bitter woes  
To see her hands caress yon form?  
His hand sweeps painfully his brow,  
As if this scene he would erase.  
Ealien, thy form grows loathsome now—  
Thrice, thrice, he cried, is she debased.  
And turning to the Sorceress there,  
Though bold, she shudders at his sneer.  
“Was it—thou incarnated heir  
Of hell—for this thou'st brought me here?”

“Be calm, Lenard, see how she fawns,  
And toys with him in love's caress;  
Because for him thy love she scorns  
Thou shouldst not love her yet the less.”

“Love her the less! Wouldst thou deride  
And mock my grief, that I should be  
Enamored of this thing beside—  
Pales with a blush duplicity?  
Thou canst have never loved as I  
Or felt,” he cried, “as I its trance,  
Then see its hopes elusive die,  
Yea! fade like mist, before thy glance.”

“Hear her for love appeal to him,”  
Zandi retorts—“thy past peruse ;  
Does not some shadowed spectre dim—  
Some blighted life—thy heart accuse ?  
Go thou to her, thy Ealien tell  
Of one once fair, like her, now lies  
Where o’er the shrouding waters fell,  
Whose spirit now for vengeance cries.”

“Witch that thou art, as impious liar !  
Thy breathings here now vilify,  
And secret agents would conspire  
To link with me this odious lie.”

“Go ask thy Ealien—there may know  
If she of thee this tale disdained,  
Her love for him may better show  
Wherein of truth this lie contained.”

His keen eyes, anguished, sees Ealien  
With hands there by the Spaniard clasped ;  
“Has then these lies infamous been  
By thee so told ?” Lenard now gasped.  
“Thy presence like a blighting breath  
Around misfortune seems to weave—  
Thy visions, prophecies of death,  
Shall now no more my thoughts deceive :  
Thy powers may of the future read,  
Thou liest, hag ! now, of the past—  
Should she believe of me this deed,

'Tis thou who would our future blast !  
From thee the veil I'll rend, and there  
Shall she the false defiler find."

Ere yet he could her visage bare  
Fast clutched were Lenard's hands behind ;  
He struggles now, he writhes in vain,  
His swaying form his captors hold ;  
He battles fierce to freedom gain,  
And Zandi's bitter smiles behold.

"Is this," he shouts, "thy hellish work,"  
To be by thee inveigled here,  
Where cowards base in secret lurk,  
And slaves of thine, to seize, appear?"

"Drag him to where De Neville stands ;  
He came," she cried, "on murder bent,  
Ye found this dagger in his hands  
And heard him speak of such intent."

Amazed, he sees how craftily—  
Yet why, he reasons, here her plot ;  
"Why thus is marked thy enmity  
For one," he asks, "who harmed thee not?"

They drag him forth, yet struggles he,  
The witless victim of her hate—  
"Were I," he fumed, "ye cowards, free,  
Ye would for mercy supplicate."

Unheeded they his angered vow—  
He looked to see—Zandi had fled—

His captors force him onward now ;  
“ We know,” they muttered, “ what thou’st said.”

The crimson mounts his cheeks to bear  
Before his rival there the shame,  
The loathsome stigma, prying there  
That he by stealth to murder came.

As the young poet’s narration brought us to the seizure of Len’ard and the forcible means by which he was dragged as a culprit before the Baron de Neville “ at the instigation of the Sorceress,” my mind concluded that the mysterious woman had some deep-laid scheme whereby to inculcate Len’ard ; but, as my friend stated, “ I would learn her motives by the result of the Baron’s decision.”

#### THE PLOT.

“ Whom,” speaks De Neville, “ have we here ?  
Come, brawler, thou must have a care,  
Thou wouldst partake of our good cheer,  
And quarrel in our midst wouldst dare !”

“ No common brawler, sir, is he,”  
Spoke one, François, but with intent ;  
“ I heard him say behind yon tree,  
To murder here, the Count, he meant.”

“ ’Tis false, De Neville,” he exclaimed,  
As o’er his face the torchlight shone ;  
“ This wretch hath here a lie proclaimed,  
One by a witch he must have known.”

Each start as Lenard they behold.

“So thou in secret loitered near?”

De Neville speaks, “since he hath told

We marvel not why thou art here.

A witch’s lie! in sooth we might,”

De Neville sneers, “thy tale believe,

But thou proscribed here shuns the light.

Would of thy motive us deceive,

And seek by murder to regain

Her love, whom now betrothed, thou’st found?”

“And, sir, by stealth we did obtain

His dagger as he watched ye round.”

Thus interposed François again.

“Suspicious first, alarmed I grew,

That he the Count would here have slain,

Had we not brought him, sir, to you.”

De Neville’s eyes burn fierce with rage

As Lenard calmly made response :

“I do admit by espionage

I sought her who had loved me once ;

I came not here with fell design,

Or yet impelled by rival’s hate.

A treasure here I deemed was mine,

I thought, repined disconsolate.

Repined, yes, for the love we find,

When soul to soul, through mirrored eyes,

We see reflections there that bind,

And link the souls in deathless ties.”



As Lenard spoke his eyes had sought,  
With pained expression, Ealien's face,  
But in those eyes no mellowed thought  
Of sympathy for him gave trace ;  
Cold, soulless, there no feelings gleam,  
Yea, sickened, dies his last dim hope ;  
" My God ! " he cries, " is this some dream !  
And ye but phantom's interlope ?  
Speak thou, Ealien, " he madly cried,

Then bounds—a Trojan in his wrath—  
To Ealien's timid, shrinking side ;  
He sweeps his captors from his path.  
He kneels, unconscious of each scowl,  
To seize her hand in frenzied zeal.  
" They do, Ealien, my name befoul  
That they from me thy love could steal ;  
Let here, " he pleads, " thine eyes may tell  
Unchanging lives thy love of old—  
A word, a look, my fears dispel,  
Let me, Ealien, one smile behold.  
Each pledge to me, of thine, but think,  
Engrafted lies within this breast.  
But thou, " he cries, " dost from me shrink,  
As though thou didst my form detest. "

" I know thee not, " Ealien replied.  
Stung by her words that mock belief,  
Recoiling back when hope had died—  
He stands, despair's lost child of grief.

“She knows thee not,” De Neville sneers;  
 “She will, Lenard, the Count, soon wed.”

In horror, now, each word he hears  
 That she—that witch prophetic—said,  
 Again in fear recurs the cave;  
 He sees where Ealien strangled lies.  
 “Come, death, thou canst from me her save  
 Ere by these maddened hands she dies!”

Swift as the eagle swoops below,  
 When to his prey the monarch lowered—  
 As fierce Lenard, ere yet they know,  
 Assails and wrests his captor’s sword.  
 His towering form, majestic now,  
 With fierce gripped sword defiant stands;  
 Dark as Ahriman’s\* pall his brow.  
 Why maddened thus none understands.  
 “Come now,” he cries, “ye cowards, see  
 How Lenard here can fate defy  
 To save her—yet unworthy, she.  
 Now thou, or I, here, Count, must die.”

With wild impetus Lenard sprang  
 To where alert the Spaniard stood.  
 “Come, thou or I”—his words now rang—  
 “Must dye this esplanade with blood.”

Like torrents stirred by tempest’s flow  
 That leap before the storm king’s track

---

\* The Persian Spirit of Darkness.

Lenard rushed madly on his foe,  
Who sternly waits his fierce attack.  
Swift as the playing of each flash  
That spans in flaming breath the sky—  
As swift as they, their swords now clash,  
And blanch the cheeks of all stood nigh.  
Like one, Ealien, that stupor owned—  
She saw but him who holds her will,  
Oblivious of all else she moaned,  
And shrieks, “he will Orlander kill !”

Back, back, the skillful Spaniard stepped,  
Pressed now by Lenard's furious blows.  
His master-hand, to arms adept,  
Turns each, as each now faster grows.  
What power can stay that mad assail  
That fury to his skill had sent ?  
Orlander's strength seems fast to fail  
As frenzy more to Lenard's lent.

“ Now, at thee, dog ! and thou wouldst wed,”  
Lenard in husky tones now hissed,  
“ The grave shall be thy wedded bed,  
To it this sword shall thee assist.”

Alarmed, De Neville anxious cries,  
“ Take thou, François, and wield this blade,  
Stand not while there thy master dies—  
See how, distressed, he needs our aid.  
And thou who captured him as well,

Charge all, ye cowards, stand not here ;  
His prowess o'er the Count will tell,  
Wilt thou not, François, interfere ?”

“ Master, the Count his own will hold,  
He yet but feigns a lack of skill.  
Curse them !” he breathes, “ I could behold  
With pleasure each the other kill.”

De Neville saw how feeble grew  
Each moment, now, Orlander's arm ;  
“ Will none,” he cried, “ that wolf subdue ?  
Dare none Lenard Morrell disarm ?”

Now round the combatants they closed,  
Each fain his valor would attest,  
Yet none so valiantly disposed  
To press beyond where grouped the rest,  
Till at the sound of Ealien's cry  
They see Orlander's shivered blade—  
Lenard's revengeful sword on high,  
And 'neath, the prostrate Spaniard laid.  
His features bore no craven's look,  
His eyes told not of fear's despair ;  
Of her one anguished glance he took—  
Ealien, his hapless victim, there.  
For her his scheming soul had dared  
To blast her mind, till in its gloom  
His passion might with her have shared  
The blind love of that living tomb,

Lenard, the victor, o'er him stood,  
Fierce, panting from that bloody fray ;  
His comely face begrimed with blood,  
He holds, with fear, his foes at bay.

“ Why falter there ? Are ye afraid ?  
When numbers fear, then valor pales.  
Ye have, ye cowards, tribute paid  
To courage, yet ye find it fails.”

Then, pointing to his fallen foe :  
“ I would,” he cried, “ have mercy shown ;  
But, no, to save her, thou must go.  
Then me these vultures here may own.”

And men now shuddered, turned their gaze  
From that dread crime to be achieved,  
When, lo ! some saw, with glad amaze,  
Lenard's uplifted hand now seized.

De Neville, panther-like, had crept,  
Unseen, to where, with sullen cry,  
He leaped, that blow to intercept.  
“ Not by thee, Lenard, shall he die.”

De Neville's frame, senile and weak,  
Before that vengeful arm is bowed.  
To aid the Baron fast they seek,  
Whilst round Lenard retainers crowd.  
A dozen blades menace his breast ;  
Like hounds in at the death they close.  
Orlander, by his wounds distressed,

With dark, revengeful look, arose.  
His dagger from his girth he seized,  
His eyes blaze now with threatening glare.  
Lenard, defenceless, now perceived  
A strange o'ermastering power there.

“Now make thy peace,” Orlander hissed ;  
“Not I, but thou, the grave shall wed.  
To murder here thy aim hath missed.  
Fool, this redounds to thee instead.”

His dagger rose. “None here,” he cried,  
“Can thee now from my vengeance save.”

“Strike deep, in death,” Lenard replied ;  
“No phantom scenes invade the grave.”

Swift as the *aërolite* his blade,  
That, gleaming, now seeks Lenard's side.

“Hold !” rang a voice, and, undismayed,  
Zandi his arm now struck aside.

“Back, fool ! Wouldst thou my will defy ?”

In awe, from her the boldest drew.  
“’Tis she, the witch,” alarmed, they cry,  
Who'd seen her powers, though veiled, her knew.

“His life is mine, and thou, beware !  
Thou shalt for this to me atone.  
Let him, despairing, live to share,  
In grief, the wrongs his past hath sown.”

“Base liar ! hag ! I know thee not,”  
Lenard, with fierce vehemence, cried ;

“ But thou, with schemes that craft begot,  
To ruin here my name hath tried.”

Orlander, baffled, now recedes.

“ Curse her !” he breathes ; “ her presence here,  
Since she for him, her victim, pleads,  
But garbs her hate in scheme’s veneer.”

“ What creature,” Count De Neville asked,  
“ Is this that doth thee so abjure,  
And thus assails with presence masked,  
That thou must needs her threats endure ?”

“ I know her not,” Orlander spoke,  
“ Unless by her reputed lore ;  
Some of these guileless village folk  
May of her deeds than I know more.”

“ I speak to him to have a care,  
As I, De Neville, speak to thee,  
As one who reads the future dare  
Unfold its direful prophecy.  
The future doth evolve in red  
A scene wherein thy child appears,  
And blood in every line is read—  
Its picture fills my soul with fears.  
Do thou Lenard a captive keep ;  
There, in the dungeon’s loathsome air,  
Let him o’er past transgressions weep.  
Mark well ; Lenard is safest there.  
And thou, Orlander, Count of Spain,

Unciphered still is that decree  
That rules thy fate ; yet here remain,  
And hate shall track thy perfidy."

Lenard stood mute, till to his mind  
Came, from her words, that scene again.

"Thou witch !" he cried ; "thou wert ill-timed.  
'Twere better far that I were slain.  
Who art thou, hag ? Thy every bent  
Seems doomed my haunted life to fill—  
That fate remorselessly hath sent  
Its curse that I Ealien shall kill."

"My daughter kill !" De Neville screamed.  
"Thou wretch, when we, in mercy, spared  
Thy life we then but little deemed  
That such our clemency had shared."

"Hear me, De Neville, hear my tale,  
Then thou some humane thought must feel ;  
For one whom prophecies entail  
Hath curs'd till here I must reveal."

"Away with him !" De Neville fumed ;  
"He would offset yon woman's lore.  
Till ye are wed, Count, he is doomed ;  
A cell shall curb his passion o'er,  
And thou, François, for him to me  
Shall I of thee hold stern account,  
Should he regain his liberty  
To harm thy master here, the Count."



“ Since ye in me so well confide,  
While here my master shall remain,  
None shall but they who aid beside,  
An ingress to our captive gain.”

“ Come ! come ! ”—his captor’s harsh rebuke,  
As Lenard gazed on Ealien’s face.  
He meets but there its stony look ;  
Her form turns to the Count’s embrace.  
His soul within sinks as she pleads  
With him, his rival, her to wed.

“ Fools ! ” muttered Zandi, “ who of deeds  
To-morrow’s plans ere this have fled.”

Unconscious there of all her save,  
“ Ealien, my love,” he made reply :  
“ For thee Orlander death would brave.”

“ Ere that,” breathes Zandi, “ she shall die.”

The evidence of her motives became tangible in the commitment of Lenard to a dungeon of the castle. Yet why not, this hero, valiant enough to hold that inimical assemblage at bay, fearlessly denounce that woman, repeating her prophecy, thus stultifying her prediction, the anathema of which had been slowly leading him a slave to the belief of that inevitable doom? The efforts of the unfortunate youth, Henry reminded me, were made fruitless by the appearance of Zandi and the fear in which her monition was received, to confine him a prisoner to prevent his perpetration of a terrible deed. “ How well she succeeded,” he said, “ future developments in my

tale will illustrate." "Yet," I repeated, in response, "the woman's action resulted in removing from the Count's path the only obstacle to obviate his success in securing the hand of Ealien, she being a helpless victim to the wonderful influence of his will." "The pernicious mastery of her power," he continued, "will become more visible in the part I am about to relate."

#### THE PRISON—THE CAPTIVE.

Within the cell the dim light crept ;  
The last pulsating throb of day  
That beamed its ray ere night had swept  
Its sombre robes where gold now lay,  
And stealing through a niche that, high,  
Scarce lights the sepulchre of stone,  
And lingers there as if to die  
With him, its sad inmate, alone—  
Alone in grief—as fitfully  
He paces now its noisome floor,  
And sees, in wild despondency  
And baffled hate, its massive door  
Hushed as the still that guards the tomb  
When midnight hour its warnings beat,  
No sound save in that dismal gloom  
The tread that tells of restless feet.  
He paces on with gloomy brow ;  
He halts, he thinks, and here to find,

He mutters, she I love, but now  
Hath lived the basest of her kind.  
To me in day the sun's soft light  
But warmer grew when she was near,  
And she, debased, laughed on that night—  
Yea, scoffed at my prophetic fear ;  
And she, reviling truth till there—  
A lie so foul, infamous, swore,  
And called each star to witness bear  
Her love was mine still as before.  
Could they, he moaned, have chastely kept  
Their vigil, and, unblushing, see  
Her sin, as I of fears bereft  
Drank hope from her pledged constancy ?  
No, they, he murmured painfully—  
Ethereal jewels of that land  
That beareth truth, her sin could see  
As I, fool, grasped in love her hand.  
To think so false—as there—her thought  
Wing'd then to him in love away,  
As I in pleading voice besought  
The pledge that would my fears allay.  
And she with vow undying pledged  
Her love alone that night was mine ;  
That witch, she pleaded, false alleged,  
Did she the future else divine.

Is this, he cried, her pledge fulfilled ?

When I, imperilled by their hate,  
When they her Lenard would have killed—  
Did she for me compassionate?  
Can all her thoughts of me be dead?  
It wrings my soul her treachery,  
'Tis maddening chaos to my head;  
That lie so vile—she knew not me.  
I curse them all; but for this chain  
That galling binds me now behind,  
Yea, death would I here brave to gain,  
That she, ere his, I yet might find.  
Within these walls, to pause, to think,  
A phantom mocks me from the grave,  
And she, their Agnes on that brink,  
Aye becks me on, and none to save.  
But she is dead; why haunts me she?  
Her haughty soul and passion thought  
Might there achieve to wed with me  
The aim her proud pretensions sought;  
When to her pleadings I affirmed  
That I with her could never wed,  
With grief when she was dead I learned—  
She died despairing, when she fled.  
Away these thoughts; I've done no wrongs  
That boyish whim brought no disgrace,  
Yet in this mystery that throngs  
Around me now, I see her face.

Will she, that witch, me ever haunt ?  
Her spectre now pervades this gloom,  
Forever her accursed taunt.  
See there, Lenard, thy Ealien's doom.

Again he strode his dreary cell,  
Forsaken day left weird the gloom.  
Come, death ! he cried, this dread dispel,  
Make thou in mercy this my tomb.  
Weary at last, he seeks repose ;  
Could I, he murmured, here but die,  
Life's grief makes less thy bitter throes,  
When hopes beyond, immortal lie.  
He starts, he, straining, hears a sound  
That tells of footsteps drawing near ;  
As painfully his hands are bound,  
He through the darkness strives to peer.  
They come ! he hears their clinking steel—  
They shall not say I know of fear ;  
The heart can best its pain conceal  
Where flows not grief's unbidden tear.  
The pond'rous door swings open wide,  
A flambeau yields each form to view ;  
François, the schemer, steps inside,  
Accompanied by an escort who  
Had daily served his spare repast.  
The torch sheds round a lurid glare,  
Exposing, stern, with hands bound fast,

Lenard, yet bold, defiant, there.  
As he at François fiercely glared,  
The light reveals how changed his face ;  
“ So thou,” he cried, “ traducer, dared—  
Whose lie was, like thy manhood, base—  
Come now, to see the wreck that lie  
Hath made of one who dared ye all.  
Think ye that I am loath to die ?  
I seek, not shun, from life its pall.”

“ Retire,” spoke François, “ I alone,  
Though loath, this deed shall perpetrate ;  
I will to its commission own.  
Thou may, without attendant, wait.”

The iron door swings to its place,  
And creaking sounds as spirits moan  
To see this lost soul face to face  
With him, the plotter, there alone ;  
The cold environed dismal cell,  
The ghastly flicker of that light,  
Makes its confines a fitter hell,  
To hear François’s plot that night.

Thou complot of Zandi’s dark will,  
Does not thy deed repugnant grow ?  
His breast with harrowed grief to fill,  
At her behest add to his woe.  
And all to win the smile that she  
Thou deem’st love will in return

Give back for thy base treachery—  
Too soon her hollow pledge thou'lt learn.  
And such is love, that to its ends  
Man of his man makes mortal foe—  
To win what heaven's virtue lends,  
Makes man to man oft baser grow.

“Why art thou here?” Lenard now spoke.

“Thy sword speaks as to murder bent  
Had prompted thee to deal the stroke,  
By them who hath thee hither sent.”

“Lenard Morrell, should I disclose  
Who to this deed hath François sent  
To deal the cold assassin's blows,  
That name thy grief would but ferment.  
Think not free agent I have come  
To this fell task—I would befriend,  
And give to thee the solace'd sum  
Of all the aid my power can lend.”

“Tell me who hath commission'd thus?  
Wert thou my friend or her base tool  
That I must grow so credulous  
To look for aid from thee, thou fool?  
Go to her, tell them all!” he cried,  
“How Lenard scoffed at thy menace;  
That she in prophecy hath lied!  
Thou servest her, this prophetess.”

“'Tis false! ingratitude were sin.

'Tis she, Lenard, who would thee save,  
And seeks by me, for thee, to win  
Escape—to save thee from the grave.  
List thou, I will to thee relate—  
Be patient, bear with me, and then  
I will her tale reiterate,  
And doubt me if thou will ; then when  
I tell thee it is one that seeks  
That thou shouldst die unknown to all  
Who wronged thee, and a fear still keeps  
Lest friends rescue thee from this hall."

" I know not if thou'rt friend or foe,  
'Tis he," hissed Lenard, " I suspect,  
This Count, thy master, who would show  
His hate for one whose life he wrecked.  
Why parley thou if to this deed  
Thou hast thy master promise gave?  
How couldst thou serve me in this need—  
Wouldst thou for me his anger brave?"  
" Not hê, the Count, would so demean  
As thus to seek his rival's life,  
But she of all who shouldst thee screen—  
'Tis her thou wouldst have made a wife."

" My God!" he shrieked, " thou canst not say  
That she to thee did this suggest,  
That such inhuman thoughts could lay  
Where love for me was wont to rest.



Thou liest, dog ! accursed she,  
I know lives in her bitter shame,  
But this suggest, to murder me,  
From her in truth it never came—  
Who once could fondle to my breast,  
As in the incense of her smile,  
Her words, her love, all did attest—  
And yet ! he moans, she hath grown vile ;  
Didst thou not see her on that night,  
When thou and all like tigers pressed,  
To crush me there before her sight ?  
Her voice sought not ye to arrest ;  
Thou heard her not with pleading strive,  
Unmoved she stood, nor importuned  
To stay that fell impending drive,  
When I, disarmed, he would have doomed  
Had not that witch ill-timed appeared,  
Who wields o'er him her latent power—  
I sought for death, yet her he feared—  
And dared but to her mandate cover.”

“ Aye, true, Lenard ; if not he would  
Have slain thee by his vengeful blow,  
And she whom thou hast loved well could  
Have seen thy death and felt no woe.”

“ Then why did she, this witch, intrigue ?  
And claim for murder I was there ;  
With her thou must have been in league,  
So well did thou her scheming share.”

“ She did, Lenard, this plan contrive,  
But all I swear to save thy name ;  
Alone in honor did she strive  
To show thee Ealien’s blushless shame.  
'Tis she who now would intercede  
To rescue thee from Ealien’s power,  
And did for thee this evening plead,  
Yea, sought me but this very hour  
To plead for thee when she thou loved  
Had sought my aid to this foul deed ;  
And thus her wrong a boon hath proved,  
I can thee now to freedom lead.”

As François told how she had sought  
To win that pledge to murder him,  
Distorted by internal thought  
His features drawn were set and grim ;  
He paced his cell as François gazed  
On him with sly demonic leer,  
His haggard face at length was raised—  
“ So she, thou say’st, does me fear,  
And she hath prompted thee to kill—  
Tell me, thou art a friend, I feel,  
Did she suggest with cunning will  
How thou a death to me should deal ?”

“ My heart, Lenard, to tell thee more  
Feels smote that she could so conspire ;  
I did for thee to her implore,

But no, thy death was her desire ;  
She does the Count to-morrow wed—  
And sought that here I strangle thee,  
And said by such, when thou wert dead  
None would suspect of treachery.”

“ Nay, nay, no truth more grief can bring,  
The heart impervious grows to pain,  
When wrongs hath barren made its spring,  
And snaps life's fondest hope in twain.  
The darkest night will bear some light,  
E'en rocks by tinted verdure pressed  
Will in return their clasp requite,  
And give them on their bosom rest :  
But she, he moaned, her heart hath grown  
More fouler than the darkest gloom,  
More sterile than the barren stone  
Where clings the saxifrage,\* to bloom.”

“ And thou wert loath to consummate  
This deed, from which thy heart did shrink,  
And she would force thee perpetrate  
That she with him her name might link.  
Were I but free,” he fiercely hissed,  
“ Not him to-morrow would she wed.  
Though I to her death-cries would list,  
She should ere that—and I—be dead.”  
As though fate echoes back each word,

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\* An Alpine plant.

Resounding her dread prophecy,  
"What sin," he cries, "have I incurred,  
That fate decrees she dies by me?"

The cold sweat bathes his haggard brow,  
His eyes shine with uncertain light—  
Erratic, wild, his manner now  
Told reason fast was taking flight.  
Immobile François gazed upon  
And saw his grief-racked victim there,  
Too well his subtle plot led on  
To death, Ealien, for thee to share.  
"Fear not, Lenard," his foul tongue spoke,  
"I will from here thee liberate,  
Thou canst prevent this hated yoke—  
To kill them both were but just fate."

"No, no, not him would I molest,  
Wilt thou but aid me to regain  
My liberty ere he shall wrest  
All that I live for to retain."

François, with well-affected grief,  
Spoke: "Here thou shalt not long remain;  
I will," he said, "Lenard, be brief,  
To tell thee how I can obtain  
Emancipation from this cell  
For thee; the guard that stands without  
Would eagerly his mistress tell  
Did he of me but hold a doubt.

He deems to strangle thee I stayed,  
That I the crime should share alone.  
I can to him appear dismayed  
And to its dark commission own.  
Thy cell unguarded then shall be—  
They feast to-night within the Hall ;  
Again shall fortune favor thee ;  
Thou canst upon thy Ealien call.  
But stay, I must be well from here  
Ere thou attempt to leave thy cell,  
I must within the Hall appear  
That I can her of thy death tell ;  
I can, too, whisper in her bower  
A friend, shall I say, will her wait.”

“ Oh,” whispered he, “ I feared this hour ;  
Her words alone must seal our fate.”

Deftly the shackles now were loosed,  
That Lenard's hands so long had bound ;  
“ I, whom thou hast of wrong accused,  
To thee a friend, Lenard, is found.”

“ Aye, friend thou art, but what to me  
Is friend or deep embittered foe,  
When, steeled by her duplicity,  
To kill her now perhaps I go ?  
But she is mine, her vows coalesced !  
The spirit of her love to me,  
Of her I will yet be possessed.  
'Tis justice, not iniquity.”

“Thou’rt right, Lenard, she should be thine,  
 He’d steal the perfume of an hour,  
 Then leave her blighted to repine  
 In shame, a desolated flower.”

“Her words shall be her judge in tone,  
 Of awful import,” Lenard cried ;  
 “If not in life I may her own,  
 Then death life’s veil shall tear aside.”

“Thou hast the courage of a soul  
 Who dares the portals of a tomb,  
 Whose love undying would control  
 Her spirit’s life beyond its gloom.”

And turning now to leave Lenard—  
 “Stay thou,” he said, “a while behind,  
 The way for thee shall be unbarred,  
 And Ealien in her bower thou’lt find.”

So interested had I grown in the details that were leading to that fearful tragedy that I failed to interrupt his story as he began his description of the banquet scene.

#### THE BANQUET.

Within the Hall in festive mirth  
 The guests around them eager throng,  
 Orlander saw the fair of Birth,  
 Yet none so beauteous there among  
 As she the morrow’s promised bride,

Profiled as love's first fancies mould,  
In loveliness stood by his side,  
Where nestled in her hair the gold  
Found soft reflex above her brow,  
That arch where silken lashes screen  
Those azure orbs that dreamlike now  
Repose so strange, so calm, serene.  
Yet as the flower bends to the sun,  
To catch its god's soft, molient rays,  
Her eyes fixed ever looks upon  
And turns to him that languid gaze.  
Around them squires and noble dames  
In gorgeous costumes splendor lent,  
And graced with proud patrician names  
The banquet ere the morn's event.

“So, Baron, she so soon must leave,  
'Twere better far that she were dead!  
Death would her of a power relieve;  
Beware, let her not with him wed.”

The Baron turns now in amaze  
To see who had him thus addressed,  
But looked in vain with anxious gaze  
As new-found fears welled in his breast.  
He saw around each smiling face—  
Why should I feel, he thought, alarm?  
See how her love of him gives trace,  
Her look my father's fears disarm.

“S’ death ! now Baron this is strange,  
Thy daughter does thee soon forsake,  
This Count were eager to arrange  
From hence his bride scarce wed to take.”

Again he turns, but by his side  
Earl Clinton with a smile him greets ;  
“ Ah, Earl, thou should’st not me deride,  
We friends, thou know’st, so seldom meet.”

“ Nay, nay, my friend, I but now spoke  
As we in days of old were wont,  
And little thought to grief provoke  
Or sting thee by a thoughtless taunt.”

“ Twice, Earl, this eve have words been said  
That prompt my father’s heart to know  
Why she, so eager by him led,  
Seeks all, so soon, from me to go.”

“ Right well thou’st spoken, noble friend !”  
The Earl with feeling made response,  
“ Were I but thee I would not lend  
My word that they should leave at once ;  
Hast thou not noted, Baron, yet  
How immobile her glance is turned,  
To him her being in him set—  
Of love like this I have not learned.”

“ My father’s heart from day to day  
Hath seen her like a flower fade,  
And noted, too, how strange her way,



Since he to her his suit hath paid.  
 But love like hers is seldom known,  
 Resuscitating 'neath his eye,  
 And wakes till for his love alone  
 For all, but him, her passions die."

"Aye, so it is in new-found smiles.  
 How soon we, Baron, can forget,  
 When Cupid, with his fickle wiles,  
 Builds passions new and old ones set.  
 Ah, too, that youth, Lenard Morrell,  
 Must chagrined feel for her his loss ;  
 They told me he had loved so well  
 He deemed it wise the sea to cross  
 To find there solace for his grief.  
 How little can the thoughts exile  
 That once a captive found belief  
 In truth, and lost its first love's smile."

"'Twere retribution for his crime !  
 He would my daughter seek to wed,  
 And with his name dishonor mine.  
 He ruined one, they say, is dead."

"I give no credence to this tale,  
 The youth he bears an honored name ;  
 Some one who would his right assail  
 To wed her would him thus defame."

O'er Clinton's words De Neville thought,  
 His look bespoke his troubled mind ;

“Can I to him this shame have brought,”  
He mused, “and wrongly him consigned,  
And charged him with that heinous deed,  
That guiltless of his soul remained?  
More wrong, unjust, were this grave deed,  
Since I, who loved him once, detained.”

Orlander saw with grave concern  
How keen on him their glances rest,  
Their looks, he mused, that constant turn,  
To me their converse doth attest.  
I know not why to-night I fear.  
There's import in yon searching eyes,  
And yet the time hath grown so near,  
Can they my hidden powers surmise?  
Away these thoughts, she is not here,  
Of whom Barillo feels but dread,  
No word do I or François hear  
Of her since, baffled, she has fled;  
She thought I, prostrate at the shrine  
Of her dark power's infinity,  
Would here not dare to make thee mine  
Or balk her base suzerainty.  
“My love,” he breathes to Ealien now,  
“Brief grow the hours that intervene  
Our wedding, and they mutely vow,  
As passing, naught will come between.  
But oh, how slow the moments steal,

To ope the threshold of that hour,  
When thou with plighted troth will seal  
Thy love, unconscious in my power.  
And faithful François he hath served  
So well I cannot him forget ;  
With blind devotion yet unswerved  
He does my fondest hopes abet,  
And guards with never ceasing eyes  
The cell where Lenard lies immured,  
Till wedded then to Ealien I  
His treasured prize shall have secured.  
But why does Clinton lowering look,  
And, too, De Neville searching scan  
Me o'er, as if they interest took,  
And then requisite they should plan  
Some scheme to me of grave sequence ?  
The eye reflects but from the mind,  
Where lie uncertainties' suspense,  
They would more of Orlander find.  
Too late De Neville dubious grows,  
He little recked, when him I sought,  
That I to her might love propose,  
Her will to mine was captive brought.  
Zandi now fled, Lenard confined,  
And thou, Ealien, within my power,  
None have Barillo's power divined,  
I wait thee now, hymeneal hour."

Eagerly I asked Henry if it could be possible that the Count would yet marry Ealien, and she, so blind to the unholy influence of his love, forgetting in my engrossed frame of mind, till he smiled, that this was but a story of the past; albeit this knowledge, I felt a thrill of satisfaction to know that in Zandi's absence hope still lived for the avoidance of Lenard's commission of that crime for which he had been released, but hope sank within me as he commenced to describe the inmate of of the armor room.

## THE ARMOR ROOM—RUFUS HALL.

Within the gloom a figure paced  
Impatiently, with hasty stride,  
As, through the room her footsteps traced,  
Gazed furtively, from side to side  
And strove to peer within the shades  
Where trophied arms of bygone knight  
As monuments the past invades,  
And bays with faded plumes—the light  
That falls subdued on steel-clad forms  
Bruised in the strife of many a plain,  
Whose owners now from life's fierce storms  
Have long in death the victor lain.  
As shadows from them weirdly steal,  
Like spectral sentinels of the past,  
The moon through latticed panes reveal  
How anxiously her eyes are cast

Within the shadow's sombre track,  
As fearful lest some figure near  
Might in the darkness linger back,  
And of her plot with François hear.  
Faintly the sound of revels now  
Steal from the Hall to Zandi's ear.  
'Tis she, to consummate her vow,  
Waits now till François doth appear.  
Feast on, ye deem but of the hour!  
That lulls each fear with pleasure's breath,  
While I, with deep, insidious power,  
Weave round the ghastly pall of death.  
Fool hast thou, now, Orlander, grown,  
To feast with Ealien by thy side,  
Lulled by the thought that I have flown,  
That she will yet become thy bride.  
Had I not loved thee to thy shame,  
I would thy secret promulgate  
And brand with infamy thy name—  
But no—I can yet calm await,  
Till he by François goaded on,  
And taunted by her shameless crime,  
Seeks her to vengeance wreak upon;  
That hour indeed shall witness mine.  
When he above her murdered form  
Shall plead for death in frenzied cries,  
Then shall I crush him to inform

That guiltless by his hand she dies.  
He little thought when, years ago  
She, whom his taunt there drove to seek  
Her death where none might of her know,  
Would live, o'er him her curse to wreak.  
François, who hath no cause, like I,  
To know or feel for Lenard hate,  
Would seek to win by that base lie  
A love, his deed would desecrate.  
Fool base to think, she murmured low,  
He would to me in love aspire ;  
Too soon thou'lt learn of me to know  
I used thee but whilst I conspired.  
The jackal crawls to seek the feast  
The forest monarchs' taste disdain,  
And viler he, than lowest beast,  
Who hath for love his manhood slain.

A panel in the wainscot wall  
With noiseless motion moves aside,  
And François, quick—though soft his fall—  
Of step, now reaches Zandi's side.

“Time flies, I must now soon away !”  
François in hurried tones now spoke ;  
“I did thy bidding well obey,  
In Lenard's breast a hell I woke ;  
He cursed and fumed as one bereft  
Of reason there to be avenged,

Unbarred have I his prison left ;  
He deems, Zandi, I was his friend."

"Did he then, François, to thee swear  
He would, should he escape, her kill,  
When thou hadst told him how she'd dare  
To plan his murder with such skill?"

"He did, Zandi ; he now doth wait,  
In pent-up passion in her room.  
Zandi, to satisfy thy hate,  
Must I Ealien send to her doom?"

"It must be so ! What, to my lust  
For vengeance, is her life to me ?  
She whom he treasured dearest must  
Die by his hand—'tis my decree.

Thou didst not of thy Master dare  
To utter aught to bring him ill ?  
The end my powers will not bare  
My breast with dark monitions fill."

"Zandi, thy word is my command ;  
For thee have I the schemer played,  
And look now for thy promised hand,  
Since I have thee so well obeyed.  
I did not of the Count ill speak,  
My heart felt smote by deeper sin  
When I, by prompting murder, seek  
By this intrigue thy hand to win.  
What is the Count to thee, Zandi ?

Thy hand is mine as recompense ;  
When she whom thou hast sought shall die  
I will thee claim when we go hence."

The gloom obscures her flashing eye ;  
" Go thou, lure Ealien to her bower !  
Remember, should Orlander die,  
Thou, too, François, shall know my power.  
Go mingle with each gathered guest,  
Then him advise Ealien retire ;  
And see his leaving thou arrest—  
See well to this, 'tis my desire.  
Haste now, François, this hand is thine  
When he shall have his Ealien killed ;  
And vengeance then complete is mine—  
My prophecy at last fulfilled."

As he concluded his portrayal of the conference between that incarnation of hate and the unscrupulous instrument of her revenge, my feelings were divided by hate for the plotters and sympathy for the doomed Ealien and the unfortunate youth whose lack of reason was blindly leading him to the murder of his inoffensive victim. Henry seemed pleased with my absorption of poetical rendition. The circumstances becoming so absorptive, I vainly inquired if there could be no preclusion to the murder of Ealien by her lover. " The Count, who guards her so zealously, would never permit her to leave his sight," I exclaimed, when Henry, even sadly, himself recounted the subsequent event that transpired in the Banquet Hall.



## THE BANQUET HALL.

François approached Orlander's side ;  
" Señor," he spoke, " I heard the tone  
Of speakers here who vainly tried  
To hide the words their speech made known."

" How so, François ? of what import  
Are words of theirs that thou shouldst try  
And seek to eagerly report  
As if some graveness they imply ?"

" Methought, Señor, I would thee tell,  
Then thou thyself, judge of their sense ;  
And deem but too, it would be well  
If Ealien from this place were hence."

" Tell me, François, what thou hast heard  
That such thy fears would justify ?"

" It was, Señor, from words inferred—  
They spoke how strange shone Ealien's eye,  
That she to some dark spell a slave  
Of which they could not comprehend,  
To that her manner witness gave—  
So seemed the view of each to bend."

" She shall then to her bower alone !  
No longer shall they scrutinize ;  
When thoughts like these around have grown  
I dare not now thy fears despise.  
Ealien, my love, do thou retire—

And too, alone, be thy request ;  
 I will, to all who may inquire,  
 Say thou, unwell, hast sought thy rest,  
 And thou, François, so faithful now,  
 See none shall her ere morn molest ;  
 Guard thou her chamber, none allow  
 To see her—say “ ’tis her request.”

Ealien—blind slave—unwitting went ;  
 Would none now save her fated hour,  
 Price of a woman’s vengeance sent—  
 And death awaits her in that bower.

As he described the decoy of François to secure Ealien as the victim, so intent had I become in the incidents that must soon lead to a conclusion as to debar further interruption as Henry explained.

#### THE BEDCHAMBER.

Behind the arras now concealed  
 In Ealien’s bower Lenard her waits,  
 His clinching hands the folds that shield  
 Impatiently he separates ;  
 Revealing now his tortured looks,  
 That gaze with wild, uncertain stare,  
 How painfully suspense he brooks  
 As madness rules o’er reason there.  
 So she would have them murder me !

Thy plot, he hissed, with craft was laid—  
But they less vile in treachery  
Than thee—hath not thy will obeyed ;  
He was to me, indeed, a friend,  
Whom she had thought leagued to her power,  
And did for this retrenchment send  
To crush thee ere thy triumph's hour.  
Kill me—because I loved thee well—  
And thou couldst feast while they would slay,  
And deem for thee the wedding-bells  
Would toll for me their solemn lay.  
But no ! I will here thee await,  
Till thou, Ealien, from festal glee—  
From scenes that doth thy heart elate,  
That mock with feast, thy infamy—  
Shall here, by him, to me be lured  
Whom thou to that base deed assigned,  
Whose heart to guilt was not inured,  
And less to me than thine, unkind.  
Yes, here, to judge thee by thy deed—  
Thy broken troth's unholy vow—  
Where none shall hear thee piteous plead,  
Resigned to fate, I wait thee now.  
His ear the sound of steps detects—  
'Tis she, he breathes, who cometh nigh—  
The thought of her a change effects,  
A milder light illumes his eye.

If she but of the past repents,  
 Foregoing him, we yet may live ;  
 One word of love and hate relents ;  
 I could, he breathes, her all forgive.  
 The clinging folds Lenard now hide.  
 As quickly he behind withdrew,  
 And, peering where its folds divide,  
 He saw that form so well he knew  
 That enters now with listless air—  
 So strangely ghostlike Ealien's mien—  
 He starts to see that face so fair,  
 So changed to him, from what had been,  
 That look—has justice found her sin,  
 To curse her with remorse's chain,  
 For I, whom now she deems within  
 Yon loathsome cell, by her will slain ?

Like clouds that veil the summer sky,  
 And wrap its dome when tempests beat,  
 His brow grew dark and fierce his eye  
 To hear her lips a name repeat.  
 That name—and she he loves so there—  
 His by her pledge, to hear her moan :  
 Orlander I can joy but share  
 With thee who doth my spirit own.

Beyond restraint his passion burst,  
 He dashed the arras now aside,  
 With frenzied bound the room traversed,

And glaring, stood by Ealien's side.  
"So wretch, thou monstrous thing of shame!  
That foul negotiates to slay,  
And seeks to hide by trick the blame—  
Aye, strangle me, didst thou not say?  
Was not thy heart of blackest hue?  
When thou polluted with thy breath  
The truth, and pledged that thou wert true;  
That thou must needs have sought my death.  
Speak now," he cried, as she stood mute  
And gazed with cold impassive glance,  
"Can thy base soul this truth refute  
That thou didst murder countenance?  
Speak, yet, I could thee all forgive,  
One word in pity Ealien say—  
Could I, this human wreck, here live  
If thou from me wert stole away—  
In nature's realms no love-lit smile  
Like thine for me could supersede;  
Heed not, they would my name defile,  
'Tis not too late, I to thee plead."  
She looked, he stood with pleading hands;  
Cold, feelingless, her answer came,  
"Thou'rt not Orlander who commands  
And calls in love, his Ealien's name."

Back from her now Lenard recoils,  
His senses maddened by her sting;

“So thou, by subterfuge, still soils  
And dyes in deeper robes thy sin ;  
Nor shall he stand,” he hissed, “to hear  
The words at morn thy lips would plight—  
Ere that,” he cried, “thy soul from here  
With mine shall take eternal flight.

’Tis not in hate I would secure  
Thy soul with mine, through death’s dark sphere,  
Beyond its veil they could not lure  
The love they have denied me here.”

She stands impervious to his threat—  
Blind she to his fell scheme resolved—  
Could his wild gaze that eye have met,  
Aye reason, maddened, would have solved  
That look ; but no, she struggles now  
As, seizing her, insanely led—  
“Thy life is mine !” he cried, “thy vow—”  
His brutal hands now clutch her head.  
Hushed as the soundless step of death,  
Zandi, with fierce satanic leer,  
Creeps in to where her victim’s breath  
In stifled sounds falls on her ear.

“Aye, kill, mad foe !” she laughed, “and deem—  
Who knew thee not could faithless be :”  
She hears her last despairing scream—  
“’Tis my revenge and prophecy !”

Without, François heard Ealien’s cry.

“She dies,” he breathes, “but not alone ;  
He whom Zandi to save would try  
Must die, that I *her* still may own.”

With hurried steps he seeks the hall,  
And eager sought Orlander’s ears ;  
“Señor, I heard thy Ealien call  
Lenard ; he hath escaped, I fear.  
I heard there vows of wild despair,  
To rob thee of the morrow’s bride ;  
We will, Señor, commotion spare—  
Haste, thou, François is at thy side.”

A look of dread surmounts his brow ;  
“Come, François, then I lead the way,  
Her warning tones they haunt me now—  
I grew, François, to fear this day ;  
Zandi, with her prophetic skill,  
Warned me the day foreboded dread,  
That I some bloody scene would fill  
Should I attempt to Ealien wed.  
But come, François, thou follow me.”

With sword in hand he leads the way,  
And little deemed that treachery  
Lay lurking in his rear to slay.

Through corridors Orlander rushed,—  
François behind, with dirk in hand,—  
Where sounds of revels fainter hushed  
He grips it now, fierce to command ;

“ My hour hath come, 'tis meet that I,  
So long servile, their lives dispart ;  
This night, Orlander, he must die  
That I alone own Zandi's heart.”  
They reached the room as Ealien cried,  
Orlander burst in wide the door ;  
A dagger swift plunged in his side,  
He sinks, fast dying, to the floor.  
Keen, swift, the silent blow was dealt—  
The carmine tide was flowing fast,  
Zandi had seen, and, falling, knelt  
By him ; but hope for him was past.

    Upon her couch now swooning, thrown,  
Where Lenard's hands suppress her call—  
For Ealien hope seemed to have flown,  
He starts, he hears Orlander fall.  
His hands relax their cruel grasp,  
He turns to gaze upon the dead  
And saw there one those dead hands clasp  
That slowly to him turns her head.  
He staggers back, his hands now clutch  
His brow with aspect agonized :  
“ Thou'rt dead !” he shrieked, “ do not him touch !”  
'Twas Agnes there he recognized.  
And slowly now, with outstretched hand,  
She rose, still pointing to that bed ;  
He sees, but cannot understand



That simulachre of the dead.

“Not dead,” she hissed, “but in this hour  
I live to gloat triumphantly,  
And taunt thee now with Zandi’s power,  
That curs’d thee with her prophecy.  
Yon form there dying from thy hand,  
Whom thou hast charged with perfidy,  
She dies through thee at my command,  
For my revenge, and guiltlessly.”

Despair replaced his frenzied look ;  
Bewildered in his grief he stands,  
Then falling on his knees he took  
And kissed with passion Ealien’s hands.  
Oblivious of all else he kneels,  
He hears not shouts within the Hall,  
Where François now for aid appeals—  
Affecting grief, he “murder !” calls.  
The guests in wild confusion rushed  
Alarmed, De Neville at their head—  
His frame with bitter grief is crushed  
To see the Count before him dead.  
He shrieks, Ealien unconscious there  
He sees, and anguishedly he cries,  
“What wrong did she, thou couldst not spare  
That she, too, murdered by thee dies !”

François approaches Zandi’s side  
To where alone, unmoved, she stood—

“ Away, thou murderer !” she cries ;

“ Thy hands, thou dog, are red in blood.”

Surprised he looks—can she have seen  
That I so secret dealt the blow ;

“ Can she within,” he mused, “ have been—

’Twas for her love ; she must it know ;

Zandi, but list,” in plaintive voice

Subdued in tone, he makes reply—

“ Do I not in thy love rejoice,

Was he to thee then more than I ?”

“ Do I love thee ?” she hissed ; “ I hate—

I scorn thee now—away !” she cries—

“ ’Tis he who did assassinate ;

His victim there now murdered lies.”

“ And this, curse thee, is thy reward

For me, who served thee faithfully,

To be by thee thus now abhorred,

The dupe of thy fell treachery.

’Tis she,” he cried, “ hear all of me,

This hellish scheme in hate hath laid

And I, in blind fatuity,

The tool of her revenge was made.

Curse thee,” he cried, “ since thou hast brought

To me this shame, and then despise

Amidst the ruins that thou has wrought—

Death claims thee now—by me thou dies.”

A dagger flashed from out his breast ;

He lunged, as Zandi back recoiled,  
She laughs, as her own dagger pressed  
Within her heart. "Fool, thou art foiled."

He turns from her with sickened fear,  
"Forgive me now, Lenard," he pleads,  
"I did yon bandit outlaw slay."

But words of his Lenard unheeds.  
Beside Ealien he silent kneels,  
Life, too, from her seemed to have flown,  
Unmindful of those wild appeals  
His gaze was fixed on her alone.  
Towards De Neville François turned,  
"To thee I plead now in this hour ;  
I killed him when this eve I learned  
He ruled thy child with hidden power."

Amazement now marked every face ;  
"'Tis as I thought," Earl Clinton spoke.  
"Yon wretch with powers, inhuman, base,  
Held her blank mind within his yoke,  
And heaven abandoned, sacrificed  
Yon wretches to their victim's will,  
Who perpetrates unrealized,  
That he its vengeful mandates fill—  
The temple of iniquity  
They reared around yon youth's fair fame,  
Hath crumbled from malignity  
And bared the baseness of their shame."

" My daughter lives," De Neville cries ;  
 " My child, one word speak for my sake ;"  
 As Ealien's feebly opening eyes  
 From dark oblivion's realms now break.  
 " Away with him ! I would not she  
 Should see his form beside her bend,  
 Who would have murdered ruthlessly,  
 Had not kind fate to us been friend.  
 Away, Lenard ! forever go ;  
 I may have wronged thee—never she,  
 That thou this cursed spleen should show,  
 As told yon wretch, in prophecy."

Not till these words had reached his ears  
 Had Lenard's eyes from Ealien turned ;  
 Then to his chaosed mind appears  
 At last the truth—her plot discerned.

He turns, as François trembling sees  
 The fierce light of his angered eye—  
 " Now, wretch, thou must confess to these  
 If Ealien sought that I should die ;  
 Wert thou my friend or Zandi's slave ?  
 Speak, thou, to seek me in this hour,  
 When maddened, me thou access gave  
 To her, so helpless in my power.  
 Hear me," he pleads—his haggard look  
 Turns to De Neville—" hear my tale,  
 Ere thou, if human, would rebuke

Or me 'gainst her of hate, assail  
 She whom I loved, he told me there,  
 Within yon loathsome cell—as friend,  
 Where thou consigned, he did repair,  
 That she by him my life would end.  
*I* frenzied, here I sought the doom  
 Foretold by her would me await—  
 Whom I thought dead, the lake her tomb,  
 Hath lived to track my steps with hate—  
 'Twas she whom they have said I wronged,  
 That yonder lies, self-murdered she—  
 Who hath my mind, yes haunted, thronged  
 With this night's scene in prophecy ;  
 I knew her not disguised—but thou,  
 Who wert her slave, hath known her will ;  
 Speak here !"—and, seizing François—" now,  
 Curse thee, tell all, or thee I'll kill !"

In fear, despairing, François told  
 Of that dread scene in Zandi's cave—  
 The plot, the hour, the schemes unfold  
 Orlander's hope, Ealien to save  
 From shame, that in the power contained  
 Within his dark, unfathomed eye,  
 Her whom he loved, to have retained—  
 To wed and Zandi's will defy.  
 'Twas her base scheme, he pleads, that I  
 Had sought thy cell to liberate,

When I recounted, thou must die  
 By Ealien's wish, thou in thy hate—  
 Should seek her when she knew thee not—  
 Enthralled by his commanding will—  
 And thou, the victim of her plot,  
 Ealien, who loved thee, thou would kill.

“Hear him!” De Neville moans, “and she  
 That virtue, kissed to fairer bloom—  
 Thou sayest through his potency  
 She sought my child in shame to doom.”

“Her spirit like the mirror's sphere,  
 Revealed but back his soul's reflex ;  
 For this, 'twas Zandi brought him here,  
 Who could alone her will annex,  
 And weave for her revenge the shame  
 When she, obedient to his will,  
 Would witless, these her vows defame,  
 And thou, Lenard, would Ealien kill.”

“Away with him!” De Neville screamed,  
 “Hell left its basest brood behind,  
 Since thou to win her base demeaned,  
 Shall here deserving justice find.”

De Neville fraught with poignant grief—  
 “Lenard,” he breathes, “I have thee wronged ;  
 To all they told I gave belief,  
 And knew not plotters round me thronged.”

“Save me Lenard,” the words now moaned,

Steals to his ears ; how wild he cried—  
“ Away !” he madly shouts, “ I owned—  
Her love was mine once ere she died.”

At his wild cry her wistful look  
Turns yearning to his fevered eyes,  
But reason’s throne had tottered, shook—  
Too late her love to recognize.

As waking from some dreaded trance,  
Her will so long enslaved is free ;  
The eye that ruled now stilled its glance ;  
Thus died the unfilled prophecy.

During the depiction of Lenard’s efforts to secure one word of recognition from Ealien, and its fruitless result, my heart fluctuated between hope and despair, till the frustration of Zandi’s scheme, “ or Agnes, now more aptly termed,” by the death of the hypnotist, with the abrupt termination of his influence over the hapless creature. Then hope lived, exhilarated by the terrible ordeal through which the lovers had passed when hearing of the abandonment of Lenard’s reason, a climax to his long and trying sufferings. “ And thus the malignity of that woman,” I murmured, “ who imagined herself slighted by his boyish whim, succeeded, though her life was the penalty, in destroying the happiness, the reason of the unfortunate companion of a brief period in the life of that monstrous woman.” “ No,” he replied, and as we traced our way back to the village my friend related the happy event that took place on the restoration of Lenard to health and reason.

## FINALE.

Months had elapsed, the autumn gold  
With yellow tints the groaning eves,  
And kissed as in the sear grown old  
With soft aurated breath the leaves ;  
All nature's face resplendent shone  
Beneath Aurora's waking light,  
And every leaf a jewelled throne  
That bore the tear drops of the night.  
Upon the morning air now floats—  
From belfry high each brazen tongue  
Flings out its wildly surging notes  
In pealing anthems joyous rung ;  
From Rufus Hall, a cavalcade  
Deploying on caparisoned steeds—  
And in advance a youth and maid,  
The morning cortege smiling leads.  
The smiling youth, Lenard Morrell,  
His cheeks aglow with manly pride—  
In buoyancy his spirits swell  
Ealien at last to be his bride.  
Through weary days the reaper Death  
Had hovered o'er her weakening frame,  
Till love's resuscitating breath  
Like balm, from Lenard's presence came.  
He, too, upon the threshold lay



Where mocking phantoms wildly surged,  
They saw his mind with grave dismay  
Within the shades of madness verge ;  
In fancy wrecked, his form had tossed—  
His tireless cry she yet loved me,  
Ealien to me, is ever lost  
By thy revengeful prophecy.  
The face of Zandi night and day  
His pleadings wild, her spectre mocked,  
Till fever's bane relaxed its sway—  
His friends that loved around him flocked.

“ Lenard, thy darkest days have flown !”  
In feeling tones De Neville said,  
“ Thou shalt at last thy Ealien own  
When thou, Lenard, art well, to wed.”

At last Lenard in joy beholds  
Those lips that will her love repeat ;  
As to the sun the rose unfolds—  
Her blushing smile his gift to greet  
The morning, Ealien, seems more fair !  
Since from the gloom we love the light,  
So in the future now to share  
Our love, the past shall well requite  
When perils like a cloud beset  
To hide thy love awhile from me  
But all—who did her curse abet  
Hath died—with Zandi's prophecy.

Needless to say more than in the Sanctuary made sacred by my love for Margaret, that evening my asperation for the young poet's aspirations assumed a milder spirit. As a parting criticism, ere I closed the chapter of Henry's poetical dissertation, I reminded him that, had the youth Lenard been *compos mentis*, the story of Ealien and Lenard; or, the Shadow of a Prophecy, would, indeed, have been a pitiable travesty in the hands of an embryo poet.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## PREFACE.

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The miscellaneous poems, supplemented, appear like the shattered remnants of the eagerly-constructed altars of admiration that stand out retrospectively along the paths of imagination, marking the resting-place where thought hesitated, catching the miraged picture of fancy, then too hastily abandoned ere words had portrayed beyond the sphere of mediocrity the transient pictures. Amongst the subjoined poems will be found evidence that I have given the city of my adoption some little of my humble consideration. The whole, being of the extemporaneous order, are offered to the public, lacking further apology from the author.

In idle hours the truant-thought  
Utopia's golden shores bereave  
Of dreams within her mazes wrought,  
Then linking truth with fancy's weave.





Though poets may sing of the beauties displayed  
By the Rhine's lofty banks, or the Danube's blue shades,  
Yet arrayed in thy mantle by Nature's choice care,  
I still think thee peerless, thou Schuylkill, so fair.—NORMAN.





## BEAUTIES OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

Oft on thy banks with pleasure I've strayed,  
Charmed by the scenery that Nature thee gave,  
And wondered could others have adornments as rare,  
Or rival thy beauty, thou Schuylkill, so fair.

Those little green isles, that so reposefully rest,  
Seem nestled so calmly away in thy breast,  
Make me think that thy kindness, in shielding them  
there,  
But enhances thy beauty, thou Schuylkill, so fair.

Those rocks towering over, stern time to defy,  
Add grandeur to beauty, and charm every eye ;  
Thy banks clothed in verdure, and balm laden air,  
Make thee more enchanting, thou Schuylkill, so fair.

Though poets may sing of the beauties displayed  
By the Rhine's lofty banks, or the Danube's blue shades,  
Yet arrayed in thy mantle by Nature's choice care,  
I still think thee peerless, thou Schuylkill, so fair.

And midst thy attractions with pleasure I'd stay,  
And still think thee lovelier as each passing day  
My footsteps would hie me in tranquillity to share,  
Each day closing o'er thee, thou Schuylkill, so fair.

## IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

In answer to a query as to the author's estimation of Lincoln.

Were I possessed of Milton's tongue or held an inspired  
pen,  
To justly speak of him who stood pre-eminent to men,  
The lofty grandeur of whose soul, no menial passions  
swayed,  
The noble impulse of whose life no pen\* hath yet por-  
trayed.  
Whose scintillating genius towered as mountains tower  
o'er sea,  
Yet round his majesty of soul hung calm simplicity.  
His noble mind soared far above where drifts the selfish  
tide,  
His only aim a Nation's good, their glory was his pride.  
'Twas he, bold Lincoln, hero, chief, humanity's first friend,  
That dared the slavish bonds to burst—the loathsome  
chains to rend ;  
His giant mind alone could grasp, and with their perils  
cope,  
When in the Nation's darkest hour he stood her brightest  
hope.

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\* The pen is as inadequate to portray the nobility of the illustrious Lincoln as the inspired brush of the painter to transmit to canvas the realism of a golden sunset.

What other land could boast a son whose deeds reflect  
the grace,  
The sacred life, that marked him as the saviour of a race?  
Had fate ordained for him the task, so well the deed  
were done,  
That while the Nation's glories live so will their fame  
be one.

Ambitious men have lived and strove to gain a mighty  
name,  
But Lincoln's altruistic life more honored still became.  
His only dream, his only hope—that all men might be  
free,  
And in one Brotherhood alone a nation we should be.  
And memory will around his name its sweetest garlands  
twine,  
And every star upon the flag from fields of blue that  
shine  
Adds lustre to the glory that round his name will cling—  
The first of all Americans—amongst all men a king.

## THE DERVISH FLAG-BEARER.

Written after the Battle of Obdurman.

Fate marked the pale glimmered rays of the morning  
As the Sirdar advanced, when his lines gathered nigh  
To brave where Khalifa's proud banner was borne in  
The legions that soon 'neath its emblem must die.  
Round his dark banner the spearmen assemble,  
Assailing the welkin, their fierce slogan strain—  
Dashing his horsemen like breakers that tremble,  
Leap to that hell with its steel-barbed rain ;  
Ride to their doom where awful in splendor  
Advances the line of Britannia's steel wall ;  
Swept on that dark-turbaned host—no surrender,  
As fast in its death-vale his grim horsemen fall.  
Crushed lay Khalifa's bold horsemen, yet fearless  
Charges his footmen like leaves when the breath  
Of the tornado sweeps, and the woodlands bow leafless  
Rolls on his brave to the maelstrom of death,  
Assail with their death cry, defiantly hurling.  
Their dark banner waves o'er the red plain of blood,  
Where charged his grim host from the battle's wreath  
curling—  
Unyielding the last of his warriors stood ;  
Stood where its emblem above him still flaunted  
And waved to the world its last heroes' defy ;

That stood like the last god of war, who, undaunted,  
Holds aloft his doomed ensign, intrepid, to die :  
Grasping the stave of that dark fated banner,  
That loomed o'er the pyre of the holocaust slain—  
Unholy the cause ! yet its last stern defender  
Defiant still stands, where the fell missiles rain—  
Dying, he falls ! the drooping folds bore he—  
Veiling the past, the furl'd robes but tell  
Of one Spartan deed to wreath it with glory,  
How he, the last Dervish defending it, fell.



## THE IRISH MINSTREL.

He took the harp that hung for years  
    Within his old ancestral hall,  
And gazed upon the frame with tears,  
    Whose silent chords could yet recall—  
With wordless voice could sweetly tell—  
    And breathe to him its glorious strain;  
His withered fingers touched the chords,  
    And woke its slumbering voice again.

It sprang to life with martial air,  
    And told of Clontarf's bloody field—  
Of valiant Irish legions there,  
    That forced the Danish pride to yield.  
It spoke of one brave, valorous son  
    Whose heart the nation found so true,  
That led on Clontarf's field and won  
    A deathless fame—her brave Boru.

In sad, weird tones, it softly told,  
    “ Its chords now mellowed to a sigh,”  
Of one so fearless, brave and bold,  
    That fate consigned to early lie

Within the grave, with fame to sleep  
Till marshalled forth when freedom cries ;  
And martyred Emmet's name shall keep  
To live where victory's pæans rise.

Along each chord with master hand  
The aged minstrel's fingers swept,  
To sound the glories of his land  
Ere yet her sons in bondage wept,  
Ere yet her emerald-crested shore  
Had known the alien tyrant's tread ;  
Has time but dimmed her glories o'er,  
Or are they now for ever fled ?



## BABY MINE.

Little eyes of heaven's blue,  
    Baby mine, baby mine—  
Lustered from their depths so true,  
    Baby mine, baby mine,  
Through the darkness oft will gleam,  
    Like a ray of heaven's beams,  
Bringing back sweet childhood's dream—  
    Baby mine, baby mine.

Oft from hours of weary care,  
    Baby mine, baby mine—  
Stealing bliss, with thee to share—  
    Baby mine, baby mine ;  
Like a bud kissed by the dew,  
    When its fragrance comes anew,  
Making life, ah ! fondly true—  
    Baby mine, baby mine.

Treasured wealth in Afric's shores,  
    Baby mine, baby mine—  
Hidden in its fabled stores,  
    Baby mine, baby mine ;  
Could not half the joys contain,  
    Or the blissful moments gain,  
That those little eyes retain—  
    Baby mine, baby mine.





Bringing back sweet childhood's dream —  
Baby mine, baby mine. —NORMAN.



## THE HERO OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

A grateful nation drops a tear upon the martial bier  
Where Chancellorsville's brave hero lies calmly sleeping  
there.

Not once, but twice, didst thou respond in the nation's  
hour of need ;

When other names shall be forgot shall live thy noble  
deeds.

Thine was the master mind to plan, the skilful hand to  
guide ;

Where Pennsylvania's gallant eight a thousand deaths  
defied !

On ! On ! they rushed, the Southern hosts, with Howard  
in retreat,

Till like a rock amidst the storm the chivalrous eight  
they meet.

Each man of that brave band leaped forth, within him-  
self a host.

Could braver deeds, or nobler men, war's fiercest rec-  
ords boast ?

Charge ! was the order. On they dashed, like tigers to  
the fray ;

Eager each man the foe to meet, in battle's fierce  
array.

They dash against those solid lines, they stay that  
onward rush ;

Like wheat beneath the reaper's scythe they reel, they  
stagger, crushed !

Heroic deed ! Intrepid charge ! Oh, noble sacrifice.

The fearful cost of that brave deed those thinned ranks  
testifies.

Where but a brief short span before, so eager to  
obey

The orders of their gallant chief—cold, lifeless, now  
they lay.

One noble impulse led them on to check that onward  
tide—

'Twas not in vain those heroes fought, 'twas not in vain  
they died !

Though beaten now and driven back, like foam from an  
angry sea ;

In that respite brave Pleasanton quick massed artil-  
lery.

On ! On ! they press, the stubborn foe defiant to at-  
tack ;

Before that stream of living fire their lines are driven  
back.

And night closed over upon the scene where fell so  
many brave—

The hero of Chancellorsville had Hooker's army saved.

## A NATION'S LOSS.

Deep stillness reigned, not a zephyr stirred  
To ruffle the face of the ocean's crest.  
Unconscious of peril—"three bells" is heard—  
All in the Maine, save the watch, are at rest,  
When, crashing, piercing, to burst the gloom,  
The thundering echoes of hell seemed woke,  
Hurling its souls to untimely doom,  
Shrouding their forms in the fire and smoke.  
Stirring the heavens with its thunderous peals,  
Arousing the echoes along the deep,  
Lighting the pyre of the brave reveals  
Them, mangled and bleeding, rushing from sleep.  
Guarding our honor, ruthless it came  
Charging—the reaper of Death o'er our brave,  
Crushed by the breath of its death-dealing flame,  
Bleeding and helpless, sink in the wave.  
Dying for duty, some calmly rest  
Where murmuring ocean's requiems sigh,  
Some far away from the land they loved best,  
On the soil of an alien, as strangers, they die.  
Unwept, there they laid them, save by the tear  
Of the comrade that falls on the sod where they lie.

Unknown to the stranger, their names will appear  
When the hearts that have loved them no longer are  
nigh ;  
But grateful Columbia—deep is her pain—  
Duty hath made ye her bravest and best.  
Heroic sailors, guarding her Maine,  
Her eyes, dimmed with tears, watch the graves where  
ye rest.

---

## DEVOTION.

Time may rob thee of thy beauty,  
Age may steal such charms as thine ;  
Then 'twill be my fondest duty  
Loving thee in its decline.  
Affections, living 'midst its ruins  
When its splendors pass away,  
Nourished by its former beauty  
Ere it crumbled to decay.



Within thy humble walls have sat the learned and the brave,  
The wise, the just and prudent, that to a nation gave  
The secret of her greatness, when their immortal pen  
Inscribed the words on Freedom's page, equality of men.—NORMAN.





LINES DEDICATED TO INDEPENDENCE  
HALL.

Around thy old and sombre walls a sacred memory  
clings,  
Reminded of thy glorious past whene'er thy old bell  
rings.  
No siren's voice was ever heard, in lyric's softest  
strain,  
With notes as dear to freeman's heart as when thy bell  
proclaimed  
Oppression's rule was ended ; at last a nation free.  
In hymns of praise her notes rang out the birth of lib-  
erty.

Within thy humble walls have sat the learned and the  
brave,  
The wise, the just and prudent, that to a nation gave  
The secret to her greatness, when their immortal pen  
Inscribed the words, on freedom's page, equality of  
men.  
Each word of that famed document undying lustre  
sheds  
Its halo round thy old dim walls where first its lines  
were read.

Thy sacred walls have caught the breath, the incense of  
whose word

Hath fired a million patriot hearts and million souls hath  
stirred.

Thy walls still echo back the tones, as spoke immortal  
Lee :

“Why hesitate in thralldom’s chains? no tyrant’s slaves  
are we!”

Where sprang to life the smouldering spark a people to  
inspire

And build within each patriot’s soul the light of free-  
dom’s fire.

Thy halls were consecrated by the breath of freedom’s  
flame.

Within thy hallowed sanctuary burst forth a nation’s  
claim.

It rose in mighty grandeur, and rolled from sea to sea,  
It shook the tyrant’s sceptred hand, it made a nation  
free.

When freedom marks her birthplace upon the scroll of  
fame,

Indelibly her hand will trace upon its page thy name.

## DEDICATED TO MOTHER.

I sit sometimes and ponder  
Of a home across the sea,  
With years that love grows fonder  
Makes its thoughts so sweet to me.  
They circle round a mother  
With a smile of long ago,  
Love ne'er had gave another  
With a purer soul, I know.

When in the morn of babyhood  
Her gentle hand would guide  
Each faltering step so timorous would  
With eager joy step to her side.  
Distending years have grown apace,  
Receding o'er life's measured strand,  
I see again in dreams her face,  
And feel again her guiding hand.

O! guiding hand of mother's love—  
What depth the word contains,  
Within the sacred alcove  
Of a mother's heart remains !  
A love the beating storms of time,  
The fleeting years could not impair ;  
In fancy on her knee I climb,  
And lisp again the evening prayer.

O! could I bridge the past to-night  
On fancy's wings the lost years span,  
Or through the time's fast dimming light  
With eager gaze her kind face scan ;  
Each line upon her brow would tell  
How time's harsh hand had chiseled there  
Its cruel trace, and left to dwell  
The snows of winters midst her hair.

I see again, though dimly now,  
Through vistas of the ghost-like past  
As dim the shades close o'er her brow  
To hide it as I saw it last.  
Sweet dream of childhood's happy home !  
Above thy scenes would memory trace  
And build upon its hallowed throne  
The picture of a mother's face.



## ODE TO PHILADELPHIA.

On the occasion of her Peace Jubilee.

What municipal grandeur  
    With our city can compare,  
Or rival in the splendor  
    That her lucent records bear ?  
Where the famous goddess nestled,  
    And her form the hydriads fold  
Where freedom's halo trestled,  
    Every scene I now behold.

Thy sons in civic concord  
    Make imperial thy decree.  
What though it be that freedom's sword  
    Leaps forth ? 'Tis unity !  
Or the plea for palliation  
    Of distress to thee appealed,  
Their hearts, as one pulsation,  
    To their importunings yield.

Unrivalled thy escutcheon !  
    Mirage through the ages dreamed,  
Till beamed emancipation  
    When thy fire of freedom gleamed.

The lustre of its morning  
Thy environs radiate ;  
Each land, its light adorning,  
Makes its natal city great.

Proud city, fame's Valhalla !  
As the ark of old, to thee,  
From scenes of freemen's valor,  
Wings the dove of liberty.  
To thee the garland bearing,  
Tribute from the unchained free ;  
With thee, exultant, sharing  
Freedom's sire—thy Jubilee.



## THE NATION'S DEAD.

O'er the grave where silent sleeps,  
    Spirit of our honored dead,  
Marching time will treasured keep  
    Fresh the fame of they who bled.  
Braying trumpets woke them often,  
    Death has played its last sad call—  
Many lie in graves forgotten,  
    Shrouded in the warrior's pall.

They who midst the din of battle  
    When the Nation called to arms,  
Stood where bullets fiercely rattled  
    Hear no more its dread alarms ;  
Braving where the shrieking cannon,  
    Wafting on its fiery breath,  
Messengers of fell destruction  
    Courtied there the Spartan's death.

They whose sabres in the sunlight  
    Flashed beneath its fiercest ray,  
Resting but when waning twilight  
    Closed o'er combats of the day,  
And who oft beneath the standard  
    Bore aloft its glorious fold,  
Charging where our legions conquered,  
    Lived not triumph to behold.

O'er every field whereon they fell,  
Above where sculptured sentinels rise,  
That will to unborn ages tell  
Wherein the Nation's hero lies ;  
That o'er the warrior's tranquil sleep  
The stranger's foot might lightly tread  
To light the very calm would keep  
Its vigil o'er our sacred dead.

O Mother Earth, death's mighty Urn !  
Where now heroic ashes rest ;  
No more the patriot's love shall burn—  
Or fire again their martial breast ;  
The altar of their sacrifice,  
Columbia's dauntless sons revealed,  
That paid to war too well the price,  
And found the Spartan's bloody shield.





## WAR, THE RUTHLESS ARBITER.

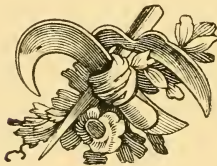
Lines depicting regret at the loss of so many brave men at the fight of  
San Juan Hill.

What glories yet have men found in thy tongue?  
That thus barbaric war thy deeds are sung,  
When smiling peace in rarest blessings gave  
Its students crowns that far eclipse thy brave;  
Thou hadst no place; could man but nobler feel  
How brief thy fame, thy appanage of weal;  
Where lives a Cæsar with Demosthenes?  
A martial fame to rival Socrates.

The prancing steed, the hostile struggle o'er;  
The victors' plaudits wake the victors' shore,  
The pageants vanish, the salvo's still,  
Thy victims mark the distant plain and hill,  
Not numbered by thy hand th' victims fall,  
Thy bloody sum, the peaceful homes appall;  
And peace had left unbroken where thy step  
Fond ties dispart, and loved, from loved ones, slept.

Can all the vain applause that girth thy dead  
One pain recall that rack'd the sleeper's head?

Or tears that fall as dewdrops at the morn,  
Solace the hearts from love's sweet bondage torn ?  
Or glory see wherein the spectre's rise,  
The simulachre of its sacrifice :  
The sword that rusts the longest from its sheen  
Brings joys that war's grim visage has not seen.



## THE SOLICITUDE OF LOVE.

When the blighting hand of years  
    Shall wither thy fair brow,  
My love for thee shall be as dear,  
    As sacred, as when thou,  
A bud, I found just blooming  
    In Diana's favored bower,  
I took thee for thy beauty,  
    As the fairest of her flowers.

Launched upon life's sea together  
    O'er the stormy waves of time,  
Our devoted bark shall weather  
    Every storm to sweet sunshine ;  
And our love shall, like the roses,  
    Bloom afresh each coming May,  
And I'll keep in sweet remembrance  
    All thy blushes of to-day.

## AN IRISH GREETING.

Show me a land where the emerald green,  
So bright, so refreshing, so pleasant, is seen,  
As that Pearl of the Ocean, washed by the blue,  
Whose sons are so valiant, whose daughters so true ;  
Where virtue resplendent shines over her land,  
Good-natured the smile and a trust in each hand,  
And the " Cead Melia Falth " \* to the stranger you hear,  
With a rollic of humor that, ever so dear,  
Not a land on the footstool of Nature could boast ;  
Where its sons give, with cheer and good-nature, the  
    toast,  
And men as a brother they meet with a smile  
In an old Irish home in that Emerald Isle.

When you see the sun kissing her balm-laden shore  
In his gay coat of gold, from the east peeping o'er,  
And you hear the kind greeting, the bright, jovial song  
Of her sons and her daughters who round you would  
    throng,  
They'd make your heart glad, if in sadness you roam,  
With a kind, cheery word in their old roof-thatched home.  
No palace of splendor, where opulence reigns,  
Ere knew half the love that their cottage contains.

---

\* A thousand welcomes.

'Tis an Eden of love in their home you will find,  
With a father and mother so genial and kind.  
In filial devotion the parent is blest  
Till the green sward has mantled the place where they  
rest.

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## RETROSPECT.

Lines suggested by a withered rose, the gift of a young lady, now deceased,  
to her sweetheart.

I am thinking, darling Nellie,  
Of the years long, long ago,  
And the evening that we parted,  
As I saw you sadder grow ;  
And the little flower you gave me  
As I spoke in love's soft strain,  
And I told you how I'd love it  
Till we would meet again.  
Oh ! how the years have flown since then !  
Could love for thee grow cold ?  
I see thee in the twilight still  
As in the days of old ;  
I see the sweet, soft, blushing rose  
You gave, with love's kind wish—  
The priceless treasure from your hand,  
My darling, that I kiss.

## REFRAIN.

'Tis a little withered flower, yet its every leaf contains  
 A link of love that binds to other years.  
 As I took it in its freshness from my darling's trembling  
 hand,

'Twas made sacred by the chrisim of her tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am sitting in the moonlight,  
 As we did long years ago ;  
 I am gazing on this token,  
 Though it's withered now I know.  
 Yet each dead leaf holds a picture  
 Of a face once fair and bright,  
 So full of hope, my darling,  
 As we parted on that night.  
 And the kiss you placed upon it—  
 How I'd kiss it back again,  
 To your spirit, my sweet darling,  
 Could I one soft smile attain ;  
 But the hand that culled the flower  
 Is long since stilled by death ;  
 Its faded folds to me retain  
 Love's priceless treasure yet.

## BABY FASHION.

There was little baby laughing,  
And in childish voice was prattling.  
She was trying for to make us understand  
That the many things she saw  
Didn't seem like baby law,  
And to her mind were not like baby fashion.

What she would call a rule  
Was to climb upon a stool ;  
She thought that interference was quite rude.  
Just let her go ahead,  
Break and smash up to a shred ;  
Then things would be done up in baby fashion.

Just let her take the cat,  
Hold it up by tail or back.  
Should that tabby bite or scratch her, why—what then ?  
Has she not agreed to all  
When she first began to maul  
That wretched cat in true-like baby fashion ?

When she gets it in her head,  
She'll refuse to go to bed,  
And to make her is, she thinks, against the rule,  
Just let her scream and cry  
Till you think she's going to die,  
Then she'll go and sleep in true-like baby fashion.

## AGE'S REGRET.

I sit by the wayside of life so weary,  
And look back again on the days that are o'er,  
And see, through the years, alas ! grown so dreary,  
Each childhood's companion now trooping before.  
In phantom-like shape, each happier vision  
From the bright morn of life recurs to my brain,  
And faces that memory had almost forgotten,  
Through Cimmerian shades come peering again.

I see the old schoolhouse, the playground, the master  
So kind, yet austere, till each duty was done,  
As there, 'midst the old scenes of bright boyish laughter,  
With pleasure he'd gambol and join in the fun.  
But death set its seal on the dear, kind old mentor ;  
Bereaved of his presence, each one felt the pain,  
Through that first veil of sorrow the old school to enter,  
I see those sad faces now loom up again.

Once more, in bright fancy, I tread the old green lane,  
I scent the sweet balm of the white hawthorn bush ;  
I list to the lark as it carols its sweet strain,  
To answer with gladness the notes of the thrush,



As o'er the still calm of the bright Sabbath morning  
    Broke the far-away tones from some quaint village fane,  
Who's echoing notes come back like a warning  
    To summon my fancy to childhood again.

Enraptured, I've gazed on scenery, though fairer,  
    Where the tall, waving pines peer away in the blue,  
And Nature, invested with charms that are rarer,  
    Yet none crowd my memory with thoughts sweet as  
    you.

They halo around the home of my childhood,  
    And link to the past when years weave the chain,  
And transport with joy every dream to thy wildwood,  
    To roam its environs, untrammelled, again.



## THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

By an aged woman sitting,  
    With his head upon her knee,  
Was a little fellow sleeping,  
    So calm, so tranquilly,  
Till o'er his youthful features  
    Stole a look of troubled pain—  
He was dreaming of a mother  
    He ne'er would see again.

In childlike dreams he'd sought her  
    Through dreamland's wide expanse,  
Where they told angels brought her  
    He'd sought with eager glance,  
Amidst its silvery mountains,  
    In its halls of beauteous gold,  
Where its iridescent fountains  
    Heaven's brightest tints unfold.

Till at last within the labyrinth  
    Of that bright celestial land,  
Amidst its glittering cohorts  
    He saw his mother stand.  
In his dreams the boy was saying,  
    " Mamma, dear, why did you go ?

They told me you were praying  
For the boy that you loved so.

“The strange dark man that took you,  
When grandma bitter cried,  
In a snow-white box they placed you—  
I heard them say you died ;  
And round you they placed flowers,  
And some gates that stood ajar,  
That led to heavenly bowers—  
But, mamma, it is so far.

“I know you did not leave me,  
If you did I know you'd cry ;  
I sought for you, my mamma,  
When I thought you would be nigh,  
And now that I have found you,  
You'll let me take you home,  
And we will love you O, so, too,  
That you'll never, never roam.

“You know that grandma loves so  
To speak of you all day,  
And now I'll take you back, though  
'Tis a long and weary way.  
The angels they will know, too,  
'Twas a little boy that sought,  
And here, in heaven, found you,  
His mamma back he brought.

“And I’ll gather pretty lilies  
To place upon your brow,  
And of the sweetest daffodils—  
I have some home just now—  
For to-day within the meadows  
I was looking for you there,  
And I gathered them for sweet bows  
To place within your hair.

“Why don’t you speak, my mamma?  
Why do you look so strange?  
Your face has grown so sad, too,  
I know not why you change;  
You always looked so kindly,  
But now you make me weep,”  
And, looking round so strangely,  
The boy woke from his sleep!

“O, grandma, I have found her  
In such a lovely place,  
Where angels, too, surround her,  
I saw at last her face.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“My child, it only was a dream,  
Your mother’s dead, you know,  
They laid her in a dreamless sleep  
In the grave long, long ago.”

## THE BLIND BOY'S STORY.

I remember well one evening,  
When all nature looked so glad,  
By an old and rustic dwelling-place  
I saw a poor blind lad.

He sat beside the little porch  
That bore an humble air ;  
In sympathy my heart was touched  
For that blind boy sitting there.

I approached the boy and kindly asked  
If to me he would relate  
By what misfortune he had come  
To such a poor blind state.

“ Kind sir,” he said, “ I never knew  
The blessing of my sight  
Since childhood. I was always blind.  
I never saw the light.

“ They tell me that all nature  
Looks so lovely and so fair,  
That verdant hills are daisy-clad,  
And flowers bloom everywhere.

- “ But though the fields I cannot see,  
The trees or flowers gay—  
I know the summer time is here  
By the scent of new-mown hay.
- “ Oft in the pleasant evening,  
When from school they wend their way,  
I hear the merry boys and girls  
Out in the lane at play.
- “ Yet, though I cannot see them,  
When I hear their shouts of joy  
It makes me oh ! so sad to think  
I am a poor blind boy.
- “ I hear the little birds, at morn,  
Pipe out their sweetest lay ;  
Their tender eyes seem filled with joy  
To greet the coming day.
- “ Kind sir, you must be happy,  
Who have the gift of sight,  
To see this world so wondrous fair,  
With all its grand delights.
- “ While here on earth I cannot see,  
I know there'll come a day  
When He, who gave to each their sight,  
Will tear this veil away.

“ Then I'll see, with eyes immortal,  
    Splendors far beyond compare,  
Of which St. Paul has told us,  
    Human eye hath not seen there.”

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## CONSTANCY.

Allegorical Poem.

Two flowers in a garden, a lily and a rose,  
The sun it was just sinking as they hung in sweet repose,  
The rose it blushed with pleasure,  
    But the lily paled with grief,  
As each kissed back the sunlight,  
    As it faded on the leaf.

Like the friends we've known in other years  
    Ere skies had grown o'ercast,  
How many cling in constancy  
    When sunshine's rays have past?  
How many, like the fickle rose,  
    When its fairest beams have set,  
That smiled with us in fortune's hour,  
    Could now each kindly look forget?  
As o'er each friend when fortune smiled,  
    We loved o'er them its beams to shed,  
Like the fickle rose its waning light  
    Found their hallowed friendship dead.

Like the retrospective lily  
Are the friends we find so true,  
That gather in life's sunset  
When friends, indeed, are few,  
And remember in its twilight,  
When its golden rays are past,  
That friends, indeed, are true that live  
And love until the last.





## LINES ON ADMIRAL DEWEY.

Shades of the brave that o'er the crest  
Of Neptune's vast and wide domain,  
When ages shall your deeds attest,  
And each his worth, one shall remain  
Whose name above the galaxy  
Of Neptune's warrior sons shall rise,  
That led our bloodless victory  
Above the despot's sacrifice.

Dark as Ahriman's gloom the night,  
Where sceptred hand held tyrant sway,  
His ships convoyed the morn of light,  
His valor woke there freedom's day.  
From ages of oppression's sleep  
They hailed with joy his pæan'd cry ;  
They saw aloft his ensign leap—  
Columbia's free-born sons were nigh.

O! who shall tell ; gauge not the worth  
Of victory where its plaudits rise  
Beyond the brave ; that laurels girth  
A people's dream of freedom lies ;  
Though bold thy deed, Columbia's chief,  
Not there alone thy fame shall rest !  
Fame marks thy name, and on its leaf  
Who honor knows lives honored best.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH ON  
NEW YEAR'S MORN.

In a quiet little cottage,  
 Where a mother's care was shown,  
 Sat a broken-hearted father,  
 Who had loved his happy home.  
 His look of deep dejection told  
 That grief and pain were there,  
 He heeded not those joyous sounds,  
 Borne on the midnight air.

His little one was dying,  
 The boy he loved so dear,  
 And as he sat with bated breath,  
 A childish prayer could hear.  
 He clasped those little wasted hands,  
 And said, with falling tear :  
 Thy guardian angel calls thee forth  
 Unto his heavenly sphere.

\* \* \* \* \*

How sad that little cottage now,  
 Since his childish soul has fled.  
 They know he only sleeps awhile,  
 That his spirit is not dead,

And there amongst the heavenly throng  
He constantly will pray  
To be united with us all,  
In heaven some New Year's day.



## GOOD-BYE, OLD BIKE !

My bicycle, my bicycle, I know at last thou'rt sold—  
'Tis true, thy frame was heavy, thy appearance some-  
what old ;  
I thought thee once so beautiful, but when they hallooed  
“ice !”  
I thought not of thy charms again, but of thy selling  
price.

I've mounted thee and fallen off, and mounted thee again,  
And when the crowd would guy thee, I felt “sufficed  
with shame.”

I realized thy beauty then was of no latter day,  
When wanton urchins hallooed out, “give that thing  
away.”

And oft upon thy sturdy frame 'gainst wheels of modern  
make

I'd try some little burst of speed to leave them in a race ;  
But bursts of laughter, jests and jeers from callous ones  
around

Convinced me thou had'st grown too old and weighed  
too many pounds.

Thy pace grew slow and toilsome, and thy antiquated  
frame

Made thee the small boy's target, but thou wert not to  
blame.

There was a time they'd call thee new, but that was  
long ago,

At last, my poor old aged bike, I had to let thee go.



## INCEPTION OF LOVE.

Away in the years ere the world could be  
From its birth to its age a century  
The stars were new and their lustre shone  
More effulgent then, ere they'd older grown ;  
And the spheric moon, with his rotund face,  
Had a sly'r look than he now gives place,  
For his noctivigations lower stood  
Till he grew alarmed when he saw the flood,  
And the sun rode bright, his diurnal track  
Untraced by the belt of the zodiac.  
No care had the planets to mar delight  
By the hampering whim of the satellite.  
And thus encompassed did a maiden see  
In the morning of love—felicity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet my tale would now of a scene relate  
Of a youth and a love that grew sensate  
When he sought her hand that he might adore—  
That his tongue, like the sighing stream, could pour  
The breath of his love from that passion'd breast  
As they flow surcharged to the ocean's crest.  
For love, unalloyed, as the virgin flame  
From ethereal realms of inception came,

As the pristine breath, when in Eden God  
From celestial climes sought the lowly clod ;  
For the portals were burst of those irised bounds  
That the countless myriad hosts surrounds,  
And immenser far than that dream't of shore  
Gushed his love to the clod that his handiwork bore.  
And a ray had lived through an Eden's close  
To renascent appear when his love her chose,  
For the breath of love by the soul pertain'd  
Is an unsought light from that Eden gained  
That wakes, not nurtured, nor in mortal skill  
Can its life create or its voidance fill.  
Thus wrapt this youth in love's first waking dawn,  
As Flora salutes in the beams of morn  
With petal'd array Hyperion of light,  
That masks with his robe the visage of Night.  
The youth saw there primeval mountains glow,  
Capped by eternal green or winter's snow,  
And forest deep in uberous mantle grown,  
And trackless scenes to foot of man unknown ;  
And beauteous Nature, as a blushing bride  
In raiment of floriferous robe, beside  
Which millions have in passion'd lyrics praised,  
And myriads since to it their acclaim raised  
Through ages by, as waves wash to the shore,  
Receding, dies—their impress is no more,  
Save by the sands ; their influx leaves behind

The mortals on time's shore a space to find  
A name—a breath—the toll of fame's command  
Soon lies submerged on time's mutating strand ;  
And names renowned in fame's chronology  
Lives but a breath to that Eternity  
That sternly looms where years inundant greet  
Those portals fancy weaves, to end—and meet.  
And life is death—the exile of the soul,  
Sepulchred here from that eternal goal.  
That love, the thread, through ages interlace  
And lifts, ennobles man above the base,  
The meaner of Creation's lowly kind,  
The function of an Eden's gift consigned.

And thus lived love the youth his passion told,  
That now renascent on through time has rolled,  
As seeds Æolus wafts when summer lies  
In jejuned mantle ; then her spirit dies  
To wake again, nurtured through winter's blast,  
And bear her fruit from seeds her prior cast.  
That vow, his love, that gift to progeny  
Through ages swell as love's ubiquity ;  
And love, the pure, in mortals closer find  
Its mandate from the master-hand designed.





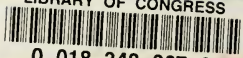








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