

Some future day the ermine he will wear,
And with dignity the honor he will bear.
Then great Andros, the last, though not the least,
Could take a seat at any monarch's feast.
A warrior bold, and, with a marshal's skill,
In many fights did great numbers kill,
And as his cohorts to the battle led,
His gleaming sword filled every one with dread.
As he advanced, he fell upon the foe,
And, with his sword, ten thousands down did mow.
And hecatombs of corpses strewed the ground
On every side, and for miles around
Deluged the land with carnage and with gore,
And thus he swept the country o'er and o'er.
The ascending ghosts, the mantled tree tops lashed,
As through the leafy branches they were dashed,
From battle-field he marched to battle-field,
And caused the Sepoys at every point to yield.
Thus, after many conquests gained with skill,
Retired on his laurels, and wears them still.
And when Orestes his recital finished,
Found Ulysses' interest undiminished,
And then led him into that mansion fair,
Where he received attention and great care.

