

Will do. A week ago, coming from court  
One day with all my legal energies  
On tip-toe, mouth and eyes agape, I chanced  
On Waterford. Thinking of some things that  
I wished to know, I linked my arm in his,  
And led him to my rooms. Never turned opening  
Bloom to meet the sun as his confiding  
Heart opened to me. A glass or two of my  
Best Burgundy loosed every hinge, and flung  
Wide open all the charmed recesses, where  
It is supposed his inner nature hides.  
It was hard work to hold the glass and smile  
When one so longed to aim it at his head,  
But I restrained my rage, led him along  
By certain names, until within the narrow  
Chamber of his soul I pounced on a vile truth.  
Know then: that when three years ago you put  
A letter in his care on plea of cousinship,  
He never sent it, kept it till he might  
With his own eyes be sure if all were true  
He heard of his fair cousin's loveliness—  
He also gave attention to her father's  
Interest at the banks."

"What! never sent it? Then  
She never knew, Valoria! Let me  
Go, I'll hound him to her feet, force him  
To swear his perfidy before her eyes.  
Oh, my heart! to think of all those aching years  
Breathing their separating breath between  
Us since that last look in her eyes upon  
The Hills,—sweet eyes, that looked for me, looked  
all

Along the coming days for me, who never  
Came or made a sign. I did distrust that man,  
And when the silence grew so long, I went  
To Wales myself, drew near enough to see