

Too swift and strange for any theatre  
 Follow'd a scene whose measure none could gauge,  
 Only we felt its mad reality.  
 "That man's my father—keep him back from me!"  
 I heard her cry, while horror blent with rage  
 Upon the other's face. "A fiend I see!  
 A damit fiend of Hell, who stole my name!  
 Beulah, ta harlot, come again to cross my face with  
 shame!"

XLI.

I saw the old man lay rough hands on her;  
 I saw her choking, and her white hand dart  
 Down to the knife that flash'd—and found his heart!  
 I saw him reel and fall—I saw the blur  
 Of blood that gush'd upon her heaving breast  
 Out of his own! Ah! God, how quick the rest!  
 Ere I or any one of us could stir,  
 Full to the hilt that fatal knife she press'd  
 Into her side, that ran and reek'd with red,  
 As she fell dead upon the stage where lay her father  
 dead.

XLII.

Moments there are that gleam beyond all Time!  
 Blown from enormous Years! O name that seems  
 To hearken back thro' vague primeval dreams!  
 O maid remember'd from the young, sublime,  
 Untrammel'd days when God foregathered us!  
 My woman still—grown strangely perilous!  
 All in a moment marr'd with scarlet crime,