

XII.

He heard me silently, nor did he speak
For full two minutes after I had ceased ;
Then, while his eye flashed, and his livid cheek
Betrayed his passion, was his tongue released ;
And, in vituperative tones, he swore
That I should never cross his threshold more.

XIII.

Was this my gratitude for patronage,
That I should thus inveigle his one daughter,
And seek to supplement my sorry wage
By the rich dowry that her marriage brought her ?
He was a baronet of ancient name ;
No parvenu his daughter's hand should claim.

XIV.

His words enraged me, but I checked my wrath
For her dear sake, whose love alone that fire
Could quench, and mildly arguments put forth
To soothe the baronet, and calm his ire.
But useless all the arguments I wove ;
In foaming rage he cursed me and my love.