

He fell asleep when vivid dreams
Transported him to distant scenes,
When suddenly in wild surprise
A vision stood before his eyes—

He knew the form which seemed to grow
More visible from out the glow
Which flickered fitfully, and spent
Its last ray on the visitant.

Almost invisible she
At first a phantom seemed to be,
But soon a once familiar form,
Upon him grew, sweet but forlorn.

He knew the lineaments,—the face,
(He waited silent for a space)
The fire died upon the hearth,
Whilst whin'd the hound—his faithful serf.

At length with measured speech and slow,
The maiden spoke in accents low,
He held his breath, it seemed so near,
Her speech so musical and clear.

And yet afar she seemed to be
Far, far, in distance seemingly,
Was it a dream or vision bright,
Which possessed his mind that night?

Pale, pale and shadowy her face—
Ne'erless, the anguish he could trace
Of pain and sorrow—lineament,
Familiar, yet so strange and faint.

"Beware, beware, your subtle foe
Contemplates a sudden blow,
Now is beset your lonely post
By a fierce, infuriate host!"

"Ere day anew dawns in the skies
'Ere slumber hath forsook your eyes,
With sudden spring it is his will
To leap upon your fort and kill—