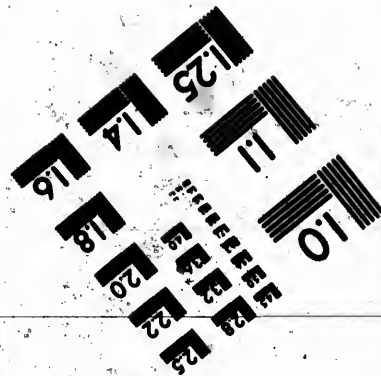
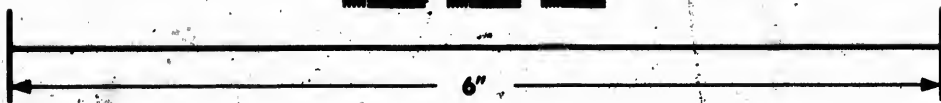
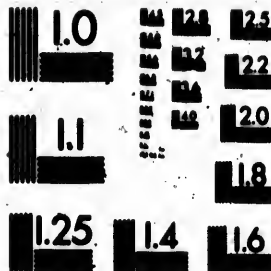




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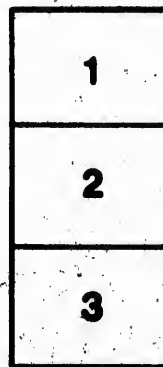
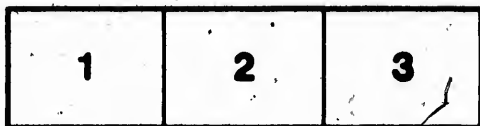
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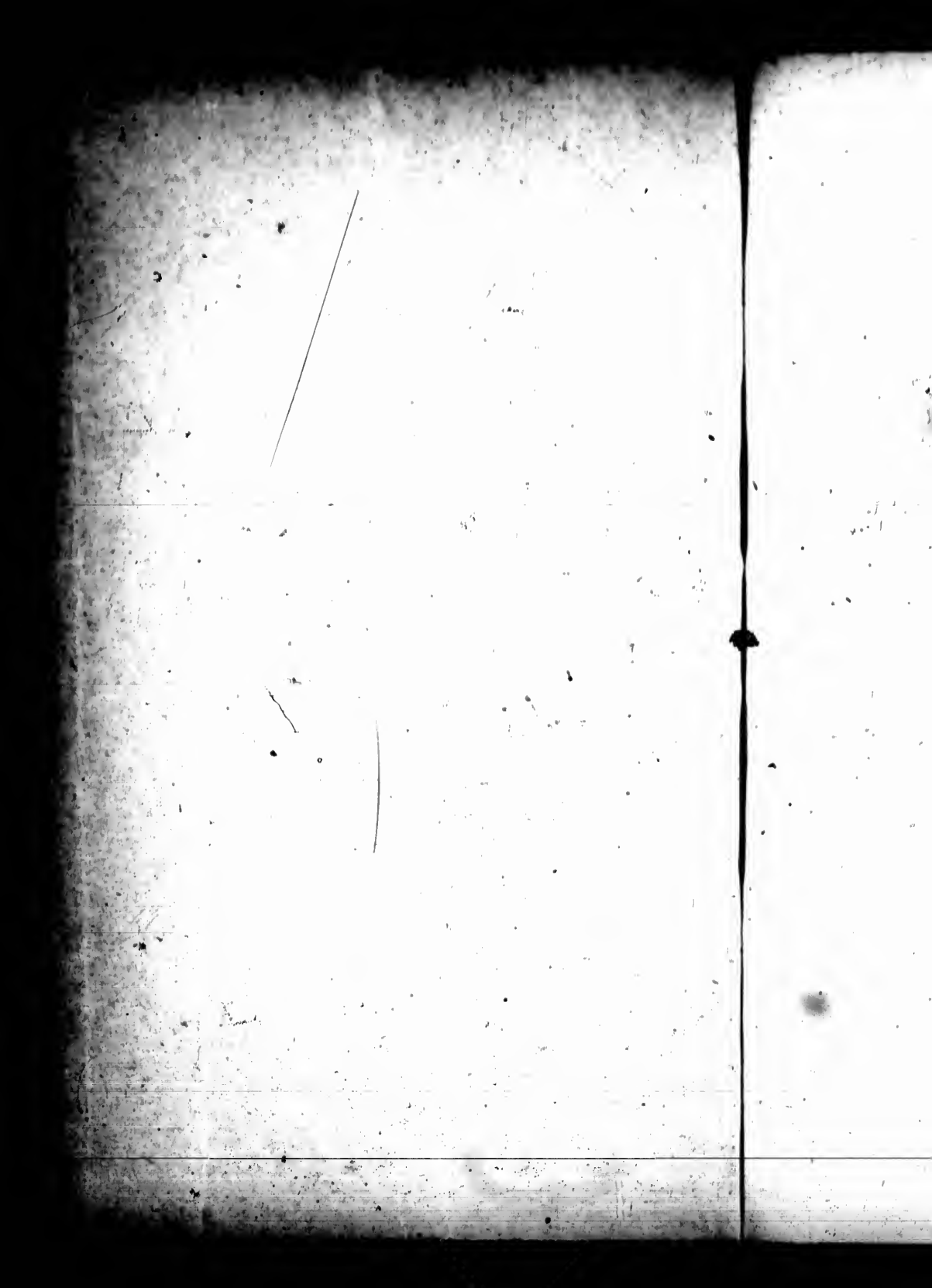
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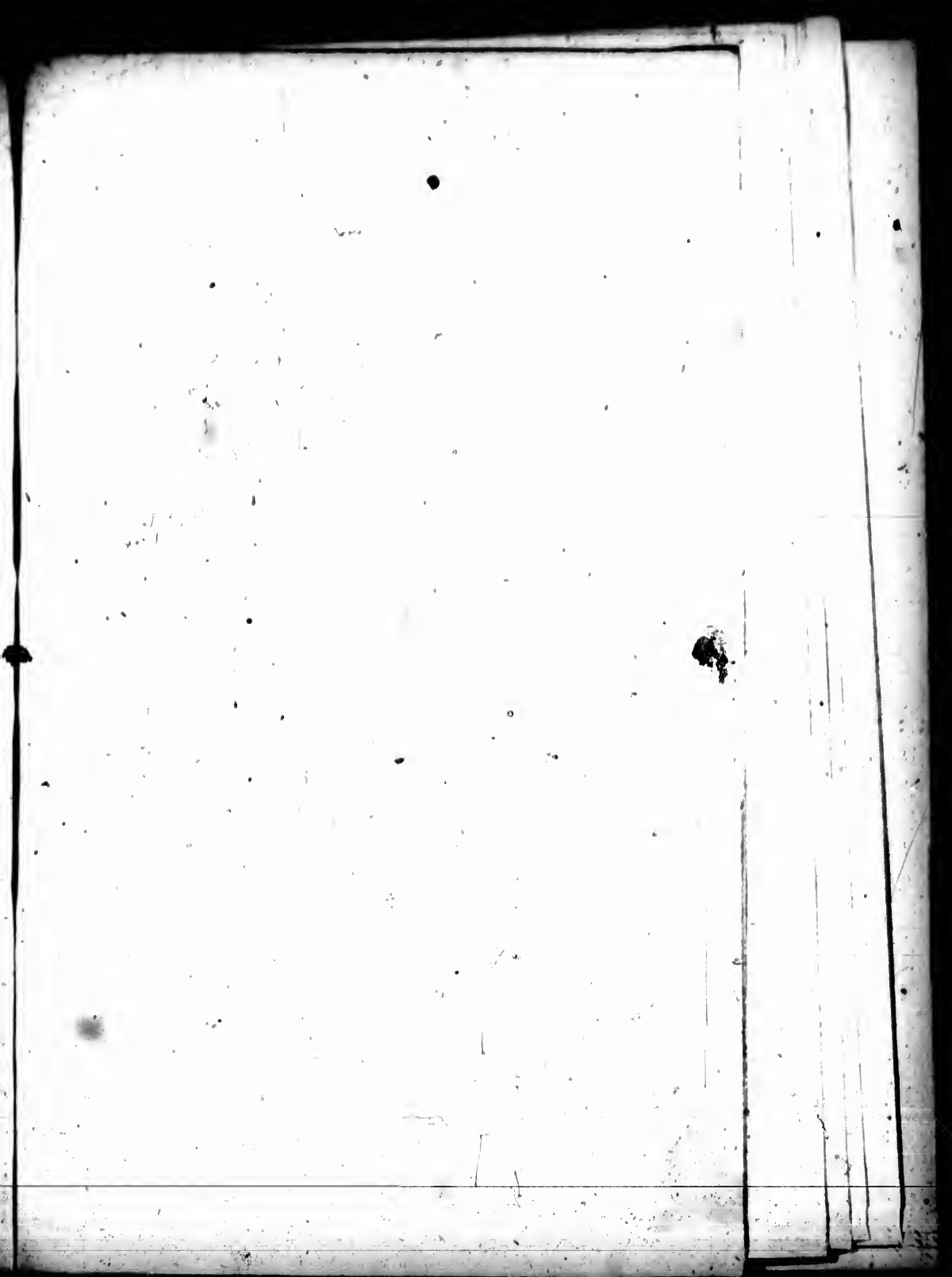
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RAYON:

AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,
AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONAGHEAPE. THE TRUFFIQUER.
THE DALE. THE LAKE OF CARRS. ON THE STRAND.
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.
A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS.
THE RECLUSE: A CANZONET.
THE PHANTOM HEAT: AN IDYLL. FOSTER MOTHER'S STORY,
JASBOKET AND ANEMON: A PHILOSOPHIC RAMBLE.



LAUSPOK PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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1898

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RAYON:
AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

~~~~~  
"What Country, Friend, is this?"

~~~~~  
L A Y I.

Towns from the Past! As of the brooks that roll
Upon Forgetfulness. They come—they come—
The dim days are in Phantom. They shall float,
As evening to the earth when it is lovely.

Where art thou, Rayon?

There was a voice of softness in sweet Lormi.
A vision upon the hills of the white stone.
A billow tumbles on the shrinking shore,
Sparkles and sinks in whispers.

Urban.

Haunter of gloomy shades! Why is thy foot
With the eternal vastness? Mengst the rocks,
Clasping the shadows. Menacing the days,



Absorbed in noise and blackness ? Son of musings
 Why art thou signalled as the last spent wave
 Low washing from a solitary sea
 In utter loneliness ? Thy form is green :
 But colored like the ripe leaves of the hill,
 With joy and sorrow ;

What has marked thee so ?

Are there no pleasures for thee and no solace,
 But midst these glooms and wild declivities ?
 Great pines mean here, and baswood deeply dyed
 The hemlock hangs in an impoverished gloom.
 Storms mock the sullen precipices.
 Green pastures woo thee. Bring thy harp away.

Rayon.

Clouds diadem the hills.
 And there are thoughts flung down in diadems
 Radiant upon the brow contemplative,
 From all God's doings. Lo,
 God's least work robes in marvel !
 Winds dreaming touch a lyre angelical.
 I bask in the warm lustre of His works.
 Each has its signal beauty.
 A sweet tongued witness that He lives, He lives !

Urban.

There is a footfall on those rocks by night ;
 A wandering form upon the highest hill,
 And in the blast a voice.

Well, t
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Rayon.

Well, be it so. See, stealthily she comes—
 Eve softly opens yon cerulean cave,
 And flings profuse such gems!
 Even if black night with plume of lacing fires.
 Bronze the sheer cliffs and shake the peering sky,
 I love the majesty that rides abroad,
 In honor of our glorious Maker. These
 Even rival thoughts of morning : stern delight.

Urban.

Harper, thy choice perverse befits a hermit.
 Thy heart is in the murmur of these rocks.
 Strange fascination—cast it from thy life.
 Lead forth thy songs—come hence.
 Dim son of thought, why sittest thou
 Musing on Roland's rifted rock,
 Proud cliff that spires the sallient brow,
 Mute record of an olden shock.
 Are there not gentler melodies,
 Than the great torrent's sullen roar?
 Are there not fairer grotts than these,
 These moss clad dens, these relics hoar?
 Come now to Lormi's fruitful vale:
 There sings the plaintive chickadee.
 Say farewell to this old wood's wail.
 And sip the spring of Nath with me.

8 RAYON.

Come, lonely one, what bitter fate
Consigns thee to this wailing shade.
Morn—early morn and evening late.

Repeat a profile doomed to fade.

Away—partake with healing zest
God's gracious gifts of life and love :
The good that feasts, the grace that rests,
Midst pleasant ways that lead above.

Away, delight my heart my home,
Bring thy sad harp, partake my store.
There laughing groups will bid thee come,
And gloom be banished evermore.

Rayon.

Must I refuse a kindness proffered thus :
Such loveliness that takes the form of pity ?
Such sweet benevolence. Beneficence
Not hollow but in truth ? 'Tis these would turn
This rude world to parterres of blessedness.

And must I yet decline !

Child of the valley, stern may be the moods
Which dominate us—they array as guards
Delimiting. Insurmountable rises
Some trifling obstacle. Stern mystery
Attends us. But a sovereign destiny
Prompts golden acts that drop below the current,
And puzzle grave conjecture. Strange it seems,

I court not now the gentler melodies,
 The soft green skirting of the placid waters :
 The beaming glance of loveliness : the mirth
 That lightens toil and thrills the languid pulse.
 Now I prefer the turbulence the noise
 The riot of the elements.

Urban.

Must doubt hold correspondence with my tho'ts,
 And may I add and will you pardon me ?
 Young, vigorous, of aspect proud and noble,
 Thy form comports not with ineptitude.
 A harp—not all—no ! a lank spear I mark
 Loose resting on thy shoulder. How is this ?

Rayon.

In this wild glen are there not treacherous beasts.
 Weapons may be defensive. 'Tis the verdict
 The attitude of valor to assume
 A port reserved and calm, and well appointed.

Urban.

But why repulse the step of proffered kindness,
 The voice of friendliness and sympathy ;
 Despise the comforts that pertain to life,
 The blessedness the cordials of this state,
 And build by choice a grot of solitude ?

Rayon.

Deem not my friend that I despise hope's guerdon.
 But for the nonce suppose my humble calling,
 Something of late assumed for special purpose :
 I merely say, suppose it. Varied scenes
 Delight us. And in solitude I've learned
 To look at nature in the higher sense,
 As God's rich work comprised in many sections,
 A continent for thought for contemplation.
 I revel in the boundless fields of wonder,
 Midst fruit and flower, insect and beast and bird.
 A treasury of mysteries. Some things
 Await us high in the grand hall of Heaven,
 For ponderings exquisite. Can you not think so ?

Urban.

Not versed am I in questions such as this.
 Ever I leave all mysteries to God,
 As themes beyond my ken. My observation,
 Outside the mere activities of life,
 Has been confined chiefly to estimates,
 Sometimes from slight and muffled indications,
 With scarcely thinking, and without review,
 I drop into the bearings of a life,
 Interpret, formulate the character,
 Intuitively. An impetuous verdict,
 Decrees my estimation of the man.
 Now think me not discourteous if I say, |

11 RAYON.

Thy form thy lineaments thy proud contour,
Betray a dignity that speaks no idler.

Rayon.

Wide of the mark may not those arrows fall ?
Suppose some grave reverses may have ridden
Like cloudy peals mounted on stormy blast :
What of it ? 'Tis the lot of many men,
And should be borne meekly without complaint.

Urban.

My friend—and yet I cannot cease to press
My sympathy my love. If thy proud barb
Midst contest stern, by adverse spear has fallen ;
If thorn of unreciprocated love
Has pierced—is rankling—Or if loved one lost —
Cold solitude is not a sovereign balm.
Come where the lovely dwell, and love once more.

Rayon.

Smiles, though angelic, now allure me not.
The beautiful have been—the amiable,
And lit a life with loveliness and goodness.
As if an immortality had vanished,
Where are they now ?

These white disrupted rocks, this tree-hid torrent
Swoln, hoarse in storms, now lipping low on bed
And, beast, bird, insect various, charm me ever,

Health and repose sojourn in this demesne.
 Hark ! no infuriated weapons clash.
 No piping of ambition for renown.
 The mystery of ill has slunk away.
 Yes, in these wild and whispering solitudes,
 Sad vigor as a wearied stripling sleeps.

Urban.

Indeed—and as I dreamt !
 Thy harp and idlers, really are a robe
 That fits thee sparsely ; and but ill conceals
 Matters of graver import and emprise,
 Some dark disaster or bereavement bitter.
 But I shall bring a troop of merry Girls,
 Who love to abrogate sad mysteries :
 Ready to aid in every toil of grace.
 These from the vale have watched thy lone retreat.
 From fragrant Lormi's labyrinth of bloom.
 From portico of flowery marquetry,
 Have listened oft to wind-borne harp and voice,
 Charming these splintered rocks.

Dream not their sally
 Will fail the triumph of complete dislodgement.
 And lume the sullen cavern of thy grief
 With the round radiance of the soft full moon.
 And so farewell.



RAYON :
AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

L A Y II.

AWAKE lone harp, sweet solace of my sadness,
Vibrate with praise—the golden day is forth.
Wake peans glad to Him who made the day.
Created light. And suns with light diverse,
Varied in tint, and each supremely perfect.
Wondrous efflux. O glorious Creator.
Deep mysteries that hide beyond the clouds,
Elude us now. But a great future dawns.
Eons of explanation where the quests
Of life and destiny will be resolved.
Lo ! what inveterate kindness—Urban comes,
With Lormi's gleeful daughters—six—nay seven.
Come to compel me from my lone retreat.
Here where I hide to woo forgetfulness.

Urban.

Minstrel, behold a bevy of glad faces.
Tremble! They come for conquest absolute.
— Invincibles, the Bard.

Rayon.

Invincibles?

Always — perhaps not now, but why?
Yes, loveliness is eloquent and kindness
Speaks to the heart.

Welcome, O fair welcome.
And yet my heart is sealed!

Urban.

These fair ones greet you,
Entice' by the far music of these rocks.
Each is peculiar, individual, charming. —
Excuse me, girls, for I must introduce you.
To the mysterious Harper of the rocks. —
Adelia, proud but honest—all a princess;
What raven ringlets those fair shoulders kissing!
Aurelia ruby-crowned, with witching glances,
And roseate lips mellifluous with song.
Emily— orbs of deep detecting hazel,
Distinguished, racy, tresses richly brown.
Now see and not admire such loveliness!
Stella—O tremulous star of eve, enshrined
In chastest splendor, heavenly, exquisite.

Edna—lo, chasing smiles, fond mimicry,
Moods in platoon immense and versatile.

Althea—what true treasure in a life
That courts Ce'lestial favour, and distributes
A sunlit gladness, blissful, and delighting.

Irene—how charming: zephyr fragrant, soothing
Rich are those soft blue eyes and those sweet lips
Of faultless mould that open but to bless.

Adelia.

Rank flattery—you never must believe him.
He spurs the steed of fond imagination.
Urban, we blush, alas we have our foibles.

Edna.

Nay, we are angels—every one of us.
So good we've come to laugh and cry with you,
Each beautiful exquisitely—adore us.
Revive, sad Minstrel, strike the tuneful harp.

Rayon.

I love the beautiful the good. Thrice welcome.
Invincibly yet this heart is sealed.

Emily.

Our mingled glances, in dissolving focus,
Will melt the seal and free the prisoned bird.

Edna.

We the invincibles—ah, you defy us!

Aurelia.

Our sympathies are precious They are pearls,
 By us awarded—not at random—solely
 On merit. But we judge of the deserving
 By innate motion—something in our bosoms,
 Instructing us as by a hidden prescience,
 And prompting to kind acts—the overflow
 Of pent up pity. Peril imminent
 Strongly attracts us, nerves us irrespective
 Of adventitious inequalities.
 To rueful avenues of pain and spualor,
 We come with hopeful pledges and relief.
 We minister to grief and discontent,
 To those whose days are irksome, and the glor:
 Of time oppressed with shadow and eclipse.
 It is proud luxury to seek and succour,
 With winning words, with care swift winged
 and glowing.

We come for rescue, and with kind assault
 Would break the hermit chain of solitude,
 And lead the solitary back to life.

Rayon.

Sympathies are sweet healers—proved and priceless
 Beautiful vision of rich golden tresses,
 And eyes of liquid radiance richly blue.
 Had not my heart been buried deep and cold,
 In a brief past, I might not gaze unmoved.

Edna.

Ah, golden tresses, have you won! Aurelia,
We'll hunt this heart and dig it, you shall warm it.

Rayon.

Yes, tittering troop, proud avalanche of beauty,
What see you in the minstrel of the cliffs,
A harper sad, retiring, unobtrusive?
What can attract you—me a perfect stranger,
Enchanted by these crags and foaming stream?

Fidelis.

Mysteries are magnetic. But on Urban
Must rest the onus of our rude intrusion.

Edna.

This troop is here for pitiless storm and capture.
The vanquished we lead forth in silken chains.

Althea.

Must we force entrance at the gate historic?
The gateway of that past which limits you?
We know that past is noble, and we dream
Proud dreams and fond. But why should they
be dreams?

Come, we will blush with you and we will sigh,
Over the history of brilliant days,
And love and loveliness not all immortal.

Rayon.

Althea, gem unfoiled, a garnet precious,
 A wild rose fragrant in the dewy morn !
 Small were the zest to listen to my story,
 And if not joyous would you care to hear ?

Althea.

Have we not heard low in the tremulous gloaming
 Echoes of battles, plaints of love, of friendship,
 Tender laments, and hymns of Heavenly fervor ?
 Sing now again those ditties wild and sweet.

Rayon.

For thee, Althea, must I wake my harp ?
 No hold thy peace and follow in the stillness
 of thy heart,
 To the shadow of that valley which is of my
 soul a part.
 O'er the peaks of snowy whiteness, o'er
 woods of tender brown,
 Behold how soft and floating, those silent
 lights come down,
 In messages of kindness, in compensating love.
 And we seem to catch the rapture of the per-
 fect ones above.
 The glowing hills admit us to a temple of
 delight,
 And on their peaks empillared rests the top-
 less dome of night.

BUT now, on clustered cottages, in gold the
sunset falls :

On orchards hedged and odorous, on vine-
encrusted walls :

On uplands sprayed with herd and flock in
blossome l clovers rank.

And there the shield spread silver lake that
laughs within its bank.

Gay with the fitting boats that sport upon
its jeweled brim,

For radiant youth and comeliness delight that
lake to skim.

O what enchanting loveliness, what innocence
and mirth :

But alas for the security of all that is of earth.

Althos.

What name distinguishes this charming valley ?

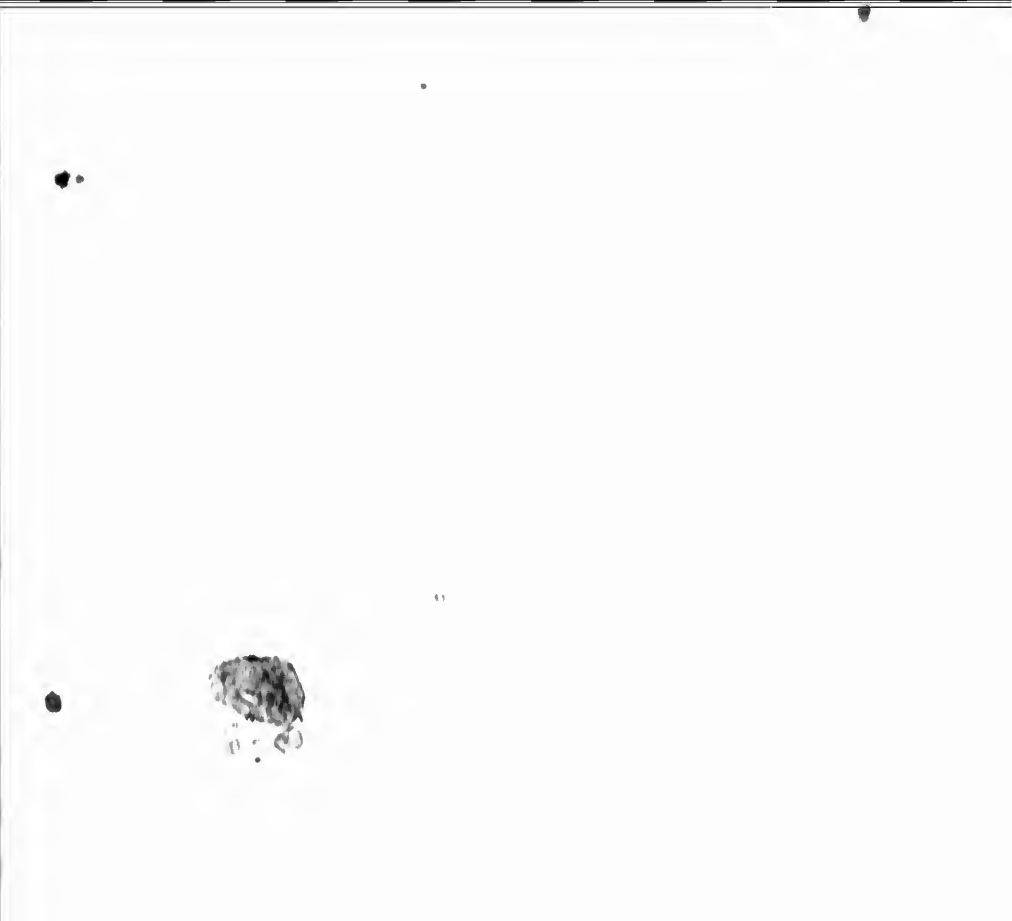
Rayon.

The vale is called Kathgay and the lake Loig.
A glen named Tampa channels the stern hills,
Through which the torrent Meroth bursts away.

WHAT mean those startling whispers ? there
are no foes afar.

Such haste ! The shields are taken—the
falchion—the spear.

Some rumour of a danger outspeeds the toss-
ing gale.



Beauty forgets her wealth of curls, and
 blushing cheeks turn pale.
 Have we in l e l a toeman—perchance in
 ambush dread ?
 The Vale is r. used and anxious and spon-
 taneous joy has fled,

Edna.

And soon there was a sanguinary contest ?
 Now we must have a warsong—But poor souls—
 Ah, you were in it—a distinguished leader,
 Bold and victorious ? Now all ears we listen.

Althea.

Dear Edna, do you dream such things are funny?
 Know you not they are judgements for our sins ?
 How we forget our Maker the great God,
 To whom we owe all love and fealty ;
 And we return not love but base dislike.

Edna.

Ah—yes—But I imbibe the honey only,
 Just like the hummingbird, and shun the briars.
 Feel for past suffering, but prefer to leave it.
 The brunt of fury and the dreadful carnage,
 I just annihilate, and rake the glory
 In a great heap for contemplation merely.

RAYON:
AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

L A Y III.

Rayon.

SWEET Friends, by choice I never lifted spear.
But in defence of life and right I armed.
And to protect our sacred homes I fought.
Who could do else, and then what scenes ensue.
Hard to forget. And Edna my gay girl,
Your playful innocence must now atone.
A merry heart like yours that laughs at strife,
Is guiltless of the attitude of wrong.
And may you never witness ills so bitter,
The outwalk terrible of lawless greed.

Althea.

Surely those fears were but imaginations.

Rayon.

Indeed, Althea, no. For stealthily,

A troop swept down upon our peaceful hamlet.
Invasion unprovoked. And Edna, now
Some battle songs may please you.

THERE'S a canyon that pierces the mountain high,
Deep in its cutting it darkens the sky.
And roaring and torn at last sparkling and pals,
Is the torrent that enters the lake of the vale.

The eagle—oh makes it a gory nest,
When it filches the lamb from its timorous rest?
But the wolf—is the wolf a beast of prey?
Up-up—and report from that evil day!

This night—is it sullen or gusty or black?
No stars in the heavens, of rain no lack?
Not so, for it blooms in the fair full moon,
In the splendor of heaven in the glory of june.

But destruction whoops and the passage is woe.
Up-up—quickly arm—'tis the tramp of the foe!
And perish accurst if thou fear to blend
Thy life with the dust for a righteous end.

Edna.

O these are fearful words! Is war so awful?

Rayon.

Gay thoughtful Edna, there is very much
Of things most dreadful and deplorable.

Swift rolls the hour. Again we stem the onset.
Signal, beyond me, stalks the awful past!

THE pale moon is high o'er the vale of Kathgay,
Those giant hills bathe in the soft falling ray;
And phantom like comes on my gaze as I look,
The gleaming white rock peak of Mariadnook.

Oh, Mariadnook. art thou calm in this night?
Shall thy stern cliffs not move at the horrible sight,
Shall thy high peak uplift nobly glorious as ever,
While thy torrent runs red with the life of Edever?

One cloud pearl dissolves in the azure on high,
Lake Lola embosoms the earth and the sky.
Soft slumber the forests embathed in dim light.
No! nothing shall startle the peace of this night.

But louder than murmurs of summer shrunk rills
A struggle pulsating drifts down from the hills,
Where the swift rushing Meroth on Ilin's split rock
Robes thinly in mist as it flees from the shock.

Fair valley, protected by mountains profound,
So strongly, impregnably belted around,
With picturesque Lola in native array:
How lovely how charming, O vale of Kathgay.

What foemen can seize thee what horror impend,
O generous valley, while strong hills defend ?
See shield spreading Lola sublime in display,
Enchanting and winning sweet vale of Kathgay.

Hush—fell on my ear from yon steep wood a sound?
Again—'tis a wind of the night, that has wound
Afar mongst the hill-tops, and spending its flow,
Anon it will sink in the greenwood. No—no !

A gleaming of steel on the marge of yon rill.
A glancing of spears moving fleet from the hill !
Who are these from the covert of black Egalite,
In stealth and in gloom pouring down on the night

They come dread hyenas would bound to the glen,
Full fifty fierce warriors, Tahana's strong men.
For pillage they come, unprovoked for affray.
In the roar of red battle now meet them, Kathgay.

Halt there by the torrent, ye wolves of the hill,
Halt now at that torrent—yes, die if ye will !
Who will burst on the foe, put his arm to the shock
Oppose them and hurl them on Ilin's split rock ?

O sons of the glen shall your valley lie waste ?
Must the sly fox at will thro' deserted fields haste ?

With prestige annulled art thou fallen forever !
And where sleeps the arm of thy boasted Edever?

Lo now from the hamlet, at once at the rock,
Bearing down in the charge with a hurricane shock.
Edever the prompt, and the foe is before him,
Tahana—they fight—but a shield rises o'er him.

A whoop on the night, a deamon-like spring,
The spear and the helmet and swift falcaion ring.
A clench on the shore, a splash in the tide.
O Merota, thy stream with strange vigor is dyed.

A whoop from the hills, a roar from the wood.
Why is it, calm vale? what means it, bright flood?
The spear is in poise, the swift falchion sped,
The green earth behind us lies groaning and red.

Who now like a scowl of the heavens sweeps past,
And the strong as the leaves of late autumn are cast?
And the valiant as dry leaves of autumn are blown?
'Tis Roland, the towering, he strides on alone.

In midst of the battle, who, dominant ever,
In thick of the struggle? vehement Edever.
He meets the invaders, the rampant are quelled,
The troop of destroyers at vantage are held.

What course falls inane at the stroke of the brave,
 Rolls low on the margin of Meroth's swift wave?
 Bear up, nobly strike, ye firm few of the dell,
 There the leader the Chief of the enemy fell.

Shall he come as the scourge of a tempest again?
 Never more, never more—the aggressor is slain.
 Taleda, thy strong spear is fallen forever.
 What victor above him is leaning? Edever.

Now vainly I aid thee, O friend of my life,
 The arm of a champion falls in the strife.
 Alureth, the kind one, O heart of my heart,
 Do I see thy arm nerveless, yes dropping apart.

A crag of Kedath thou didst stand in this hour,
 And the torrent of battle broke full in its power,
 And the torrent of battle fell back in this night.
 And it roared and it foamed from thy helmet of right

O stream of the canyon, O stony wild brook,
 Coming down from the sullen ridged Mariadnook
 With a glut of the brave over bank thou art swollen
 Incrassative surfeited blocked by the fallen.

Oh hasten—evanish the sight that I see.
 Thy frame was it steel, and thy nam victory?

Is it victory yet?—But where is thy brow?
Has the plume of thy helm turned aside from it now!

Edever, no helmet has dropt from thy head,
Thy spear is not dulled by the blood it has shed,
Thy face has not turn'd from the face of thy foe;
And now in the moment of triumph brought low!

Son of might, thou hast died as the valiant will die
While thy fierce foemen fall, while thy strong
foemen fly.

Thou art gone as a hurricane spent in its dash,—
A sweep and a pathway announced by a crash!

O torrent of Meroth, proud stream of the plain,
Now burst forth in jewels unsullied again;
For the hour of the strife, for the contest is over,
And golden winged peace unmolested may hover.

Oh, lake of the valley, cool stream of the hill,
The mission of gladness resume and fulfil:—
Alas, for they can not! The strife may be o'er,
But a shadow has fallen to lift never more.

Edna.

Thank you. How fine! so very like a romance!

Irene.

Such numbers fell! How bitter, oh how bitter.
What senseless fools men are, to kill each other

For greed or glory : and with provocations
 Which must be met by acts retributive
 Were I a man, I could not be a tribesman,
 Even in my own defence : no, I would die first !

Edna.

Irene, O frightened pigeon ! there—you could not !
 I would stand boldly up and cuff the fiends ;
 Yes, draw a rapier, if need should be,
 And life and liberty demanded it.

Rayon.

Edna, your mettle has a valliant ring,
 Yet for a little pardon a sad strain.

Weep for a world of clangor,
 For sin's mad harvest sown ;
 The strife that follows anger,
 For which not tears atone.
 Alas for earth's glory—
 Woe, woe for its pride.

Weep for the broken hearted ;
 Loneness of the bereaved ;
 For tenderest friendships parted ;
 For heartless ills received.
 Alas for earth's glory—
 Woe, woe for its pride.



RAYON :
AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

L A Y IV.

Stella.

THESE are some tender ditties—we have list—
Embosomed in the distance, indistinctly
They fitted. It is quite too much to ask them.

Ragon.

Of a sad passage they are simply echoes.
As the great sun invites
The flower hung dews—gems by his glory made,
And lo they are not : so the holy Heaven
Attracts the pure and beautiful in heart,
Trancendent in the reflex of that Heaven,
And robs us of them. Edna, you believe it.
You said you'd cry and laugh with me. I own
You laugh enough—but no—you never cry.

Edna.

Must for a luxury I shed not tears.
 Heaven has assigned to each a special office
 In the economy of social life.
 How else would fare this squeamish dappled world?
 That I should have exuberance of spirits,
 A merry heart, content to smile through tears.
 A sympathetic life, but ever joyous.
 Hopeful and light midst time's oppressive changes:
 Playful—and trustful in its glance of Heaven,
 That overlook exquisite for contemplation—
 Is this not treasure lent for me and others,
 Prepared by God's kind providence in fee?
 Is it not sunshine to the sad around me?
 And thus so saucily I rally you.
 Yes, you! sad, moping like some sulky boy!—
 Must there be something still to humble us?
 Must greatness bear the clamor of a lack,
 Something to bump the lofty pate of pride,
 Till it bethink itself and droop those eyes? —
 Now, Harper, cheer us! Music—even sad,
 Bears cheer within it; cheer tho' wearing sables.

Rayon.

Edna. I'll note this lecture on my tablets.
 Perhaps your playful railery is lost
 On one enamored with cold loneliness,
 Nevertheless my yearnings seek their solace
 In music as an echo of glad days.

Now I will walk amidst the past, and summon
The days that were and are not, from their hiding.

Loon in the night—no eye upon me looks,
Save from the Heavens beyond the caves of stars.

Viola!—Silent as the words long spoken,
No whisper from thy lips, my sleeping one!

Fair wert thou, bodiment of radiant thought,
Lovely and graceful as the wind rocked lily,
Exquisite as soft music in the gloaming.

Thou art here, Viola, by thy lake of Lola,
Thy couch is midst the murmurs of its brook,
The green of the sloped marge embosoms thee,
Sweet maples wave the sunshine over thee,
The snowy bell flower wraps thee in its mantle.

Sleep, loveliest : the purest moonbeams shining,
Fall over thee : the richest vines reclining :
The choicest flowers wave perfume o'er my treasure
The plaintive brook moan low in softest measure :
The whippoorwill sing ever to thy slumbering :
Till the morn breathe and fly the wings encum-
bering.

Here where the elements will halt with weeping,
Repose, my beautiful— and rouse from sleeping.

Thus far.—But mourning has its sanctuary
Midst deep recesses, undisturbed seclusion.

Althea.

We sympathise we sigh, and we could weep,
Were tears the true solution, salutary,
And wise to be indulged. She—the one lost,
Was glorified by love. No! never was there
In the wide world her equal. None so lovely,
So good so true—An added globe of gladness!
Thus fond imagination in proud triumph,
Spreads over life the mirage of its charm,—
And thus it ought to be. But when God says,
Mine is thy loved one; if sound worthy, thou
Also shalt see the joy of my redeemed.
Then all the glory of the earth ascends,
And thence no mantle drops.

Rayon.

I ask not sympathy,—nor can resist it,
Warm from the hearts and lips of of loveliness.
Even if convinced by charming eloquence,
My purpose of retirement shakes not. Many,
My friends and my compeers were slain in battle.
Then one stroke more—and hope fell down a beggar.

Fidelia.

Pardon me sir, and grant some moments grace.
To woo you or to win we came not hither,
But simply as a troop of rescuers.

When past delight grows stern and masterful,
Address it as a miscreant, and shed
The ichor of its madness at thy feet.

Aurelia.

Seek out a fair one to replace your loss.
Are you a knight! What knight would hesitate?

Stella.

Would either of us suit you? Cast kind eyes—

Edna.

On radiant Stella—yes, and mope? No never!

Stella.

Yes, beaming Edna, could you win sweet Edna,
The glory of the past would be outvied,
Yes swallowed up in rapture. Pardon me.

Edna.

Yes, Rayon, pardon her, she safely talks.
Edna perhaps is not attainable.
And might not prove a treasure, if she were.

Irens.

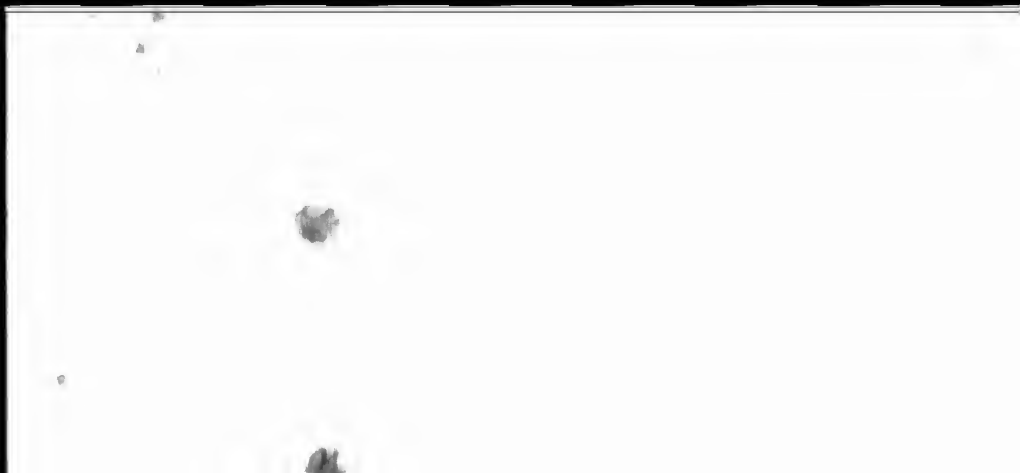
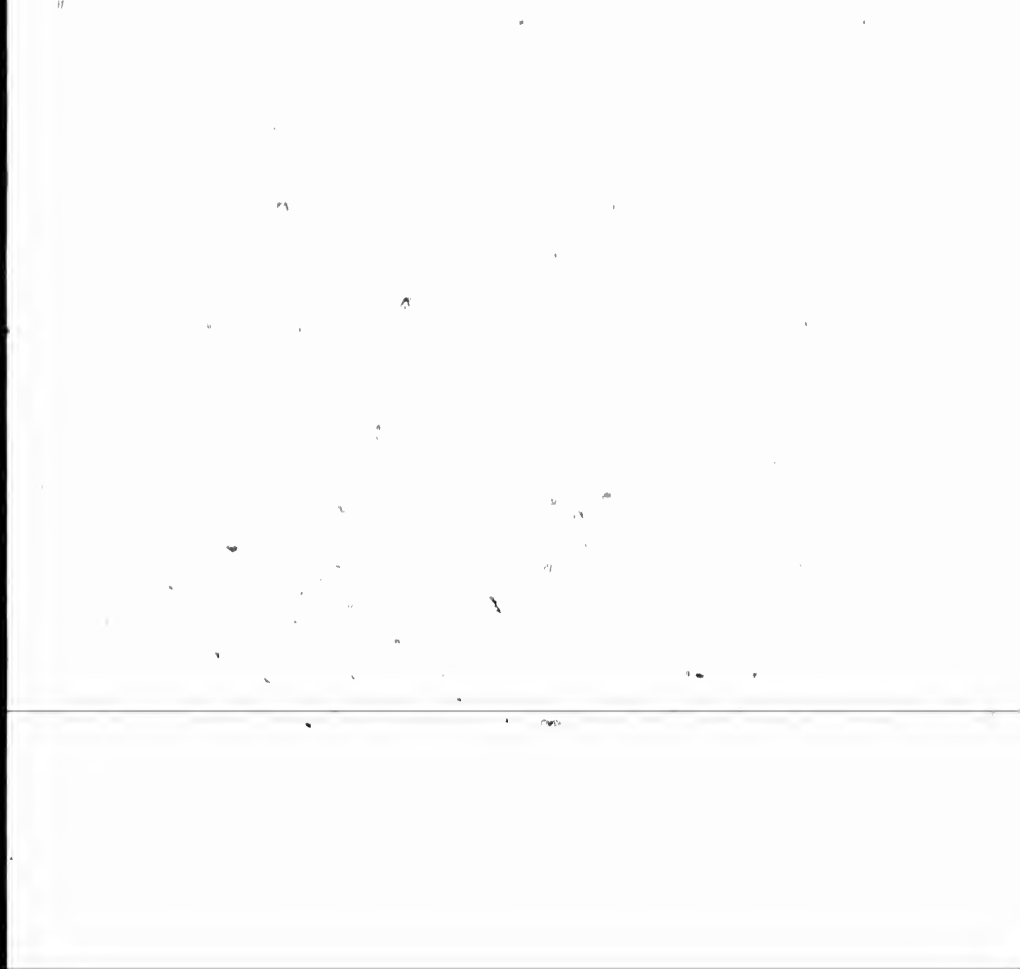
If you have lost a charming one an angel,
Leave her in Heaven, rejoiced, be comforted.

Rayon.

Suppose that I have lost not one but three,
Precious. And many friends. Would you all cry?

Edna.

Had you three wives? Yes, speak to us in riddles!



Seven of us are before you, aimed complete
 With youth with loveliness with cheerful hearts,
 With virtue eminent—a golden chaplet.
 But we are here to free you, not to win
 Or to be won even by a winsome chief.
 We are acquainted with you by report,
 While what you see of us is all you know.
 That you are young and noble—tho' eclipsed—
 Avails not to inspire our youthful hopes.
 And to be plain—quite plain—of all these seven,
 There are two chances, and but only two.
 Two of us will be wed to-morrow. Three
 Have each a lover and acceptd lot.
 And only two remain. And of the two,
 There is a single chance for you—no more.

Urban.

Rayon, select a girl: the fair are fickle.

Emily.

But we are not. Yet you may choose amongst us.

Rayon.

For your amusement, point my preference
 Amongst all so radiant? Witches, just blindfold me:
 The first one caught shall be the pink of all!
 For I admire you each, but love not either.

Edna.

Refuse us? But you sha'nt! and we the two,
 Myself and dear Irene. Now I bethink me:
 Irene's a treasure trove — I'll give her to you!

I'll help her to dig up that frozen heart.
 She is the bird, sweet pigeon tremulous,
 To flutter in your bosom and inspire it.

Irene.

Edna, you are too generous. I relinquish
 All claim fictitious for your sake. If mirth
 Has power to buoy the sorrowful and float
 The languid life from shadow into sunshine,
 You shall be his. Now Rayon, come with us.

Edna.

Yes for the brilliant rings its merry changes
 Tomorrow, and we want you. Come—delight us.

Rayon.

Echained by importunity I yield. —
 Where are those silken cords? But now lead on.

Enter Bertram.

Good Friend, is that not Rayon, whom I see
 Moving down the declivity with a troop
 Of laughing girls? Yes—I could pick him out
 Amongst a thousand. I must tell you of him.
 The night when that fierce clan invaded us,
 And some-our bravest-fell, he was distinguished
 By acts of valor beyond all the others.
 Successor to Edever, he now holds
 The marshaling of the Clan. But sad indeed,
 His wife of scarce a year, loved idolized,
 Presented him with twins. But joy fell, dashed

Gainst hardest sorrow For within a week
 Death robbed him of all three. A heavy gloom
 Oppressed him. And in loneliness he sought—
 He the proud Leader and unselfish friend—
 The healing of his sorrow. For no longer
 Would he partake of kindly intercourse.
 Six months have now elapsed, and be asured,
 Unless some lucky joyous girl shall win him,
 Which will be fortunate for us as well,
 As a misanthrope or a stupid hermit,
 We shall lament him and report his loss.

Urban.

The girls have teased him till he went with them
 And Bertram, as both time and love sre potent,
 Both being healers, you may look for him.
 Come with me; and remain to see the bridal.

Bertram.

Tomorow night? I wish that it were Rayon's.

Urban.

Yes—But amongst the beauties of our clan,
 He yet must choose and woo—and may be jilted
 Cold confident as he seems. Our girls are sterling,
 And he is not invulnerable quite.
 Nor all a paragon. But time will show.

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