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THE
ELOCUTIONIST,

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE MOST

POPULAR POEMS

FOR

RECITATION.

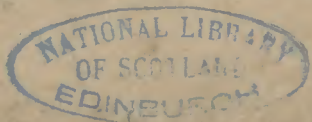
James Smith
CONTENTS.

Glenara.—The Death of Sir John Moore.—Lord Ullin's
Daughter.—Young Lochinvar.—The Field of Waterloo.—
A Beth Gelert.—Fitz-James and Rhoderick Dhu.—The
Battle of Hohenlinden.—The Battle of Blenheim.—The
Downfall of Poland.—Flight of O'Connor's child and death
of her Lover.



FALKIRK:

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ON THE
Manner of Reading Verse.

“WHATEVER difficulties we may find in reading prose, they are greatly increased when the composition is in verse; and more particularly if the verse by rhyme. The regularity of the feet and the sameness of sound in rhyming verse, strongly solicits the voice to a sameness of tone; and tone, unless directed by a judicious ear, is apt to degenerate into a song, and a song, of all others, the most disgusting to a person of just taste.—If, therefore, there are few who read prose with propriety, there are still fewer who succeed in verse. For those, therefore, whose ears are not just, and who are totally deficient in a true taste for the music of poetry, the best method of avoiding this impropriety is to read verse exactly as if it were prose; for though this may be said to be an error, it is certainly an error on the safer side.

“To say, however, as some do, that the pronunciation of verse is entirely destitute of song, and that it is no more than a just pronunciation of prose, is far distant from truth. Poetry without song is a body without a soul. The tune of this song is, indeed, difficult to hit; but when once it is hit, it is sure to give the most exquisite pleasure. It excites in the hearer the most eager desire of imitation; and if this desire be not accompanied by a just taste of good instruction, it generally substitutes the tum ti, tum ti, as it is called, for simple, elegant poetic harmony.

“It must, however, be confessed, that elegant readers of verse often verge so nearly on what is called sing song, without falling into it, that it is no wonder those who attempt to imitate them, slide into that blemish which borders so nearly on a beauty.”

WALKER.

10

THE ELOCUTIONIST.

GLENARA.

Oh! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly in weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are eall to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud,
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silenee—they looked to the
ground.

In silenee they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar,
' Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn—
Why speak ye no word?' said Glenara the stern.

' And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why eloud ye your brows?
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

' I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and
loud;

' And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream?'

Oh! pale grew the cheek of the chieftain I ween;
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen;
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn.

' I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
 I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
 On a rock of the ocean, fair Ellen did seem :
 Glenara ! Genara ! now read me my dream !'

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert reveal'd, where his lady was found ;
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is born ;
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

Campbell.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We hurried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeams dusky light,
 And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclose his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
 With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of to-morrow—

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll reek, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory!
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory!

Wolfe.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Gries, 'Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry!—

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?
 ' O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter:—

And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather—

' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then—who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover?—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for you winsome lady!

'And, by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So—though the waves are raging white—
 I'll row you o'er the ferry!'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men!
 Their trampling sounded nearer!

'Oh! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her—
 When—oh! too strong for human hand!—
 The tempest gather'd o'er her—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover!—
 One lovely arm was stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,
 ' Across this stormy water :
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—Oh ! my daughter !

'Twas vain ! the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child—
 And he was left lamenting. *Campbell.*

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best :
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone !
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for store,
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 'Mong bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
 all !

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
 'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war ?
 Or to dance at our bridal ? young Lord Lochinvar !

I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied :
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !

There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh;
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'Twere better by
far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar!

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door and the charger
stood near,
So light to the eroupe the fair lady he swung,
So light on the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Neth-
erby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran;
There was racing, and chasing on Connobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of a gallant like young Loch-
invar!

Sir Walter Scott.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP;—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulcred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before thus let it be.—
 How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields; king-making Victory!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!

Did you not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stoney street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is! the cannon's opening roar!

Within a widow'd niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftian; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody beir,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could
 quell :

He rush'd into the field ; and foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying too and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could
 rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—' The foe ! they come !
 they come !

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering'
 rose !

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
 ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
 low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 'The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
 The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
 blent !

Lord Byron.

A BETH GELERT.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn,
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn :

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer ;
 ' Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear !

‘ Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race !
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
 A lion in the chase !’

‘ ’Twas only at Llewellyn’s board,
 The faithful Gelert fed ;
 He watch’d, he serv’d, he cheer’d his lord,
 And sentinel’d his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John :
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdown’s craggy chaos yells,
 With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty provcd,
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleascd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his Lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood :
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
 Unus’d such looks to meet ;
 His favourite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
 (And on went Gelert too,)
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts, shock'd his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 The blood-stain'd covert rent,
 And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied:
 He searched—with horror wild;
 Blood! blood! he found on every side,
 But no where found the child!

'Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!
 The frantic father cried,
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell,
 Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer 'wakened nigh;
 What words the parent's joy can tell,
 To hear his infant cry.

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
 But the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
 Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe:
 'Best of thy kind adicu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 'His heart shall ever rue!'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelerts bones protect.

Here never could the spearmen pass,
 Or forester, unmoved;
 Here oft the tear-besprikled grass,
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And, oft as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell! *Spencer.*

FITZ-JAMES AND RHODERICK DHU.

THE Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the World,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled,
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said:—

' Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpin has discharged his trust.
 This murderus Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed like thyself, with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

The Saxon paused :—' I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death ;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ?'—' No, Stranger, none !
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead ;
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'
 ' Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
 ' The riddle is already read,
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her propheey,
 Then yield to Fate and not to me.'
 Dark lightning flashed from Rhoderick's eye—
 ' Soars thy presumption then so high.
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Rhoderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate ;

My clans-man's blood demands revenge.—
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair.
 —'I thank thee Rhoderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and ruth begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown.
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun, and stream and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill far'd it then with Rhoderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside:
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the saxon blade drank blood;

No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans died.
Fierce Rhoderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Boiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Foreed Rhoderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the'lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
' Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !'
' Thy threats, thy merey, I defy !
Let recreant yield who fears to die.'—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung :
Received, but reeked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain !—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftian's grip his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game :
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,

Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose. *Sir W. Scott.*

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly ;

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat ; at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery !

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry :

Then shook the hills with thunder riven !
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven !
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery !

But redder yet the light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly !

'Tis morn—but scarce von level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy !

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry—

Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre! *Campbell.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellows' scull,' said he,
 'Who fell in the great victory!

'I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out:

For many thousand men, 'said he,
' Were slain in that great victory !

' Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes :

' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
' Who put the French to route ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said,' quoth he,
' That 'twas a famous victory !

' My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head !

' With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide :
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died !—
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun !—
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

' Great praise the Duke of Marbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene,'

Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'
 Said little Wilhelmine,
 'Nay—Nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
 'It was a famous victory !'

'And every body praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win.'

'But what good came of it last ?'
 Quoth little Peterkin.

'Why that I cannot tell,' quoth he,

'But 'twas a famous victory !' *Southey.*

ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
 horn ;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—
 'O Heaven !' he cried, 'my bleeding country save !—
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men ! our COUNTRY yet remains !
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed :
 Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm !

Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 REVENGE, OR DEATH!—The watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew:
 O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Samartia fell, unwept, without a crime!
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor merey in her woe!
 Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and eurbed her high career:
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Pragne's proud arch the fires of ruin glow—
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
 The storm prevails! the rampart yields away—
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless merey call!
 Earth shook!—red meteors flashed along the sky!
 And conseious nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save!
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
 rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
 'THE PATRIOT TELL—THE BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!
Campbell.

FLIGHT OF O'CONNOR'S CHILD, AND DEATH OF HER LOVER.

' At bleeting of the wild watch fold
 Thus sang my love—' Oh, come with me!
 Our bark is on the lake—behold
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans!
 Come with thy belted foresters,
 And I, beside the lake of swans,
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 The wild fowl and the honey-comb
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play my clarshech by thy side—
 Then come, my love!—How could I stay?
 Our nimble stag hounds tracked the way,
 And I pursued by moonless skies,
 The light of Connocht, Moran's eyes!

* And fast and far, before the star
 Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
 Of Castle-Connor fade.
 Sweet was to us the hermitage
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,
 For man's neglect we loved it more!

And well he knew, my patriot's dear,
 To search the gairn with hawk and spear;
 While I, his evening food to press,
 Would sing to him do happiness!
 But oh! that midnight of despair,
 When I was doom'd to rend my hair!
 The night to me of shrieking sorrow!
 The night to him — that had no morrow!

When all was hush'd at once side,
 I heard the laying of their beagle:
 Pe hush'd; say Connock, Moran cried,
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle —
 Ains: 'twas not the eagle's sound,
 Their bloody bands had track'd us out:
 Up-listening starts our combat hound —
 And, bark, again that nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers,
 Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce:
 In vain — no voice the adder charms:
 Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
 Another's sword has laid him low —
 Another's and another's;
 And every hand that dealt the blow —
 Ah me, it was a brother's:
 Yes, when his moanings died away,
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,
 And o'er his bier, and they trod,
 And I beheld — O God: O God:
 His life-blood oozing from the bed.

Carlyle

FINIS.