

THE LAST
OF
THE ABENCERRAGES;

OR,
THE FALL OF GRANADA.

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY
THOMAS ROSCOE.

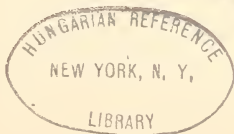
“ O dolce Amor, che di riso t’ ammani,
Quanto parevi ardente in que’ favilli,
Ch’ aveano spirto sol di pensier santi !”

“ O sweet Love, that art mantled still in smiles,
How luminous thine aspect in those rays,
Sole spirit-fed with heavenly thoughts above !”

DANTE. *Paradiso*, Canto XX.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN,
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF RESPECT
TO HIS PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER,
THIS VOLUME
IS HUMBL Y AND GRATEFULL Y
DEDICATED.



P R E F A C E.

In laying the following volume before the public eye, the author has little more to say, by way of preface, than to observe, that, with the exception of the Tribute to the Great Alfred, the Last of the Abencerrages, and one or two others, the following effusions have already appeared in various periodicals. To have attempted any thing, indeed, on the subject of Alfred beyond a simple eulogy, might justly have been deemed presumption — how much more so after the great poetic and other literary monuments, which, from time to time, have been dedicated to his illustrious deeds and character! The author's sole ambition was to express a sense of individual as well as national gratitude to one of the greatest founders of English liberty. It was also

his wish to induce all young students and admirers of our famed old British and Saxon ancestors to fill up the sketch here exhibited in a manner worthy of so great a subject.

If it in the least tend to keep alive those feelings of reverence for worth and genius, ever combined with an aspiring and indomitable energy and force of example—the noblest heritage of a proud people; if it awaken one glow of emulative virtue and enthusiasm for the cause of truth, honour, and national independence, his dearest object will have been attained. To take a grateful pride in the well earned fame of a noble ancestry is to give a pledge to fortune and to the future—a security for the principles which made them great. The heroic toils of our great-hearted benefactors purchased us our free and joyous rest amidst surrounding storms; the blood of England's martyrs became the life of our religion and our civil polity; and by their faith in truth and good were we made whole.

Is it much, under the Providential blessings we enjoy, free institutions, resulting

PREFACE.

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from their long and time-hallowed labours, to express national respect and admiration in the very warmest poetical language we can? Nor has this sentiment been confined to any one age, country, or period of time. The renown of Alfred became of cosmopolitan importance, and shone with even greater lustre centuries ago. It pervaded the capitals of all nations, and its echoes were repeated in the least refined and cultivated provinces.

As regards the poetic fiction of "The Last of the Abencerrages," it is founded on some traditionary events, presumed to have happened on the fall of the Moorish empire in Spain. The Siege of Granada combined, within brief space, a series of events the most romantic and extraordinary perhaps of any upon record. It abounded, too, with characters the most varied and striking—lofty, patriotic, wild, and terrible. Many have been historically portrayed by the hands both of Arab and Castilian writers. The author has sought to render the most bold and salient of these subservient to his design. The legend—for it is, most pro-

bably, little more—of the fate of the Abencerrages is one susceptible of the highest interest, and of the most varied and absorbing character. The hero, descended from one of the noblest families of Granada, boasting a pure Arabian origin from the great Khaliphs of the East, is represented as the type of Moorish chivalry, the loftiest and most influential of all the tribe-leaders of Granada. He was proud to belong to what may be termed the aristocracy of the old Arab shepherd kings, from whom, doubtless, the great conqueror, Antar, derived his noble blood — like our hero, favourably distinguished from the wilder and more barbarous families of the African Moors.

The subject was adopted by the author as the fittest vehicle by which to convey sentiments of high-minded generosity and devoted fidelity, as contrasted with the opposite characteristics. The sense of lofty honour, chivalrous courage, and lively enthusiasm for religion, was strongly felt by the Spanish Moors. The duties also flowing from ardent patriotism, magnanimity of

mind, with precepts of pure expansive charity, some of which were transferred to the Koran from the Jewish Rabbis, are freely treated without reference to peculiar creeds or parties; as laws and obligations essentially existing in the divine ordinances, recommended by the one greatest and holiest of all authorities. These only received their final confirmation by the light, strength, and beauty of Christian truths.

Of the wonderful power and resources of the successors of Mohammed, of the great Khaliphs, and subsequently of the Arab conquerors and monarchs of Spain, from the second to the ninth era of the Hejira, the historians of all nations have left ample testimony. Their rapid triumphs, with the simultaneous growth and development of their government, present some singular phenomena, which, closely and philosophically investigated, will be found to contain both political and social truths, which it had been well for the future welfare of Spain and other countries if they had regarded more carefully. The principles of their civil and social rule were essentially

expansive and productive. Their conquests once achieved, the sword was sheathed, and their colonial system, like earlier Rome's, was one of rare vigour and capaciousness. They combined the elements of power with an industrial civilization; their laws with the wants of existing communities among the conquered, favourable at once to scientific progress and that of population. Unmatched in ornamental architecture, their palatial towers, mosques, fortresses, like their exquisite palace-residences, serais, halls, courts, and hanging gardens, were all on a scale of beauty and magnificence, especially in the interiors, never before witnessed. They displayed all the resources of a refined genius, with a delicate rather than lavish luxury, still observant of the useful and the agreeable. But it was in the recesses of these splendid interiors that their full beauty was to be seen: in the elaborate displays of artistic resources; in the contrasted forms, colours, and devices, the rich mosaics; in the varied marbles, grounds, and fountains; in the multiplicity and refinements of taste, that their peculiar genius

most triumphed. Thus the Alhambra, so little imposing in its exterior, startles the spectator with surprise at its varied and elaborate beauties on his entrance, and still more as he explores its interior courts and halls. If fallen, time-worn, and deserted, it yet fascinates the eye, how gorgeous and enchanting, with all its splendid decorative furniture, must it not have appeared in its newest lustre, animated with the living forms of chivalry and beauty, and resounding to the thousand voiced genius of Eastern fame, fable, and the true revelry of dance and song! Of the mingled fire and artistic forms, figures, and devices of these saltatory reunions and exhibitions of national amusements, Europeans can form but a feeble idea; although they have left their traces in the morris, the sword-dance, and not a few other modern figures.

Still what was the Alhambra, but really what its name imports?—a large rambling “red house,” if contrasted with the wonders, the glory of artistic triumphs, witnessed under the rule of Bagdad’s mighty Khaliphs, and the first Moorish monarchs of

Cordova. While the rest of Europe was centuries behind, in a state of comparative barbarism, that city, which presents only the traces of its former grandeur, could boast nearly a thousand public temples, with fortress-towers, mosques, and palaces, and its innumerable seats of art and learning. Thither the students, scholars, and travellers, from every part of the world, thronged, as to a grand European metropolis. The Court itself vied with the professors of Science, and opened halls for learned leisure, and the discussion of interesting and useful questions, at which the ministers and monarchs themselves presided. It was thus that the old Khaliphs, and the dynasty of the Abderrahmans, became so famous, and the theme of those charming fictions in which they are so popularly represented. They took part in the subtle disquisitions of the lawyers and physicians, and listened to the prize recitations of historians, orators, and poets.

Even up to the fourteenth century, no fewer than fifty learned foundations adorned the magnificent plain of Granada. Through-

out the Moorish dominions, public libraries and schools for artisans abounded, equal to the wants of a well-fed and full-employed population. An enlightened and most productive system of agriculture kept pace with the mechanic arts, trade, and commerce. Europe is more especially indebted to those mathematical, astronomic, and nautical discoveries, which subsequently became auxiliary to the development of the modern sciences, and the great instruments of civilizing power. The science of algebra, the manufacture of paper, and the appliances of gunpowder to mining and other operations, are only among a few. The means, too, made use of to render their inventions profitable and popular, were all on the most finished scale. Hence their observatories and alcazars, their science of numbers and astronomic calculations. On the subject of history alone, they possessed upwards of a thousand reputed writers; logic and metaphysics were their peculiar study and delight; and that they excelled in a great variety of subjects, the numerous translations diffused throughout the world attest.

European Chivalry, and its religious Orders, were avowedly derived from the East. The mirror of Knighthood and the school of manners, it also became the parent of charitable orders, and other institutions of a civilizing and ennobling kind. Indeed, the gentlemanly character of the early Khaliphs and Sultans has been amply recorded, with their beneficence and generosity; and, in so far, some of the best existing traits in the European mind were derived from its intercourse with the more polished and generous conquerors of the East.

Happy, had the descendants of the Goth pursued a colonizing system like theirs, instead of the exterminating process, founded on cruel bigotry and persecution—a process which necessarily terminates in national degradation, and loss of character and influence in the great European community.

With regard to the minor poems, written on various occasions, the author feels bound to bespeak the indulgence of the impartial reader, distinct from all political and party considerations. A wider margin ought to be allowed in such matters to the expression

of poetical sentiments and opinions—as immemorially conceded to bardic effusions, either of the hall or the cottage, than to the soberer investigations of prose narrative.

For the liberal tone which pervades these productions of the hour no apology need be offered, least of all to a British reader, whose sense of gratitude to Providence for the institutions under which he lives ought to command his sympathies for suffering humanity, and for every country less happily circumstanced than his own. No Englishman should be afraid to avow his reverence for that inalienable right of every people—above all claims of conquest, or forced treaties—national independence. This right of resisting—identical with that of self-preservation—is based both on divine and human, on natural and on social laws. The most scrupulous lawgiver and the bard here go hand in hand. The political iniquity of an arbitrary partition of free States, upon any plea, has been amply proved, and is universally acknowledged. It has been known, indeed, by its bitter fruits; and it may be

advanced as an irrefragable axiom, the contempt of which is sure to bring down heavy future retribution, that, in violating such a right, the conqueror signs the death-warrant of his own dynastic power and position among nations. What the sense of honour is esteemed to be to man, and the no less precious gem of chastity to woman, such to every distinct people is the imprescriptible title to national independence.

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NAVAL SONG.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT ALFRED.

“ Alfred’s mind had conceived an idea which may be looked upon as the embryo of the naval glory of England. The first flotilla which he sent out proved victorious, attacking a Danish squadron of seven ships, one of which was taken; the rest were put to flight. Another more formidable fleet was met by the Saxons’ ships that then blockaded the river Exe, and was wholly destroyed.”—*Pict. Hist. of England.*

Now sing of Alfred’s glory
To the Queen of seas and isles,
The glad song—her sailor’s story—
When the sun of victory smiles.

Say, whose first the brave notion,
That her flag of honour’s flown,
Unfurl’d through every ocean
Where the proudest vail’d their own?

Who taught us brave war’s thunder—
Meet hostile fleets thrice-strong—
And make their might her plunder,
Conquering ’mid storm and song?

Heart of oak it was—Great Alfred!
Who swept, 'mid many a wreck,
Her seas of Danish foemen,
And trod an English deck!

Not lion-hearted Richard,
Who quell'd the Crescent's pride,
And led her far to Victory,
Where our Dear Redeemer died;

When monarchs were her admirals,
Boy-princes led the way
O'er many a sea to conquest,
And won each well-fought day;

When th' Amazon's brave spirit
Fired the maid-queen of the free,
And Howards, Drakes, and Rawleighs,
Saw Spain's star set in the sea;

When battling for the ocean,
As stern rivals for a bride,
With the gallant, brave De Ruyters,
Till the flower of Flanders died:

Nor when the royal Stuart
Led her on, and nobly stood,
Like Blakes and Monks, the bulwark
Of dread England on the flood;

Not the days of proud Trafalgar,
Of the Baltic, and the Nile,
Sung loud with loftiest harpings
In the old heroic style,

E'er shone o'er merry England
With fame more pure and bright,
Than great King Alfred's victories good
Of Christian law and right.

What fields to fame and empire,
What wide-won British sway,
And new worlds' conquests hail'd the dawn
Of our sea-sire Alfred's day!

Joy to the spoil'd and captive—
The cry of children's blood
No longer borne from ravaged shores
Startled the brave and good.

His guardian-genius watch'd us,
And, like her ocean-flood,
Met the storm of foes in silence,
And its darkest rage withstood.

'Twas eve!—the western heavens
Shone far o'er town and tower;
Not a sound broke the still splendour—
When, hark! 'tis the Pagan power.

Then a pause—each man drew breath :
Is 't the Northmen's stern array ?
Are they friends—foes to the death ?
Yet all hail to fight, that day.

For calm on the smiling Exe
Lay Freedom's sire, serene,
As though that dark rush of sails
But rich argosies had been.

On, darkening, on they came,
To o'erwhelm the Holy Cross ;
But each fort pours men to aid
Their King—to that foe's dire loss.

Fast speed the death-wing'd arrows,
Spear, axe, dread missives, wrought—
Till crimson ran the waters,
And the Danes for quarter sought.

Then died Death's din of triumph,
And the eye of Victory glad
Saw the form of cherub Mercy
Bend o'er the fall'n—all sad.

And shone forth the true glory
Of great Alfred's English race :
Still prompt to spare the vanquish'd,
As the proudest to debase.

Soon, on wings of peace and freedom,
 Rose our Sea-King's deathless fame;
 Who, in all his patriot conquests,
 Most prized the Christian's name.

THE LAST OF THE ABENCERRAGES.

CANTO I.

Hail! chastening friend, Adversity—'tis thine
 The mental ore to temper and refine,
 To cast in virtue's mould the yielding heart,
 And honour's polish to the mind impart.

The Sultan of Mousel.

I.

'Tis night—but radiant night! No day
 Of colder climes pours half the glows
 Of mellow'd fire, that ne'er its ray
 Of beauty pales: peak-purpling snows
 High crown the Alhambra's palm-girt pride;
 Heaven's spangled glory, streaming wide,
 Bathes air, earth, stream, in one embrace,
 Ere Day's bright Lord renew his race.
 Dome, spire, and crested minaret,
 In Darro's stream reflected yet,
 The ruddy light of vermeil towers,
 O'erarching courts and myrtle-bowers—
 Founts, gardens, groves of Eastern bloom—
 All Beauty's empire—ripe for doom.

The glory of a thousand years
 Was setting in the storm of spears:
 First flash'd to birth, with thunder-voice,
 The dread artillery's battle-joys,
 Startling men's hearts with strange dismay,
 To see time-hallow'd works its prey—
 Towers crumble—strength, skill vain!—dread
 power

That reigns o'er ruins—Despots' dower,
 Death-forg'd in Demons' darkest hour.
 Victors, whose fame had fill'd the earth,
 To faith, war, song, another birth,
 New era, given: bright Crescent-sway,
 That long eclips'd the Christian day;
 Whose world-wide conquests scarce took
 breath

From their full harvest-fields of death—
 Now take their last, sad, gallant stand,
 The mark of Fate's unerring hand;
 Confront yon leaguer'd hosts, whose arms
 Gleam on the crests that beauty warms
 To many a feat those foes shall rue,
 Ere won, proud empire, held so true.

II.

Still'd now the clamours of the fight,
 Day's gallant toil seeks sheltering night—
 No bridegroom gay, but stern, foredone,
 Like hireling at the set of sun—

Yet in his dreams dealing swift fate
 On the fierce foe his country's hate.
 Brief pause—strange contrast with such war
 Heaven, earth, around so passing fair,
 Like flowers hung o'er some funeral bier—
 Young Joy that mocks the mourner's tear:
 So looks the eve; so bright, elate,
 That hangs o'er that proud people's fate.

Yon moon, by shepherds blest, how clear,
 Deep, blue-arch'd skies, homes, hopes long dear—
 A land all passion-lov'd—sweet joy
 Of song, romance, with no alloy
 Of doubt or fear, 'neath Allah's shield;
 Children of Faith, untaught to yield;
 No sound like the great Prophet's name,
 No sight like war, no dread but shame:
 To Love's bright smile, or Beauty's tears,
 The device due each true knight wears.

III.

The quiet beauty of the hills,
 Fleet shadows of embowering trees,
 Flower'd sweep of moonlit banks, that fills
 With stream-cool fragrance every breeze.
 Life's sorrows soothe. Can War dwell here?
 Can Madness fire men's hearts,
 Where Nature's glories prompt the tear,
 Or sigh for Love's, not Mars', fierce darts?

Hark to the wild bird's vesper-song,
 Days departed splendour hymning!¹
 The folded herds—the low hum long
 Of home-bound bees—and fresh lights stream-
 ing
 O'er hill, vale, rill—the gorgeous train
 Of fleecy hues, chased o'er the plain
 By trails of the sun's glorious light—
 Swift couriers ushering in the night.
 All peaceful night!—so wondrous blest,
 When Nature from her teeming breast,
 With lavish love, Heaven's bounty strows—
 Flowers, meads, and woods, in deep repose,
 To fill the lap of joy and love—
 Youth's first fresh raptures from Above—
 When two bright beings met in bliss,
 In such a clime, such night as this.

IV.

“ Trembles the hand—sighs fill the heart—
 The vision of the coming scene
 Falls like a pall—will not depart—
 Life's spectral woes—all that has been.
 Still, as the forms rise, dark and sad,
 T' appal young Fancy's shuddering sense;
 In Fiction's robes those stern truths clad—
 No, never, never may go hence :

¹ From a sonnet by Camoens.

They tear the breast—they fire the brain,
Where dwell the thoughts that pass not
by;

The hopes that may not live again
Love's life-consuming agony.

In pictur'd griefs, to tell a tale
Of truth that rends the conscious soul,
Draws tears from eyes that did not quail
To scan the Fates' fast gathering roll.

Nor boots it to avert the gaze—
The record there must never die,
While every glance of Fancy's rays
Burns with Truth's immortality."

With thoughts like these, what hero-breast
Would scorn the hermit's happy rest?
Too blest had he—the last, the best
Of his proud tribes—'scap'd Fortune's doom,
Nor found the world a living tomb.
Yes; last, worst lot is his who breathes
Sighs feign'd not—who no fiction wreathes,
But Love's palms for a rival's brow,
Must every noblest aim forego,
And stoop in dervise-guise to dress
His own supreme, lost wretchedness:
The feats of victor-rival tell—
All made *his* heaven on earth a hell.
Two hearts so full of joy, to steep
Its beauty in the founts that weep,

Not like the murmur'd whisperings now—
 The halo-bliss that wreathes their brow :
 The simoom of the soul once past,
 No passion more has power to blast—
 Soon other accents pierce the sky.
 “ Oh, fatal hour !—nor she e'en nigh,
 To take these tears, this last best sigh !”

v.

The cypress and the myrtle well
 Bloom in one bower¹—Love's symbol'd life,
 Where beauty spreads her sweetest spell
 O'er brilliant Knighthood's storm and strife.
 Yes, in that Eden, like the Blest
 Of Paradise, their Prophet feign'd,
 Shone two, whose brief but blissful rest,
 From war and woe, their hearts sustain'd,
 'Midst the last tempest's scattering breath,
 On wings of havoc, exile, death.
 Ah ! 'tis a fearful thing to dare
 Snatch trembling joys where demons glare,
 With all their hideous guests, that mock
 Love's daring hopes, to meet the shock,
 Fate's fiercest hounds, that track the brave,
 Bright, faithful, best—to early grave.
 The peerless maid, of princely stem,
 That long had propp'd the diadem

¹ As appeared in the royal gardens of the Generalife, sacred to the sultanas and princesses of the Moorish court.

Of Moor's fair sovereignty, and thrown
 Its branches wide—outstripp'd, outshone,
 The proudest of the race Atar,
 Whose sires, still leaders of the war,
 Had borne the sacred banner's pride
 Through hosts and States that now deride
 The waning Crescent's lessening beams,
 Fast verging on the land of dreams—
 Shone soft and beauteous as the Dove,
 Watching her Prophet's cave—all love—
 Where sly Arachne's subtle art
 Screened him from fell foes' deathliest dart.¹

VI.

Imagine all of Heaven and Earth
 Commingling best in Woman's form—
 Soul, Faith, and Angel-love's bright worth—
 Perils, nor trials, nor Time's worm,
 Nor Calumnies can e'er impair,
 So sweetly blend the good and fair :
 Ali, the head of the Atar,
 Such gem boasts on the brow of War ;
 With many a banded legion's pride,
 And chiefs who sought the father's side—
 The daughter's love—proud to excel,
 And win fame 'neath that witching spell :

¹ The old Moslem tradition of the escape of Mohammed, and his temporary sanctuary, guarded by the spider and the dove.

Nor words that witchery could convey
 To souls of fire which felt its sway :
 'Twas knit with song and chivalry—
 Faith, soul—part of themselves : the free,
 The boundless spirit's soaring aim,
 Ineffable, no law can tame.
 Describe that walk?—the bosom's swell
 Responds what tongue could never tell :
 The air, the living grace, Youth's love,
 Whose lightning flash, struck from above,
 Bids eyes to eyes—souls speak again—
 From some strange source, makes bliss a pain.
 Such the soft, stately gesture's swell,
 Chance seen in the young, proud gazelle—
 Wild Arab's steed, just rein'd--the glow
 Of glancing fawn—bright things that show
 Perfection in young life, shape, air,
 As though they dared us to compare.
 Flower of the myrtle-garden's pride—
 Of soul to Peri-charm allied—
 Nature's and Love's like favourite boast,
 By no dark Afrite's cloud-veil cross'd ;
 Pure, bright, as Lebid's¹ Koran song,
 That in the Kaaba's Temple hung—
 Fresh fount, or music on the gale,
 That streams through Yemen's moon-lit vale—
 Zelia, the joy of rivals' eyes—
 Of princeliest chiefs, the wish'd-for prize.

¹ One of the most celebrated poets of Yemen.

VII.

What spirit of the glorious dream
Of youth and Paradise, first taught
That heart to beat, that soul to beam,
With loveliest visions fancy-fraught?
A Prince of the Abencerrage—
The Phœbus of that warrior-quire,
In port and pride—threw down “the gage,”
Seized by one royal foe of fire—
Granada’s tears—a vial streaming
All o’er with wrath, but fair in seeming.
Above them, in that gorgeous sky—
All stars—Love’s light is glowing;
And in yon rills scarce flowing,
Bright mimic lustres lie;¹
And soft, low airs, rich, fragrance-fed,
From Linderaxa’s blooming bowers,
From founts fresh spangled with such flowers
As only there their incense shed,
From lily-cups East splendour dight,
That ope their sweetness to the night.
More blest all that deep calm that fell
On Nature’s breast—for man’s fierce strife,
That, passion-wearied, felt the spell
By silence breath’d o’er maddening life,
As if, wrapt in wild war-god’s arms,
The beauteous love-queen smiling lay—

¹ These four lines are borrowed from Mr. Lockhart’s admirable version of old Spanish ballads.

The young joys revell'd 'mid alarms—

Hope grasp'd at bliss that might not stay.
Heaven's dream, more vivid than earth's
truth,

Wooded Fancy's Peri-land of youth—

Thought, passion—all, two souls in one,
Joy-trembling, fear'd too swiftly flown.

VIII.

Was heard no sound but of the bird,

Whose thrill of passionate delight
Stream'd emulous; when nothing stirr'd

Save sacred to the scene and night:
The soul's rich music to the ear

Of Beauty breath'd, in such a clime,
In whisper'd words of fire, more dear

For all the fears of that dark time.
The first delicious consciousness
Of blended hearts—the wish to bless
Another—speaks it not with voice
Of Heaven, that bids man more rejoice,
When freed from self—the miser's care—
He strives to reach the bright and fair;
Prizes great Allah's law supreme,
To aid the poor, and nobly deem
The generous mind that Love inspires,
Fill'd with a zeal that never tires:
But from that one, all-bounteous source
Of love directs its heavenward course,

Spreading its sympathies far round
The sorrowing earth—its hallow'd ground !
Such soul of love was theirs—all great,
Devoted, spirit-strong, elate—
Th' Elysium's charms, so fondly drawn
By Arab bards since Song's first dawn,
High hopes the Faithful only feel,
On lovers' hearts, as on their steel,¹
Writ in bright characters—a flame
To light to faith, to love, and fame.
“ Yes—great is Allah—and how good !”
Spake the plumed chief—the eloquent blood
Mantling his Zelia's neck and cheek—
Language that made all words seem weak :
“ He, he alone, who rules on high,
Holding the scales of Destiny,
Through his great Prophet breath'd his will,
Given but the Faithful to fulfil—
Could rapturous moments such as these
Vouchsafe in his all kind decrees.”
“ Sure, Hammed feigns ; for, if so dear,”
Broke on that young Chief's raptured ear,
“ Would he so long oft leave my side,
Wild plunging in the battle's-tide ?
Or, if 'tis writ that we must part,
Is't dear to break the loving heart ?”

¹ It was a custom with the heads of tribes, among the Moors of Spain, to have cut upon their scimitars and javelins some favourite maxim on love, or faith, from the Koran.

“ Ah! jest not, Zelia! Hear me vow—
 Sultana ne'er was loved as thou ;
 Nor maids of earth, nor paradise,
 Boasted, 'mong hero-blest, such price :
 Dear as fresh fount to pilgrim's lip—
 To young gazelle green valley deep—
 Loved as the call of its lost mate
 To the wild roe—revenge to hate!”
 “ Stop! dare not!” was her wild reply,
 “ Breathe words that wake to agony
 Each trembling fear! Oh! Hammed's love
 Such dark thoughts should soar far above :
 Or, will you hate? then hear *me* vow—
 The Prince shall be as loved as thou.”

IX.

Then flash'd a fire from those dark eyes
 Made the fair speaker start : as flies
 The bright steel to the magnet's law,
 Hand to the scimitar—to draw—
 Spoke, too, the prince of his proud line :
 “ My soul's sultana—love's divine—
 Light of thy glad sire's eyes—my star
 Of glory, 'mid the storms of war—
 What word that stabs and kills!—forbear—
 Name him not! for dread Azrael's there ¹—
 Hovers insatiate as the grave,
 With jealous fiends!—not *you* may save

¹ The Angel of Death.

His forfeit life—should he more dare
Pollute thy beauty with his prayer :
Not Eblis'¹ self more hated, scorn'd—
Yet demon-love for Peri burn'd!"—
“ Too well you know Abdallah! Dark
His soul as Zegri's;² not one spark
Of honour lights to virtue's path—
Fierce, reckless, full of pride and wrath.
My Hammed, if you love, then fear
To risk all that we hold so dear,
By madly waking one whose power
Climbs high as Eblis' loftiest tower,
From which, aloft, he far surveys
Man's darkest paths and secret ways,
Panting to crown Ambition's lust—
All sacred ties to tread in dust,
That bind to Allah, to his sire—
His country—and that holiest fire
To prophets given—the law of love—
Child's, woman's shield—all gifts above—
When, on the tablets of the heart,
Heaven-traced in lines not Azrael's dart
Can raze: but, ah! I fear to read
The ' letters ' of that faithless creed,
Which never made response, when calls
Muezzin³ from the sacred walls,

¹ Eblis, the great Spirit of Evil.

² The rival tribes of the Abencerrages.

³ The priest of one of the religious orders, answering to our officiating clergy.

At matin hour, or vesper's bell,
 Nor prizes customs loved so well
 By every child of Allah's laws
 Who seeks *His* glory, *His* applause."
 "Pride of thy bright land's heart! soft light
 Of gladness through the gathering night—
 Joy of my tribe and chiefs! Oh, tell
 What 'tis—that fond, wild, blissful spell
 That rules me—soothes each fiercer sense—
 Drives all but joy, love, reverence, hence,
 As if from hallow'd ground. Thou near—
 Fate, foes, or rivals—who would fear?
 That voice—those words of noble soul—
 Inspire, sway, guide with strange control—
 Raise me above all meaner aims
 To thine—till hero-love inflames
 My heart to hopes—deeds that shall tell
 How Hammed loved—how Hammed fell:
 Not all unworthy of the light
 Of glorious love that blest his sight—
 Drank glory from thy smiles—from eyes
 That give him promised paradise:
 Favor'd beyond all of his race,
 Clasp'd in bright Zelia's soul's embrace,
 Dear as to night's enamour'd bird,
 Dew-fragrant rosebuds, when first heard
 At hour like this his thrilling song."
 Nor deem it, ye love-loyal, wrong,
 If beating heart to heart spoke well,
 What hero-song could never tell—

But murmuring sounds of sweet delight,
 That fill'd the ear of conscious Night.
 " Yes, flatterer! it was thus you caught
 My heart's first love—ere yet *he* sought—
 That dark Abdallah—from my sire
 To make me bride to woe and ire.
 'Twas thus, in sportive mood—so young—
 Our sires, both princely, valiant, strong,
 To raise their plumes of power more high,
 Our early loves sought to descry,
 And lead us, ah! where all too fast,
 Our love-fates bore us: but the past,
 Vain to recall."—

 " 'Tis glory, love—
 All Heaven can give: the mystic dove
 That watch'd the Prophet's cave, no more
 Could show the Faithful to adore,
 While thus encircled in these arms."
 " Ah! could they save from war's alarms—
 Guard thee—and Zelia's life, in thine—
 Teach you to prize life more divine!
 Love you, dear Hammed? let us fly,
 Seek yon far shrine of Mecca's sky;
 And in those happy vales, where Love
 Devoutest feels the fire above,
 The shepherd-lot our fathers prized,
 Like Antar lead—yet not disguised;
 But in full truthful garb array'd,
 And none but pilgrim-poets' raid

Be ours—to spoil the treasured lore
 Of Persian lays: to wade through gore
 And human woe to scepter'd pride
 Leave we to those who love deride—
 Prefer to spurn at Allah's laws:
 But thou, thy shepherd-land's applause,
 Thy Zelia's, prize!—so shall He bless
 Thy good works in the wilderness;
 Teaching the children of our race
 Content and simple wants—to trace
 Their life-lines by the great and free,
 Nor bend the hero-shepherd's knee
 To foe and fiend who rule the world,
 Where grandeur-vice its sails unfurl'd.
 And you shall doff those dazzling arms
 For pilgrim's staff, for minstrel's charms,
 And sing for me those true-heart lays,
 Sweet Yemen's bards, in loved land's
 praise.”

X.

The vision, and the form divine,
 Scarce burst to all-rejoicing light,
 Ere dark, as bright those beauties shine,
 Some evil genii start—to blight
 The glory of the god-like birth—
 Be it love, truth, honour, martyr-faith;
 Fast on the Peri-feet of mirth—
 The mourner's train, triumphant death.

Hark! heard ye not? 'tis he—he comes,
Whose soul, love, hate, alike consumes,
While fury in his dark glance looms.
The master-passion need not *see*,
It *feels* the born antipathy!
Young Hammed's brow is dark: from far
He scents his foe; his scimitar
Flashes through night, and every vein
Swells for the fight—'tis joy, 'tis pain.
Ere Zelia's shriek, ere chieftains' aid—
Had met, and cross'd their battle-blade:
Nor word of challenge—all eye, hand,
Soul, fury lighten'd forth—the grand,
Long pent-up strife, that felt the goad
Of years of hate too irksome load;
To ease his own, each rival glad
Deeds should give vent to thoughts as mad;
And princely blood the greensward stains,
Nor passion wild owns any reins.
Abdallah's life had there been spent,
Ere love-lit vengeance were content:
When burst, with all a whirlwind's wrath,
Fresh storm across their blood-stain'd path—
Cries of a people's rage and woe,
Upon the night-winds floating, grow
To frantic height, that speaks despair—
Alhama's dirge-song fills the air;
And hurrying chiefs and faquirs' yell
Respond th' alarm-towers of the bell:

The Emirs sit in close divan,
 Yet ask the princeliest of his clan—
 “Beat down their swords! Pause, madmen,
 pause!

Your country claims you—hers your cause.”
 Each held his breath—one withering look,
 Like lions parted—ill they brook
 Th’ occasion, censure, or applause;
 But Christian foe hath broke truce-laws;
 While the Moor’s *King* rides up and down
 Through Granada’s royal town,
 From Elvira’s gates to those
 Of Viva rambla, at each close
 Repeating, with wild chorus-swell,
 “Ah, woe is me! Alhama fell!”

CANTO II.

Mortal joys, however pure,
 Soon their turbid source betray;
 Mortal bliss, however sure,
 Soon must totter and decay.

The Sultan Radhi.

I.

Through vistas of far spreading shades,
 Emerging from the hills, just seen
 Above the Vega’s glowing glades,
 ’Mid groves of bloom, the fortress-queen
 Of palaces high rear’d her towers,
 Sierra-crown’d—th’ eternal snows
 Her diadem—dim, undefin’d,

Her gorgeous hues, 'mid Night's repose,
Give vastness that appals the mind—
Thoughts that fill faithful hearts with prayer—
Breath of the soul—its native air—
To such as *His* decrees obey,
Who for obedience gives best sway
O'er subject minds—the loftiest prize
To wake man's noblest energies—
To teach him mercy—to resign
His will to Allah's laws divine—
The sole, one, Great, Compassionate,
Supreme o'er life, good, evil—fate.
He who most *knows, shows, does His will,*
Reflects his image brightest still—
Learns to scorn life—to conquer death—
Reach paradise by Virtue's path.
Like shadowy forms that cheat the eye,
Yet seem to mark infinity,
Rose dome, tower, minaret, half to view,
Flashing through the cerulean blue ;
Steel'd ramparts, watch-fires, scimitar,
With turban'd chiefs—the soul of war :
Forms still receding, yet far seen—
Flaunting the air, dread banners' sheen.
Hush'd now that leaguer'd city's pride,
Though watch'd by foe, like jealous bride,
While rose her silver crescent bright
O'er gilded domes and mountain height,
Shedding a glory far and nigh
Through the deep purple, star-gemm'd sky.

Through flower-wreath'd lattices there came
Soft, odorous airs, Love, Beauty, claim ;
In courts and bowers shut from each eye
But theirs whose high-born favourites sigh,
Not half so blest as Arab maids,
Love-free to rove through native glades,
Bright Georgian charms—now Moslem's prize—
Where Linderaxa's flower-tents rise,
The lov'd East gardens' myrtle bowers,
For ag'd King Hassan's idler hours,
Where half-hid fountains sprang to light,
Cooling the fragrant breath of night—
Time-hallow'd spots, by every art
Delicious made—to meet to part—
Not wild and passion-fir'd, but calm,
Finding in Prophet-laws the balm
Of peace and joy—no wilful pride ;
Resign'd to all that fate denied.
But Love, proud Love, ne'er revels there,
And one dull languor loads the air ;
No hearts—no hopes—no energy
To live to bless, or dare to die :
The graceful, listless, senses' reign—
As void of rapture as of pain.

King Hassan's soul was dark ! the foe
Press'd on—from rival factions, low,
Fierce mutter'd murmurs rose, that tell
Th' approaching tempest's deeper swell,

Slow ushering in the work of doom,
Consigns a nation to its tomb.

The Prophet-warrior's emblem—how
Faith, worship-lov'd, avails not now,
In every phase so beautiful,
Heaven's azure depths illuming—dull
And cold the beams that fir'd to fame
Heroes whom no defeats could tame.
No more she shone o'er empire's pride,
Where strength and counsel, side by side,
Watch o'er its weal: wild discord reigns
Supreme, and mad ambition stains
Each loftier aim; while son 'gainst sire
Unfurls his flag, and chieftains fire
Their clans to deeds of feudal hate,
'Mid war's fierce storm dark passions sate
Their thirst of prey. Time teems with
fate;

Love, Hope, Faith, Joy, avert their gaze,
Youth's dancing feet the flowery maze
Forget to tread, and maiden's song
And minstrel's harp are mute among
The clash of arms—the clarion's breath—
Death's 'larums to fresh fields of death!
The tambour drowns the Hajib's¹ voice;
And ghouls and faquirs but rejoice.

¹ The Prime Minister.

II.

Dread fate! When man no more can cope
 With his worst foe—man—fall'n from hope
 And empire, must become the thing
 His soul abhors—a slave—once King;
 While freedom blest his native land,
 Nor Eblis waved the demon-wand
 Of foreign victor—chains and death,
 O'er a free people's living breath,
 The heart of life—the free, glad sense
 Of being—all lost in one dense,
 Deep cloud of woe-charg'd hate—the rule
 Of alien power—the mind's worst school,
 That goads to crime—for crime no time
 Can expiate—trampling truths sublime,
 Felt but by souls that worship free
 In Thought's inviolate sanctuary.
 No folly, madness, guilt more grave,
 Than stamps a sovereign people slave—
 More evil-doom'd the victor-power
 Than the crush'd free—that rich-curst dower,
 That gave to Spain the vanquish'd race
 Of Moors and Jews—the German, space
 For the world's gloomiest tyranny
 In brightest clime, 'neath sunniest sky.

Like scorpion, girt with ring of fire,
 Venting on self its deadliest ire,
 The leaguer'd city—when no more
 Its might can meet the dire foe's power.

Far above all that tumult's breath
 Rose cries of treachery, threats of death:
 On to th' Alhambra's courts they throng,
 As stung with keenest sense of wrong—
 Mobs masking, in their show of ire,
 The fear of foes, their lack of fire—
 Most brave to work their country's shame—
 Fickle, bold, craven—yet the same:
 While Emirs, Chiefs—all true tribes grieve,
 To see the woes none can relieve.
 "Accurst be Muley Hassan! Woe
 To traitor chiefs that shun the foe—
 Fierce to their friends—Alhama's fate,
 To Allah shows their bitter hate!"

They reach the fortress-walls—then reel,
 Its massy ramparts gleam with steel,
 Fierce, swarthy visages—war's lair—
 Muley's old guards keep vigil there.

III.

By faquir led, of that lost race,
 Born to presage their country's doom—
 Cassandra's brood, whose own disgrace
 Sees others' woes far distant loom—
 With streaming locks and 'wilder'd air,
 Wild dervise-forms the red torch bear;
 Santons and Zegri's gloomy band,
 With Giaours, ghouls, vampires, share com-
 mand—

Like swart spots on the simoom's brow,
Ere sand-storms their wild desert plough.

He raves—he loads the trembling air
With portents of that last dread war—
All fearful signs, each vision'd ill
That fright the faint, the bravest chill—
Palsy the heart of war—bring down
The fate they show—mad wreath a crown
For foeman's brow. “Hark! do I lie?
Moors' empire's last dread hour is nigh:
Yes; last of royal race shall soon
Fly the bright land his brave sires won;
Usurp a father's throne, and call
The Giaour his friend—'tis fated all.
“Obey! shout, young Abdallah!—down
With Muley Hassan—seize the crown!”
But hark! Prince Hammed's battle-cry,
Chiefs, tribes of his proud line, reply
From court, and camp, and signal tower,
Th' Abencerrages their squadrons pour—
The King's most staunch allies, that stand
His bulwarks, 'twixt wild, lawless band—
Zegriz, Gomerez, next in power—
Whose rival claims, the bitter dower
Of empire's fall, still urge the son
To war upon the sire, but shun
The open combat, slow to meet
Prince Hammed's might—conspire, defeat

His nobler aims, by savage wile,
 Leagu'd with Abdallah's soul of guile—
 Ambition, Hate—their hope to share
 With him brave spoils: the crown, the fair
 Zelia once his—proud rivals fall—
 They, the throne's pillars—theirs—all, all.

IV.

In anxious council Hassan sat,
 And, princeliest wisdom of the state,
 The Hajib Kassim, on whose brow
 Shone the soul's grandeur, honour's glow—
 Warrior, chief, sage—the friend in youth,
 As age, of Hassan—great by truth
 None would believe—so victor high
 O'er man's false, faithless creed—the lie;
 Sway-potent o'er men's minds; it told
 The best on those who thought the gold
 But sounding brass; and theirs to rue
 Their own vain guile, betray'd to view
 By plain, straightforward, march of right,
 The wariest foiled by their own sleight
 Of conjuring hand—their weapons fell,
 As grasp'd by some magician's spell—
 Transcendent truth—best tact—told where
 Dark plotters work'd in ambush'd lair.
 Yet Kassim's genius could not save
 Predestin'd empire from its grave—
 A fickle race, fanatic state
 From tyrant passions, fear and hate:

Strong Christian hosts—divided rule—
 And weakness in Misfortune's school ;
 Here hero-zeal, by heroes fir'd,
 There patient and resign'd expir'd.
 Still task'd he all his skill to stay
 The last dark scene of Destiny,
 That bids the mightiest bow the head,
 The joyous weep, the boldest dread.

Now, swift to act, his council flew,
 As conquering rival on the gnu,¹
 When, battle-worn, he speeds for life
 O'er desert hills, though vain the strife ;
 Swift are the victor's feet—no pause,
 Till Death has seal'd proud conquest's
 laws.

So on the Christian hosts the Moor
 Hurl'd all that Afric's war could pour,
 And joining glad the princely head
 Of that brave tribe whose battle-tread
 Alone had scar'd their rival's pride,
 The noble Hajib, side by side
 With the dark King, bold rose to stem
 The storm that threatens his diadem ;
 All of soul whirlwind's eloquence—
 Those words of fire, in figur'd sense,

¹ The fierce encounters of the animal so called, in his native region, are said to exceed any thing we hear of in the most hostile species of brutes.

More bright and keen from vision'd lore :
 The shafts flame-launch'd, like arrowy shower,
 Yet spell'd with 'suasive Fiction's power ;
 The troubled sea of life around
 Grew calm ere yet it caught the sound.

v.

“ There is no conqueror but God ”—
 The Prophet-Chief his sword, his rod ;
 Are ye his children—faithful, brave ?
 Or to vile self the vilest slave ?
 Slaves of the vanquished, whom your sires
 Consum'd with Faith's far-branding fires :
 Cravens, why doubt what is to come—
 Great Allah's will ? adore—be dumb !
 Now ! who will answer when *He* speaks ?
 Not one of all ! His justice wreaks
 Vengeance on vice and cowardice—
 A bad world sway'd by crimes like this.
 To rule, first learn t' obey—to feel
 That glorious spur, our Prophet's zeal ;
 To live, to die, for lov'd land's weal.
 Those weapon-points are still the same
 That bore your sires through fields of flame ;
 They look from high ; and will ye bow
 Your necks to that once conquer'd foe ?
 Plunge recreant daggers in the breast
 Of holiest Faith—spurn all most blest—
 Home, clime, hope, fame—the Paradise
 Of Joy—the Beauty of the skies—

Where bliss awaits ye, such as here
'Twere vain to tell—bliss void of fear.

“Allah Achbar!” dread judgment nigh,
More sure than foes from whom ye fly,
To wreak your feeble rage on those
Who live—who die for your repose.
The craven-hearted never spare,
Yet shun the front of glorious war.
To Castile’s Queen go tribute pay,
Lo! here the impost men display—
Granada’s bulwarks—walls of steel—
The breasts of Moslem heroes! Feel
Like them, nor crouch behind the shield—
Bright arms of proof, that heroes wield
Of Tarik’s race—Mohammed’s seed—
Th’ Atars’ and Musas’ battle-breed.
Go, vie with them! give aid and trust;
Nor, dead to honour, lick the dust
Before yon Infidels! haste, arm,
Nor dare to wake but war’s alarm.
Oh, live renown’d, or greatly die!
Blest who may pour the last faint sigh
For their land’s freedom; press the sod
Whence patriot-spirits spring to God;
Heaping eternal scorn and shame
On Despots’ heads and Slavery’s name.”

The noble Hajib, ceasing, turn’d
To Hammed and his tribes, who burn’d

To prove by deeds, not vain the fire
Those kindling war-words stern inspire,
That through men's hearts like clarions cry,
To wake the shouts of Victory!

Gleam'd meteor-fires far through the air,
Wav'd many a jewell'd scimitar,
Flash'd the dark eye, and every breath
Suspended, as the pause of death.
No longer palsied, each firm hand
Seiz'd spear, or javelin, dagger, brand;
Summon'd brave chiefs to lead them on.
Till lost Alhama's walls re-won.
Spoke Hammed then—"That *my* first care—
Horse, foot, each war-tribe to prepare;
All Andalusia's chivalry—
To tear down from those watch-towers high
The symbols of the Christian sway."
And at th' inspiring words, away
Into the wildest contrast ran
That strange dark people's love of clan—
All hate before—and "God is great!
Mohammed is his Prophet—wait
No more!" the cry! "Kill the vile slave
Macer, that faquir false! keen knave,
Who egg'd us on to crime—to stain
Our hands with blood of noblest men.
Down, lying Prophet! Kassim, hail!
Great Ibn Hammed! none will fail

To join your glorious banner ! shout
 Allah ! Alhama ! lead us out.
 Ope wide the gates ; let the foe come—
 The Vega's turf shall be their tomb ;
 And richer every harvest grow,
 Where Christian dogs' vile blood shall flow ;
 Or chain'd to task-work at the mill,
 Each chieftain's slave—they do our will."

Such, ever fiery, or depress'd,
 A fickle people's changeful breast ;
 Capricious as their ruler's pride,
 Now bold, now base—for any side,
 Array'd as fear or interest guide,
 Till passion lulls itself to sleep,
 To wake once more—to toil and weep.

Scarce beats the heart of that proud land,
 Hush'd as a slave, whose high command
 O'er Christian states, far realms, bore rule—
 Spreading laws — arts — proud knighthood's
 school,
 That left its gay and gallant mood,
 Mingled with Europe's tardier blood.

VI.

Loud tambours beat ! harsh clarions cry
 Far through the Elvira gate !
 Granada's sons of chivalry
 Dash on in hope elate.

There fiery barb—the Arab's speed—
Bright bannerets all display'd—
High hearts of Andalusian breed,
Renown'd in many a raid—
The pawing steed—the cavalcade,
With colours streaming—lances gleaming,
Fit vision for the war-fiends dread.
The Prince of all th' Abencerrages
Dazzling with steel—like steel led on,
For he had ta'en a vow to charge
Castile's proud veteran ranks alone,
With tribes but of that princely stem,
That oft had worn a diadem.
Now, for such lofty patriot-feat,
The Moslem Monarch, as 'twas meet,
Gave right rich dower with his young bride—
Alhama's rule—should fate decide
For victory—if defeat, or rout,
Nor Zelia, nor that fortress stout,
Granada's key, were his! Enough!
Brave hearts delight in feat most rough:
'Twill test his title to the fame
He covets, and enforce his claim—
To none obliged, save his good sword,
Firm faith, and mighty Allah's word.
Abdallah triumphs should he fail—
The brightest boon, chance his! yet quail
The princely spirit will not—strong
In truth and honour—scorn of wrong.

Swift flies the signet for the doom
Of lost Alhama's ruler—loom
The tidings on the sad old man,
Who journeys slow—haste all he can,
Back to his charge from nuptial fête,
But finds, alas! he's all too late—
The foe too prompt—and starts to hear
Its fate, his own, but sheds no tear;
Still eyes the signet with a sigh,
The father's heart 'tis—fears to die.
Then to the headsman brave he spoke,
“Go, tell the Moor his faith he broke;
Full twenty days he gave, but I
Not absent ten—let *him* say why
Dame Fortune's wrongs on me, my sword,
He wreaks! My native land ador'd
Serve I; my honour, and fair fame
More dear than many a city's name,
Proud empire, or the diadem
To kings! Away, I shall not shame
My sires—Alhama mine, or death,
And o'er my tomb—one fadeless wreath.”
“'Tis vain, Alcayde! thou must die,”
Spake e'en that headsman with a sigh;
“As vain to ask a short reprieve
Thy child to see, much less to live—
From the Alhambra's walls thy head
Must tell the tale of traitor dead.”
Brook'd not the brave that cruel taunt—
He smote the slave! no idle vaunt—

Then onward flew! fierce charg'd the foe—
Fam'd as he'd liv'd, he perish'd so.
Not one of all that hero-band
But rais'd the dirge for Feri—grand
In age as youth—th' applauding throng
Caught up, and swell'd his fame's proud song.

VII.

Sad musing on the hapless fate
Of Feri, as the brothers brave,
On Piño's bridge, who perish'd great,
Their country and their tribe to save;
Prince Hammed led his battle-van,
Stern as the chiefs when Charlemagne
At Roncesvalles felt their might;
Far stream'd his pennon that no stain
Of knighthood bore 'mid dawning light.
Soon, gladdening to his soul, the sound
Of rushing foe! the plains resound
With thunder of the far-off tread
Of Christian hosts, by warriors led,
Whose deeds are blazon'd on the page
Of Chivalry—Spain's palmiest age.
Cordova's chiefs, long heirs of fame,
And one of "The Great Captain's" name—
Th' Alonzos' and Gonzalvos' line,
And Laras through long war-rolls shine.
Guzman, Sidonia's peerless chief,
Proud D'Aguilars, the ceaseless grief

Of many a widow'd, orphan breast ;
 Bright Ponce de Leon's lance in rest,
 With all th' Alvarez' gleaming crest
 Of ducal gold—Zendillas strong,
 Fierce frontier-lords, to battle throng—
 Chiefs—each a host—impell'd to deed
 Of loftiest aim—the fire-fraught creed
 Dark monks usurp o'er Castile's Queen,
 Kings, statesmen—Europe's knighthood-din,
 Charging with fire—fanatic zeal—
 Supreme delight to hate and kill—
 That to war's woes lent all to crown
 Conflicting creeds with Despots' frown.

But ere another sun's last beam
 Had shone o'er mosque, and tower, and stream,
 Far other sight was there : loud rose
 The storm-cries of two bitterest foes,
 One sorely press'd and battling, gave
 To victors still a front, a grave—
 Slain, but not conquer'd ; its proud boast
 To mount Alhama's heights—all lost—
 Mark'd well by dark Abdallah's eye,
 Like falcon on the stoop from high,
 Glad gazing from yon watch-tower nigh.
 No moment—none so fit as now,
 To snatch bright laurels from the brow
 Of rival foil'd in war, in love ;
 To crown Ambition's joys, above

All hope—if his the glorious praise,
The patriot's meed to win—amaze
Alike his country, and its foes,
By deeds with which his breast ne'er glows.
“To arms, to arms! rescue or death!
Follow! nor let the foe take breath!”
Swift at the head of chosen bands,
All girt for fight—his stern commands,
His princely banners, far display'd,
Summon fresh thousands to the aid.
Fast through the gates his squadrons pour,
With war-cries of the fiery Moor;
Th' applauding people rend the air,
To see that mild, cold Prince, so dare
The fierce front of victorious foe,
T' avert a rival's overthrow;
Consummate hypocrite's deep scheme,
To wrap them in delusive dream;
Low villain ruler's, statesman's art,
To play with smiles the demon's part.
For to *his* wily soul small task
Dark schemes with seeming good to mask—
Allure that fickle mob, and crown
His loftiest flight, by stooping down
In courtliest guise, as if he bore
Wrongs he forgave—t' inflict the more.

XI.

See! where, before yon onset fierce,
The broken line of eager spears,

Rush marshall'd ranks that firmly pierce
Spain's brilliant host that onward bears
The tide of war, like ocean waves,
Hoarse murmuring o'er lost seamen's graves.
Such man's wild ardour to pursue,
Run down, and slay the fallen—true
To his blood's instinct, lapping blood—
Fawning to conquest's harpy brood;
To passions mastering every spell
Of the good genii—ere he fell—
Too proud to think, act, or live well.
Abdallah so, no quarter gave,
When victor o'er the wearied brave.
Fortune that favours still the bold,
Oft gives the bad as firm a hold
On suffering worth! see him assail
Spain's chivalry, and turn to wail
Her victor-shout: the hard press'd Moor
Now rallying—scorning to endure
Flight—shame—and most, the bitter thought
That all his gallant toils but wrought
The work of hated rival! No!
A fond bride lost—a broken vow.
The once fam'd Hammed, silent, sad,
No longer leads the triumph glad,
As through th' Elvira gates they wind,
With store of flags and captives lin'd—
Not his, but deadliest foe's abhorr'd,
Who scarce had flesh'd his maiden sword—

Ne'er borne the sacred banner bright,
Through hundred fields, renown'd in fight,
Till rais'd by loud acclaim, the head
Of all the tribes to conquest led.
Now whose those thundering plaudits? See
That faithless thron'd bow low the knee
To their new idol of the hour,
And on *his* shatter'd tribe dark low'r
With angry gesture, mutter'd scorn—
Dark change, full hardly to be borne.
Yet deigns he not to feel, or show
One sign of bated hope—to know
A fear—less brook the passing slight—
One clarion blast; and dark as night,
On with his hero-clan he swept
Through ingrate crowds, that almost wept
To see their envious shafts fall dead,
And to the palace-fortress led,
There to report the sad, dire cause,
That lost him more than Fame's applause.
For he had forfeited his vow—
The hopes long nurst—life—glory now—
Yet would he, wrong'd to death, still claim
Justice to clear a once bright name,
And stamp on dark Abdallah's brow
The brand that burnt his brain—to show
How, 'neath the close mask'd patriot's guise,
He dar'd the wily foe apprise
Of every move—then took his stand
On signal-tower, to watch at hand

The summon'd foe, whose ambuscade
 His evil genius thus had laid—
 When down he rush'd to seize his prey,
 A bride—a throne—sire's, country's stay.

CANTO III.

Those radiant cheeks are veil'd in woe—
 A shower descends from every eye,
 And not a starting tear can flow,
 That wakes not an attending sigh.
Ben Abad, Sultan of Seville.

I.

What storm of passion shook the breast
 Of stern King Hassan—heard the tale
 Of that son's infamy—oppress'd
 With rage, fear, hate—aghast and pale,
 Each fierce as Azrael tore him—most
 Alhama's loss—the victim'd brave—
 “That Prophet's was no idle boast—
 ‘Thy son shall dig his country's grave’—
 The last—not long the last—he dies,
 As many a traitor-one low lies,
 That sought my life and diadem;
 And, ah! the bosom-fiend like them,
 Source of fresh woes—turns duty, peace,
 To bitterest feuds that ne'er may cease—
 The milk to gall—the wife to foe—
 And then, when foil'd, Fate's final blow?

Yet, soon aveng'd, shall Hassan die—
 Death's Angel welcome—if no sigh,
 No tear, escape his bosom's pride,
 Vanquish'd and victor, side by side.
 Let dark Abdallah share *her* doom,
 Immur'd in dungeon's deepest gloom;
 The 'Seven Vaults' sure will check his pride,
 Till both are launch'd on Fate's dark tide."
 Spoke Kassim then, the wise of years,
 As one whose knowledge soars o'er fears—
 Vain hopes—whose high thoughts, and prov'd
 heart

Of patience—or to meet or part—
 Resign'd to all—above the world,
 Not of it—with Faith's wings unfurl'd
 At the first summons—glad to rise—
 Claim more than Houri's Paradise—
 Triumph o'er ills, earth's destinies—
 A crown due to the good and wise;
 Courteous and mild, like the *soul*-brave,
 Their passions' masters, prompt to save;
 To fellow-sufferers glad impart
 That truth of truths, a patient heart,
 A spirit free from self, sept, guile;
 The conscious mind's perennial smile.
 "Allah Achbar! compassionate,
 Most merciful—retard the fate
 Prepar'd for all who give the rein
 To passion—sowing vice, reap pain,
 And e'en of Destiny complain.

Recall those words, oh King ! but no—
Quench the dark thought that prompted so,
At the heart's fountain ;—worse than spear
Of foe—blow struck by friend severe.
Fear less the stranger's sword than guile
Of thine own heart and house ; the smile
Of promise—prosperous days—worse far
Than secret foe ; but greatly dare,
Repentant, sad, to build thy hope
On Allah's love, of Heaven-wide scope.
That love—my country's—now inspire
These lips, and if their words of fire
Offend, strike ! here ; but still they'll glow
Within thine heart—burn on thy brow—
Reproach not ! woman least—a gem
Beyond thy earthly diadem,
Where beats high heart, faith, soul of love,
Her glorious dower sent from above,
Nor sully with the breath of blame
Thy own Sultana's once-lov'd name—
The chaste Aixa ! Ask thy fears—
Of what thou art—hast been—the biers
Borne from thy palace-walls by night ;
Thy favourites—most the funeral light
Of proud Zorayda's eyes—the star
Of morn that rules thy night of war.
Shake off th' ignoble chains that eat
Into man's spirit ; learn to meet
Thy foe without wild passion's hate,
That empire, wealth, nor vengeance sate ;

See thyself as thou art—and fear
 To consummate dark deeds too dear,
 From which Abdallah's self first drew
 That false, proud heart, you deeply rue :
 Hurt but a hair on that dark head—
 Wound more the mother's heart that bled—
 Awake your headsmen, and your power,
 Life, crown, fly speedier than the hour.”
 Amaz'd, and well nigh awe-struck, stood
 That stern old King—his untam'd blood
 Half curdling with vex'd rage and shame,
 To hear from Kassim words of blame,
 Sharper to him than foeman's steel,
 The aspic's bite, or vampire's meal ;
 That friend in peace ! that arm in war—
 Worst peril's counsel—Fortune's star—
 Companion of his youthful arms—
 Had he heard right—or Afrite charms ?

II.

“Great Allah !” came in smother'd storm,—
 “Prove our friends foes—spies?—feeds the worm
 On Beauty's flowers ;—or, like a cloud
 From the King's eyes, do dark deeds shroud
 The light of faith?—Doth he not know
 That he who trusts to man may go
 Far as he will, yet prosper not ;
 That a wise foe less hurts, I wot,
 Than mad ally ; and holy war
 Than peace with th' Impious ? yet I bear—

Refrain my tongue in Council's hall,
 Where none should look great but the tall ;¹
 Who see as from a tower from far,
 Show all the paths to peace and war.
 King Muley is—it boots not—speak,
 Thou Prince of Tribes, what is't you seek ?”
 Not his to boast of generous deed—
 Almanzor, next in lov'd land's need,
 And of right princely heart, outspoke,
 Sav'd from rash vow and headsman's stroke
 A friend so dear—“ He fail'd alone
 Through traitor-arts of Hassan's son—
 Thine ear, oh, King, for chief's dire wrong !”
 Th' old tale—weak man—the tempter strong,
 Soon told how faithless, false the soul
 That once spurns Allah's high control ;
 His laws proclaim'd by Prophet true,
 His Khaleds, Musas—the bright few,
 Whose great ambition the true crown,
 Won by the just, not earth's renown.
 “ Long ere Alhama's heights we gain'd,
 The defiles clear'd—our foes obtain'd
 From secret signal note of all ;—
 Heights, cliffs, and passes at one call
 Start into men—not Castile led
 By King and chiefs alone—but bred

¹ There is a quiet irony in many of the Arab proverbs and maxims, as well as in some very sagacious precepts of the Koran.

In foreign wars—the flower of lands—
 Gaul's, England's—the imperial bands
 Of Teuton birth—Italia's mind—
 In one dread crusade darkly wind
 Their folds of death, like spider's net,
 Round the bold chiefs, who never yet
 Shunn'd face of foe—from gorge, vale, hill,
 Camp, fortress, mosque, start foes that fill
 The plain, encircle far the space,
 Where, like a lion, toil'd at chase,¹
 (Strength, valour, 'vail not) Hammed saw,
 With eagle glance, the circle draw
 Close, closer round—his sole, last hope—
 A hero's—with his fate to cope,
 Fall for his country, as he rose,
 Blest where death, like a phoenix, glows
 From patriot-ashes, bright with fame,
 To light through time th' enduring name.”
 That stern King wept — absolv'd him — prest
 The proud tribe's hero to his breast.

III.

No hope of aid ! King Muley's host
 On all sides press'd, surpris'd, crush'd, lost—
 Few, faint, and worn, th' Alhambra's walls
 Regain'd—with heart no fate appals.

^t This description will show how far the last wars of the Moors resembled the recent ones in Hungary.

The Prince with ranks deep serried, spear,
Javelin, lance, sword, and scimitar,
Gleaming like ocean walls—gave forth
War-cry, by many a chief of worth
Far echo'd—darker grew the plain,
Dire battle's shades involve the slain :
Allah il Allah ! still the shout,
As on they press through hideous rout
Of horse and foot—then stand at bay,
As charge on charge their foes essay
To stay their onset—break their front,
Where Prince Almanzor bore the brunt
Of Ponce de Leon's—Guzman's spears—
Where Peril's form her Gorgons rears ;
While Muza, Yahia, Al Fahar,
Sustain'd fresh shocks of adverse war.
Th' Abencerrages, th' Alabez well
Their fame assert—all deadly sell
Lives that th' o'erwhelming foe had spar'd
Most gallant—as they greatly dar'd ;
Fir'd at the sacred Crescent's shine,
Cut sheer through hostile hosts — till, line
By line, they reach Alhama's gates,
Where still in hope the Moslem waits
Bright victory—captive—slave no more :
“ On to the gates !—rise !—out !—pour, pour !”
And see ! with daring skill the chief
Turns Treachery's self to his relief—
Dashes through bold Mendoza's horse,
Nor stays his desperate onward course,

Till gain'd that open city's pride,
He clos'd the gates that glad supplied
Fresh sallying hosts—another strife
Of hand to hand, and life to life,
Maintain'd, but still unequal, told
How well the Prince of tribes will hold
The vow he made—had now perform'd,
If traitor-deeds, that dark deform'd
Abdallah's soul, marr'd not th' emprize
That veil'd bright victory from his eyes.
Feeble and few against a host,
His cause achiev'd but to be lost,
Fought the Abencerrages in vain—
Fresh gathering hosts pour'd o'er the plain —
The foe within, without—far round,
Like dragon-teeth sprang from the ground—
Mail'd warriors—sown but to destroy,
Each foeman's blood, brief victor's joy.

IV.

Girt by the fires of war—walls, forts,
Swarming with spears, that stern chief now
To hero's last sad hope resorts ;—
Brave death, asking but moments how
His hero-tribes and honour's type
To save from the insulting foe ;
Nor trembles as one giant-gripe
Grasps it!—see ! o'er the rampart go,

Rider, steed, standard spreading wide
Its battle-wings, as proud to guide
Its guardian—prov'd, in many a field,
Through fire and storm, untaught to yield.

Then broke, e'en from admiring foes,¹
One loud applauding shout, that goes
Through the far hills, and woke th' acclaim
Due to such deed of deathless fame ;
That to the head of kindred tribes
And hosts rais'd *that rare one* no bribes
Could e'er corrupt—no terrors daunt,
Wedded to Honour—Victory's vaunt ;
Who set true Knighthood's mirror high,
Loyal, as full of courtesy ;
Who ne'er disturb'd his land's repose,
Join'd its base factions, or its foes,
Conqueror and umpire—till the son
Of Hassan that dire feud begun—
Jealous of one great chieftain's fame,
His plighted bride—ancestral name,
Leagu'd to betray his country's chief ;
His proud line's shame—his lov'd land's grief ;

¹ More than one instance of this desperate daring is upon record. A modern feat is that of the last of the Mamelukes, when his tribe was barbarously slaughtered by command of the late Viceroy of Egypt, in an enclosed space, walled round. He too is said to have escaped. See "Egypt and Mohammed Ali;" by the celebrated traveller, J. A. St. John.

And yet an act of darker dye,
 If such—gave added infamy.
 Nor now by secret plot, so laid,
 Deem'd he the prince could 'scape the raid
 Of eager foes set on his path—
 Bloodhounds of War's consuming wrath.
 Chaf'd with fresh rage to see his prey
 Foil him, he sought more daring way,
 At once to crown his love and pride,
 A King, and seated by his side—
 Sultana none, but Zelia fair—
 Granada's boast—worth all to dare.
 If fraud avail'd not, seize by force!
 The mob was his, than foot and horse
 Stronger for spoil, wild Afric's band,
 And the Queen's cause—a Prophet's wand.

Knew we how thwarted oft by will
 Of Allah, man's dark schemes of ill,
 The evil heart—its wanderings wild,
 Mad, fiendish, by *his* safeguards mild;
 Strange obstacles that cross the path
 To woe, death, doom, how soon the wrath
 Of the fell passions should we chain,
 And grateful serve his laws again,
 Awe-struck, fall prostrate at his throne,
 His guardian love—our weakness own.
 So with Abdallah! ere he hurl'd
 A sire from high—ravag'd a world

Of innocent bliss, love, all of price
 Earth had to boast—its paradise,
 Demon-like, fill'd with woe, e'en he
 Had learnt dark thoughts, stiff neck, proud
 knee,

Strong to control—given ampler scope
 For reason, honour, loftier hope,
 And nobler being—tears to pray,
 Heart to repent—deeds shun not day.

v.

Yet Muley was no King to yield

 A crown, but vow'd, in secret soul,
 Unknown to Kassim—stern to wield
 Its power, above all less control.

He struck with strong Briarean hand,

 Unpalsied yet ; taught sons to feel
 That princes bear no charmer's wand,

 Traitors to shield from bow and steel.

So seonc'd within the "Seven-Towers" gloom,
 Abdallah shar'd the living tomb

Of her who won rare title high

In Harem lands—"The Chaste,"—who sigh

Most oft beneath the angry frown

Of ingrate-despot—offspring own,

His victims too, or likeness, worse—

While both inflict a twofold curse

On her who felt—whate'er the skies—

Earth, e'en to Queens, no Paradise.

Still a Sultana's soul shone bright
 Through bonds and Torture's murkiest night—
 Not hers to doubt, despair—while one
 Grand hope, strong tie—a last-lov'd son,
 Doom'd by a desperate father's ire,
 Before her fond eyes to expire—
 Was left her wrongs, his own, to plead
 With thunder-voice—a people's dread ;
 To madness rous'd by faction's hate,
 And thanks to dark decrees of Fate,
 Foreshadow'd long—to seize a crown,
 Though the Moor's last—and reign alone
 O'er ruins—so sweet vengeance theirs—
 The death-fruits such that stern creed bears.

At night, by Darro's stream, a steed
 Swift as the winds—the heroine's deed—
 One Afric band in ambush laid—
 Enough for bold escape—flight—aid.
 A mother's heart, and woman's wit,
 Most foes o'ermatch—what time not fit ?
 Rare wanting tunics, shawls, and veils,
 Best lady's rope for prince who scales
 An empire, or who lacks a bride ;
 And free once more, Abdallah's pride
 Soars equal to his fortune's tide,
 If with prompt soul seiz'd at the flood,
 Borne on by furious Factions—wood
 With sails all set, in gallant trim,
 To victory's port ;—tribes, nobles deem

Their Prophet's voice cries at the gate,
 Mosque, tower, and camp, his mandates wait.
 Granada sees two Kings—supreme—
 Discord sole reigns—fierce battle's stream
 Runs red with the bright Xenil's wave,
 And 'neath each turf a kinsman's grave.

VI.

Vain Kassim's counsels—Hassan's sword,
 Prince Hammed's tribes, 'gainst the dread
 word

Of Fate, by faithless mobs rever'd,
 Wild Afric's clans, and faquirs fear'd.
 The new King's banners flaunt the air
 Far from th' Alhambra's walls—nor dare
 His stern sire to confront the storm,
 Dark fled to Baza's heights—to form
 New league with many a native King
 And frontier lord—while Anarch's wing
 In hate, revenge, envelops all;
 Kadhi's, nor the Muezzin's call
 More heard, ag'd Emirs lov'd of old—
 Ulemas,¹ Scheikhs,² tribe-chieftains bold,
 Hajibs, or sage-like dervise, share
 Each change that reckless Fates prepare;
 Now mob, now despot reigns supreme;
 Man's progress, like himself, a dream.

¹ Lawyers; officers of justice.

² Professors; learned men.

E'en Kassim bore the bitter grief
To see his name no more the chief
Of Scheikhs, struck from the rolls of fame,
With many an honour'd statesman's name ;
Illumin'd heads of Prophet-line,
In grand divan esteem'd divine.
A few there were, nor bribes, nor force
Prevail'd to turn from the bright course ;
High honour—duty to the state
Inspire—who met the foe elate,
Without, within—Abdallah's will
Dare check, and 'mong those faithful still
Th' Abencerrages, th' Alabez—these,
By heroes led, no King dare seize ;
Great Loxa's lord—the brave Atar,
Men whose stern rights were rights of war,
With which nor prince nor people sport,
Safe 'neath their shield ; but gladly court,
When some loud, threatening foe draws
nigh,
And traitors and usurpers fly.
So now Abdallah ! while the brave
Hurl back the Christian battle-wave,
Breasting the dark o'erwhelming flood,
Like gallant bark, false to his blood ;
He sought by abject terms to gain
A power not his—a vassal's reign ;
Degrades the sacred banner's pride,
And courts the Goth whom they defied.

Fatal as Trojan horse—soon seen—
 Strange sight ! 'mid Moslem's turban'd sheen,
 And silver crescent-pennon's light,
 Th' Iberian plumes — the red-cross knight ;
 Not as when borne to holy grave,
 The Bruce's heart, red flashed the glaive
 Of gallant Douglas through the fight,
 And England's yeoman prov'd their might,
 When staunch Earl Scales, spite of lost
 teeth,
 Half nose, one ear, and all his breath,
 Did thank his Christian majesty
 For the high honour—so to be
 Maim'd in his royal cause, and sooth
 Took a small pension for each tooth ;
 While here the Cross and Crescent blend
 To quell the Moor—his empire's end.
 Well " El Zagoybis' " name was given
 To him " th' Unhappy," who had riven
 All ties of truth, love, country, fame,
 " Last of the Moors," his crown of shame ;
 Enduring as the stern reproach
 Of her who saw him tamely crouch ;
 Then weep to lose state, country, all,
 Brave 'gainst his friends, to foe, " The Small ;"
 " El Chico," still more aptly call'd,
 By every thing but Vice appall'd ;
 To Allah's unseen, awful face,
 A bravo—to man's cringing, base.

VII.

From mosque nor Harem's sacred walls
Had long th' unfilial son¹ withheld
Hot, impious hands, but fear appalls ;
The Koran's laws bright Zelia shield—
The royal sisters, Kassim's child ;
And all of noblest, sanctuary
Ope to that young, bright being mild,
That sateless passion mark'd its prey.
Gold smooth'd the path where danger lay ;
Within the Linderaxa's bounds,
Close at his side Mahoun's swart hounds
Well train'd to deeds of darkness ; there
They watch'd like Afrites in their lair,
Close to palm-shaded orange bower ;
Where oft they met at evening hour—
The two heart-wedded, fearless there,
That such a spot could bring despair.
And then, unconscious all, she sat,
But of the hour e'er deem'd too late,
When from the battle-field shone bright
That form, her spirit's radiant light ;
When, hark, a rush ! one scream ! 'tis o'er :
They bear their victim from the bower ;
They gain the garden's utmost bound,
Are safe ; but, ah ! another sound,

¹ Not only are filial duty and obedience inculcated in the Koran, but they were sought to be enforced and made habitual under very severe practical penalties.

Another sight awaits them there ;
For other prey must they prepare.
Stream'd like a meteor on the air
That star of battle—fateful far
To that King's soul—well mark'd as slave,
Truth, honour, shame, blent in one grave ;
'Twas Hammed's sword — each known to
each,
Though both disguis'd, what need they speech
To tell, that in that black slave's brow
Low'r passions, ghouls, and demons know ;
That in that voice, and in the eye,
The terrors of the guile-fiend lie—
The thirst of blood that vampires feel,
Fanning their victims while they kill ;
Or in yon towering form elate,
There dwells a soul of royal state,
Seated on throne of honour's pride,
That every base-born thought defied—
Majestic, grand—the dervise-stole
Shrouding, in vain, the hero's soul.
One moment's pause, to fix their gaze,
When forth the jealous Furies blaze,
Their death-red torches gleaming bright,
To guide the havock of the fight,
Show foe to foe, and heart to heart—
For hate's embrace, that will not part.
Ne'er dares the villain doff his mask,
Or king, or serf—the dark—*his* task,

E'en when by others seen—prey's bird,
That hides its head—nor deems 'tis heard.
So now th' assassin King stoops low,
To deal more sure, as slave, the blow—
While, dashing off his pilgrim-vest,
The princely hero stood confess'd,
Dazzling with bravery's radiant light
Those slave-souls in their evil night.
One flash of his bright scimitar,
Like Azrael's, palsied all their war;
And all but he—the blindest slave,
Though King — their vile lives sought to
 save,
Who stood confronting, in his hate,
The Chief he'd doom'd to Chief's worst fate.
They met! Not short the strife, when wrong
Grasps its dire cause with arm too strong
For aught but death: no tourney now—
Nor jerrids light for lady's vow;
No javelin-play, when barb round barb,
In artful circles, take the garb
Of Knighthood's love-sports, till the game
Grows warm, and blood, no longer tame,
Asks blood; but here, at stern strife's close,
Such hate begins—nor brooks repose.
No feints, nor fence, but hand to hand,
And soul to soul—fire, strength, command:
Fierce furies, as they guide, betray
The fate-wing'd blows, and scent their prey.

Prince Hammed's foot is on the breast
Of his fall'n foe, and o'er his crest
Waves the proud steel would drink the life—
When prayers for mercy—and the strife
Of glorious fame, spite hate and blood
Touch Hammed's soul, as great as good.
“Be Zelia yours!” spoke that false King,
As, rais'd by hero-arm, one spring
Gave him free play—the next, his steel
Drank Hammed's blood: he sees him reel;
Summons his slaves, and bids them bind
The limbs, while fails the radiant mind.
“What, though my fair Sultana fled?
I hold rich surety in her stead,
And one will bring her to my feet
Whene'er I deem the moment meet.
To the Alhambra's Seven-tower'd keep,
Where let foil'd sword and love go weep:
A kingdom mine—and now a bride,
Sultana, grace my crown and pride!”

VIII.

Meantime, th' ensanguin'd battle-plain
Divided empire's last keen throes—
Tribe's, kindred's strifes, that ever stain
The fall of States—the blood that flows
From the heart's fount with agony—
Granada's bitter lot!—the breath
Of life, the patriot's, lover's sigh,
With sense of being worse than death.

Such nameless griefs were, Kassim, thine,
 Such that brave Chief's—for Hope divine,
 At times on earth, seems palsied—wild
 The dark hour's storm—when all of mild,
 Just, noble—spirits of Joy and Youth—
 Like scar'd doves, for some land of truth
 Fast imp their wings, to migrate far
 From scenes of endless woe and war,
 Where but weeds rank and poisonous spring,
 To swell the immortal choirs that sing,
 And quaff the bliss of meeting, where
 No earth-bonds bind the good and fair—
 Feel the glad, freed soul's pure embrace—
 Where mind reads mind—bright face to face—
 And Faith-love's victor o'er the grave
 With amaranth crowns the chaste and brave—
 Where Freedom fails not in the strife
 With mobs and despots—slavery's life,
 And brute-control, pain, penury's moan,
 'Neath fraud, vice, avarice—are not known.

* * * * *

An aged exile, Hassan stood,
 Like some bow'd monarch of the wood,
 Lone, blasted, stricken by the storm,
 Whose red clouds, ere its floods deform,
 Shed a last radiant light around
 The time-worn head that seeks the ground.
 Sad, brooding o'er his wayward fate,
 A King—forsaken, desolate—

Yet not all lost the pristine fire
Of youthful blood and warrior's ire,
His dark eye rested on the host
Far winding till in distance lost ;
And on his soul fell that chill gloom
Reflected from a royal tomb ;
When pomp, power, splendour, pass away,
Ere cold the evening sun's last ray.
Alternate prayers and curses mark
The wanderings of his vision dark ;
For friends and vassals left him there,
To perish in his heart's despair—
So true the stern, foreshadow'd fate,
That to his son his power and state
Transferr'd, and urg'd the fickle mind
Of chiefs and mobs—the weak and blind—
To seek, t'adore the rising star,
And reap the spoils of easier war.
On leaden wings, with stifled sigh,
Creep hours o'er fallen majesty ;
That speaks not, jealous lest the air
Should hear the plaint of Chief's despair ;
And soon chance his own hand had wrought
Peace for the war his dark thoughts wrought—
When, swift careering o'er the plain,
One horseman drew his battle-rein ;
And in a moment, at his side
Stood Aben Kassim—full of pride
That his the happy hand that brings
Aid seldom given to crownless kings.

There is a language to the brave
And faithful known—when, wave on wave,
Adversity's full tide rolls on—
That asks not words, where souls are one.
Communion to old age and death
A stranger, mightier import hath,
Verging on dream-land—broader space
For soul-thought, as it nears the place
Of eld and spirit-lore—its eye
On th' Archetype-life's mystery.
Clouded no more that exile's brow—
Wrath, vengeance fled—prayer, grateful,
 low,
But tells there is a period when
Azrael reveals to souls of men
“That which was writ is writ!” his dart
Scarce vibrates o'er the conscious heart.
The giant pine abides the shock
No more, though rooted in the rock
Whence erst it drew that hardy life,
Rejoicing in the storm and strife
Of elements, its branches far
O'ershadowing tribes. No more Fate's star
Shines on the sea of storms. See, now,
Bow'd to the earth, in accents low,
And deep, he heard a voice as calm
As fall of dewy eve—soft, balm
Spring-showers—mild as the breath of dawn
On desert parch'd—told “of fame won—

The Crescent's light o'er tented field—
 Of quenchless minds that never yield,
 Though touch'd with lofty sorrow—fate
 Proud welcom'd—thoughts that elevate
 Yet reconcile—glad amnesty,
 Whose spirit-reign for all who sigh—
 Earth's exiles—opes bright Paradise
 Again to the Resign'd and Wise.”

And Hassan listen'd—his sad heart
 Full of regrets, remorse—the smart
 Of ceaseless stings for evil done,
 Yet one great hope of victory won
 O'er fate and ill themselves—by Faith;
 The peace serene, the parting breath;
 And thus in Fortune's darkest hour
 Could Kassim hymns of rapture pour :

HYMN FOR THE DYING WARRIOR.

Bright, Allah's offspring, of immortal mind,
 High o'er these spheres in cloud and tempest
 shrouded;
 In the far Kaaba of yon Mecca shrin'd,
 Whose spirits watch its sacred fires unclouded,
 The Soul's lone pilgrim to your Prophet-land,
 Where earth's fam'd teachers of your language
 pure,
 In robes of radiant truth and beauty stand
 By Allah's throne, on works which age en-
 dure;

Divinest minds! he seeks your holy band,
Of kindred love and soul-ennobling deeds—
Lavish of life, to plant your god-like creeds,
And raise us from the dust by bright Faith's
hallow'd hand.

Illustrious chiefs, from whose resplendent line
Of the world's sages sprung that far clear light
Of deathless song and wisdom all divine;
Scattering earth's dread idolatries black as
night!

Prophets—redeemers of a lost, fall'n race,
Cloth'd in the strength of heaven-enduring
might;

Who made the rocks and caves your dwelling-
place,

To teach the paths to Eden's mansions bright!
Oh, pure, all-seeing Father of our Faith—
Whose is the power—the victory alone!
Yours is that fire which triumphs over death—
The soul's last tears for duties left undone.

Hear Thou the prayer of thy faint, dying child,
Ere yet he join the Faithful and the Just!
Allah, great Allah! stem the torrent wild
That whelms my country! raise her from the
dust!

Restore thine empire, thy lov'd shrines despoil'd;
Flash forth thy judgment-sword—thy Pro-
phet's trust—

Ere yet its failing fame wax faint and dim,
 And pales the glory of our ancient race!
 Oh, breathe through Moslem breasts the might
 of him,
 Who in his mountain-cave thy will could
 trace,
 Through destin'd days, thy law, thy sword, the
 stream
 Of thy immortal mercies, and thy grace.

The crownless head of the fall'n King
 Rests on that faithful breast, as cling
 The exile's tearful-lingering eyes,
 To lov'd land mingling with the skies,
 Those last tones trembling on his ear,
 Like echoes from another sphere,
 He falter'd forth his grateful joy:
 His lips breath'd prayer; yet with the sigh,
 The dying warrior's soul rose high;
 Once more—the last—he rais'd his head:
 Th' inspiring song of soul that bled,
 In louder strain rose on the air,
 As wont with chiefs who scorn'd despair.

HYMN OF THE ROYAL EXILE.

Prophet, on thy golden throne,
 In the depths of glory seated,
 When shall heaven and earth behold
 Allah's firm decrees completed?

Shall the circling ages still
Like an ocean onward roll—
Still shall Time and Sorrow reign,
And thy children's fate control?

See, the sword is red with gore;
See, the plains are strew'd with dead!—
The dead—who are they?—whose the blood
That dyes the gleaming falchions red?

Prophet! by the streams of life
Leading thy celestial bands,
Wherefore fall thy children thus—
Why drops the standard from their hands?

Hast Thou not heard their voices rais'd
For help in this their darksome hour,
Or hast thou clos'd the starry gates
To that bright throne where prayers have
power?

See a King—a crowned King—
He whose voice thy sons have led
On to a hundred battle-fields,
Where the proudest foes have fled!

Behold him now, of glory reft,
His sceptre broke—the earth his bier—
A child of Allah fainting thus,
Prophet, our cry wilt thou not hear?

Thou wilt, oh sire ! I feel my soul
With new and glorious visions fir'd ;
Once more thy sons shall scour the plain
Like mine, their glowing hearts inspir'd.

But let those blissful gales that blow
From Eden's bower, now round us sweep,
Nor let a royal chieftain sink
Unhonour'd, thus in death to sleep.

He paus'd : as feebler came the sound,
That fiery eye now seeks the ground ;
Fainter the bosom's throb—but friend,
No vaunting foe sees Hassan's end.
He brought him water from the spring,
He bath'd his brows ; the spirit's wing
Flutter'd for flight ; that nameless shade,
So strange, so hueless, slowly spread
Its pallid ensign o'er the face
That only blanch'd in Death's embrace.
One pressure of the hand, thank'd well
That faithful servant's tireless zeal—
The storm-beat bark had found a shore
Where sons betray—foes strike no more.

CANTO IV.

Green are the myrtle-leaves that grow
 On Beauty's bright and polish'd brow ;
 But greener are the wreathes that shine,
 And round the sword of Freedom twine.
 Those have flourish'd by the fount,
 On Cythera's golden mount ;
 These have drank a richer flood
 From the perjurd tyrant's blood."

Poems by W. S. ROSCOE.

I.

No weak lament o'er hero's sleep,
 He envied him too much to weep ;
 And the last honour'd rites once paid,
 His country claim'd great Kassim's aid.
 Away ! to the last battle-field,
 Where yet two royal factions wield
 The shatter'd wand of Moslem power,
 Fate-wing'd to speed its destin'd hour.
 There stream'd thy banners, El Zagal,
 The brave, whom no Spain's hosts appal !
 True warrior-brother of the dead—
 Fearless his faithful tribes he led,
 At once, 'gainst base usurper's pride,
 And the fierce foe, too close allied.
 With Kassim's skill—his Prophet's stay,
 Long had he held that foe at bay—
 When Hassan's failing star grew dark,
 Bright Hammed's, 'mid war's flood—the ark ;

And, chance, sav'd from last doom, the Moor
Had, traitor-guile, the dungeon-door
Not clos'd in secret—none knew where,
On the great leader of the war—
Sole actor in that night-scene dread,
Lost—silent as the vaulted dead—

The crisis now! if vassal-king
Shall rule—the creature of an hour;

Or one great struggle empire bring—
Hope, glory back, with Moslem power.

Spain's chivalry—half Afric's might,
Stood marshall'd 'gainst that faithful Moor,

Thro' startled States spread Conquest's light,
Where Knighthood's beams ne'er shone be-
fore.

Far gleam'd, in proud and serried bands,
The flower of Europe's warrior lands—
Wild Asia's gaudier ranks, from far,
To aid the Faith's last fearful war.

Chiefless—th' Abencerrages stood forth,
Yet each a chief to prove their worth—
Till theirs once more th' Alhambra's towers,
That peerless Prince, and happier hours.

And many a sacred band shone there,
Vow'd to a glorious, glad despair—
To stem—retrieve lost Fortune's day,
By Kassim led, in bright array;
Last hope in peace, in council, war,
As pal'd, ere fell, Spain's last Moor's star.

Wild was that strife, like struggling waves
Met from opposing tides—the graves
Of surges fresh—as flood pours on
Till Pontus, or Propontis won
The ocean-battle. Such from morn
Till shrouding night the balance borne
'Tween those conflicting hosts, till far
Resounds the tempest of their war
Wide echoing through those distant hills—
Purpling the Vega's streams and rills
From Darro's banks to Xenil's shore,
With hues of death ne'er seen before!
While still coy Victory—sternly woo'd—
Pois'd her scale's favours, in the mood
True woman loves—when for her smile
Love vies in homage, boldness—guile.
But what avails high chivalry—
Ages' bright conquests—'gainst the die
By harsh fate cast—if writ the doom
That speeds to cold oblivion's tomb?
The red artillery's battle-breath,
Like simoom, pass'd through ranks of death,
And banded nations rais'd the shout
O'er dying Islam's storm and rout.
Shrouded from the face of day,
Her glory's boast—her Khaliph-sway,
That shed such beauty—mind's rich bloom
O'er eastern lands, o'er Europe's gloom;
War's, Love's, bright Fiction's, Empire's zest,
To warm the spirit of the West;

While daring, desperate feats told well
How lov'd that lost clime's prophet-spell,
Ere sank in the ensanguin'd wave
Her sun of fame to empire's grave.
Sad Kassim saw that shroud of time
Fall dark o'er lost rule, once sublime ;
He knew the hour—and as a son
Of the great conqueror's line—when done
His hero-task, and shadowy night,
Invites him to repose ; in sight
Of flaming tents, and victor-cries,
He rushes where the Moslem flies.
He heads that last devoted band—
He stays that dire foe's ruthless hand,
Yet gives his country time to breathe ;
His last love's gift—the cypress wreath—
That blooms immortal on the brows
Of chiefs of men who nobly close
A bright career with generous soul,
That spurns the Conqueror's base control.
And as the Prophet-Chieftain fell,
His country shriek'd her wild farewell
To proud Hegira's ages' fame,
Far Islam empire—Moslem name.
His great heart, borne to Mecca's shrine,
Still beats in Pilgrims' thoughts divine,
At Allah's throne, when lowly bowing,
Life's toils and griefs in prayer o'erflowing,
They mourn o'er freedom lost, and sigh
Still for that land of chivalry,

So fair, that patriot-love would feign
The Prophet's heaven must o'er it reign.
And many a rival bard hung high
On Kaaba's walls song's eulogy ;
And one, his faithful love to tell,
Still pours its sweet and plaintive swell
Far through the air, at dewy eve,
When hearts o'er lost land's freedom grieve,
Bearing their wrongs to Allah's throne,
Th' avenger of the fallen one ;
As if from genii's lips it breath'd
The charm round deathless minds that wreath'd
Th' immortal faith in Allah's will—
His lost child's wanderings to fulfill,
In some far bourne, where Fate no more
Shall vaunt the strong—the weak deplore.
The Arab bard that sweetest sung
O'er Kassim's grave, more tears had wrung
From flintiest hearts, could he have seen
Their desert-homes by Christian men
Trampled and torn, from end to end—
Moor, Arab—in one ruin blend ;¹
Lost the far frontiers of their power—
Was seal'd their doom from that dread hour.
“ Thy virtues, fam'd through every land,
Thy spotless life in age and youth,
Proves thee a gem by Nature's hand
Form'd out of purity and truth.

¹ The Razzia expeditions of the French in Arabia.

Too long its beams of orient light
Upon a thankless world were shed,
Allah has now reveng'd the slight,
And call'd it to its native bed."

Victor and vassal, in a breath,
Abdallah reap'd that field of death ;
Return'd, mock-sceptred king, to claim
Love, vengeance—and his country's shame.
With Kadhis brib'd—a mask'd divan,
No "judgment in the gate;" he ran
His race of ruin, as foretold,
By Scheikh, and Prophet-lore of old.
Swift edict on that prince's head,
Now deep in dungeon gloom, was sped ;
The spectral-form—all like a dream,
Rose up in wrath ; each Moslem's theme,
Till the dread tidings reach the ear
Of her who mourn'd, as o'er the bier
Of the lov'd lost—he lives ? he dies ?
Ah, heart-wrung anguish, ecstasies,
In one—haste, haste to save, ere yet
Abdallah's last stern vows are met ;
Low at his feet for mercy cry,
Or see the best and noblest die.
She seeks the "Seven Vaults'" dungeon-tower,
She hears a voice, at midnight hour,
Swell on the breeze, and glows with joy ;
'Tis rapture, love, no fears alloy.

II.

I saw their jealous eye-balls roll,
I saw them mark each glance of thine ;
I saw thy terrors, and my soul
Shar'd every pang that tortur'd thine.

In vain to wean my constant heart,
Or quench my glowing frame, they strove
Each deep-laid scheme—each envious act
But wak'd my fears for her I love.

'Twas this compell'd the stern decree,
That forced me to these distant towers ;
And left me nought but love for thee,
To charm my solitary hours.

Yet let not Zelia sink depress'd,
Nor separation's pangs deplore !
We meet not ; 'tis to meet more blest :
We parted ; 'tis to part no more."

So sang the Chief of glorious mind,
Whom earth's nor dungeon's bonds could bind,
In spirit of those lords of song,
Who for his honour'd sires had strung
Their golden lyres, and one of soul,
That reaching Fortune's loftiest goal—
Aleppo's sultan, lord supreme,
Ador'd his youth's and love's first dream,

The same humane, mild, thoughtful child
Of Allah's love, as in the wild,
In captive-lot; and bade her share
His throne, as once his life's despair.
The mountain-beauty, Abla bright,
Flew to his arms—his soul's delight;
More blest than Antar's beaming bride,
For whom the shepherd-heroes sigh'd.
He sang bright Saif Addaulet's lays,
Victor o'er self, pride—hero's bays—
When in the monarch still there shone
The mind that beam'd on desert lone—
Of Hammed's stem, of kindred fame,
Who won king's, hero's, bard's high name.
How lov'd, how honour'd, need we tell,
The memory of such sires, that well
The spirits of brave offspring fires,
To catch their mantle that inspires.
Not his to breathe one recreant sigh—
Such souls know no captivity;
But make themselves their heaven, where'er
Free thought boasts rule, and song may
dare.

And hark! on sweet night-breeze's swell
Come notes each grief and care to quell;
While that usurper's dark-slav'd soul
Writhes 'neath its own and fiends' control.
Yes; 'twas the voice, the song, he knew,
To truth, love, nature, ever true.

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

“ The russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light, and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom, far,
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent and murmuring breeze,
That whistles through its fluttering walls,
My unaspiring fancy please
Better than towers and splendid halls.

The free young colts that bounding fly
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer, in Maisuna's eye,
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays when'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long-drawn note.

The rustic youth, unspoilt by art,
Son of my kindred, poor but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pamper'd King, than thee.”

Proud beat that noble captive's heart ;
Love scorn'd to play base Fortune's part ;
Bright honour, beauty, glory shone,
The pure mind's light—she still his own.

Again the sweet strain of his sires
His love and hero-bosom fires ;
In plaintive sounds that meet her ear
To whom all spirit-songs were dear.

“ The boatmen shout ; ’tis time to part ;
No longer we can stay :
’Twas then Maisuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came ;
Farewell, she would have cried ;
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-form’d sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And as the gale hangs on the breeze,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embrac’d the maid,
My heart with raptures beat ;
While she but wept the more, and said,
‘ Would we had never met ! ’ ”

And then, as echoes fainter give
The last half sounds that seem to breathe
A strange, unearthly, hollow tone,
As in it dwelt a spirit lone,

Or banish'd Peri from the home
Of bliss—so wildly sweet they come.

THE REPLY.

“ The dove, to ease an aching breast,
In piteous murmurs vents her cares ;
Like me, she sorrows ; for, opprest
Like me, a load of grief she bears.

Her plaints are heard in every wood,
While I would fain conceal my woes ;
But vain my wish—the heart-sprung flood,
The more I strive, the faster flows.

Sure, gentle bird, my drooping heart
Divides the pangs of love with thine,
And plaintive murmurings are thy part,
And silent woe and tears are mine.”

The faint, low murmurs of that strain,
Like incense through the balmy air,
Gave sweetness with the spirit's pain,
Till darker stream'd young love's despair.

MAISUNA'S LAMENT.

Tell me, where is the young-beaming light of
life's dawn
In that land of the sun—my own lov'd realm
of flowers ?

Dear home in the sweet lap of Yemen! ah,
 flown
Are the fresh sparkling joys of those spring-
 budding hours.

I wreath'd thy bright roses, I sat in thy bowers,
 And all breath'd of beauty; the odorous air
Woo'd the song of the bulbul to charm nights
 like ours:
But where are thy flowers, thy birds—tell me .
 where?

Oh, Vale of the Yemen! I once had a fawn,
 Like a young waving palm-branch, so gentle
 its grace,
So soft its dark eye; and it lov'd me alone;
 Yet 'twas torn from my side in the wild
 hunter's chase.

Once mine, too, the sweet smile of Leila, my
 young,
My fairy-delight, in the heart of our home;
And glad was her spirit, as wandering among
 The myrtles and palm-groves she taught me
 to roam.

But she faded and left me, like all things I
 love—
Home, country, sweet friends—I held dearest
 on earth—

Till one nobler and brighter dream came like the
dove

To Heaven's Prophet; yet Love too was
doom'd from its birth.

Round his brow beam'd a glory that springs
from the spirit

When the Faithful of heroes their Prophet adore:
He rush'd to the fields of his sires, to inherit

Their glory of ages—but mine, ah! no more.

Flow on, wild stream of destiny,

To dark Oblivion's viewless sea,

Whose mortal ruins strew the shore

Where silence sleeps—grief wakes no more.

III.

Weak, craven Vice! the strong in spirit

Are the world's masters—are their own—

And so, of others. They inherit

The Prophet's mantle, and the crown.

The sword and robe—empire and kings,

Do forc'd obeisance to their sway;

Their banners soar on Victory's wings;

Their empire holds enduring day;

While toiling slaves of Eblis-power

Drag the vile chain, and live the hour.

Iberian hosts—the feudal pride

Of Europe, met from many a clime,

Bore, leagu'd upon the shatter'd side
Of the Moor's kingdom-fated time :
Yet from his eyrie of the rocks,
Where Loxa mingled with the skies,
Great Ali's frontier valour blocks
Their path—the vanquish'd victor flies.
Fierce sallies, fire and storm of war,
Broke their long lines of siege, and far
Repuls'd the royal hosts, that fed
The mountain eagles as they sped.
Few told in Christian camp a tale
Of rout that made the boldest pale ;
And had the Moor but boasted men
Of sinewy souls, like his—as when
The Khaleds and Ibn Musas broke
The terrors of the Tartar yoke,
The strength of Roderick's Gothic stem—
Old dynasties transferr'd to them ;
And on their ruins rais'd a race
Of Khaliphs, generous, great, with grace
Of lofty soul—beneficence
Wide as their rule—a royal sense
Of dignity, to elevate
Subjects to men ; a princely state,
Adorn'd by grander mind ; high views
Of nature, art, the sword, the muse—
Gone, like a dream ! no more to tell
What 'tis to reign—to conquer well—
To build up empires—not destroy ;
Cities, towns, hamlets, fill'd with joy

Spain's grateful soil ; no millions slain,
 Exil'd and tortur'd ; the deep stain
 Of bigot-infamy ; waste rule
 Of monarch-priests ; misfortune's school,
 In which well taught the creed to slay,
 That dread delusion of a day
 Not yet extinct, whose horrors live
 In bigot-breasts that ne'er forgive,
 In kings and slaves ; true anarch power,
 And wild revenge—the tyrant's dower ;
 In silent war of ranks, creeds, things,
 Antipathy, gain, pride that stings ;
 Scorn, hate, oppression, ills unknown,
 'Neath Khaliph's laws, and mightier throne,

IV.

As empires end, corruption creeps
 To the heart's core ; fate speaks the word,
 And they are *not!* the demon sweeps
 Like simoom o'er the waste abhorr'd ;
 And such Abdallah, in the fall
 Of proud Granada—quench'd the light
 Of beauty, honour, truth ; the pall
 That wraps her for the realms of night.
 While Zelia's sire, the great Atar,
 Bore back the Christian front of war ;
 He dallies with the foe, outdares
 His country's friends ; madness that spares
 Nought sacred ; tramples hallow'd ground,
 In despot-strength deals—the last wound :

Usurper's vengeance ne'er draws breath,
Till seen the spectacle of death.
A scaffold—headsman; Hammed there,
What could she in her soul's despair;
And the dread tempter at her side,
Still proffering mercy for—a bride?
Exulting treachery and wrong,
Still doom'd to shame by righteous song,
When justice fails, and mercy flies,
Are cited to th' avenging skies.
Busier the Fates, dire sisters, sped,
The pall-sheets of th' approaching dead;
Hurtle swift distaffs through the air,
With clamour of the heart's despair;
And darker grew the conscious sky,
As Hope's last star fell tremblingly—
When from the Usurper's feet she rose
Sultana of—a thousand woes;
That like tormentors tore her soul,
Alive but to one dread control
That rules o'er fear; bright Hammed lives,
She but the victim—all, all gives.
Close, closer draw the veil o'er crime,
Rare writ on the red rolls of Time
In deeper dye. Lo! the same hour
That gave her to his demon-power,
Witness'd as wild and harrowing scene,
In that proud seat of chiefs—the queen
Of all th' Alhambra's gorgeous pride—
A splendid hall—and at its side,

The lion-fount all sparkling where
Th' Abencerrages their feasts prepare ;
Now new Thyestes' meal of blood
In that dread marble solitude,
Nor aid could reach, nor shrieks be heard,
Fit place of doom—by Vengeance barr'd,
For tragic deeds of deadliest ire,
In which those chiefs of tribes expire.
Swift as they're summoned—one by one,
As if to grand divan—alone—
Singly they fall—each reeking head
Dyeing its pure fount murder-red,
While glorying in his best tribe's doom,
That mad king watch'd, in savage gloom,
As chiefs, who cross'd him in the war,
Fell by his vile slaves' scimitar ;
Till he, the hero-king appear'd,
Whose eagle eye Abdallah fear'd—
Yet fear'd and crouch'd like wolf in lair,
As his grand presence fill'd the air,
Struck terror round—awe-chill'd the place
That felt his fame—while every face
The darkest paled—as rose his voice
In tones that shew'd great souls rejoice,
And triumph still in every field,
Brave scorn of death—their deathless shield.
He welcom'd fate ! bold, gladdening rose
The Chieftain's death-song to its close,
Startling that craven king, whose dread
Behind those slaves sought guilt's worst aid

To wreak revenge—for mercy, while
 He'd bask in bridal Beauty's smile ;
 Untaught how Allah's will prepares
 A fate for *him*—more dread than *theirs*.
 Each hero-accent smote his ear,
 Like death-dirge o'er some murderer's bier ;
 When busy fiends, with death and doom,
 Seize on their prey, as yawns the tomb ;
 Dark bearers to the Eblis-halls,
 Where worse than Azrael's spear appals.

DEATH-SONG.

Bright theme of Fame ! my flaming sword,
 All wreath'd with myrtle-bands of love,
 Where art thou ? why, when battle-gor'd
 In glory's fields, the dark fates wove
 Their death-shrouds—shone thou not, the way
 To yon fell tyrant's craven heart,
 Ere doom'd his country to betray,
 To act th' usurper ingrate's part ?
 Oh, deaf to voice of Allah—all
 Most sacred—honour, truth, love's call,
 The faithful hear ! this dark hour thine,
 I cite thee to another shrine,
 And with prophetic soul foretell
 The tortures of thy living hell ;
 While, paradis'd in Love's own arms,
 Thy victims quaff the bliss that charms
 The hero-spirits of the bright
 Immortal—in blest Allah's light.

Base vassal-king—and, bann'd in soul,
Go drain the dregs of Fate's last bowl,
By despot-hand prepar'd! then fly
Far to thy grave of infamy—
Slave of the Demon of the wild,
To fall accurst—by Arab-child.

Oh, strange dread words from Prophet-lips,
Break as the vision'd future starts
To mortal view—while, still, pois'd sleeps
Death's airy dart—ere yet life parts.
Then came the “burden of his soul,”
While Love too strong for Death was
there,
While on the crimson death-waves roll
His country's—his proud tribe's despair.

“Wreathe, wreathe for me my myrtle crown,
I come, my love—my sword, farewell;
Sweet, lov'd land's hopes—all, all thine own,
Thy angel guards my spirit well!
I am with thee now!” The bann'd of heaven,
Who clove the heart of Love in twain,
And could not hope to be forgiven,
Then gave the blood-red sign again.
All fearless beam'd that princely brow,
Scorn on the lip; in heart the vow
That bore the spirit to its shrine,
And gave for human love divine.

Thrice from th' ensanguin'd fount that head
 Rebounded, like the battle-tread ;
 Flash'd the bright eye, ere quench'd its light ;
 The proud lip curl'd, Disdain's delight ;
 Back rush'd the blood-stain'd slaves in dread,
 And the scar'd murderer muttering fled.

v.

The blood-cry rose ! Granada weeps
 The flower of all her chivalry ;
 Her fame departs—her empire sleeps,
 Faith, Hope, Love, Joy all trembling fly.
 Oh, dark aton'd that deed of death !
 Red Vengeance bar'd her arm ;
 Through court, camp, plain and hill, the breath
 Of battle woke th' alarm.

* * * *

'Tis night once more ! strange terrors low'r
 O'er mosque, and palace-hall, and tower ;
 Ceas'd song and dance—the “ Sisters' ” Hall
 Is dark—saloons deserted all ;
 From those bright gardens' myrtle bowers,
 For ever speed Love's, Joy's wing'd hours ;
 And o'er th' Alhambra's tower-girt pride
 The Afrites gather, Ghouls deride.
 Fierce sounds of hate, toil, jeer or wail,
 Till silence brood, and shadows pale,
 As spectres flit—murmurs the air,
 Though still the leaves as love's despair.

'Tis night—not such a night as when
Glow'd that young heart in Beauty's reign;
She sat—Sultana of the land,
Awaiting her dread lord's command;
Still was she mistress of her fate,
Of love—not long inviolate.
Her Hammed's life—from honour's tomb
Gleam'd dark as Eblis through the gloom;
Till madden'd by a thousand fears,
Her grief can scarce find vent in tears.
A strange, new awe her spirit fills;
Through every vein, cold, gathering chills,
Master her dread resolve. Should now
He come, for ever false her vow—
He triumphs. Vain her spirit's strife,
She cannot grasp the hope of life,
But, like the sculptor's form of woe,
Sits spell-bound—tranc'd, as stronger grow
Her nameless terrors—gazing wild
On the fall'n bowl her hand had held,
Her last hope flown—while visions dread
Cross'd her thrill'd soul as from the dead.
And, ah! hark! 'tis a footstep—nigh—
He comes! that dreaded lord! fly, fly!
'Tis vain! nor bowl, nor steel are there:
What dictates, then, her heart's despair?
It triumph'd! as came nigh—more nigh,
That footfall strange—one piercing cry.
“ Help, help my Hammed! save thy love!”
(Nor dream'd his spirit soar'd above).

'Twas heard! that sweet, full, mellow voice
 Charm'd her once more—and bade rejoice
 Her sad heart's love—that bounding tread
 She knew 'twas his—all terrors fled.
 Yes, as the grief-tranc'd Zelia hears
 That voice—that step! away with fears,
 Yet will they fly to some far land!
 He comes, proud towering in command,
 That abject king his captive! “Come,
 Dear Hammed, take thy blest bride home.
 Ah, who art thou! though from the grave,
 Welcome, if Hammed come to save!”
 For there he tower'd, grand as in life,
 Though all the air grew spirit-rife;
 And that strange awe-sense thrill'd again
 Through each life-trembling nerve and vein.
 She rush'd into those arms outspread,
 And met—the living, and the dead;
 The mighty power of love and will
 Watch'd o'er their spirit-bridal still;
 And from that two world's twin embrace
 Rose their young loves o'er time and space;
 O'er foes triumphant—Paradise
 Their home—on earth Fame's deathless voice.

VI.

He came, that trembling, guilty thing,
 Sport of worst ills—yet call'd a king;
 To claim his long-wish'd peerless bride,
 For whom he'd perill'd patriot's pride;

Chivalrous honour—country's fame,
All that adorn'd the Moslem name.
He found (her beauteous spirit fled)
His bridal couch a bier—the dead!
While loud lament, and terror far,
Spread new dire deeds of Discord's war,
And tribe with hostile tribe—and king
With rival, made the welkin ring;
The haughty Infidel still near,
To reap the fruits of hate and fear.
Till, gall'd by pride, the vassal-chief
Broke faith, and led his legions, brief
Campaign to dare, in open plain,
When near Lucéna's walls, again,
The chance of battle reft his crown.
A fugitive—deserted—lone,
Save Nemesis still at his side,
Pointing the darts his hand supplied,
'Mid mocking jeers, and hate, and scorn,
He fled; “th' unhappy”—doom'd ere born
To speed great Allah's writ decrees,
To yield an empire he would seize;
Long abject wander'd, up and down,
To shun an angry master's frown—
Not like his sire on battle-plain,
With glory that e'er scorn'd a stain,
He hid mid sedge, and reeds, to foil
The artful Spaniard's searching toil—
To reap the gain of centuries' war,
The fall of the last Moor-King's star.

Once captive! Spain's the glorious reign
 Of Khaliphs, far o'er land and main—
 Chance of their empire of the East,
 To swell some future royal feast.
 Dragg'd ignominious from his hole
 By villain hand, the bann'd in soul,
 Barter'd the keys of country, faith,
 Crown, honour—all the Faithful hath
 For wretched vassal-life; far land,
 His sires had won with conquering brand.
 Spain's royal victor-pomps and shows
 Grac'd centuries' empire's long repose;
 No truer fame to greatness sped,
 Than hallelujahs o'er the dead.
 No dirge so dear to vanquish'd foe,
 As the glad triumph-hymns that flow
 From lips that pay the homage meet,
 When joy proves conquest hard as sweet.
 Time-hallow'd seats of empire gone,
 Whose spirit yet haunts dark, and lone,
 The shadowy vistas of the years,
 When Spain's Moor shone o'er all his peers;
 Domes, mosques, th' Alhambra's towers and
 halls
 Resound with mirth, whose sound appals
 Each Moslem breast, with coming fate,
 That e'er o'ertakes the vanquish'd great.
 Iberia's banners flaunt the air,
 Torn, torn, the symbol'd crescents fair—

New Christian town threatens the lov'd plain,
 No Moslem's lance shall sweep again ;
 And priest, king, people glory, where
 The Faithful heard the Prophet-prayer.

BERTHA ;

OR,

“WHAT MAKES THE HERO?”

A TALE OF ENGLISH INDUSTRY AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Who with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve—and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care.

WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

Of demon-wars, pomp, power; of courts and
 kings,
 No more in servile strains, the glad Muse sings ;
 Heaps incense on wealth's shrine—to fashion
 yields,
 Fame won from truths in Fancy's brightest
 fields ;
 To princely lines, or high-born patrons gives,
 A name — Scorn's due — that with the poet's
 lives.¹

¹ Alluding to the instance of the princely patrons of Ariosto, Tasso, and of innumerable other examples.

A nobler era hail'd the sons of song—
 The people's bards, prais'd by more glorious
 throng
 Of free, brave spirits, in a realm as free,
 And laurel-crown'd by hands of industry ;
 A race of men whose true nobility
 Shames the court-sycophants who bent the
 knee
 To perjur'd power — dol'd out their unearn'd
 bread ;
 While hearts like Camoens, Dante's, inly bled.

Another audience, other palms awards ;
 Otway's and Chatterton's patronic guards
 No more betray ; but men with men combine
 To foster in our breasts " the spark divine ;"
 And more than crown the watch-pale poet's
 brows,
 When in their breasts the virtuous throb first
 glows ;
 From thousand English hearts one hymn
 ascends,
 And their bard's plaudits with the Christian's
 blends.

Would Erin hear the heart-inspiring sound,
 And toil for treasur'd truth in holier ground,
 From the fresh fountain draw Heaven's streams
 of life,
 And vie with Saxon strength in virtuous strife :

She need not ask the moral of the song,
In British breasts why burns a rapture strong
In the world's conflict—fires the poet's theme,
“Man and the arms,” whose toils his fate
redeem ?

True glory his, though his the humble tale,
Call'd “low-born worth;” the rich soil loves
the vale,

And truth the shade ; and joy there oftener
found

Than on the heights of life, by Fortune crown'd ;
Seldom the scene of calm content—where care,
Fear, av'rice, passion, fate's fierce storms prepare ;
That strike the loftiest dome Ambition rears,
And his poor home to toil-blest worth endears.

Boast we of heroes, who make death a play ?
State-licens'd instruments, to spoil and slay :
Safe in their triple shields of gold and steel,
Dealing swift fate and woes they never feel !
What glory theirs ? Who is the warrior ? He
Who, proud to wrestle with Adversity,
Meets his foe eye to eye, and hand to hand ;
Nor asks the aid of any life-guard band ;
Not screen'd—not pausing in the moral strife ;
And when he conquers—victor over life ;
Each passion mastering ; gains self-taught
control

O'er the dark, restless tempters of the soul ;

No passion's slave—still master of his fate,
 In each emergency yet more elate;
 Or, if he fall, falling with loftier pride
 Than when the Roman for his country died.
 And such there are; though poor, of lowly
 birth,
 Their maker's soul-born lords — the pride of
 worth;
 Glad labouring to perform his sovereign will,
 Restore man's hopes; and life's great task
 fulfil.
 Of tragic deeds, crimes, woes, the Muse too long
 Has sung; let honest toil once grace her song.

Young Freeman's spirit scorn'd to *owe* to man
 His daily bread—pray'd for to God: began
 Life with a sense of his own dignity,
 With self-respect; he felt that, to be free,
 Man must still toil, and knew its innate worth,
 As pillar of all power, pride, pomp of earth;
 His first, last duty, ere he claim the due
 Reward—the joy stor'd for the brave and true.
 In so far proud, he knew his labour's price,
 Master and monarch where his duty lies;
 When o'er his work he wav'd his sceptre sure;
 For though States fall, man's toil will still
 endure.
 As independent, then, did he esteem
 Himself, as him for whom he op'd the stream

Of wealth that flow'd from labour's strength
and skill,

Less sure, less lasting than the power to till.

Then what to Freeman was the tinsel shine
Of the world's slaves, whose hearts lie in the
mine,

The mill, the bureau—each official nook
Where food is found to bait its fashion's hook?
“Well bred, well school'd! what light of
Science shone

On his benighted mind?” in cynic tone
May ask the world-taught, polish'd son of ease,
Well vers'd in selfish arts, and most to please,
While he betrays—on others' worth to rise—
Illustrious robber of man's dignities
Usurp'd by Machiavellian fraud and force,
With world-craft, poisoning wisdom at its source,
Spreading its baneful maxims far and wide—
Fraught with all ills, and will those ills deride.
Self-bred, self-taught, in their true sense, he
shone

Above his fellow-men by deeds alone,
And, spirit-strong by early trial, stood,
Brave with that inborn sense of loving good,
The poor most feel, however small their sphere,
When the pure will, from worldly guile and fear
Heart-freed, and high-inspired from one blest
fount,

Its treasur'd human sympathies will count.

His earliest school, God's word, in heart and
mind,
Confirm'd the truths his conscience well defin'd,
Till reason rose to foster virtue's growth,
And vice, in all its hideous features, loathe;
For strong that power e'en in the rudest
breast
Of right and wrong the landmarks broad to
test.

No youth of ease, in luxury's lap refin'd,
Was his; for no fam'd classic shades design'd;
Exclusive, boastful, bas'd on logic's pride:
Truth-form'd to manly sense on virtue's side,
Early he battled with the fiends of life,
All its worst ills—and victor in the strife,
Soon o'er grim penury triumphant wav'd
The flag that his free hearth's "lov'd lares"
sav'd—

His miner's axe, the pillars of his state,
The guardian of the weak, the foe of fate.
A hero there! but mild as mothers are,
To grief or age that crav'd his valour's care,
No wrong he'd do; but terrible in fight,
If brutal strength dar'd threat the weaker's
right.

Just, too, as bold—the umpire of his clan;
He spurn'd the ring, yet match'd its proudest
man;

No fear he knew, save what to Heaven belongs—

Fair-play's stern champion, theme of village songs.

Acute as honest, well he knew the law ;
 Sound mind, clear head, quick to detect a flaw ;
 He spar'd attorneys wondrous pains and fees,
 Help'd cleric-magistrates to keep the peace.
 Few wanted doctor's, fewer squire's advice,
 His counsel both supplied, and without price.
 His temperance gave best empire o'er the
 mind—

Imparted peace, with health and joy combin'd ;
 Whate'er the point that puzzled, pain'd, or fir'd,
 'Twas at his fingers' ends, like one inspir'd
 How to throw oil upon the troubled waves,
 And quell man's petty tempest ere it raves.
 Some said "he mesmeris'd — bewitch'd, may-
 hap,"

For out flew thorn or tooth, as in a nap ;
 The angry went to *peace*-work in the mine,
 As if they felt th' electric spark divine,
 Thought's telegraphs that in the nerve reside,
 And where right tun'd spread the souls' tidings
 wide.

Strange power in strong, harmonious souls
 shines forth,

Fixing the gaze by their superior worth—

Strengthening the weak, raising the prostrate
poor,

Leading the way to act and to endure.

Had Erin boasted *men*, or priests, or lords,

Thus frame-compact to rule by deeds, not
words;

Their minds as willing as they'd power to
bless—

She had not seen “a howling wilderness.”

Instead of fertile plains and cities' pride,

A pest-house and a tomb—nor millions died;

Nor throngs of absentees, by factions led,

Betray'd their country—left her to the dead.

The looks of good men seem to charm the air,

Wake aspirations for the true and fair;

Triumph o'er ills by pure transcendent mind,

Inspire hope, faith—the light of human kind,

Sole, great sustainer of life's ills we bear,

Too dread without some special heavenly care.

Yes, where the soul of goodness through the will

Beams strong, its angel min'istrants are not still,

As in strange converse with the lost we love,

Seems not each word a spirit's voice above,

That lives immortal? through mind's inmost
cells

For evermore its treasur'd music swells.

So in her fierce and dread extremity,

Had Erin boasted sons as Albion's free—

Fearless and true, of energetic heart,
Too just, too pious, from her side to part ;
When, like another Zion, she deplor'd
Her fate — Heaven's frown upon such sons
 abhorr'd ;
A mother's curse, that clings through festering
 years,
Had fail'd to brand their crime—with History's
 tears.

Err they who say the demons of the storm
Sweep life's gay summits — all their pride
 deform ;
But spare the valley's peace? Yes ; were it so,
He had not felt harsh Fortune's cruel blow—
The glad, the gallant, the enduring heart,
From all it priz'd and lov'd so soon to part.

A dark eclipse came o'er his spirit's dream,
Hope, love, and joy ; the once free bounding
 stream,
That sang and sparkled in its happy course—
Turbid, and poison'd to its very source ;
No more diffusing joy and plenty round,
Rolls in wild eddies towards its ocean-bound.

PART II.

Full many a day had Freeman lov'd the maid,
Peerless in charms, in native truth array'd ;

The country's pride, fair boast of Ellesmer's
side,

Whose boldest for her hand had vainly sigh'd ;
For she, gay-hearted, a young Dian stood
Unscath'd by love, that ranges hill and wood,
Like goddess towering o'er the rural train,
Or stateliest flower in Flora's bright domain ;
The May's Andromache, well worthy fight
Of men — whose lofty beauty glads the sight ;
Long Freeman's choice ; on the same green
they play'd,

Sought the same Sunday-school — at church
had pray'd ;

Danc'd the gay morris, work'd in the same
mine ;

And through the humble garb there oft would
shine

Some trait superior to their common clan,
Of heart, mind, strength, that made the Elders
scan

Their future lot, and gipsy-lore declare ;
While Bertha smiled, their loves would prosper
fair ;

But if her palm spake true, some danger lay
Full near, and rival love . . . to . . . to betray.

Loud was their laugh at auguries such as these :
Time pass'd ! . . . and ah ! Freeman had ceas'd
to please ;

She smil'd no more—oft missing from his side,
In reverie lost—was't love? then woe betide
The man, if such there were who cross'd his path;
The serpent stings, the lion in his wrath
Breathes open war, should boldest hunter dare
Trap the bright empress of his forest-lair.

He lov'd, and was betray'd; the traitress fled
With him—the worldly-tutor'd, the well bred;
Such as we draw him for the contrast's sake,
Half fox, half wolf, the serpent of the wake;
Each village fair, and *fête*, where in disguise,
As erst with burnish'd scales it tempts the eyes
Of Eve's fair daughters; not unseen it hung,
And wove its folds of death about the young
Unpractis'd heart; for Freeman knew the hour
By some strange prescience — the ill-omen'd
 dower,
That weighs upon the spirit's hope, and tries
To drag it towards its heart-writ destinies.

He *felt* that she was gone—he stood alone,
Dark passions battling strong for Reason's
 throne;
And though *once* noblest subject of her sway,
The Christian warrior held them scarce at bay,
To vindicate the reign of that bright queen,
Long serv'd, ador'd, and be what he had been.
Allcried, "Revenge, revenge!"—he turn'd away,
With more than Scipio's virtue won the day,

Who but refrain'd from a bold act of wrong;
 Freeman resign'd a being cherish'd long;
 Silent and tearless, took his stoic way
 To *her* deserted sire's, where, still at play,
 Near the thatch'd porch, the school and village
 green,

Of which scarce now the time-worn signs are
 seen,

Her little brother, from his father's knee,
 Ran to receive him, blithe as blithe could be.
 'Twas then he brush'd a tear; then the words
 came,

Chok'd, broken, slow — half ice, half wing'd
 with flame,

Like Antars' tale! Amaz'd the old man stood,
 Grasp'd his huge axe, call'd loud for traitor's
 blood:

Gave passion vent in curses, soon in prayer;
 Sought Freeman's help 'mid tears of old despair;
 Then seiz'd his staff—prepar'd to sally forth,
 When the sad lover spoke, "No, if on earth! . . .
 I . . . I . . . will find them—with your warrant fly:
 You shall not lose your daughter, though I try
 To bear *my* loss!" 'Twas said, and he was gone;
 And though, like light, no telegraph had flown;
 Nor steam-mails then with witch-broom speed
 convey'd

News swift as thought; nor winds nor waves
 obey'd;

Young, eager hope—love's untir'd speed was his,
 Night, with her moon-lit hours, and freshening
 breeze,
 Firm heart and hand; and foot as sure, not
 slow—
 Though Punishment's, t' o'ertake th' offending
 foe.

Few words there pass'd! a father's mandate
 shewn,
 The law that binds the people and the throne,
 Precluded speech, but the atrocious cause
 That laughs at Heaven's, respects no human laws.
 Daring and desperate, insolent of power,
 Fresh buoy'd with hopes to crown mad passion's
 hour,
 Th' abducer laugh'd to scorn the vain appeal,
 Stamp'd the law's summons with his iron heel;
 Refus'd to yield the prize, "his toy, his play,"
 With vilest taunts bade "the rude boor away"—
 Nay, he would, then, chastise him where he
 stood,
 But fear'd the stain of base plebeian blood;
 Such glorious beauty was not made for him,
 And he'd first "hack him, piecemeal—limb
 from limb."

Erect and calm, Freeman spoke words so true,
 So dark a picture of th' offender drew,

To scare him in the glass of conscious mind,
As to appal e'en the most wilful blind ;
Words sharper far than the sword's keenest
point,
Whose stern truths bade him tremble every
joint ;
Mind's power supreme, whose more than royal
state
Looks down on earth, and smiles serene o'er
fate.

Such now their triumph ! the deluded fair,
Pierc'd to the heart, breaks through the demon
snare,
And shrieking wildly, as one mad with fears,
Falls at brave Freeman's feet, and bathes with
tears.

Who then so proud ! had he abus'd his power,
Struck that base worldling in wild passion's hour,
Her woman's heart had harden'd into guilt —
Lost hope and shame, and blood on blood been
spilt.

Then jealous rage usurp'd that bad man's breast,
He sought to fire, and fiercely onward prest ;
And Freeman's blood had stain'd the verdant
sod,
For more he fear'd dread Heaven's avenging
rod,

To slay in passion's strife, than meet his death,
But closing quick, each firmly held his breath;
And well that wealth-nurs'd culprit paid the
debt

He ow'd; though Freeman's life is perill'd yet;
One iron hand is on th' assassin's throat—
The other grasps his weapon, when the shot
Aim'd at the miner lays his rival low,
Who fir'd to slay, yet feels himself the blow.

Just punishment; and now th' approaching
tread

Of horse was heard ere staunch'd the wound
that bled;

'Twas the patrol who found the generous youth
Bent o'er his prostrate foe. He told the truth;
While stung with jealousy, mad with defeat,
The base abducer, springing to his feet,
Denounc'd him as "th' assassin who had laid
In wait to murder him, and that fair maid."

Great was th' accuser's power—a specious case—
Wealth, bribes, and oaths — and most a well-
mask'd face

Carried the day. Borne to a dungeon's gloom,
The Law proclaim'd the robber and his doom—
Kind chang'd from felon's death to lingering
years

Of convict exile—"as some doubt appears,"

Whose benefit to the poor guiltless given,
Oft serves as passport ere their time to heaven.

Why paint the wide-spread sorrow and dismay,
The home-riv'n ties, the prisoner's parting day,
The vain appeals to justice?—all had pass'd,
Yet one sad lingerer hovers near—the last:
Like one half wild! and who that grief shall tell,
What dread scene passed within that silent cell?
She the sole cause of all the ruin there,
The blight of many hearts—lost love's despair,
Could not e'en weep: not his to wound the
heart

Pierc'd with remorse. He blest her, and they
part.

* * * * *

And days wore on; times alter'd—and the poor
Strength-broken left ones, well taught to
endure,

In secret mourn'd; the gripe of poverty
Mingled with memories sad, drew many a sigh;
And those dread doors that seldom ope again
Threatened to close upon an age of pain!

Yes, all prepar'd in grief to be convey'd
From that free home where children they had
play'd,
And sat to watch their children. Who comes by?
A well-drest youth—flush'd face and angry eye.

He saw "the guardians"—hurried to the spot ;
Inquir'd what rates or other claims they'd got
Against old Freeman?—paid them, shut the
door,

Sat down and chatted—soon began t' explore
Their little home: had they a room to let?
He'd take his chance, they would not leave
there yet.

"Room!" echo'd the old man, and shook his
head ;

"Woe's me! too much since . . . since we lost!"
instead

Of words he pointed to a miner's dress
And axe, as if he fear'd his own distress ;
Should he before a stranger *that* name say,
Which brought to mind "such son, so far away."

PART III.

Ah, strange vicissitude of mortal things,
Whose thought appals, whose sight the spirit
wings!

By whose stern law, each sweetest blessing fled,
Hope veils her view, while tears embalm the
dead ;

Thy vision mocks the monarch on his throne,
The miser scares 'mid heap'd hoards, not his own ;
Steeling their hearts to man— with hate and
fear,

Still in their dreams thy spectral forms appear ;

Well hast thou wrought the work assign'd by
fate,

Exalted fools, depress'd the good and great,
Or their grand labours ever crown'd too late ;
Taught the base world to mar their fair design,
And given that world to Cæsar's iron line,
With dulness leagu'd, and with that darker
power,

Whose frauds exulted in Christ's dying hour.
Yes! I have watch'd thy shadow on the hearts
Of all most lov'd whom thy dread mandate
parts ;

Seen thee exhaust fate's vials on their head,
Still great, serene, and battling where they
bled ;

Above the world, one change beyond thy power,
Undying love, and faith's immortal dower !

And such was Freeman, in his exile-home,
Still home, where no accusing spirits come ;
He felt as good men, acted like the great,
In the most adverse trials still elate—
Gaining fresh strength where weak hearts most
despair,

Showing what men might be—not what they are.
He bore his lot to conquer ; and it brought
That priceless recompence by goodness wrought,
Respect and admiration from his kind,
Nor long was justice to his merits blind ;

Soon fortune follow'd; ere his term expir'd,
 Promotion—pardon came. By fresh hopes fir'd,
 He rose to rank—to station; clear'd his name,
 And gave to Virtue what he won from Fame.

Good conduct—the best passport to success,
 Retrieves, restores, achieves the power to bless,
 With ample wealth: respected more and more,
 And flatter'd by the world that frown'd before,
 The British merchant sought his native isle,
 And who not welcom'd home if fortune smile?
 Just seven years from that sad, love-fated night,
 That set in darkness—to emerge in light.

And Freeman, trembling now, 'mid hopes and
 fears,
 That from the hardy exile first drew tears,
 Found all was well—the young, the ag'd were
 there,
 A father seated in his patriarch chair
 Out in the sun—his mother spinning near,
 And that once little brother lov'd so dear.
 The stranger sits and speaks; but in that dress,
 And the whole change that time had wrought
 no less
 In manners, looks, and voice, not one could read
 The happy truth, though that glad eye might
 plead,
 And the clear ringing laugh from out the heart,
 Th' instinctive sense that of their own a part

It was: and those hearts burn'd—most one that
knew,
From his first look, that the strange tale was
true.

Who is that silent one? Why droops his eye,
In manly garb array'd with carriage high,
Yet weeping, trembling? Lost in strange
amaze,

The stranger asks. The old man gladly says,
“ You see, sir, our good angel; he who came
When the sole prop—our own—why tell his
name?

Was taken from us by most cruel fate.
Our earthly helper came, ere yet too late,
In the grim Union we had hid our shame;
And from that hour has been to us the same,
Our help, our son—all that he would have
been.”

Ah! at these words had you that good youth
seen,

The struggling passions in his face express'd;
The tears, the throbbings of the burden'd
breast,

You, like that stranger, scarce had borne the
sight,

As in amaze, half doubt, half wild delight:
“ Ah, who art *thou* ?” in thrilling accents said,
Reveal'd the whole—how well the debt was
paid—

The long task-labour—penitence of years—
Most the deep love that all those tasks endears:
'Twas she! the lost, the found, the lov'd so
 well—
Still o'er his heart held her young magic spell.

But shall words seek to picture joy like this,
Of old and young—the wondrous, perfect
 bliss—

Sweet restoration—joys transcending far
Rank, wealth, and power—joys that base world-
 lings mar!

The love that stood the fiercest proofs stern
 Fate

Had e'er impos'd, preserv'd in low estate,
Through every ill that penury and woe
Could wreak on hearts which broke not 'neath
 the blow.

And soon the bells rang out a merry peal,
To happiest love bright fortune set her seal;
What hearts more glad than in the vales
 around

Lov'd Ellesmer's halls and hospitable bound?
True lord and patriarch of the soil was he,
From pride, from avarice, every folly free;
Still sternly good—while she, his glowing
 bride,

No longer doom'd in life-long toils to hide

Her native charms—as, ah! too many still,
 Whose silent sufferings History's page ne'er fill,
 Vied with her consort in relieving woe,
 And dread oppression's direst ills below.

Yes, one who saw her in her beauty's prime,
 In matron grace, 'mid plenty's festal clime;
 Reluctant witness of that joyous state,
 (What bitterer satire on the *false* called great!)
 Employ'd to raise—not to oppress the poor,
 That never drove one stranger from the door;
 He—a lone wanderer—who without a claim,
 Yet hop'd to share her charity; who came
 In tatter'd guise—petition in his hand—
 A wretched wreck of folly's well strewn strand;
 And told the truth which wrings each felon's
 breast,
 How fate's slow pace tracks swift crime's feet
 unblest;
 How peril-fraught the path by grandeur trod,
 The life all given to pleasure—not to God;
 Show'd what strange punishments, by Heaven
 decreed,
 Fall on the proud—teach hardest hearts to
 bleed;
 Contrasts that shock—truths beyond fiction's
 dream—
 One great directing hand—what chance we
 deem,

Lips that denied the boon made meek to sue—
Scorners to pray—the harsh—the unjust, to
rue.

Why starts that suitor?—from his trembling
hand

Why falls the gift? So statue-rooted stand
The evil-doom'd, when judgment from on high,
With earthly fires lights up the angry sky,
As pales his cheek, and every fibre shook,
Thrill'd to the power of that bright lady's look;
Shame, grief, remorse—all struggling hard to
tell

His tale of infamy—as darklier fell
The shadow o'er his soul. 'Twas she—'twas she,
He sought to wrong: he spoke not, could not
flee;

And Freeman came—with vengeance glorious,
far

Transcending man's; and shone, his guiding
star.

And feign'd all this? there are, as there have
been

Those who more dread vicissitudes have seen;
Exhausted all th' extremes of good and ill,
Rais'd from low state the noblest ranks to fill,
And fall'n as swift from loftiest heights, to be
The thing they scorn'd—the mock of infamy.

Ask we, what moral? lay it to thy breast,
 Erin! by Fortune's heaviest hand oppress'd;
 See Hope's bright dawn through darkest shade's
 despair,

Guard well thyself from passion's demon-snare!
 Let lords, priests, people, alms and pity spurn,
 With the soul's emulation learn to burn.
 Be heroes ever; still, with heart elate,
 Haste, prompt to shield thee in the shock of
 fate;

And when clouds thicken round thee, stern and
 strong,

Teach thee to raise thy Christian battle-song;
 Awake to hope, to energy, to toil,
 No more to feuds a prey—false patriots' spoil.

Then while the suffering hours, like mourners,
 pass,

Behold the truth in Conscience's faithful glass;
 And if one fury shake th' avenging rod,
 Go weep, and weeping seek *the Word of God*.
 Say in Fate's direst hours how much that
 springs

From man's own pride, sad painful memories
 brings,

Low haunting voices of th' accusing past,
 That prove him traitor, ingrate to the last,
 Before high Heaven! So hadst *thou* broke the
 spell

Of evil, like the man of whom we tell;

The type of his proud race of England's Free,
Who joy in toil and peril, though, like thee,
Battling with many ills, thou hadst not been
The land of woes, crimes, horrors—we have
seen.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ANDREA
ZURBARAN,

THE CELEBRATED SPANISH PAINTER.

I.

When dying in a public hospital at Lisbon, it was observed by one of the physicians that "the man was mad," upon which the great artist sketched a magnificent head of our Saviour, surpassing in majesty any of his wonderful productions.

Child of a dark and stormy sire,¹
With soul of conquest, flashing
A flame outsoar'd e'en Eastern fire,
When rival worlds were clashing ;
And fervent faiths fought to the death,
To plant the Cross or Crescent,
And love and knighthood pour'd their breath,
While woman's eyes shone pleasant.
Land of the fiery brave—of love,
Sweet Eden-clime, around, above !

¹ Alluding to the conquest of Spain by the Goths.

Oh, many a wild and thrilling tale
 Dark passion pour'd upon the gale,
 Till thy bright daughters' cheeks flush'd red—
 Grew pale with fear; new glory shed
 Its splendour o'er each patriot muse,
 Thy high soul'd genius dar'd to choose.

But ne'er its notes are strung to gladness,
 Of such sweet force; to deeper sadness;
 Love more intense—adventurous spirit,
 Strange woes, than when thy sons inherit
 The fire once kindled in thy breast,
 In thy grand painter's fate express'd.

II.

Say, mighty genius, what the guerdon
 For faith, toil, suffering—works divine?
 For love scarce less than such as dar'd on
 Horeb's and Calvary's Mounts to shine?
 When Prophet-bards shed heaven's own splendour

On earth's cold sphere, 'twas still the same
 Dark world you fill'd with light, to render
 Back ingrate storms of death and shame.
 And long that world in guilt and woe,
 Rued 'neath its giant-kings the blow,
 Which struck at Heaven's own legates, mind,
 Love, genius, truth to death consign'd.
 On such a world, so stain'd with crime,
 Faith's high-strung souls of every clime,

Wreck'd ere their noon of fame beam high,
 Like him, Spain's poet-painter, die ;
 Who on his death-couch grasp'd a name
 The world that scoff'd must still proclaim ;
 Still hold aloft, a guiding star,
 To souls of beauty, in their war
 Of love and light, with earth's vain show,
 Idols of clay that charm below ;
 Ambition, envy, hate, pride, rear
 Fame's trophies to the minds they fear ;
 And rivals wreath the crown that glows
 Immortal on truth's painters' brows.

III.

Say, was the love, too strong for death,
 Deep, self-devoted, bent on high ;
 Victor o'er Nature's dying breath,
 And glorying in the heart's last sigh ;
 To find on earth a resting-place,
 In woman's arms a home of peace ?
 To gaze on Nature's varying face,
 Whose brightest, loveliest soonest cease ?
 No, on his boyhood's visions broke
 Forms that the fervid spirit spoke ;
 Predoom'd to run a brief career
 Of all most painful, yet most dear ;
 Passions that soar—to hurl from high ;
 Proud hopes that mock ; joys near that fly ;
 And, seen at distance through the gloom,
 Flashes of glory from the tomb.

Say, what his dreams of Youth's bright morn,
Ere Manhood woke to aims new-born?
Ah! if they shadow'd forth the scene,
The storm without, the fire within,
With half the speaking force and truth
That in his forms of deathless youth
Still breathe—dark was that startling dream
With auguries fraught sad as my theme;
For love had taught his heart to fear,
And spirit-words first met his ear.

IV.

“ Thine Evil-genius of the earth
Bids thee awake—go on thy way;
With long farewell to Boyhood's mirth,
Youth's soul-born joys that may not stay.
Farewell the visionary bliss,
Unutterable thoughts that beam
On love and friendship, till at this
Dark eclipse of their glorious dream,
I come thy destin'd path to trace,
And read the dark lines of that face;
That brow that marks thee for my own,
With me to traverse earth alone;
Not one to feel—to sympathize
With thy fond nature's smiles or sighs;
To aid thy daring hope of fame,
Shield from the cold world's scorn and blame.
For thee ambition, grandeur shine!
They worship at another shrine,

Oft to give rank and power fresh zest,
Will point the thorns that pierce thy breast,
And while thy works adorn their pride,
Thy genius like thy wants deride !
The friend shall hurl pale Envy's dart ;
In each thou lov'st a rival start ;
And start'st *thou*, as her name I breathe ?
Another claims that bridal wreath !
Not of yon bright and festal throng,
Thy spirit drinks love's rapturous song ;
Nor thou the sordid father's care,
Who dooms *her* young heart to despair ;
While thou a toil-worn exile driven,
Like some doom'd thing, from hopes of Heaven,
Wear'st out thy manhood's joyless day,
Then diest ; but how, I will not say,
Lest mad despair my victim seize,
And earth's vow'd vengeance e'er should cease
To dash proud Genius-towering hopes,
And close the prison-house that opes
But on the tomb !" The vision fled,
Time wore—the lover's heart hath bled :
All but the painter's fire is dead.
His glorious morning dreams are o'er,
Ere noon life's evening shadows low'r ;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
His fate's unravell'd threads betray
The colour of his lot foretold,
His youth's warm fancies all grown cold.

But wheresoe'er love's exile roam,
In his sad heart, hath made its home,
One deep, enduring faith—a love
That guards its treasur'd hoard above,
And, with his art belov'd, will dare
To battle with the fiend Despair ;
Though dreams come o'er his memory's waste
In darkest hues of sorrow trac'd ;
The haunting voice of happier years,
That turns all else to dust and tears ;
While, ever at the wanderer's side,
That world-born spirit will deride
Those ills which the world's toils declare
Souls not of clay must ever share.

And faster, as Fate's arrows sped
Their malice on the sufferer's head,
From the deep fount of love within,
Heaven's hymns of rapturous joy begin ;
Earthly love and fame, no more
Bind the wing'd spirit to Time's shore ;
All other lights of heaven grow dim
Before the splendour-beams of Him
Whose glory shone, in living power,
On that worn pilgrim's dying hour.
E'en when the notes of ecstasy
Trembled on lips that scorn to sigh,
And the world's tutor'd voice again
Said " that he rav'd "—outflash'd it then ;

The beaming thought of purest fire
 On seraph-wing still mounting higher
 Than e'er its loftiest flight, now shed
 Undying radiance round that head
 Of holiest majesty and love,
 When rose his spirit-song above :
 With that one grand rebuke of earth,
 His genius sought its heavenlier birth.

 CRACOW.

ON THE ANNEXATION OF THE ANCIENT CAPITAL AND
 LAST FREE CITY OF POLAND TO AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM.

“ Voi cui fortuna ha posto in mano il freno
 Delle belle contrade,
 Di che nulla pietà par che vi stringa ;
 Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade ?
 Perchè 'l verde terreno
 Del barbarico sangue si depinga ?”

PETRARCA.

I.

'Twas night ! War's death-fires dimly gleam'd
 From leaguer'd town and tower ;
 Where far the Crescent's glory stream'd
 In Victory's brightest hour :
 And swept in one resistless flood
 The chivalry that once had woo'd
 Its fame from Paynim power,
 Whose wild waves broke on Martel's rock,
 Till Europe trembled with the shock.

II.

But dark and deadlier lower'd the night
Of Europe's faltering fame,
As from her brow those laurels bright
Were torn with scorn and shame.
Her sun—set in a sea of blood,
Her banners, lost by field and flood ;
Bow'd to the Moslem name ;
And awe-struck kings in terror fled
Their people whom they dar'd not head.¹

III.

Her eagle-plumes—all bath'd in gore,
Her loftiest eyrie now
No refuge from that victor-power ;
The Hun's proud neck must bow ;
She bites the dust—her last field fought,
Though all her banded legions sought
To stay the dreaded blow.
Soon Christian freedom's genius dies :
Vienna's walls—the Moslem's prize.

IV.

Far as the mighty Danube roll'd,
Imperial gates oped wide,

¹ The Emperor Leopold and other princes, seized with panic, took to flight, leaving their people exposed to the fury of the enemy.—*History of Poland*.

Whose palace-towers and spires sad toll'd
 Their fallen cities' pride ;
 Fresh hosts of conquering foes rush'd on,
 Till Austrian empire's seat proud won,
 To Moslem might allied ;
 No hope, no ray of succour shed
 On that doom'd people's night of dread.

V.

The hero of the noblest host,
 E'er tam'd the Crescent's rage,
 Hurl'd back the Tartar-hordes, when lost
 Europe's heroic age,
 Beam'd in the Chivalry alone,
 That built in Polish breasts its throne—
 History's most splendid page,
 Heard the far thunders of the war—
 Bright shone their eagle-fortune's star.¹

VI.

The Crescent wan'd before their might,
 Free Poland's banners wav'd
 O'er that doom'd city ; in *her* light
 Of victory it was sav'd.

¹ As Sobieski was on his march with his little army, he one day saw an eagle flying by them from the right, and took the opportunity of encouraging the Poles, by interpreting it as a good omen.—FLETCHER'S *History of Poland*.

From recreant emperors and kings
 The Pole reluctant homage wrings ;
 His proud exploits engrav'd
 On hearts and memories that deplor'd
 "Such men," they boasted not "for
 lord."

VII.

How mean the arts, souls, of such kings,
 Was proven in that hour ;
 Dark earnest of the fate that springs
 From ingrates rais'd to power.
 While Sobieski to his God
 Gave thanks his hero-Poles had trod
 Of turban'd chiefs the flower ;
 Imperial princes, with low pride,
 Their Saviour's noblest act deride.

VIII.

Brook'd not the fearless Pole to bow
 To loftiest diadem ;
 When "Gratitude," forc'd, cold, and slow,
 Came from feign'd lips of phlegm,
 That high heart rous'd his victor-bands,
 March'd as he came, at Heaven's com-
 mands,
 New Tartar-tides to stem :
 Long Europe's bulwark fam'd they stood,
 And pour'd for us their lavish blood.

IX.

Free States drew breath 'neath Poland's shield,
 Their frontiers' guardian land;
 But Poles no more Heaven's thunders wield,
 Nor in the broad gap stand
 'Twixt ruthless Tartar bands combin'd
 With Europe: freed in vain, they'll find
 Worse fate, from honour ban'd;
 And sweet their funeral wail shall rise
 To Poland's last dread sacrifice.¹

X.

The Sybil-leaves are numbering fast—
 The gathering tempest looms—
 Loud and more loud that heaven-rung blast
 Peals from the heroes' tombs!
 They rise—they arm! the “Nemesis”
 Of outrag'd nations never dies!
 Their day of vengeance comes,
 When faithless, ingrate Europe falls,
 And Poland's shade no more appals!

¹ “Amidst the roar of artillery, the tears of the female portion of the inhabitants, and the curses of the male, the proclamation was read, by which Cracow is declared to be for ever a portion of the Austrian empire.”—*Correspondence from Cracow*. “*Times*,” December 11, 1846.

TO FRANCE;

OR, M. DE LAMARTINE AT MAÇON.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1847, WITHIN A FEW MONTHS OF
LOUIS PHILIPPE'S FLIGHT, AND THE LAST REVOLUTION.

I.

Thou Israel of the nations! dark
 As hers thy self-wrought doom;
 Warn'd, threaten'd, spar'd—thou would'st not
 hark

Her voice, though from the tomb;
 Thy Freedom's ark, lost soon as won,
 Through Slavery's desert-march, thy sun—
 Pillars of fire t' illumine
 In vain—the dread night's pathless way;
 For not e'en Heaven thy spirit's stay.

II.

So bow'd unto the very dust
 That neck through Time's career,
 Still rais'd against His sacred trust—
 His word awe-wing'd with fear;
 Which oft as vain bade thee repair
 To Freedom's tents—to wake her war—
 Not dress her funeral bier
 For idol chiefs who quench'd *their* breath
 Of fire, who broke your bonds of death.

III.

And must that dread voice speak again,
 In language such as he
 On Horeb's rock heard not in vain?
 Types of Divinity!
 Soul-warnings, sent men's hearts to try,
 Who strive, 'neath the All-seeing eye,
 When kings their bondsmen flee—
 When freedmen own the living God,
 And Empires vanish at his nod.

IV.

But Thou! taugt not the hurricane
 That rent their palace-pride?
 Their forest-chase of man? till glen,
 Rock, tower, on every side,
 Rang with that death-hunt's wild halloo
 That bade each royal hunter rue
 Dark deeds that Heaven defied;
 The sport—the prey of them they bind;
 Yet was not God in that waste wind.¹

¹ “And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and hove in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice.”—1 *Kings*, xix., ver. 11, 12.

V.

'Twas calm, but such a calm as when
 Deep broods the ocean's wrath,
 To plume its tempests' wings; again
 Fleets glory o'er thy path;
 That earthquake shook the trembling world;¹
 Thrones, powers, and princedom—
 all are hurl'd
 In its consuming scathe:
 What shadow darken'd land and flood?
 It pass'd; and brought no God of good.

VI.

A pause! 'tis nature's sleep! then loud
 And louder rang the blast—
 The conquer'd crown'd? the palm his shroud?
 And art thou free at last?
 A fire from Elba's lava-soil
 Rush'd then to save—kings to despoil;
 Not yet proud Empire pass'd!
 Storm, earthquake, fire, met in that shock,²
 Nor yet in fire the Godhead spoke.

VII.

Bow'd as a weeping slave to meet
 Her conqueror's stern embrace,
 Thy free shrines trod by tyrant-feet,
 Whose sandals thou must lace;

¹ Napoleon at Austerlitz.

² Waterloo.

Take to thy breast the thrice-spurn'd mate
Who 'spoil'd thee through long years of
 hate,

 But meeting—face to face;
Thy soul's recoil snapt that dread bond—
“A still, small voice” was heard beyond.

VIII.

The words of ancient Time to read,
 Why, traitress, didst thou fly
Their living truth? to groan—to bleed—
 Mock of a royal lie?
“This people have rejected *me*,
No more to reign—no more to be
 Their lord—sole ruler high!
Shew them the manner of the king,
That shall reign o'er them!” feel'st the
 sting?

IX.

He spoke: “Your sons his slaves shall be;
 Some run before his state;
Captains of thousands bend the knee,
 And bide his will as fate;
His instruments of toil and war—
To seek the burning zone afar,
 And perish ere their date,
Slaying and slain—on torrid sands
Their bleach'd bones true to his commands.

X.

" All thine be his! the iron road,
 Town, tower, camp, fortress high,
 Thy hands must build—thy heart to goad,
 Threatening lost liberty.
 And when, in bitterness of soul,
 Thou seek'st to spurn his base control,
 God will not hear nor see;
 For thou must expiate all the guilt,
 The seas of blood by monarchs spilt."

XI.

Expiate? Ah, would that hour were come!
 Thy sufferings made thee wise;
His the reversal of thy doom,
 Whose truths thou didst despise.
 Bow low to Him; and then elate,
 Erect and fearless be thou great
 As they whom thou should'st prize
 Had made thee, hadst thou not consigned
 Their mission to the mad and blind.

XII.

And hark, a voice! low murmurs sound—
 Is it the voice of God?
 The price of blood cries from the ground—
 That wine-press thou hast trod
 Alone—plead they? thy patriot bard,
 Reaps he in joy his rich reward;

Hallow'd each martyr's sod
Of those, the blameless, lofty, bright,
Whose names are thy immortal light?

XIII:

Their spirits hover round him now,
Inspiring wisdom—love ;
Their halo circles his pale brow,
Glorious as saints above—
Brighter than earthly diadem,
It sheds its hallow'd light on them
Who hear “ that small voice low ;”
Hear to obey—while tears flow fast,
O'er crimes and errors of the past.

XIV.

And one who saw—who wept the fate
Of Gallia's soul-born kings ;
In spirit there—grand and elate,
That hymn of triumph sings.
Hark! 'mid heaven's thunder, lightning, storm,
The Girondists' historian warm
Expands thy freedom's wings,
In thrilling words—that burn more bright
Through Europe's dark and troubled night.

KING ALFRED.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FOUNDER OF ENGLAND'S
FREEDOM.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

Thou that rejoicest in thy giant path,
Dread foe of despots in their withering wrath,
When gloomy Philip hover'd o'er thy coasts,
His fleets a forest, and his myriad hosts ;
That met the conqueror of the world alone,
Stern as ten Philips on his iron throne,
Hail'd his proud legions to the battle-shock ;
In the fierce strife bade mightiest empires rock ;
Queen of the Isles ! sole sovereign of the deep,
Whose fame has flown where'er the tempests sweep ;
Far as the sun pours heaven's eternal glow,
By burning sands, or Polar wastes of snow !
Say, nurse of heroes, in thy world-wide sway,
Who call'd thy freedom's being into day,
Chas'd the deep clouds of long, barbaric night,
O'er a lost land pour'd streams of living light,
Broke the dire yoke, yet rais'd the fallen foe,
And bound with wreaths of peace the victor's brow ;
Through peril's shoals thy guardian-beacon stood,
Sole hope, 'mid gathering storm and rushing flood ;

With unquench'd light illum'd thy ocean path,
Till thy State's flag, 'scap'd Fortune's envious wrath,
Bore Time's rich argosies—prize of the free—
Safe to thy shores?—'twas Alfred's victory.

Look round! See Europe in the throes of pain,
Panting for Freedom's birth—bound fast by chain
His master-hand once loos'd—whose rivets eat
Into men's souls, and say what guerdon meet
The founder of thy liberties may claim
From thee—sole rescued from such slavery's shame?
What, chance, thy fate, had Alfred never shone,
The mirror of thy fortunes in his own?
Now vanquish'd—tried by Heaven's severest test—
Shielding his country's hope in shepherd's vest;
Now rising buoyant o'er the surging flood,
By adverse Fate taught how the wise and good
From bitterest roots extract the healing balm,
Turn loss to gain, in the worst seasons—calm
And patient ever, Nature's progress—given
Rarely to States—sole boon of favouring Heaven.
But for thy Alfred, and thy Saxon race,
How hadst thou fall'n, like them, far Time's disgrace;
No pilot at thy helm—no voice to save—
No light!—a shock, a shriek—the whelming wave;
Chance, the last wave, like that which late consign'd
Thy youth and beauty to the ruthless wind,
And weltering seas, in the still midnight hour,
'Mid song and dance, and cruel sight of shore.

Then prove thee worthy of thy Freedom's sire,
The fame that woke his grateful country's lyre;
Revere his laws, nor longer revel on,
Heedless of prophet-voices that are gone—
That from the dead still point the fatal scene,
As thus 'twill be with nations—and has been!

Ambition's towering hopes—the honey'd tongue,
More priz'd than Truth's—stronger than woe or wrong,
Still spread their dear delusions o'er men's souls,
And charm till the last ruin o'er them rolls.
Grieve not his awful shade! in bold relief
Stand forth, like him, singly 'mid nations chief;
Retrace thy steps—his honour'd genius prize,
His loftier aims, whose mark was in the skies;
Right, justice, grace—the social edifice
He laid, build up! an empire bas'd on peace,
That shall through time the mirror hold to kings,
Of Rule's true worth, free Mind's expansive wings.
Has Alfred liv'd in vain? is the die cast
That ranks his country's greatness with the past?
Well might we cry, with dark, prophetic fears—
“Ah, that these eyes a fountain were of tears!”
To weep o'er all consign'd to slavery's tomb—
Her sons' free port—her daughters' matchless bloom;
Or seek a home in some vast wilderness,
Remote from tyrants, wrong, and sore distress,
Where man may breathe, may live free life, nor see
How treacherous power, how barbarous kings may be;

Consigning millions to a lingering dearth
 To glut the licens'd robbers of the earth;
 Fierce demon-champions of a "right divine,"
 To scourge mankind, and violate the shrine
 Of Heaven with impious hands, truth, justice; dare,
 Torture the souls of men, and fill the air
 With Woman's shrieks — Youth, Beauty, doom to
 spoil,
 Their Maker mock, and but for demons toil.¹

Contrast such deeds with Alfred's glorious rule,
 Cite the barbarians to his Saxon school;
 And let their blood-stain'd statesmen learn the arts
 Of forming men—an empire o'er men's hearts.
 Had Alfred's spirit-rule a modern sway,
 O'er priest and despot-creeds that scourge and slay,
 No holy Jesuit-leagues, nor butcher bands,
 Dare blast the fruit of prostrate Europe's lands,
 Bind their own slave-fall'n dead to the soul-free,
 With foreign chain—Italia, Hungary!
 No children of the Saxon's glorious line
 Kneel to worst idols—war-fiends' hideous shine;
 No German, hardy Russ, nor Cossack wild,
 See wives and offspring scourg'd, and homes defil'd,
 Acclaiming Popes still sanctioning the crime
 That brands their memories to far distant time.

¹ The present political, social, and moral state of European nations will furnish the best commentary on the accuracy of these strictures.

PART II.

Proud land! whose greatness soar'd above the pride
Of *little* despots in mean league allied;
Answering with stones their famish'd people's cries,
With death the brave who freedom dar'd to prize.
Oh! ne'er let History's voice thus plead in vain
To save thee from like fate of woe and pain,
Till wide-spread evils from their poison'd source
Sweep o'er thy glory in their fatal course!
But timely hear his voice who made thee free,
Unmatch'd in arms, and mistress of the sea.
Great Alfred's Isle! look round! and hear the tale
Of fallen States—how first they came to fail,
When pride and luxury follow'd wealth and power,
Weakness, vile avarice, grasping in an hour
The fancied gains which years of toil deny,
For the true wealth of home-sprung industry—
A people's strength, its moral power, and wide
All-blessing commerce to the world allied;
Dependent on the All-Wise for every good,
And prosperous most when finding others food;
When numerous hamlets, manors, farms are seen,
Rising on every side—no wastes between;
No pauper dungeon walls their spectral front
Uprearing to appal from every mount,
Each pleasant site, where erst the glebe-house stood
Corn stores, and granaries fill'd with ample food.
Such Alfred's garden-England, as his Book

Of Survey shows ; which, when the Norman took,
 Was made a wilderness ; bright, loftiest praise
 Of him who fram'd the rule of Saxon days.
 Like him, go ask of History—Rome, Greece, Tyre—
 In peril most when they had tower'd higher
 Than their most fond ambition could have dream'd
 In arms, arts, fleets ; their colonies esteem'd
 The sinews of their strength ; till, like some tower,
 Whose weak foundations totter 'neath the power
 And high-pil'd weight above, all sunk to earth
 With hideous din—'mid the world's mocking mirth.

Now, if that world watch, wonder at the date
 Given to thy empire, and proud queenly state,
 Fam'd reigns, a dynasty that wars with Time ;
 Know that their spirit lives in truths sublime,
 Great Christian truths, wise temporal laws for these,
 By Alfred's genius trac'd—by his decrees !

Ask, where the tributaries of that Spain
 Which aw'd both worlds, and forg'd the soul's dread
 chain,
 The boast that on her climes the sun ne'er set ?
 See ! lower than her slaves—deeps, lower yet,
 She falls, the victim of that pride and power,
 Fierce thirst of wealth, which wrought her evil hour.

Not like Iberia, in her lavish mood,
 Had Alfred pour'd his people's wealth and blood,

Drain'd of her rich resources the dread Queen
 Of isles and ocean, 'mid each distant scene,
 Where fame or fortune lur'd her to the field ;
 Wild thirst of rule o'er lands on which to build
 Hopes doom'd to fail, whose fairy castles rise,
 As desert meteors mock the traveller's eyes,
 Or juggling fiends that tamper with the sense,
 T' abuse the soul with specious good's pretence.

Dream not that armies constitute a state,
 Vast walls of wood, or eloquent debate ;
 The records of each bold ancestral line ;
 Wide civil rule, or conquests half divine—
 Such as of old Greece *feign'd* of heroes brave,
 Nor pomp and splendour that precede the grave.
 No mighty armaments and vassal lands,
 No subject millions, strengthen feeble hands,
 Throng'd marts and ports purchase no patriot good,
 While the deep poison rankles in thy blood ;
 If thou hast sold thy offspring to the few—
 Bondsmen through time, long as War's debt is due.

Go, test the principles of Alfred's power,
 That crown'd thee victor in thy worst dark hour ;
 Apply their truth to curb Corruption's reign
 In thy high places, and his laws maintain—
 Thy sevenfold shield: though burdens press thy
 land,
 Mad passion's dower, Toil, Truth, their magic wand

Shall wave, and thou emerge 'mid deeds of light,
If Heaven inspire thy Council's, People's might.

PART III.

The glorious structure by great Alfred plann'd,
Bas'd on self-government, Heaven's first command
To the transgressing sire of our fallen race,
'Mid Norman rule left many a noble trace.
To these we owe all Britons hold most dear,
Free thought, word, action—trial by man's peer—
Th' inalienable right and just: the trust
Well treasur'd, e'en though trampled in the dust.
When Conquest's wild, exterminating power
For ages sought to rob man of the dower;
When kings, court, parasites, and arms combin'd
To cancel Alfred's laws, the laws of mind
Immortal, seated in man's will supreme,
As given by God, to awe the despot's dream,
Wage with brute-force the sole ennobling war,
And prove what Alfred was, and just men are.

No conqueror's laws, no camps, oppression dire,
Quench'd in the people's breasts that sacred fire
Of Freedom, kindled once by truth and right,
The world's last hope through Norman slavery's night.
Of man's free state, the Law-King never dies;
Alfred still reign'd—the brute-force conquest flies
Before that quenchless spirit he awoke,
When Pagan victors felt his Christian yoke.

Memory, tradition, custom, language — all
 Merge the proud conqueror in their spirit-thrall,
 Elude his savage grasp, and pave his fall ;
 Assert their laws in language despots dread,
 The voice of God, from which the first Cain fled.

Heirs of the robber-chiefs, most monarchs claim
 The people as a prize in plunder's name ;
 Share them with warrior-nobles, charter'd bands,
 Paid but to slay—to break high Heaven's commands ;
 The ravag'd soil, life, wealth—all products theirs,
 To grace the glory endless war prepares !¹
 Monopolies and charters reach each home,
 Divide the land—drive forth its sons to roam
 In far-off climes, where they no more may share
 The tyrant's blessings—feed the “ Holy War ”
 Of infidels who stain a Christian throne ;
 Popes, Emperors, Kings, whose crimes make Europe
 groan.

Such the dread scene unhappy Europe shows,
 While Alfred's isle maintains a wise repose ;
 Unscath'd 'midst storms, by powers his genius gave,
 By laws that soar'd triumphant o'er the grave
 Of conquest, spreading far that glorious light
 Which shone resplendent through the demon-night.

¹ The loan system, which, while depriving England of its capital, enables foreign potentates to carry on destructive wars, and paralyzes industry, trade, and commerce.

More strong than colonies and great allies,
Right rule, like Alfred's, teaches how to rise ;
Young States to flourish, monarchs how to reign,
More love to man ; spreads peace o'er land and main.
Though thousand years have shed thy leaves, lov'd
 clime,

His memory brightens through the mists of time ;
That isle he lov'd, while one true English heart
Shall beat, from such fond memory will not part ;
E'en now delights to honour and revere
England's bright day-dawn, Alfred's natal year ;
By every studious art that Britons know,
And most divinest Charity's pure glow ;
Sheds new auspicious light from such a day,
O'er kindred minds he freed by noblest sway ;
Regards his precepts, gives his genius price,
Crowns his Fame's pillar sacred to the skies ;
Aids, too, the poor—he lov'd to raise, to bless,
And shows how Kings should reign who now oppress ;
How stem their cruel rage, vain passion's strife,
And learn *true* sway of self from Alfred's life.

Bred in Adversity's consummate school,
His heaven-strung mind learnt that grand art—
 self-rule ;

And spirit-strong, like the illustrious few,
Born to great deeds, its manliest nurture drew
From the sole source that makes *true* heroes here—
The strength that builds up States on Christian fear.

As the storm murmurs ere the thunders peal,
The advent of great souls man seems to feel ;
The mighty shadow, like some eclipse, looms,
Till the full radiance of the sunlight comes !
So in his youth-tide tours anointed King
(As the pure incense Shepherd-prophets bring),
By Rome's *true* Pontiff; the auspicious day.
Of Alfred's glory dawn'd, ere burst to day
An "unction truly regal" urg'd him twice
To seek th' Eternal City's works of price ;
Then active, fearless, skill'd in sacred lore,
Poet and classic—glad he spread his store
Of wisdom, learning, o'er a darken'd land,
And train'd it to his future high command ;
E'en, a boy-chieftain, stood the brunt of war,
Marking the gathering tempests from afar ;
His country's pride, prop of a brother's throne,
And strongest in his trust—when all alone.

Not his to shun worst perils' venture ! No !
He ne'er bade others where he fear'd to go.
Alone—encompass'd by a vengeful host ;
Brave as the chief who sought the Stygian coast,
The hero-harper trod the ordeal, where
Saints might have trembled, strong men felt despair.

Eager for battle in his country's cause,
And victor o'er thrice-strong, he scorn'd applause ;

Oft turn'd defeat to glorious ends, and made
E'en conquerors Christians, with heaven-temper'd
blade.

Wilton, strange sight ! saw Pagan Northmen kneel
To other host, when fail'd his gleaming steel ;
A father blest—a brother shar'd the throne
With the great vanquish'd who so highly shone.
The Saxons hail'd him fallen, first of Kings,
So great the awe mild heaven-strong virtue brings.
Allies, or subjects of his mission high,
Soon ruthless foes sat down in amity ;
Angelic peace charm'd war of half his ire,
While new-born Faith bade rival hate expire.

Then round her ocean-home with glad surprise
Britain first saw her matchless navy rise ;
Her venturous merchant-ships exploring far
New worlds, her prize, 'neath his benignant star.
First on the deep he led her genius high,
Op'd the brave school of her sea-chivalry ;
Glad prov'd the temper of her oak—of hearts,
Firm as the oak, nor storm nor lightning starts.

No impious tempter of the skies, who swears
To trample man if his free head he rears,
Where'er the germ of truth or freedom springs,
And stamp out nations with the hoof of Kings ;
Who styles his slaves “ Immortals ;” and prepares
The feast of blood, the crime and plunder shares ;

England's great Alfred warr'd to save—to raise
Freedom and peace for their Creator's praise.

His hosts, forts, squadrons, bristling round our coast,
Were British breasts, guards ever at their post ;
Without whose will, all arms are empty things,
Scorn of brave souls, toys only fit for kings.

Had Alfred's new, bold fleets still swept the deep,
No "Hapless Harold" had caus'd England weep,
With reckless bravery trusting to the arm
Least strong, dread Fortune's anger to disarm ;
The young Herculean hand that serpent brood
Had grasp'd, and quench'd their venom in the flood.

E'en Alfred's dreams had something of divine,
If History err not—symbols and a sign
Of arduous deeds ; the vision and the power
Precede th' event—the dark, the glorious hour
Seen through the mirror, for high purpose sent
By Heaven ; and thus, when 'neath worst fortune
bent,

His genius most exhal'd its living bloom,
And the strong spirit sprung from deepest gloom.
That day he shar'd his *last* meal with the poor,
First taught him all to hope—all to endure ;
Victorious from that hour, he rose a King,
Pursued his high career on bolder wing ;
Success bore peace—new towns and hamlets rise,
Law, order, schools, spires pointing to the skies.

PART IV.

Prizing the duties with the rights of Power,
 No lawgiver and ruler of the hour ;
 Statesman profound, who held what he had won,
 Great Alfred crown'd the work so well begun.
 His boundaries fortified, his coast-guards strong,
 Arms bright, strike terror through the Pagan
 throng,
 That with fresh hopes still strive t' infest his shores ;
 Still beaten back—its flood of pirates pours
 On trembling Gaul and hapless Italy,
 Even then, as now, the foreign foeman's prey.

Wise in resources, skill'd in either arm
 As chief or captain, where the Dane's fleets swarm,
 Threatening our rivers, some he put to flight,
 And stranded more, draining the waters bright
 Through channels new ; gaining rich tracts of ground
 From marshy Lea to Hartford far around.

Then equal laws and inland traffic bore
 Fruits of free-trade England ne'er reap'd before ;
 Adventurous spirits on their bright track sped,
 And peaceful Commerce rear'd her drooping head ;
 Our early voyagers their merit prov'd,
 And bore from distant climes the works he lov'd ;
 Treasures of Grecian, Indian, Islam lands,
 Till with new arts the British mind expands ;

New fruits and flowers are seen 'neath Northern skies,
 And the East blooms in Alfred's Isle! his prize,
 Wisdom that every wonder gives to view,
 Rare as great Israel's King from Sheba drew.

Soon his lov'd land he portion'd into shires,
 Fram'd the last law that to self-rule aspires,¹
 That forms the manners, customs of a land,
 The light of laws—best government's command.
 In him the weak and helpless found their stay,
 And venal judges death—when good men sway,
 The worst of villains feel a strange new awe,
 Mask the bold face, feign to respect the law;
 Till habit's second nature prompts, and soon
 The bad lose heart, feel shame, reform—are won.
 In the brief halcyon days of Alfred's rule,
 Mild equal laws shone—Virtue's brightest school;
 Enrich'd with “proverbs” by its royal sire,
 And seats of learning rose, and men aspire.
 Then scholars sat with princes, Churchmen rose—
 The “Premier,” the best man whom none oppose,

¹ That most excellent of all systems of police established by Alfred in hundreds and tithings comprehended the benefit of complete protection, with the principle of self-government. It was opposed alike to despotic and feudal oppression. Not only did he adopt means to prevent malversation in the judges and the authorities, but, upon detection of their offences, they were sometimes punished with death. In this severity of justice he was followed by the Conqueror, but not so in his equal laws, his judicious and mild enactments.—*See the Mirror of Justice, Vestigia Anglicana, &c.*

None dare accuse of seeking place for gain,
 Whose genius triumph'd far o'er land and main,
 Who fill'd the loftiest seat with purest breast,
 On the "Great Council," true State-maxims press'd
 To awe the proud and bad, to aid th' oppress'd.

Oxford its saintly halls op'd to the day,
 And Alfred's reign dawn'd bright in learning's ray ;
 Names, whose fair fame through Europe rang, sup-
 plied
 The seats of mind he form'd on every side ;
 Patriarchs of letters from far countries came,
 And woke in England's breast the generous flame
 Which, mounting heavenward through a thousand
 years,
 Fir'd fresh, brave spirits, chartered from the spheres
 To charm the listening world—a glorious throng,
 With raptures of their heaven-applauding song.
 The Chaucers, Shakespeares, Miltons of their age,
 Suns round whose orbs, bard, statesman, ruler, sage
 In reverend order shine ; fill their career,
 Scarce conscious of the light that rules their year,
 The borrow'd splendour—fed from central fire,
 Heaven's gift, that first bade Alfred's soul aspire—
 From whose pure light are drawn the beams they
 share,
 Nurs'd at Heaven's shrine with more than vestal care ;
 A light that led through the dark Norman night
 To Freedom's porch ; her Time's fair fabric bright.

Lo! the sea-bulwark of his island-power,
 That shone invincible from its first hour,
 Tried the far West,¹ both merchant-guide and shield,
 Scorning vain show, yet well in battle skill'd;
 Vied with the glory won by English spear
 And axe, in hands of men who knew no fear;
 When Alfred's plume, seen towering o'er the fight,
 Through land-feats show'd the path to naval might;
 Till happy England breath'd once more and smil'd,
 His royal love wrapp'd round her, as a child
 O'er whom his tenderest cares and councils sway,
 With the light yoke borne in Christ's earlier day.

Alfred adorn'd the structure he had rais'd!
 Cities, towns, hamlets, England's sight amaz'd;
 And gladden'd with that plenty, Peace and Toil
 E'er reap when Truth and Justice bless the soil.
 What strange sad contrast shows "the Book of Doom,"
 Well nam'd when William had dug England's tomb;
 Towns, churches, like laws, rights, far blotted out,
His map a desert; and *his* census—rout!
 While Saxon genius rul'd with quenchless zeal,
 New hamlets, schools, and spires taught man to feel
 Religion's *soul* that ne'er own'd Norman birth;
 Nor gloried in the pomp-pil'd pride of earth,
 Palatial halls—vast abbeys vow'd to Mars,
 Lands, honours to the chiefs best flesh'd in wars;

¹ It is matter of historical record, that in Alfred's reign some of our early voyagers attempted the discovery of the north-west passage.

But skill'd to train men's minds—a nation's weal,
Shires, hundreds, tens, and homes more strong than
steel;

A yeomanry that held their country's leet,
Free household words, names, titles yet most sweet
To each true British heart that once with scorn
Spurn'd the new Norman speech of the high-born;
The courtly train, flatterers of foreign power,
Who thought to change our tongue in that dark hour.

Vain hope! the glory of the English name,
Immortal works that win the world's acclaim,
Lov'd native speech, were part of Alfred's rule,
Of those true hearts he form'd in England's school.
Nor let the Norman conquerors lay sole claim
To boasted Chivalry—bright honour's flame,
To high Adventure—proud Discovery's praise;
These were the growth of Saxon Alfred's days,
Which they but ap'd; misused to wild excess,
Turn'd to worst curse those gifts *he* gave to bless;
Ages of foreign wars, debts, imposts, tell
How the great Normans Alfred's rule excel.

In knighthood, as in alms, who bore the palm?
They who rais'd up the weak, and bade disarm
The strong; in pure devotion, noble deed,
Surpass'd each rival—true to Honour's creed;
Faithful to death—who bore the Pilgrim's staff
In peace, nor fear'd the bitterest cup to quaff;

Righted the injur'd—freed the captive; fought
For Peace and Freedom; all that Alfred wrought.

Who thought—wrote—work'd? historian, linguist—
all

Man's mind may grasp—who wept Man's second fall?
Who, spite Heaven's Prophet warnings—madly
sought

The rule of kings; spurn'd *His* their Saviour taught.
Who sought to raise him to the standard high,
Fram'd for himself; his spirit-strong ally;
By every art his genius bold supplied,
Truth, fable, and free “Councils,” side by side,
That spoke the people's will; the voice of Heaven
And hallow'd power, by wise decretals given?

And scarcely less the poet, sage, divine,
By Alfred's toils were honour'd; taught to shine
Anew in England's speech—the good—the great—
Boethius thus—Orosius warn'd the State;
Apostles, Fathers spoke again; the pride
Of Greece and Rome was shown when Britons died.
Temples and schools, religion, learning hail'd
Foundations rich—dowers, charities ne'er fail'd,
Till the barbarian Norman's iron reign
O'erthrew his glorious labours—but in vain!

See! one fair scion of great Alfred's race
Restores his laws, reclaims each “desert place,”

Wiolds with mild rule her sceptre of the free,
 Far as the sun-rise dawns, or bounds the sea ;
 Joys to retrace his Heaven-inspir'd design,
 And crown his labours with a zeal divine ;
 Though 'midst a world of slaves and tyrants—still
 Exulting guards the blessings Britons feel ;
 Their proud Palladium, fraught with every charm,
 To awe her foes and envious fate disarm ;
 While an applauding land hails her decree
 Of Christian love, peace, freedom, amity !

MARTIAL ODE ;

ON THE RUMOURED FRENCH INVASION, IN 1847.

I.

Land of the heart of oak, whose banner,
 Dread emblem of the lion-spirit,
 That knows no forest-master—can ne'er
 Forget the instinct Kings inherit,
 Has shone a thousand years o'er glory,
 On flood and field, proud England's story ;
 Whose home, fair Freedom's cradle, gave
 To each invading host a grave ;
 To every slave the breath of life ;
 Glad patriot-refuge from the strife
 Of banded tyrants, till the hour
 That shook to dust their baseless power !

Sole clime that grew the monarch, man,
 Who dar'd to brave the triple ban
 Of kings, lords, pontiffs ; rais'd elate
 Free temples to the people's state !
 Bright model-power, that to the world
 Of the far West thy sails unfurl'd,
 What foe ! such centuries' triumphs won—
 Shall e'er pollute
 With master-foot
 Thy hearths, thy altars of the Holiest One,
 Or raise the victor-shout o'er England's fame-
 set sun.

II.

Shrine of the mighty ! be thou sacred,
 E'en from the impious, faithless doubt !
 To yield ? Love may be born of hatred,
 Honour of fame, and fame from rout—
 Ere the pure fire, lit at thine altar,
 Be quench'd, or English hearts ; dare falter
 In their dear country's faith—delay,
 Firm marshall'd in War's dread array,
 From town to tower, from Hall to hut,
 To pour fresh hosts of horse and foot,
 Taught well t' obey, to charge, unite
 With each least practice of the fight.

Then call our native-land our own,
 Battle for England's rights and crown,

And emulate those true-train bands
 That sav'd her from each spoiler's hands
 Through many an age, when barons bold,
 And Kings awoke her war-song old,
 When first her soldier-people rose ;
 And at the sound
 The nations round
 Woke from their slavery's long repose,
 And Britain's fame her Ægis round them throws.

III.

When in the soul's Thermopylæ,
 Alone in free mind's van she stood ;
 For Holy Truth, for hearts as free
 To worship, as the mountain flood ;
 No Papal Bulls, Iberian hosts,
 Nor all the pride fierce Gallia boasts
 Avail'd to awe ! Who gave their breast
 A bulwark for their Queen and rights ;
 And flew to succour the oppress'd,
 And triumph'd in a hundred fights ;
 A hundred dread Armadas' power
 Gave to thy ocean as a dower,
 And bound the huge leviathan
 Of Philip's might in Britain's chain ;
 'Twas from thy people's hearts sprung forth
 Drakes, Rawleighs, Blakes, to prove their worth.
 To hold a mirror up through time
 To children of thy ocean-clime

Of that grand self-sustaining soul,
 Stern disciplin'd by Heaven's control,
 The martial spirit's noblest school,
 That sent forth men
 Far o'er the main
 Through every distant clime to rule :
 And shall their warrior-fire in British breasts
 e'er cool ?

A WAR-SONG.

(TO INSURE PEACE.)

Rise, men of envied England !
 That never fear'd a foe ;
 As Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt,
 Spain, Egypt, Europe, know.
 Your fam'd old flag unfurl once more,
 That wav'd o'er Runnymede ;
 Each far shore
 Where ye bore
 Fame of Britain's lion-breed ;
 When war-storms, raging fierce and strong,
 Bade but her genius speed.

II.

At home, and not a soldier
 Where hearths and altars lie !
 Oh, shame to hear it breath'd by foe—
 Up ! to your colours fly.

He is no man, nor citizen,
 Who burns not to have been
 On the shore
 Where ye bore
 Fame of Britain's lion-breed,
 When war-storms, raging fierce and strong,
 Bade Britain's genius speed.

III.

Ye guardians of her faith and throne,
 Prize your true soldier-land ;
 For your fathers gave it with their blood,
 Their spirits' sacred band
 Leads on where new fields must be won—
 Be all soldiers—be indeed,
 As on the shore
 Where they bore
 Fame of Britain's lion-breed,
 When war-storms, raging fierce and strong,
 Bade but her genius speed.

IV.

England's hosts, her yeomen true,
 Train'd to war's subtlest arts,
 May face the monarchs of the world ;
 Nor Britain's genius starts,
 To see her ocean-warriors
 All in their martial sheen,

As on the shore
 Where they bore
 Fame of Britain's lion-breed,
 When war-storms rag'd most loud and strong,
 And bade her genius speed.

TO THE GREEKS.

(IMITATED FROM TYRTÆUS.)

Whose the hearts that burn to hear
 The music of the shield and spear;
 The rushing tramp of eager foes,
 That wakes them from their dread repose;
 Who deem each moment lost, between
 The war-cry and the battle-scene,
 As closing fast in silent pride,
 They let the vaunting foe deride?
 These are Greeks, and stern to do
 The deeds to fame and freedom due.

Who are they who fearless stand
 The bulwarks of their native land?
 Whose walls and ramparts, hold, and stead
 Are the breasts that know no dread;
 Foremost in the battle's van,
 Hand to hand, and man to man,
 Rejoic'd to win or perish, ever
 Victor or slain—but conquer'd never.

These are Greeks, and stern to do
The deeds to fame and freedom due.

Youths who combat side by side,
Proud of the death your fathers died,
Glorying that your comrades near
Avenge you and your country dear,
Triumphant ere the set of sun ;
When the work of death is done,
Victors bear ye from the field
On your own lov'd and honour'd shield,
Still yours, the funeral-couch you chose,
When claiming your well-earned repose,
Your memory sweet to mothers' ears,
Applauding as they pour their tears ;
These are Greeks, and stern to do
The deeds to fame and freedom due.

What the meed of those who bring
Their country's sweetest offering ?
The trophies of the field to grace
Her triumphs and her temples ? place
Them highest at the festive board,
Youths by maids and wives ador'd ;
And foremost in the theatre,
As swiftest in the ranks of war,
While chosen virgins wreath their hair,
And the nuptial feast prepare,
With chaplets meet for victor's brow,
And chieftains in the foremost row

And old men rise their sons to greet,
And yield to them the honour'd seat.
These are Greeks, and stern to do
The deeds to fame and freedom due.

And who are they who now inherit
The old unquench'd, heroic spirit ;
Who blanch their tyrants' cheeks with dread
To hear their swift-pac'd battle-tread,
Or falling, silent as the night
From rock, and bay, and mountain height,
Upon the startled wings of War,
Like falcons on the stoop from far,
Rejoice to battle in the shade
By banner, lance, and firelock made ?
These are Greeks, and stern to do
The deeds to fame and freedom due.

THE EXILE RETURNED.

Among his native hills once more,
With beating breast and tearful eye,
He seeks the home so lov'd before,
Dear haunts, streams, woods, and sunny sky.
For here in their deep solitude,
Rapt sorrowing thought may fondly brood
O'er the lov'd reliques of the past ;
The form of passing things decays,

And visions of his earlier days
Throng o'er his memory fast.

He knew the green path through the wood,
The field in which he gather'd flowers,
And where the time-worn yew-tree stood,
Where oft he'd sit the evening hours,
Listening wild stories of the dead,
That village maids had heard with dread,
Or started at the falling leaves,
As homeward from yon school he came,
Where nothing now he sees the same,
That way-worn exile grieves.

For, like those flowers, just burst to light,
His hopes of youth once blossom'd fair ;
But, as the trees that tempests blight,
They shed their leaves in life's cold air.
None can their faded bloom restore,
As, when the snows and clouds are o'er,
Glad Nature starts from Winter's tomb ;
No sun with spring-returning rays
Relumes his light of childhood's days,
Or glads the scene to come.

Then where, in deep, secluded groves,
The voice of joy no more is heard ;
No more the breath of summer loves
To linger on her flowers endear'd ;

But darkening Autumn, wild and drear,
 Rifles the beauty of the year,
 Fills caves, streams, woods, with hollow sound,
 There will he wander, all unseen,
 While Night broods silent o'er the scene;
 For that is hallow'd ground.

He seeks the spot where rose his home,
 A ruin and a solitude;
 Where are the voices that should come
 To greet him in their joyous mood?
 Cold, cold—he feels himself alone,
 His name and blood no others own;
 A stranger on this social earth,
 Then let him on his pilgrim's way:
 For here he feels he may not stay,
 Nor witness others' mirth.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S CONSTANCY.

FROM AN OLD SWEDISH BALLAD.

A maiden fair was young Katrine,
 Maid at the young King's court;
 'Mong all its lovely ladies,
 None match'd her lovely port.

She shone, the rose of beauty,
 'Mid spangled flowers so rare;

The young King saw ; he spoke too
Soft in her ear, " Thou'rt fair :

" Thou'rt very fair, my sweet Katrine;
Say, wilt thou live for me ?
And love—and steed, and gold-hause,
Now mine, I give to thee."

" Steed nor golden hause want I,
They will not me bested ;
Go give them to the Queen, sire,
Let me in honour speed."

" Nay, maiden sweet, but hear me ;
Say, will you live for me ?
This jewell'd crown it yours is :
I give it, girl, to thee."

" The gold and jewell'd crown, sire !
What will it me bested ?
Go, hang it round the Queen's brows :
Let me in honour speed."

" Thou lovely maiden, hear me ;
Say, wilt thou live for me ?
My kingdom's half shall thine be :
I freely give it thee."

" Thy kingdom's half, thou proud prince,
What will it me bested ?

Go, give it to the Queen, sire :
 Let me in honour speed."

" Now, hear me once, my sweet one ;
 So thou wilt not be mine,
 Thy young life be the forfeit,
 And I will give the sign."

" My young life be the forfeit !
 I never will be thine ;
 God's angels see my innocence,
 Though thou dost give the sign !"

The King he stamp'd ; his boon men
 They seiz'd the fair Katrine ;
 They hurl'd her from the cliff's brow :
 The King he gave the sign.

Then down from Heaven above them
 Two snow-white doves flew o'er ;
 Flew to their charge, and up to
 Heaven three white doves did soar.

Then underneath, from yawning gulph,
 Two ravens screaming start ;
 They scream'd loud in the King's ears,
 And ravens three depart.

THE EARL;

OR, WOMAN'S TROTH.

FROM AN ANCIENT SWEDISH MS., DATED 1573.

The dwarf came straight from Stamboul's
halls :

“ Say what your message here ?”

“ Save you, fair Countess—what it galls
To tell without a tear.

The Count, the Count ! at Salem's gates
He was already nigh ;

The Saracen in ambush waits,
In chains the Count must die.

“ He pining sighs on dungeon-fare,
Debarr'd of Heaven's sweet light
Of love and hope. He feels despair,
Of aid now hopeless quite.

For raging swore a binding oath
The Sultan—by his head,
His only ransom was the troth
Of your sweet bridal bed.”

And then the dwarf did tarrying look
His answer back to bear ;
But she was gone ; she had forsook
Proud halls and gardens rare ;

Her maidens thronging sought the path,
Round land and garden wide ;
No eye found where that lady hath
Flown from the castle's side.

Soon did false lips her name assail,
Her lady-troth to blight,
Went through the land to taint and rail,
With vengeful speed and spite.
Suspicion's malice wink'd the eye
To blast her lovely youth ;
Till fiercer prudes averr'd the lie,
And stain'd her matron truth.

The dwarf he sped, like poison'd dart,
To Stamboul's lofty tower ;
To Stamboul came with equal heart
And speed, that self-same hour,
A harper-boy, fair as the morn,
As swan's-down pale, yet mild,
Whose music all would earnest turn
To hear from harp-strings wild.

As wave on wave does clustering hang,
Th' assembling people round,
Charm'd by the sweet, sad songs he sang,
Hang on that strange harp's sound.
Silent as at some solemn rite,
Its magic held them still,

Till grateful rapture at its height,
Burst forth the plaudits shrill.

The tumult reach'd that Sultan's ear :
" What new mad folly now ?
A harper-boy ? let him appear :
Myself the truth will know."
To that fair boy—fair as the morn,
As swan's-down pale, yet mild,
The Sultan proud did earnest turn
To hear those harp-notes wild.

Like snow in vale, by southern gale,
That song did melt his soul ;
The youth he pour'd forth tale on tale,
His rapture to make full ;
And more and more Mohammed's pride
To music's magic bow'd ;
In pleasure all his fierceness died,
And milder feelings glow'd.

Now loud he sweeps the golden wires,
Soft airs of spring now breathes ;
Alternate joy and grief inspires,
Sweet notes of true love weaves.
" Thou'st made my golden treasures thine,
My diamond-spangled crown,
Poor guerdon for those songs divine ;
If more, it were thine own."

“One boon I crave!” “Speak freely
out!”

“One only boon crave I!
Strike off the young Earl’s chains—about
Thy gold I do not sigh.”

“If so the Earl’s life touches thee,
Thy voice hath earn’d it well,
To freedom’s light restor’d shall be
To thee his glad thanks tell.”

Next morn from gloomy dungeon’s night,
From chains bound round his hands,
The Earl before Mohammed’s sight
Was brought for his commands.
“Kneel! to this youth thy homage pay—”
To his enchanting voice,
Low bent the Earl—the youth half way
Receiv’d and bade him rise.

He gaz’d, he kiss’d his bond-mark’d hands—
He kiss’d his pallid cheeks;
Then pierc’d the throng that round him
stands,
Nor hears the thanks he speaks;
And as the Earl still wondering stands,
’Mid thousand Moslem spears,
The ship made sign, the tide serv’d
good,
Sails spread—it disappears.

The streamer play'd, the anchor weigh'd,
The vessel cleav'd the deep,
Free heaven was round—the Earl had laid
His prison cares to sleep.
But longing looks were homeward sent,
While passing isle and shore ;
Till his glad eyes were sparkling bent
On his own castle-tower.

He came ; he heard the slanderous tale
How his young bride had flown ;
And hundred tongues 'gan round him rail,
Nor spar'd his lov'd—his own.
He raging ran, in wrathful mood,
Full sore by passions torn ;
“ Dishonour's guerdon be thy blood !—
False heart, false vows foresworn !”

As thus he said, there swiftly came
In gracious guise that boy,
In harper's weeds, and sang the same
Sweet songs—proud Stamboul's joy.
Pale grew the Earl ; red grew the Earl
With shame, with rapture pain'd ;
He gaz'd, he clasp'd his own lov'd girl,
Whose bridal troth they'd stain'd.

ON REVISITING A DESERTED SCENE
IN NORTH WALES.

Hail to your time-worn towers,
Your lone, unsought retreats of other days ;
Gone is the glow of life, the voice of praise
That wak'd your morning hours.

Still as the hush of Death,
The night of ruin wraps you in repose,
And harsh and chill the air around me blows,
Once warm with Beauty's breath.

The weed is on your floors,
That echo'd to the merry dancer's tread ;
The wild fox loves to make his lonely bed
Amid your secret bowers :

Bowers Love once call'd his own,
Where now the owl hoots to the moonless sky,
And the wild breezes swell with plaintive cry
Of one who wanders lone.

Torn from the joys that once
Bound him a happy spirit to the earth,
When heaven shone lovely on your seasons'
mirth,
Joys now long banish'd hence.

And there are none to tell
How bright and beauteous fleets your passing
year;
For Silence keeps her unbroke vigils here,
And rules her lov'd clime well.

Or but the raven's throat
Is loud where late the throstle charmed the air,
And where your summer-flowers once blossomed fair,
Browses the mountain-goat.

Flow, river, on thy way,
Amid the ruins that frown o'er thy side;
Ye woods, disrobe your rich autumnal pride,
And hasten your decay!

Hark! the loud North is near—
His blasts are sighing through your hollow
caves;
The seamew calls from out her pillow'd waves,
Startling the dying year.

Thou woodland Solitude,
Ye desert haunts, wild flowers, and streams
unseen,
Oh! tell not that the mourner's foot hath
been
Where thou and Silence brood!

THE FANCY FAIR.

HELD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AGED GOVERNESSES'
INSTITUTION AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

As some pure well-spring in the arid waste
Greets the worn pilgrim, Heaven-sent, at the
last—

As the hush'd haven to the storm-toss'd bark,
Night-veil'd, and struggling through hoarse
surges dark,

Or long-sought shelter to the wanderer's feet,
When Hope had fled, and human voices sweet
Burst on his ear, and thoughts of home once
more

Fill all his grateful heart, so sad before ;
Thus, thou lov'd, native home—the free, brave
isle

Of manliest minds and beauty's soul-lit smile,
'Neath the bland sway of thy bright ocean-
queen,

Thy genius-statesmen, still unchang'd, art seen,
Sole ark of ages—'mid the deluge dread—
Fount of parch'd lips—haven to hearts that
bled—

Glad refuge to the lost, the fall'n—to kings
And slaves alike—safe 'neath thy sheltering
wings.

Still on the stormiest waves that round thee
rave

Pour the glad oil of peace, and love to save—
Proud Pharos to the tempest-beaten sails
Of States that perish, though no foe assails;
Torn by the demons of intestine strife,
Yet trusting to thy light for hope and life;
So ne'er shall foot of foreign foeman tread
The hills and vales where patriot-freedom bled,
Sacred to Russell's, Hampden's, Sydney's race,
Whose matchless minds still in their sons we
trace;

So shall no fiery faction's low-born hate
Stain the clear lustre of that elder date,
When, hand in hand with sacred truth, the cause
Of Britain triumph'd in her people's laws.
Woe to the hand that on that sacred fane
Would lay the spoiler's touch, or dare profane.
Divinest Charity herself would spurn
The wretch in soul who dares to raze and burn
The hallow'd edifice his sire had rais'd,
Whose groundwork for the suffering poor was
based

On their sworn right preferr'd, ere e'en State
claim

Dare set its foot, to shield brave toil from
shame—

Whose pillar'd walls rest on the glorious base
Of labour's honour'd price-acknowledg'd place:

Best title to the land that arm has wrought,
When worn and ag'd, sweet rest is fairly bought,
Whose superstructure on such noble pile,
All graceful harmony, first taught to smile
Those hapless groups, freed from the sloth and
 fraud
Of convent alms that spread more want abroad.

Hence sprung that well of Charity so dear
To British breasts, whose stream runs full and
 clear.

Hark the fresh music of its mingling rills,
That many an orphan'd heart with rapture fills,
That wakes 'mid widow'd woes responsive joy
To grateful, pious tasks, no fears alloy.

See, through the vales and groves they wind
 their maze,

And growing verdure their bright path betrays;
Till many a rill flows from its parent source
Exhaustless, for a Power directs their course
No gifts impoverish, but enrich with love,
While the heart's incense springs from founts
 above.

The land bright Christian truth has once made
 free,

Is earth's fit home for sacred Charity:
Then be it Britain's boast, by deeds of light,
To pierce the gloom of Europe's low'ring Night.

The praise, the glory, all to Him alone
 Give glad, who deals just judgments from His
 throne.

How few who read that writing on the wall,
 Dread ushering in the foe—foes that appal
 The best, the bravest — rapine, dearth, and
 war,

Worse moral dearth—crime, violence, that far
 Stretch their dire sway, with hapless causes
 dread

That spar'd not in their doom the loftiest head,
 Spread ruin round—loss, grief, care, penury—
 Till e'en gaunt ruin perish from the eye.

Be liberal, then, ye high-born, rich, and great,
 Yet spar'd by Heaven the trial from like fate.
 Oh! think, ere Time yet close your short-liv'd
 span,

What 'tis ye owe to God, and what to man—
 The Steward's parable—the audit dread—
 The sure award still hovering o'er your head.
 Be wise and just! Oh, more! be gracious—
 give

Once—to receive a hundredfold—and live
 That new, best life, that 'scapes the living death,
 And earns immortal gains—Heaven's fadeless
 wreath—

Bliss e'en on earth, if such your glorious choice
 Shall point to happier scenes where saints re-
 joice,

The spirits of the just made perfect—grace
 And loftier palms for the most arduous race,
 That makes e'en Mammon's self a stepping-
 stone

To pass the needle's eye with gold well spun,
 The thirsty, weary, hungry—prisoners, all
 Proclaiming loud at Heaven's high festival,
 Those earthly benefactors of their kind,
 Who gave their labours to the heart and mind;
 Aid to the drooping forms of varied pain,
 And treasures spent on earth found heavenly
 gain.

Oh, vie with them! See Heaven-born Charity,
 Man's guardian angel—on her mission high,
 Pleads woman's claims with every fond appeal
 Of human sympathy—to hearts that feel.
 Oh, think one moment of the fear-fraught
 truth

For every rank, place, calling—age or youth,
 When holy awe with pity blends the plea,
 When where the pleaders stand *they* soon may be;
 A strange and chasten'd terror chills the blood,
 When gentle, high-born mind solicits food.
 Want in the ruthless savage wakes the tear,
 The felon's fed—redeem'd with Christian fear,
 The lowest, lost, and guiltiest of their race
 Claim kindred, when dire want scares face to
 face.

Then think what added bitters fill the bowl,
 Pierce deep the sad recesses of the soul,
 When born with powers that bade it soar on high,
 Through realms of painful thought harsh tasks
 to ply
 For others' weal—foster the bud—the flower,
 To give by constant care the richest dower
 To England's daughters—gifts of cultur'd mind,
 Yet in their age to want and woe consign'd!

Are you high-born? some here are noble too;
 Queens have been taught to teach—the proud
 to rue,
 The greatest—wealthiest—and their children
 feel
 Those wounds of fate, their parents scorn'd to
 heal?
 Polish'd, high-gifted, prais'd? so not a few
 Who form'd your happier children's minds; yet
 drew
 So little e'en of thanks—less courtesy,
 And least respect for mind—mind's labours high.

Then haste, atone—redeem the time, and live
 Far happier, nobler, taste the bliss to give,
 Earth's richest—and the shadow of that joy
 Promis'd by him, a bliss without alloy—
 Who gave Himself, the Prince of Righteousness,
 Sublimest Charity—the power to bless.

THE DAY AFTER THE WRECK.

SUGGESTED BY CLARKSON STANFIELD'S
PICTURE SO CALLED,

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF PAINTING. 1845.

But see, where, like a spectral thing,
Amid some fair and festal throng,
When Love and Joy just plume the wing,
And heart to heart gives back the song;
Starts into light the vision strong,
Girt with a thousand wildering fears,
That o'er the forms of beauty fling
Their shroud of Fate, and Passion's tears.

So cold—so dead—type of thy race,
Of wrecks through ages—past, to come;
Tak'st *thou* thy sad Fame's destin'd place—
A spectre-guest from Ocean's tomb?
And say! on peril's eve shall loom
Thy dim-seen visionary sail,
The boldest e'er in terror chase,
While every seaman's cheek grows pale?

Fate's emblem—ah, what memories press'd
Round thy majestic shatter'd might;
In pomp and power now gaily dress'd,
Now tempest-struck in horror's night!

Nought round thee but funereal light,
The dying breath of glory's fire—
As Nature's riven ties, to rest,
On the wild Ocean-bed, expire.

Say, patriot spirits of the past,
On high Adventure's towering hope,
Who spread your broad sails to the blast;
Nought less than unknown worlds your scope,
Did e'er your dauntless manhood droop,
As that dark sail opprest the air,
While on Fame's waves ye gladly cast
Your bread of life—to greatly dare?

Oh, not to such—to souls of light
On truth and science mission-sent,
New realms to bind in holier might
Than power's or avarice' dark intent,
That pictur'd Fate, its terrors blent
In hues to startle—to dismay,
That blast the pirate-miser's sight,
Or round the murtherous slave-thief play!

Nor when on Honour's bright wings borne,
For country, friends, we brave the deep,
When parents, lovers, exiles mourn,
Or orphans their young sorrows steep
In the lone sea waves' dreamless sleep,

Comst thou in airy terrors clad,
 To show their furthest, happiest bourne—
 Thy spectre-forms but fright the bad.

Stern ruin of the ruthless seas,
 Whose grandeur flashes and is gone;
 True, as thy proud sails to the breeze
 Bore on—thy wild wreck speaks a tone
 Sublimest, 'mid those surges lone,
 That doth the musing spirit thrill—
 Such as thy painter's thought might seize,
 To bid him awe us—startle—chill!

THE ROYAL VICTIM-BRIDE.

WRITTEN AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE ROYAL
 PALACE AT MADRID.

Why beam no more on Spain's proud land the
 hopes once glowing bright?
 Why hush'd the soul of Music's swell—young
 steps all bounding light,
 Eyes flashing joy to eyes that spake, fond Child-
 hood's heart-glad tide
 Of bliss too brief—love's thrilling throbs in
 breasts that never sigh'd.

Swift as the flight of glancing fawns, or fairies'
 feet, they flew

Through the wild maze, and rapturous peals
from proud spectators drew,
The people of the brave, free land, who on one
glad bright brow
Saw Isabel's Saint's diadem wreath'd with the
Cid's sword-vow.

The glorious morn dawn'd full and fair on
Spain's reconquered fame,
And every free hearth's worshipper rekindled
at the flame ;
The sun of Victory shone on her—bright guar-
dian of her crown,
And manliest monarch-chiefs aspired to share
that maiden's throne.

At midnight! hark! what cries are those that
startle through the gloom,
And ring through yon proud palace-halls as
'twere the knell of doom?
Whose traitor swords—war's stormiest breath,
appal Spain's young lov'd queen
With dread and darker revelry, and other sights,
I ween?

'Mid woman's shrieks and clash of arms—wild
prayers to one lov'd name—
Soon on the wings of Victory the dear wish'd
succour came ;

But, ah, what boots the guardian's care 'gainst
foul assassin arts!

His queen's and country's saviour twice — sad
exile—soon departs.

Deep clouds shroud Spain's young glory—the
queen of all the land—

The muttering thunders gather at the dread
magician's wand—

Enchain'd her hero spirit, entranc'd her beauty's
power;

And who may tell what dark spells wrought in
that unholy hour.

Then ask not from those palace-halls why
Music's voice hath fled,

Nor why that once proud happy one now droops
the royal head;

No victory's hero rush'd to save, ere that dark
sorcerer's spell

Pass'd o'er her, and her life's young bloom—
love's, glory's sceptre fell.

THE ITALIAN WATER-GIRL'S SONG.

Now the vintage-feast is nigh!

Spring is gone with all her flowers—

Summer's bloom—yon ruddy sky

Tells us other task is ours.

To the fountain ! we have play'd
 Long enough in glen and glade.

Leave your baskets ! each her urn
 On her head, come follow me,
 Sunbeams now no longer burn,
 And less dazzling glows the sea—
 The vine-banks and the pleasant shore
 Wait our annual wish'd for store.

Not a breath on the deep calm
 Of the blue unruffled bay ;
 White sails spread, and breathing balm,
 Fresh sea-air half whispering say,
 'Tis time to welcome the season gay,
 When ripe fruit comes, and flowers won't
 stay.

Come, then, cease your idle braiding,
 Bella ! and take up your urn ;
 You shall be our bridal-maiden,
 Perhaps the bride next vintage-turn—
 But *now* work, work ! Let Giulio wait ;
 And find in thee a well-dower'd mate.

What irks it *us*, gay town and tower,
 Or pride set in a fine arm-chair,
 If on the green we hail the hour,
 And throng it with the bold and fair ;

The song and the dance our festal court,
And the toil-freed foot our evening sport?

So brown or fair, come gaily haste
From wood or glen—brisk mountain air—
If flower-girls have no time to waste,
To fill our urns asks double care.
Come! I'll tell your fortunes in a trice,
How true love prospers—and what its price.

Imprimis—off all cankering care,
Haunting rank and grandeur's rest!
Sell flowers, bear pitchers—braid your hair,
Sing on, and dance with blithesome breast.
If so your future fate I spell—
Who fill their urns shall e'er do well.

THE LAMENT OF ARIADNE.

PROEM.

And still she sat counting the hours,
Till she should see her love,
With her feet on the folding flowers,
And her eyes on the stars above.

Sigh with sigh from her bosom broke,
As chaste Dian went beaming by,
And thus full at her heart she spoke
Her lone desert minstrelsy.

SONG.

Yon star of evening meets once more
Her sisters in the calm blue skies;
The waves are murmuring on the shore,
And fair the scene that round me lies.

Ah! is't the same that, yesternight,
I blest in happy heart to see?
I bless no more its lovely light,
For fled the light that shone on me.

Forsaken, lone—then where art thou,
Proud wanderer of the distant sea?
Fate swells thy sails, and bears thy prow
In triumph, wheresoe'er it be.

Ah think'st thou on the bride thou'st left,
The bride that fondly thinks on *thee*?
The scenes we lov'd—of thee bereft,
Too sadly ask, how could'st thou flee?

I walk the grove we lately walk'd,
When birds were singing in the trees;
All rapt I listened as you talk'd;
Now glads that voice the Ocean breeze.

Farewell, farewell! yet can it be
We should not live to meet once more?

Go, prayers! be with him on the sea!
 Blest Hope, rest with me on the shore!

Entranc'd with woe she slept—she dream'd
 Her hero-love return'd a god;
 She woke—she saw what only seem'd—
 Young, bright Lyæus o'er her stood.

MAY SONG.

REINHARD TO MADELEINE.

The merry time—the merry time—
 Now summer's come again,
 To bring you flowers, and pleasant hours,
 To roam o'er wood and plain.

Up with the lark! at Heaven's gate, hark!
 He trills his matin song;
 " 'Tis holiday!" I hear him say—
 Come while the day is young.

The sun dawns bright o'er plain and height:
 Haste to the forest green!
 May's roses shower from hedge-rows' bower,
 To deck her loveliest Queen.

I've wove a wreath of fragrant breath,
 One flower so bright and blue!
 What name's it got? "Forget me not,"
 And in two hearts it grew.

HUNGARIAN WAR-SONG.

WRITTEN AUGUST 18, 1849.

On, on to the storm, once again !
The fame of your fathers looks down,
Nerving maidens and boys into men ;
Oh be giants, ye men ! till ye crown
The glorious work God has given
The hands of his injured to do,
When altars and hearths have been riven,
And pastors, wives, babes call to you.
Ye hear ! the war thunders, towers totter—the
fires
That begirt ye, consume them—your dread foe
expires.

Oh, shame not your Palatine breed,
Nor falter when conquest's flags wave
O'er the towns your Nadaskys once freed,
Salms, Sigismunds ! souls of the brave ;
And Corvinus, Tekeli yet breathe
In your Görgeys and Bems ! from on high
Sobieski's hand proffers the wreath
To Sarmatia—no longer to sigh ;
In Dembinski his light'ning-war strikes to the
core
Of the slave-hordes whose foot pollutes Danube's
free shore.

By the land of your sires, then, oh swear,
Ye will do the deeds set you by Heaven ;
Never turn from the storm—nor despair
Of man's cause—as ye would be forgiven,
Or hope to be shriv'd at the last—
For woman's love, child's sweet caress,
'Neath the free vine, no despot shall blast,
With your Fatherland's voice free to
bless :

Then vow that for these ye will conquer or
fall
With princes and chiefs, whom no death can
appal.

Yes, now while the war-flames soar high,
And ye hurl back the wavering foe
Ere he hail the wild Tartar hordes nigh ;
Strike, strike bold, the last, the best blow.
Swift choose you some glorious head
Of right royal free native blood !
Let him come of the race that have bled—
That have died for their country's good.
Proclaim him to Heaven ! let his throne be
fix'd fast
On the fall'n Eagle's talons—your glory long
last.

“FONS MALORUM.”

ANNO DOMINI 1847.

Avaritia fidem, probitatem, ceterasque
Artes subvertit.

JUV.

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.
VIR.

PART I.

“Year of our Lord !” ah, that such words were sooth,
And happier earth bore witness to the truth,
That since the Advent blest *His* Spirit-reign
O’er the world’s laws redeem’d a world of pain ;
Time’s sweeping wings, through countless cycles
spread,
From Empire’s spoils bore more illustrious dead ;
Each fleeting sand, still numbering woes on woes,
Told the pure joys that ’neath *one* mild sway rose,
And his dread scythe still heaping swathes of dust,
But gather’d harvests of the Wise and Just !

“Year of our Lord !” shame, shame to earth and man,
Whose impious pride yet braves th’ Eternal’s ban,
That from *His* face, heaven’s perfect bliss, cast far
The sire whose sons His grace and glory mar,
With Judas-kiss the sacred cause betray,
For guilty gain whose crimes appal the day.

And, like the past, must future years declare
The same dark truths, new Sibyl-leaves prepare,
From which to read the suffering hours to come?
In man's own heart scan his approaching doom?
His history e'er the record of his shame,
And Heaven's last, holiest gift—a sword, a flame?

Yes, well he spoke, as man ne'er spoke before—
“I come not to send Peace!” the cross He bore,
His mission grand, each word, deed, tear, and prayer
The primal curse, the sword, the dearth declare,
That stern necessity, dread law supreme
'Gainst Sin that drinks not of th' oblivious stream;
All he foresaw in Man's obdurate breast
To mar his work of love, and tidings blest;
Turn Heaven's glad peace into a wasting fire,
In which earth's brightest, noblest hopes expire.
And told he not the swift, the fearful doom,
The great taskmaster, to his Vineyard come,
Shall on those evil hirelings of a day
Inflict, who dar'd his faithful servants slay?
And when, t' enforce obedience, his Lov'd Son
Went forth, Him too they slew! What deed was done,
But in the world's vast vineyard, hour by hour,
By Mammon's slaves is wrought with demon-power?
To them the warning, theirs the guilt and shame
That wait Heaven's vengeance, writ in words of flame;
To strike 'midst golden hoards with strange dismay
That idol-worship which they trembling pay;

No more their Maker's image, Heaven's own shrine
Defac'd, proclaims them with unerring sign.

See where, with impious rage, they dare to feed
Their moloch-fires, till suffering millions bleed,
React the Parable through every age,
Stamp'd with new crimes on weeping History's page;
Close Sin's dread tragedy as it begun,
Dare to resist the Spirit as the Son,
Trample the last enduring marks of grace,
And bear the beast's on each hard, idol face;
With vulture-eye watch the world's royal play,
And on the spoils of noblest nations prey.¹

There are call'd men—things made of hate and pride,
Sworn foes to mind, who good and truth deride;
Whose infidel ambition would pull down
All genius; most that which gives Truth the crown,
Whate'er transcends their own dull souls of clay;
Who, rather than admit the light of day,
Faith, Justice, Reason, like th' old giant-brood,
Would mock the Gods, with their red hands embru'd
In Freedom's blood, through every slave-trod land,
And rule o'er ruins, so that they command.

¹ Need it be said in allusion to the spirit of modern Governments? the imperial ruin (it cannot be called sway) of Germany, Italy, Hungary, Poland, and over all smaller States; the ruin of all national existence or independence. This sad victory over Man is only achieved, moreover, by the national wars which enslave him.

Theirs are the millions War or Famine claims
 To fix their empire and achieve their aims ;
 To barter nations, mortgage human kind,
 Purchase the toil of man to come ; born blind
 In Money-chains, a slave of Debt and War
 Through endless Time, so Consols rule at par.
 Restrictions and monopolies supreme
 Reign, till fell Famine breaks their golden dream ;
 Till in the second year's dearth, the fatal law
 Drove from their shores the food a people saw,
 But might not touch ; while, every hope of life
 Extinct, the teeming isle with death grew rife.

Will future ages credit the dark page,
 Stamp'd with the wrongs, sprung from th' insatiate
 rage,

Vile lust of gain that, mad with hoarding grown,
 Reaps the death-harvest by its own hands sown ;
 When human laws forbade the traffic free,
 A new world's food for Europe's industry,
 That perish'd while its teeming granaries groan'd
 'Neath stores of bread the hungry might have own'd.

Avarice, "that is idolatry," supreme,
 Rules o'er each thought, each act, in every dream ;
 Piles heap on heap to swell the toil-drain'd store,
 Wrings the last pittance from the dying poor ;
 Speeds through each subject-state its cruel code,
 And broad and broader spreads its world-worn road ;

The golden bridge that binds two realms in one ;
Bears home its slaves when their last work is done.

Root of all ills ! curst growth of every clime,
Whose upas-shoots poison'd the springs of Time ;
Whose shade the air, whose branches darken'd earth,
With death-fruits turn'd to tears her primal mirth,
When Faith and Hope, twin-sisters with Content,
And sweetest Charity, their mission went
To win mankind to Virtue's side ; but scar'd
At the fierce strifes by demon-guile prepar'd,
Fled to their native-seats : then mightier power
Threw its bright shield o'er man's last suffering
hour,
Snatch'd the proud triumph from our deadliest foe,
Gave life itself, repell'd the final blow ;
Rais'd and restor'd ; redeem'd and reconcil'd
To Heaven's dread Sire, earth's lost, rebellious child.

Sole Lord and King ! must ingrate man still rage,
Provoke fresh chastisements from age to age ;
The sav'd forget their Saviour's wondrous love,
The last great ransom sent them from Above ;
Whose hero-spirit fac'd a world in arms,
In league with Kings and Demons' dire alarms ;
Who singly triumph'd o'er th' unholy powers,
And to their centre shook Hell's tottering towers ;
Long levell'd, with their chiefs, had impious man
Known how to prize the Heaven-sent glorious plan ;

To reap its Victory's grandeur over Death,
 And win immortal life with dying breath.
 Oh! for th' illustrious few, the salt of earth,
 To flavour life with their pure deeds of worth;
 Adorn, renew it, as their master bade,
 Martyrs of truth, and but of Heaven afraid!

Still weak and faithless, leagu'd with primal Sin,
 Heaven's fadeless wreaths of love Man *will* not win.
 Taught e'er so well, by bright example led,
 And girt with arms of proof, he weakly fled,
 Soul-steep'd in his sire's trespass, in the curse
 Of the first Cain—type of the many worse.

PART II.

Avail no lessons of the teachful past—
 Another year, crime-crimson'd, joins the last?
 Forbid it, Heaven! awake, insensate man—
 Hear Erin's groans, the shadowy vista scan
 Of days too nigh; when, struggling into birth,
 The impious Passions boast their fiend-like mirth;
 Causes of strife, by fathers' weakness bred,
 Spring to devour their sons; high hearts that bled,
 Call on th' oppressors' heads th' unerring doom;
 And Justice, starting from each patriot-tomb,
 Tracks the fell tyrant of the one lov'd land,
 And haunts his soul with their pale spectral band.
 Far loom dim shadowy ills, vast throngs of care,
 Fierce Fury's slaves, Avarice, and Pride, and War;

But most yon spectral millions, in whose eyes
 Gaunt Famine glares, and swift-wing'd destinies,
 Goading the souls to scenes of death and blood,
 'Mid Plenty's plains, a desert-solitude :
 'Neath the dread shadows of each palace high,
 Those clay-cold huts where Mammon's victims die—
 Gleams the red torch, th' assassin's knife, the mask
 That shuns the day, each ready for its task !
 Ah! fear to break that deep, fate-curtain'd sleep—
 The all-dread to come; nor, rashly daring, steep
 The soul in that dark prophet-lore that seeks
 Thought conscious of the coming ills it speaks.
 Like the great Florentine's embodied "Night,"¹
 Immortal—rather say, "Gaze, but tread light ;
 Awake me not—to see the things that are—
 Earth's dread oppressions, swords that never spare."

Lo ! as the skirts of each departing year
 Glide through Time's portals to the days that were,
 With parting footfalls dwelling on the ear,
 As when the lov'd leave us for ever here ;
 Seem we not from the tomb of ages fled,
 To hear a spirit-voice from hearts that bled ;
 Sad as the thought of all-reposing "Night,"
 From the great sculptor's soul first flash'd to light ?
 "Draw not the veil, meet not the vision dread,
 That hangs o'er guilty Man's predestin'd head ;

¹ The celebrated statue so called, by the great Michael Angelo.

For, like the past—child of the year that's gone,
 The crime-stain'd heritage from sire to son,
 I come, a captive in Fate's mourning band,
 Scattering fresh discords through each subject land,
 The bitter harvests of vast fields of crime,
 From seeds wide spread through the far tracts of time.

“ Yet if thine eye dare pierce the clouds of doom
 In the dread past, go view the scenes to come,
 Call every Muse to prompt the tear and sigh
 For the sad themes I sing—the scenes too nigh.

“ One of the happy songster's train no more,
 As erst when merry faces throng'd the door,
 I bring May's flowers to crown the village queen,
 With groups of laughter-loving dancers seen
 Where the white cot, the little garden trim,
 The school-porch stand; the Church spire glittering
 dim.

Gone like a dream ! and there yon prison stands—
 The yawning Union, with Briarean hands
 Grasping its prey ; and Mammon's mansions there,
 And mills built with the bones of young Despair ;
 In vain appeal, bound at his blood-stain'd shrine,
 Arts, science, letters, Heaven's best gifts divine ;
 Fresh victims throng his horrid temple's space,
 Red with the trophies won from each doom'd race.

There, through far Time, in spectral horror stand,
 From sire to son, a countless myriad band ;

Still swept eternal from the shores of time,
Slave-born, transported to each slave-fed clime ;
Pale money-serfs in Wealth's relentless hands,
Remorseless owner, 'neath whose ruthless bands
Of life-toil drivers, agonies untold,
Such as ne'er heard from Slavery's scourge of old,
Seize on each sinew, rack the writhing frame,
'Mid the soul's pangs to know bright Freedom's
name.

And other trophies deck those crimson walls,
Rais'd on Man's ruins, whose sad sight appals ;
Fair shadowy forms of early martyr'd youth,
Pale penury, stricken hearts, and maiden truth—
Bright hopes deferr'd, enduring Faith, ties riven—
All his, the spoiler of the earth and heaven ;
The mother's tears, the daughter's shrieks, that tell
How all most lov'd at Mammon's dark shrine fell.

E'en victims to his High Priest's worldly art,
Noble and princely spectres frown and start :
The tools that wrought their own, their country's
doom,
Warnings 'gainst priestcraft power for times to
come ;
Leagu'd fast with Conquest's sword, Sectarian strife,
And Absentees' harsh sway, worst curse of life.

A SONG FOR ENGLAND'S SOLDIER.

SUGGESTED BY SOME PASSAGES IN THE SPEECH
OF SIR HARRY SMITH, AT THE CELEBRATION OF HIS
RETURN TO HIS NATIVE PLACE, JULY, 1847.

PROEM.

Thrill'd through the spirit's chords those words
of fire,
Sublime and beaming o'er eternal Time!
Truths that flash'd brighter struck from steel-
war's ire,
Sweet Peace's rainbow—pledge to many a
clime.

“ A humble mind, pious, on duty bent;
Obedience to the guardians of our youth,
To shun the paths a parent's eye intent
Forbade—and stern to act, as speak, the
truth:”

These the sole secret of thy life's career—
Signal success; safety through flood and fire;
Thanks, thou brave heart, that God taught
ne'er to fear,
Gave *Him* the glory; mounting higher and
higher.

Thy country's thanks! though poor were these,
indeed,

Did not one loftier, nobler guerdon far,
Crown all thy toils; for thine that sweetest
meed

E'er won from the grim-visag'd front of war.

That mother's birthday shines upon thee now,
Blessing; and he who bade thee humble be,
"Patient, forbearing, and long suffering," how,
Glow's his glad soul with all the chivalry

Caught from thy honest fame — while youth's
friends throng,

And love and beauty round thee, the deep
spell,

Thy war-sun's cycle full—no conscious wrong,
But—thought of joy! "my part has been
play'd well."

SONG.

Then pledge him deep! again, again!

Till echoing swells the sound;

With heart-cheers strong as Englishmen

E'er breath'd on martial ground;

When face to face, and lance to lance,

They quell'd the pride of haughty France,

On those fam'd plains whence shrieking flew
Her eagles—scar'd at Waterloo.
A sun too fiercely bright to bear,
That scorch'd th' imperial Conqueror.
One cheer more! well, now tell the story,
How Britain's son achiev'd his glory;
Through hut and hall, from town to tower,
Proclaim it with a voice of power
Till Britain's heart shall proudly swell,
Sires, sons, and daughters, own the spell;
Its glad sound reach the sunniest bower
Where blooms her bright Imperial Flower,
 Joying to hear the praise of them
Who wield the sword, by lords of song;
 For what their deeds—her diadem—
To silence doom'd—Oblivion's wrong!
Their light, their beauty, and the beam
Of soul, would vanish like a dream.

When prostrate Europe trembling lay,
And deep eclips'd e'en England's day,
When that dread exile of the rock
Resplendent shone, at whose fierce shock
Of banded millions monarchs bow'd,
And nations wove their funeral shroud;
Freedom and Commerce died—e'en hope
With his fate's baleful star to cope—
When, Curtius-like, the gulph she saw—
The last sole refuge—Britain's awe

Held the world's Victor still at bay,
Panting to add her to his sway :
'Twas then around her threaten'd shores
 Their shields of valour throwing,
Young hearts like his forgot the bowers
 Where Pleasure's strains were flowing.
The soldier's eye attracts the chief,
Kindling fresh fire—and words are brief ;
Brief service too—born to command,
He marshals soon his veteran band.

When erst in Academic bowers,
Not lost on him the glorious stores,
Brought from fall'n Latium's silent shores,
Of young Greek prowess—Carthage' fall—
The pride of empire and its pall ;
Like that resistless chief glad served—
Thought-stor'd, deep-read, he never swerved,
Vied with his country's genius—rose,
In every land where Fortune throws
The bold and buoyant—o'er each ill—
Foremost of all in strength and skill,
Each feat of daring, gallant deed,
Swift as the wind, upon the steed,
To form, to charge, to win, or bleed ;
By day, by night, his stern delight
 To lead where danger threatens, and say
 With him who felt the truth admired,

“ How beautiful the English fight,¹
 Each chief to each, when chiefs away !”
 How great too, when all spirit-fir'd,
 And theirs the glory of the day !
 'Tis Freedom's pastime, Valour's play,
 When comrades, brother-heroes grow,
 Soul inspires soul, fresh laurels blow.

How many a clime, and burning sun,
 Witness'd the fields his spirit won,
 When Victory, trembling in the scale,
 Is lost, if high hearts pause or fail !
 Soldier and chief, his genius fir'd,
 Till from the blood-red turf, attir'd
 Like goddess from the head of Jove—
 The bravest e'er are Woman's love—
 She claim'd him, her own favourite child,
 And on his fearless stern feats smil'd.
 These gems in Britain's bright arms set,
 Lustre of crown and coronet ;
 Prize them beyond all statesmen's wiles,
 Thou sovereign lady of the Isles ;
 As pillars of thine empire, when
 Wild War shall try the souls of men ;
 Shower honours on the veteran's path
 Who met him in his deadliest wrath,
 Still taught each British breast to glow,
 Where his fierce tempests loudest blow!

¹ An observation ascribed to Napoleon.

'Twas then proud Victory, like you, smil'd
 Beauteous, and spoke :—" My glory's child,
 Shine forth! strike now, my favourite one!
 See Britain's genius droop, her sun
 Half clouded—hasten—'tis the hour!
 For England's weal—for England's Flower!"
 So, with thy fame for evermore
 Her triumphs knit, shall Alliwal
 A watch-word be for heroes' spirits—
 A spell thy genius to recal,
 Whoe'er thy dauntless soul inherits.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS HOUND.

FROM AN OLD HISTORIC RECORD, DATED 1330.

PART I.

Full sore and sad, for Prague's lost field, Imperial
 Albert lay
 In Wien's walls, till grim with grief, he shunn'd the
 light of day;
 Not one of all his trustiest knights dare on his cares
 intrude,
 As, spite for spite, he bade the world e'en wag as
 Fortune would.

Of truth, she had just dealt to him a plaguy hand to
 play;
 The German gall'd him in his seat; the stout Swiss
 stood at bay;

The Suabian swore he would have Hanse, the Hanse
it would be free,
That deadliest sin of all the seven—what boots to
bow the knee?

Oft cried griev'd Albert to his hound—that hound so
dear and true—
“Stand by me, staunch old Trueheart, 'gainst friends
and foes enow!”
And at his beck his favourite guard held watch with-
out the door,
And dar'd the boldest of them all to cross that thresh-
hold's floor.

Whene'er a step was heard too nigh, he rais'd his
bristly head,
And growl'd a growl that seem'd to say, “I'm True-
heart!” and it fled;
The Marshal madly made a charge—a charge more
fiercely met;
Brief was the battle—fleeter flight ne'er sham'd a
Marshal yet.

So all! till bold Duke Leopold came with his youthful
bound;
For well his glad voice and free heart were known to
that brave hound;
He ran to greet his master's son, leap'd up, and
wagg'd his tail,
And held him long in playful glee, yet knew he must
not fail.

With huge paws on his shoulders, he look'd as though
he'd speak,
While, gently patting him, the Prince said all as
mild and meek,
“ My trusty Trueheart, how is this? what freaks are
these? nay, nay,
Lie down !” but soon the dog's glad whine turn'd to
an angry bay.

He fastens on his royal robe, and fain would drag
him thence;
Again he thrusts him with his feet—his eyes beam
full of sense;
Yet strives he all in vain, the Prince beats his bold
paws aside,
Strikes him, and almost gains the door with fierce
and rapid stride.

True to his post, the hound is there—he guards that
sacred spot;
They strive, and see, e'en by the throat, the young
Prince he hath got,
Holds firm, yet bites not; at that grip, the Archduke
rais'd his hand,
No more his watch will Trueheart keep—his life-
blood's on the brand.

And now of all most scar'd by him, the young Prince
turns and flies;
For soon the fatal deed is told—“ Thy noble True-
heart dies;

Before the door here set to watch, we found him
stabb'd to death ;”

And as the Emperor came and saw, he drew his last
faint breath.

Swift to th' imperial judgment-seat, the princes of
the court,

Knights, pages, dames, and Honour's maids, e'en
waiting-maids resort ;

He will most sorely sue the fault e'en to the guilty
head,

For lover, dame, or knight — all one — shall speed
as Trueheart sped.

Grim on his throne, the Minos-king glar'd round
with searching eye,

Tremble his lips : “Thou caitiff-wretch, full surely
shalt thou die !”

Each face he scans till, lo ! he stops close where the
culprit stands :

What wonder his young heart beat quick, though
bravest of those bands !

“Whose'er the deed, full well he knew that dog to
me how dear ;

Each at my court hath known it long—did not the
assassin fear

To wound me to the very heart—to slay what most
I prize,

E'en to my beard ? but, by that beard, the recreant
traitor dies !

“ Who points me out the craven, though meanest of
the land,
Shall be my henchman, and shall join yon proud im-
perial band ;
Woe to the sly assassin ! far from my royal
throne
Swift let him fly, e’en though he were my own and
dearest son !”

Then Frederick, “ the Fair” and young, gaz’d in his
brother’s face,
Saw how he blanch’d, and yet did scorn sue for that
stern sire’s grace ;
Albeit he was of gentle sprite, and hated mortal
feud,
He boldly to his father said : “ I did that deed of
blood !

“ Forgive me, good sire, that by me thy fav’rite
Trueheart fell ;
’Twas he or I, such was his rage ; and yet I did not
well—
Meant not to slay !” But what avails—stern Albert
rais’d his brand,
But, ere it fell, lo ! it was seiz’d by a strong, iron
hand.

For forth the throng rush’d Leopold, swift as the
eagle’s flight,
When its lov’d young are in the grasp of robber
hands in sight,

The royal headsman's reckless hand held strong as in
a vice,
And cried, "On me turn all your rage, 'tis I must
pay the price!"

"Belie thee not, my Frederick, so gentle, true, and
good ;
Why should'st thou die for Leopold, the wild, the
dark, the rude ?
Thou art too young, too loving far, that noble hound
to slay ;
It took me all the strength I had to quit me of that
fray."

Frederick the fair as quick replied, "Heed not, dread
sire, his word ;
He'd save me, and himself go forth, sad exile, with
his sword,
And spread our fame in Holy Land, e'en to the
Saviour's tomb,
He who should guard your throne and life : what
boots poor Frederick's doom ?"

"'Fore God!" again spoke Leopold, "shows not this
blood-red hand,
This mantle, stain'd by his life's stream? Be I the
doom'd and ban'd!
Brother and sire, a long farewell! I take my sor-
rowing leave,
And stint me not your blessing now—Christ's sol-
dier shall not grieve.

Then down the fair young Frederick's cheek fast
flow'd the sparkling tear,
One brotherly embrace spoke out, how each to other
dear ;
The Emperor saw, he sigh'd, and hid his face within
his hands,
Soon with a fresh and brighter look, recalls his harsh
commands.

Both from his feet he gently rais'd, long held them
to his breast,
And all the father's light and joy shone through his
dark unrest ;
See, to the startled Court's surprise, the hard, stern
Albert wept,
And, breathe it not to ear of foes—the warrior's
vengeance slept.

At length he spoke. Oh ! strange, new words from
lips of ire and pride,
“ Two noble truths your love reveals to be my
spirit's guide ;
Man is not, as I deem'd, all base, nor from his
Maker's hand,
A demon sprung ; for, prais'd be God ! I find you
good and bland.

“ Nor ever shall our House's star set in th' oblivious
flood,
While sons it boasts so nobly brave—true to the ties
of blood ;

Then let our fierce foes fret at will, and let the rebel bay,
Your holy brother-banners still shall bide the roughest
day.

PART II.

The clarions sound, the tambours beat, and war-cries
rend the air :

No more a dark and moody man, chang'd Albert
breathes a prayer :

'Tis for his sons—"Whate'er betide in that fierce
fire of war,

His veteran head may kiss the dust, so Heaven their
bright locks spare."

Their foes pour on them like a flood! Frank, Swiss,
and Suabian all,

With traitor chiefs throng to the field, dark as a
funeral pall.

Accurst and cruel was that fight; and long did
Munich mourn

Her beauty and her chivalry by ruthless war-fiends
torn.

Like ocean-waves, by storm and tide hurl'd headlong
to and fro,

Fell battle rag'd, while Victory wreath'd her crown
for victor's brow ;

Sore prest and harried though he were, brave Albert
held the field,

That heart his young sons' rampart, and they his
sword and shield.

Full many a time on that dread day, each succour
brought to each,
Risk'd life for dearer life, till fir'd by deeds might
veterans teach ;
Thrice charg'd those youths the adverse hosts, re-
coil'd thrice from the shock,
Where loftiest knightly crests bend low, as storm-
struck cedars rock.

Leopold, with his black bands, first pierc'd that front
of war,
Loos'd all their fury on the foe—smote, and pursued
them far ;
Too far, for, ah ! on his return, crown'd with glad
Victory's wreath,
He saw a sight froze his young blood—his veteran
father's death.

The prayer was heard ! his sons were sav'd, but vile
assassin's hand
Had reach'd their sire, and there low lay the Emperor
of the land,
While o'er him hung that brother dear, to catch his
parting sigh,
And words that breath'd of love and hope, “ My
sons, I gladly die !

“ The Lord of Hosts has heard my prayer — the
empire mine once more,
I leave it yours, for both to rule, now my long toils
are o'er ;

True to yourselves, your noble loves will shield your
Fatherland :

Bless you, brave boys!" and as he died, he join'd
each brother's hand.

And from that hour, leagu'd heart and hand, fair
Frederick wore the crown ;

Brave Leopold bound it on his brows, and, gemm'd
with high renown,

In many a warrior-field he won, till adverse Fortune's
hate

Fell on him, and a dungeon's gloom told of a lingering
fate.

Then in the gentle Frederick's breast blaz'd forth
the hero's fire ;

His eagle thoughts, in many a strife, to loftier deeds
aspire ;

Scatter'd his foes on every side, swift opes that
prison-door,

Where Leopold lay stark and stiff—those lips breathe
love no more.

What now the joys of empire—the gauds of royal
state ?

Can monarchs grieve as others grieve o'er sire and
brother's fate ?

One did! Ah! who would covet crowns to pay a
price so dear ?

" Ere Fortune veer once more," he cried, " her spite
I will not fear."

He trampled on his jewell'd robe—he spurn'd his
 royal crown,
 Betook him to his hermit's tower, and laid his State
 cares down ;
 To deeds of love and charity his lingering age he
 gave,
 His sorrows to a mightier King—the conqueror of
 the grave.

UPON READING A CASE OF
 INSANITY,

PRODUCED BY THE INFLICTION OF THE “SILENT SYSTEM.”

Soul-Terror's “silent system!” the heart's cell!
 That must be *felt*, no tongue could ever tell ;
 New torture of the brain; refined excess
 Of cruelty, in Mercy's name t' oppress!
 Life, thought—th' ethereal fire, mysterious gift,
 Silence and darkness from their bright seat
 swift

Back to their source affright! His wrongs
 unknown,

The idiot sits on god-like Reason's throne ;
 And the mask'd face, crush'd heart, and spirit's
 dread,

Have done their work upon the living dead.
 Speak not of torture ban'd from freedom's land,
 And slavery's bonds! both in the lenient hand

Of modern gaol-reform combine their power,
 And mock the captive in his dying hour.
 Once clos'd those gates, no more on him shall
 shine

One ray of hope, nor Nature's breath divine,
 'Mid her free haunts inspire the love, the joy,
 Known to worst hearts—man only can destroy;
 Rack every sense, back on itself impel,
 Bleeding and shrinking, to thoughts inmost
 cell!

Bright spirits of the just! say, did ye dare
 Meet face to face the despot—teach to spare
 The fallen, to recall the sinner's doom,
 And walk unscath'd through plagues to
 Howard's tomb,
 For this, th' unmitigated war of hate—
 Revenge for deeds man's tyrannies create?
 The social Saturn that devours its kind,
 Th' Infernal gate, that leaves not Hope behind.

EARTH'S MISSIONER.

A FRAGMENT.

In awe he stood! behind him lay the waste
 Of desolated nature he had trod—
 Not of the earth, but spirit! Then the God,
 The God breath'd in him, and the big tears fast

Started—Prophetic feeling—and the thrill
 Of unknown impulse shook him like the hill
 Whose bosom'd flame bursts through its clouds
 of snow—
 Great Phœbus thus shone on his pallid brow.

And his heart glow'd! th' eternal language broke
 In strange and murmuring wonder from his
 breast,
 Albeit in grief; and things once most
 caress'd

Were idle then:—his guardian Genius spoke:
 “Sigh not, though thou hast walk'd this desert
 ground,
 Alone and ban'd in soul, with festering wound
 That heals not, and yet cannot kill: for this
 Has school'd each generous mind in woe or bliss.

“I watch'd thee in thine infant growth of heart,
 Mysterious life perplexing thy young frame
 With soul-sprung sympathies thou could'st
 not name.

Unknowing why, oft would'st thou weep and
 start;
 Though smiles would seldom light thine ear-
 nest eyes,
 As conscious of life's coming tears and sighs:
 For thou wert woman-born, and to the last
 The mother's voice will speak, till all be past.

“The spirit bounded on its mortal way,
As young life grew; a wilder, deeper strife
Then smote the chords, with passion's music
rife—

Despairing, hoping, at her feet you lay;
The heavens—the earth shone, or were hid in
night,

As now she smil'd, or veil'd those eyes of light;
Whence other woes, soon meteor-glows of
Fame

Bade thee aspire, but left thee not a name.

“So with th' eternal woods, that murmuring
wave,

And with the bounding waters thou'dst
commune,

Filling thy soul with fancies—ever lone,
And lost in wonder o'er fond nature's grave;
From the strange passing show stealing some
theme

To ponder in a dread yet hallow'd dream,
Till the wild storm and thunder from on high
Sang to thy spirit but a lullaby.

“Then didst thou joy, then bow thy spirit
down

T' adore the mysteries of humanity—
Of Heaven reveal'd, and Prophet's imagery,
Marking the skirts of looming storms unknown.

No, grieve not as past hope; but let one
 thought
 Burn in thy heart; the Heaven-chastis'd are
 taught
 Strange joy in grief — nor praise nor censure
 near,
 Thy page of life be stain'd but with a tear."

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EARL
 OF LEICESTER,

(MR. COKE, OF NORFOLK.)

BY SIR T. LAWRENCE.

How looks the man ennobled by his deeds,
 And by a life of generous toil well-spent?
 Glad and for ever young! Time ne'er hath bent
 The high soul and serene, that, like the steeds
 Of heaven-wing'd Phœbus, on its bright track speeds
 Through calm and storm, diffusing warmth and
 light
 Far o'er that low dark sphere, where birds of night
 Watch for their prey, whose eye the clear day dreads.
 Patriarch of Nature's nobles, kindest, best,
 Go, reap the guerdon of the just and wise!
 Faithful amid the faithless—firm, serene,
 When the strong trembled; loftiest acts attest
 Thy inborn worth. Thy memory long shall prize
 A grateful land which thy good works has seen

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY SINGING.

Child of the Beautiful ! sweet soul of song,
 Mind's harmonies with purest nature blending,
 And to each native grace Art's witcheries lending ;
 Sovereign o'er hearts—fair form—in spirit strong :
 Ah ! why may Fortune virtue so much wrong ?
 To noblest aims in gentlest breasts prove foe ?
 And spirit-joys, radiant as thine, forego
 Their heaven-lov'd sphere, for toils few love so young ?
 Yes, wild, strange feelings—keen regrets come o'er
 Young hearts, love-tranc'd when that sweet voice
 they hear ;
 Oft with those heavenly strains flows fast the tear,
 To think in such harsh clime should bloom such
 flower,
 So fraught with fragrant mind—heart-music's power,
 Till brighter dawn of heavenly day appear.

PRESENTED

TO MISS MARY CAMPBELL ;

NIECE OF THE CELEBRATED POET, ON HER MARRIAGE.

Oh Love, how beauteous art thou—when with Faith,
 Sweet Hope, and trembling Joy, in hymen-band,
 At Heaven's own Christian altar, hand in hand,
 With the one lov'd—meekly those words each saith

That bind for ever through life's pilgrim-path
 Two hearts in one! Go, hail his blest command,
 Who at the nuptial feast first prov'd, in bland
 And holy might, what power Heaven's pure love hath.
 Lady, if that blest boon thou truly prize,
 Blest in thy choice, so shalt thou walk in light,
 Nor Love's chaste raptures ever fear alloy,
 Fail not nor pall—thy proud name knit with ties
 Of fame and truth, while Love's torch glows more
 bright,
 And young "Hope's" spirit-bard looks down with joy.

THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK AND
 LEBUAN.

What makes the monarch? Monarchs must be born,
 Like Nature's poets, true, transcendent mind
 To reign o'er mind—Heaven-taught to aid mankind;
 Inspire, renew, restore a world outworn,
 Guilt, guile, and folly-worn. As breaks glad Morn
 On storm-toss'd voyagers, Thou, the mad and blind
 Waves of man's passions shone on: calm'd, divin'd
 Their spirits' wants, right empire to adorn.
 Thine advent beams on us as some strange star
 To show our erring and disastrous course—
 Perils self-sought! Oh pilot, good and wise,
 May Britain's helmsman track thy path afar;
 A new Orion 'midst those surges hoarse,
 That threat her glory's sails, when Heaven's light flies.

THE SABBATH VOICE.

There is a blest voice in the Sabbath air
 Of souls rejoicing in their Maker's day,
 And my dark spirit on her mortal way
 In holy thought a moment hovers there;
 And well forgets this vain earth's gloom and glare—
 Her shows of transient date, and gauds, and play:
 Beating her prison-house and bonds of clay,
 She strives to mingle with the good and fair.
 O, earthless vision, dear to my sad soul!
 Pour your rich beams with more celestial fire,
 And chase these shades of doubt and vain desire
 That o'er my spirit thus their darkness roll,
 And lead me, pure in heart, the path to God,
 And I will drink the cup, and kiss the rod.

 ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE
 AND DEAR-LOVED FRIEND.

Seraphic visions crown'd my long-lost rest,
 'Mid golden dreams, when god-like thoughts take
 wing,
 And the glad Muse, freed from earth's sorrowing,
 Soars nigh th' ethereal spheres and mansions blest:
 I saw by Heaven's own throne, in beauty dress'd,
 Fair, sainted forms, of those who lov'd to sing
 On earth of heavenly themes, and that sole King
 Who conquer'd Death, and rais'd the sore oppress'd.

Methought, embosom'd in that spirit-land
Of fadeless blooms, and fields of amaranth flowers,
High festivals led the young blissful Hours
'Mid choirs whose laurell'd lyrists honour'd stand—
And one I saw welcom'd with fond acclaim,
Who on firm Faith, Hope, Love, had built his
fame.

TO MIRANDA.

How fair and lovely, on her virgin leaf,
Yon blushing rose, the queen of every flower,
Breathes her sweet spirit in the summer hour,
And seems to mourn her bright reign is so brief.
Oh, come, Miranda! spare her tender grief,
And kindly cull the beauty from the bower ;
So on thy breast, with soft reviving power,
She still may bloom, of every flower the chief.
Blest be that hand ! ungather'd she had died,
Wasting her fragrance on the chilly night,
And unenjoy'd : so pure and heavenly bright,
Thy charms shall fade, and Love thee too deride,
If thou thy beauty to Love's hand deny,
To grace his breast—sweet blooming ere it
die.

PHŒBUS APOLLO.

Before the throne of high Olympian Jove,
 'Mid the bright choir, insulted Phœbus stood,
 And smote his pealing lyre—resounding flood
 Of song burst through the court and sacred grove.
 “ And shall those meaner spirits claim our love,
 And walk the bright paths of our laurel wood,
 Hymning faint praise in low and earth-born mood,
 Untaught the rapture of our songs above?”
 He shook the terrors o'er his shoulder hung,
 And glanc'd indignant lightning from his eye :
 I heard the sound, and gaz'd in dread surprise ;
 With trembling hand my youthful lyre I strung—
 Then dash'd its chords to earth, and with a sigh
 Retrac'd my steps in dark and sorrowing guise.

 TO ———

They know thee not, thou solitary one !
 The world and the world's hopes are not with thee ;
 Far from its presence thou art fond to flee,
 And wrap thee in the thoughts of seasons gone.
 But when great Nature puts her terrors on—
 Calls on the mountain-thunders and the sea,
 And wakes in storm her winter revelry—
 Then dost thou live—glad in thyself alone !

For at her awful voice, swift burst in twain
The bonds of earth, and the freed spirit soars,
And claims a part of all around her! Vain,
Vain is her triumph! earthward soon she lowers:
The heavy heart, the burning of the brain,
Recal the bitter tears she ceaseless pours.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

This mortal life of few and fleeting days
Time hurries on, and gathering shades obscure;
Its iron yoke and chain I still endure,
In spirit mourning, but with lips of praise;
For I am taught, through dark and dangerous
ways
A Saviour's hand may lead our footsteps sure;
Then prize, my heart! his precepts mild and
pure,
Lean on his cross, a staff that none betrays.
As some lone pilgrim to the distant shrine
Of his heart's vows, musing, is seen to stand
At eventide, and gaze with wistful eye
On the far track behind him; so on mine
The trembling spirit marks Life's fading strand,
Hastening to that far bourne where its last loved
hopes lie.

ON A PICTURE OF SAINT PAUL,
IN HIS CHARACTER OF SAUL JOURNEYING TO
DAMASCUS.

Whose is yon sword?—that voice and eye of flame?
That heart of inextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon-keys, and bonds, and fire?
Along his dark and blood-stained path he came—
Death in his voice, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of Heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! that light shone—the sun's veil'd beams expire,
The Saviour's self, the Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form stretch'd on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul and tears of agony,
Mourning the past? Heaven's blessed light that fled
His visual orbs, beam'd on the inward eye—
He heard the voice that stills the raging deep,
And his awed spirit sank in vision'd sleep.

ON DANTE.

“Faint not, nor tremble on thy high career!”
The guardian-genius of his spirit said;
“Stay not thy course, though peeling round thy
head
The heavens let loose their elements of fear,
The firm earth shake! Shed *thou* no mortal fear;
But like some tower, fix'd on its rocky bed,
Breaking the tempest round its summit spread,
Meet thou the storms of fate and peril here.

Let the world smile or frown, be thou the same ;
 Go, wrap thee in thy spirit's sanctity !
 From life's low paths and man's vain converse flee,
 And walk as one returning whence he came,
 Whom other thoughts, and nobler cares employ,
 Than all he sees around—Death's mockery !”

TO A LADY.

I saw thee in thy lost heart's hopelessness !
 The ruby lip, clear brow, and laughing eyes
 Had left thee then—the eloquence of sighs
 And tears were thine, that language of distress,
 The world had taught thee, in its bitterness,
 And thou wert as a stricken deer that flies
 Wounded to covert—unknown agonies
 Press on its life ; yet could'st thou meekly bless
 The hand that pour'd the vial on thy head—
 That should have shielded thee from every wrong.
 He won thy heart and broke it, but not long
 The spoiler of thy peace may boast the deed,
 Or walk unpunish'd—those sad sighs and tears,
 That speak to Heaven, shall haunt his soul with fears.

THE CONVERT.

Time was, his spirit clouded with earth's gloom
 And noxious airs, bow'd to the yoke of night
 Eternal, while across his aching sight
 Came floating forms of terror and the tomb—

And doubts on doubts, sad as the years to come;
Like the last forest leaves in Autumn's blight,
One after one faded his young hopes bright—
A wilderness was round, and sounds of doom.
A change came o'er him! peace 'midst the soul's war,
And inward light and love—a balm for all;
As some worn exile who has wander'd far
From his lov'd soil, hearing his glad recall,
Rejoicing turns his steps—homeward he walks,
And with the spirit of bliss within him talks.

THE TRAVELLER, AT ROME.

He walk'd amid stern Ruin's realm sublime;
The soul of ages in those ashes slept;
And where alone the thoughtful wanderer wept,
An empire's form had raised its front sublime;
Its pale tomb now bore record of the crime,
That long its parent earth in blood had steep'd,
Till with its growth the worm of nations crept
To its heart's core, and fed upon its prime.
“For luxury is like the specious rose
Upon the virgin's cheek, inviting death,
And brighter glows as fleets the vital breath;
Thus didst thou fall into thy long repose!”
Rememb'ring her he loved, as thus he said,
Again the wanderer wept, and bow'd his head.

ARIADNE SLEEPING.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY LYÆUS.

Now night hath veil'd those dark love-rolling eyes
 That glad my days with bright resistless beams,
 And the rapt spirit of Love's blissful dreams
 Tranc'd in those smiles of vision'd beauty lies.
 Sweet, temper'd awe, with softer feelings vies,
 As o'er her face a chasten'd rapture streams
 Of earthless glow—high thought Olympian, seems
 Holding communion with her native skies.
 O nightingale, breathe soft that thrilling strain,
 Nor let me lose the music of her sigh!
 Sweet Dian, veil in silence grove and plain,
 And set thy star-watch in the beauteous sky;
 For Sleep hath ne'er been blest with dream like this,
 And hangs enamour'd o'er its voiceless bliss.

 TO SLEEP.

Sweet death of each day's weary-laden life,
 Solace of wounded hearts—soul-soothing Sleep!
 Soft o'er the mourner's couch thy still watch keep,
 No sigh, no murmur, wake fresh thoughts of strife,
 Nor Hope's fond dream, with troubled visions rife,
 Breathe o'er the folded lids thy balm-dews steep—
 No Memory's scenes—again to live to weep,
 The conscious bosom bare to Fate's sharp knife.

Oh, blest forgetfulness ! the wretch's prayer,
 In hour of fiercest pangs to thee ascends ;
 Thee—the wish'd haven of his heart's despair—
 His genius of the stormy deep—that sends
 His shatter'd bark, toss'd through life's shoals of care,
 To that far shore where his strange voyage ends.

THE ROSE.

FROM POETIC FRAGMENTS OF SAPPHO.

See, where the queenly rose,
 With blushing cheek, of Flora's richest dye,
 Spreads her full charms to meet the god of day ;
 While yet, with half-shut eye,
 Her sisters of the Morn repose,
 And the soft south wind, as it blows,
 Seems to complain how brief her wish'd-for stay.
 Gem of the dew-bright Morn,
 Whose fragrance mingling with the Zephyr's breath,
 Sighing to meet
 Thy balmy kisses sweet,
 Fills all the air ; and from the purple heath
 Fresh incense steals, thy altars to adorn.

Sweet daughters of the Spring,
 If ye a queen would ask, where shows
 A brighter than the rose ?
 Great Jove, and all the gods might well approve !
 Then with your subject-love
 (While Morn's wing'd chorists sing)

With full unfolded breast,
 Where Beauty loves to rest,
 Pour homage to her rare and rathe perfume !
 Oh, rose! Love's charm steals deep
 Through my soul's trancéd sleep,
 Till its young joys, like thine, fresh bud and bloom,
 And o'er dull Sorrow throws
 The dreamer Hope—th' inspiring god's repose.

 ELEGIAC ODE.

FROM SAPPHO.

 REGRETS OF CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY LOVE OF
 FAME.

Thou bliss-born peace—crown of sweet innocence,
 Delight no longer mine! no more thy praise
 As erst, hymn-chain'd, captive held each sense;
 As fast youth's heart bounded to love-like youth,
 Mid all illusions fair surpassing truth.
 Ye treasured memories of life's dawn—calm days,
 Dearer than palms or laurel's leaves to me,
 Night's passion-dreams stirr'd not the conscious
 breast;

Not now within your region bland I rest,
 Childhood's blithe guest, glad as the bright blue sea.

Life, heaven-stol'n fire, so precious, early woke
 The soul of gratitude to hymns of praise;
 The gods first bade me raise
 Their lofty verse—then the divine Muse spoke,

Till rapt, inspired with hero-sacred theme,
 My lyre gave birth to more ecstatic dream—
 To bright-wing'd fame, and visions seen from far.

Soon o'er its chords that stream of music broke,
 Which left me trembling 'neath the evening star
 To grace her triumph's car,

Who rules even gods, bow'd low to Love's soft
 yoke.

Cruel preceptor of my first strange sighs,
 Thy votary's willing sacrifice—
 Youth, Fame, my lyre—all made thy laughing prize,
 Love's chains of flowers I wove, nor mourn'd my
 captive lot.

The beam, the beauty of Life's morn,
 Young Spring's gay joys I long had worn,
 Heart-full in Fancy's realm, for thee forgot,
 To Pleasure's golden hours I dedicate—
 Steep'd in ecstatic dreams—or bold—elate,

To glory give the meed Love's goddess sought.
 While basely crouching at the secret shrine
 Of Avarice foul, o'er many a toil-wrung heap,
 The slave-god's worshippers vile vigils keep,
 Grant, Muses, still your sacred fires be mine!
 Borne on your thoughts divine,

Give me to mount far o'er this low earth's sphere,
 Above each rival's hate or fear;
 Scorn fickle Fortune's storm, or shine,
 Victress o'er Fate, while love and song be dear.

THE EVENING STAR.

FROM THE GREEK.

Star of the Night, that mid yon blue arch'd deep
 Serene, feed'st, with thine own, Love's genial fire,
 Shine on! Earth's bounties, fresh from Nature's sleep,
 Lavish as thy blest beams, ne'er tire.

'Tis thou light'st up the god of Mirth's dull'd brow,
 The festive Joys, with Love's train hand in hand,
 The youth-deck'd Graces teachest first to glow,
 Close knit in Hymen's rosy band.

The happy shepherd, at the folding hour,
 Sees and confesses thy still, watchful care;
 The timid maid that sought her fav'rite bower,
 Blessing thy light, doth home repair.

Then trembling lovers, fill'd with his sweet fire,
 Who rules e'en gods, watch for thy earliest ray,
 And but for thee in fiercest flames expire—
 How much they love thee more than day!

 TO THE GENIUS OF COLLINS.

Hark! I hear, my breathing lyre,
 A spirit 'mid thy sad and sullen strings!
 A hand sweeps wildly through thy quivering wire,
 As fancy o'er thee spreads her radiant wings.

No mortal hand awakes thee now ;
I know that earthless pallid brow,
That starting step and reckless eye,
And song of mourning ecstasy.
Oh, shaded bard, and art thou near
Who woke those wilder'd chords of fear ?
Ruling the rapt and trembling soul,
That shrinks before thy strange and sad control.

Beyond the wild and shadowy forms
That haunt the earth or fill the sky,
Through fancied realms that lie
Above this mortal bound of calms and storms,
Ere spheres their radiant course began,
The bold enthusiast spirit ran,
And soar'd to reach those paths sublime,
Untrodden by the march of time,
Where Fate unfolds no book of doom,
Nor Nature weeps o'er Beauty's tomb ;
But the immortal sisters there
For ever braid their golden hair,
And bind the amaranth flowers that glow
On Phœbus' bright and sacred brow,
But, startled at the vision bright,
Thy spirit sank—fill'd with excess of light.

Who now shall breathe with lips of fire
The spirit of that sacred band,
Who first awak'd the Muses' lyre
On Grecia's laurell'd strand ?

Oh, sovereign of the wildly varied song,
Where fled thy language sweet and strong,
That charm'd the sons of elder lore—
To Nature, Truth, and Genius true?
What beauties burst upon thy view,
As with a prophet's hand thou tore
The garb that veil'd their charms of yore,
And the throng'd Passions stood confess'd,
And rais'd their throne within thy throbbing breast?

And from the deep, secluded shrine
Of holy feeling, known to few,
Burst the loud pealings of their choir divine,
And thrilling with ecstatic measures new,
Thy wild harp rang—and first the Eastern Muse
The sweet and solemn strain began,
Flower-wreath'd her brow, and feathers in her hand,
And sang of Persian maids: how royal Abbas wooes,
In shepherd-guise—the restless Tartar-band—
And Hassan, 'midst the desert, faint and wan.

What angel-spirit wakes thee now,
With distant shouts of joy and love;
And hangs enamour'd o'er thy trembling strings?
Forms of untold delight around her move,
And myrtles bind her brow;
And ever, at each magic close,
Spontaneous scenes of beauty rose;
And young Desire rejoicing flings

His purple light of love around,
And whisper'd it was Hope's enchanted ground.

Too soon she fled; for, hark, in mingled strain
Of love and hate, sad murmurs rose;

Now strung to bitterness and pain;

And now the song in tenderest feeling flows.

Oh! curs'd with Love's excess,

And happier hadst thou lov'd her less—

Pale Jealousy! thee none may aid,

Still varying, and of all afraid.

Sad Melancholy, from her wild haunts came—

Heard the voice, and reckless laid

Her hand amid the changeful strings,

But from the chords such plaintive sounds she brings,

As well might suit the mourners of the grave.

Now comes a bolder strain,

In sounds of wild and varied flow:

Dark fleeting shadows haunt the plain—

Swift as the winds, Fear struck the chords of woe,

And onward fled!

Hark, the dirges of the dead!

Panting for blood, lo! dark Revenge,

With desperate hand, and eye of flame,

That told the work from which he came,

Awoke the thunder of the lyre,

And struck with mingled horror strange,

Dropp'd his uplifted hand, and quench'd his deadly ire.

Unrivall'd bard! Oh, Nature's son,
Too soon thy meed of fame was won.
Oh, had the fatal sisters spar'd,
What had not then thy Genius dar'd?
For Fancy rul'd with high control,
And flung her mantle o'er thy soul.
While Joy awakes his heart-strung lay,
Or Pity weeps her soul away,
While Nature's wonders tower sublime
Above the flight of Fate or Time;
So long thy pictur'd truths shall live,
And hallow'd throbs of rapture give
To those whose spirits spurn the earth,
And stamp them of a nobler birth;
Whose deathless claims may none inherit,
But such as boast thy forceful spirit.
Where breathes thy solemn music wild?
Are sad or suffering souls beguil'd,
'Mid the pale mansions of the dead,
Hearing thy hymns of holy dread?
Or dost thou, on some rocky steep,
Thy melancholy vigils keep;
Or dress the sod where Freedom fell,
And Pity's softest cadence swell;
Or bid the tide of Music flow,
While flowers of amaranth round thee blow,
And angel-forms delighted hear
Thy heaven-born strains, to Fancy dear?

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

FROM SCHILLER.

From his proud palace-battlements
He gaz'd with lordly pride ;
“ Mark you my bright Isles' towers and tents
Far spread on every side ?
Come, own, at last, coy Fortune's mine !”
Smiling, spoke Egypt's king : “ How thine ?

“ 'Tis true the gods look on you now—
Your rivals reign no more ;
Fresh victories' laurels bind your brow,
And hopes still loftier soar ;
But who shall call him fortunate
Who lives—while one foe threats his fate ?”

Ere yet the King had well spoke out,
A war-scout came with speed,
And to the tyrant told the rout
Of his last foes that bleed ;
“ Prepare the feast—fresh triumph's wreaths :
No more the foe you spake of breathes.”

“ 'Tis well ! the sacrifice prepare ;
His crown now decks your brows ;
Your chieftains greet you from afar !”
And at his feet he throws

A grizzly head—new scout of death—
Each knew that face, and held his breath.

Startled, the King then paused and said,
With moist yet stedfast eye ;
“Bethink you of yon ocean dread—
Your storm-beat fleets so nigh!
How soon the tempests’ breath may tear
The gaudy wreaths you won from war!”

But while the words hang on his lips,
A shout that rent the air,
Caught up by glad throngs, from the ships
Proclaim’d his fleets were there.
Forests of masts shade all the Isles—
“Gold, gold!” and how that tyrant smiles!

The royal guest astounded stood—
“Thy fortune bravely wears ;
Yet dawns another day of blood,
The Cretan’s power prepares
To levy war—by land—by sea—
And chance the conqueror’s turn to flee.”

No sooner had he said, than leapt
From many a boat to shore
Brave bands that e’en the storms had swept
Home when the war was o’er :
The dire foes’ fleets had founder’d—none
To tell to Crete—her glory gone.

Amaz'd, the royal Mentor heard :

“ Of luck you are the lord ;
Yet 'gainst that luck I wage my beard
The envious gods have stor'd
Some curs'd mischance, unless you've got
A patent how to change man's lot.

“ I, too, sped well—both far and wide,
The nations own'd my sway ;
Not a new land for which I sigh'd,
But soon taught to obey.
I paid the price!—to curb my pride,
My heir—my favourite Ammon died.

“ Would'st thou appease the angry fates—
Fly to the Unseen Power—
Ask some quick check—whom Jove elates
With good, draws near his hour—
Ne'er saw I man thus fortunate,
Who rued it not, in last estate.

“ Should not the god accept your prayer,
Then take a friend's advice,
Contrive some bad luck! seize some rare
Most precious thing you prize ;
Be quick, and hurl it in yon sea,
Ere Fate have time to swallow *Thee*.”

Half dead with fright, the luck-king cried,
“ Of all I hold most dear,

'Mid my vast treasures,"—and he sighed—

“ This ring's without a peer—
Here's to Erynnis—Fury's Queen—
And let my State grow ever green!

“ What fear I more?” Next morn there came,
His gills all glowing red,
A glorious fish—caught by the same
Bold men that Isle had bred—
Presented as the noblest yet
E'er ta'en by fisher's hook or net.

And, lo—a wonder! while the cook
Travers'd his gullet wide ;
He caught at something, with a look
Of joy, and loudly cried—

“ Great Jove! who'll say the King's not lucky—
And this here fish not very plucky?

“ He's gorg'd a fortin!” Here the guest
Took his scar'd host aside :

“ My friend! your last fish-feast is dress'd ;
And here I no more bide !

Death's in the pot!”—away he sped,
Nor once turn'd round his royal head !

ENGLAND AND THE INVINCIBLE
ARMADA.

A FREE VERSION FROM SCHILLER.

Lo! where loom far the proud, swelling sails of the
south,

Where the sea surges shrill as their breath;
Chains clang, thunders roll; and the mouth
Of a god, foe to freemen, breathes death!

Floating hosts—ocean-citadels dread,

Such as ne'er seen to darken the deep,

In the might of their giant-limbs sweep,

On, on—the “Invincible” spread

Like a pall on the waves,

All sullen, and slow, and majestic with doom,

Till the sea-god sinks trembling beneath,

And the storm-waves are hush'd with the thunder!

they come—

The world's shipwreck — priest-torments their
wreath.

'Tis 'gainst thee, the lov'd isle of the free,

Happy, brave, haughty queen of the ocean!

Dash those squadrons of war-waves' commotion;

That Britons no longer may be!

Woe, woe, to thy franchis'd sons' rights;

Thy fond wives' and fair daughters' delights!

Storms shroud thee ; but think of the gem,
Proud pluck'd from tiara and crown,
Of the laws thou extortedst from them,
Who had trampled thy liberties down—
The charts which thy citizens won—
Those kings of men, worthy of thee—
Thy seas' glory—seas' sovereignty—
Achiev'd by how many a blood-setting sun,
While whole nations of foes and of pirates fast flee.

Whom thank ye? you war-marshall'd minions of
earth!

Aye, whom? soaring spirit—stern strength of the
sword:

But, ah! doom'd one! dar'st still face yon sea-mon-
ster birth,

Its fire-fed fiend storm-steeds that wait but the
word,

To rush, like sea-eagles from high,

Whose blood-beaks flash red in the sky—

To strike at the hearts, Freedom chose her last
shrine,

And the soul-hallow'd truths that make Freedom
divine?

See thy fame quench her light;

The world gaze in affright:

Few, few are thy freemen shall 'scape the dread doom,

While the wise and the good o'er thy tomb,

With thy heroes of ages, all weep thy fame's night.

But, no! from Heaven's sphere of ineffable love,

An eye—the Supreme's—was upon thee—

Saw the open gulph yawn—fate impending above

The proud fleet that fain would have won thee;

Flew the word—" Shall my Albion the true—

My hero-race cease from the earth?

Last hope 'mid the world's suffering worth—

The slave-free a slave?—tyrant's scourge feel his rod?

The truth, faith-loving weep—fall on fall'n Freedom's
sod?

No, never!—Earth's Eden of peace—

The home of the just and the good—

Be the noblest 'mong nations—by this!"—

The "Invincible" sank 'neath the flood!

THE POWER OF SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

As Heaven's storm from the rock-riv'n region,

Down comes with thunder-crashing voice;

And wrecks and ruins, like a legion

Of fiends, in the dark hour rejoice!

Oaks fall—the pride of woods—a waste;

The wanderer, with strange-pleasing awe,

Pauses and lists the waters haste,

Whence, where, he knows not—Nature's law.

So stream the waves of Heaven-born song,

From founts as secret, pure, and strong.

Fast bound up with our fearful being—
 Life's threads, still draw us darkly on;
 Song's magic now so fix'd, so fleeing,
 Who shall unfold? 'Tis here—'tis gone.
 Transforming with th' Ithuriel touch—
 It wins—it rules the trembling breast,
 And haunts us with the past, as much
 As lifts us to some Heaven of rest;
 Gives each contrasted feeling play,
 While varying passions prove its sway.

Oh! how,—when once o'erleapt the bounds
 Of human bliss—with giant pace,
 From secret lairs rush spectral hounds
 Of Fate, to mar fair Fortune's grace!
 Each lofty head must kiss the dust—
 Once seen that strange, mysterious power:
 Young joys expire, an empty gust—
 Unmask the revellers of the hour:
 And Truth's stern triumphs to proclaim.
 Life's fictions yield to chains, and shame.

So soaring high o'er earth's vain shows,
 At mighty song's resistless call—
 Man to the spirit's stature grows,
 On bounding towards the victor-goal,
 Till he assume a god-like frame
 And form—one with the spirits there—

Nor mortal more th' immortal tame,
 Till each less power he scorn to bear;
 A bright link in that golden chain—
 While magic song binds earth and pain.

Yes! after long, long, hopeless sighing,
 The sad, sharp pangs of absence borne,
 The child upon her breast fond lying
 In mother-arms, no more shall mourn:
 So to the lov'd haunts of his youth,
 To the pure joy of innocent hours,
 Back from unlov'd lands—life-sad truth—
 Song's exile hastes to native bowers—
 To Nature's mother-arms outspread,
 To shield her Song-son's sacred head.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

AN ALLEGORICAL BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

From Heaven's supernal majesty,
 Gemm'd with empyreal light,
 Whence the bright spheres revolving fly,
 Wing'd with immortal might—
 The Lord of life and love look'd down
 On all his works so fair—
 The earth on which his glory shone,
 More glorious crown to bear.

He saw where 'mid rich palace-halls
Of princes, lords, and priests,
In purple robes, the chaplain calls
The proud to daily feasts—
Their teeming tables luscious spread
With luxury's costliest store,
Where Christian grace all duly said,
No Christian fruits e'er bore.

With folded hands their hearts were far,
Their words, from spirit's power;
With "Bless these bounties, Lord!" they war
'Gainst grace's richest dower—
Heed not the poor, still feast the rich,
'Mid Flattery's loathsome breath;
Each self-preferring, seeking each
High seats—the world-proud wreath.

Then He who tries the heart and reins,
Bade one of that bright band
Haste to those rich whose evil gains
Sin 'gainst Heaven's great command.
"Heaven's stewards, they grudge the poor I love
Their share, to swell the hoard;—
In Penury's guise, their words go prove,
A suppliant at their board."

The angel flew to join the feast
On that proud festal day,

When revels welcom'd e'en the least
 Known to the heir of Braye;
 In humble weeds on to the Hall,
 With feeble step, he wends,
 And seats him where the menials call
 By name their favourite friends:

And "Sit thou here—and sit thou there—
 Lower at that table he!"
 Tenants and almoners next must fare,
 "And this the place for me!"
 Yes! such the strife the angel heard,
 It scar'd him nigh away,
 As smoothing down his snow-white beard,
 He watch'd the unchristian fray.

Remov'd from all, he chose a spot,
 As fearful to intrude:
 All saw—yet not one beck he got—
 One scrap of coarsest food:
 The laugh, the gibe, the joy went round,
 Till mirth wax'd fierce and loud,
 And oft his eyes upon the ground
 Were bent to hear the proud,

The base, the bad, the scoffer's wit—
 Was that a Christian feast?
 Amaz'd, he asked one of the few
 Whose features scar'd him least—

“ Young man, did I not hear you call
On your Redeemer’s name?
His blessing seek! Now know ye all,
For his dear sake I came.

“ What unto me, poor mendicant,
You grant, is given to Him;
In your own words I plead my want;
’Tis yours, if right ye deem.”
They look’d in scorn, as first aware—
The hypocrites—there sate
A poor and friendless brother there,
Unask’d to eat of that

E’en from their board’s abundance fell,
Yet, at such mild rebuke,
The chairman rang his little bell—
His “ order ” would not brook
Remark like that—so personal;
And “ Order! order!” each
Cries, as the liveried lacqueys fall
On with cane, whip, and switch.

When, midst them all, lo! seen no more:
“ Gone!” cries each proud guest—“ Where?”
The bay-hounds yell—all calm before;
Loud thunders shake the air.
Strange awe seiz’d all—the muttering storm
Grew loud—more dim the light:

Soon other storms those groves deform—
House, name—all sank in night.

That Palmer, in the same poor guise,
Next sought a poor man's door;
Low in the vale that cottage lies—
Far fly Life's storm-bolts o'er;
It seemed to smile a welcome: there
Parents and children stood—
The sire—just said the evening prayer—
Gave all Heaven's daily food.

Soft drew the Pilgrim-angel's feet
That holier circle nigh,
Beseeching alms—from all did meet
With many a human sigh.
The woman rose—she took his hand—
She plac'd him at the board—
Bade husband, children, in her bland,
Sweet voice, to “bless the Lord!”

“Receive our thanks, too, Saviour kind,
Who sent us here a guest;
The ravens cry—their food they find—
Old man, wherefore distress'd?
Our faithful dog—our bird see there;
Heaven sends them both their part:
Are not his children more his care—
The weary, wounded heart?”

The husband food and milk supplied—
The children brought their store ;
They drew him nearest the fireside,
And rubb'd his hands so froze ;
He took the sweet babe in his arms,
And how that Angel smiles—
Christ's love of man his bosom warms,
And half of Heaven beguiles.

Then pondering on the scene he saw
But now—so wild and dark—
Deep, sadder thoughts, the tears down draw.
His gentle hosts both mark—
Spoke to him of the holy fêtes
By simple herdsmen hail'd,
And each some glorious act relates
Of Christ's soul-warriors mail'd.

The mother heard her children's prayer,
Sweet blessing on their rest—
The father's kiss—nor lost in air—
By angel-lips all blest.
They spread the Palmer's lowly bed—
No anxious cares keep wake—
No menial guards, but o'er their head
Watch'd he, for Christ's dear sake.

A holy calm—Heaven's rare, sweet peace,
Their lovely vigils kept—

While through those castle-halls ne'er cease
 Fate's stormiest winds that swept,
 'Mid wassail wild, and fierce heart's curse,
 Till blood stain'd festal mirth ;
 And, oh, than blood, storm, wild oaths worse—
 Christ's Power denied on earth.

And from that hour those palace-halls
 Hasten'd to swift decay ;
 Funereal trains—proud palls on palls—
 Till the last fatal day.
 And from that hour the poor hut blest
 Grew to a glorious height—
 Its titles prov'd—its wrongs redress'd—
 Spreads far—truth, virtue, light.

LOVE, AN EXILE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED,

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO.

From that Elysium where thou dwell'st enshrin'd
 'Mid thy own Psyche's odorous bowers ;
 Wreathing her brows with amaranth flowers,
 Gather'd by streams and fields of fadeless light ;
 Come gentle, sacred Love, new-born of mind,
 As thou wert pictur'd by th' old poets bright ;

When Grace was young, ere Sion mourn'd her sons
 By banks where Jordan runs;
 Oh, come to weep with her the graces fled,
 Now sainted glories hovering round *her* head.

Gone where no sorrow comes; no fond hearts moan,
 For the lost light of sweet undying love,
 That too soon sought its fitter sphere above,
 And left us wandering lone.

Since last, oh Love! these eyes on that dear face
 Did rest and linger, not one joyful hour

Was mine—nor, ah! will e'er return,
 Till reach'd that quiet bourne,

If bounteous Heaven may deign to grant me grace,
 And mourning hearts, and gentle prayers have power.

Who love, must grieve—by night, by day,

And ever 'twas *his* lot who loves too well;
 Deep in his breast the pangs of sorrow trace
 Love's characters no tears can e'er efface.

Oh, here so brief, so swiftly gone!

As spurning earth, she wing'd her way:

No time to breathe one short farewell,
 Or say, "oh Love, we meet in other realms of day!"

Vainly I deem'd time, change, at last might bring
 That balm of Sorrow's age,

Oblivion sweet o'er Memory's haunting hours;
 But ah, what hope brings healing on its wing,

Or rest in life's long pilgrimage?
 The grief that journey'd with me bore a sting.

That ceaseless goads the exile on his way,
The thought of home and friends—youth's happier
day,

That brighter sun—fresh air, glad fields and
flowers:

Where'er he roves, his heart can never stay—
Still at each step he treads a stranger's clime,
Joying but in that old and pleasant time.

So lone on earth wanders Love's passion-soul

For the one lost—ador'd past death;

Gathering fresh strength with every heavy toll
Of lingering hours, as onward to the goal

He hastes with weary step and painful breath,
Musing on fadeless features of the past,

Each air, each look, each gracious accent sweet,
Till through the vistas of the tomb, at last,

He sees, all joy, how spirit-loves shall meet;
By chastening passion that fast drinks the life,
And gives Love's first home for the pangs of strife.
So let me pour this last fond, dying breath,

In one all glorious love-pledge to thy name;

The thought of thee still live within my soul,
And reign supreme beyond the reach of death;

When this worn dust, returning whence it came,
Strikes the last chain from Love's and Heaven's
control.

THE DREAM.

FROM PETRARCH.

From ceaseless thoughts of sad, disastrous love,
 His tir'd soul sank in visionary rest ;
 No more by scorn, or life's cold looks depress'd ;
 Fair forms and heavenly airs around him move.
 Lo! the bright mantle, by Love's spirit wove,
 Is flung about his conscious beating breast,
 And his blest maid in radiant beauty dress'd,
 And saintly sweetness, whispers from above—
 “ Ah! weep no more, my love,” she softly said,
 “ Nor waste in vain thy fleeting, youthful years ;
 Though sad thy dark course through that land of
 fears,
 Still by an angel-hand thy steps are led ;
 And thou shalt join me in these brighter spheres,
 Where Love's own hand shall wipe away all tears.”

TO JULIA.

FROM PETRARCH.

When in those eyes of love no longer blest,
 Trembles my frame no more ; my timid tongue,
 Restor'd to freedom, in thy glad sight long
 Spell-bound to silence—speaks the burden'd breast.
 Ah! why, when by thy sunny smiles carest,
 Do I still dread to breathe the language strong,
 Deep-labouring at my heart—and lost among
 Strange fears, in dull and broken accents rest?

Is it that while one lurking fear remains,
 I may not dare the hazard of thy frown,
 But still with those bright smiles my fond hopes
 crown,
 And soothe in thy sweet tears my amorous pains;
 To love thee, and be near thee, all my joy—
 Still gazing with the fond soul's dear employ.

 CANZONE.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Ah! might I dream that, in some softer hour,
 Those sweet, bright eyes, on which I madly gaz'd,
 O'er all my toils pour'd one reviving shower
 Of pitying tears for memories ne'er eras'd,
 Though bent on mine no more their gentle rays,
 'Twould soothe my worn heart with a magic power;
 Or might my faint voice, in these broken lays
 But reach her, in whose smiles alone I liv'd,
 And bid her muse on times for ever gone;
 Days of long, passionate error past,
 And cherish'd ills, and hopes that could not last,
 But pangs that did, and borne for her alone;
 Then would she late repent her that I griev'd,
 And with her gentle sighs repair
 Those griefs, and say I should no more despair.

So let me dream, for in that thought alone
Are rest and solace for my suffering breast,
Through life's last hours. Such, lov'd one, is your
power,

So far away, with thoughts in fiction dress'd,
To cheat my woes; for woes and fears are flown,
When your bright image thus beams on the hour
Of Anguish, like the rainbow through the
shower;

Promise of brighter days I deem'd were ever
gone.

'Tis then your smiles, and voice, and look,
Fill all my soul; fresh memories throug
That bid me scorn my fate—my spirit strong
In love and you; no more the dark clouds lower;
No more you seem to shun my glad return,
And fiercer pangs within my breast
Resume their sway no more—the sweet illusions
rest.

Here pause, my Muse, and ask the amorous air,
That sweetly clasps her, and the birds around,
When last they saw her; on what flower-gemm'd
ground,

Where rose her favourite star, with whom
She walk'd, convers'd; what day, what hour?
Mourning no more, with soul refresh'd, I rise
To wrestle yet with Fortune, toil, and pain,
So may I love, and serve, and once again

Bask in the beauty of those sunny eyes!
 And Time such bliss might bring; but Love denies,
 And waking in my breast fierce passion's throe,
 Opens afresh each half-heal'd wound of woe.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Sweet sainted one! who mortal weeds so young
 Didst leave, as scorning in earth's guise to dwell,
 Or draw thy being from less pure a well
 Than seraph-life's first fountain—why so long
 Rest I here, lingering, doom'd to bonds too strong
 To sunder! Ah! now in that blest sphere,
 tell,
 Dwells memory of our love? that one deep spell
 That draws me towards thee, those bright seats
 among.
 If fond faith, chasten'd as thine own—if grief
 For loss of thee—sole hope—may aught avail,
 Ask the prime mover of all grace relief—
 That, as he made thy sojourn here so brief,
 He may these mortal days as swift curtail
 As those which snatch'd thee from this tearful
 vale.

CANZONE X.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

“The tenth of these Canzoni is by far the most beautiful and affecting of the whole. It is, indeed, an eloquent outpouring of poetic feelings; a gush of living grief on the misfortunes of his life, pursuing him from the cradle to the tomb. Impelled by undefined wishes, and by distant hopes; incessantly agitated by ardent passions, engaged in restless pursuits, and destitute of the means by which to attain his object, his existence was the sport of disappointment and pain. In his earliest years, when slumber failed to visit his eyes, it is said that some old love-ditties alone were effectual in pacifying his childish griefs. Love seemed to continue the ruling star of his destiny; and its influence was only made known through years of bitterness and tears. Love impelled him to embrace a military life, where he lost an eye while serving against the Moors; and the same passion led him to volunteer his services in the Indian fleet.”—M. DE SISMONDI. *Literature of the South of Europe.*

'Tis done ! by human hopes and human aid
 Abandon'd, and unpitied left to mourn,
 I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast
 sworn,
 Whose friendship but betray'd,
 Yet whose ingratitude less swift decay'd.
 The land that witness'd my return,
 The land I loved above all climes of earth,
 Twice cast me like a weed away,
 To Time and the world's piercing storms a prey:
 While the sweet air I first drank at my birth,
 My native air, once round me wont to blow,
 Now never more, must fan the exile's feverish brow.

O, strange unhappy sport of mortal things !

To live—yet live in vain,

Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,

That life to sweeten, or sustain ;

Doom'd still to draw my painful breath,

So near—so often at the gates of death.

For ah ! not mine, like the glad mariner,

To his long-wish'd for home restor'd at last,

Telling his chances to his babes, and her

Whose hope had ceas'd—smiling o'er perils past.

Through the dread deep my bark still onward borne,

As the fierce waves drive o'er it, tempest-torn,

Speeds 'mid strange horrors to its fatal bourne.

Yet shall nor storms, nor flattering calms delude

My voyage more : no mortal haven mine ;

So may the sovereign ruler of the flood

Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine,

Hush the wild tempest of my soul to rest,

The last dear hope of the oppress'd,

And the lost voyager's still unerring sign.

But man—weak man—will ever fondly cast

His forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss ;

And when he deems the beauteous vision his,

Grasps but the painful memory of the past.

In tears my bread is steep'd ; the cup I drain

Is filled with tears, that never cease to flow,

Save when with dreams of pleasure, short and vain,

I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

CAMOENS.

When now, at length, Time's cycles at the full,
 With conscious breast her sweet plaint pouring
 loud,
 The last lone dirge 'mid sylvan-bower'd abode,
 The tuneful swan seeks not her fate to rule,
 But in her sad notes shows as loath, the cool
 Calm wooded haunts of Nature glad, that glow'd
 So bright, to leave—the long farewell she ow'd
 Still at each close repeats with deeper dole.
 So I, alas! dying—my love and fate
 Lady, contemplate—with the woeful end
 Of ill-starr'd hopes—vain cares; with feebler power
 Waking my mourning lyre—no more elate:
 I lowly 'neath those cold looks joyless wend—
 Weeping false plighted vows in Love's last hour.

 THE LAMENT OF AONIA.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

“Aonia is the anagram for Joana; the name of the widow of Don John of Austria, introduced by Camoens as weeping for the death of her lord.”—M. DE SISMONDI.

Sole life and love of my unwidow'd breast,
 Ere yet thy spirit sought those realms above;
 Light of my days, while Heaven shone on us; best,
 Noblest of hearts! this heart's first, latest love.

I would not weep, now thy blest shade is gone
To seek its native home whence first it sprung ;
Yet if some earthly memories there of one
Long lov'd avail, these tears to thee belong.

These eyes, that dwelt too fondly on thee here,
Now offer up their bitter sacrifice ;
Receive it there, since on the same sad bier
I might not lie, and seek with thee the skies.

Though for the starry lustre of thy deeds,
Heaven snatch'd thee to a bliss not mine to share,
Yet may my memory live with thine : those weeds
On earth you wore, my highest boast and care

To cherish in my thoughts through after years,
Unchang'd as when those mortal spoils were bright
With the full soul ; and pour unceasing tears,
While life endures, o'er Love's long-faded light.

For thee Heaven's azure fields are open'd wide,
Blest spirit, ranging other scenes, where spring
Flowers for thy feet, of other fragrant pride
Than these of earth, where other minstrels sing.

There shalt thou see that virgin-queen supreme,
Who reigns on earth in the dear might of Him,
Who bade the great sun shed his golden stream
Round every sphere—down to this earth-spot dim.

Where should such wondrous works not quite efface
 A mortal's memory weeping vainly, long
 By thy cold urn ; O, come with saint-like grace ;
 See all my love and faith, in fondness strong.

And if to tears and sorrows such as these
 'Tis given to pierce yon saintly bright abode,
 I yet shall join thee ; for the kind decrees
 Of Heaven grant death to mourners seeking God.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ANTONIA DA SILVA.

From his celestial parent wandering wide,
 Young Love was lost amid those blooming plains,
 Where Tagus fondly roves : loud he complains ;
 And, running, asks each shepherd while he cried—
 “ Where Venus is ? ” Those arrows, once his pride,
 Fall from his golden quiver that remains
 Unheeded, while with bribes he tempts the
 swains

To guide him back to his fair mother's side.
 When fair Ionia, tending in that place
 Her fleecy charges, sooth'd his infant cries,
 And sweetly promis'd, with an angel's grace,
 To lead him to her :—“ Fairest maid ! ” replies
 The God, and fluttering kiss'd her lovely face—
 “ What need of Venus, now I see those eyes ? ”

TO MY LYRE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DA COSTA.

Yes, I have lov'd thee, O my Lyre,
 My day, my night-dream—lov'd thee long :
 When thou would'st pour thy soul of song,
 When did I turn away ?

'Tis thine with thy bewitching wire,
 To charm my sorrow's wildest mood,
 And calm again my feverish blood,
 Till peace resumes her sway.

How oft with fond and flattering tone
 I wooed thee through the still midnight ;
 And chasing slumbers with delight
 Would vigils hold with thee ;

Would tell thee I am all thine own,
 That thou, sweet Lyre, shalt rule me still,
 My love, my pride, through every ill,
 A world of bliss to me.

Thine are these quenchless thoughts of fire,
 The beamings of a burning soul,
 That cannot brook the world's control,
 Or breathe its noxious air ;

And thine the raptures that inspire
 With antique glow my trembling frame,
 That bid me nurse the wasting flame,
 And court my own despair.

TO MY LOVE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE POEMS OF J. A. DA CUNHA.

Oh! grief beyond all other grief,
Com'st thou the messenger of death?
Then come! I court thy wish'd relief,
And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou? Where
Wing'st thou thy flight, immortal flame?
Or fad'st thou into empty air,
A lamp burnt out—a sigh, a name?

I reck not life, nor that with life
The world and the world's toys are o'er:
But, ah! 'tis more than mortal strife
To leave the lov'd, and love no more.

To leave her thus! my fond soul torn
From hers, without e'en time to tell
Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,
And hers this last and wild farewell.

Yes, while upon the awful brink
Of Fate, I look to worlds above,
How happy did I dare to think
These last faint words might greet my love!

Oh! ever lov'd, though lov'd in vain,
With such a pure and ardent truth
As grows but once, and ne'er again
Renews the blossom of its youth.

To breathe the oft-repeated vow,
To say my soul was always thine,
Were idle here. Live happy thou
As I had been, hadst thou been mine.

Now grief and anguish drown my voice—
Fresh pangs invade my breast—more dim
Earth's objects on my senses rise,
And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,
Father of universal love!
Be near me now with Faith that springs,
And joys that bloom, in worlds above.

A mourner at thy awful throne,
I bring the sacrifice requir'd—
A laden heart—its duties done—
By simple truth and love inspir'd;

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,
Delighting most in others' joy;
Though mix'd with errors, such as love
May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, Friendship, with thy last sad rite,
The pious office now fulfil ;
One tear and one plain stone requite
Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus
With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,
Though Love his fond regrets refuse,
Let the soft voice of Friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,
"He loves no more, who lov'd so well!"
And when thou wanderest through those dear
Delicious scenes, where first to tell

The secret of my glowing breast,
I led thee to the shadiest bower ;
And at thy feet absorb'd, opprest,
With faltering tongue confessed thy power ;

Then own no truer, holier vow
Was ever breath'd in woman's ear ;
And let one gush of tears avow
That he who lov'd thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly—but say,
"He lov'd me not as others love ;
Mine, only mine, ere call'd away,
Mine, only mine, in heaven above."

SANAZZARO.

Beloved, well thou know'st how many a year
 I dwelt with thee on earth in blissful love;
 Now I am call'd to walk the realms above,
 And vain to me the world's cold shows appear.
 Enthron'd in bliss, I know no mortal fear,
 And in my death with no sharp pangs I strove,
 Save when I thought that thou wert left to prove
 A joyless fate, and shed the bitter tear.
 But round thee plays a ray of heavenly light,
 And, ah! I hope that ray shall lend its aid
 To guide thee through the dark abyss of night:
 Weep then no more, nor be thy heart dismay'd
 When close thy mortal days; in fond delight
 My soul shall meet thee in new love array'd.

“ALMA BEATA E BELLA.”

SANAZZARO.

O brief as bright, too early blest—
 Pure spirit freed from mortal care,
 Safe in yon far off mansions of the sky;
 There with that angel take thy rest,
 Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there;
 Together quaff th' immortal joys on high,
 Pitying our earth-low destiny!

Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years,
 By living fountains, and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above ;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care
 with love.

Thine other hills and other groves,
 And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth
 flowers ;
While, following other loves,
 Through sunny glades the fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphnis and by Melibæus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide
With the sweet music made ;
While the glad choirs that round appear
Listen to his dear voice, we may no longer
 hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine ;
As golden ears to the glad, sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain !

Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume
 The best and loftiest of his race,
 Who may escape his doom?

What shepherd ever more shall grace
 The world like him; and with his magic strain
 Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
 Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer
 floods?

CARNIVAL SONG.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

(MACHIARELLI.)

Driven from the mansions of immortal bliss,
 Angels no more—the fate
 Of pride was ours.

Yet claim we here in this,

Your rude and ravag'd state,

More torn with faction and fierce powers

Of vengeance than our realms of hate,

The rule we lost in heaven o'er man below.

Famine, war, blood, fierce cold, and fiercer fire,

Lo! on your mortal heads

These vials pour our hands that never tire.

And we, while the glad season spreads

The feast and dance are with you now,

And must with you remain,

To foster grief and pain,

And plague you with fresh woes, and crimes that
 bring forth woe.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

MARINI.

That soft white hand now hurls the threatening spear,
Straining each nerve, against the monster's side ;
But, ah ! in vain to check his fierce career,
Harmless it flew, nor drew the crimson tide ;
And firmer heart and stouter arm might fear :
To urge the quivering point he vainly tried
Through that dark bristling shield ; like some firm
wall
Or anvil, fix'd it stood ; no red drops fall.

Adonis saw ; his purple cheeks grew pale ;
The startled blood flew to his throbbing breast ;
Late he repents ; late sees his bold hopes fail,
And doubts and turns to fly, while onward prest
The terrors of his foe, that ever quail
Young hunters' hearts ; sharp growl, erected crest,
And rapid foot—with eyes more fearful bright
Than meteors, seen 'mid murkiest clouds of night.

Soft-breathing sighs, sweet languor, sweetest hue
Of pallid flowers, Death's ensigns beautiful,
With Love's triumphant smiles, no terrors threw
O'er his bright face and form, and eyes—late full
Of amorous fires. Though quench'd those orbs of
blue,
Their beauty doth not yet look cold or dull ;

Shining as Love and Death young brothers were,
And sported 'midst those graces, cold as fair.

Cool fountains shed their urns for gushing tears,
Proud oaks and pines low bend their mournful heads,
And Alpine height and forest murmuring hears,
And pours a flood of sorrow o'er the meads.
Now weep the nymphs, and dryads weep with fears
For Venus too—her lost Adonis bleeds;
While spring and mountain-haunting nymphs lament,
Through founts, woods, mountains is a sighing sent.

ENGLAND'S
NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION,

WRITTEN APRIL 14, 1848.

True to the genius of her race—the power
Heaven-sent to rule o'er Europe's stormiest hour,
While thrones and pryncedoms crumble into dust,
War, rapine, chaos loose their demon-lust;
While man's free soul, long bound in despot chain,
Starts to new life 'neath her far fostering reign—
Britain, the great, in robes all spotless white
Of Peace and Truth, points to "new deeds of light,"
Like those of old wrought by the good and brave,
Whose loftiest aim their native land to save
Prompted high acts—stern tasks, lov'd duties done,
That in their country's fame record their own.

'Tis past! the whirlwind of the madden'd mind
 From the pent caverns of the slav'd and blind,
 Hurling down giant-monarchs of the grove,
 Pass'd o'er her light as fan-wings of the dove,
 When through the world of waters waste and drear
 One Saviour-ark proclaim'd God still was near,
 And left her scathless in her pride of place,
 Not one red spot to stain Heaven's work of grace.
 See Britain's genius offering at that shrine
 Freedom's best trophies, due to power divine,
 Peace-won from civil rage, strong self-control
 Stemming the madness of the heart and soul,
 While Discord thron'd supreme on Faction's hate,
 Scatters her firebrands through each struggling
 state,
 Threatening our ark of ages' hallow'd fane
 With the dire furies of her impious reign.

On the same altar of His glory—praise,
 Lo! true “Equality's” fair fruits he lays,
 Both Heaven's and Nature's law—man's right, from
 toil
 To earn the bread no plunderer's hand shall spoil,
 To call the sacred spot *he* bought alone
 With painful care and temperance—his own—
 Held but from Heaven—sole tenant at its will,
 Bound simply its kind contract to fulfil,
 But subject to no foreign, neighbour power—
 To yield his own—his God's, and Nature's dower ;

Confirm'd by human laws, in harmony
 With the grand master-mind reveal'd from high.

Who dare encroach on that all-equal law,
 That gives to each "his own," shall vengeance
 draw

On his own head—the robber's penalty
 For social crime, that sins 'gainst the Most High.
 "Fraternity!" no brotherhood of blood
 To worship evil in the name of good;
 To banish brethren—seize the exile's store—
 Turn to hard hate all that was love before,
 Drive honest toil from the fraternal door.

No! Britain's genius other meeds awards
 To those whose service her just judgment guards,
 Foster'd with generous pride, like native worth—
 Colours, climes, classes from remotest earth;
 All welcome—free to live—to toil, and be
 Members of her world-wide "Fraternity;"
 Partakers of her Freedom's equal laws—
 Brethren—to share her wealth—her fame's applause,
 Glad guests and fellow-labourers—proud to bear
 Part in her toils, as her free gifts to share.

Such the true sense, as construed from on High,
 Of Freedom, equal laws, Fraternity—
 Truths writ in characters of living light,
 No tyrant-mobs, nor tyrant-kings read right,

Reserv'd for loyal Britons to express,
 With zealous power apply, and teach to bless,
 Restrain the strong-arm'd hand, when rais'd to smite,
 To peace and union bind War's savage might ;
 Exchange Heaven's bounteous fruits with every clime,
 Truth's richest offerings through unfailing Time.
 Sing praise ! the guardian-genius of her power
 Exulting bears her through fresh storms that low'r,
 To the glad haven—Europe's day-dawn bright,
 That girds her glory with fresh floods of light—
 Displays her in proud panoply of war—
 All passion-free, calm, mild as mothers are,
 Chiding their erring children in their love,
 And sorrowing while she threatens, when bad men
 strove,
 Seduc'd to madness by false Freedom's glare—
 To raze that fane—long Freedom's dearest prayer.

Though many a glorious sun, by field and flood,
 Shone on her conquering arms, and set in blood ;
 Though far and wide as the opposing Poles
 Her tide of Saxon power still onward rolls,
 And kings and slaves alike her free flag own—
 Young empires rise, bound in her far-fame's zone !
 Yet ne'er from Britain's first, bright, bold career,
 Pressing to Freedom's goal without a fear,
 Beam'd there a nobler spectacle on man
 Than her free youth, leading their country's van,
 In the great cause to each true Briton dear,
 To guard her realm from native foeman's spear,

Arm'd by the train'd traducers of her weal—
When face to face each grasp'd the half-drawn steel,
Brothers and countrymen in feverish feud—
On one side long-felt wants—the search of good,
From wild and desperate change—there Loyalty
Brave, in its vested power and mission high,
And arm'd with triple terrors, far from sight,
The veteran hosts—the dread artillery's might.

Yet thus oppos'd in spirit, rank, pride, power,
All, true to loyal love in that wild hour,
Forbore to strike, though goaded by the sting
That civil strifes in their dark train e'er bring;
Nor word nor act once stain'd the fair fame given
To men whose self-command, approv'd of Heaven,
Scorn'd petty passions—honour'd kindred ties—
And bound to Peace proud England's liberties.

Joy, joy to her ! hail, all auspicious name—
Victoria's crown, wreath'd with her people's fame,
By Britain's genius blest, and dove-eyed Peace,
And loyal Love—pure joys that ne'er shall cease
While heavenly truths their holiest influence shed
Light o'er her path—Love's halo round her head.

Oh, may the genius of her land inspire
Her councils with that wisdom—purer, higher,
Than the mere world-expedients of the hour,
Bas'd on the sand—void of true, state-like power,

On the grand rock of ages build our trust—
 No transient empire, doom'd by wrongs to dust,
 But girt with wisdom's walls—wide laid through
 Time,
 Spread her wish'd rule o'er many a distant clime,
 Young, radiant, Empress of the Isles and Sea,
 Till earth own none save loyal, brave, and free,
 To bless thy power, and seek thy sovereignty.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM WITNESSING
 THE FUNERAL OF THE POET CAMPBELL,
 AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Once more the summons to the mighty dead!—
 What triumph-pomps of the all-conquering king,
 Again, in dark array, march captive-led?
 What subject-choirs his hymns of victory sing
 To grace his dread magnificence? Who bring
 Those mortal spoils in which no compeer shares?
 While gaze awed throngs, as Death's slow dirges ring,
 With reverent looks — What mighty chief now
 wears
 His ensigns pale, and to his final home repairs?

Bow'd heads, and whisper'd words, and tear-dimm'd
 eyes,
 Speak to men's hearts that 'tis no common woe;
 Nor prince, nor peer, thus draws a people's sighs;
 A nobler prince, of brilliant mind, lies low—

The lord of glorious song, whose realms bestow
 Far brighter boons—glad gifts, and ampler food;
 With lavish heart he gave those fruits that grow
 In truth and freedom's clime by Fancy wooed,
 Teaching the art divine to reach man's loftiest
 good.

Well has he won his radiant crown of light—
 Fearless, high-hearted, and elate in strife,
 With minion'd tyrants for the sacred right—
 The glory of free song, more dear than life.
 "Hope's" blissful visions with no clouds are rife,
 Nor distant now—the "Wearied soldier" sleeps—
 The Exile finds his home; the friend, child, wife,
 Are lost no more; nor wandering patriot weeps
 O'er suffering nations' wrongs, but the soul's sab-
 bath keeps.

Then ope, ye portals of the glorious dead—
 Time-honour'd sanctuary of Freedom's land!—
 Receive the heart for Freedom's cause that bled:
 Cherish his memory 'midst th' immortal band,
 Who, with soul-eloquent words at *her* command,
 Blanch'd tyrants' cheeks with dread. Let Genius
 come
 Oft round this hallow'd spot, deep-musing stand,
 And Grandeur lowlier bend, and from his tomb
 Learn how high soul's pure fame escapes the general
 doom.

But what! no glowing hearts—lips touch'd with fire—
No mastering sympathy with souls of song—
With bold, bright truths, high worth — to dare
aspire
To paint the charms that to his muse belong:—
And not one wreath t' adorn his grave—one strong,
Soul-moving, generous burst to genius due,
'Mid all that titled and high-gifted throng,
As o'er the service of the dead once threw
A halo of bright praise to emulous rapture true!

Yes, one!—sad tribute from a land of tears—
Spoke out more thrillingly than thoughts that
glow
On youth's first dream of fame; nor hopes nor fears
With love more strong than death she deigns to
know,
But in her Poet's grave will grateful strew
The clay that wraps her Kosciusko's rest,
Reckless what tyrants or their minions rue
The daring truth she speaks to the opprest—
His soul-ennobling muse still fires each patriot
breast.

And, ah! ere yet his soul had taken wing,
The muse, and Freedom's glorious-gifted child,
Felt, with heart-piercing pain, that bitter sting
To see his Land's free soil and air defil'd
By his polluting foot and breath, who piled

A pyramid of freemen's bones, and made
 Of holiest ties sport for his passions wild—
 The impious violater who betray'd
 Conquerors and conquer'd, and made death a trade.

But see the phœnix Freedom yet arise—
 The guardian genii of the poet's songs
 Still wake the shout of Poland, till the skies,
 Earth, air, and waves, avenge her mighty wrongs,
 And teach proud hearts that still to Heaven belongs
 The doom, though late, that tracks the monarch's
 crime ;—
 Th' apostate tyrant's steps, e'en till he longs
 For justice on his guilt, and every clime
 Proclaims his shame in the great bard's unerring
 rhyme.

A PICTURE OF MADRID.

LUIS GONGORA DE ARGOTE.

Circean cup, and Epicurus' sty ;
 Vast broods of harpies, fattening on our purse ;
 Empty pretensions that can only nurse
 Vexation ; spies who swear the air will lie ;
 Processions, lackeys, footmen mounted high,
 Coaching the way ; new fashions always worse,
 A thousand modes ; with unflesh'd swords, the curse
 Of citizens, not foes ; loquacity

Of female tongues ; impostures of all kinds,
 From courts to cabarets ; lies made for sale,
 Lawyers, priests riding mules, less obstinate ;
 Snares, miry ways ; heroes, lame, halting, blind ;
 Titles and flatterers, shifting with each gale—
 Such is Madrid—this hell of worldly state.

TO A LADY.

(SAA DE MIRANDA.)

I know not, lady, by what nameless charm
 Those looks, that voice, that smile have each the
 power
 Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
 Resolv'd and high. Even in your silence, warm
 Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm ;
 And when with tears your absence I deplore,
 Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
 Pursues me in your voice, your eye, your form.
 Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear
 Through every land, and on the pathless sea ?
 Is it some spirit of air or fire from thee,
 Subject to laws I live by and revere ;
 Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay—
 But what I know not, why attempt to say ?

THE END.

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