



The Grares of a Housenold.








## [HE LAST CONSTANTINE.



Wh* * Thou strivest nobly,
When hearts of sterner stuf perhaps had sunk:
And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,
Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.
. . . . . . Fame I look not for;
But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye
Before my fellow-men, in mine own bight,
With graceful virtue and becoming pride,
The diguity and honour of a man.
Thus station'd as I am, I will do all
Thas man may do."
Miss Eallile's Comstantiue Paluologat

B





## VII.

Hear yet again, ye mighty !-Where are they, Who, with their green Olympic garlands crowned. Leap'd up, in proudly beautiful array, As to a banquet gathering, at the sound Of Persia's clarion '-Far and joyous round, From the pine-forests, and the momitain-snows, And the low sylvan valleys, to the bound Of the bright waves, at Freedom's voice they rose !
-Hath it no thrilling tone to break the tomb's repose?

## VIII.

They slumber with their swords !-The olive -shades In vain are whispering their immortal tale! In vain the spirit of the past pervades The soft winds, breathing through each Grecian vale. -Yet must Thou wake, though all unarm'd and pale, Devoted City !-Lo ! the Moslem's spear,
Red from its vintage, at thy gates; his sail
Upon thy waves, his trumpet in thine ear !
-Awake ! and summon those who yet, perchance, nay hear I
IX.

Be hush'd, thou faint and feeble voice of weeping !
Lift ye the banner of the Cross on high,
And call on clefs, whose noble sires are sleeping
In their proud graves of sainted chivalry,
Beneath the palms and cedars, where they sigh
To Syrian gales!-The sons of each brave line,
From their baronial halls shall hear your cry,
And seize the arms which flashed round Salem's shrine, And wield for you the swords once waved for Palestine!

## $x$

All still! all voiceless!-and the billow's roar Alone replies !-Alike their soul is gone, Who shared the funeral-feast on Exit's shore, And theirs, that cher the field of Ascalon Swell the crusader's hymn!-Then gird thou on Thine armour, Easter Queen! aud meet the hour Which waits thee ere the dig's fierce work is done With a strong heart; so may thy helmet tower Unshiver'd through the storm, for generous hope is power!

## XI.

But linger not,-array thy men of might : The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy foes. Arms through thy cypress-groves are gleaming bright, And the dark huntsmen of the wild, repose
Beneath the shadowy marble porticoes
Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near, Around thy walls the sons of battle close; Each hour, each moment, hath its sound of fenr, Which the deep grave alone is charter'd not to hear.

## XII.

Away ! bring wine, bring odours to the shade, ${ }^{2}$ Where the tall pine and poplar blend on high!
Bring roses, esquisite, but soon to fade !
Snatch every brief delight,--since we must die !-
Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks ! gone by,
For feast in vine-wreath'd bower, or pillar'd hall;
Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery sky,
And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,
And from the startled hand th' untasted cup will fall.

> XIII.

The night, the glorious oriental night,
Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven,
With its clear stars ! The red artillery's light,
Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendour driven,
To the still firmament's expanse hath given
Its own fierce ghare, wherein each cliff and tower
Starts wildly forth; and now the air is riven
With thunder-bursts, and now dull smoke-clowd low'r, Veiling the gentle moon, in her most hallow'd hour.

## XIV.

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the earth, Sounds in the air-of battle! Yet with these
A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give birth
To Faith and Courage! From luxurious ease
A galliant few have started! O'er the sens, From the Seven Towers, ${ }^{3}$ their banner waves its sign,
And Hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,
Which plays amidst its folds. That voice was thine, Thy soul was on that band, devoted Constantine !

## The Last Constantine.

XV.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch from her The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?
-That city of the throne and sepulchre Hath given proud lessons how to reign and die! Heir of the Cæssars ! did that lineage high, Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath pass'd With its long march of sceptred imag'ry, ${ }^{4}$ Th' heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?
-Thou, of an eagle race the noblest and the last I
XVI.

Vain dreams ! upon that spirit hath descended Light from the living Fountain, whence each thought Springs pure and holy! In that eye is blended A spark, with earth's triumphal memories fraught ${ }_{2}$ And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty trust, Whose resting-place on buoyant wing is sought (Though through its veil, seen darkly from the dust,)
In reales where Time no more hath power upon the just.

## XVII.

Those were proud days, when on the battle-plain, And in the sun's bright face, and midst th' array Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the slain, The Roman cast his glittering mail away, ${ }^{5}$ And, while a silence, as of midnight, lay O'er breathless thousands, at his voice who started, Call'd on the unseen, terrific powers that sway
The heights, the depths, the shades ; then, fearless-hearted, Girt on his tobe of death, and for the grave departed.

> XVIII,

But then, around him as the javelins rush'd,
From earth to heaven swell'd up the loud acclaim;
And, ere his heart's last free libation gush'd,
With a bright smile the warior caught his name,
Far-floating on the winds : And Vict'ry came,
And made the hour of that immortal deed
A life, in fiery feeling ! Valour's aim
Illad sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to bleed,
Was to be liome's high star 1-He died-and had his meed.

XLX.
But praise-mand dearer, holier praise, be theirs, Who, in the stillness and the solitude Ot hearts press'd earthwards by a weight of cares,
Dncheer'd by Fame's prond hope ; th' ethereal food
Of restless energies), and only view'd
By Him whose eye, from His etemal throne,
Is on the soul's dark places, have subdued
And vow'd themselves, with strength till then unknown,
To some high martyr-task, in secret and alone.

## XX.

Theirs be the bright and sacred names enshrined Far in the bosom! for their deeds belong,
Not to the gorgeous faith which charm'd mankind With its rich pomp of festival and song,
Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing throng;
But to that Spinit, hallowing, as it tries
Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more strong
Than storm or earthquake's woice; for thence arise All that mysterious world's unseen sublimities.

## XXI.

Well might thy name, brave Constantine ! awake
Such thought, such feeling !-But the scene again Bursts on my vision, as the day-beams break Thro' the red sulphurous mists : the camp, the phin, The terraced palaces, the dome-capt fane, With its bright cross fix'd high in crowning grace; Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the nain, And, circling all with arms, that turban'd race'The sun, the cesert, stamp'd in each dark, haughty face.

## XXII.

Shout, ye seven hills! Lo ! Christian pemons streaning
Red o'er the waters ${ }^{6}$ Mail, deliverers, hail!
Along your billowy wake the radinuce gleaming,
Is Hope's own smile! They crowd the swelling sait,
On, with the foam, the sunbeam, and the gale:
Borne, as a victor's car ! The batteries pould
Their clouds and thunders; but the rolling veil
Of smoke floats up th' exulting winls before!

- And oh ! the glorious burst of that bright sea and shore I


XXIII,
The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's, Asia's coast, All throng'd!-one theatre for kingly war ! A monarch girt with his barbaric host, Points o'er the beach his flashing scymetar ! Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar, Hands waving bamers o'er each battiement; Decks, with their serried guns, array'd to bar The promised aid; but hark ! a shout is sent Up from the noble barks!-the Moslem line is rent !

## XXIV.

On, on thro' rushing flame and arrowy shower, The welcome prows have cleft their rapid way, And, with the shadows of the vesper-hour, Furl'd their white sails, and anchor'd in the bay. Then were the streets with song and torch-fire gay, Then the Greek wines flow'd mantling in the light Of festal halls; and there was joy !-the ray Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright-
The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal sight I XXV.

For, vain that feeble succour ! Day by day Th' imperial towers are crumbling, and the sweep Of the vast engines, in their ceaseless play, Comes powerful, as when heaven unbinds the deep !
-Man's heart is mightier than the castled steep, Yet will it siuk when earthly hope is fled; Man's thouglits work darkly in such hours, and sleep Flies far ; and in their mien the walls who tread, Things by the brave untold may fearfully be read!

## XXYI.

It was a sad and solemin task to hold 'Their midnight-watch on that beleaguer'd wall I As the sea-wave beneath the bastions roll' d , A sound of fate was in its rise and fall! The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall, The giant-shadows of each tower and fane Lay like the grave's; a low mysterious call breathed in the wind, and from the tented plain A voice of omens rose, with each wild martial strain,

## XXVIL

For they might catch the Arab charger's neighing, The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song; Might almost hear the Soldan's banner swaying,
The watch-word mutter'd in some Eastern tongue.
Then flash'd the gun's terrific light along
The marble streets, all stillness-not repose ;
And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and strong;
For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those
Who see their number'd hours fast pressing to the close,

## XXVIII.

But strength is from the mightiest! There is one
Still in the breach and on the rampart seen,
Whose cheek shows paler with each morning sum,
And tells, in silence, how the night hath been,
In kingly halls, a vigil : yet serene
The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye,
And there is that in his collected mien,
To which the hearts of noble men reply, With fres, partaking not this frame's mortality !
XXIX.

Yes! call it not of lofty minds the fate,
To pass o'er earth in brightness, but alone;
High power was made their birthright, to create
A thousand thoughts responsive to their own!
A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone
Start into life, where'er their path may be,
Still following fast; as when the wind hath blown
O'er Indian groves, ${ }^{7}$ a wanderer wild and free,
Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree to tree !

## XXX.

And it is thus with thee! Thy lot is cast On evil days, thon Casar! Yet the few That set their generous bosoms to the blast Which rocks thy throne-the fearless and the true, Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still renew The free devotion of the years gone by, When from bright dreams th' ascendant Roman drew
Enduring strength ! States vanish-iges fly-
But leave one task unchanged - to suffer and to die I

## XXXI.

These are our nature's beritare. But thou, The crown'd with empire ! thou wert call'd to share A cup more bitter. On thy ferer'd brow The semblance of that buoyant bope to wear Which long had passid away ; alone to bear The rush and pressure of dark thoughts, that came As a strong tillow in their weight of care; And, with aill this, to smile !-for earth-hom frame These are stern condictis; yet they pass, undnown to Fame!

XXXIL
Her glance is on the triumph, on the feld,
On the red scafold; and where'er, in sight Of human eyes, the buman soul is steeld To deeds that seem as of immortal might, Yet are proud Nature's ! But her meteor-light Can pierce no depiths, no clouls; it falls not where, In silence, and in secret, and in night, The acble beart do:h wrestle with despair, And rise more strong than death from its unwitness'd prayer.

## xxxili.

Men have teen firm in batile : they have stood With a prevailing bope on ravaged piains, And won the tirthright of theit hearths winh b'ood, And died rejocicins, midst their ancient fanes, That so their children, unde 0 led wita chains, Mght worghip there in peace But they that stand When not a beacon o'er the wave remains, Lird'd lut to perish with a ruin'd land, Where Fretiom dies with them-cill these a martyr-tand

## NXXIV.

Dut the world heeds them not. Or if, perchance,
Upon their strite it berd a careless eye,
It is but as the Roman's stoic gance
Fctl on that staje where man's last agony
Was made his sport, who, knowing cme must die, Keib'd not whish ctampion; Lut prepared the strain, And burd the bleciy wresth of victory,
To sreat the cunçurior ; wi.le, with calm divain, The vancuisi,d froutly met the doom be net in rain.

## cxxv.

'The hour of Fate comes on ! and it is fraught With this of Liberty, that now the need Is past to veil the brow of auxious thought, And clothe the heart, which still beneath must bleed, With Hope's fair-seeming drapery. We are freed From tasks like these by Misery ; one alone Is left the brave, and rest shall be thy meed, Prince, watcher, wearied one! when thou hast shown How brief the cloudy space which parts the grave and throne !

## XXXVI.

The signs are full. They are not in the sky, Nor in the many voices of the air, Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on high Toss their wild spears : no meteor-banners glare, No comet fercely shakes its blazing hair, Ard yet the signs are full : too truly seen In the thinn'd ramparts, in the pale despair Which lends one language to a people's mien, And in the ruin'd heaps where walls and towers have been I

## xXXVII.

It is a night of beauty; such a night
As, from the sparry grot or laurel-shade, Or wave in marbled cavern rippling bright, Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount and glade To sport beneath its moonbeams, which pervade Their forest-haunts : a night to rove alone, Where the young leaves by vernal wiuds are sway'd, And the reeds whisper, with a dreamy tone Of melody, that seems to breathe from worlds unknown.

## x.EXVIII.

A night, to call from green Elysium's bowers The shades of elder bards; a night, to hold Unseen communion with th' inspiring powers
That made deep groves their dwelling-place of old : A night, for mourners, o'er the hallow'd mo ' $"$ To strew sweet flowers; for revellers to fill And wreath the cup; for sorrows to be told Which love hath cherish'd long;-vain thoughts, be still !
-It is a night of fate, stamp'd with Aluighty Will !

## 天XXIX

It should come sweeping in the storm, and rending The ancient summits in its dread career ! And with vast billows, wrathfully contending, And with dark clouds, o'ershadowing every sphere! -But He, whose footstep shakes the earth with fear, Passing to lay the sovereign cities low, Alike in His omnipotence is near When the soft winds o'er spring's green pathway blow, And when His thunders cleave the monarch-mountain's brow.

## XI,

The heavens in still magnificence look dorm
On the husb'd Bosphorus, whose ocean-stream
Sleeps, with its paler stars: the snowy crown Of far Olympus, ${ }^{8}$ in the moonlight-gleam Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream Throng'd it with gods, and bent th' adoring knee I

- But that is past-and now the One Supreme

Fills not alone those haunts; but earth, air, sea, And Time, which presses on, to finish his decree.

## XLI.

Olympus, Ida, Delphi ! ye, the thrones
And temples of a visionary might,
Brooding in clouds above your forest-zones,
And mantling thence the realrus beneath with night:
Ye have look'd down on battles! Fear, and Flight,
And arm'd Revenge, all hurrying past below :
But there is yet a more appalling sight
For earth prepared than e'er, with tranquil brow,
Ye gazed on from your world of solitude and snow!
XLII.

Last right a sound was in the Moslem camp,
And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry
Of savage mirlh !-Wild hom, and war-steeds' tramp,
Blent with the shout of barbarous revelry,
The clash of desert spears! Last night the sky
A hue of menace and of wrath put on,
Caught from red watch-fires, blazing far and high,
And countless as the flames, in ages gone,
Streaming to heaven's bright queen from shadowy Lelranon I


## The Last Constantine.

## KLTII.

For it hath mighty lessons!-from the tomb, And from the ruins of the tomb, and where, Midst the wreck'd cities in the desern's gloom, All tameless creatures make their sarage lairThouce comes its roice, that shakes the midnight air, And calls up clouds to dim the laughing day, And thrills the soul;--yet bids us not despair, But make one rock our shelter and our stay, Beneath whose shade all else is passing to decay 1

## xivilt.

The hours more on. I see a wavering gleam
O'er the hush'd waters tremulously fail,
Pourd from the Cesars' palace : now the beam
Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,
And from its long arcades and pillars tall Soft gracefal shadors undulating lie On the ware's hearing bosom, and recall A thought of Venice, rith her mooulight sky, And festal seas and domes, and Jairy pageantry.

## XLIX.

But from that dwelling Coats no mirthfal sound!
The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more, Wafting an atmosphere of music round,
Tells the bush'd seaman, gliding past the shore,
How monarchs revel there !-Its feasts are o'er-
Why gleam the lights along its colonnade?
-I see a train of guests in silence pour
Through its long arenues of terraced shade, Whose stately fonnts and bowers for joy alone were made I

## L.

In silence, and in arms !-With helm - with swordThese are no marniste-garments !-Yet e'en now Thy nupti=l feast should grace the regal board, Thy Georgian bride should wreath her lovely brow With an ingerial diajem: ${ }^{10}$-but thos, O fated prince ! art calld, and chese wih thee, To darker seenes ; and thou hast leam'd to bour Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree
And count it joy enourh to perish-being ree!


## LV.

And this is of such hours !-That throne is void, And its lord comes, uncrown'd. Behold him stand, With a calm brow, where woes have not destroy'd The Greek's heroic beauty, midst his band, The gather'd virtue of a sinking land, Alas ! how scanty !-Now is cast aside All form of princely state ; each noble hand Is press'd by turns in his : for earthly pride There is no room in hearts where earthly hope hath died 1
LVI.

A moment's hush-and then he speaks-he speaks! But not of hope : that dream hath long gone by :
His words are full of memory-as he seeks, By the strong names of Rome and Liberty, Which yet are living powers that fire the eye, And rouse the heart of manhood; and by all The sad yet grand remembrances that lie Deep with earth's buried heroes-to recall The soul of other years, if but to grace their fall !
LVII.

His words are full of faith !-And thoughts, more high Than Rome ere knew, now fill his glance with light : Thoughts which give nobler lessons how to die Than e'er were drawn from Nature's haughty might ! And to that eye, with all the spint bright, Have theirs replied in tears, which may not shame The bravest in such moments !-'Tis a sight To make all earthly splendours cold and tame, -That generous burst of soul, with its electric flame!

## LVIII.

They weep-those champions of the Cross-they weep, Yet vow themselves to death!-Ay, midst that train Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep Their lofty sacrifice !-The pang is vain, And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain A warrior's sword. -Those men are strangers here-" The homes they never may behold again Lie far away, with all things blest and dear, On laughing shores to which their barks no more chall steer I

## ux.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the orange bowers? Where through dark foliage gleam the citron's dyes? ${ }^{\text {I }}$ -It is their own. They see their fathers' towers, Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise : They meet in soul the bright Italian eyes Which long and vainly shall explore the main For their white sail's return : the melodies Of that sweet land are floating o'er their brain-
Oh! what a crowded world one moment may contain!

## LX.

Such moments come to thousands !-few may die Amidst their native shades. The young, the brave, The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and eye Nade summer in a parent's beart, and gave Light to their peopled homes; o'er land and wave Are scatter'd fast and far, as rose-leaves fall From the deserted stem. They find a grave Far from the shadow of th' ancestral hall, -A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were hope to ail !

## LXL

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,
Nor may we, lingering, by the slumberers dwell, Though they were those once blooming at our side In youth's gay home!-Away! what sound's deep swell
Comes on the wind ?-It is an empire's knell-
Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the night !
For the last time speaks forth the solemn bell,
Which calls the Christians to their holiest rite,
With a funereal voice of solitary might.

LXIL.
Again, and yet again !-A startling power In sounds like these lives ever; for they bear, Full on remembrance, each eventful hour, Chequering life's crowded path. They fill the air When conquerors pass, and fearful cities wear
A mien like joy's; and when young brides are led From their paternal homes; and when the glare Of burning streets, on midnight's cloud, waves red, And wben the silent house receives its guest-the dead.

## LXIII.

But to those tones what thrilling soul was given,
On that last night of empire !-As a spell
Whereby the life-blood to its source is driven,
On the chill'd heart of multitudes they fell.
Each cadence seem'd a prophecy, to tell
Of sceptres passing from their line away,
An angel-watcher's long and sad farewell,
The requiem of a faith's departing sway,-
A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for earth's decay.

## LXIV.

Again, and yet again !-from yon high dome, Still the slow peal comes awfully; and they Who never tnore to rest in mortal home, Shall throw the breast plate off at fall of day, Th' imperial band, in close and arm'd array, As men that from the sword must part no more, Take through the midnight streets their silent way, Within their ancient temple to adore, Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp are o'er.

## LXV.

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the eyes O'er which Forgetfulness her balm hath shed,
In the beleaguer'd city. Stillness lies
With moonlivht, o'er ihe hills and waters spread, But not the less, with signs and sounds of dread
The time speeds on. No voice is raised to greet
The last brave Constantine ; and yet the tread
OI many steps is in the echoing street,
And pressure of pale crowds, scarce conscious why they meet.

## LXVI.

Their homes are luxury's yet : why pour they thence,
With a dim terror in each restless eye?
Hath the dread car, which bears the pestilence,
In darkness, with its heavy wheels, roll'd by,
And rock'd their palaces, as if on high
The whirlwind pass'd?-From couch and joyous beard
Hath the fierce phantom beckon'd them to die?
-No !- what are these ?--for them a cup is pour'd '
Bore dark with wrath;-Man comes -tle spoiler and the sword.
LXVII.

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass
Through those pale throngs, the streaming torchlight throws
On some wild form, amidst the living mass,
Hues, deeply red, like lava's, which disclose
What countless shapes are worn by mortal woes !
Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands clasp'd in prayer
Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears ; all outward shows
Betokening inward agonies, were there:
-Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as image brave despair !

## LXVIIR.

But high above that scene, in bright repose,
And beauty borrowing from the torches' gleams-
A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,
But all instinct with loftier being seems,
Pale, grand, colossal ; lo ! th' embodied dreams
Of yore !-Gods, heroes, bards, in marble wrought,
Look down, as powers, upon the wild extremes
Of mortal passion !-Yet 'twas man that caught,
And in each glorious form enshrined immortal thought I
LXIX.

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of Rome?
That Rome which witness'd, in her sceptred days,
So much of noble death ?-When shrine and dome, Midst clouds of incense, rang with choral lays,
As the long triumph pass'd, with all its blaze
Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly bome,
O sovereign forms ! concentering all the rays
Of the soul's lightnings? - did ye not adorn
The pomp which carth stood still to gaze on and to mourn?

## LXX.

Hath it been thus?-Or did ye grace the halls, Once peopled by the mighty?-Haply there, In your still grandeur, from the pillar'd walls
Serene ye smiled on banquets of despair,
Where hopeless courage wrought itself to dare
The stroke of its deliverance, midst the glow
Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed air,
The sound of lyres, the flower-crown'd goblet's flow : ${ }^{\text {B }}$
-Behold again !-high hearts make noble offerings now !

IXXI.
The stately fane is reacli'd-and at its gate The warriors pause; on life's tumultuous tide A stillness falls, while be, whom regal state Hath mark'd from all, to be more sternly tried By suffaring, speaks:-each ruder voice hath died, While his implores forgiveness!-"If there be One midst your throngs, my people !-whom in pride, Or passion, I have wrong'd ; such pardon, free
As mortals hope from Heaven, accord that man to me $i^{\prime \prime}$

## LXXII.

But all is silence; and a gush of tears
Alone replies !-He hath not been of those Who, fear'd by many, pine in secret fears Ot all ; th' environ'd but by slaves and foes, To whom day brings not safety, night repose, For they have heard the voice cry "Stect no more," Of them he hath not been, nor such as close Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er, When it speaks low and kneels th' oppressor's throne before !

## LXXIII.

He hath been loved-but who may trust the love Of a degenerate race? - in other mould Are cast the free and lofty hearts, that prove Their taith through fiery trials. - Yet belold, And call him not forsaken !-Thoughts untold Have*lent his aspect calmness, and lis tread Moves firmly to the shrine.-What pomps unfold Within its precincts!-Isles and seas have shed Their gorgeous treasures there, around th' imperial dead.
LXXIV.
'Tis a proud vision-that most regal pile Ot ancient days!-The lamps are streaming bright From its rich altar, down each pillar'd aisle, Whose vista fades in dimness; lout the sight Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light Developes, on those walls, the thousaid dyes Of the vein'd marbles, which array their height, And from yon dome, ${ }^{10}$ the lode-star of all ejes, Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the skies.

LXXY.
But saze thou not on these ; though heaven's umn In their soft clouds and radiant traccry vie;
Though tints of sun-bom glory may suffuse
Arch, column, rich mosaic: pass thou by
The stately tombs, where Eastern Crasars lie, Beneath their troplies; pause not here, for know, A deeper source of all sublimity
Lives in man's bosom, than the world can show, In nature or in art, above, around, below.

LXXVL
Turn thou to mark (tho' tears may dim thy gaze)
The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone;
Heed not, tho' gems and gold around it blaze,
Those hends unhelm'd, those kneeling forms alone,
Thus bow'd, look glorious here. The light is thrown
Full from the shrine on one, a nation's lord,
A sufferer!-but his task shall soon be done-
E'en now, as Faith's mysterious cup is pour'd,
See to that noble brow, peace, not of earth, restored !

## LXXVII,

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren part, Once-and but once-to meet on earth again! Each, in the strength of a collected heart,
To dare what man may dare-and know tis vain!
The rite is o'er: and thou, majestic fane!
The glory is departed from thy brow !
Be clothed with dust !-the Christian's farewell strain
Hath died within thy walls; thy Cross must bow; Thy kingly tombs be spoild ; thy golden shimes laid luw I

## LXXVIIS.

The streets grow still and lonely-and the star, The last bright lingerer in the path of morn, Gleams faint; and in the very lap of war, As if young Hope with Twinght's ray were bom, Awhile the city sleeps :-her throngs, o'erworn With fears and watchings, to their homes retire; Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn
With battle-sounds; ${ }^{17}$ the winds in sighs expire, And Quiet broods in mists, that veil the sumberm's fire.

## LXXIX.

The city sleeps !-ay, on the combat's eve, And by the scaffold's brink, and midst the swell Of angry seas, bath Nature won reprieve Thus from her cares. The brave have slumber'd well, And e'en the fearful, in their dungeon-cell, Chain'd between Life and Death !-Such rest he thine, For conflicts wait thee still !-Yet who can tell In that brief hour, how much of Heaven may. shine Full on thy spirit's dream?-Sleep, weary Constantine !

## LXXX.

Doth the blast rise !-the clouded East is red, As if a storm were gathering; and I hear What seems like heavy rain-drops, or the tread, The soft and smotherd step, of those that fear Surprise from ambush'd foes. Hark ! yet more near It comes, a many-toned and mingled sound; A rostling, as of winds where boushs are sear, A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground From far ; a heavy rush, like seas that burst their bound I

## Lxxxi.

Wake, wake! They come from sea and shore ascencing In hosts your ramparts ! Arm ye for the day ! Who now may sleep amidst the thunders rending, Thro' tower and wall, a path for their array? Hark ! how the trumpet cheers them to the prey, With its wild voice, to which the seas reply! And the earth rocks beneath their engine's sway, And the far hills repeat their battle-cry,
Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the vaulted sky :

## LXXXIt

They fail not now, the generous band, that long Have ranged their swords around a falling throue ; Still in those fearless men the walls are strong, Hearts such as rescue empires are their own! -Shall those high energies be vainly shown? No! from their towers th' invading tide is driven Back, like the Red Sea waves, when God hath blown With his strong winds ! ${ }^{18}$-the dark-brow'd ranks are rivenShout, warriors of the Cross !-for vistory is of Heaven

## LXXXIII.

Stand firm !-Again the Crescent host is rushing, Ard the waves foam, as on the galleys sweep, With all their fives and darts. tho' blood is gushing Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.
Stand firm!-there yet is hope-th' accent is steep.
And from on high no shaft descends in vain !-
But those that fall swell up the mangled heap, In the red moat, the dying and the slain, And o'er that fearful bridge th' assailants mount again !

## LXXXIV.

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that awful hour, Of all terrific sounds !-the savage tone Of the wild hom, the cannon's peal, the shower Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrown, The deep dull tambour's beat !-man's voice alone Is there unheard! Xe may not catch the cry Of trampled thousands-prayer, and shriek, and moan, All drown'd, as that fierce hurricane sweeps by, But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for victory!

## LXXXV.

War-clouds have wrapt the city !-thro' their dun, O'erloaded canopy, al times a blaze, As of an angry storm-presaging sun, From the Greek fire shoots up; ${ }^{19}$ and lightning rays Flash, from the shock of sabres, thro' the haze, And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air! -Ay ! this is in the compass of our gaze,But fearful things, unknown, untold, are there, Workings of Wrath and Death, and Anguish, and Despair 1

## LXXXYI.

Woe, shame and woe!-A chief, a warrior flies, A red-cross champion, bleeding, wild, and pale ! -Oh God ! that nature's passing agonies, Thus o'er the spark which dies not should prevail! Yes; rend the arrow from thy shatter'd mail And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen son ! ${ }^{20}$ Fly swifter yet! the javelins pour as hail!
-But there are tormires which thon canst not shun, The spirit is their prey;-thy pangs are but begun !
LXXXVII.

Oh ! happy in their homes the noble dead !
The seal is set on their majestic fame;
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed,
Fate has no power to dim their stainless name I
They may not, in one bitter moment, shame
Long glorious years; from many a lofty stem
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow tame,
And stars drop, fading, from the diadem;
But the bright past is theirs-there is no change for them 1

## IXXXVIII.

Where art thou, Constantine?-Where Death is reaping
His sevenfold harvest! Where the stormy light,
Fast as th' artillery's thunderbolts are sweeping,
Throws meteor-bursts c'er battle's noonday-night?
Where the towers rock and crumble from their height,
As to the earthquake, and the engines ply
Like red Vesuvio ; and where human might
Confronts all this, and still brave hearts beat high, While scymetars ring loud on shivering panoply.

## LXXXIX.

Where art thou, Constantine :-Where Christian blood
Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in vain!
Where Faith and Valour perish in the flood,
Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms, gain
Dark strengh each moment : where the gallant slain
Around the banner of the Cross lie strew'd,
Thick as the vine-leaves on the autumnal plain;
Where all, save one high spirit, is subdued,
And through the breach press on th' o'erwhelming multitude.
xc.

Now is he batting midst a host alone.
As the last cedar stems awhile the sway
Of mountain-storms, whose fury hath o'erthrown
Its forest-brethren in their green array !
And he hath cast his purple robe away,
With its imperial bearings; that his sword
An iron ransom from the chain may pay,
And win, what haply Fate may yet accord,-
A sotdier's death,-the all now left an empire's lord!


> The Last Constantine.

## xcv.

Yes ! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,
He comes, -the Moslem treads those ancient halls! But all is stillness there, as Death had long Deen lord alone witbin those gorgeous walls. And half that silence of the grave appals The conqueror's heart. Ay, thus with Triumph's hour, Still comes the boding whisper, which recalls
A thought of those impervious clouds that low'r O'er Grandeur's path, a sense of some far mightier Power

## xcyr.

"The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung Her watch-song, and around 'th' imperial throne The spider weaves his web!" ${ }^{21}$ Still darkly hung That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone, O'er his flush'd spirit. Years on years have flown
To prove its truth: kings pile their domes in air That the coild snake may bask on sculptured stone, And nations clear the forest, to prepare
For the wild fox and wolf more stately dwellings there !

## xcvii.

But thou ! that on thy ramparts proudly dying, As a cromn'd leader in such hours should die, Upon thy pyre of shiverd spears art lying, With the beavens o'er thee for a canopy, And banners for thy sliroud !-No tear, no sigh, Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for thou art now Beyond vicissitude: Lol rear'd on high, The Crescent Llazes, while the Cross nust bow; But where no change can reach-there, Constantine, art thou I

## xcvin.

"Afier life's fitfuu fever thou sleep'st well ! "
We may not moum thee 1-Sceptred cliefs, from whom
The carth received her destiny, and fell
Before them trembling-to a stemer doom
Have oft been call'd. For them the dungeon's gloom,
With its cold, sturless midnight, hath been made
More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb,
Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath weigh'd Their very soul to dust, with each high power decay'd.
xcix.

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood, To meet the stroke of Death-but not like thee 1 From bonds and scaffolds bath appeal'd cheir blood, But thou didst fall unfetter'd, arm'd, and free.
And kingly, to the last !-And if it be,
That, from the viewless world, whose marvels none
Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see
'The things of earth; still may'st thou hail the sum, Which o'er thy land shall dawn, when Freedom's fight is won!

## c.

And the hour comes, in storm :-A light is glancing Far through the forest-god's Arcadian shades !

- Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously dancing,

Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted glades;
A murmur, gathering power, the air pervades,
Round dark Cithæron, and by Delphi's steep;
-'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,
Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to sleep, Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the sounding deep;
cr.
Arms glitter on the mountains, which, of old,
Awoke to freedom's first heroic strain,
And by the streams, once crimson as they rolld
The Persian helm and standard to the main ;
And the blue waves of Salamis again
Thrill to the trumpet; and the tombs reply,
With their ten thousand echoes, from each plain,
Far as Platæa's, where the mighty lie,
Who crown'd so proudly there the bowl of liberty ${ }^{2 / 2}$

## CII.

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by song !
Land of the vision-peopled hills and streams,
And fcuntains, whose deserted banks along,
Still the soft air with inspiration teems ;
Land of the graves, whose dwellets shall be themes
To verse for ever; and of ruin'd shrines,
That scarce look desolate beneath such beams,
As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and pines !-
When shall thy sons pose in peace beneath their vines?

> The Last Constantine.

## cill.

Thou wert not made for bonds, nor shame, nor feat !Do the hoar oaks and dark-green laurels wave O'er Mantinea's earth ?--doth Pindus rear His snows, the sunbeam and the storm to brave? And is there yet on Marathon a grave? And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line By Sparta's ruins?-And shall man, a slave, Bow'd to the dust, amid such scenes repine? -If e'er a soil was mark'd for Freedom's step-'tis thine!

## civ.

Wash from that soil the stains, with battle-showers !
-Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,
The Crescent gleams amidst the olive-bowers, In the Comneni's ${ }^{23}$ halls the Tartar sways : But not for long!--the spirit of those days, When the three hundred made their funeral pile Of Asia's dead, is kindling, like the rays Of thy rejoicing sum, when first his smile Warms the Parnassian rock, and gilds the Delian isle,

## CV.

If then 'tis given thee to arise in might, Trampling the scourge, and dashing down the chain, Pure be thy triumphs, as thy name is bright!
The cross of victory should not know a stain ! So may that faith once more supremely reign, Through which we lift our spirits from the dust! And deem not, e'en when virtue dies in vain, She dies forsaken ; but repose our trust
On Him whose ways are dark, unsearchable-mut just

## NOTES.



Note 1.
—_While Isuact's bow, \&ru.
The army of Mahomet II., at the siege of Constantinople, was thronged with fanatics of all sects and nations, who were nct enrolled amongst the regular troops. The Sultan himself n arched upon the city from Adrianople; but his army must have been principally collected in the Asiatic provinces, which he had previousily visited.

## Note 2.

——Bring wine, bring odours, \&oc:
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium brevis Flores ancenx ferre jule rose.

Hor., Lib. ii. od. 3.
Note 3.
From the Seven Towirs, Soc.
The Castle of the Seven Towers is mentioned in the Byzantine history, as early as the sixth century of the Christian era, as an edifice which contributed materially to the defence of Constantinople; and it was the principal bulwark of the town on the coast of the Propontis in the later periods of the empire. For a description of this building, see "Touqueville's Travels."


## Note 4

What it long march of sceflrodinaz'ry.
An allusion to the Roman custom of carrying in procession, at the lanerals of their great men, the images of their ancestors.

## Note 5.

The Romen can his glittering mail aony.
The following was the ceremony of consecration with which Decius devoted himsel' in batle. He was ordered by Valerius, the pontifer maximus, to quit his military babit, and put on the robe he wore in the senate. Valerius then corered his head with a veil ; commanded tim to put forth tis band under his robe to his chin, and, standing with bech feet upon a javelin, to repeat these words: "O Janos, Jopiter, Mars, Komulus, Bellona, and ge Lares and Norecsita! Ail ye heroes who dwell in heaven, and all ye gods who rule over us and our enenies, especially ye gods of hall! I honour you, iavoke you, and bumbly entreat you to prosper the arms of the Komans, and to tranifer all fear and terror fron them to their enemies; and I io, for the safety of the Roman people and tieir lestions, davote myseif, and with myself the amy and auxiliarics of the enemy, to the infemal gods and the goddess of the earb." Decius then, girding his rabe around him, mounted his Lorse, aod rode full speed into the thickest of the enemy's battailions. The Latins were, for a whie, thunderstruck at this spectacle; but at leagth recovering themselves, they discharged a s.ower of dats, under which the consul fell.

## Note 6.

See G.lion's animated descrition of the arrival of five Christian s...js, with men and protions, for the succour of the tesieged, not many days before the fa!l of Constantinople. " Lecline and Fall of tite Kiman Lmpire," vol. xïi p. 215 .

> Note 7.
> ——As arion tie wimhash leath
> Oir Inding grice, éc.

The summits of te lefey rochs in the Camatic, paricularly about the Gitants, are sometimes covered with the bambootree, whith Notes.
grows in thick clumps, and is of such uncominon aridity, that in the sultry season of the year the friction occasioned by a struny dry wind will literally produce sparks of fire, which frequently setting the woods in a blaze, exhibit to the spectator stationed in a valley surrounded by rocks, a magnificent, though imperfect circle of fire.-Notes to Kindersley's "Specimens of Hindoo Literatus"

## Note 8. <br> -The snney crown <br> Of far Olynitus, ©c.

Those who steer their westward course through the middle of the Propontis may at once descry the high lands of Thrace and Bithynia, and never lose siglit of the lofty summit of Mount Olympus, covered with eternal snows.-"Decline and Fall," \&c. vol. iii. p. 8.
Note 9.
Mohanmed's face
Kirdiles beveath thisir aspect, ©r.

Mahomet II. was greatly addicted to the study of astrology. His calculations in this science led him to fix upon the morning of the 2gth of May as the fortunate hour for a genema attack upon the city.

Note ro.

## Thy Georgian bride, Esc.

Constantine Yalreologus was betrothed to a Georgian princess; and the very spring which witnesses the fall of Constantinople had been Gixed upon as the time for conveying the imperial bride to that city.

## Note if.

## Those men are strangers here.

Many of the adherents of Constautine, in his last noble stand for the libetties, or rather the honour, of a falling empire, were foreigners, and chiefy Italians.

Aols.

- Note 12

Know'st hous the lund, ©r.
This and the next line are an almost literal translation froms beautiful song of Goethe's :-
"Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn, Mit dunkeln Laub die gold Orangen gühn ?" \&ic.

## Note 13

The idez expressed in this stanzz is beautifully amplified in Schiller's poem "Das Lied der Glocke."

## Note 14

## Hish the ficre Phantom, Er.

It is said to be a Greek superstition that the plague is announced Ly the heavy rolling of an invisible chariot, heard in the streets at midnight ; and also by the appearance of a gigantic spectre, who summons the devoted person by name.

## Note 15.

Ye smiled on banquets of despair.
Many instances of such banquets, given and shared by persons resolved upon death, misht be adduced from ancient history. That of Vibius Virius, at Capua, is amongst the most memorable.

Note 16.
Yon dome, the lote star of all ges.
For a minute description of the marbles, jaspers, and porphyries enaployed in the construction of St. Sophia see "The Decline and Fail," \&c., vol, vii p. 120. Noles.

Note 17.
Nor is the balmy air of daypfriug torn With batle sounds, \&c.

The assault of the city took place at day-break, and the Turks were strictly enjoined to advance in silence, which had olso been commanded, on pain of death, during the preceding night. This "circumstance is finely alluded to by Miss Baillie, in her tragedy of "Constantine Palzologus":-
"Silent shall be the march : nor drum, nor trump, Nor clash of arms, shall to the watchful foe Our near approach betray : silent and soft, As the pard's velvet foot on Lybia's sands, Slow stealing with crouch'd shonlders on her prey."

Constantine Palaolosus, act iv,
"The march and labour of thousands" must, however, as Cibbon observes, "have inevitably produced a strange confusion of discordant clamours, which reacleed the ears of the watchmen on the towers."

Note 18.
The dark-brow'd ranks are rivin.
"After a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and preserved their adyantage," says Gibbon. The strenuous exertions of the janizaries first turned the fortune of the day.

Note 19,
From the Gruek fire shoots up, Soc.
"A circumstance that distinguishes the siege of Constantinople is the re-union of the ancient and modern artillery. The bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the same wall; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded the use of the liquid and unex. tinguishable fire." Decline and Fall, \&c., vol. xii. p. 213.

Note 20.
And stanch the blood-drofs, Gomoa's fallen son!
"The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the
huilet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani \{a Genoese chief). The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appailed the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city."-Deciline and Fall, \&c., vol, xii, p. 229.

## Note $2 r$.

The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung Her wulth-sons, Est.

Mahomet II., on entering; after his victory, the palace of the Byzantine emperors, was strongly impressed with the silence and desolation which reigned within its precincts. "A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry: 'The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab.' "-Decline and Fall, \&c., vol. xii. p. 240.

Note 22.

## The Bowl of Liberty-

One of the ceremonies by which the batle of Platea was annually commemorated was, to crown with wine a cup called the Bowl of Liberty, which was afterwards poured forth in libation.

Note 23.
In the Comncu's halls-
The Comneni were amongst the most distinguished of the lamilies who filled the Byzantine throue in the declining years of the Eastern empire.


## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## ELYSIUM.

[^0]FAIR wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers !
Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clines
To earthly love, and juy in loveliest things !
Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple shies ne'er deepening into nicht,
Vet soff, as if each moment were their last
Oi glory, fading fast
Along the mountains !-but thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay
And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Edian sound went by,
Fiom fountain-woices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh !
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath, Which ne'er had touch'd them with a bue of death !

And the transparent sky
Rang as a dome, all llyilling to the strain
Of harps that, midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.
And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the phins of waving Asphodel?
Who, of the hosts, the night-0'erpeopling dead,
Amidst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwel!,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inlale
The spirit mandering in th' inmortal gale?
They of the sworl, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round I
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
On the morn's wing lad sent their mighty sound,
Ar:l in all regions found
Their echoes midst the noountains !-and become
In man's deep heart, as voices of his home !
They of the daring thouglit !
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
Whose flight thro' stars, and seas, and depllss had sought
The soul's far birth-place-but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.
But they, of whose abode
Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no trace,
Save a fower springing from their hurial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A void and silent place
In some sweet home;--thou hadst no wreaths for theere, Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant, at his door
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts were spread, And songs on every wind !-From thy bright shore Na lovelier vision floated round bis head, -

Thou wert for nobber dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round lin ful, And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell I

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whese breast
Shut up the woes and burning thonghts of years, As in the ashes of an urn compressd;-
$H z$ might not be thy guest !
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Come o'er his path and whisper'd, "Liberty!"
Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Lnlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay ;-
E'en so to pass aray,
With its bright smile !-Elysium ! what wert thon, To ber, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou badst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
Wuith life's first flowers just opening in her hand, And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,

Which in its clear eje shote
Like the spring's wakening !-But that light was pastWhere went the dew-drop, swept before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep !-
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no roice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to reep!
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrte-grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love !
For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls !- ihe shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!-till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burving eye.
And the world knows nut then,
Nt then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled I
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread, -
The lons-rementiver'd dead!
Yut not with ike night aught save Glory dwellFate, fale away, tha shore of Asphole!!


A gloom fell o'er their way !
'Twas not the shadow cast
By the dark pine-boughs, as they cross'd the blue Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn hue; The air was fill'd with a mightier sway,-

But on the spearmen pass'd!
And hollow, to their tread,
Came the echoes of the ground,
And banners droop'd, as with the dew o'erborne, And the wailing blast of the battle-horn Had an alter'd cadence dull and dead,

Of strange foreboding sound.
But they blew a louder strain
When the steep defiles were pass'd!
And afar the crown'd Pamassus rose, To shine thro' heaven with his radiant snows, And in golden light the Delphian fane

Before them stood at last !
In golden light it stood,
Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
For the Sun-God yet, with a lovely smile, O'er its graceful pillars look'd awhile, Tho' the stormy shade on cliff and rood

Grew deep round its mountain-throne.
And the Persians gave a shout!
But the marble walls replied,
With a clash of steel, and a sullen roar
Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,
And a savage trumpet's note peal'd out,
Tuil their hearts for terror died !
On the armour of the gol
Then a viewless hand was laid;
There wers helm and spear, with a clanging din, And corslet brought from the shrine within, from the innost shrine of the dread abode, And Lefure its front array'd.

And a sulden silence fen
'lhro' the dim and loaded air!
On the wild bird's wing, and the myrle-syray, And the very fumbt, in their silvery way, With a weight of sleep came down the sjell,

Thl man grew breathless there.


But the pause was broken soon!
'Twas not by song or lyre;
For the Delphian maids had left their borers,
And the hearths were lone in the city's towers
But there burst a sound tho' the mist' now,
That batue-noon of fire!
It burst from earth and heaven!
It rolled from cray and cloud!
For a moment of the mountain-blast,
With a thousood stormy voices passed,
And the purple gloom of the shy was riven, When the thunder peal'd aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
Flash'd forth, like javelins thrown ;
Like sun-darts wing d from the silver bow,
They smote the spear and the turban'd brow,
And the bright gems flew from the crest like spray,
And the banners were struck down!
And the massy oak-boughs crash'd
To the fire-bolts from on high;
And the forest lent its billowy roar, While the glorious tempest onward bore, And lit the streams, as they foamed and dash'd,

With the fierce rain sweeping by.
Then rush'd the Delphian men
On the pale and scatter'd host;
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave,
And the singing blast offer wood and glen
Roll d on, with the spears they toss'd.
There were cries of will dismay,
There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's mitt, That shook the realm of their e.gle-birth;
But the mount of song, when they died away,
Still rose, with its temple, free!
And the Pean swelled ere long, Io Paean ! from the fane;
Io Pan ! for the war-array,
On the crowned Parnassus riven that day !-
Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song I
With thy bounding streams again.

## IL.

## THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.*

## Tefore the fiery sum,

The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye, In the free air, and on the war-field won, Our fathers crown'd the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood, The tombs of beroes! with the solemn skies, And the wide plain around, where patriot-blood Had steep'd the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They call'd the glorious dead, In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh; And pourd rich odours $a^{\prime}$ er the batule-bed, And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They call'd them from the shades, The goiden-fruited shades, where minstrels tell How softer light in immortal clime pervades, And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine $\dagger$ Flow'd to thiir names who taught the world to die, And made the land's green turf a living strine, Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberly.

So the rejoicing earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave, And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew linth From the free soil, thus hallow'd to the brave.

Whe have the batte-fiedds, The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky, We have the founts the purple vimage gieluls; When shall ate crown the bowl of Liberty?

- This and the following piece appearell orisinally in the Nire Monthy
Hopazine.
$\dagger$ For 2 m 2 ccount of th s ceremony, anciently performed in commemoration of the hatule of llatwa, see Polter's "Antiqutics of Greece," vul i p. ju.


## III.

## TIIE VOICE OF SCIO.

A vorce from Scio's isle-
A voice of song, a voice of old, Swept far as cloud or lillow roll'd;

And earth was hush'd the while.
The souls of nations woke!
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of Victory hath not rums,
As if a trumpet spoke?
To sky, and sea, and shore
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain, Swept from the rivers to the main,

A glorions tale it bore.
Still, by our sunl-ligight deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.
And kings their turf have crown'd!
And pilgrims o'er the foaning wave Dronght garlands there : so rest the brave,

Who thas their bard have found!
A voice from Scio's isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again!
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sum may smile:
Let not its tones expire!
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and venseance, ne'er was given
To motal song or lyre !

## The Spartan's March:

Know ye not whence it comes? From ruin'd hearths, from burning fanes, From kindred blood on yon red plains, From desolated homes.
'Tis with us through the night !
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky-
Hear it, ye heavens! when swords flash high
O'er the mid-waves of fight !

## IV.

## the spartan's march.*

"The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, becanse they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."-Campbell, On the Elegriac I'octry of the Grecks.
'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills, Where peasants dress'd the vines, Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills, Arcadia's roclis and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers, Eurotas wander'd by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess pour'd?
Did virgin-hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?
But helms were glancing on the stream, Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day :

- Originally published in the Edinburgh Majasins


## The Urn and Sword.

And the mountain-echoes of the land Swell'd through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a ban.l Of men that moved to die.

They march'd not with the trumpet's blast, Nor bade the hom peal out;
And the laurel-groves, as on they pass'd, Rang with no battle-shout!

They ask'd no clarion's voice to fire Their souls with an impulse high; But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre For the sons of liberty !

And still swcet flutes, their path around, Sent forth Eolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death !
So moved they calmly to their field, Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield, Or on it proudly borne!

## V.

## TIIE URN AND SWORD.

Triey sought for treasures in the tomb, Where gentler hands were wont to spread Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom, And sumny ringlets, for the dead.*

They scatter'd far the greensward-heap,
Where once those hands the bright wine peur'd;
What found they in the home of sleep?-
A mouldering urn, a shiver'd sword!

- See Potter's " Grecian Antiquities," vol it. p. 234

An urn, which held the dust of one
Who died when hearths and shrines were free;
A sword, whose work was proudly done,
Eetween our mountains and the sea.
And these are treasures !-undismay'd, Still for the suffering land we trust,
Wherein the past its lame hath laid,
With freedom's sword, and valour's dat

## VI.

## THE MYRTLE-EOUGH.

Still green, along our sunny shore
The fowering myttle waves,
As when its fragrant boughs of yore
Were offer'd on the graves;
Tie graves, whereio our mighty men
IIad rest, unviolated then.
Still green it waves! as when the hearth
Was sacred through the land;
And fearless was the banquet's mirth, And free the minstrel's band;
And guests, with shining myrile crown'd, Sent the wreath'd lyre and wine-cup round
Still green! as when on boly ground The tyrant's blood was pourd:Forget ye not what garlands bound The young deliverer's sword !Though earih may shroud Harmodius nor,
We still bave sword and mijrle-bough !


## ADVERTISEMENT.

## $\rightarrow$ -

The history of Spain records two instances of the severe and self. devoling heroism which forms the subject of the following dramatic poem. The first of these occurred at the siege of Tarifa, which: was defended in 1294 for Sancho, King of Castile, during the rebellion of his brother Don Juan, by Guzman, surnamed the Good.* The second is related of Alonso Lopez de Texeda, who, until his garrison had been utterly disabled by pestilence, maintained the city of Zamora for the children of Don Pedro the Cruel, against. the forces of Henrique of Trastamario $\dagger$
Impressive as were the circumstances which distinguished both these memorable sieges, it appeared to the author of the following pages that a deeper interest, as well as a stronger colour of nationality, might be imparted to the scenes in which she has feebly attempted " to describe high passions and high actions;" by con necting a religious feeling with the patriotism and high-minded loyalty which had thus been proved "faithful unto death," and by surrounding her ideal dramatis personæ with recollections derived from the heroic legends of Spanish clivalry. She has, for this reason, employed the agency of imaginary characters, and fixed upon "Valencia del Cid" as the scene to give them
"A local halitation and a name."

- See Quintana's " Vidas de Esfañoles celebres," p. 53.
: See the Preface to Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid"




$$
\text { Siege of Vakncia. } \quad 55
$$

> I have seen the stripling die, And the strong man meet his fate, Where the mountain-winds go sounding by, In the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

## Elmina enlers.

Elm. Your songs are not as those of other days, Mine own Ximena!-Where is now the young And buoyant spirit of the morn, which once Breathed in your spring-like melodies, and woke
Joy's echo from all hearto ?
Xim. My mother, this
Is not the free air of our mountain-wilds; And these are not the halls, wherein my voice
First pour'l those gladdening strains. Elm. Alas ! thy lieart
(I see it well) doth sicken for the pure,
Free-wandering breezes of the joyous hills,
Where thy young brothers, o'er the rock and heath, Bound in glad boybood, e'en as torrent-streams
Leap brightly from the heights. Had we not been
Within these walls thus suddenly begirt,
Thou shouldst have track'd ere now, with step as light,
Their wild wood paths.
Xim. I would not but have shared
These hours of woe and peril, tho' the deep
And solemn feelings wakening at their voice, Claim all the wrought-up spirit to themselves,
And will not blend with mirth. The storm doth hush
All foating whispery sounds, all bird-notes wild
O' th' summer-forest, filling earth and heaven
With its own awful music.-And 'tis well!
Should not a hero's child be train'd to hear
The trumpet's blast unstartled, and to look
In the fix'd face of Death without dismay?
Elm. Woe ! woe ! that aught so gentle and so young
Should thus be call'd to stand $i$ ' the tempest's path,
And bear the token and the hue of death
On a tright soul so soon! I had not shrunk
From mine own lot, but thou, ny child, shoulcst move
As a light breeze of heaven, thro summer-bowers,
And not o'er foaming billows. We are fall'n
On dark and evil days !
Xim. Ay, days, that wake
All to their tasks!-Youth may not loiter now
In the green walks of spring; and womanhood

Is summon'd unto conficts, heretofore
The lot of warrior-souls. But we will take
Our toils upon us nobly! Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts;
Not amidst joy.
Elm. Hast thou some secret woe
That thus thou speak'st?
Xim. What sorrow should be mine,
Unknown to thee?
Elm. Alas ! the baleful air
Wherewith the pestilence in darkness walks
Thro' the devoted city, like a blight
Amidst the rose-tints of thy cheek hath fall'u, And wrought an early withering !-Thou hast cross'd
The paths of Death, and minister'd to those
O'er whom his shadow rested, till thine eye
Hath changed its glancing sunbeam for a still,
Deep, solemn radiance, and thy brow hath caught
A wild and high expression, which at times
Fades unto desolate calmness, most unlike
What youth's bright mien should wear. My gentle chils I
I look on thee in fear!
Xim. Thou hast no cause
To fear for me. When the wild clash of steel, And the deep tambour, and the heavy step Of armed men, break on our morning dreams ;
When, hour by hour, the noble and the brave Are falling round us, and we deem it much To give them funeral rites, and call them blest If the good sword, in its own stormy hour,
Wath done its work upon them, ere disease
Hath chilld their fiery blood;-it is no time For the light mien wherevith, in happier hours, We trod the woodland mazes, when young leaves Were whispering in the gale, -My father comesOh! speak of me no more! I would not shade Mis princely aspect with a thought less high
Than his proud duties claim.

## Govzalez citors.

Elm. My noble lord !
Welcome from this day's toil !-It is the hour Whose shadows, as they deepen, bring repose
Unto all weary men; and wilt not thou
Free thy maild bosom from the corslet's weight,
To rest al fall of eve?
Stog of Iathaia.

Gon. There may te rest
For the tired feasiant, when the reper-bell
Doth send him to his catin, and beneath
11 is vine and olive, he may sit at ere,
Watching his children's sport : lut unto him
Who keeps the watch-place on the mountain-height,
When Heaven lets loose the storms that chasien realus
-Who speaks of rest?
Xim. My father, shall I Gill
The wine-cup for thy lips, or loing the late
hose sounds thou lovest?
Gon. If there be strains of power
To rouse a spirit which in trinmpiant scorn
May cast off nature's feellentis, and hold
Its proud career unshackied, dashing down
Tears and fond thoughts to earth-give voice to those
I bave need of such, Ximena !-we must hear
No melting music now.
Xim. I know all bigh
Hersic dituics of the eider time,
Sung ty the mountain-Christians, ${ }^{1}$ in the holds
Of th' everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear
The print of Freedom's step; and all widd strains
Werein the dark serranos* teach the rocks
And the pine forests deety to resoand
The praise of later champions. Wouldst thou bear The war-song of thine ancestor, the Cid?

Gen. Ay, speak of him ; for in that name is power,
Such as might rescue kingdoms! Sreak of him!
We are his children! They that con look lack
I' th' ancals of their howe on such a name,
ILow sbould $t$ ty y take dishonour by the hand,
And o'er the threstich of their father's hai's
Eirstled her as aguest?
EIm. Oh, why is this?
How my heart sinks!
Gor. It must not fail thee ya,
Dusdter of herces!-thine inkeritance
Is strength to mett ald conflicts. Tl.ou canst number
In thy lung line of giorious arcestry
Men, the bright ofering of whose ilocal tath maie The ground it bethed e'en as an a'ar, whence H gha thoughts shail rise for ever. Lore they not, Midist fame and sword, their witness of the Cruss, Wiah its victorious inepiration girt
As with a conqueror's robe, tith the isfid

* "Sertapos*" c: iniminecrs

O'erawed, shrank back before them?-Ay, the earth
Doth call them martyrs, but their agonies
Were of a moment, tortures whose brief aim
Was to destroy, within whose powers and scope
Lay nought but dust. - And earth doth call them martyrs !
Why, Heaven but claim'd their blood, their lives, and not
The things which grow as tendrils round their hearts;
No, not their children !
Elm. Mean'st thou ?-know'st thou aught ?
I cannot utter it-My sons ! my sons !
Is it of them?-Oh ! wouldst thou speak of them?
Gon. A mother's heart diviaeth but too well !
Elm. Speak, I adjure thee !-I can bear it all-
Where are my children?
Gon. In the Moorish camp
Whose lines have girt the city.
Xim. But they live?
-All is not lost, my mother !
Elm. Say, they live.
Gon. Elmina, still they live.
Elm. But captives !-They.
Whom my fond heart had imaged to itself
Bounding from cliff to cliff amidst the wilds
Where the rock-eagle seem'd not more secure
In its rejoicing freedom !-And my boy;
Are captives with the Moor!-Oh! how was this!
Gon. Alas ! our brave Alphonso, in the pride
Of boyish daring, left our mountain-halls,
With his young brother, eager to behold
The face of noble war. Thence on their way
Were the rash wanderers captured.
Elm. 'Tis enough.-
And when shall they be ransom'd:
Gon. There is ask'd
A ransom far too high.
Elm. What! have we wealth
Which might redeem a monarch, and our sons
The while wear fetters?-Take thou all for them, And we will cast our worthless grandeur from us, As 'twere a cumbrous robe!-Why, thou art one, To whose high nature pomp hath ever been
But as the plumage to a warrior's helm, Worn or thrown off as lightly. And for me, Thou knowest not how serenely I could take The peasant's lot upon me, so my heart, Amidst its deep affections undisturb'd, May dwell in silence.


But we will bind ourselves to poverty,
With glad devotedness, if this, but this,
May win them back.-Distrust us not, my father
We can bear all things.
Gon. Can ye bear disgace?
Xim. We were not bors for this.
Gon. No, thou sayst well!
Hold to that loity faith. - My wife, my child I
Hath earth no treasures richer than the gems
Torn from her secret caverns?-II by them
Chains may be riven, then let the captive spring
Rejoicing to the light !-But be, for whom
Freedorn and life may but be worn with shame,
Hath nought to do, save fearlessly to fix
His steadfast look on the majestic heavens,
And proudly die!
Elm. Gonzalez, who must die?
Con. (hurriedly). They on whose lives a fcarful price is set,
But to be paid by treason !-Is't enough ?
Or must I yet seek words?
Elm. That look saith more!
Thou canst not mean
Gon. I do! why dweils there not
Power in a glance to speak it?-They must die!
They-must their names be told-Our sons must die
Cnless I yield the city !
Xim. Oh! look up!
My mother, sink not thus !-Until the grave
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.
Elm. (in a low voice). Whose knell was in the breeze?-No, no, not theirs!
Whose was the blessed woice that spoke of hope?

- And there is hope !-I will not be subdued-

I will not hear a whisper of despair !
For Nature is all-powerful, and her breath
Moves like a quichening spirit o'er the deptls
Within a father's heart.-Thou too, Conzalez,
Wilt tell me there is hope!
Gon. (salemnty). Hope but in Him
Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when
The bright steel quiver'd in the father's hand Just raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice Through the still clouds, and on the lreathless air, Commanding to withhold !--Earth has no hope:
It rests with Him.

E'm. Thou canst not tell me this !
Thou father of my sons, within whose lanas
Doth lie thy clididren's fate.
Con. If there have been
Men in whose bosoms Nature's voice hath made
Its accents as the solitary sound
Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing -
Th' anstere and yet divine remonstrances
Whisper'd by faith and honour, lift thy hands,
And, to that Heaven which arms the brave with strength,
Pray, that the father of thy sons may ne'er
Be thus found wanting!
Elm. Then their doom is seal'd :
Thou wilt not save thy chiddren?
Gon. Hast thou cause,
Wife of my youth ! to deem it lies within
The bounds of possible things, that I shoukl link
My name to that word-fraitor?-They that sleep
On their prond batle-fields, thy sires and mine,
Died not for this!
Elim. Oh, cold and hard of heart!
Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul
Thus lightly from all human bonds can tree
Its haughty flight ! Men ! men ! too muna is yours
Of vantase; ye, that with a sound, a breath,
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space
Of rooted up affections, o'er whose void
Our yeaming hearts nust wither!-So it is,
Dominion must be won !-Nay, leave me not-

- Ny heart is bursting, and I must be heard!

IIeaven hath given power to mortal agony
As to the elemients in their hour of milght
And mastery o'er creation!-Who shall dare
To mock that fearful strength ? -1 mass be heard !
Give me my sons !
Gon. That they may live to lide
With covering hands th' indignant flush of slame
On their young brows, when men shall speak of hist
They call'd their father !- Was the oath, wherely,
On th' altar of my faith, I bound myself,
With an unswerving spirit to maintain
This free and Christian city for my God
And for my king, a writing traced on sand:
That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,
Or e'en the life-drops of a bleeding heart
Efface it, as a billow sweeps awny
The last light vessel's wake?-Then never more

> Sicie of Valucius.

Let man's deep vows be trasted!-though enforced
Fy all th' appeals of high remembrances,
And silent claims o' th' 'sepulchres, wherein
His fathers with ther stainless glory sleep,
On their good sroods! Thinkst thou $I$ feel no pangs !
He that hath given nie sons, doth know the heart
Whose treasure sie recalls.一Of this no more.
Tis vain. I tell thee that th' inviolate cross
Still, from our ancient temples, must look up
Through the bue bexvens of Spain, though at its fook
I perish, with my race. Thou darest not ask
That I, the son of warriors-men who died
To fix it on that proud supremacy-
Should tear the sign of our victorious faith
From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor
In impious jor to trample !
Elm. Scom me not
In mine extreme of mispry !-Thou art strons-
Thy heart is not as mine.-My brain grows wild;
I know not what I ask:-And yet' 'twere but
Anticipating fate-since it must fall,
That cross must fall at last ! There is no power,
No hope within this city of the grave,
To keep its place on high. Her sultry air
Dreathes heavily of death, her warriors sink
Beneath their ancient baaners, ere the Moor
Hath bent his bow against them ; for the shaft
Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark,
Than the arrow of the desert. E'en the skies
O'erhang the desolate splendour of her domes
Wih an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,
From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms and signs
Foreboding ruin. Man might be withstood,
Eett who shall cope with famine and disease,
When leagued with armed foes :-Where now the aid,
Where the long:promised lances of Castile !-
We are forsaken, in our utmost need,
By Heaven and earth forsaken!
Gon. If this be,
(And yet I will not deem it) we must fall
As men that in severe devotedness
Mave chosen their part, and bound themselves to death,
Through high conviction that their sufferiug land,
By the free blood of martyrdom alone,
Slaill call deliverance down.
Lim. Oh 1 I have stood
Beside thee through the beating sturms of life

With the true heart of unrepining love, As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily, In the parch'd vineyard, or the harvest-field, Bcaring her part, sustain with him the heat And burden of the day;-but now the hour, The heavy hour is come, when human strensth Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,
Owning that woe is mightier!-Spare me yet
This bitter cup, my husband!-Let not her,
The mother of the lovely, sit and moum
In her unpeopled home, a broken stem,
O'er its fall'n roses dying !
Gon. Urge me not,
Thou that through ali sharp conficts hast been found
Worthy a brave man's love, ol $!$ wrge me not
To guilt, whicl through the midst of biinding tears,
In its own hues thou seest not!-Death may scarce Bring aught like this!
Eim. All, all thy gentle race,
The beautiful beings that around thee grew,
Creatures of sunshine! Wiit thou doom them all!
-She too, thy daughter-doth ber snile unmark'd
Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day?
Shadows are gathering round her-seest thou not!
The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath
Hangs oer her beauty, and the face which made
The sumner of our hearts, now doth but send, With every glance, deep bodings through the soul, Telling of early fate.
Gon, 1 see a change
Far nobler on her brow!-She is as one,
Who, at the trumpet's suiden call, hath risen From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down The wine-cup, and the garland, and the late Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm, Beseeming sterner tasks,-Hir eye hath lost
The beam which haugh'd upout tl' awakening heart, E'en as momb breaks D'er earth. But far within Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source Lies deeper in the soull.-And let the torch
Which but illumea the glittering paseemt, fade ! The alter-flame, $i^{\prime}$ th' sanctuary's recess,
Burns quenchless, being of heaven !-She hath put on
Cournge, and faith, and generous constancy,
E'en as a breastrlate.-Ay, men look on her,
As she gocs forth serenely to her tasks,
Binding the warriur's woillds, anal bearing fresh

## Sicge of Valentia.

Cool draughts to fever'd lips; they look on her ${ }^{\prime}$
Thus moving in her beautiful array
Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair
Majestic vision, and unmurmuring turn
Unto their heavy toils.
Eim. And seest thou not
In that high faith and strong collectedness,
A fearful inspiration?-They have cause
To tremble, who behold th' unearthly light
Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought,
Investing youth with grandeur:-From the grave
It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child
Waits but a father's hand to snatch her back
Into the laughing sunshine.-Kneel with me,
Ximena, kneel beside me, and implore
That which a deeper, more prevailing voice
Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied, -
His children's lives!
Xim. Alss! this may not be,
Mother !-I cannot.
Gon. My heroic clild!-
A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, O God!
From creatures in whose agonizing hearts
Nature is strong as death !
E/m. Is't thus in thine?
Away!-what time is given thee to resolve
On!-what I cannot utter !-Speak thou know'st
Too well what I would say.
Gon. Until-ask not!
The time is bricf.
Eim. Thou saidst-I heard not right-
Cor. The time is brief.
Elm. What ! must we burst all ties
Wherewith the thrilling chords of life are twined;
And, for this task's fulfilment, can it be
That man, in his cold heartlessness, hath dared
To number and to mete us forth the sands
Of hours--nay, moments?-Why, the sentenced wretch,
He on whose soul there rests a brother's blood
Pourd forth in slumber, is allow'd more time
To wean his turbulent passions from the world
His presence doth pollute!-It is not thus!
We nust have Time to school us.
Gon. We have but
To bow the head in silence, when Hearen's voice
Calls back the things we love.
Lin. Love ! love :-there are soft smiles and gentle words,

And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in-and 'tis mockery all!
-A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thist that semblance kindled !-There is nons,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.-It is but pride, wherewith To his fair son the father's cye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well.-And this is love!
This is man's love!-What marvel p-You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell ; and his bright bair
Waved softly to your breath !-1 you ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dinu weary eye; not yours the face
Which, early faded tbro' fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as Heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! Jou ne'er smocti'd
His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his roice from yours
Had learn'd soft utterance ; press'd your lip to his,
When fever parch'd it ; hush'd his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No ! these are wioman's tasks!-In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and broyancy of heart
Steal from her all unmark'd !-My boys! my boys !
Hath vain affection borne with all for this?

- Why were ye given me?

Gon. Is there strength in man
Thus to endure ?-That thou couldst read, thro' all Its depths of silent agony, the heart
Thy voice of woe doth rend!
Elm. Thy heart l-thy heart !-Away ! it feels not now !
But an hour comes to tame the mighty man
Unto the infant's weakness; nor shiali IJeaven
Spare you that bitter chastening 1-May you live
To be alone, when loneliness doth seem
Most heavy to sustain !-For me, my voice
Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon
With all forgotten sounds; my quiet place

Low witin my lovely ones, and we shall sleep, 'Tho' kings lead armics o'er us, we shall sleep, Wrapt in earth's covering mantle!-you the while Shall sit willin your vast, forsaken halls,
And hear the wild and melancholy winds Moan thro their drooping banners, never more
To wave above your race. Aye, then call up Shadows-dim phantoms from ancestral tombs, But all-all florious-conquerors, chieftains, kings-
To peeple that cold void!-And when the strength
From your right arm hath melted, when the blast
Of the shrill clarion gives your heart no more
A fiery wakening; if at last you pine
For the glad voices, and the bounding steps,
Once thro' your home re-echoing, and the clas?
Of twining arms, and all the joyous light
Of eyes that laush'd with youth, and made your board
A place of sunshine ;-When those days are come,
Then in your utter desolation, turn
To the cold world, the smiling, faithless world,
Which hath swept past you long, and. bid it quench
Your soul's deep thirst with fame! immortal jame!
Fame to the sick of heart !-a gorgeous robe,
A crown of victory, unto him that dies
1' th' buming waste, for water!
Con. This from thee!
Now the last drop of Littenness is pour'd.
Elmina-I forgive thee:
[Erit Elmina.
Aid me, Ileaven!
From whom alone is power !--Oh ! thou last set
Duties, so stern of aspect, in my path,
They almost, to my startled gaze, assume
The hue of thiness less hollow'd! Men have sunk
Inblamed beneath such trials!--Doth not He
Who made us know the limits of our strength?
Ny wife! my sons !-Away! I must not pause
To give my heart one moment's mastery thus!
[Exil Conzalez

SCENE-The Aisk of a Cothic Church.
Hermandez, G.ircias, and others.
Ilor. The rites are closed. Notr; raliant men, depart,
Each to his place-I may not say, of rest ;
Your faithful vigils for your sons may win

What must not be your own. Ye are as those Who sow, in peril and in care, the seed Of the fair tree, beneath whose stately shade They may not sit. But bless'd be they who toil For after-days !-All high and holy thoughts lie with you, warriors, thro' the lingering hours Of the night-watch !

Gar. Aye, father ! we have reed
Of high and holy thoughts, wherewith to fence Our hearts against despair. Yet have I been From youth a son of war. The stars have look'd A thousand times upon my couch of heath, Spread midst the wild sicrras, by some stream Whose dark-red waves look'd e'en as tho' their source Lay not in rocky caverns, but the veins Or noble hearts; while many a knightly crest Roll'd with thein to the deep. And in the years Of my long exile and captivity, With the ferce Arab, I have watch'd beneath
The still, pale shadow of some lonely palm,
At midnight, in the desert ; while the wind
Swell'd with the lion's roar, and heavily
The fearfuluess and might of solitude
Press'd on my weary heart.
Her. (thorghitfilly). Thou little know'st
Or what is solitude !-I tell thee, those
For whom-in earth's rematest nook-howe'er
Divided from their path by chain on chain
Of mighty mountains, and the amplitude
Of roiling seas-there beats one human heart,
There breathes one being unto whom their name
Comes with a thrilling and a gladdening sound
Heard o'er the din of life ! are not alone !
Not on the deep, nor in the wild, alone;
For there is that on earth with which they hold
A brotherhood of soul !-Call him alone,
Who stands shut out from this!-And let not those
Whose homes are bright with sunshine and with love,
Put on the insolence of happiness,
Glorying in that proud lot :-A lonely hour
Is on its way to each, to all ; for Death
Knows no companionship.
Gar. I have look'd on Death
In field, and storm, and flood. But never yet
Hath aught weigh'd down my spirit to a mood
Of sadness, dreaming o'er dark auguries,
Like this, our watch by midnight. Fearful things

Are gathering round us. Death upon the earth, Omens in Heaven !-The summer-skies put forth No clear bright stars above us, but at times, Catching some comet's fiery hue of wrath, Marshal their clouds to armies, traversing
Heaven with the rush of meteor-steeds, the array
Of spears and banners, tossing like the pines
Of Pyrenean forests, when the storm
Doth sweep the mountains.
Her. Aye, last night I too
Kept vigil, cazing on the angry heaveus;
And I beheid the meeting and the shock
Of those wild hosts i' th' air, when, as they closed, A red and sultry mist, like that which mantles The thunder's path, fell o'er them. Then were flung Thro' the dull glare, broad cloudy banners forth, And chariots seen'd to whirl, and steeds to sink, Bearing down crested warriors. But all this Was dim and shadowy ;-then swift darkness rush'd Down on th' unearthly battle, as the deep
Swept o'er the Egyptian's armament.-1 look'd-
And all that fiery field of plumes and spears
Was blotted from heaven's face !-I look'd again-
And frou the brooding mass of cloud lenp'd forth
One meteor-sword, which o'er the reddening sea
Shook with strange motion, such as earthquakes give
Unto a rocking citadel !-I beheld,
And yet my spirit sunk not.
Gar. Neither deem
That mine hath blencl'd. - But these are sights and sounds
To awe the firnest. -Knows't thou what we hear
At midnight from the walls? - Were't but the deep
liarbaric horn, or Moorisht tambour's peal,
Thence might the warrior's heart catch impulses,
Quichening iss ficry currents. But our ears
Are pierced by other tones. We hear the knell
Yor brave men in their noon of strenglh cut down, And the slrill wail of woman, and the dirge
Faint swelling thro' the streets. Then e'en the air
Halh strange and fiful murmurs of lament,
As if the viewless watchers of the land
Sigh'd on its hollow breezes !-To my soul,
7hie torrent-rush of battle, with its din
of trampling steeds and ringing panoply,
Were, alter bese faint sounds of drooping woe,
As the free sky's glad music unto him
Who leaves a couch of sickness.

Hir. (uivh solemnity). If to plunge
In the mid-waves of combat, as they bear Chargers and spearmen onwards; and to make
A reckless bosom's front the buoyant mark
On that wild current, for ten thousand arrows;
If thus to dare were valour's noblest aim,
Ligbtly might fame be won !-bat there are things
Which ask a spirit of more exalted pitch,
And courage temper'd with a holier fire!
Well mayst thou say, that these are fearful times,
Therefore be firm, be patient !-There is strength, And a fierce instinct, e'en in common souls, To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,
When red swords meet in lightning!-But our task
Is more, and nobler !-We have to endure,
And to keep watch, and to arouse a land,
And to defend an altar !-If we fall,
So that our blood make but the millionth part
Of Spain's great ransom, we may count it joy
To die upon her bosom, and beneath
The banner of her faith !-Think but on this, And gird your hearts with silent fortitude, Suffering, yet boping all things-Fare ye well.

Gar. Father, farewell. [Excout Gascias and his folloturs.
Hor. These men have earthly ties
And bondage on their natures :-To the cause
Of God, and Spain's revense, they bring but half
Their energies and hopes. But he whom Heaven
Hath call'd to be th' awakener of a land,
Should have his soul's affections all absorb'd
In that majestic purpose, and press on
To its fulfilment, as a mountain-born
And mighty stream, with all its vassal-rills
Sweeps proudly to the oce:an, pausing not To dally with the fiowers.

Hark! What quick step
Comes burrying throush the gloom at this dead hour:
Elamse entirs.
Elm. Are not all hours as one to misery ?- Why
Should she take note of time, for whom the day
And night have lost their blessed attributes Of sunshine and repose?

Her. I know thy griefs;
But there are trials for the noble heart
Wherein its own deep fountains must supply
All it can hope of comfort. Pity's voice

Comes rith vain sweetness to th' unheeding ear Of anguish, e'en as music heard afar On the green shore, by him who perishes Midst rocks and eddying wators. Elm. Think thou not
I sought thee but for pity. I am come
For that which grief is privileged to demand
With an imperious claim, from all whose form, Whose human form, doth seal them unto suffering!
Father ! I ask thine aid.
Mor. There is no aid
For thee or for thy children, but with Him
Whose presence is around us in the cloud,
As in the shining and the glonious light.
E/m. There is no aid!-Art thou a man of God?
Art thou a man of sorrow- (for the world
Doth call thee such)-and hast thou not been taught
By God and sorrow-mighty as they are,
To own the claims of misery?
Mir. Is there power
With me to save thy sons?-Implore of Heaven!
Elm. Doth not Heaven work its purposes by man?
I tell thee, thow canst save them :-Art thou not
Conzalez' counsellor?-C'into him thy words
Are e'en as oracles
Her. And therefore?-Speak:
The noble daughter of Pelayo's line
Hath nought to ask, unworthy of the name
Which is a nation's heritage-Dost thou shrink ?
Elon. Hare pity on me, father!-I must speak
That, from the thonght of which, but yesterday,
I had recoild in scorn !-Eut this is past.
Oh! we grow humble in our agonies,
And to the dust-their birth-place-bow the heads
That wore the crawn of glory :- I am weak-
My chastening is far more than I can bear.
Her. These are no times for weakness. On our hills
The ancient cedars, in their gather'd mi'sht,
Are tauling with the tempest; and the flower
Which cannot meet its driving blast must die-
But thou hast drawn thy nurrure from a stem
Linwont to bend or break.- Lift thy proud head,
Laughter of Spain ?- What wouldst thou with thy lotd?
Lim. Look not upon me thus :-I have no power
To tell thee. Take thy keen disdainful eye
Off from my soul !-What! am I sunt to this?
I, whose hlood sprung from heroes :-How my sors

Will scorn the mother that would bring disgrace
On their majestic line !-My sons ! my sons !-
Now is all else forgotten !-I had once
A babe that in the early spring-time lay
Sickening upon my bosom, till at last,
When earth's young flowers were opening to the sun,
Death sunk on his meek eyelid, and I deem'd
All sorrow light to mine !-But now the fate
Of all my children seems to brood above me
In the dark thunder-clouds!-Oh! I have power
And voice unfaltering now to speak my prayer
And my last lingering hope, that thou shou'dst win
The father to relent, to save his sons!
Hor. By yielding up the city?
Elm. Rather say
By meeting that which gathers close upon us
Perchance one day the sooner!-Is't not so?
Must we not yield at last?-How long shall man
Array his single breast against disense,
And famine, and the sword?
Her. How long?-While he,
Who shadows forth his power more gloriously
In the high deeds and sufferings of the soul,
Than in the circling heavens, with all their stars,
Or the far-sounding deep, doth send abroad
A spirit, which takes affliction for its mate,
In the good cause, with solemn joy!-How long? -
And who art thon, that, in the littleness
Of thine own selfish purpose, wouldst set bounds
To the free current of all noble thought
And generous action, bidding its bright waves
Be stay'd, and flow no further ?-But the lower
Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs,
To chain them in from wandering, hath assign'd
No limits unto that which man's high strength
Shall, through its aid, achieve !
Elm. Oh ! there are times,
When all that hopeless courage can achieve
But sheds a mournful beauty o'er the fate
Of those who die in vain.
Hot. Who dies in vain
Upon his country's war-fields, and within
The shadow of her altars?-Feeble heart !
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood,
Thus pour'd for faith and freedom, hath a tone
Which, from the night of ages, from the gulf
Of death, shall burst, and make its high appeal


And perish'd by her temples, sink awhile,
Borne down in conflict!-But immortal seed
Deep, by heroic suffering, hath been sown
On all her ancient hills; and generous hope
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall yet
Bring forth a glorious harvest !-Earth receives
Not one red drop, from faithful hearts, in vain.
E/m. Then it must be !-And ye will make those lives,
Those young bright lives, an offering-10 retard
Our doom one day !
Her. The mantle of that day
May wrap the fate of Spain!
E/m. What led me here?
Why did I tum to the in my despair?
Love hath no ties upon thee; what had I
To hope from thie, thou lone and childless man !
Go to thy silent home !-there no young voice
Shall bid thee welcome, no light footstep spring
Forth at the sound of thine!-What knows thy heart?
Hes: Woman! how dar'st thou taunt me with my woes?
Thy children too shall perish, and I say
It shall be well !-Why tak'st thou thought for thein?
Wearing thy heart, and wasting down thy life
Unto its dregs, and making night thy time
Of care yet more intense, and casting health,
Unpriz'd, to melt away, $i^{\prime}$ th' bitter cup
Thou minglest for thyself ?-Why, what hath earth
To pay thee back for this?-Shall they not live,
(If the sword spare them now) to prove how soon
All love may be forgotten?- Years of thought,
Long faithful watchings, looks of tendemess,
That changed not, though to change be this world's law?
Shall they not flush thy cheek with shame, whose blood Marks, e'en like branding iron?-to thy sick heart
Make death a want, as sleep to weariness?
Iboth not all hope end thus? - or e'en at best,
Will they not leave thee? -far from thee seek room
For th' overflowings of their fiery souls,
On life's wide octan ?-Give the lounding steed,
Or the wing'd bark to youth, that his free course
May be o'er hills and seas : and weep thou not
In thy forsaken home, for the bright world
I.ies all before him, and be sure he wastes

No thought on thee!
Elm. Not so ! it is not so !

Thon dost but torture me !-My sons are kind, And brave, and gentle.
Her. Others too have worm
The semblance of all good. Nay, stay thee yet;
1 will be calm, and thou shalt learn how earth,
The fruitful in all agonies, hath woes
Which fat ontweigh thine own. Eln. It may not be !
Whose grief is like a mother's for her sons?
Hor. ARy son lay stretch'd upon his battle-bier,
And there were hands wrung o'er him, which had cought
Their hue from his young blood!
F:In. What tale is this?
Her. Read you no records in this mien, of thaggs
Whose traces on man's aspect are not such
As the breeze leaves on water?-Lofty birth,
War, peril, power?-Afliction's hand is strong,
If it erase the haughty characters
They grave so dleep :-I have not always been
That which $I$ am. The name $I$ bore is not
Of those which perish !-I was once a chief-
A warior!-nor as nov, a lonely man!
I was a father!
Elon. Then thy heut can fol!
Thou wilt have pity!
Her. Should I pity the 1
Thy sons will persh gloriously -their blook -un
Elm, Their blood! my children's blood!-thou speak'st as 'twere
Of casting downi a wine-cup, in the mirth
And wantonness of feasting !-My fair boys :-
Man ! hast thor been a father?
Her. Let then die !
Let them die norv, thy children ! so thy heart
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimm'd,
Within it, to the last ! Nor shalt thou learn
The bitter lesson, of what worthless dust
Are fiamed the idols, whose false glory binds
Earth's fetters on our souls !-Thou think'st it much
To mourn the enily dead; but there are tears
Heavy with deeper anguish ! We endor
Those whom we love, in out foud pasisionate blindness,
With power upon our souls, too absolute
To be a mortal's trust ! Widtin their hands
We lay the flaming sword, whose stroke alone
Can reach our hearts, and they are merciful,
As they are strong, that wield it not to pierce us :-

> Sige of Valania.

73
Aye, fear them, fear the lored :-Had I but wept
O'er my son's grave, as o'er a babe's, where tears
Are as spring dew-drops, glittering in the sun, And brightening the young verdure, $/$ might stiel Have loved and trusted !

E/m. (disdaivfull/y). Dat he fell in war!
And hath not glory medicine in her cup
For the brief pangs of nature? IIr. Glory!-Peace,
And listen !-By my side the stripling grew,
Last of my line. I rear'd hino to take joy
I' th' blaze of arms, as eagles train their young
To lock upon the day-king!-His quick blond
Ev'n to his boyish cheek would mantle up,
When the heavens rang with trumpets, and his cye
Flash with the spirit of a race whose deeds-
But this availeth not :-Yet he zans brave.
l've seen him clear himself a path in fight As lightning through a forest, and his plume
Waved like a torch, above the batle-storm,
The soldier's guide, when princely crests had sunk, And bauners were struck down.-Around my steps Floated his fame, dike music, and I lived
But in the lofty sound. But when my heart
In one frail ark had ventur'd all, when most
He seem'd to stand between my scul and hearen, Then came the thunder-stroke!

E/m. 'Tis ever thus !
And the unquiet and fortboding sense
That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself
Darkly with all deep luve !-He died?
Her. Yot so!-
Death! Death!-Why, earth should be a paradise,
To make that name so fearful !-Had he died,
With bis young fame alout bin for a shroud,
I had not learid the might of agony,
To bring prond natures low :- io : he fell of-
Why do I tell thee this?-What right hast tiou
To learn how pass'd the glory from my house?
let listen :- He forsook me:- He, that was
As mine own soul, forsook me! trampled o'er
The ashes of his sires!-Aye, leagued bimself
E'en with the infidel, the curse of Spain,
And, for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,
Abjured his faith, his God !-Now talk of death!
E/m. Oh! I can pity thee -
Kir. There's more to tear.

I braced the corslet o'er my heart's deep wound,
And cast my troubled spirit on the tide
Of war and high events, whose stormy waves
Might bear it up from sinking; EIm. And ye met
No more?
Her. Be still !-We did!-we met once more.
God had his own high purpose to fulfil,
Or think'st thou that the sun in his bright heaven
Had look'd upon such things ?-We met one morr: -
That was an hour to leave its lightning-mark
Sear'd upon brain and bosom !-there had been
Combat on Ebro's banks, and when the day
Sank in red clouds, it faded from a held
Still held by Moorish lances. Night closed round,
A night of sultry darkness, in the shadow
Of whose broad wing, ev'n unto death I strove
Long with a turban'd champion; but my sword
Was heavy with God's vengeance-and prevaild.
He fell-my heart exulted-and I stood
In gloomy triumph o'er him-Nature gave
No sign of horror, for 'twas Heaven's decree!
He strove to speak-but I had done the work
Of wrath too well-yet in his last deep moan
A dreadful something of familiar sound
Came o'er my shuddering sense.--The moon look'd forth,
And I beheld-speak not!-'twas he-my son !
My boy lay dying there ! He raised one glance,
And knew me-for he sought with feeble hand
To cover his glazed eyes. A darker veil
Sank o'er them soon. - I will not tave thy look
Fix'd on me thus !-Away!
Elm. Thou hast seen this,
Thou hast done this-and yet thou liv'st?
Hir. I live!
And know'st thou wherefore :-On my soul there fell
A horror of great darkness, which shut out All earth, and beaven, and hope. I cast away The spear and helm, and made the cloister's shade The home of $m y$ despair. But a deep voice Came to me through the gloom, and sent its tones
Far through my bosom's depths. And I awoke,
Aye, as the mountain cedar doth shake off
Its weight of wintry snow, e'en so I shook
Despondence from my soul, and knew myself
Seal'd by that blood wherewith my hands were dyed, And set apart, and feaffully mark'd out

Sitge of Valentia.
Unto a mighty task !-To rouse the soul Of Spain, as from the dead : and to lift up
The cross, her sign of victory, on the hills,
Gathering her sons to battle !-And my voice
Must be as freedon's trumpet on the winds,
From Roncesvalles to the blue sea-waves
Where Calpe looks on Afric; till the land
Have fill'd her cup of vengeance !-Ask me now
To yield the Christian city, that its fanes
May rear the minaret in the face of Heaven :-
But death shall have a bloodier vintage-feast
Ere that day come!
Elm. I ask thee this no more,
For I am hopeless now. - But yet one boon-
Hear me, by all thy woes !-Thy voice hath power
Through the wide city-here I cannot rest :-
Aid me to pass the gates!
Her. And wherefore?
Elim. Thou,
That wierta a father, and art now-alone!
Canst thou ask "wherefore?"-Ask the wretch whose sauds
Have not an hour to run, whose failing limbs
Have but one earthly journey to perform,
Why, on his pathway to the place of death,
Aye, when the very axe is glistening cold
Upon his dizzy sighth, his pale, parch'd lip
Implores a cup of water? - Why, the stroke
Which trembles o'er lim in itself shall bring
Oblivion of all wants, yet who denies
Nature's last prayer:-I tell thee that the thinst
Which burns my spirit up is agony
To be endured no more !-And I must look
Upon my cliildren's faces, I must hear
Their voices, ere they perish !-But hath Heaven
Decreed that they must perish ?- Who shall say
If in yon Moslem camp there beats no heart
Which prayers and tears may melt?
ILir. There !-with the Moor !
I.et him fill up the measure of his guilt !-
'Tis madness all :-How wouldst thou pass th' army
Of armed foes?
Limu. Oh! free doth sorrow pass,
Free and minquestion'd, through a suffering worll ! ${ }^{2}$
Her. This must not be. Enough of woe is laid
E'en now, upon my lord's heroic soul,
For man to bear, unsinking. l'ress thou not
Too heavily th' o'erburrlien'd heart.-Away!
Siese of Vaiencia.

Bow down the knee, and send thy prayers for strength
C'p to Heaven's gate.-Farewell! !
[Exit Hersandez Eln. Are all men thus?-
Why, wer't not better they should fall e'en now Than live to shut their hearts, in haughty scorn, Against the sufferer's pleadings :-But no, no! Who can be like this man, that slew his son, Iet wears his life still proudly, and a soul
Untamed upon his braw?

> (After a fouse.)

There's one, whose arms
Have borne my children in their infancy,
And on whose knees they sported, and whose hand Hath led them oft-a vassal of their sire's; And I will seek him : he may lend me aid, When all beside pass on.

## Dikge heard Withoct.

Thou to thy rest art gone, Migh heart ! and what are we, While ofer our heads the storm sweeps on, That we should moum for thee?

Free grave and peaceful bier To the buried son of Spain ! To those that live, the lance and spear, And well if not the chain!

He thairs to weep the dead As they sit beneath their rines,
Whose flowery land hath borne no tread Of spoilers o'er its shrines!

Thou hast thrown off the load Which we must yet sustain, And pour our hlood where thime hath flow'd, Too blest if not in rain!

We give thee holy rite, Slow knell, and chaunted strain !-
For those that fall to-morrow night, May be left no funeral-train.

> Sirge of Valcncia.

A sain, when trumpets wake, We must brace our armour on ;
But a deeper note thy sleep must breakThou to thy rest art gone!

Happier in this than all, That, now thy race is run,
C-pon thy name no stain may fall,
Thy work hath well been done !
E/m. "Thy work hath well been done!"-50 thou mayst rcst!
There is a solemn lesson in those rrordsBut now I may not pause.
[Exit Elmisis.

SCEAE-A Strect in the City.
Hersandez, Goszalez.
Mir. Would they not hear?
Gor. They heard, as one tinat stands
By the cold grave which bath but newly closed
O'er his last friend, doth hear some passer-by
lid him be comforted !--Their hearts have died
Wihin them !-We must perish, not as those
That fall when battle's voice doth shake the hills,
And peal through Heaven's great arch, but silently,
And with a rasting of the spirit down,
A quenching, day by day, of some bright spark,
Which lit us on our toils!-Reproach me not;
My soul is darken'd with a beary cloud-
Yet fear not I shall yield!
Hir. Breathe not the word,
Save in proud scom !-Each bitter day, o'crpass'd
By slow endurance, is a triumph won
For Spain's red cross. And be of trusting heart !
A few brief hours, and those that turn'd away
In cold despondence, shrinking from your voice,
May crowd around their leader, and demand
To be array'd for battle. We must watch
For the swift impulse, and await its time,
As the bark waits the ocean's. You have choses
To kindle up their souls, an hour, perchance,
When they were weary; they had cait aside

Their arms to slumber; or a knell, just then With its deep hollow tone, had made the blood Creep shuddering through their veins; or they had caught A glimpse of some new meteor, and shaped forth Strange omens from its blaze.

Gon. Alas! the cause

- Lies deeper in their misery !-I have seen, In my night's course through this beleaguer'd city Things, whose remembrance doth not pass away
As vapours from the mountains.-There were some,
That sat beside their dead, with ejes, wherein
Grief had ta'en place of sight, and shut out all
But its own ghasily object. To my voice
Some answerd with a fierce and bitter laugh,
As men whose agonies were made to pass
The bounds of sufferance, by some reckless word,
Dropt from the light of spirit. -Others lay-
Why should I tell thee, father ! how despair
Can bring the lofty brow of manhood down
Unto the very dust?-And yet for this,
Fear not that I embrace my doom-Oh God!
That 'twere $m y$ doom alone !-with less of fix'd
And solemn fortitude.-Lead on, prepare
The holiest tites of faith, that I by them
Once more may consecrate my sword, my life,-
But what are these? - Who hath not dearer lives
Twined with his own ? I shall be lonely soon-
Chiddless !-Heaven wills it so. Let us begone.
Perchance before the shrine my heart may beat
With a less troubled motion.
[Exant Gonzmlez amd Hernandez,

> SCENE-A Tout in the Morish Camp.

Ablullah, Alphonso, Carlos.

Abl. These are bold words: but hast thou looked on death, Fair stripling ?-On thy cleek and sunny brow Scarce fifteen summers of their laughing course Have left light traces. If thy shaft hath pierced The ibex of the mountains, if thy step
Hath climb'd some eagle's nest, and thon hast made
His nest thy spoil, 'tis much !-And fear'st thou not
The leader of the mighty?

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\text { Siege of Viloncia. } 79
$$

## Alth. I have been

Rear'd amonsst fearless men, and midst the rocks
And the wild hills, whereon my fathers fought
And won their battles. There are glorious tales
Told of their deeds, and I have learn'd them all.
How should I fear thee, Moor?
Abd. So, thou hast seen
Fields, where the combat's roar hath died away
Into the whispering breeze, and where wild fowers
Bloom o'er forgotten graves !-But know'st thon aught
Of those, where sword from crossinis sword strikes fire,
And leaders are borne donn, and rushing steeds
Trample the life from out the mighty hea-ts
That ruled the storm so late?-Speak not of death, Till thou hast look'd on such.

## Alh. I was not born

A shepherd's son, to dwell with pipe and crook,
And peasant-men, amidst the lowly vales;
Instead of ringing clarions, and bright spears,
And crested knights !-I am of princely race,
And, if my father would have heard my suit,
I tell thee, inficel! that long ere now,
I should have seen how lances meet; and swords
Do the field's work.
Abd. Boy ! know'st thou there are sights
A thousand times more fearful?-men may die
Full proudly, when the skies and mountains ring
To battle-horn and tecbir, *-But not all
So pass away in glory. There are those,
Midst the dead silence of pale multitudes,
Led forth in fetters-dost thou mark me, boy:-
To take their last look of th' all-gladdening sun,
And bow, perchance, the stately head of youth,
Unto the death of shame!-1 ladst thou seen this-
Alth. (to Carlos). Sweet brother, God is with us-fear thou not !
We have had heroes for our sires-this man
Should not behold us tremble.
Ald. 'There are means
To tame the loftiest matures. Yet again,
I ask thee, wilt thon, from beneath the walls,
Sue to thy sire for life; or wouldst thou die,
With this, thy brother?
sifti. Moslem! on the hills,
Around my father's castle, I have heard
The mountain-peasants, as they dress'd the rines,

- Teckir, the war-cry of the Noors and Arabs

Sirse of Valencia.
Or drove the geats, by rock and torrent, home, Singing their ancient songs; and these were all Of the Cid Campeador; and how his sword Tizona ${ }^{3}$ clear'd its way through turban'd hosts, And captured Afric's kings, and how he won Valencia from the Moor. '-I will not shame The blood we draw from him!

> (A Moorish Soditir entirs.)

Solditr. Valencia's lord
Sends messengers, my chief.
dod. Conduct them hither.
 discyised, and an Attemiant.
Corios (stringing foraing to the Athudant). Oh ! take me hence, Diego ; take me hence
With thee, that I may see my mother's face
At moming, when I wake. Here dark-brow'd men
Frown strangely, with their cruel eyes, upon ts.
Take me with thee, for thou art good and kind,
And well I know thon lor'st me, my Diego !
Add. Peace, boy !-What tidings, Christian, from thy lord?
Is he grown humbler, doth he set the lives
Of these fair nurslings at a city's worth ?
Alph. (rushing forward imationtly). Say not, he doth !Yet wherefore att thou here!
If it be so-I could weep buning tears
For very shame!-If this can lee, return!
Tell him, of all his weath, his batte-spoils,
I will but ask a war-horse and a sword,
And that beside him in the mountain-chase,
And in his halls and at his stately feasts,
My place shall be no more !-but no !-I wronss
I wrong my father!-Moor! believe it not!
He is a champion of the cross and Spain ,
Sprung from the Cid ;-and I too, I can die
As a warrior's high-bom child!
Elu. Alas! alas!
And wouklst thou die, thus early die, fair boy?
What hath life done to thee, that thou shouldst cast
Its flower array, in rery scom of heart,
Ere yet the blight be come?
Alf4. That voice doth sound-
Ahd. Stranger, who art thou!-this is mockery ! speak !
Elm. Uhrouius off a mantle onl ha:met, and cmbracing her sons). My bojs! whom I have rear'd through many hours

Siuge of Valentia.
Of silent joys and sorrows, and deep thoughts
Untold and unimagined; let me die
With you, now I have held you to my heart, And seen once more the faces, in whose light
My soul hath lived for years !
Carlos. 'Sweet mother! now
Thou shalt not leave us more.
Ald. Enough of this !
Woman! what seek'st thou here:-How hast thou dared
To front the mighty thus amidst his hosts?
Elm. Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in brasts
That set their mail against the ringing spears,
When helmets are struck down?-Thou little know'st
Of nature's marvels !-Chief ! my heart is nerved
To make its way through things which warrior-men, -
Aye, they that master death by field or flood,
Would look on, ere they braved :-I have no thought,
No sense of fear!-Thou'rt mighty ! but a soul
Wound up like mine is mightier, in the power
Of that-one feeling, pour'd through all its depths,
Than monarchs with their hosts :-Am I not.come
To die with these, my children? -
Add. Doth thy faith
Bid thee do this, fond Christian?-Hast thou not
The means to save them?
Elm. I have prayers, and tears,
And agonies !-and $\mathrm{He}-\mathrm{my}$ God-the God
Whose hand, or soon or late, doth find its hour
To bow the crested head-hath made these things
Most powerful in a world where all must learn
That one deep language, by the storm call'd forth
From the bruised reeds of earth !-For thee, perchance,
Affliction's chastening lesson hath not yet
Been laid upon thy heart, and thou may'st love
To see the creatures, by its might brought low,
Humbled before thee,
[She ihrows herself at his feit.
Conqueror ! I can kneel!
I, that drew birth from princes, bow myself
E'en to thy feet! Call in thy chiefs, thy slaves,
If this will swell thy triumph, to behold
The blood of kings, of heroes, thus abased !
Do this, but spare my sons!
Alph. (attenptitng to raise her). Thou shouldst not kneel
Unto this infidel!-Rise, rise, my mother!
This sight doth shame our house!
Abl. Thou daring boy!
They that in arms have taught thy father's land
c

How chains are worn, shall school that haughty mien
Unto another language. Elm. Peace, my son!
Have pity on my heart !-Oh, pardon, Chief!
He is of noble blood!-Hear, hear me yet!
Are there no lives through which the shafts of Heaven
May reach your soul?-He that loves aught on carth,
Dares far too much, if he be merciless !
Is it for those, whose frail mortality
Must one day strive alone with God and cleath,
To shut their souls against th' appealing voice
Of nature, in ter anguish ?-Warrior ! Man!
To you too, aye, and haply with your hosts,
By thousands and ten thousands marshalid round,
And your strong armour on, shall come that stroke
Which the lance wards not - Where slall your high heart
Find refuge then, if in the day of might
Woe hath lain prostrate, bleeding at your feet,
And you have pitied not?
Abd. These are vain words.
Elm. Have you no children?-fear you not to bring
The lightning on their heads?-In your own land
Doth no fond mother, from the tents, beneath
Your native palms, look o'er the deserts out,
To greet your homeward step?-You have not yet
Forgot so utterly her patient love-
For is not woman's, in all clines, the same?-
That you should scorn my prayer !-Uh, Heaven ! his eye
Doth wear no mercy!
Abd. Then it mocks you not.
I have swept o'er the mountains of your land,
Leaving my traces, as the visitings
Of storms, upon them !-Shall I now be stay'd!
Know, unto me it were as light a thing,
In this, my course, to quench your children's lives,
As, journeying through a forest, to beeak off
The young wild branches that obstruct the way
With their green sprays and leaves.
Elm. Are there such hearts
Amongst Thy works, oh God?
Abd. Kneel not to me.
Kneel to your lord ! on his resolves doth hang
His children's doom. He may be lightly won
By a few bursts of passionate tears and words.
E/m. (rising indignantly). Speak not of noble men!-he

- bears a soul
$\forall$ Vronger than love or death.

Alph. (with exultation), I knew'twas thus !
He could not fail !
Elm. There is no mercy, none,
On this cold earth!-To strive with such a world,
Hearts should be void of love:-We will go hence,
My children ! we are summon'd. Lay your heads;
In their young radiant beauty, once again
To rest upon this busom. He that dwells
Beyond the clouds which press us darkly round,
Will yet have pity, and before His face
We three will stand together! Moslem! now
Let the stroke fall at once !
Abd. 'Tis thine own will.
These might e'en yet be spared,
Elun. Thou wilt not spare !
And he beneath whose eye their childhood grew, And in whose paths they sported, and whose ear From their first lisping accents caught the sound Of that word-Father-once a name of loveIs -Men shall call him stadfast. Abd. Hath the blast
Of sudden trumpets ne'er at dead of night,
When the land's watchers fear'd no hostile step, Startled the slumberers from their dreany world, In cities, whose heroic lords have been
Stedfast as thine.
EIn. There's meaning in thine eye,
More than thy words.
Abd. (pointing to the city). Look to yon towers and walls
Think you no hearts within their limits pine,
Weary of hopeless warfare, and prepared
To burst the feeble links which bind them still
Unto endurance?
Elm. Thou hast said too well.
But what of this?
Abd. Then there are those, to whom
The Prophet's armies not as foes would pass .
Yon gates, but as deliverers. Might they not
In some still hour, when wearintss takes rest,
lie won to welcone us?-Your children's steps
May yet bound lightly through their father's lialls! Alph. (indigruantly). Thou treacherous Moor Elm. Let me not thus be tried
Beyond all strength, oh Heaven !
Abd. Now, 'tis for thec,
Thou Chistian mother! on thy sons to pass
G 2

The sentence-life or death !-the price is set
On their young blood, and rests within thy hands.
Alph, Mother ! thou tremblest!
$A b d$. Hath thy heart resolved?
Elin. (covering her face with her hands). Ny boy's proud eye is on me, and the things
Which rush, in stormy darkness, through my soul,
Shrink from his glance. I cannot answer here.
Abd. Come forth. We'll commune elsewhere.
Carlos (to his mother). Wilt thou go?
Oh! let me follow thee!
Elm. Mine own fair child !--
Now that thine eyes have pour'd once more on mine
The light of their young smile, and thy sweet voice
Hath sent its gentle music through my soul,
And I have felt the twining of thine arms-
How shall I leave thee?
$A b d$. Leave him, as 'twere but
For a brief slumber, to behold his face
At morning, with the sun's.
Alph, Thou hast no look
For me, my mother!
Elm. Oh ! that I should live
To say, I dare not look on thee !-Farewell,
My first born, fare thee well !
Alph. Yet, yet beware !
It were a grief more heavy on thy soul,
That I should blush for thee, than o'er my grave
.That thou shouldst proudly weep!
Abd. Away! we trifle here. The night wanes fast. Come forth !

Elm. One more embrace ! My sons, farewell!

> [Exiunt AbDullah widh Elmins and hir Attendant.

Alfh. Hear me yet once, my mother !
Art thou gone ?
But one word more! [He rushes out, followed by Carlos,

SCENE-The Garden of a Patace in Valcncia. Ximena, Theresa.
Cher. Stay yet awhile. A purer air doth rove
Here through the myrtles whispering, and the himes,

And shaking sweetress from the orange boughs, Than waits you in the city.
Xim. There are those
In their last need, and on their bed of denth,
At which no hand doth minister but mine
That wait me in the city. Let us hence.
Ther. You have been wont to love the music made
By founts, and rustling foliage, and soft winds.
Breathing of citron-groves. And will you turn
From these to scenes of death?
Xinn. To me the voice
Of summer, whispering through young flowers and leares,
Now speaks too deep a language! and of all
Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,
The breathing soul is sadness !-I have felt
That summons through my spirit, after which
The hues of earth are changed, and all her sounds
Seem fraught with secret warnings.-There is cause
That I should bend my footsteps to the scenes
Where Death is busy, taming warrior-hearts,
And pouring winter through the fiery blood,
And fettering the strong arm :-For now no sigh
In the dull air, nor floating cloud in heaven,-
No, not the lightest murmur of a leaf,
But of his angel's silent coming bears
Some token to my soul.-But nought of this
Unto my mother !-These are awfill hours!
And on their heavy steps, aflictions crowd
With such dark pressure, there is left no room.
For one grief more.
Ther. Sweet lady, talk not thus !
Your eye this morn doth wear a calmer light,
There's more of life in its clear tremulous ray
Than I have mark'd of late. Nay, go not yet ;
Kest by this fountain, where the liurels dip
Their glossy leaves. A fresher gale doth spring
From the transparent waters, dashing round
Their silvery spray, with a sweet voice of coolness,
O'er the pale glistening marble. 'T will call up
Faint bloom, if but a moment's, to your cheek.
Rest here, ere you go forth, and I will sing
The melody you love.
Theresa sings.
Why is the Spanish maiden's grave So far from her own bright land!

Sigge of Volducia.
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave Were sown by no kindred hand.
'Tis not the orange-bough that sends lts breath on the sultry air,
'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends To the breeze of evening there!

But the Rose of Sharon's eastern bloom By the silent dwelling fades, Andl none but strangers pass the tomb Which the Palm of Judah shades.

The lowly Crose, with flowers o'ergrown, Marks well that place of rest ;
But who hath graved, on its mossy stone, A sword, a helm, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief, A lord of the axe and spear!-
Some blosson pluck'd, some faded leaf, Should grace a maiden's bier !

Scorn not her tomb-deny not her
The honours of the brave d
O'er that forsaken sepulchre, Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried, Her fearless heart above,
And stood with brave men, side by side, In the strength and faith of love!

That strength prevaild-that faith was bless'd!
True was the javelin thrown;
let pierced it not her warrier's breast,She met it with her own!

And nobly won, where heroes fell In arms for the holy shrine,
A death which saved what she loved so well, And a grave in Palestine.

Then let the Rose of Sharon spread
Its breast to the glowing air,
And the Palm of Judah lift its head, Green and immortal there!

> Sicge of Valcncia.

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
With its trophy mark the scene,
Telling the pilgrim of the waste, Where Love and. Death have been.

Xim. Those notes were wont to make my heart beat quick, As at a voice of victory ; but to-day The spirit of the song is changed, and seems All mournful. Oh ! that ere my early grave Shnts out the sumbeam, I might hear one peal Of the Castilian trumpet, ringing forth Peneath my father's banner!-In that sound Were life to you, sweet brothers !-But for meCome on-our tasks await us. They who know Their hours are number'd out, have little time To give the vague and slumberous languor way, Which doth steal o'er them in the breath of flowers, And whisper of soft winds.

## Elmina entrs hurricily.

E/m. This air will calm my spirit, ere yet I meet Ilis eye, which must be met.-Thou here, Ximena!
[She starts back on secing Ximena.
Xim. Alas! my mother! In that hurrying step And troubled glance I read -
E/m. (widdly). Thou read'st it not!
Why, who would lire, if unto mortal eye
The things lay glaring, which within our hearts
We treasure up for God's?-Thou read'st it not !
I say, thou canst not!-There's not one on earth
Shall know the thoughts, which for themselves have made
And kept dark places in the very breast
Whereon he hath laid his slumber, till the hour
When the graves open!
Xim. Mother! what is this?
Alas! your eye is wandering, and your cheek
Flush'd, as with fever! To your woes the night
Hath brought no rest.
Lim. Rest !-who should rest?-not he
That holds one earthly blessing to his heart
Nearer than life!-No! if this world have aught
Of liright or precious, let not him who calls
Such things his oun, take rest !-Dark spirits keep watch,
And they to whom fair honour, chivalrous fame,

Were as heaven's air, the vital elepreft
Wherein thy breathed, may wake, and find their souls
Made marks for human scorn !-Will they bear on
With life struck down, and thus disrobed of all
Its glorious drapery?-Who shall tell us this?
-Will he so bear it?
Xim. Mother 1 let us kneel,
And blend our hearts in prayer !- What else is left
To mortals when the dark hour's might is on them?
-Leave us, Theresa.-Grief like this doth find
Its balm in solitucle.
[Eril Tueresa,
My mother ! peace
Is heaven's benignant answer to the cry
Of wounded spinits. Wilt thou kneel with me?
Elm. Away! 'tis but for souls unstain'd to wear
Heaven's tranquil image on their depths.-The stream
Of my dark thoughts, all broken by the storm,
Reflects but clouds and lightnings !-Didst thou speak
Of peace?-'tis fled from earth !-but there is joy!
Wild, troubled joy !-And who shall know, my child
It is not happiness !- Why, our own hearts
Will keep the secret close !-Joy, joy! if but
To leave this desolate city, with its dull
Slow knells and dirges, and to breathe again
Th' untainted mountain-air !-Butt hush ! the trees,
The flowers, the waters, must hear nought of this !
They are full of voices, and will whisper things -
We'll speak of it no more.
Xim. Oh! pitying heaven!
This grief doth shake her reason!
Elm. (startung). Hark! a step!
'Tis-'tis thy father's !-come away-not now-
He must not see us now:
Xim. Why should this be?
Gonzalez enters, and detaius Elmina.
Gon. Elmina, dost thou shun me?-Have we not,
E'en from the hopeful and the sumny time
When youth was as a glory round our brows,
Held on through life together?-And is this,
When eve is gathering round us, with the gloom
Of stormy clouds, a time to part our steps
Upon the darkening wild?
Elin. (coldly). There needs not this.
Why shouldst thou think I shum'd thee?
Gon. Should the love

> Sicge of Valucia.

That shone o'er many years, th' unfading love,
Whose only charge bath been from gladdening smiles
To mingling somows and sustaining strength,
Thus lightly be forgotten?
Elm. Speak'st thou thus?-
I have knelt before thee with that very plen,
When it avail'd me not!-But there are things
Whose very breathings on the soul erase
All record of past love, save the chill sense,
Th' unquiet memory of its wasted faith,
And rain devotedness !-Aye ! they that fix
Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth,
Have many a dream to start from!
Con. This is but
The wildness and the bitterness of grief,
Ere yet th' unsettled heart hath closed its long
Impatient conflicts with a mightier power,
Which makes all confict vain.
-Hark ! was there not
A sound of distant trumpets, far beyond
The Moorish tents, and of another tone
Than th' Afric hom, Ximena?
Xim. Oh, my father !
1 know that hom too well.-'Tis but the wind,
Which, with a sudden rising, bears its deep
And savage war-note from us, wafting it
O'er the far hills.
Gon. Alas ! this woe must be!
1 do but shake my spirit from its height
So startling it with hope !-But the dread hour
Shall be met bravely still. I can keep duwn
Yet for a little while-and Heaven will ask
No more-the passionate workings of my heart ;-
And thine-Elmina?
Einn. 'Tis-I am prepared.
I have prepared for all.
Gon. Oh, well I knew
Thou wouldst not fail me !-Not in vain my soul,
Upon thy faith and courage, hath built up
Unshaken trust.
Elm. (utidly). Away!-thou know'st me not!
Man dares too far, his rashness would invest
This our mortality with an attribute
Too high and awful, boasting that he knows
One human heart!
Gom. These are wild words, but yet
I will not doubt thee 1-Hast thou not been found

Nohle in all things, pouring thy soul's light
Undimm'd o'er cerery trial?-And, as our fates,
So must our names be, undivided !-Thine,
I th' record of a warrior's life, shall find
Its place of stainless honour.- By his side-
Eln. May this be borne?-How much of agony
Hath the heart room for?-Speak to me in wrath-
I can endure it!-But no gentle words !
No words of love! no praise !-Thy sword might slay,
And be more merciful !
Gon. Wherefore ast thou thus?
Elmina, my beloved !
EIm. No more of love !-
Have I not said there's that within my heart, Whereon it falls as living fire would fall
Upon an unclosed wound?
Gon. Nay, lift thine eyes,
That I may read their meaning !
Elm. Never more
With a free soul-What have I said ?-'twas nought !
Take thou no heed! The words of wretchedness Admit not scrutiny. Wouldst thou mark the speech
Of troubled dreams?
Gon. I have seen thee in the hour
Of thy deep spirit's joy, and when the breath
Of grief hang chilling round thee; in all change,
liright health and drooping sickness; hope and fear ;
Youth and decline; but never yet, Elmina,
Ne'er hath thine eye till now slirunk back perturb'd
With shame or dread, from mine !
Elm. Thy glance doth search
A wounded heart too deeply.
Gon. Hast thou there
Aught to conceal?
Elm. Who hath not?
Gon. Till this hour
Theu never hadst !-Xet hear me !--by the free
And unattainted fame which wraps the dust
Of thine heroic fathers--
E/m. This to me!-
Bring your inspiring war-notes, and your sounds
Of festal music ronnd a dyiug nan!
Will his heart echo them ?-But if thy words
Were spells, to call up, with each lofly tone,
The grave's most awful spirits, they would stand
Powerless, before my anguish!
Gon. Then, by her,

Who there looks on thee in the purity
Of her devoted youth, and o'er whose name
To blicht must fall, and whose pale cheek most ne'er
Furn with that detper tinge, caught painfully
From the quick feeling of dishonour.-Speak !
Unfold this mystery!-By thy sons-
Elm. My sons!
And canst then nome them?
Gen. Proudly!-Better far
They died with all the promise of their gouth,
And the fair tonour of their house upon them,
Than that with manhood's high and pissionate soul
To fearful strength umfilded, they should lire,
Iart'd from the lists of crested chiraly,
And pining, in the silence of a woe,
Which from the heart shuts daylight;-o'er the shame
Of those who gare them birth!-Eut then couldst ne'er
Forget their lofy claims !
E'M. (filid). 'Twas but for them!
'Twas for them nn's! - Who shail dare arraign
Madness of crime ?-And He who made ns, knows
There are dark moments of all hearts and lives,
Which bear down reason!
Gon. Thou, whom I hare lored
With soch high trust, as o'er our natare threw
A glory, sarce allowid;-what hast thou done? -
Ximena, go thou kence!
Eim. 太io, no! my child!
There's pity in thy look!-All other eres
Are full of wrath and scorn!-Oh ! leave me not!
Gish. That I should live to sce thee thus abosed!-
Yet speak! - What hast thou done?
Eim. I ook to the gate!
Thou'tt worn with toil-but tike no rest to-night
The westem gate :-I:s watchers have been won-
The Christian city hath been bought and sold!
They will admit the Moor!
Gin. They have been won!
Erave men and tried so lons!-Whoe work was this?
Eim. Think'st thou all bearts like thine?-Can wohers stand
To see their children perish?
Gin. Then the guilt
Was thine?
Eim. Shall moral dare to cail it grik?
I tell thee, Heaven, which made all buly things,
Male nongte more holy than the bounicias lore
Which tillis a mother's beart!-I sly, 'is woe

Enough, with such an aching tendemess,
To love aught earthly !-and in vain ! in vain !-
We are press'd down too sorely !
Gon. (in a lowe desponding voice). Now my life
Is struck to worthless ashes !-In my soul
Suspicion hath ta'en root. The nobleness
Henceforth is blotted from all hurman brows,
And fearful power, a dark and troublous gift,
Almost like prophecy, is pour'd upon me,
To read the guilty secrets in each eye
That once look'd bright with truth :-
Why then I have gain'd
What men call wisdom 1-A new sense, to which
All tales that speak of high fidelity,
And holy courage, and proud honvur, tried,
Search'd, and found steadfast, even to martyrdom,
Are food for mockery!-Why should I not cast
From my thinn'd locks the wearing helm at once,
And in the heavy sickness of my soul
Throw the sword down for ever?-Is there aught
In all this world of gilded hollowness,
Now the bright hues drop off its loveliest things,
Worth striving for again?
Ximr. Father! look up!
Turn unto me, thy child!
Gon. Thy face is fair ;
And hath been unto me, in other days,
As moming to the journeyer of the deep;
But now- ${ }^{-1}$ tis too like hers !
Elm. (falling at his fut). Woe, shame and woe,
Are on me in their might !-forgive, forgive !
Gou. (starting up). Doth the Moor deem that $I$ have part or share,
Or counsel in this vileness?--Stay me not!
Let go thy hold-'tis powerless on me now-
I linger here, while treason is at work!
[Exit Gonzalez
Ehn. Ximena, dost thou scorn me?
Xim. I have found
In mine own heart too much of feebleness,
Hid, beneath many foldings, from all eycs
But $H i$; whom nought can blind;-to dare do aught
But pity thee, dear mother!
Elm. Blessings light
On thy fair head, my gentle child, for this !
Thou kind and merciful !-My sonl is faint-
Worn with long strife!-Is there aught else to do,

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Or suffer, ere we die ?-Oh God! my sons !-
I have betray'd thern !-All their innocent blood Is on my soul 1
Xim. How shall I comfort thee?-
Oh ! hark! what sounds come deepening on the wind,
So full of solemn hope!

> (A procession of Nitns passes across the Sienc; baraing rciks, and chanting.)

## Сhast.

A sword is on the land!
He that bears down young tree and glorious flower, Death is gone forth, he walks the wind in power !
-Where is the warrior's hand?
Our steps are in the shadows of the grave,
Hear us, we perish ! Father, hear, and save!
If, in the days of song,
The days of gladness, we have call'd on Thee, When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,

And joyous hearts were strong;
Now, that alike the feeble and the brave
Must cry, " We perish !"-Father ! bear, and save!
The days of song are fled !
The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by, But they that linger soon unmourn'd must die;
-The dead weep not the dead!
Wilt thou forsake us midst the stomy wave?-
We sink, we perish!-Father, bear, and save!
Helmet and lance are dust !
Is not the strong men witherd from our eye?
The arm struck down that beld our banners high?
-Thine is our spirit's trast!
Look through the gathering shadows of the grave !
Do we not perish ?-Father, hear, and save!

## Hernandez chters.

Elm. Why comest thou, man of vengeance?-What have I To do with thee?-Am I not bow'd enough?
Thou art no mourner's comforter !
Her. Thy lord
Hath sent me unto thee. Till this day's task

Be closed, thou daughter of the feeble heart!
He bids thee seek him not, but lay thy woes
Before Heaven's altar, and in penitence
Make thy soul's peace with God.
Elm. Till this day's task
Be closed !-there is strange triumph in thine eyes-
Is it that I have fallen from that high place
Whereon I stood in fame?- But I can feel
A wild and bitter pride in thus being past
The power of thy dark glance !-My spirit now
Is wound about by one sole mighty grief;
Thy scorn hath lost its sting.-Thou mayst reproach -
Sler. I come not to reproach thee. Heaven doth work
By many agencies; and in its hour
There is no insect which the summer breeze
From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may serve
Its deep unsearchable purposes, as well
As the great ocenn, or th' elernal fires,
Pent in earth's cayes !-Thou hast but speeded that,
Which, in th' infatuate blindness of thy heart,
Thou wouldst have trampled o'er all holy ties,
But to avert one day !
Elm. My senses fail-
Thou saidst-speak yet again !-I could not catch The meaning of thy words.
Her. E'en now thy lord
Hath sent our foes defiance. On the walls
He stands in conference with the boastful Moor, And awful strength is with him. Through the blood Which this day must be pour'd in sacrifice Shall Spain be free. On all her olive-hills
Shall men set up the battle-sign of fire, And round its blaze, at midnight, keep the sense Of vengeance wakeful in each other's hearts E'en with thy children's tale !
Xim. Peace, father ! peace !
Behold slie sinks !-the storm hath done its work
Upon the broken reed. Oh ! lend thine aid
To bear herinence:
[They lead lut ctays:

SCENE-A Strict in Valencia. Several Groups of Cilisems aud Soldiers, many of then lying on the Steps of in Church. Arms scattral on the Ground around then.

An old Cititich. The air is sultry, as with thunder-couds.
I left my desolate home, that I might breathe

Siege of Valencia.
95
More freely in heaven's face, but my heart feels
With this hot gloom o'erburlhen'd. I have now
No sons to tend me. Which of you, kind friends, Will bring the old man water from the fount,
To moisten his parch'd lip?
[A citizen sois dif.
Second Cit. This wasting siege,
Good Falher Loper, hath gone hard with you !
'Tis sad to hear no voices through the house,
Once peopled with fair sons !
Third Cit. Why, better thus,
Than to be haunted with their famish'd cries,
E'en in your very dreams !
Old Cit. Heaven's will be done!
These are dark times! I have not been alone In my affiction.

Third Cit. (with bitterness). Why, we have but this thought
Left for our gloomy comfort !-And 'tis well!
Aye, let the balance be awhile struck even
Between the noble's palace and the hut,
Where the wom peasant sickens!-They that bear
The humble dead unhonour'd to their homes,
Pass now i' th' streets no lordly bridal train,
With its exulting music; and the wretch
Who on the marble steps of some proud hall
Flings himself down to die, in lis last need
And agony of famine, doth behold
No scomful guests, with their long purple robes,
To the banquet sweeping by. Why, this is just!
These are the days when pomp is made to feel
Its human mould!
Fourth Cit. Heard you last night the sound
Of Saint Jago's bell?-How sullenly
From the great tower it peal'd !
Fifth Cit. Aye, and 'tis said
No mortal hand was near when so it scem'd
To shake the midnight streets.
OAK Cit. Too well I know
The sound of coming fate :-'Tis ever thus
When Death is on his way to make it night
In the Cid's ancient house. ${ }^{5}$-Oh ! there are things
In this strange world of which we have all to learn
When its dark bounds are pass'd.--Yon Lell, unlouch'd
(Save by the hands we see not), still doth speak-
When of that line some state'y head is mark'd, -
With a wild hollow peal, at dead of night,
Kocking Valeucia's towers. I have heard it oft, Nor known its waming false.

96 Sige of Valcncia.

Fourth Cit. And will our chief
Buy with the price of his fair children's blood
A few more days of pining wretchedness
For this forsaken city ?
OLI Cil. Doubt it not!-
But with that ransom he may purchase still
Deliverance for the land!-And yet 'tis sad
To think that such a race, with all its fame,
Should pass away!-For she, his daughter too,
Moves upon earth as some bright thing whose time
To sojourn there is short.
Fifth Cit. Then woe for us
When she is gone!-Her voice-the very sound Of her soft step was comfort, as she moved Through the still house of mouming !-Who like her Shall give us hope again?
Old Cit. Be still!-she comes,
And with a mien how changed !-A hurrying step, And a flush'd cheek!-What may this bode ?-Be still !

## Ximena enters, with Attendants carrying a lametr.

Xim. Men of Valencia ! in an hour like this, What do ye here? A Cit. We die!
Xim. Brave men die now
Girt for the toil, as travellers suddenly
By the dark night o'ertaken on their way !
These days require such death !-It is too much
Of luxury for our wild and angry times,
To fold the mantle round us, and to sink
From life, as flowers that shut up silently,
When the sun's heat doth scorch them !-Hear ye not?
A Cif. Lady! what wouldst thou with us?
Xim. Rise and arm!
E'en nov the children of your chief are led
Forth by the Moor to perish !-Shall this be, Shall the high sound of such a name be hush'd, I' th' land to which for ages it hath been
A battle-word, as 'twere some passing note
Or shepherd-music?-Must this work be done,
And ye lie pining here, as men in whom
The pulse which God hath made for noble thought
Can be so thrill'd no longer?
Ci.' 'Tis even sol

Sickness, and toit, and grief, have breathed upon us, Our hearts beat faint and low:

Xim. Are ye so poor
Of soul, my countrymen! that ye can draw Strength from no deeper source than that which sends The red blood mantling through the joyous veins, Aud gives the fieet step wings?-Why, how have age And sensitive womanhood ere now endured, Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud cause, Blessing that agony?-Think ye the Power
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach
The torturer where eternal Heaven had set Bounds to his sway, was earthy, of this earth,
This dull mortality?-Nay, then look on me!
Death's touch hath mark'd me, and I stand amongst you,
As one whose place, i' th' sunshine of your world, Shall soon be left to fill!-I say, the breath Of th' incense, floating through yon fane, shall scarce Pass from your path before me! But even now I bave that within me, kindling through the dust, Which from all time hath made high deeds its voice And token to the nations;-Look on me!
Why hath Heaven pour'd forth courage, as a flame Wasting the womanish heart, which must be still'd
Yet sooner for its swift consuming brightness, If not to shame your doubt, and your despair, And your soul's torpor!-Yet, arise and arm! It may not be too late.

A Cit. Why, what are we,
To cope with hosts ?-Thus faint, and worn, and few, O'ernumber'd and forsaken, is 't for us
To stand against the mighty?
Xim. And for whom
Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath
From their high places, made the fearfulness,
And ever-wakeful presence of his power,
To the pale startled earth most manifest,
But for the weak ?- Was 't for the helm'd and crown'd
That suns were stay'd at noonday?-Stormy seas
As a rill parted ?-Mail'd archangels sent
To wither up the strength of kings with death ?-
I tell you, if these marvels have been done,
'Twas for the wearied and th' oppress'd of men,
They needed such :- And generous faith hath power
By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work
Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
Of the great elder time !-Be of good heart !
Who is forsaiken?-He that gives the thourht

A place wilhin his breast!-'Tis not for your-
Know ye this banner?
Citions (murnurring to each other). Is she not inspired?
Doth not Heaven call us by her fervent voice?
Xim. Know ye this banuer?
Cils. 'Tis the Cid's.
Xim. The Cid's!
Who breathes that name but in tb' exulting tone
Which the heart rings to ?-Why, the very wind
As it swells out the noble standard's fold
Hath a triumphant sound !-The Cid's !-it moved
Even as a sign of victory through the land,
From the free skies ne'er stooping to a foe!
Old Cit. Can ye still pause, my brelliren?-Oh ! that youih
Through this worn frame were kinding once agzin !
Xim. Ye linger still ?-Upon this very air,
He that was born in happy hour for Spain ${ }^{6}$
Pour'd forth his conquering spinit !-'Twas the breeze
From your own mountains which came down to wave
This banner of his battles, as it droop'd
Above the champion's death-bed. Nor even then
Its tale of glory closed. -They made no monn
O'er the dend hero, and no dirge was sung,?
But the deep tambour and shrill horn of war
Told when the mighty pass'd !--They wrapt him not
With the pale shroud, but braced the warrior's form
In war-array, and on his barbed steed,
As for a triumph, rear'd him ; marching forth
In the hush'd midnight from Valencia's walls,
Beleaguer'd then, as now. All silently
The stately funeral moved:-but who was he
That follow'd, charging on the tall white horse,
And with the solemn standard, broad and pale,
Waving in sheets of snow-light ?-And the cross,
The bloody cross, far-blazing from his shield,
And the fierce meteor-sword? -They fled, they fled:
The kings of Afric, with their countless hosts,
Were dust in his red path !-The scimetar
Was shiver'd as a reed!-for in that hour
The warrior-saint that keeps the watch for Spain,
Was arm'd betimes !-And o'er that fiery field.
The Cid's high banner stream'd all joyously,
For still its lord was there!
Cits. (rising tumutuoush). Even unto death
Again it shall be follow'd!
Xim. Will he sce
The noble stem hewn down, the beacon-light

Which his house for ages o'er the land
Ilah shone through cloud and storm, thus quench'd at once?
Will he not aid his children in the hour
Of this their uttermost peril ?-Awful power
Is with the holy dead, and there are times
When the tomb hath no chain they cannot burst ?-
Is it a thing forgotten, how he woke
From its deep rest of old, remembering Spain
In her great danger ?- At the night's mid-watch
How Leon started, when the sound was heard
That shook her dark and hollow-echoing streets,
As with the heavy tramp of steel-clad men,
By thousands marching through !-For he had risen I
The Campeador was on his march again,
And in his arms, and follow'd by his hosts
Of shadowy spearmen !-He had left the world
From which we are dimly parted, and gone forth,
And call'd his buried warriors from their sleep,
Gathering then round him to deliver Spain;
For Afric was upon her !-Morning broke-
Day rush'd through clouds of battle ;-but at eve
Our God hat triumph'd, and the rescued land
Sent up a shout of victory from the field,
That rock'd her ancient mountains.
The Cils. Arm! to arms!
On to our chief :- We have strength within us yet
To die with our blood roused!-Now, be the word,
For the Cid's house !
[They begin to arm themsela
Xim. Je know his battle-song?
The old rude strain wherewith his bands went forth
To strike down Paynim swords !

> (She Sints.)

## The Cin’s Battle Song.

The Moor is on his way!
With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,
And the horn o'er the blue sens ringing out,
He hath marshall'd his dark array!
Shout thourgh the vine-clad land !
That her sons on all their hills may hear, And sharpen the point of the red wolf-spear, And the sword for the brave man's hand !

H 2
(The Curlzens join in the song, while they sontinue arming themschese.)

Banners are in the field
The chief must rise from his joyous boud,
And turn from the feast ere the wine be pour'd,
And take up his father's slield!
The Moor is on his way!
Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,
And the goats roam wild through the pine-woods round !-
There is nobler work to-day !
Send forth the trumpet's call!
Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,
And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,
And arm in the banquet-hall!
And stay the funeral-train!
Bid the chanted mass be hush'd awhile,
And the bier laid down in the holy aiste,
And the moumers girt for Spain!
(They take up the bonner, and follow Xinena out. Their voices are hatard gradually dying awey at a distance.)

Ere night, must swords be red!
It is not an hour for knells and tears,
But for helmets braced, and serried spears !
To-morrow for the dead!
The Cid is in array!
His steed is barb'd, his plume waves high,
His banner is up in the sunny sky,
Now, joy for the Cross to-day!

SCENE-The walls of the City: The Plain bencath, woith the Moorish Camp and Army. Gonzalez, Garcias, Herrandez. (A wild sound of Moorish music heard from bothu.)

- Her. What notes are these in their deep mournfulness

So strangely wild?

> Sige of Palencia.

Gar. 'Tis the shill melody
Of the Moor's ancient death-song. Well I know
The rude barbaric sound, but, till this hour,
It seem'd not fearful.-Now, a shuddering chill
Comes o'er me with its tones.-Lo! from yon tent
They lead the noble boys !
Her. The young, and pure,
And beautiful victims :-'Tis on things like these
We cast our hearts in wild idolatry,
Sowing the winds with hope !-Yet this is well. Thus brightly crown'd with life's most gorgeous flowers,
And all unblemish'd, earth should offer up
Her treasures unto Heaven!
Gar. (to Gonsalis). My chief, the Moor
Hath led your child forth.
Con. (startiust). Are my sons there?
I knew they could not perish; for yon Heaven
Wou'd ne'er behold it!-Where is he that said
I was no more a father?-They look changed-
Pallid and worn, as from a prison-house!
Or is't mine eye sees dimly ?-But their steps
Seem heary as with pain.-I hear the clank-
Oh God! their limbs are fetter'd !
Abd. (coming foriuarl bertath the walls).
Christian ! look
Once more upon thy children. There is yet
One moment for the trembling of the sword;
Their doom is still with thee.
Gon. Why should this man
So mock us with the semblance of our kind?-
Moor : Moor! thou dost too daringly provoke,
In thy bold cruelty, th' all-judging One,
Who visits for such things !-1 Hast thou no sense
Of thy frail nature ?-'Twill be taught thee yet,
And darkly shall the anguish of ny soul,
Darkly and hearily, pour itself on thine,
When thou shalt cry for mercy from the dust,
And be denied !
Abd. Nay, is it not thyself
That hast no mercy and no love within thee?
These are thy sons, the nursilings of thy house;
Speak! must they live or die?
(Gon. in vident emotion). Is it Heaven's will
To try the dust it kindles for a day,
With intinite agony !-How have I drawn
This chastening on my head!-They Lloom'd around me, And my heart grew too fearless in its joy,

Glorying in their bright promise !--If we fall, Is there no pardon for our feebleness?
(Her. without speaking, holds up a Cross before Rim.)
Abd. Speak!
Gov. (snatching the Cross, and lifting it wi). Let the earth be shaken through its depths,
But this must triumph !
Ald. (coldly), Be it as thou wilt.-
Unsheath the scimitar!
[To his Guards.
Gar. (to Gonzales). Away, my chief!
This is your place no longer. There are things
No human heart, though battle-proof as yours,
Unmadden'd may sustain.
Goo. Be still! I have now
No place on earth but this!
Alph. (from beneath). Men ! give me way,
That I may speak forth once before I die !
Gar. The princely boy !-how gallantly his brow
Wears its high nature in the face of death:
Aleph. Father:
Goo. My son! my son !-Mine eldest-born !
Alp. Stay but upon the ramparts! -Fear thou not--
There is good courage in me: oh ! my father!
I will not shame thee !-only let me fall
Knowing thine eye looks proudly on thy child,
So shall my heart have strength.
Goo. Would, would to God,
That I might die for thee, my noble boy !
Alphonso, my fair son!
Al |h. Could I have lived,
I might have been a warrior!-Now, farewell!
Gut look upon me still !-I I will not blench
When the keen sabre flashes-Mark me well!
Mine eyelids shall not quiver as it falls,
So thou wilt look upon me !
Gar. (to Gonzalez). Nay, my lord!
We must begone! -Thou canst not bear it! Govt. Peace!-
Who hath told thee how much man's heart can bear i-
Lend me thine arm-my brain whirls fearfully-
How thick the shades close round!-my boy! my bor!
Where art thou in this gloom?
Gar. Let 1 s go hence:
This is a dreadful moment !
Con. Hush!-What saidst thou?


Now let me look on him !--Dost thou see aught
Through the dull mist which wraps us ?
Gar. I bebold-
Oh ! for a thousand Spaniards to rush down-m
Cor. Thou seest-My heart stands still to hear thee speak :-
There seems a fearful hush upon the air,
As 'twere the dead of night!
Gar. The hosts bave closed
Around the spot in stillness. Through the spears,
Ranged thick and motionless, I see him not;-
But now-
Gon. He bade me keep mine eye upon him,
And all is darkness round me:- Now?
Gar. A sword,
A sword, spriness upward, like a lightning burst,
Through the dark serried mass!-Its cold blue glare
Is wavering to and fro-'tis vanishd-hark!
Gon. I heard it, yes!-I heard the dull dead sound
That heavily broke the silence !- Didst thou speak ?-
I lost thy words-come nearer:
Cor. 'Twas-'tis past!-
The sword fell than!
Her. (with exulfation). Flow forth, thou noble blood!
Fount of Spain's ransom and deliverance, flow
Tncheck'd and brightly forth!-Thou kingly stream!
Blood of our heroes! Blood of martyrdom!
Which through so many warrior-liearts hast pourd
Thy fery currents, and hast made our hills
Free, by thine own free offering!-Bathe the land,
But there thou shalt not sink: -Our very air
Shall take thy colouring, and our loaded skies
O'er the' inficiel hang dark and ominous,
With battle-hues of thee!-and thy deep voice
Kising above them to the judgment-seat
Shall call a burst of gatherd vengeance down,
To sweep th' ofpressor from us!--For thy wave
Hath made his guilt run o'er!
Cion. (ondintorrins to rones himsel/). 'Tis all a dream!
There is not one-no band on earth could harm
That fair boy's graceful bead!-Why look you thus?
Ald. (fuinting to Cario. ). Christian! e'en jet thou hast a $\sin !$
Con. Fen yet!
Gir. My father! take me from these fearful men!
Wilt that mot save me, father?
Gun. (attomatne to whithath his sutom). Is the strengta
From mine arm shiver'd?-Carcias, folluw me:

Gar. Whither, my chief?
Gor. Why, we can die as well
On yonder plain,-ay, a spear's thrust will do The little that our misery doth require,
Sooner than e'en this anguish ! Life is best
Thrown from us in such moments.
[Voics heard at a distonce.

- Her. Hush! what strain

Floats on the wind?
Gar. 'Tis the Cid's battle-song!
What marvel bath been wrought?
[Voices approaching havä in chonus.
The Moor is on his way!
With the tambour peal and the tecbir shout, And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,

He hath marshall'd his dark array !
XIMENA emters, followed by the CITIZENS, with the Banner.
Xim. Is it too late ?-My father, these are men
Through life and death prepared to follow thee
Beneath this banner :-Is their zeal ton late? Oh! there's a fearful history on thy brow!
What hast thou seen?
Gar. It is not all too late.
Xim, My brothers !
Her. All is well.
(To Garcias.) Hush ! wouldst thou chill
That which hath sprung within them, as a flame
From th' altar-embers mounts in sudden brightuess?
I say, 'lis not too late, ye men of Spain!
On to the rescue!
Xim. Bless me, oh my father!
And I will hence, to aid thee with my proyers,
Sending my spirit with thee through the storm,
Lit up by flashing swords!
Gon. (falling upon her neck). Hath aught been spared?
An I not all bereft?-Thou'rt left me still!
Mine own, my loveliest one, thou'rt left me still!
Farewell !--thy father's blessing, and thy God's,
Be with thee, my Xinena!
Xim. Fare thee well!
If, ere thy steps turn homeward from the field,
The voice is hush'd that still hath welcomed thee, Think of me in thy victory !
Siege of Valentia.

Her. Peace! no moxe!
This is no time to melt our nature down
To a soft stream of tears !-Be of strong heart 1 Give me the banner ! Swell the song again!

## The Citizens.

Ere night, must swords be red ! It is not an hour for knells and tears, But for helmets braced and serried spears!-To-morrow for the dead:
[Exewut ommes.

SCENE-Before the Altar of a Church.
Elmban rises from the steps of the Altar.
Elm. The clouds are fearful that o'erhang thy ways, Oh, thou mysterious Heaven!-It cannot be That I bave drawn the vials of thy wrath,
To burst upon me through the lifting up
Of a proud beart, elate in happiness!
No! in my day's full noon, for me life's flowers
But wreath'd a cup of trembling; and the love, The boundless love, my spinit was form'd to bear, ITath ever, in its place of silence, been
A trouble and a shadow, tinging thought
With hues too deep for joy !-I never look'd
On my fair children, in their buoyant mirth,
Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air
Seem'd glowing with their quiet blessedness,
Dut o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense
Of earth, and its pale clanges ; even like that
Which vagucly ningles with our glorious dreams,
A restless and disturbing consciousness
That the bright things must fade!-How have I shrunk
From the dull murmur of th' unquiet voice,
With its low tokens of mortality,
Till my heart fainted midst their smiles !-their smiles :-
Where are those glad looks now !-Could they go down,
With all their joyous light, that seem'd not earth's,
To the cold grave?-My children!-Righteous Heaven!
There fioats a dark remenibrance o'er my brain

Of one who told me, with relentless eye, That this should be the hour!

Ximena enters.
Xinl. They are gone forth
Unto the rescue !-strong in heart and hope, Faithful, though few !-My mother, let thy prayers Call on the land's good saints to lift once more The sword and cross that sweep the field for Spain. As in old battle ; so thine arms e'en yet May clasp thy sons !-For me, my part is done ! The flame, which dimly might have linger'd yet
A little while, bath gather'd all its rays
Brightly to sink at once; and it is well!
The shadows are around me; to thy heart
Fold me, that I may die.
Elm. My child! - What dream
Is on thy soul?-Even now thine aspect wears
Life's brightest inspiration !
Xim, Death's!
Elm. Away!
Thine eye hath starry clearness, and thy cheek
Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue
Than tinged its earliest flower !
Xim. It well may be!
There are far deeper and far warmer hues
Than those which draw their coloaring from the founts
Of youth, or health, or hope.
$\dot{E} / m$. Nay, speak not thus!
There's that about thee shining which would send
E'en through my heart a sunny glow of joy,
Were't not for these sad words. The dim cold air
And solemn light, which wrap these tombs and shrines
As a pale gleaming shroud, seem kindled up
With a young spirit of ethereal hope
Caught from thy mien !-Oh no! this is not death !
Xim. Why should not He, whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes of benuty when He comes
As a deliverer? - He hath many forms,
They should not all be fearful!-If his call
Ee but our gathering to that distant land
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer-winds, a voice of melody,
Solemn, jet love'y ?--Mother ! I depart!-
Siege of Valencia.

Be it thy comfort, in the after-days, 7 Itat thou hast seen me thus !

Llm. Distract me not
With such wild fears ! Can I bear on with life When thou at gone? -Thy voice, thy step, thy smile, Pass'd fron my path ?-Alas ! even now thine eye Is changed-lhy check is fading!

Xim. Ay, the clouds
Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight,
And yet I fear not, for the Cod of Help
Comes in that quiet darkness !-It may soothe Thy waes, my mother! if I tell thee now, With what glad calmness I behold the veil Falling between me and the woild, wherein My heart so ill hath rested.

Eim. Thine!
Xim. Rejoice
For her, that, when the garland of her life
Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried,
Received her - immons hence ; and had no time,
Bearing the canker at th' impatient heart,
To wither, sorrowing for that gift of Heaven, Which lent one moment of existence light,
That dimm'd the rest for ever!
Elm. How is this?
My child, what mean'st thou?
Xim. Mother! I have loved,
And been beloved :-the sunbean of an hour,
Which gave life's hidden treasures to mine eye,
As they lay shining in their secret founts,
Went out, and left them colourless.--'Tis past-
And what remains on earth ?-the rainbow mist,
Through which I gazed, hath melted, and my sight
Is cleard to look on all things as they are !-
But this is far too mournful ! Life's dark gift
Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me!-
Therefore I would go hence !
Elm. And thou hast loved
Unknown
Xim. Oh! pardon, pardon that I veil'd
My thoughts from thee !-But thou hadst woes enough, And mine came o'er me when thy soul had need
Of more than mortal strength!-For I had scarea
Given the deep consciounness that I was loved
A treasure's place within my secret heart,
When earth's bricf joy went from me!
'Twas at mom

I saw the warriors to their field go forth, And he-my chosen-was there amongst the rest, With his young glorious brow !-I look'd again-
The strife grew dark beneath me-but his plume
Waved free above the lances.- Yet again--
It had gone down! and steeds were trampling o'er
The spot to which mine eyes were riveted,
Till blinded by th' intenseness of their gaze -
And then-at last-I hurried to the gate,
And met him there!-I met him !-on his shield,
And with his cloven helm, and sliver'd sword,
And dark bair steep'd in blood!-They bore him past-
Mother!-I saw his face!-Oh! such a death
Works fearful changes on the fair of earth,
The pride of woman's eye!
Elm. Sweet daughter, peace!
Wake not the dark remembrance; for thy frame-
Xim.-There will be peace ere long. I shut my heart,
Even as a tomb, o'er that lone silent grief,
That I might spare it thee!--But now the hour
Is come when that which would have pierced thy soul
Shall be its healing balm. Oh ! weep thou not,
Save with a gente sorrow !
Elm. Must it be?
Art thou indeed to leave me?
Xim. (exulfingly). Be thou glad!
I say, rejoice above thy favourd child !
Joy, for the soldier when his ficld is fought,
Soy, for the peasant when his vintage-task
Is closed at eve!-But most of all for her,
Who, when ber life bad changed its glittering robes
For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling
So heavily around the joumeyers on,
Cast down its weight-and slept!
Elm. Alas ! thine eye
Is wandering-yet how brightly!-Is this death,
Or some high wondrous vision?-Speak, my child!
How is it with thee now?
Xim. (widlly). I see it still!
'Tis tloating, like a glorious cloud on high,
My father's banner!-Hear'st thou not a sound!
The trumpet of Castile?-Praise, praise to Heaven !-
Now may the weary rest!-Be still !-Who calls
The night so fearful? $\qquad$ -
[she dios.
Elm, No! she is not dead !-
Ximena!-speak to me!-Oh! yet a tone
From that sweet voice, that I may gather in

One more remembrance of its lovely sound, Ere the deep silence fall !-What! is all hush'd:No, no!-it cannot be !-How should we bear The dark misgivings of our souls, if Heaven Left not such beings with us?-But is this
Her wonted look ?-too sad a quiet lies
On its dim fearful beauty !--Spenk, Ximena ! Speak !-my heart dies within me!-She is gone, With all her blessed smiles !-My child ! my child !
Where art thou:-Where is that which answer'd me,
From thy soft shining eyes?-Hush : doth she move?One light lock seem'd to tremble on her brow, As a pulse throbb'd beneath;-'twas but the voise Of my despair that stirr'd it !-She is gone!

## [She throus herself on the body. Gonzalez enters, alone, and wounded.

Elm, (rising as he afproaches). I must not now be scon'd:No, not a look,
A whisper of reproach !-Behold my woe!-
Thou canst not scorn me now !
Gon. Hast thou heard all ?
Elm. Thy daughter on my bosom laid her head,
And pass'd away to rest.- Behold her there,
Even such as death hath made her ! ${ }^{5}$
Gon. (bending ofer Ximena's body). Thou art gone
A little while before me, oh, my child!
Why should the traveller weep to part with those
That scarce an hour will reach their promised land
Ere he too cast his pilgrim staff away,
And spread his couch beside them?
Elm. Must it be
Henceforth enough that once a thing so fair
Had its bright place amongst us?-Is this all,
Left for the years to come?-We will not stay !
Earth's chain each hour grows weaker.
Con. (still sacing upon Ximena). And thou'rt haid
To slumber in the shadow, blessed child!
Of a yet stainless altar, and beside
A saimted warrior's tomb!-Oh, fitting place
For thee to yield thy pure heroic soul
Back unto Him that gave it !-And thy cheek
Yet sniles in its bright paleness !
Elm. Hadst thou seen
The look with which she pass'd!
Gon. (still besding oiter har). Why, 'tis almost
Suge of Tumak.

Like joy to view thy leautiful reposse!
The faded image of that periect calin
Floats, e'en as long-forgoten nusic, back
Into my weary heart !-No dark wild spot
On thy clear brow dosh tell of bloody hanls
That quench'd young life by violence! - We have seen
Too much of horror, in one crowded hour,
To weep for aught, so gently gather'd hence !-
Oh! man leares other traces!
Elm. (suthtethtr starting). It returns
On my bewider'd soul!- Went ye not forth
Unto the rescue ?--And thourt here alone !-
Where are my sons?
Gon. (whemmly). We were too late!
Elm. Too late!
Hast thou nousht else to tell me?
Gon. I brought back
From that last field the banner of my sires,
And my own death-wound.
Eim. Thine!
Gon. Another hour
Shall hush its throbs for ever. I go hence,
And with me
Elm. So!-Man coeld not lin his hands-
Where hast thou left thy sons?
Gon, I hrie no sons.
Elm. What hast thou said?
Gon. That now there lives not one
To wear the glory of mine ancient house,
When I am gone to rest.
Eim. (throving haself on the ground, and stazking in a yow hurriad ame.
In one brief hour, all gone!-and smih a death !-
I see their blood gush forth !- their graceful heads-
-Take the dark vision from me, oh, my God!
And such a death for thems:-I was not there!
They were but mine in teauty and in joy,
Not in that mertal anguish:-All, all sone !Why shouid I strucgle mere?- What is this Fower,
Against whose might, on all sides pressing us,
We strive with fierce impatience, which but lays
Our own frail spirits prostrate?

> (-Afor a lous fause.)

## Now I know

Thy hand, my God !-and they are soonest crush'd


That nost withstand it !-I resist no more.
(She rises.)
A light, a light springs up from grief and death, Which with its solemn radiance doth reveal
Why we have thus been tried!
Gon. Then I may still
Fix my last look on thee, in holy love,
Parting, but yet with hope!
Elm. (falling at his fal). Canst thou forgive?-
Oh ! I lave driven tine arrow to thy heart,
That should have buried it within mine own,
And bome the pang in silence!-I have cast
Thy life's fair honour, in my wild despair,
As an unvalued gen upon the waves,
Whence thou hast snatch'd it back, to bear from earth,
All stairless, on thy breast.-Well hast thou done-
But I-canst thou forgive:
Con. Within this hour
I have stood upon that verge whence mortals fall,
And learn'd how 'tis with one whose sight grows dim,
And whose foot trembles on the gulf's dark side.-
Deatly purifies all feeling-We will part
In pity and in love.
FIIn. Death!-And thou too
Art on thy way !-Oh, joy for thee, high heart!
Glory and joy for thee !-The day is closed,
And well and nobly hast thou bome thyself
Through its long battle-toils, though many swords
Have enter'd thine own soul! -But on my head
Recoil the fierce invokings of despair,
And I am left far distanced in the race,
The lonely one of earth !-Ay, this is just.
I am not worthy that upon my breast
In this, thine hour of victory, thou shouldst yield
Thy spirit unto Cod!
Gon. Thou art! thou art I
Oh! a life's love, a heart's long faithfuiness,
Ev'n in the presence of eternal things,
Wearing their chasten'd beauty all undimm'd,
Assert their lofty claims; and these are not
For one dark hour to cancel :- We are here,
Before that altar which received the vows
Of our unbroken youth, and meet it is
For such a witness, in the singht of 'deaven,
And in the face of eleath, whose shadowy aram

Comes dim betreen us, to record th' exchange Of our tried hears' forgiveness. - Who are they, That in one path have joumer'd, needing not Forgiveness at its close?

## (A Citizey entirs hastioy.)

Cit. The Moors ! the Moors !
Gon. How ! is the city storm'd?
Oh! righteous Heaven!-for this I look'd not yet!
Hath all been done in vain ?-Why, then, 'tis time
For praver, and then to rest !
Cit. The sun shall set,
And not a Christian woice be left for praver,
To-night within Valencia !-Round our walls
The paynim host is gathering for th' asiault,
And we have none to guard them.
Gor. Then my place
Is here no longer.-I had boped to die
Ev'n by the altar and the sepulchre
Of my brave sires-but this was not to be!
Give me my sword again, and lead me hence
Back to the ramparts. I hare yet an hour,
And it hath still high duties-Now, my wife*
The mother of my children-of the dead-
Whom I name unto thee in steadfast hope-
Faremell!
Elm. No, sut farewell!-My soul hath risen
To mate itself with thine; and by thy side
Amidst the hurting lances I will stand,
As one on whom a brave man's love hath been
Wasted not utterly.
Gon. I thank thee, Heaven !
That I have tasted of the awful joy
Which thou hast given to temper hours like this,
With a deep sense of thee, and of thine ends
In thee dread visitings ! (To Elm.) We will not par.
But with the spirit's parting !
Elm. One faremell
To her, that mantled with sad loreliness,
Doth slumber at our feet !-My blessed child!
Oh! in thy heart's affliction thou wert strong,
And holy courage did pervade thy woe,
As light the troubled waters !-Be at peace !
Thou whose bright spint made itzelf the soul
Of ail that were around thee !-And thy lite

## Sirge of Valencia.

E'en then was struck, and withering at the core !Farewell !-thy parting look hath on me fall'n, E'en as a gleam of beaven, and I am now
More like what thou hast been !- My soul is hush'd,
For a still sense of purer worlds hath sunk
And settled on its depths with that last smile
Which from thine shone forth.-Thou hast not lived
In vain-my child, farewell !
Gon. Surely for thee
Death had no sting, Ximena !-We are blest,
To learn one secret of the shadowy pass,
From such an aspect's calmness. Yet once more
I kiss thy pale young cheek, my broken flower !
In token of th' undying love and hope,
Whose land is far away.
Exeant.

## SCENE-The Walls of the Citt.

## Hernandez.-A fou Citizens galhered ound hion.

Ihrr. Why, men have cast the teasures, which their lives Had been worn down in gathering, on the pyre, Ay, at their household hearths have lit the brand,
Ev'n from that shrine of quiet love to bear
The flame which gave their temples and their homes,
In ashes, to the winds!-They have done this,
Making a blasted void where once the sun
Look'd upon lovely dwellings; and from earth
Rauing all record that on such a spot
Childhood hath sprung, age faded, misery wept,
And frail Humanity knelt before her God;-
They have done this, in their free nobleness,
Rather than see the spoiler's tread pollute
Their holy places!-Praise, high praise be theirs,
Who have left man such lessons!-And these things,
Made your own hills their witnesses !-The sky,
Whose arch bends o'er you, and the sens, wherein
lour rivers pour their gold, rejoicing saw
The altar, and the birth-place, and the tomb,
And all memorials of man's heart and faith,
Thus proudly honour'd!-Be ye not outdone
liy the departed :-Though the godless foe
Die close upon us, we have power to snatch
The spoils of victory from bim. Be but strong !
1

A few bright torches and brief moments yet
Shall battie his flush'd hope, and we may die,
Laugling him unto scorn.-Rise, follow me,
And thon, Valencia! triumph in thy fate,
The ruin, not the yoke, and make thy towers
A beacon unto Spain!
Cit. We'll follow thee !-
Alas! for our fair city, and the homes
Wherein we rear'd our children !-But away !
The Moor shall plant no crescent o'er our fanes !
Voice (from a Tower on the Walls). Succours!-Castile! Castile!
Cits. (rushing to the spot). It is even so !
Now blessing be to Heaven, for we are saved :
Castile, Castile!
Voice (from the Tover). Line after line of spears,
Lance after lance, upon the horizon's verge,
Like festal lights from cities bursting up,
Doth skirt the plain! -In faith, a noble host!
Another Voize. The Moor hath turn'd him from our walls, to front
Th' advancing might of Spain!
Cits. (shouting). Castile! Castile!
(Gonzalez enters, supportal by Elmina and a Citizen.)
Gon. What shouts of joy are these?
Her. Hail, chieftain ! hail!
Thus ev'n in death 'tis given thee to receive
The conqueror's crown!-Behold our God hath heard,
And arm'd Himself with vengeance!-LO! they come!
The lances of Castile !
Gon. I knew, I knew
Thou wouldst not utterly, my God, forsake
Thy servant in his need! My blood and tears
Have not sunk vainly to th' attesting earth !
Praise to Thee, thanks and praise, that I have lived
To see this hour!
Elm. And I too bless Thy name,
Though thou hast proved me unto agony!
Oh, God !-Thou God of chastening!
Voice (from the Tower). They move on!
I see the royal banner in the air,
With its emblazon'd towers!
Gon. Go, bring ye forth
The banner of the Cid, and plant it here,
To stream above me, for an answering sign


Gon. Oh! well those solemn tones
Accord with such an hour, for all her life Breathed of a hero's soul!

> [A seund of trumpets ant shouting from the phum.
*Hor. Now, now they close !-Hark! what a dull dead sound
Is in the Moorish war-shout !-I have known
Such tones prophetic oft.-The shock is given-
Lo! they have placed their shields before their hearts,
And lower'd their lances with the streamers on,
And on their steeds bend forward!-God for Spain!
The first bright sparks of battle have been struck
From spear to spear, across the gleaming field !-
There is no sight on which the blue sky looks
To match with this !-'Tis not the gallant crests,
Nor banners with their glorious blazonry;
The very nature and high soul of man
Doth now reveal itself!
Gon. Oh! raise me up,
That I may look upon the noble scene!-
It will not be!-That this dull mist would pass
A moment from my sight!-Whence rose that shout,
As in fierce trinmph?
Her. (clusping his hands). Mast I look on this?
The banner sinks-'tis taken!
Gon. Whose?
Her. Castile's!
Gon. Oh, God of Battles!
EIm. Calm thy noble heart!
Thou wilt not pass away without thy meed.
Nay, rest thee on my bosom. Hir. Cheer thee yet!
Our knights have spurr'd to rescue.-There is now
A whirl, a mingling of all terrible things,
Yet more appalling than the fierce distinctness
Wherewith they moved before!-I see tall plumes
All vildly tossing o'er the battle's tide,
Sway'd by the wrathful motion, and the press
Of desperate men, as cedar-boughs by storms.
Many a white streamer there is dyed with blood,
Many a false corslet broken, many a shield
Pierced through !-Now, shout for Santiago, shout!
Lo ! javelins with a moment's brightness cleare
The thickening dust, and barbed steeds go down
With their helm'd riders!-Who, but One, can tell
How spirits part amidst that fearful rush
And trampling on of furious multitudes?


Gon. Thou'rt silent !-See'st thou more:-My soal Erans dark.
Mir. And dark and troubled, as an angry sea, Dashing some gallant armament in scorm
Against it rocks, is all on which I gaze !-
I can but tell thee how tall spears are cross'd,
And lances seem to sliver, and proud helms
To lighten with the stroke !-But round the spot,
Where, like a storm-felld mast, our standard sank,
The heart of battle burns.
Gon. Where is that spot?
Her. It is beneath the lonely tuft of palms,
That lift their green heads o'er the tumult still.
In calm and stately grace.
Gon. There, didst thou say?
Then God is with us, and we minst prevail !
For on that spot thes died !-My children's blood
Calls on th' avenger thence!
Eim. They perish'd there !-
And the bright locks that waved so joyously
To the free winds, lay trampled and defiled
Ev'n on that place of death!-Oh, Merciful !
Hush the dark thought within me!
Her. ( with suditen cxultation). Who is he,
On the white steed, and with the castled helm,
And the gold-broider'd mantle, which doth float
E'en like a sunny cloud alove the fight ;
And the pale cross, which from his breast-plate gleams
With star-like raliance?
Cin. (corvol'). Didst thou say the cross?
Her. On his maild bosom shines a broad white cross,
And his long plumage through the darkening air
Streans like a snow-wreath.
Con. That should be-
HCr. The king !-
Was it not told us how he sent, of late,
To the Cid's tomb, e'ell for the silver cross,
Which be who slumbers there was wont to tind
Oer his brave heart in fight??
Gon. (stovingiat up jerfully). My king! my king!
Now all grod saints for spain!-My nolie king!
And thou art there !-That I might look once more
Upon thy face!-But yet I tha, ik thee, Hearen!
That thou last seut him, from my dying hands
Thus to receive his city !

Hur. Ite lahticar'l

## Sierg of Valcatia.

A pathway midst the combat, and the lieht
Follows his charge through yon close living mass,
E'en as the gleam on some prond vessel's wake
Along the stormy waters!--Tis redeem'd-
The castled banner!-It is flung once more
In joy and glory, to the sweeping winds !-
There seems a wavering through the Paynim hosts-
Castile doth press them sore-Now, now rejoice !
Con. What hast thou seen!
Hor. Abdullah falls! He falls !
The man of blood !-the spoiler !-he hath smk
In our king's path !-Well hath that royal sword
Avenged thy cause, Gonzalez!
They give way,
The Crescent's van is broken !-On the hills
And the dark pine-woods may the infidel Call vainly, in his agony of fear,
To cover him from vengeance!--Lo! they fly! They of the forest and the wilderness
Are scatter'd, e'en as leaves upon the wind!
Woe to the sons of Afric !-Let the plains,
And the vine-mountains, and Hespecian seas,
Take their dead unto them !-that blood shall wash
Our soil from stains of bondage.
Gon. (attompting to raise himself). Set me free!
Come with me forth, for I must greet my king,
After his battle-field!
Her. Oh, blest in death!
Chosen of Heaven, farewell !-Look on the Cross,
And part from earth in pence!
Goin. Now charge once more!
God is with Spain, and Santiago's sword
Is reldening all the air!-Shout forth "Castilc!"
The day is ours !-I go; but fear ye not!!
For Afric's lance is broken, and my sons
Have won their first good fielh!
[fie dies.
Eim. Look on me yet!
-peak one farewcll, my husband :-Must thy voice
Enter my soul no more !--Thine cye is fixed-
Now is my life uprooted, -and 'tis well.
(. 4 sound of triumphant Mresic is hatrl, ant many Castibn Kuights and Suldiers chter.)

A Citizen. Hush your triumphal sounde, although ye come E'en as deliverers !-But the noble dead,

## Siese of Valcncia.

And those that mourn them, clim from human heats Deep silent reverence.
Elun. (rising proudly). No, swell forth, Castile !
Thy trumpet-music, till the seas and heavens,
And the deep hills, give every stormy note
Echoes to ring through Spain!-How, know ye not
That all array'd for triumph, crown'd and robed
With the strong spirit which hath saved the land,
Ev'n now a conqueror to his rest is gone?-
Fear not to break that sleep, but let the wind
Swell on with victory's shout !- He will not hear-
Hath earth a sound more sad?
Her. Lift ye the dead,
And bear hin with the banner of his race
Waving above him proudly, as it waved
O'er the Cid's battles, to the tomb, wherein
His warrior-sires are gather'd.
[They raise the lody. Elm. Aye, 'tis thus
Fhou shouldst be honour'd!-And I follow thee
With an unfaltering and lotty step,
To that last home of glory. She that wears
In her deep heart the memory of thy love
Shall thence draw strength for all things, till the God,
Whose hand around her hath unpeopled earth,
Looking upon her still and chasten'd soul,
Call it once more to thine !
(To the Costilians.)
Awake, I say,
Tambour and trumpet, wake !-And let the land Through all her mountains hear your funeral peal !So should a hero pass to his repose.
[Excunt omnes.

## NOTES



Note 1.
Mountain Christians, those natives of Spain, who, under their prince, Pelayo, took refuge amongst the mountains of the northem provinces, where they maintained their religion and liberty, whilst the rest of their country was overrun by the Moors.

> NOTE 2.
> Oh, free doth sorrow pass, Eoc.

Frey geht das Ungliick durch die ganze Erde.
Schiucr's Diath of Wallemtint, act iv. sc. 2.

## Note 3.

Tizona, the fire-brand. The name of the Cid's favourite sword, taken in battle from the Moorish king Bucar.

Note 4
Mrou he avon Valitria from the Moor, Es.
Valencia, which has been repeatedly besieged, and takion by the armies of different nations, remained in the possession of the Moors for an hundred and seventy years after the Cid's death. It was regained from them by King Don Jayme of Aragon, sumamed the Conqueror ; after whose success I have rentured to suppose it governed by a descendant of the Campendor.

> Nitis.

## Note 5.

- It was a $S_{\text {panish tradition, that the great bell of the cathedral }}$ of Sararosisa always tolled spontaneously tefore a king of Spain died.

Note 6.
"El que en buen hora nasco;" he that was bern in bappy hour. An arpellation given to the Cid in the ancient chronicles.

## Note 7.

For this, and the subsenaent allusions to Spanizh lesender, see Tia Rimames and Chronith of the Cid.

## Note 8.

"La roila, telle que la mort nous la faie!"-Eicuat, Orasins Funtre:

## Nate 9.

This circumstance is recorded of King Don Alfonso, the last of that name. He sent to the Cid's tomb for the cross which that warrior was accustomed to wear upon his breast when he went to latile, and had it made into one for himielf; "because of the faith which he had, that through it he showid obtain the rictorg."Suthy's Chroticile of the Cili.


The pennons were spread, and the band array'd, But the Cid at the threshold a moment stay'd; It tuas but a mortent-the halls were lone, And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall, Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall, Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door, Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.*

Then a dim tear swell'd to the warrior's eye As the voice of his native groves went by; And he said-"My foemen their wish lave won--Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trimpet bie v, with its note of cheer, And the winds of the morning swept off the tear, And the fields of his glory lay distant far,He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar!

## THE CID'S DEATH-BED.

It was an hour of grief and fear Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's ${ }^{3}$ notes were wont to rise,'
Along the sumy street.
It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore, For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.
The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
For the Cid was passing to his sleep
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state, No weeper's aspect seen, But by the couch Ximena sate, With pale, yet stedfast mien.4

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head. Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering land, And cold the valiant breast;-
He had fought the battles of the land, And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field?His voice is faint and low;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield Hath louder accents now.
"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone; Be ye of mighty heart !
"Let the cymbal-clash and the rumpet-strain From your walls ring far and shrill,
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain Shall grant you victory still.
" And gind my form with mail-array, And set me on my steed,
So go ye forth on your funeral-way, And God shall give you speed.
"Go with the dead in the front of war, All arm'd with sword and helm, ${ }^{\text {, }}$
And march by the camp of King Bucar, For the good Castilian realm.
"And let me slumber in the soil Which gave my fathers birth;
Thave closed my day of batle-toil, And my course is done on earth."


There was arming heard in Valencia's halls, There was vigil kept on the rampart wails; Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead, And the burial-train moved out.

With a measur'd pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands, And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep.
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.
There were knights five hundred went arm'd before, And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore ; ${ }^{\text {G }}$
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence bome,
On the glad wind streaming free.
And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, bv a warrior led,
For lie knew that the Cid was there.
He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword, And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her cye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.
The halls in Valencia were still and lone, The churches were empty, the masses done; 'There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,--
So the burial-train moved out.
With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still dexth-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;-
And they gave no battie-shout.

## I2 3 The Cil's Fitheral Procession.

But the deep hills peal'd with a cry ere long, When the Cluristians burst on the Paynim throng !With a sudden flash of the lance and spear, And a charge of the war-steed in full career, It was Alver Fañez came!?

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud, Had pass'd before, like a threatening cloud! And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain, And the Archer-Queen, ${ }^{8}$ with her bands lay slain, For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar, And the Lybian kings who had join'd his war ; And their hearts grew heavy, and died away, And their hands could not wield an assagay, For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seem'd where Minaya his onset made, There were seventy thousand knights array'd, All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;-
'Twas a sight of fear and awe!
And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van !
There was fear in the path of his dim white horse, There was death in the Giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner stream'd with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight, For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red, As the kings and leaders of Afric fled; There was work for the men of the Cid that day !They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay, As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread; But the sea had its share of the Paynim-stain, And the bow of the desert was broke in Soain ;So the Cid to his grave pass'd on !



Herder's translation of these romances (Der Cid, nach Spanischen . Romanzen besungen) are remarkable for their spirit and scrupulous filelity.

Note 6.
"And white they stood there they saw the Cid Ruy Diez coming up with three hundred knights; for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his green pernon."-Southy's Chronicte of the Cil.

Note 7.
Alvar Fañez Minaya, one of the Cid's most distinguished warriors,

Note 8.
The archat quen-
A Moorish Amazon, who, with a band of female warriors, accompanied King Bucar from Africa. Her arrows were so unerring, that she obtained the name of the Star of archers.

> Una Mora muy grallarda, Gran maestra en el tirara, Con Saetas del Aljava, De los arcos de Turquaa Estrella era nombrada, Por la destreza que avia, En el herir de la Sára.

Note 9.
See Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, A. 352 .


They came, and louder peal'd the voice of song,
And pricle flash'd brighter from the kindling eye, And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng, In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
The Rock of Cion !-Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold !
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
And bid the censers of the Temple hold
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old !
Peace:--is it but a phantom of the brain,
Thus shadow'd forth the senses to appal,
Yon fearful vision ?-Who shall gaze again
To search its cause?-Along the illumin'd wall,
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves,-a hand, a human hand, O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent ball In silence tracing, as a mystic wand, Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land,

There are pale cheeks around the regal board, And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,
And fitful starts!-the wine, in triumph pour'd,
Untasted foams, the song hath ceas'd to flow,
The waving censer drops to earth-and lo!
The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,
Trembles before a shadow:-Say not so !-
The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight, Shrinks from the Dread U'nknown, th' arenging lufinite!

But haste ye!-bring Chalden's gifted seers,
The men of prescience !-haply to thair cyes,
Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.
They come-the readers of the midnight skies,
They that give voice to visions-but in vain !
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies, It hath no language midst the starry train,
Earth has no gified tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.
Then stood forth one, a child of other sires, And other inspiration !-One of those
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
And sat, and wept, where Babel's river fiows.
His eye was bright, and yet the deep repose


And lo : the spoiler in the regal dwelling, Death bursting on the halls of revelry !
Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die, The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train,
Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,
Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane, Enpire is lost and won, Belshazzar with the slain.

Fall'n is the golden city! in the dust
Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state,
She that hath made the Strength of Towers her trust,
Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate !
She that beheld the nations at her gate,
Thronging in homage, slail be call'd no more
Lady of kingloms! - Who shall mourn her fate:
Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'ex;-
What widow'd land shall now har widowhood deplore?
Sit thou in silence! Thou that wert enthroned
On many waters ! thou, whose augurs rend
The language of the planets, and disown'd
The mighty name it bizzons!-Veil thy head,
Daughter of Babylon ! the sword is red
From thy destroyers' harvest, and the yoke
Is on thee, 0 most proud !-for thou hast said,
"I am, and none beside:"-Th' Eternal spoke. . Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were brolie.

But so dhou forth, O Ismel ! wake! rejoice!
be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day.
Kenew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,
The mirth of timbrels!-loose the chain, and say
God hath redeem'l his people !-Irom decay
The silent and the trampled shall arise;-
Awake; put on thy beautiful array,
Oh longrorsaken Zion :-to the skies
Send up on every wind thy choral melodies !
And lift thy head :- Behold thy sons returning,
Redeem'd from exile, ransom'd from the chain!
Light hath revisited the house of mouming ;
She that on Judhh's mountains wept in vaim
Because her children were not-dwells again
Girt with the lovely!-through thy streels once more,
City of God! shall pass the luridal train,
And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,
And the triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore :

## THE CHIEFTAN'S SCN.

Yes, it is ours :- the field is won, A dark and evil field!
lift from the ground my noble son, And bear him bomewards on his bloody shield:

Let me not hear your trumpets ring, Swell not the batule-hom !
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne
Speak not of victory !-in the name There is too much of woe!
Hush'd be the empty roice of FameCall me bach his whone graceful head is low.

Speak not of victory!-from my hails The sumy hour is grone!
The ancient banner on my walls
Must sink ere long-I had but him-but one:
Within the dwoling of my sires
The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon-fires That stream'd at midnight from the mountain-ho'd.

And let them fade, since this must be, Ny lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood pour'd forth for me,
And is there but for stately youth a grave?
Speak to me once again, my boy !
Wilt thou not hear iny call?
Thou wat so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamt of tris-that thou couldst faill.
Thy mother watches from the steci
For thy returning plume:
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tonib?


4
江,




But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-limp's, brood,
Where man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And he it thus!-What slave shall tread O'er freedom's ancient battle-plains :
I.ct deserts wrap the glorious dead,

When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
And where the Spartan sword flash'd high, And where the Pran strains were sung, From year to year swell'd on by liberty!

IIere should no voice, no sound, be heard, Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word, Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven :

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!
No vines festoon your lonely tree!*
No harvest o'er your war-field wave,
Till rushing wiuds proclaim-the land is free !

- A single tree appears in Mr. Williams's impressive picture.


FROM A PAINTISG EY WILLIMSS.

There have been bright and glorious pageants here, Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie; There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear, Breath'd from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :
There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending, And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody, With incense-clouds around the temple blending, And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles Brought to the day.gol's now forsaken throne; Thunders have peal'd along thę rock-defiles, When the far-echoing latile-horn made known
That foes were on their way :--the deep wind's moan Hath chill'd th' invader's heart with secret fear, And from the Sybil-grottoes, wild and lone, Storms have gone forilh, which, in their fierce career, From his bold band have struck the banmer and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !-but thou unchanged art nere!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams !
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving-pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! their bright course teems
With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle, veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !
Away, vain phantasies !-doth less of power Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest, Thongh in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy b:est? ?-



When are the lessons given
That shake the startled earth:- When wakes the foe,
While the friend sleeps !-When falls the traitor's blow ?
When are proud sceptres riven,
High hopes o'erthrown :-It is, when lands rejoice,
When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,
And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !
Fear ye the festal hour !
When mirth o'erflows, then tremble !-'Twas a niglt
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,
When through the regal hower
The trumpet peal'd, ere yet the song was done, And there were shrieks in goklen Babylon,
And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.
The marble shrines were crown'd:
Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,
And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,
And censers waved around;
And lyres were strung, and bright libations pour'd, When, through the streets, flash'd out th' avenging sword,

Fearless and free, the sword wilh myrtles bound !*
Through Rome a triumph pass'd.
Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by
That Jong array of glorious pageantry,
With shout and trumpet-blast.

- The sword of Harmodius.

An empire's gems their starry splendour shed O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led; A stately victur, crown'd and robed, came last.*

## And many a Dryad's bower

Had lent the laurels, which, in waving play, Stirr'd the warm air, and glisten'd round his ray, As a quick-flashing shower.
O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,
Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung -
Woe for the dend !- the father's broken flower:
A sound of lyre and song,
In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile, Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,

Swept with that voice along ;
And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam, Where a chief revell'd in a monarch's dome, And fresh rose garlands deck'd a glittering throng.
'Twas Antony that bade
The joyous chords ring out !-but strains arose Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !

Sounds, by no mortal made, $\dagger$ Shook Alexandria through her streets that night, And pass'd-and with another sunset's light, The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright midst its vineyards lay
The fair Campanian city, $\ddagger$ with its towers And temples gleaming through dark olive-bowers,

Clear in the golden day;
Joy was around it as the glowing sky, And crowds had fill'd its halls of revelry, And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face
Of Italy's rich heaven !-Its crystal bluc

[^1]

Wus changed, and deepen'd to a wrathful hue Of night, c'ershadowing space,
As with the wings of death !-in all his power Vesuvius woke, and hurl'd the burning shower, And who could tell the buried city's piace?

Such things have been of yore,
In the gay regions where the citrons blow, And purple summers all their sleepy glow

On the grape-clusters pour ;
And where the palms to spicy winds are waving, Along clear seas of melted sapphire, laving, As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes!
Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was spread,
Midst the rock-altars of the warrior-dear, *
And ancient battle-rhymes
Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed, And Jofty songs of Britain's elder time.

But ere the giant-fine
Cast its broad shadows ont the robe of even,
Hush'd were the bards, and, in the face of Heaven, O'er that old burial-plain
Flash'd the heen Saxon dagser!-Blood was streaming, Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming, And Britain's hearths were henp'd that nighr in rain.

For they return'd no more !
They that went forth at mom, with reckless heart, In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part;

And, on the rushy floor,
And the ligight spears and bucklers of the walls, The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls; But not for them-they slept-their feast was o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!
Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erfors:
Tame down the swelling heart!-the bridal rose,
Ard the rich myrtle's flower
Have veil'd the sword!-Red wines have sparhled fast
From venom'd goliets, and soft breezes pass'd,
With fatal perfume, through the revel's Lower.

[^2]"In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well altested, that this prince repeatedly declared he 'would trample the audacious nustics under his feet;' and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.
"The x5th of October, $13 \times 5$, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host ; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettuang led the cavalry into the marrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fitty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close amray, and fell upon the Hank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes, The narrowness of the defile admitred of no evolutions, and a slight frost having imjured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled: and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were min over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullin, and dismayed."-Planta's History of the Hetvetic Confederacy.

The wine-month * shone in its golden prime, And the red grapes clustering hung, But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime, Than the vintage music, rung.

- Wïre-month-the German name for October.



There was stillness, as of deep dead night, And a pause-but not of fear,
While the Switzers gaz'd on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.
The pass was filled with their serried power, All helm'd and mail-array'd,
And their steps had sounds like a thundershower In the rustling forest shade.

There were prince and crested knight, Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down, Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown-
Oh ! the herdsman's arm is strong !
They came, like lauwine* hurl'd From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world, And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side, And the Switzers rushed from high,

- With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride Of the Austrian chivalry:

Like hunters of the deer,
They storm'd the narrow dell, And first in the shock, with Uni's spear,

Was the arm of William Tell. $\dagger$
There was tumult in the crowded strait, And a cry of wild dismay, And many a warrior met his fate From a peasant's hand that day!

[^3]


Hark : from the right bursts forth a trumpet's sound:
A loud shrill trumpet from the left replies!
On every side, hoarse echoes from the ground, To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors rise, Hollow and deep:-and banners all around, Meet hostile banners waving through the skies. Here steel-clad bands in marshalld order shine, And there a host confronts their glitering line.

Lo: half the field, already from the sight Hath ranish'd, hid by closing groups of foes ! Swonls crossing swords, flash lightning o'er the fight, And the strife deepens, and the life-blood flows !Oh! who are these? -What stranger in his might Comes bursting on the lovely land's repose? What patriot hearts hare nobly vowd to save Their native soil, and make its dust their grave?

One race, alas! these foes, one kindred race,
Were born and rear'd the same bright scenes amons !
The stranger calls them brothers-and each face
That brotherhood reveals ;--one common tongue
Dwells on their lips ;-the earth on which ye trace
Their heart's blood, is the soil from whence they sprung.
One mother gave them birth-this chosen land,
Girlled with Alps and seas, by Nature's guardian hand.
Oh, grief and horror !-Who the frist coull dare Against a brother's breast the swori to wield: What cause unhallow'd and accursed, declare! Hath bathed with carnace this ignoble field:Think'st thou they know? - they but inflict and share Misery and death, the motive unreveal'd:
Sold to a leader, soll himself to die, With him they strive, they fall-and ask not why.

But are there none who love them !-Hare they none, So wives, no mothers, who might rush between, And win with tears the husband and the son, Back to thetr homes from this polluted scene?


And ther, whose bearts, when life's bright day is done, Enfold to thoughts more solemn and serene, Thoughts of the tomb; why cannot they assuage The storms of passion with the voice of age?

Ask not !- the peasint at his cabin-door Sits, calmly pointing to the distant cloud Which skirts th' horizon, menacing to pour Destruction dorn, o'er fields he hath not plough'd. Thus, where no echo of the batle's roar Is heard afar, e'en thus the reckless crowd, In tranquil safety number o'er the slain, Or tell of cities buming on the plain.

There mayst thou mark the boy, with earnest gaze, Fix'd on his mother's lips, intent to know, By names of insult, those, whom future days Shall see him meet in arms, their deadliest foe: There proudly many a glittering dame displays Bracelet and zone, with radiant gems that glow; By husbands, lovers, home in triumph borne, From the sad brides of falien warriors tom.

## Woe to the victors and the vanquish'd! Woe !

The earth is heap'd, is loaded with the slain, Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow, A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain! But from th' embattled front already, lo! A band recede-it flies-all hope is vain, And venal hearts, despairing of the strife, Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,
Porne from the winnowing by the gales around, Thus fly the vanquish'd, in their wild despair, Chased-severd-scater'd-o'er the ample grounel.
But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there,
Burst on their flight-and hark ! the deepening soind
Of fierce pursuit :-still nearer and more near,
The rush of war-steeds trampling in the rear !

The day is won !-they fall-disarm'd they yield,
Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying !
Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the feld,
On! who may hear the murmurs of the dying :-

Haste ! let the tale of triumph be reveal'd
E'en now the courier to his steed is flying,
He spurs-he speeds-with tidings of the day,
To rouse up cities in his lightning way.
Why pour ye thus from your deserted homes,
Ob , eager multitudes! around him pressing?
Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,
Each tongue, each eye, infatuate hope confessing!
Know ye not whence th' ill omen'd herald comes,
And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing ? -
Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and cold-
Be ye content !-the glorious tale is told.
I hear the voice of joy, th' exulting cry :
They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains;
E'en now the homicides assail the sky
With prans, which indignant Heaven dis dains !
But, from the soaring Alps, the stranger's eye
Looks watchful down on our ensanguin'd plains,
And with the cruel rapture of a foe,
Numbers the mighty, stretch'd in death below.
Haste ! form your lines again, ye brave and true !
Haste, haste! your triumphs and your joys suspending'
Th' invader comes; your banners raise anew,
Rush to the strife, your country's cause defending !
Victors! why pause ye?-Are ye weak and few?
Aye, such he deem'd you ! and for this descending,
He waits you on the ficld ye know too well,
The same red war-field where your brethren fell.
Oh! thou devoted land! that canst not rear
In peace thine offspring; thou, the lost and won,
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
Too narrow still for each contending son ;
Receive the stranger, in his fierce career,
Parting thy spoils!--thy chastening is begun!
And, wresting from thy chiefs the guardian sword,
Foes, whom thou ne'er hadst wrong'd, sit proudly at thy board.

Are these infatuate too? On! who haih known A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blest?
The wrong'd, the vanquish'd, suffer not alone,
Brief is the joy that swells th' oppressor's breast.
Englaur's Diad.

What though not yet his day of pride be fown, Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his towering crest, Well hath it mark'd him-and ordain'd the hour When his last sigh shall own its mightier power.

Are we not creatures of one hand divine,
Form'd in one mould, to me redemption born, Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?
Brothers ! one lond around our souls should twine, And woe to him by whom that bond is torn!
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth, Who bears down spirits of immortal birth!

## ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Clory's bed.
Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.
On Egypts burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt ly those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.
The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's mar.

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone ;There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's fight be sped !
Why should they reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead !
The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on !
Let the forest-wreaths be shed.
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,-
There slumber England's dead.
On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a clark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To clain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.
The warlike of the isles, The men of field and wave :
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave:
Co, stranger ! track the deep, Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.


Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains, Which startled eagles from their lone domains, And, like a breeze, in chainless triumph, went Up through the blue resounding firmament !

Whence came the echoes to those numbers high ? -
'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by! And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast ; And from the watch-tovers on the heights of snow, Sever'd, by cloud and storm, from all below; And the turf-mounds,* once girt by ruddy spears, And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar, The winds a thousand wild responses bore; And the green land, whose every vale and glen Doth shrine the memory of heroic men, On all her hills, awakening to rejoice,
Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice. For us, not ours the festival to hold, Midst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of old ; Not where great Nature's majesty and might First broke, all-glorions, on our infant sight ; Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave, Not by the mountain-llyn, $\dagger$ the ocean wave, In these late days we meet!-dark Mona's shore, Eryri's $\ddagger$ cliffs reso md with harps no more!

But, as the stream (though time or art may turn The current, bursting from its cavern'd urn, To bathe sof vales of pasture and of flowers, From Alpine giens, or ancient forest-bowers), Alike, in rushing strength or sumy sleep, Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep; Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free, Land of the bard! our spirit flies to thee!
To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong", Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song !
Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less,
To the green memory of thy loveliness,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height, In the sun's face, bencath the cye of light!

[^4]

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth, By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, By the primrose-stars, in the sladowy grass, By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breatled on the south, and the chestnut fowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-lowers, And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom. To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north, And the larch has hung all his tassels forth, The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free, And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh, And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky; From the night-bird's lay through the starry time, In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland Jakes, When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain, They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows, They are finging spray e'er the forest-boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye cliildren of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly:
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay.
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men, The waters are sparkling in grove and glen! Away from the chamber and sullen hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth! Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains, And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!-ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd:
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !-
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet-
Oh : what have ye look'd on since last we met?
Ye are changed, ye are changed !-and I see not here All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright, Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light ;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapplaie sky, And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd? Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow :
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing e;es and their festal crown,
They are gone from anongst you in silence down!
They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair, Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!-
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell, I tarry no longer-farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds bome, Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell, And the flowers are not death's-fare ye well, farewell!


## ADVERTISEMENT:



It was in the year 1308, that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Griitli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the thoundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Fuirst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Amold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting, to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.
"Hither came Furst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the IIth of Norember, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Wemer, Walter, and Amold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strennously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the present, each retumed to his hamlet."-PLANTa's History of the Hetertic Confaleracy.
On the first day of the year $130 S$, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memomble occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."



## III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread, High and unmark'd by mortal footstep lay ;
And there, where torrents, 'midst the ice-caves fed, Burst in their joy of light and sound away;
And there, where Freedom, $\mathbf{a} 5$ in sconful play, IIad hung man's dwellings 'midst the realnis of air, O'er cliffs, the very birth-place of the day-
Oh ! who would drearn that Tyranny could dare
To lay her withering hand on Gorl's bright works e'en there

$$
\mathrm{IV},
$$

$Y$ iet thus it was-amidst the fleet streams yushing To bring down rainbows o'er their spary cell, And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell, And the fresh pastures, where the herd's sweet bell Recall'd such life as Eastern patriarchs led;There peasant-men their free thoughts might not tell Save in the hour of shadows and of dread, And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull, stealthy tread.

## V.

But in a land of happy shepherd-homes, On its green hills in quiet joy reclining, With their bright hearth-fires, 'midst the twilight glooms, From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shiuing; A land of legends and wild songs, entwining Their memory with all memories lov'd and blestIn such a land there dwells a power, combining The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast !And woe to lim who breaks the sabbath of its rest !

## VI.

A sound went up - the wave's dark sleep was brokenOn Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar-
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token 'Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore; And then their gloom a flashing image wore Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood, And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar In startled haste-and by that moonlight-fiood, A band of patriot men on Gritti's verdure strod,



## Xr.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well To their last pillow silently have gone, As melts a wreath of snow.-But who shall tell How life may task the spirit?-He was one, Who from its mom a freeman's work had done, And reap'd his harvest, and his vintage press'd, Fearless of wrong ;-and now, at set of sun, He bow'd not to his gears, for on the breast Of a still chainless land, he deem'd it much to rest.

## XYI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure :-By that pale elder's side,
Stood one that seem'd a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhool's pride, Werner, ${ }^{4}$ the brave and true! -If men have died, Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate for such. - The voice, that cried
Within his breast, "Arise!" came still and deep
From his far home, that smil'd, e'en then, in moonlight sleep.

## XVII

It was a home to die for !-as it rose,
Through its vine-foliage sending forth a sound Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose And laughing sunshine of the pastures round; And he whose life to that sweet spot was lound, Rais'd unto lleaven a giad, yet thoughtful eye, And set his free step firmer on the ground, When o'er his soul its melodies went by, As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

## xyilt,

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Iean'd with a prouder and more fiery bearing? -
His was a brow for tyrant-hearts to fear,
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame-a soul declaning
War against earth's oppressors.- Midst that throng,
Of other mouid he seem'd, and loftier daring, -
One whose blood swept high impulses along, -
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song,
xix.

A memory on the mounlains !-one to stand, When the hills echoed with the deepening swell Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land, And in some rock-defile, or savage dell, Array her peasant children to repel Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains! Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell, Her banner with a smile-for through his veins The joy of danger flow'd, as torrents to the plains.

## XX.

There was at times a widness in the light Of his quick-flashing eye; a something, born Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright, And proud, and tameless, laughing Fear to scom: It well might be!-Young Emi's ${ }^{5}$ step had worn The mantling snows on their most regal steeps, And tracl'd the lynu above the clouds of mom, And follow'd where the flying chamois leaps
Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unafthom'd glacier-deeps,
xxi.

He was a creature of tise Alpine sky, A being, whose bright spirit had been fed Midst the crown'd heights with joy and liberty, And thoughts of power.--He knew each path which led To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystals shed Soft light o'er secret fountains.-At the tone Of his loud horn, the Lämmer-Geyer ${ }^{6}$ had spread A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown Where the free cataract's yoice was wont to sound alone.

## xxit.

His step had tracl'd the waste, his soul had stirr'd
The ancient solitudes-his voice had told Of wrongs to call down Heaven. '-That tale was heard
In Hassi's dales, and where the shepherds fold
Their flocks in dark mavine and cragsy hold
On the bleak Oberland ; and where the light
Of Day's last footstep bathes in buming gold
Great Righi's clifts ; and where Mount Pilate's height
Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.
XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.-There all things press
High thoughts on man. - The fearless hunter pass't, And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
The weight of bondage down-and bright and fast, As the clear waters, joyously and free, Burst from the desert-rock, it rush'd, at last, Through the far valleys; till the patriot-lhree Thus with their brethren slood, beside the Forest Sea. ${ }^{\text {a }}$

## NXIV.

They link'd their hands, - they pledged their stainless faith, In the dread presence of altesting Heaven-
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death, With the sevcre and solemn transport given To bless such vows. - How man had striven, How man might strive, and vainly strive, they knew, And call'd upon their God, whose arm had riven The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

## xxs.

They knett, and rose in strength.-The valleys lay Still in the dimness, but the peaks which darted Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted, Each to lis glen or forest, stedfast-hearted, And full of hope. Not many sums had worn Their setting giory, ere from slumber started Ten thousand voices, of the mountains bornSo far was heard the blast of Freedon's echoing horn!

## XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending The frozen stillness which around them hung; From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending, Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollows rung ;
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung,
From the Surennen rocks like banners streaming
To the far Seelisberg; whence light was fung
On Gruth's field, till all the red like gleaming
Shone cit, a meteor-heaven in its wild sflendour seeming.

## XXYII.

And the winds toss'd each summit's blazing crest, As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,
Fell'd where they wav'd o'er crag and eagle's nest, Heap'd up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines, Reddening the distance. Wine-cnps, crown'd and bright, In Werner's dwelling flow'd; through leafless vines
From Walter's hearth stream'd forth the festive light,
And Emi's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.
xyvir.
Then, on the silence of the snows there lay A Sabbath's quiet sumshine,-and its bell Fill'd the hush'd air awhile, with lonely sway; For the stream's voice was chain'd by Winter's spell, The deep wood-sounds had ceas'd.-But rock and dell Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubbilee Peal'd from the mountan-churches, with a swell Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea, -
For now the strife was clos'd, the glorious $\Lambda$ lps were frea ${ }^{\prime}$


SEXX, the name given to a herdsman among the Swiss Alpa

> Note 2.
> _-Agrainst the Fohmuind's blast.

Föhnwind, the South-east wind, which frequently lays waste the country before it.

Note 3.

- A father of the lind.

Walter Fürst, the father-in-law of Tell,

Note 4

- I'crner, the braze and irue! \&e.

Wemer Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse and unite his countrymen for the deliverance of Switzerland.


170
The League of the Alts.

Note 5.
———Young Ernis's stap had̈ worn, Ét.
Erni, Amold MelchthaL
Note 6.
——The Lämner-Gyer had sprend, \&r.
The Lämmer-Geyer, the largest kind of Alpine cagle.
Note 7.
Of arongs to call druvn Haven, Ee,
The eyes of his aged father had Deen put out, by the orders of the iusitrian Govermor.

Note 8.
———Beside the Forest-Sea.
Forest-Sea. The Lake of the Four Cantons is frequently so callid.


## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM

## FATHERS.

ITHE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost:
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water oer,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Sot as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Xot as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, -
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymas of lofy cheer.
Amidst the stom they sing.
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the anthem of the free.


## The Child's Last SVocp.

No: never more may we smile as thow Sheddest round smiles from thy sumny brow; l'et something it is, in our hearts to shrine A memory of beauty undimm'd as thine.

To have met the joy of thy speaking face, To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace, To have linger'd before thee, and turn'd, and borne One vision away of the cloudless morn.

## THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

OS A MONTMENT IM CHANTREY FOR AN INFANT DAUGIITER OF SIR THOMAS ACKLAND.

Thou sleepest-but when wilt thon wake, fair child? - When the fawn awakes imidst the fore st wild?

When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn, When the first rich breath of the rose is born?

- Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies Tco deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eves; Mournful though sweet, is thy rest to seeWhen will the bour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark
On the crimson clood of the morn floats dark-
Grief, with rain possionate tears, hath wet
The hair shedling gleams from thy pale brow ret ;
Love with sad kisses unfelt hath yirest
Thy meck dropt eyelids and quiei breast :
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but thee.
Thou'rt gone from us, bright one-that thou shouldst die, And life be left to the batterily ! *
Thou'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the bough, -Oh : for the world where thy home is now:
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our food hearts here,
How should e'en Joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust : when we look on thee?

* A butterfy, as if futtering oo a fower, is sculpeured on the moonmone.


Evin to the Spring's glad voice-Her own was low, Ard plaintive-olh ! there lie such depths of woe In a jou'rs blighted spirit.-Manhood rears A haughiy brow, and Age has done with tears, Dut Youth bows down to misery, in amaze At the dark cloud oermantling its fresh days; And thus it was with her.-A moumful sight In one so fair ; for she indeed was fairNot with her mother's dazzling eyes of light, Hirs were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek Drooping in gloom, yet tender still, and meek, Still that fond child's-and oh ! the brow above, So pale and pure! so form'd for holy love To gaze upon in silence! but she felt That love was not for her, though hearts would melt Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given Went with her; and lovv prayers, that calld on Heaven To bless the young Isaure.-

One sunny morn,
With alms before her castle-gate she stood,
'Midst peasant-groups; when breathless and o'erwom, And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood, A stranger through them broke-the orphan maid With her sweet voice, and proffer'd hand of aid, Tarn'd to give welcome; but a wild sad look Met hers-a gaze that all her spint shook; And that pale woman, suddenly subdued By some strong passion in its gushing mood, Kinelt at her feet, and bath'd them with such tears As rain the hoarded agonies of years From the hearl's um-and with her white lips prest The ground they trod-then, burying in her vest Her brow's deep flush, sobb'd out, "Oh ! undefiled !
I am thy mother !-spurn me not, my child!"
Isaure had pray'd for that lost mocher-wept
O'er ber stain'd memory, when the happy slept,
In the hushid midnight; stood with moumful gaze
Before yon pictured smile of other days;
But never breath'd in human ear the name
Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame.
What marvel if the anguish of surprise,
The dark remembrances, the alter d guise, Awhile o'erpower'd her?-from the weeper's touch She strank-'twas but a moment-yet too much



178 A Buttery Restive on a Skull.
Those suns in golden light, e'en now, Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave,
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou

- Answering their whisper, there no more shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow, May cluster in their purple bloom, But on th' o'ershadowing ilex-bough, Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is roid-oh ! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave when they part, their brighter home to gain.
Another leaf ere now hath sprung,
On the green stem which once was thine-
When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine?

## FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or die,
Wilt thou not speed thy fight,
To chase the south-wind through the glowing shy?
What lures thee thus to stay,
With Silence and Decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of cold Mortality?
The thoughts once chamber'd there,
Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone-
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are flown?
Rise, nursling of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way-
Earth hath no voice to make the secret known.
Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?-
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous in the wools to dwell.
Thou of the sunshine loo,
Take the light wings of mom:
Thy hope calls heavei-ward from yon rind cell.

$$
\text { Troubadour Song. . } 179
$$

## THE SLEEPER ON MARATHON.

I lay upon the solemn plain And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in vain, Their place of sleep had found.
'Twas silent where the free blood gusli'd, When Persia came array'd-
So many a voice had there been hush'd, So many a footstep stay'd.

I slumber'd on the lonely spot, So sanclified by Death-
I slumber'd-but my rest was not As theirs who lay benenth.
For on my dreams, that shadowy hour, They rose - the chainless dead-
All arm'd they sprang, in joy, in power, Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field, Flash as in time gone by-
Chas'd to the seas, wilhout his shield I saw the Persian fly.
I woke-the sudden trumpet's blast Call'd to another fight-.
From visions of our glorious past, Who doth not wake in might?

TROUBADOUR SONG.
THE warnor cross'd the ocean's foam, For the stormy fields of war-
The maid was left in a smiling home, And a sunny land afar.

Ifis voice was heard where javelin showers Pour'd on the steel-clad line ;
firy step was 'midst the summer-flowers, Her seat beneath the vine.

## N 2

180 . The Dying Bard"s Prophecy.
His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'l his crest ;
While she-the gentlest wind of heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast.
Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by, And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died, as roses die, That perish with a breeze.

As roses die, when the blast is come, For all things bright and fuir-
There was death within the smiling home, How had death found her there?

## THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.

AT THE TME OF THE SUPPOSED MASSACRE DY EDWARD I.
The Hall of Haps is lone this night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth; It hath no mead, it hath no light,
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.
And I depart-my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died-
Yet, ere my sonl grow dark with slecp,
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride.
Bear it, where on his battle-plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain-
Say to him-Saxon! think not all is won,
Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand ;
Dreamer ! that numberest with the dead The burning spirit of the mountain-land.

Think'st thou, because the song hath ceas'd,
The soul of song is flown?
Think'st thon it woke to crown the feast, It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone?


No! by our names and by our blood, We leave it pure and free-
Though hush'd awhile, that sounding flood Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it, 'midst our country's woe,
-The birthright of her breast-
We leave it, as we leave the snow, Bright and eternal, on Eryri's* crest.

We leave it, with our fame to dwell,
Upon our children's breath-
Our voice in theirs through time shall swellThe bard hath gifts of prophecy from death.

He dies-but yet the mountains stands,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide,
And this is yet Aneurin's $\dagger$ land -
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride.

## A VOYAGERS DREAM OF LAND.

* . . . . . . "His very heart athirst

To gaze at Nature in her green array, Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed With visions prompted by intense desire; Fair fields appear below, such as he left Far distant, such as he would die to findHe seeks them headlong, and is seen no more."

Cowper.
The hollow dash of waves!-the ceaseless roar! Silence, ye billows-vex my soul no more !

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home, Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam; Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear, As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear. And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws, Through the feathery fern, and the olive boughs, And the gleam on its path as it steals away Into deeper shades from the sultry day,

[^5]And the large water-ilies that o'er its bed Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread, They haunt me !-I dream of that bright spring's flow, I thirst for its rills, like a wounded roe.

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry, 'My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by!

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round?
Know ye it, brethren, where bower'd it lies, Under the purple of southern skies?
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines
In through the cloud of its clustering vines,
And the breath of the fainting myrte-flowers,
Bome from the mountains in dewy hours,
And the fire-fly's glance through the daikening shades,
Like shooting stars in the forest-glades,
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall-
Speak !-have ye known, have ye felt them all?
The heavy-rolling surge,-the rocking mast !
Hush !-give my dream's deep music way, thou blast !
Oh ! the glad sounds of the joyous earth :
The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,
The murmurs that live in the mountain-pines,
The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
The wings fliting home through the crimson glow
That steeps the woods when the sm is low,
The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill
To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still-
I hear them!-around me they rise, they swell,
They claim back my spirit with Hope to dwell,
They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time, And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white fom dashes high-away, away,
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray !
It is there !-down the mountains I see the sweep
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep;
With the burden and glory of flowers that they wear,
Floating upborne on the blue summer-air,
And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,
And the flashing forth of a thousand streams.-

> The Grave of Körncr.

Hold me not, brethren, I go, I go, To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow, To the depths of the woods, where the shadours rest, Massy and still, on the greensward's breast, To the rocks that resound with the water's playI hear the swect laugh of my fount-give way !

Give way !--the booming aurge, the tempest's roar, The sea-bird's wail, shail rex my soul no more.

## THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celcbrated young German poet and soldier,was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the zoth of August, 1813 , a few hours after the composition of bis popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Necklenburg, under a Leautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while carppaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wroulght into a lyre and a sworl, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his lo:s, having ondy survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his birial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:-

> "Vergiss die treuen Tiditen nicht." (Forget not the Cuibliful Dead.)
-Sce Dowunes's Letters from Mecklenburg, and Rörwer's Prosaische Aufsütze, von C. A. Tirdge. .

Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest, Thon that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest, And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,

Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest ; Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd, Thou of the Lyre and Sword:

Kest, Bard! rest, Soldier !-by the father's hand
Here shall the child of after years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard! for thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God.*

[^6]

4



They grew in beauty, side by side, They fill'd one home with gleeTheir graves are sevar'd far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sightWhere are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West, By a dark stream is laid-
The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one; He lies where pearls lie deepHe was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest, Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast, On a bloodred field of Spain.

And one-o'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd; She faded 'midst Italian flowers, The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheer'd with song the hearth-
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, 0 earth!


Go to the forest shade, Seek thou the well-known glade Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie;

Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes filld with sleep,
And bath'd in hues of summer's midnight sky.
Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a veluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.
Fain would I stay with thee-
Alas! this must not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !
Go where the fountain's breast
Catcles, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.
I know how softly bright,
Steep'd in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whisperiug sedge
Bring me those flowers, to cool my fever'd brow.
Then, as in hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf arourd.
. Well know'st thou that Gir tree!-

- A murmur of the bee

Dwells even in the honied lime abore;

- Bring me one pearly flower,

Of all its clustering shower-
For on that spot we fist reveal'd our love!








We have knelt down and said one prayer, And sang one vesper strain-
My thoughts are dim with clouds of careTell me those words again !
"Life hath been heavy on my head; I come, a stricken deer, Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled, To bleed in stillness here."-
She gazed-till thoughts that long had slept, Shook all her thriling frameShe fell upon his neck, and wept, And breathed her brother's name.

Her brother's name!-and who was he, The weary one, th' unknown, That came, the bitter world to flee, A stranger to his own?-
He was the bard of gifts divine,
To sway the hearts of men;
He of the song for Salem's shrine, He of the Sword and Pen!

## TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

Thine is a strain to read amongst the hills,
The old and full of voices-by the source Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills The solitude with sound-for in its course Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast, in some sweet garden-bowers, Where summer winds each tree's low tones awaken, And bud and bell with changes mark the hours. There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet, When night hath hush'd the woods with all their birds, There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet As antique music, link'd with household words. While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move, And the rais'd eye of childhood shine in love.

$$
\text { The Song of the Curfeu: } 195
$$

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground, Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around, From its oun glow of hope and courage high, And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy!-thou art e'en as one Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye, In every spot beneath the sniling sunt, Sees where the springs of living waters lieUnseen awhile they sleep-till, touch'd by thee, Bright, healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer fiee !

## THE SONG OF THE CURFEV.

HARK! from the dim church-tower,
The deep, slow curfew's chime !
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time !
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came From the fields of his toil at night, And who might not see his own hearth's flame

In his children's eyes make light.
Sadly and sternly heard As it quench'd the wrood-fire's glow,
Which had cheer'd the board, with the mirthful word, And the red wine's foaming flow;
Until that sullen, booming knell,
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit fell,
With a weight, and with a chain.
Woe for the wanderer then
In the wild-deer's forests far!
No cottage-lamp, to the baunts of men,
Might guide him as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll, While the sounds of earth were still'd.




IIE knelt-the Saviour knelt and pray'd, When but His Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade, On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.
The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to overshadow IIMI !
That He who gave man's breath might know,
The very depths of htuman woe.
He knew them all-The doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darken'd round his Head!
And the Deliverer knelt to pray-
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.
It pass'd not---though the stormy wave
Had sumk beneath His tread;
It pass'd not-though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die.*
And was His mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?-
How may are meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through Him, that path who Irod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!
$\because$ " And there appeared an angel unto Hin fiom Heaven, strengthening Him." St. Lutie snii. 43.



A memory clings to every steep
Of lons.enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep OT courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant where his siris For truth and freedom Llete, Ask, where were lit the torturing fires, Where lay the holy dead;

And he will tell thee, aill around, On fount, and turf, and stone, Far as the chamois' foot can bound, Their asles have been sown!

Go, when the salbath bell is heard *
cp throurh the wilds to font, When the dark old woods and caves are stirr'd To gladness by the note;

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends, And while the torten's roice
Like the swell of many an orran blends, Then let thy soul rejoice:

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scom, Throursh shame, through death, made strong, Before the recks and heavens have borne Witness of God so long !

[^7]


The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The hatp of Judahe peals no more On Zion's awful hill.

And Memuon's lyre hath lost the chord That breathed the mystic tone,
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphis pourth, Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang, Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.
It fills the noontide's calm profound, The sunsel's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound, Ev'n as when first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and strange, Where sceptred cities rose !
Thou speak'st of one who doth not chang: So may our hearts repose.

## THE ADOPTED CHILD.

" Why wouldst thou leave me, oh ! gnatle childs"
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin with lowly wall-
Mine is a fair and pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.".
"Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play, Through the long bright hours of the summer-day, They find the red cup-moss where they climb, And they chase the bee 0 'er the scented thyme ; And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know-w, Lady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."
"Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell, Here are swect sounds which thou lovest well ;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;
And the silsery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose roice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."
"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall, A song of the hills far more sweet than all; She sings it under our own green tree, To the babe half slumbering on her knee; I dreant last night of that music lowLady, kind lady! oh! let me go."
"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest, She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more, Nor hear her song at the cabin door.-
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh, And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."
"Is my mother gone from ber home away ?

- But I know that my brothers are there at play.

I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fem-leaves by the sparkling well, Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flowLady, kind lady ! oh ! let me go."
"Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now, They sport no more on the mountain's trow, They lave left the fern by the spring's green side, And the streams where the fairy barks were tried. lie thou at peace in thy brighter lot, For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."
"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny kill!Dut the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still, And the red-deer bound in their gladness free, And the tur is bent by the singing bee, And the waters leap and the fresh winds blowLady, kind lady! oh! let me go."


> The Breze from Land.

Those songs are ligh and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from our path those flowers are gone-
We fain would linger here !
Linger then yet awibile,
-As the last leaves on the bough !
-Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile
That is taken from you now.
There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still;
There are seats left soid in your eartlly homes,
Which none again may fill.
Soft eyes are seen no more
That made spring-time in your heart ;
Kindred and friends are gone before,-
And $y$ s still fear to part :-
We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way through darkness bends:
Our souls are strong to follow them,
Our oun familiar friends!

## THE BREEZE FROM LAND.

-     - . . . . "As when to them who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sem northerast winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araly the Blest ; with such delay
Well pleased they stack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful suell, old Ocean smiles,"
Paralise Loth
Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth to the billow and the breeze
Their fragrance from the shore;
Joy, when the soft air's glowing sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

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## The Braze from Land.

Oh ! relcome are the winds that tell A wanderer of the deep Where far away the jasmines dwell And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Bless'd, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home !
The sailor at the helm they meet, And hope his bosom stirs,
C'pspringing, 'midst the waves to greet The fair earth's mestengers, That woo him, from the mournful main, Back to her glorions bowers agsin.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade,
And fount's bright gleam in island-wales
Of golden-fruited shade;
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of spring!
And oh! ye masters of the lay:
Come not e'en thus your songs,
That meet us on life's weary way
Amidst her toilings throngs?
Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air !
Their power is from the brighter clime That in our birth hath part,
Their tones are of the world which time
Sears not within the heart;
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.
They call us with a roice divine Back to our early love,
Our vows of youth at many a shrine Whence far and soon we rove:Welcome, high thought and holy strain, That make us Truth's and Hearen's again !"*

[^8]

## TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN

 ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27 AUGUST, 1825.THoU wak'st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long briglt day Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream To cloud thy fearless eye;-
Long be it thus-life's early stream Should still reflect the sky.
Yet ere the cares of life lie dim On thy young spinits wings,
Now in thy morn forget not IIim From whom each pure thought springs!
So in the onward vale of tears, Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow'd to evil years$H e$ will remember thee.

## TO A YOUNGER CHILD

on a slmilar occasion, 17 september, 1825.
Where sucks the bee now?-Summer is flying,
Leaves on the grass-plot faded are lying;
Violets are gone from the grassy dell,
With the cowslip-cups, where the fainies dwell ;
The rose from the garden hath pass'd awayYet happy, fair boy ! is thy natal day.
For love bids it weicome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny heid.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay-
Happy and bright is thy natal day.


There were thick leaves above me and around, And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep, Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound As of soft showers on water-dark and deep Lay the oak shadows o'er the lunf, so still, They seem'd but pictured gloom-a hidden rill, Made music, such as haunts us in a dream, Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed, Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down, And steep'd the magic page wherein I read Of royal chivalry and old renown, A tale of Palestine.*-Meanwhile the bee Swept past me wilh a tone of summer hours, A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers, Blue skies, and amber sunshine-brightly free, On filmy wings the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by !
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

## But ere long,

All sense of these things faded, as the spell, Breathing from that high gorgeous tale, grew strong On my chain'd soul-'-twas not the leaves I heard;A Syrian wind the lion-banner slirr'd, Through its proud floating folds-'twas not the brook, Singing in secret through its grassy glenA wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen Peal'd from the desert's lonely heart and shook The burning air-Like clouds when winds are high, O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby, And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear, Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees.-Then the shout Of merry England's joy swell'd freely out, Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue; And harps were there-I heard their sounding strings, As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.

[^9]The Invocation.
The bright masque faded-unto life's worn track What call'd me, from its flood of glory, back?A voice of happy childhood !-and they pass'd, Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's blastYet might I scarce bewail the vision gone, My heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tone.

## THE INVOCATION.

## WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Answer me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone, -
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown?-
And the stars answer'd me-"We roll In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul, Ask things that cannot die!"
Oh! many-toned and chainless wind ! Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find, Far over mount and sea?-
And the wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"
Ie clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'd-"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in the heart
For that which cannot die!"
Speak, then, thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer mé, through life's restless din, Where is the spirit fown?-
And the voice answer'd-" De thou still!
Enough to know is given ;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfil, Thine is to frust to Heaven)'
$\underset{ }{ } \mathrm{C}$




## THE VESPERS OF PALERMO:

> A TRAGEDY.


## ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.-A Vallcy, with Vineyards and Cottagcs.
Croupsof Peasonts-Procida, disguised as a Pilgrim, amougst thom.
First Ias. Aye, this was wont to be festal time
In days gone by! I can remember well The old familiar melodies that rose At break of morn, from all out purple hills, To welcome in the vintage. Never since
Math music seem'd so sweet ! But the light hearts Which to those measures beat so joyously
Are tamed to stillpess now. There is no voice
Of joy threugh all the land.
Scrom t Reas. Yes ! there are sounds
Of revelry within the pralaces,
And the fair castles of our ancient lords,
Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may hear From thence the peals of song and laughter rise
At midnight's deepest hour.
Third Pas. Alas! we sat
In happier days, so peacefully beneath
The olives and the vines our fathers rear'd,
Encircled by our chiddren, whose quick steps
Flew by us in the dance! The time hath been
When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er

The storm might gather. But Uis yoke of France
Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily
As on the crested chieftain's. We are bow'd
E'en to the earth.
Pats.'s Chillt. My father, tell me when
Shall the gay dance and song again resound
Amidst our chestnut-woods, as in those days
Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous tale?
First Pas. When there are light and reckless hearts once mone
In Sicily's green vales. Alas ! my boy,
Men meet not now to quaff the flowing bowl,
To hear the misthful song, and cast aside
The weight of work-day care:-they meet, to speak
Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper thouglits
They dare not breathe aloud.
Pro. (from the batheground). Aye, it is well
So to relieve th' o'erburden'd heart, which pants
Bencath its weight of wrongs; but better far
In silence to avenge them.
An oll Pats. What deep voice
Came with that startling tone?
First Pcas. It was our guest's,
The stranger pilgrim, who hath sojourn'd here
Since yester-morn. Good neighbotrs, mark him well;
He hath a stately bearing, and an eye
Whose glance looks through the heart. His mien accords
Ill with such vestments. How he folls round him
His pilgrim-cloak, e'en as it were a yobe
Of knightly ermine! That commanding step
Should have been used in courts and camps to move.
Mark him !
Ohl Pacts. Nay, rather, mark lime not ; the times
Are fearful, and they teach the boldest hearts
A cautious lesson. What should bring him here?
A Youlh. He spoke of vengeance!
Old Pers. Peace! we are beset
By snares on every side, and we must learn
In silence and in patience to endure.
Talk not of vengeance, for the word is death.
Pro. (coming forward indignantly). The word is death! And what hail life for thec,
That thou shouldst cling to it thus? thou abject thing :
Whose very soul is moulkled to the yoke,
And stamp'd with servitule. What! is it life,
Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest, e'en then,

Strangers should catch its echo?-Is there aught
In this so precions, that thy furrow'd check
Is blanch'd weth terror at the passing thought
Of hazarding some few and evil days,
Which drag thus poorly on?
Some of the Pas. Away, away!
Leave us, for there is danger in thy presence.
Pro. Why, what is danger?-Are there deeper ills
Than those ye bear thus calmly? Ye have drain'd
The cup of bitterness, till nought remains
To frar or shrink from-therefore, be ye strong!
Power dwelleth with despair.-- Why start ye thus
At words which are but echoes of the thoughts
Lack'd in your secret souls?- Full well I know,
There is not one amongst you, but hall norsed
Some proud indignant feeling, which doth make
One conflict of his life. I know thy wrongs,
And thine-and thine,-but if within your breasts,
There is no chord that vibrates to mer voice,
Then fare ye well.
A youth (coming foutar, ). No, no! say on, say on!
There are still free and fiery hearts e'en here,
That himile at thy words.
Pows. If that indeed
Thou hast a hope to give us.
Pro. There is hope
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts
Which work in silent strensth. What! think ye Heaven
O'erlooks th' oppressor, if he bear awhile
His crested head on high?-I tell yon, no!
Th' avenger will not sleep. It was an hour
Of triumph to the conquetor, when our hing,
Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair mom,
On the red scaffold died. Yet not the leass
Is justice throned above; and her good time
Comes rushing on in stoms: that royal blood
Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,
And hath been heard. The traces of the past
Fade in mnn's heart, but ne'er doth Heaven forget.
ras. Inad we but arms and leaders, we are men
Who might eani vengeance yct ; but wanting these,
What wouldst thou liave us do?
Jas. De vigilant;
And when the signal wates the land, arise!
The peasant's arm is strong, and there shall be
A rich and malle harvest Fate ye weil. [Exit Procina.
First Tus, This man should be a prophet : how he seem'd

To read our hearts with his dark searching glance And aspect of command! And yet his garb Is mean as ours.

Second Pass. Speak low; 1 know him well.
At first his voice disturb'd me bilie a dream
Of other days; but I remember now
His form, seen of when in my youth I served
Beneath the banners of our kings, 'Tis he Who hath been exiled and proscribed so long, The Count di Procida

Pars. And is this he?
Then Heaven protect him! for around his steps
Will many smares be set.
First Peas. He comes not thus
But with some mighty purpose ; doubt it not:
Perchance to bring us freedom. He is one
Whose faith, through many a trial, hath been proved
True to our native princes. But away !
The noon tide heat is past, and from the seas
Light gales are wandering through the vineyards; now
We may resume our toil.
[Exemi Peasants.

SCENE II.-The Terrace of a Custle.
Eribert. Vittoria.
Vit. Have I not told thee, that I bear a heart Blighted and cold?-Th' affections of my youth
Lie slumbering in the grave; their fount is closed, And all the soft and playful tenderness
Which hath its home in woman's breast, ere yet
Decp wrongs have sear'd it; all is fled from mine.

## Lige me no more.

Erib. O lady! doth the flower
That sleeps entomb'd through the long wintry storms
Unfold its beaty to the breath of spring ;
And shall not woman's heart, from chill despair,
Wake at love's voice?
Vit. Love!-make lrei's name thy spell,
And I am strong!-the very word calls up
From the dark past, thoughts, feelings, powers, array'd
In arms against thee! - Know'st thou rethom I lored,
While my soul's dwelling place was still on earth?
One who was born for empire, and endow'd
With such hish gifts of princely majesty;

As bow'd all hearts before him!-Was he not
Brave, royal, benutiful?-And such he died;
He died !-hast thou forgotten?-And thou'rt here,
Thou meet'st my glance with eyes which coldly look'd,-
Coldly!-nay, rather with triumphant gaze,
Upon lis murder!--Desolate as I am,
Yet in the mien of thine affianced bride,
Oh, my lost Conradin! there should be still
Somewhat of loftiness, which might o'erave
The hearts of thine assassins.
Enh. Haughty dame!
If thy proud heart to tendemess be closed,
Know, danger is around thee: thou hast foes
That seek thy ruin, and my power alone
Can shield thee from their arts.
Vit. Provençal, tell
Thy tale of danger to some happy heart,
Which hath its little world of loved ones round,
For whom to tremble; and its tranquil joys
That make earth, Faradise. I stand alone ;-
They that are blest may fear.
Erib. Is there not one
Who ne'er commands in vain?-proud lady, bend
Thy spirt to thy fate; for know that he,
Whose car of triumph in its earthquake path
O'er the bow'd neck of prostrate Sicily,
Hath borne him to dominion; he, my king,
Charces of Anjou, decrees thy hand the boon
My deeds have well deserved; and who hath power
Against his mandates ?
Vit. Viceroy, tell thy lord,
That e'en where chains lie heaviest on the land,
Souls may not all be fetter'd. Oft, ere now,
Conquerors have rock'd the earth, yet fail'd to tame
Unto their purposes that restless fire
Inhabiting man's breast. A spark bursts forth,
And so they perish :-'tis the fate of those
Who sport with lightning-and it may be his.
Tell him I fear him not, and thus am free.
Erib. 'Tis well. Then nerve that lofty heart to bear
The wrath which is not powerless. Yet again
liethink thee, lady!-Love may change-hath chang'd
To vigilant hatred oft, whose sleepless eye
Still finds what most it secks for. Fare thee well.-
look to it yet!-To-morrow I retum. [Exit Enidert.
lit. To-morrow!-Some ere now have slept, and dreamt Of minrows which ne'cr dawn'd-or ne'er for then;

So silently their deep and still repose
Hath melled into death !-Are there not baims
In nature's boundless realm, to pour out sleep
Like this, on me?-Yet should my spirit still
Eudure its earthly bonds, till it could bear
To his a glorimus tale of his own isle,
Free and avenged.-Thon should'st be now at work,
In wrath, my native Etna! who dost lift
Thy spiry pillar of dark smoke so high,
Through the red heaven of sunset !-sleep'st thou still,
Wilh all thy founts of fire, while spoilers tread
The glowing vales beneath?

## (Procida emers diswised.)

IIa! who att thou,
Unbidden guest, that with so mute a step
Dost steal upon me?
Pro. One, o'er whom hath pass'd
All that can change man's aspect !-Yet not long
Shalt thon find saiety in forgetfulness.-
I am he, to breathe whose name is perilous,
Unless thy wealth could bribe the winds to silence.-
Know'st thou this, lady?
[HC shows a rins.
Iit. Righteous Heaven! the Pledse
Amidst his people from the scaffold throun
By him who perish'd, and whose kingly blool
E'en yet is unatoned.-My heart beats high-
Oh, welcome, welcome! thou art Procida,
Th' Avenger, the Deliverer !
Pro. Call me so
When my great task is done. Yet who can tell
If the recurn'd $b c$ welcome?-Many a heart
Is changed since last we met.
Vit. Why dost thoi guze,
With such a still and suternu earnestness,
Upon my alter'd mien?
Pro. That I may read
If to the widow'd love of Conradin,
Or the proud Eribert's triumphant bride,
I now entrust my fate.
IVit. Thou, Procida!
That thou shouldst wrong me thus!-Iroiong thy gaze
Till it hath found an answer.
Fro. 'Tis enough.
I find it in thy cheek, whose rapid change
Is from death's hue to fever's ; in the wild

Unsetiled brightness of thy proud dark eye,
And in thy wasted Sorm. Aye, 'tis a deep
And solemn joy, thus in thy looks to trace,
Instead of youth's gay bloom, the characters
Of noble suffering; - on thy brow the same
Commanding spirit holds its native state
Which could not stoop to vileness. Yet the voice
Of Fame hath told afar that thou shouldst wed
This tyrant, Eribert.
Vit. And told it not
A tale of insolent love repell'd with scorn,
Of stern commands and fearful menaces
Met with indignant cournge ?-Procida!
It was but now that haughtily I braved
His sovereign's mandate, which decrees my hand,
With its fair appanage of wide domains
And wealthy vassals, a most fitting boon,
To recompense his crimes.-I smiled-aye, smiled-
In proud security! for the high of heart
Itave still a pathway to escape disgrace,

- Though it be dark and lone.

Pio. Thou shalt not need
To tread its shadowy mazes. Trust my words :
I tell thee, that a spirit is abroad,
Which will not slumber till its path be traced
By deeds of fearful fame. Vittoria, live!
It is most meet that thou shothdist live to see The mighty expiation ; for thy heart
(Forgive me that I wrong'd its fnith) hath nursed
A high, majestic grief, whose seal is set
Deep on thy marble brow.
Fit. Then thou canst tell
By gazing on the wither'd rose, that there
Thene, or the blight, hath work'd!-Aye, this is in
Thy vision's scope: but oh! the things unseen,
Untold, undreamt of, which like shadows pass
Houly o'er that mysterious world, a mind
To ruin struck by grief !-Yet doth my soul,
Far, 'midst its darkness, nurse one soaring hope,
Wherein is bright vitality.-'Tis to see
Ilis blood avenged, and his tair heritage,
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,
Like a warrior from bis slumbers !
Pro. Hear'st thou not
With what a deep and ominous moan, the voice Of our great mountain swells?-There will be snon
A fearful burst !-Vittoria! brood no more


In silence o'er thy sorrows, but go forth
Amidst thy vassals (yet be secret still),
And let thy breath give nurture to the spark
Thou'lt find already kindled. I move on
In shadow, yet awakening in my path
That which shall startle nations. Fare thee well.
Dit. When shall we meet again?-A.re we not those
Whom most he loved on earth, and think'st thou not
That love e'en yet shall bring his spirit near
While thus we hold communion?
Pro. Yes, I feel
Its breathing influence whilst I look on thee, Who wert its light in life. Yet will we not
Make womanish tears our offering on his tomb;
He shall have nobler tribute !-I must hence,
But thou shalt soon hear more. Await the time.
[Exeunt separately.

SCENE III. -The Sa Shore.
Raimond di Procida. Constance.
Con. There is a shadow far within your eye,
Which hath of late been deepening. You were wont
Upon the clearness of your open brow
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round
Joy, like our souther sun. It is not well,
If some dark thought be gathering o'er your soul,
To hide it from affection. Why is this,
My Raymond, why is this?
Raj. Oh ! from the dreams
Of youth, sweet Constance, hath not manhood still
A wide and stormy wakening ?-They depart;
Light after light, our glorious visions fade,
The vaguely beautiful! till earth, unveil'd,
Lies pale around ; and life's realities
Press on the soul, from its unfathomed depth
Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud thoughts,
In all their fearful strength :- ' I 'is ever thus,
And doubly so with me; for I awoke
With high aspiring, making it a curse
To breathe where noble minds are bow'd, as her-
To breathe !-it is not breaths!
Con. I know thy grief,-
And is 't not mine ?-for those devoted men

Too long a lonely exile, and his name
Seems fading in the dim obscurity
Which gathers round my fortunes.
Con. Must we part?
And is it come to this?-Oh! I have still
Deem'd it enough of joy with thee to share
E'en grief itself-and now-but this is vain;
Alas! too deep, too fond, is woman's love,
Too full of hope, she casts on troubled waves The treasures of her soul!

Rai. Oh, speak not thus !
Thy gentle and desponding tones fall cold.
Upon my inmost heart.-I leave thee but
To be more worthy of a love like thine.
For I have dreant of fame !-A few slort years,
And we may yet be blest.
Con. A few short years!
Less time may well suffice for death and fate
To work all clange on earth !-To break the ties
Which early love had form'd; and to bow down
Th' elastic spinit, and to blight each fower
Sttewn in life's crowded path !-But be it so!
Be it enough to know that happiness
Meets thee on other shores.
Rai. Where'er I roam
Thou shalt be with my soul !-Thy soft low voice
Shall rise upon remembrance, like a strain
Of music heard in boyhood, bringing back
Life's morning freshness.-Oh ! that there should be
Things, which we love with such deep tenderness,
But, through that love, to leam how much of woe
Dwells in one hour like this!-Yet weep thou not!
We shall meet soon ; and many days, dear love,
Ere I depart.
Con. Then there's a respite still.
Days !- not a day but in its course may bring
Some strange vicissitude to turn aside
Th' impending blow we shrink from. Fare thee well.
(Raturting.)
Oh, Raimond ! this is not our last farewell?
Thou wouldst not so deceive me?
Raz. Doubt me not,
Gentlest and best beloved ! we meet again.

- [Exil Constance.

Rai. (afor a pause). When shall I breathe in freedom, and give scope


Ue named, and yet he comes not.
Pro. (roming formard). He is here.
Rai. Now, thou mysterious stranger, thou, whose glance
Duth fix itsell on memory, and pursue
Thought, like a spirit, haunting its lone hours;
Keveal thyse'f; what art thou?
Pro. One, whose life
Has been a troubled stream, and made its way
Through rocks and darkness, and a thousand storms,
With still a mighty aim.-But now the shades
Of eve are gathering round me, and I come
To this, my mative land, that I may rest
Beneath its vines in peace.
Rai. Seek'st thou for peace?
This is no land of peace; unless that deep
And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's thoughts
Hack to their source, and mantle its pale mien
With a dull hollow semblance of repose,
May so be call'd.
Pro. There are such calms full oft
Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been
So vainly school'd by fortune, and inured
To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink,
That it should ink my spirit to put on
Such guise of hush'r submissiveness as best
Dlay suit the troulled aspect of the times.
Kivi. Why, then, thou art welcome, stranger! to the land
Where mosidisguise is necdful.-He were buld
Who now should wear his thoughts upon bis brow
Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye
Doth search distrustfully the brother's lace ;
And friends, whose undivided lives have drann

From the same past their long remembrances,
Now meet in terror, or no more; lest hearts
Full to o'erfowing, in their social hour, Should pour out some rash word, which roving wind; Might whisper to our conquerors.-This it is, To wear a foreign yoke.

Pro. It matters not
-To him who hokls the mastery oer his spirit, And can suppress its workings, till endurance Becomes as mature. We can tame ourselves To all extremes, and there is that in life To which we cling with most tenacious grasp, Ev'n when its lofy claims are all reduced To the poor common privilege of breathingWhy dost thou turn away?

Rai. What wouldst thou with me?
I deem'd thee, by th' ascendant sonl which lived, And made its throne on thy commanding brow, One of a sovereign nature, which would scorn So to abase its high capacities
For aught on earth. - But thou art like the rest.
What wouldst thon with me?
Pro. I would counsel thee.
Thou must do that which men-aye, valiant men, -
Hourly submit to do ; in the proud court,
And in the stately camp, and at the board
Of midnight revellers, whose flush'd mirth is all
A strife, won hardly. - Where is he whose heart
Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the gaze
Of mortal eye? - If vengeance wait the foe,
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths conceal'd
Deneath a smiling surface.-Youth! I say
Keep thy soul down !-Put on a mask !-'tis wors
Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth
And specious intercouse of life requires
Its aid in every scene.
Rai. Away, dissembler !
Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks, Fitted to every nature. Will the free And royal earle stoop to leam the arts By which the serpent wins his spell-bound prey?
It is because I aikl not cicise myself
In a vile garb of coward semblances,
That now, e'en now, I struggle with my heart,
To bid what most I lore a long farewell,
And seek my country on some distant shore
Where such things are unknown!




In their vain exercise of pageant power,
Hard and relentless !-Gentle brother, yet,
'Tis in your choice to imitate that Heaven
Whose noblest joy is pardon.
Eri. 'Tis too late.
You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads
With eloquent melody-but they must die.
Con. What, die!-for words:-for breath, which leaves no trace
To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends, And is, being utter'd, gone ?-Why, 'twere enough
For such a venial fault, to be deprived
One little day of man's free heritage,
Heaven's wann and sunny light !-Oh ! if you deem
That evil harbours in their souls, at least
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
Shall bid stem Justice wake.
Eri. I am not one
Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep watch
For fair occasions, thence to bonow hues
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been
Where power sits crown'd and arm'd.-And, mark me, sister !
To a distrustful nature it might seem
Strange, that your lips thus earnestly should plead
For these Sicilian rebels. O'er my being
Suspicion holds no power.-And yet take note.-
I have said, and they must die.
Con. Have you no fear?
Eri. Of what?- that heaven should fall?
Con. No!-but that earth
Should arm in madness,-Brother! I have seen
Ihrk eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal throngs,
With such deep hatred settled in their glance,
My heart hath died within me.
Eri. Am I then
To pause, and doult, and slrink, because a girt,
A dreaming girl, hath trembed at a look?
Con. Oh! looks are no illusions, when the soul,
Which may not speak in words, can find no way
But theirs to libery !-Wave not these men
Brave sons, or noble brothers?
Eri. Ves! whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear,
A sound forbiden 'midst the haunts of men.
C\%n. Dut nut forgoten !-Ah ! beware, beware!-


Nay, look not sternly on me.-There is one Of that deroted band, who yet will need Years to be ripe fur deaib. He is a youth, A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
The spring-:ime glow is lingering. 'Twas but now' His nother left ne, with a timid hope
Just dawning in her breast ;-and I-I dared To foster its faint spark, -'ou smile !-Oh ! then He will be savel!
Eri. Nay, I but smiled to think
What a fond fool is hope!-She may be taught
To deem that the great sun will chauge his course
To work her pleasure ; or the tonb give back
Its inmates to her arms., In sooth, tis strange !
Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not thus
Have mock'd the boy's sail nother-I have said
You should not thus have mek ${ }^{\prime}$ / her ! Now farerell.
[Exit Eribert.
Con. Oh, brother! hard of heart !-for deeds like these
There must be fearful chastening, if on high
Justice doth hold her state.-And I must tell
Yon desolate mother, that her fair young 5on
Is thus to perish !-Haply the dread tale
May slay her too;-for Heaven is merciful.-
'Twill be a bitter task! [Exit Constaxce.

SCENE II.-A nimal Tnur, surroundal by Hoods.
Procida. Vittoria.
Pro. Thy vassals are prepared then ?
Fit. les, they wait
Thy summons to their task.
Pro. Keep the flame bright,
But hidden, till its hour.-Would'st thou dare, lady,
To join our councils at the night's mid-watch,
In the lone cavern by the rock-hewa cross?
1it. What should I shrink from?
Fro. Oh : the forest paths
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine streams
Through their high arches : but when powerful night
Comes, with her cloudy phartoms, and her pale
Cncertion moonbeapis, and the hollow stunds
Of her mysterious winds; their aspect thens
Is of another and more fearful world;

A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms, Wakening strange thoughts, almost too much for this, Our frail terrestrial nature.

I it. Well I know
All this, and more. Such scenes have been th' abodes Where through the silence of my soul have pass'd
Voices, and visions from the sphere of those
That have to die no more!-Nay, doult it not!
If such unearthly intercourse hath e'er
Been granted to our nature, 'tis to hearts
Whose love is with the dead. They, they alone,
Lnmadden'd could sustain the fearful joy
And glory of its trances !-at the hour
Which makes guilt tremulous, and peoples earth
And air with infinite, viewless multitudes,
I will be with thee, Procila.
Pro. Thy presence
will kindle nobler thoughts, and, in the souls
Of suffering and indigrant men, arouse
That which may strengthen our majestic cause
With yet a deeper power.-Know'st thou the spot?
lit. Full well. There is no scene so wild and lone
In these dim wools, but I have visited
Its tangled shades.
I'ro. At miduight, then, we meet.
[Exit Procida.
V'it. Why should I fear? --Thou wilt be with me, thou,
Th' immortal dream and shadow of my soul,
Spirit of him I love ! that meet'st me still
In loneliness and silence; in the noon
Of the wild night, and in the forest-depths,
Known but to me; for whom thou giv'st the winds
And sighing lenves a cadence of thy voice,
Till my heart faints with that o'erthrilling joy !-
Thou wilt be with me there, and lend my lips
Words, fiery words, to flush dark cheeks with shame,
That thou art unavenged! [Exit Vitrorla.

> SCEXE III,-A Chopel, with a Monument, on whith is louid a Sawd.-Mhonligh.

Procida. Ranomd. Montalba.
Wint. And know you not my story?
1ho. In the lanis
Whete I have been a waderer, your deep wrongs


Were number'd with our country's ; but their tale Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.
I would fain hear it now.
Ion. Hark ! while you spoke,
There was a voice-like murmur in the breeze,
Which ev'n like death cane over me:-'twas a night
Like this, of clouds contending with the moon,
A night of sweeping winds, of rusting leaves,
And swift wild shadows floating o'er the earth,
Clochecl with a phantom-life ; when, after years
Of battle and captivity, I spurred
My good steed homewards. -Oh ! what lovely dreams
Rose on my spirit! -There were tears and smiles,
But all of joy !-And there were bounding steps,
And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp of love
D th twine so fondly round the warrior's neck,
When his plumed helm is doff'd.-Hence, feeble tr , rights !-
I am sterner now, yet once such dreams were mile !
Rain. And were they realized?
Mon. Youth : Ask me not,
But listen !-I drew near my own fair home;
There was no light along its walls, no sound
Of bugle pealing from the watchtower's height
At my approach, although my trampling steed
Made the earth ring ; yet the wide gates were thrown
All open. -Then my heart misgave me first,
And on the threshold of $m y$ silent hall
I paused a moment, and the wind swept by
With the same deep and dirge-like tone which pierced
My soul e'en now.-I called -my struggling voice
Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's, names;
They answer'd not-I roused my failing strength,
And wild y rush'd within -and they were there.
Raj. And was all well?
Mon. Aye, well !-for death is well,
And they were all at rest !-I see them yet,
Pale in their innocent beauty, which had failed
To stay th' assassin's arm!
Rat. Oh, righteous heaven!
Who had done this?
Mon. Who?
Pro. Canst thou question, who?
Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such deeds,
In the cold-blooded revelry of crime,
But those whose yoke is on us?
Tai. Man of woe!
What words hath pity for despair like thins?

Non. Pits:-fond youth !-My soul didains the grief Wich dath unbosam its deep secrecies,
To asis a vaio companionship of tears, And so to te relieved!
Pro. For woes like thee
There is no sympatiy but vengeance.
Mor. None!
Therefore I brought you hitier, that your hears
Might catch the spirit of the scene :-Look round !
We are in the auful fresence of the dead;
Wishin yon tomb the sleep, whose gente blood
Weighs down the murderer 5 soul. - Ther sieep:-- but I
Am wakeful oer their dust :-I haid my sword, Without its sheath, on their sepuldiral stone,
As on an altar ; and th' eternal s:aris,
And heaven, and night, bore witness to my vow;
No more to wield it save in ore frest cause,
The vengeance of the grave :-And now the hour
Or Nat atonement comes: [He takios tic sivival from the tomb.
Rai. My spint burns:
And ny full heart almost to lursting sweils.-
Oh: for the day of tatile.
Pro. Kumond! they
Whose souls are dark with guiltiess Llood must die;-
but not in battie
Rai. How, my father!
Pra No:
Lock on that sepulchre, and it will teach
Another lesson.- Eut th' appointed hour
Adrances. - Thou ailt join our chosen band,
Nolle Montala?
Hon. Leave me fol a time,
That I mas calm my soul ty intercourse
Wieh the stial dead, hefore I mix with men,
And with their pasisions. I have nursed for years,
In sience and in solitude, the fiame
Which do:h consume me ; and in is not used
T7.us to Le lioktd or breathed on.- Procida !
I nould te tranquil-or appear so-ere
I join yur lrave confederstes. Through niy beart
There s:nuch a pans-kut it will soon kave pasid
fro kenember:-in the cavern ty the cross.
Now, foisw me, my sch [Exchnt Pociloa and Rainond If:n. (ithr a fomel lamme on the timis. Said he "my sin!"-Niw, why shouid this man's life
Co down in hope, thus resting on a som
tod I be dexiate? -How strange a sünd


Was that-" my son!"-I had a boy, who might
Have worn as free a soul upon his brow
As dolh this youth.-Why should the thought of him
Thus haunt me ?-when I tread the peopled ways
Of life again, I shall be pass'd each hour
By fathers with their children, and I nust
Learn calmly to look on. - Methinks 'twere now
A gloomy consolation to behold
All men bereff, as I am!-But away,
Vain thoughts !-One task is left for blighted hearts,
And it shall be fulfilled.
Exit Montalba.

SCENE IV.-Entrante of $a$ Caje, swounded by Rocks and Forsosts. A rude Cross secta cmongot the Rokis.

Procida. Phimiod.
Pro. And is it thus, beneath the solemn skies
Of midnight, and in solitary caves,
Where the wild forest-creatures make their lair,-
Is't thus the chiefs of Sicily most hold
The councils of their country !
Rai. Why, such scenes
In their primeval majesty, beheld
Thus by faint starlight, and the partial glare
Of the red-streaming lava, will inspire
Far deeper thoughts than pillard halls, wherein
Statesmen hald weary vigils.-Are we not
O'ershadowed by that Etna, which of old,
With its dread prophecies, hath struck dismay
Through tyrants' hearts, and bade them seek a home
In other climes ?-Hark! from its depths e'en now
What hollow moans are sent !
Enter Montalba, Guido, and other Sicilians.
Pro. Wejcome, my brave associates !-We can share
The wolf's wild freeclom here !-Th' oppressor's haunt
Is not 'midst rocks and caves. Aie we all met ?
Sic, All, all!
Fro. The torchlight, sway'd by every gust,
But dimly shows your features,-Where is he
Who from his battles had returned to breathe
Once more, without a corslet, and to meet
The yoices and the footsteps, and the smiles,
Blent with his dreams of home? ?- Of that dark tale
The rest is known to vengeance !-Art thou here,



Pro. Thy voice is low and broken, and thy words Scarce meet our ears.
Miv. Why, then, I thus repeat

Their impert. Let th' avenying sword burst forth
In some free festal hour, and woe to him
Who first shall spare!
Riai. Mist innocence and guilt
Perish alike?
Mos, Who talks of innocence?
When hath thicir hand been stay'd for imocence?
Let them all perish !-Heaven will choose its own.
Why should thit children live? -The earthquake whelme
Its undistinguish'd thousands, making graves
or peopled cities in its path-and this
Is Hearen's dread justice-aye, and it is well :
Why then should we be tender, when the skies
Ieal thus with man?-What, if the infant bleed?
Is there not power to hush the mother's pangs?
What, if the youthrul bride perchance should fall
In her triumphant beauty ? -Should we pause ?
As if death were not mercy to the pangs
Which make our lives the recorts of our foes:
Let them all perish !-And if one be found
Aniilst our band, to stay th' avenging steel
For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,
Then be his doom as theirs!
Why gaze ye thus:
[A paus.
Brethren, what means your silence?
Sic. Be it so :
If one amongst us stay th' avenging steel
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs !
Pledge we our faith to this !
Ramond (rushine forutrad indignanty). Our faith to this:
No! I but dramt I heard it!-Can it be?
My countrymen, my father!-Is it thus
That freedom should be won?-Awake! Awake
To loftier thoughts!-Lift up, exultingly,
On the crown'd heights, and to the sweeping winds,
Your glorious banner !-I et your trumpet's lilast
Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call aloul,
Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall berr
The strangers yoke no bonger!-What is he
Who carries on his practised lip a smile,
Beneath his vest a dasger, which but wails
Till the heart lounds with joy, to still its beatings?
That which our nature's insinct doh recoil from,
And our lleod curdle at -aye, yours and mine-


A murderer !-Heard ye ?-Shall that name with ours
Go down to after days?-Oh, friends! a cause
Like that for which we rise, hath made bright names
Of the elder time as rallying-words to men,
Sounds full of might and immortality !
And shall not ours be such?
Mon. Fond drcamer, peace!
Fame! What is fame?-Will our unconscious dust
Start into thrilling rapture from the grave
At the vain breath of praise?-I tell thee, youth,
Our souls are parch d with agonizing thist,
Which must be quench'd though death were in the draught ;
We must have vengeance, for our foes have left
So other joy unblighted.
Pro. Oh ! my 50n,
The time is past for such high dreams as thine.
Thou know'st not whom we deal with. Kuightly fath
And chivalrous honour, are lut things whereon
They cast disdainful pity. We must meet
Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.
And, for our names-whate'er the deeds, by which
We burst our bondage-is it not enough
That in the chronicle of days to come,
We, through a bright "For ever," shall be called
The men who saved their country?
Rai. Many a land
LIath bow'd beneath the yoke, and then arisen,
As a strong lion rending silken bonds,
And on the open field, before high Hearen,
Won such majestic vengeance, as hath made
Its name a power on earth. - Aye, nations own
It is enough of glory to be cull'd
The children of the mighty, who redeernd
Their native soil-but not by means like these.
Wun. I have no children.-Or Montalba's blood
Not one red drop dith circle throuth the veins
Of aught that breathes !- Why, what have $I$ to do
With far futurity?- IY spirit lives
But in the past-Away ! when thou dost stand
On this fair earth, as doth a blasted tree
Which the warm sun revies not, thon return,
Strong in thy desolation : but, till then,
Thou art not for our purpose; we have need
Of more unshrinking hearts.
Rui. Mentalba, know,
I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice
Might get have power amonet you, I would say,



Say, is it meet that, lingering thus on earth,
But to behold one great atonement made,
And keep one name from fading in men's hearts,
A tyrant's will should force me to profane
Heaven's altar with unhallowed rows-and live
Stung by the !seen, unutterable scorn
Of my own besom, live-another's bride?
Sic. Never, on never !-fear not, noble lady!
Worthy of Conradin !
lit. Yet hear me still.
/his bride, that Eriberts, who notes our tears
With his insulting eye of cold derision,
And, could he pierce the depths where feeling works
Would number e'en our agonies as crimes. -
Say, is this meet?
Gui. We deem'd these nuptials, lady,
Thy willing choice; but 'is a joy to find
Thou art noble still. Fear not ; by all our wrongs
This shall not be.
Pro. Vitoria, thou art come
To ask our aid, but we have need of thine
Know, the completion of our high designs
Requites-a festival; and it must be
Thy bridal !
Dit. Procida!
Pro. Nay, start not thus.
'Wis no hard task to bind your raven hair With festal garlands, and to bid the song
Rise, and the wine-cup mantle. No-nor yet
To meet your suitor at the glittering shrine,
Where death, cot love, awaits him !
lii. Can ma SCll

Dissemble thus?
Pro. We hare no other means
Of winning our great birthright back from those
Who have uivipd it, than so lulling them
Into rain confidence, that they may deem
All wrongs forgot; and this may best be done
By what I ask of thee.
1/ on. Then will we mix
With the flush'd revellers, making their gay feast
The harvest of the grave.
bit. A bridal day :-
Must it be so!--Then, chiefs of Sicily,
1 bid you to my nuptials ! but be there
With your bright swords unsheathed, for thus alone
My guests should be arlomid.


Sri. My fortune's star
Doth rule th' ascendant still! (apart.)-If not of love,
Then pardon, lady, that I speak of $j 0 y^{\prime}$,
And with exulting heart--
Vita. There is no joy !-
Who shall look through the far futurity,
And, as the shadowy visions of events
Develope on his gaze, 'midst their dim throng,
Dare, with oracular mien, to point, and say,
"This will bring happiness?"- Who shall do this?-
Why, thou, and I, and all!-There's One, who sits
In his own bright tranquillity enthroned,
High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond
Their thickest clouds; but we, from whose dull eyes
A grain of dust hides the greai sun, e'en tie
Usurp his attributes, and talk, as seers,
Of future joy and grief!
Eris. Thy words are strange.
Yet will I hope that peace at length shall settle
Upon thy troubled heart, and and soft grace
To thy majestic beauty. -Fair Vittoria!
Oh ! if my cares-
Vil. I know a day shall come
Of peace to all. Fv'n from my darken'd spirit
Soon shall each restless wish be exorcised,
Which haunts it now, and I shall then lie down
Serenely to repose. Of this no more-
I have a boon to ask.
Ert. Command my power,
And deem it thus most honour'd.
Vii. Have I then

Soar such an eagle-pitch, as to command ${ }^{*}$
The mighty Eribert ?-And yet 'is meet ;
For I bethink me now, I should have worn
A crown upon this forehead. -Generous lord!
Since thus you give me freedom, know, there is
Ar hour I have loved from childhood, and a sound,
Whose tones, o'er earth and ocean sweetly bearing
A sense of deep repose, have lull'd me oft
To peace-which is forgetfulness : I mean
The Vesper-bell. I pray you, let it be
The summons to our bridal-Hear you not?
To our fair bridal?
Err. Lady, let your will
Appoint each circumstance. I an but too liess'd
Proving my homage thus.
Lit. Why, then, 'xis mine



Searching, 'midst warrior-hosts, the heart which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.
Mai. (turning away). There is no path but one
For noble natures.
Pro. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dash'd a nation's chains, Rent as with heaven's own lightning, by what memes The glorious end was won ?-Go, swell th' acchim!
Bid the deliverer, hail ! and if his path
To that most bright and sovereign destiny
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it called
A stern necessity, and not a crime!
Mai. Father! my soul yet kindles at the thought
Of nobler lessons, in my boyhood learn'd
Even from thy voice. -The hist remembrances
Of other days are stirring in the heart
Where thou didst plant them ; and they speak of men
Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts, that would bear heaven's light. -And such be mine ?
Oh, father ! is it yet too late to draw
The praise and blessing of all valiant hearts
On our most righteous cause?
Pro. What wouldst thou do?
Rad. I would go forth, and rouse th' indignant land 'To generous combat. Why should freedom strike Mantled with darkness?-Is there not more strength E'en in the waving of her single arm
Than hosts can wield against her ?-I would rouse
That spirit, whose fire doth press resistless on
To its proud sphere, the stormy field of fight!
Pro. Aye! and give time and warning to the foe To gather all his might !-It is too late.
There is a work to be this eve begun,
When rings the Vesper-bell : and, long before
To-morrow's sun hath reach'd $i$ ' th' noonday heaven
His throne of burning glory, every sound
Of the Provençal tongue within our walls,
As by one thunderstroke-(you are pale, my son)Shall be for ever silenced.

Raj. What! such sounds
As falter on the lip of infancy
In its imperfect utterance? or are breathed
By the fond mother, as she lulls her babe?
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air
Pour'd by the timid maid ? - Must all alike



Of the dark laurel-foliage, was enough
Of happiness. -How have these calm delights
Fled from before one passion, as the dews,
The delicate gems of morning, are exhaled
By the great sim!
(Ramon enters.)
Raymond! oh ! now thou'rt come
1 read it in thy look, to say farewell
For the last time --the last !
Rain. No, best beloved!
I come to tell thee there is now no power
To part us-but in death.
Con. I have dreamt of joy,
But never aught like this. -Speak yet again !
Say, we shall part no more!
Rat. No more, if love
Can strive with darker spirits, and he is strong
In his immortal nature! all is changed
Since last we met, ing father-keep the tale
Secret from all, and most of all, my Constance,
From Eribert-my father is return'd:
I leave thee not.
Con. Thy father! blessed sound !
Good angels be his guard !-Oh! if he knew
How my soul clings to thine, he could not hate
Even a Provencal maid! -Thy father !-now
'Thy soul will be at peace, and I shall see
The sunny happiness of earlier days
Look from thy brow once more !-But how is this?
Thine eye reflects not the glad soul of mine;
And in thy look is that which ill befits
A tale of joy.
Raj. A dream is on my soul.
I see a slumberer, crown'd with flowers, and smiling
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm ; and this strange phantasy
Hath cast so deep a shadow o'er my thoughts,
I cannot but be sad.
Con. Why, let me sing
One of the sweet wild string you love so well,
And this will banish it.
Ri. It may not be.
Oh ! gentle Constance, go not forth today :
Such dreams are ominous.
Con. Hare you then forgot
My brother's nuptial feast ?-I must be one


It is stately bride. In sooth, my step of joy Will print earth lighty now.-What fear'st thou, love?
Look all around! these blue transparent slics, And sunbeams pouring a more buoyant life
Through each glad thrilling vein, will brightly chase All thought of evil. -Why, the very air
Lexathes of delight :-Through all its glowing realus
Doth music blend with fragrance, and e'en here
The city's voice of jubilee is heard
Till each lisht leaf seems trembling unto sounds Of human joy!
Ruti. There lie far deeper things, -
Things, that may darken thouglit for life, beneath
That city's festive semblance.-I have pass'd
Through the glad moultitudes, and I have mark'd A stenn intelligence in meeting eyes, Which deem'd their flash umnoticed, and a quick. Supicions vigilance, too intent to clothe Its mien with carelessness; and, now and then, A hurrying start, a whisper, or a hand l'ointing by stealh to some one, singled out Amidst the reckless throng. O'er all is spread A manling flush of revelry, which may hide Much from unpractised eyes; but lighter signs Have been prophetic oft. Con. I tremble!-Ramond! What may these things portend?

Roi. It was a day
Of festival, like this; the city sent
L'p through her sumy firmament a voice
Joyous as now ; when, scarcely heralded
By one deep moan, forth from his cavernous depths
The earthquake burst ; and the wide splendid scene
lecame one chaos of all fearful things,
Till the brain whirid, partaking the sick motion
Of rocking palaces.
Corn. And then didt thou,
My noble Raimond ! through the dreadful paths
laid open by destruction, past the chasms,
Whose fathomless clefts, a moment's work, had given
One burial unto thousands, rush to save
Thy trembling Constance ! she who lives to bless
Thy generous love, that still the breath of heaven
Wafts glalness to her soul!
Rua. Heaven!-Meaven is just!
And lxeing so, nust guand thee, sweet one, stath


De Cou. Doubtful and strange the tale! Why was not this Reveal'd before?

All. Mistrust me not, my lord!
That stern and jealous Procida hath kept
O'er all my steps (as though he did suspect
The purposes, which of his eye hath sought
To read in mine) a watch so vigilant,
I knew not how to warn thee, though for this
Alone I mingled with his bands, to learn
Their projects and their strength. Thou knon'st ny faith
To Anjou's house full well.
De Cou. How may we now
Avert the gathering storm :-The viceroy holds
His bridal least, and ail is revelry. -
Twas a true-boding heaviness of heart,
Which kept me from these nuptials.
Alb. Thon thyself
Mayst yet escape, and, haply of thy bands
Rescue a part, ere long to wreak full vengeance
Upon these rebels. 'Tis too late to dream
Of saving Eribert. E'en shouldst thou rush
Before him with the tidings, in his pride
And confidence of soul, he would but laugh
Thy tale to scom.
De $C$ ow. He nust not die unwarn'd,
Though it be all in vain. But thou, Alberti,
Rejoin thy comrades, lest thine absence wake
Suspicion in their hearts. Thou hast done well,
And shalt not pass unguerdon'd, should I live
Through the deep horrors of th' approaching night.
Alh. Noble De Couci, trust me still. Anjou
Commands no heart more faithful than Alberti's.
[Exit Alferti
De Con. The grovelling slave!-And yet he spoke too true!
For Eribert, in blind elated joy,
Will scon the warning voice. - The day wanes fast,
And through the city, recklessly dispersed, linam'd and unprepared, my soldiers revel,
E'en on the brink of fate.-I must aray. [Exil De Couct.



First Noble (apart). Mark'd you her glance?
Sccom Noble (apart). What eloquent som was there! yet he, th' elate
Of heart, perceives it not.
Err. Now to the feast!
Constance, you look not joyous. I have said
That all should smile today.
Con. Forgive me, brother!
The heart is wayward, and its garb of pomp
At times oppresses it.
End. Why how is this?
Con. Vices of woe, and prayers of agony
Unto my soul have risen, and left sad sounds
There echoing still. Yet would I fain be gay,
Since 'is your wish. - In truth, I should have been
A village-maid!
Fri. But, being as you are,
Not thus ignobly free, command your looks
(They may be taught obedience) to reflect
The aspect of the time.
lit. And know, fair maid!
That if in this unskilled, you stand alone

- Amidst our court of pleasure.

Err. To the feast!
Now let the red wine foam !-There should be mirth
When ennquerors revel:-Lords of this fair isle!
Your good swords' heritage, crown each bowl, and pledge
The present and the future! for they both
Look brightly on us. Dost thou smile, my bride?
1 lt. Yes, Eribert !-thy prophecies of joy
Have taught even me to smile.
Ert. 'This well. Today
I have won a fair and almost royal bride;
To-morron-let the bright sun speed his course,
To waft me happiness! -my proudest foes
Must die-and then my slumber shall be laid
On rose -leaves, with no envious fold, to mar
The luxury of its visions! -Fair Vitoria,
lour looks are troubled!
lit. It is strange, but oft,
'Midst festal sones and garlands, o'er my soul
Death comes, with some dull image! as you spoke
If those whose blood is chimed, I thought for them
Who, in a darkness thicker than the night
E'er wove with all her clouds, have pined so long:
How blessed were the stroke which makes them things
Of that invisible world, wherein, we trust,


There is, at least, no bondage !-But should tor
From such a scene as this, where all earth's joys
Contend for mastery, and the very sense
Of life is rapture ; should zee pass, I say,
At once from such excitements to the void
And silent gloom of that which doth await us-
Were it not dreadful?
Eri. Banish such clark thoughts!
They ill beseem the hour.
Vit. There is no hour
Of this mysterious world, in joy or woe,
But they beseem it well !-Why, what a slight,
Impalpable bound is that, th' unseen, which severs
Being from death!-And who can tell how near
Its misty brink he stands?
First Aoble (asidi). What mean her words?
Skond Nobl: There's some dark mystery here.
Eri. No more of this !
Pour the bright juice which Etna's glowing vines
Yield to the conquerors! And let music's voice
Dispel these ominous dreams !-Wake, harp, and song!
Swell out your triamph !
(A Messenger caters, barriug a litho.)

- Mes. Pardon, my good Lord!

But this demands-
Eri. What means thy breathless haste?
And that ill-boding mien ?-Away! such looks
Bcfit not hours like these.
Nes. The Lord De Conci
Bade me bear this, and say, "tis fraught with tidings
Of life and death.
Vit. (hurridly). Is this a time for aughit
But revelry?-My lord, these dull intrusions
Mar the bright spirit of the festal scene !
Eri. (to lhe Alis.) Hence! tell the Lord De Couci we will talk
Of life and death to-morrow.
[Exil Messexger. Let there be
Around me none but joyous looks to-day,
And strains whose very echoes wake to mirth !

- [A band of the Conspivitors enter, to the sound of musie, nissuided as shapherds, bacchunals, Ev.

Eri. What forms are these ?-mhat means this antic triumph?


The Tisetrs of Puicrmo.

## Ramosd emtrs.

## Rui, Awzy, my Constance!

Now is the time for bisth. Our shaghtering bands
Are scaterd far and wide A litle while
And thoo stait be in salety. Know'st thou not
That low swet vale, where dwell the holy man,
Anseluo: He whose hermitase is reard
raid scme olit temple's ruin?-Kound the spor
His name hath spread so pure and deep a charm,
Tis haliou'd as a sanctarer, wherein
Thou st.x.t securely bine, till this will sorm
Hath spent its fury. Haste !
Com 1 wili poter:
Whate in this heart there is ose throb of life,
One spark in his dim eves, I will not leare
The brother of my yuech to perish thas,
Wirhout one linci'y besom to suseain
His cying bead.
Eri. The clouds are darkening roand.
There are strange voices ringing in my ear
That scmmon me-to what?-But I have been
Iied to command!-Away! I will not die Eut on the field-

Con. (fnating ty kim). Oh Hearen ! be merciful,
As thou ant just:-for he is now where nousht
Eat mericy can aral tim:-It is past!
Gribo mters, wizh his seord drexin.
Cui. (0 Kamove). Tive sGught thee long-Why art thoo lingering here?
Haste, fuitum me :-Suspicion with thy name
Jens that wurd-Trazw?
Nai. Trator:-Gaido?
Cat lies:
Hast tivu not heard cha, with his men-at-arms,
Aiser win contiat with a peip.e's wrath,
Ine Coect hath exared:-And there are those
Who nairmur that foum that the warning came
Whith saved kim from our verseance. Lite'en yet
In the rel cureent of Provenyal bluad
 Anlf: A me!

Tis ofac to ticis !-Away ! mistriat me sind

 The Vesters of Palermo.

I will not stain my sword with deeds like thine.
Thon know'st me not!
Gui. Rainnond di Procida!
If thon art he whom once I deem'd so noble $\rightarrow$
Call me thy friend no more!

[Exil GutDa.

Rai. (after a pause). Rise, dearest, rise!
Thy duty's task hath nobly been fulfill'd,
E'en in the face of death; but all is o'er, And this is now no place where nature's tears In quiet sanctity may freely flow.Hark ! the wild sounds that wait on fearful deeds Are swelling on the winds, as the deep roar Of fast-advancing billows; and for thire I shame not thus to tremble.-Speed, oh, speed! Exewn.

## ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE 1.--A Strect in Polermo.

## Procida enters.

Pro. How strange and deep a stillness loads the air,
As with the power of midnight!-Aye, where death
Hath pass'd, there should be silence.--But this hush
Of nature's heart, this breathlessness of all things,
Doth press on thought too heavily, and the sky,
With its dark robe of purple thunder-clouds
Brooding in sullen masses, o'er my spirit,
Weighs like an omen !-Wherefore should this be?
Is not our task achieved, the mighty work
Of our deliverance?-Yes; I should be joyous:
But this our feeble nature, with its quick
Instiuctive superstitions, will drag down
Th' ascending soul.-And I have fearful bodings
That treachery lurks amongst us.-Raimond ! Raimond!
Oh! Guilt ne'er made a mien like his its garb !
It cannot be :
Montalba, Guddo, and olher Siciliansenter.
Pro. Welcome! we meet in joy!
Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming
The kingly port of freemen! Who shall dare,
After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,
To weave us chains again :-Xe have done well.



Gui. Briefly, 'twas your son did thus;
He hath discraced your name. Pro. My $50 n$ did thus !-
Are thy words oracles, that I should search Their hidden meaning out ?- What did my son?
I have forgot the tale.-Repeat it, quick !
Cri. Twill burst upon thee all too soon. While we
Were busy at thedark and solemn rites
Of retibution; while we bathed the earth
In red libations, which will consecrate
The soil they mingled with to freedom's step
Through the long march of ages ; 'twas his task
To shield from danger a Provençal maid,
Sister of him whose cold oppression sting
Our hearts to madness.
Mon. What! should she be spared
To keep that name from perishing on earth ? -
I cross d them in their path, and raised my sword
To smite her in ter champion's amms.-We fought-
The boy disarm'd me!-And I live to tell
My shame, and wreak my vengeance!
Gui. Who but he
Could wam De Couci, or devise the guilt
These scrolls reveal :~-Hath not the traitor still Sought, with his fair and specions eloquence,
To win us from our purpose? -All things seem
Learued to unmask him.
Mon. Know you not there came,
F'en in the banquet's hour, from this De Couci,
One, bearing unto Eribert the tidinez
Of all our purposed deeds !- And have we not
Proof, as the noon-day clear, that Kaimond loves
The sister of that tyman:
Fio. There was one
Who mournd for being childless !-Let him now
Feast oor his children's graves, and I will join
The revelry!
Win. (atar). You shall be child'ess, too!
Pro. Was't you, Xentalba?-Now rejoice! I say.
There is no name so near you that its stains
Should call the feverd and ind mant blood
To your dark cherk --mat I will dash to earh
The weight that presses on my leart, and tien
Be glad as thou art.
Wirn. What means this, my lord?
Who hath secu gladness on Montaiba's mien?
Pro. Why, shouid not ail be giad who have no soms


To tamish their bright name?
Mon. I am not used
To bear with mockery.
Pro. Friend! By yon high heaven,
I mock thee not!-tis a proud fate, to live
Alone and unallied.-Why, what's alone?
A word whose sense is-frec!-Aye, free from all
The venom'd stings implanted in the heart
By those it loves.--Oh! I could laugh to think
O' th' joy that riots in baronial halls,
When the word comes-"A son is bom!"-A sen!-
They should say thus-" He that shall knit your brow
To furrows, not of years; and bid your eye
Quail its proud glance; to tell the earth its shame, $\rightarrow$
ls born, and so, rejoice :"-Thon might we feast,
And know the cause:-Were it not excellent?
Mon. This is all idle. There are deeds to do;
Arouse thee, Procida!
Pro. Why, am I not
Calm as immortal justice?-She can strike,
And yet be passionless-and thus will I.
I know thy meaning.-Deeds to do !- tis well.
They shall be done ere thought on.-Go ye forth;
There is a youth who calls himself my son,
His name is-Raimon!-in his eye is light
That shows like truth-but be not ye deceived!
Bear him in chains before us. We will sit
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see
The strength which girds our nature. - Will not this
Be glorious, brave Montalha?-Linger not,
Ye tardy messengers! for there are things
Which ask the speed of storms. [Eximut GuDo and others.
Is not this well?
Mon. 'Tis noble. Keep thy spirit to this proud height, [Asile.
And then-be desolate like me !-my woes
Will at the thought grow light.
Pro. What now remains
To be prepared?-There should be solemn pomp
To grace a day like this.-Aye, breaking hearts
Kequire a drapery to conceal their throbs
From cold inquiring eyes; and it must be
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not
Exptore what lies bencath.
Exiz Procita
Min. Now this is well !-
I hate this Procida ; for he hath won
In all our councils that ascendancy

## The Vespers of Palcrmo.

And mastery o'er bold hearts, which should have been Mine by a thousand clains. - Had he the strength Of wrongs like mine?-No! for that name-his country$H e$ strikes $-m y$ vengeance hath a deeper fount :
But there's dark joy in this !-And fate hath barr'd
My soul from every other.
[Exit Montalba.

SCENE II.-A Hermitagz, surrowndad by the Ruins of an andiut Tomple.

Constance, Anselmo.

Con. 'Tis strange he conees not!-Is not this the still
And sultry hour of noon :- He should have been
Here by the day-break. - Was there not a voice? -
No! 'tis the shrill Cicada, with glad life
I'ecpling these marlle nuins, as it sports
Amidst them, in the sun.-Hark ! yet again !
No! no!-Forgive me, father! that I bring
Earth's restess griefs and passions to disturb
The stillness of thy holy solitude;
My heart is full of care.
Ans. There is no place
So hallow'd, as to be unvisited
Dy mortal cares. Nay, whither should we go,
With our deep griefs and passions, but to scenes
Lonely and still; where he that made our hearts
Will speak to them in whispers? I have known
Afliction too, my daughter.
Con. Hark! his step!
I know it well-he comes-nyy Raimond, welcome!
(Vitturla chetrs, Constance shrinks back on pircitions her.)
Oh beaven! that aspect tells a fearful tale.
Vit. (not obsorimg her). There is a cloud of horror on my soul ;
And on thy words, Anselmo, peace doth wait,
Even as an echo, following the sweet close
Of some divine and solemn harmony:
Therefore I sought thee now. Oh! speak to me
Of holy thinge, and names, in whose deep sound
Is power to lid the tempest of the heart
Suk, like a storm rebuked.

Ans. What recent grief
Darkens thy spirit thus?
Vit. I said not grief.
We should rejoice to-day, but joy is not
That which it hath been. In the fowers which wreathe Its mantling cup there is a scent unknown, Fruught with some strange delirium. All things now
Have changed their nature ; still, I say, rejoice!
There is a cause, Anselmo!-We are free,
Free and avenged !-Yet on my soul there hangs
A darkness, heavy as th' oppressive gloom
Of midnight phantasies.-Aye, for this, too,
There is a cause.
Aus. How say'st thou, we are free?
There may have raged, within Palermo's walls, Some brief wild tumult, but too well I know They cali' the stranger, lord.

Vit. Who calls the deal
Conqueror or lord?-Hush! breathe it not aloud,
The wild winds must not hear it!-Yet, again, I tell thee, we are free !

Ams. Thine eye hath look'd
On fearful deeds, for still their shadows hang
O'er its dark orb.-Speak! I adjure thee, say,
How hath this work been wrought?
I it. Peace! ask me not!
Why shouldst thou hear a tale to send thy blood
Back on its fount?-We cannot wake them now!
The storm is in my soul, but they are all
At rest !-Aye, sweetly may the slaughter'd babe
By its dead mother sleep; and warlike men
Who 'nidst the slain have slumber'd oft before,
Making the shield their pillow, may repose
Well, now their toils are done. - Is't not enough?
Con. Merciful Heaven! have such things been? And
There is no shade come o'er the laughing sky !-
I am an outcast now.
Aus. O Thou, whose ways
Clouds mantle fearfully; of all the blind,
But terrible, ministers that work thy wrath,
How much is man the fiercest!-Others know
Their limits-Yes ! the earthquales, and the storms,
And the volcanoes !-He alone o'erleaps
The bounds of retribution !-Couldst thou gaze,
Vittoria ! with thy woman's heart and eye,
On such dread scenes unmoved?
Vit. Was it for $m e$
 Ring through the air around me !-Can'st thou not bid them be hush'd?-Oh! look not on me thus!
Aus. Lady, thy thoughts lend sternness to the looks
Which are but sad!-Have all then perish'd? all !
Was there no mercy?
Vit. Mercy ! it hath been
A word forbidden as th' unhallowed names
Of evil powers.-Yet one there was who dared
To own the guilt of pity, and to aid
The victims; but in vain.--Of him no more!
1Je is a traitor, and a traitor's death
Will be his meed.
Con. (coming forward). Oh Heaven!-his name, his
Is it-it cannot be!
Vit, (shortug). Thon here, pale gixl !
I deem'd thee with the dead!-How hast thou 'scaped
The snare ?- Who saved thee, last of all thy race?
Was it not he of whom I spake e'en now,
Kaimond di Procida?
Con. It is enough.
Now the storm breaks upon me, and I siuk!
Must he, too, die?
Vit. Is it ev'n so? - Why them,
Live on-thou hast the arrow at thy heart!
Fix not on me thy sad reproachful eyes,
I mean not to betray thee. 'Thou may'st live!
Why should death bring thee his cblivious balms?
$H e$ visits but the liappy.-Didst thou ask
If Raimond too must die?-It is as sure
As that his blood is on thy head, for thou
Didst win him to this treason.

- Con. When did man

Call mercy, treason !-Take my life, but save
My noble Raimond !
Vit. Maiden ! he must die.
E'tn now the youth before his judges stands, And they are men who, to the voice of prayer,
Are as the rock is to the murmur'd sigh
Of summer-waves; aye, though a faher sit On their tribunal. Bend thou not to me. What wouldst thou?

Con. Mercy !-Oh! wert thou to plead
But with a look, e'en yet he might be saved I
If thou hast ever loved-
Vit. If I have loved ?

It is that luve forbids me to relent ;
I am what it hath made me.-O'er my soul
Lightning hath pass'd, and sear'd it. Could I weep,
I then might pity - but it will not be.
Con. Oh ! thou wilt yet relent, for woman's heart
Was formed to suffer and to melt.
Vit. Away !
Why should I pity thee?-Thou wilt but prove
What I have known before-and yet I live!
Nature is strong, and it may all be borne-
The sick impatient yearning of the heart
For that which is not ; and the weary sense Of the dull void, wherewith our homes have been
Circled by death ; yes, all things may be borne!
All, save remorse.-But I will not bow down
My spinit to that dark power :-there wars no guilt!
Anselmo! wherefore didst thon talk of guilt?
Aus, Aye, thus doth sensitive conscience quicken thought,
Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,
Keen lightning to a look.
Vit. Leave me in peace !
Is't not enough that I should have a sense
Of things thou canst not see, all wild and dark,
And of unearthly whispers, haunting me
With dread suggestions, but that thy cold words,
Old man, should gall me too?-Must all conspire
Against me?-Oh! thon beautiful spirit ! wont
To shine upon my dreams with looks of love,
Where art thom vanish'd?-Was it not the thought
Of thee which urged me to the fearful task,
And wilt thou now forsake me? - I must seek
The shadowy woods again, for there, perchance,
Still may thy voice be in my twilight-paths;-
Here I but meet despair !
[Exil Vitroria
Ans. (to Constance). Despair not thou,
My daughter !- he that purifies the heart
Wilh grief, will lend it strength.
Con. (ondeazouring to rouse herself). Did she not say
That some one was to die?
Aus. I tell thee not
Thy pangs are vain-for nalure will have way.
Earth must have tears; yet in a heart like thine,
Faith may not yield its place.
Con. Have I not heard
Some fearful tale?-Who said, that there should rest
Blood on my soul?-What blood?-I never bore
Hatred, hind father, unto aught that breathes;

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Raimond doth know it well.-Raimond !-High heaven, It bursts upon me now!-and he must die!
For my sake-e'en for mine! Ans, Her words were strange,
And her proud mind seem'd half to frenzy wrought-
Perchance this may not be
Con. It mest not be.
Why do I linger here?
Aus. Where wouldst thou go?
Con. To give their stern and unrelenting hearts
A victim in his stead.
Aus. Stay ! wouldst thou rush
On certain death?
Con. I may not falter now,-
Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections ? What hath she to do
In this bleak world alone? -It may be well
For mon on his triumphal course to move
Lncumberd by soft bonds; but we were born
Fur love and grief.
Aus. Thou fair and gentle thing,
L'nused to meet a glance which doth not speak
Of tenderness or homage! how shouldst thou
Bear the hard aspect of unpitying men,
Or face the king of terrors?
Con. There is strengith
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
Dut litle, till the slafts of Heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. - Must not earth be rent
liefore her gems are found:-Oh! now ifeel
Worthy the gencrous love which hath not shun'd
To louk on death for me!-My heart hath given
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith
As hish in its devotion.
$A$ ins, She is gone!
Is it to perish?:-God of mercy! lend
Power to my roice, that so its prayer may save
This pure and loty creature!-I will follow-
bint her young foosstep and heroic heart
Will bear her to destruction faster far
Than I can track her path
[Exit Anselma



The fair Provençal maid?-What ! know'st thou not
That this alone were guilt, to death allied?
Was't not our law that he who spared a foe
(And is she not of that detested race?)
Should thenceforth be amongst us as a foe? -
Where hast thou borne her?-speak!
Rai. That Heaven, whose eye
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching glance, Is with her; she is safe.
Pro. And by that word
Thy doom is seal'd.-Oh God ! that I had died Before this bitter hour, in the full strength And glory of my heart !

Constance enters, and rushes to Ramond.
Con. Oh! art thou found?-
But yet, to find thee thus!-Chains, chains for thee!
My brave, my noble love!-Off with these bonds;
Lee him lie free as air:-for I am come
To be your victim now.
Rai. Death has no pang
More keen than this.-Oh! wherefore art thou here?
I could have died so calinly, cleeming thee
Saved, and at peace.
Con. At peace!-And thou hast thought
Thus poorly of my love!-But woman's breast
Hath strength to suffer too.-Thy father sits
On this tribunal; Raimond, which is he?
Rai. My father!-who hath lull'd thy gentle leart
With that false hope !--Beloved! gaze around-
See, if thine eye can trace a father's sou!
In the dark looks bent on us.
CONSTANCE, afler earmestly examining the combthances of the jutloss, falls at the feat of Procida.
Con. Thou art he!
Nay, turn thou not away !-for I beheld
Thy proud lip quiver, and a watery mist
Pass o'er thy troubled eye ; and then I knew
Thou wert his father!-Spare him!-take $m y$ life,
In truth a worthless sacrifice for his,
But yet mine all.-Oh ! he hath still to run
A long loright race of glory.
Rai. Constance, peace!
I look upon thee, and my failing heart
Is as a broken reed.

> The Vispers of Palcrmo.

Con. (still addressing Procida). Oh, yct relent !
If 'twas his crime to rescue me, behold
I come to be the atonement! Let him live
To crown thine age with honour.-In thy heart
There's a deep conflict; but great nature pleads
With an o'ermastering voice, and thou wilt yield !-
Thou art his father!
Pro. (after a garse). Maiden thou'rt deceived:
I am as calm as that dead pause of nature
Lre the full thunder bursts,- A juldge is not
Father or friend. Who calls this man my son :-
M/y son !--Aye ! thus his nother prondly smiled-
lut she was noble !-Trators stand alone,
Loosed from all ties.-W'liy should I trifle thus? -
Dear her away!
Rai. (starting forward). And whither?
Mon. Unto dealh,
Why should she live when all her race have perish'd!
Con. (sinking into the arms of Ramond). Raimond, farewell!-Oh! when thy star hath risen
To its bright noon, forget not, best beloved, I died for thee!

Rai. High heaven ! thou scest these things;
And yet endur'st them !-Shalt thou die for me,
Purest and loweliest being ?-but our fate
May not divide us long.-Her cheek is cold-
ller deep blue eyes are closed-Should this be death !-
If thus, there yet were mercy !--Father, father!
Is thy heart human?
fro. Bear her hence, I say!
Why must my soul be torn?

## Anselmo outers, hoding a cimifix.

Ans. Now, by this sign
Of Heaven's prevailing love, ye shall not harm
One ringlet of her head.-How ! is there not
Enough of blood upon your burthen'd souls?
Will not the visions of your midnight couch
Le wild and dark enough, but ye must heap
Crime upon crime?--Be ye content :-your dreams,
Your councils, and your banquetings, will yet
lie haunted by the roice which doth not sleep,
E'en though this maid be spared !-Constance, look up!
Thou shalt not die.
Rai. Oh ! death e'en now hath veild



The light of her soft beauty.-Wake, my love;
Wake at my voice!
Pro. Anselmo, lead her hence,
And let her live, but never meet my sight.-
Begone :-My heart will burst.
Rail. One last embrace! -
Again life's rose is opening on her cheer ;
Yet must we part.-So love is crush'd on earth !
But there are brighter worlds !-Farewell, farewell !
[He gives her to the care of Anselmo.
Con. (slowly recoricing). There was a voice which called me.-Am I not
A spirit freed from earth ?--Have I not passed
The bitterness of death?
Ans. Oh, haste away!
Con. Yes! Raimond calls me. -He too is released
From his cold bondage. - We are free at last,
And all is well-Away!
[She is lat out by ANselmo.
Raj. The pang is a'er,
And I have but to die.
Mon. Now, Procida,
Comes thy great task. Wake! summon to thine aid
All thy deep soul's commanding energies;
For thou-a chief among us-must pronounce
The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.
Fro. Ha! ha!-Men's hearts should be of softer mould
Than in the elder time. -Fathers could doom
Their children then with an unfaltering voice,
And we must tremble thus !-Is it not said,
That nature grows degenerate, earth being now So full of days?

Non. Rouse up thy mighty heart.
Pr. Aye, thou say'st right. There yet are souls which tore:
A; landmarks to mankind. - Well, what's the task: ?-
There is a man to be conderan'd, you say?
Is he then guilty?
All. This we deem of him
With one accord.
Pro. And hath he nought to plead?
Raj. Nought but a soul unstain'd.
Pro. Why, that is little.
Stains on the soul are bat as conscience deems them, And conscience may be sear'd. - But, for this sentence !-
Was't not the penalty imposed on man,
E'en from creation's dawn, that he must die?-
It was : thus making guilt a sacrifice
Unto eternal justice; and we but


Rai. Then wherefore ?-and upon thy lofty brow Why burns the troubled fush ? Pro. Perchance 'tis shame.
Yes! it may well be shame!-for 1 have striven
With nature's feebleness, and been o'erpower'd.-
Howe'er it be, 'tis not for thee to gaze,
Noting it thus. Rise, let me loose thy chans.
Arise, and follow me; but let thy step
Fall without sound on earth : I have prepared
The means for thy escape.
Kai. What! thou! the austere,
The inflexible I rocida ! hast thou done this,
Deeming me guilty still?
Pro. Upbraid me not!
It is even so. There have been nobler deeds
By Roman fathers done,-but I am weak.
Therefore, again I say, arise! and haste,
For the night wanes. Thy fugitive course must be
To realms beyond the deep; so let us part
In silence, and for ever.
Rai. Let him fly
Who holds no deep asylum in his breast,
Wherein to shelter from the scoffs of men l-
I can sleep calmly here.
Pro. Art thou in love
With death and infany, that so thy choice Is made, lost boy! when freedom courts thy grasp $f$

Rai. Father! to set the irrevocable seal
Upon that shame wherewith ye have branded me,
There needs but flight.-What should I bear from this.
My native land?-A blighted name, to rise
And part me, with its dark remembrances,
For ever from the sunshine !-O'er my soul
Bright shadowings of a nobler destiny
Float in dim beauty through the gloom ; but here,
On earth, my hopes are closed.
Pro. Thy hopes are closed!
And what were they to mine?-Thou wilt not fly!
Why, let all traitors flock to thee, and learn
How proudly guilt can talk !-Let fathers rear
Their offspring henceforth, as the free wild birds
Foster their young; when these can mount alone,
Dissolving nature's bonds-why should it not
le so with us?
Rai. Oh, father!-Now I feel
What high prerogatives belong to death.
He bath a deep though voiceless eloquence,

## Tic Vespers of Palcrmo.

To which I leave my cause. His solemn veil
Doth with mysterious beauty clothe our virtues,
And in its vast, oblivious fold, for ever
Give shelter to our faults. - When I am gone,
The mists of passion which have dimm'd my name
Will malt like day-dreams; and my memory then
Will be-not what it should have been-for I
Must pass without my fame-but yet, unstain'd
As a clear morning dew-drop. Oh ! the grave
Hath rights inviolate as a sanctuary's,
And they should be my own!
Pro. Now, by just Heaven,
I will not thus be tortured !-Were my heart
Dut of thy guilt or innocence assured,
I could be calm agrain. But, in this wild
Suspense,-this confict and vicissitude
Of opposite feelings and convictions-What!
Hath it been mine to temper and to bend
All spirits to my purpose ; have I raised
With a severe and passionless energy,
From the dread mingling of their elements,
Storms which have rack'd the earth ?-And shall I now
Thus fluctuate, as a feeble reed, the scom
And plaything of the winds?-Look on me, boy!
Guilt never dared to meet these eyes, and keep
Its heart's dark secret close.-Oh, pitying Heaven!
Speak to my soul with some dread oracle,
And tell me which is truth.
Rai, I will not plead.
I will not call th' Omnipotent to attest
My innocence. No, father, in thy heart
I know my birthright shall be soon restored;
Therefore I look to death, and bid thee speed
The great absolver.
Pro. Oh! my son, my son!
We will not part in wrath !-- the sternest hearts, Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,
Hide something still, round which their tendrils cling
With a close grasp, unknown to those who dress
Their love in smiles. And such wert thou to me!
The all which tunglt me that my soul mas cast
In nature's mould.-And I must now hold on
My desolate course alone !--Why, be it thus !
He that doth guide a nation's star, should dwell
High o'er the clouds in regal solitude,
Sufficient to himself.
Ricu. Yet, on that cummil,

When with her bright wings glory shadows thee,

- Forget not him who collly sleeps beneath,
let might bave soarta as bigh!
Pre. No, fear then not!
Thou'lt be rememberd long. The canker-rorm
$O^{\prime}$ th heart is neer forsotten.
Rari. Oh! not thus-.
I mould not thes be thoug! of.
Pro. Let me deem
Again that thou art base:-for thy bright looks,
Thy glorious miden of fearlesness and truth,
Then would not haunt me as th' avenging powers
Followd the parricide--Farewell, Garewell!
I hare no tears.-(in : thus thy mother look'd,
When, with a $\operatorname{sad}$, ret half-triumphant smile,
All radiant with deep meaning, from her death-bed
She gave thee to my arms.
Rai. Som death has lost
His sting, since thou belierist me innocent.
Pro. (witer). Thow innocent!-Am I thy murderer then?
Away! I tell thee thon hast made my name
A scom to men!-\o! I will net forgive thee;
A traitor ! - What ! the blood of Procida
Filing a traitor's reins !-Let the earth drink it;
Thou would st receive our foes:--but they shall meet
From thy perfidious lips a welcome, cold
As dea:h can make it.-Go, prepare thy soul!
Rai. Father! yet hear me!
Fro. No! thou rt skilld to make
Een shame look fair. -Why should I linger thas?
(Going to lerae tir jrisint he turns lack fir a mmont.)
If there be aught-if aught-for which thou neel'st
Forgivenes--not of me, but that dread power
From whom no leart is veild-delay thon not
Thy prayer:--Time harries on.
Rai. 1 am prearared.
Pa, 'Tis we]. [Exil Tkocrna.
Ruti. Men taik of toi...es:-Can they wreak
Tpen the sensitice and shrinking frame,
Haif the mind $\mathrm{b}=3 \mathrm{~s}$, and lives? My spint feels
Berilderd; on is potiers this twitigh s.com
Hanss like a weight of earth. - It shouk be mom;
Why, then, perchunce, a beam of Hearen's bright sun
Haih pierced, ere now, the grating of my dungeen,
Teling of hope ainl mercy! [Eva hit ay inner colt



## The Vispers of Paterno.

## Procida enters.

Pro. The foe is at your gates;
But hearts and hands prepared shall meet his onset:
Why are ye loitering here?
Cits. My lord, we came-
Pro. Think ye I know not wherefore ?-'twas to see
A fellow-being die :-Ay, 'tis a sight
Man loves to look on, and the tenderest hearts
Recoil, and yet withdraw not, from the scene.
For this ye came-What ! is our nature fierce,
Or is there that in mortal agony,
From which the soul, exulting in its strength,
Doth leatn immortal lessons?-Hence, and arm !
Ere the night dews descend, ye will have seen
Enough of death; for this must be a day
Of battle!--'Tis the hour which troubled souls
Delight in, for its rushing storms are wings
Which bear them up !-AArm, arm! 'tis for your homes,
And all that lends them loveliness-Away? [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.-Prion of R.amond.

Ramond. Anselmo.
Rai. And Constance then is silfe !-Heaven bless thee, father;
Good angels bear such comfort.
Atus. I have found
A safe asylum for thine honour'd love,
Where she may dwell until serener days,
With Saint Rosolia's gentlest daughters; those
Whose hallow'd office is to tend the bed
Of pain and death, and soothe the parting soul
With their soft hymns: and therefore are they calld
"Sisters of Mercv."
Rai. Oh ! that name, my Constance,
Befits thee well ! E'en in our happiest days,
There was a depth of tender pensiveness,
Far in thine eyes' dark anure, speaking ever
Of pity and mild grief.-Is she at peace?
Ans. Alos ! what should I say,
Rai. Why did I ask?
Knowing the deep and full devotedness
Of her youns heart's affections? -Oh! the thought

Of my untimely fate will haunt her dreams,
Which should have been so tranquil!-And her soul,
Whose strength was but the lofty gift of love,
Ev'n until dealh will sicken.
Ans. All that faith
Can yield of comfort, shall assuage her woes;
And still whate'er betide, the light of Heaven
Rests on her grentle heart. But thou, my son!
Is thy young spirit master'd, and prepared
For nature's fearful and mysterious change?
Rai. Ay, father! of my brief remaining task
The least part is to die!-And yet the cup
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,
Crown'l with that spariling bubble, whose proud name
Is-glory :- Oh! my soul, from boyhood's mom,
Hath nursed such mighity dremms:-It was my hope
Co leave a name, whose echo, from the abyss
Of time, should rise, and float upon the winds,
Into the far hereafier: there to be
A trumpet-sound, a voice from the deep tomb,
Murmuring-Awake!-Arise !-But this is past !
Erewhile, and it had seem'd enough of shame,
To sleep forsotten in the dust-but now-
Oh, God !- the undying record of my grave
Will be,-Here sleeps a traitor!-One, whose crime
Was-to deem brave men might find nobler weapons
Than the cold murderer's clasger !
Ans. Oh, ny son,
Subdue these troulled thoughts ! Thou wouldst not change
Thy lot for theirs, oer whose dark dreams will hang
The avenging shadows, which the blood-stain'd soul
l'oth conjure from the dead !
Rais. Thou 'rt right. I would not.
let 'tis a weary task to schooi the heart,
Ere ycars or griefs have taned its fiery spint
Into that still and passive for itule,
Which is but learnd from suffering. -Would the hour
To lush these passionate throllings were at hand!
Ams. It will not be to-day. Hast thou not heard-
But no-the rush, the trampling, and the stir
of this great cily, arming in her haste,
Pierce nut these dumseon-depths.-The foe hath reachid
Our gates, and all l'alermo's youth, and all
Her warrior-men, are marshall'd, and gone forth
In that high bope which makes renlities,
To the reil field. Thy futher leals them on.
Rat. (carturg up.) they are gone forth! my father leads them on!


All, all Palermo's youth ! $-N o$, one is left,
Shut out from glory's race! -They are gone forth !-
Av! now the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air! --The joyous winds
Are tossing wartior-plumes, the proud white foam
Of battle's roaring billows !-On my sight
The vision bursts-it maddens!'tis the flash,
The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze
Of helmets in the sun !-The very steed
With his majestic rider glorying shares
The hour's stern joy, and waves his floating mane
As a triumphant banner!--Such things are
Even now-and I am here!
Ans. Alas, be calm!
To the same grave ye press, $\cdots$ thou that dost pine
Beneath a weight of chains, -and they that rule
The fortunes of the fight.
Rat. By! Thou canst feel
The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee All men alike, the warrior and the slave,
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on
To the same boume.--Yet call it not the same!
Their graves, who fall in this day's fight, will be
As altars to their country, visited
By fathers with their children, bearing wreaths, And chanting hymns in honour of the dead: Will mine be such ?

## Victoria mushes in wildly'; as if pursued.

Fit. Anselmo! art thou found!
Haste, haste, or all is lost ! Perchance thy voice,
Whereby they deem Heaven speaks, thy lifted cross,
And prophet-mien, may stay the fugitives,
Or shame them back to die.
Ans. The fugitives !
What words are these? -the sons of Sicily
Fly not before the foe?
Fit. That I should say
It is too true !
Ans, And thea-ihoo bleedest, lady!
Wit. Peace! heed not me, when Sicily is lost ?
I stood upon the walls, and watched our bands, As, with their ancient, royal banner spread, Onward they march'd. The combat was begun,
The fiery impulse given, and valiant men



To join th' invader's host.
Rai, His country's curse

- Rest on the slave for ever :

Vit. Then distrust
E'en of their nobler leaders, and dismay,
That swift contagion, on Palermo's bands
Yame like a deadly blight. They fled !-Oh, slame !
'en now they fly!-Ay, through the city gates
They rush, as if all Etma's burning streams
Pursued their winged steps!
Rai. Thou hast not named
Their chief-Di Procida-Me doth not fly?
Vit. No! like a kingly lion in the toils,
Daring the hunters yet, he proudly strives,
But all in vain! The few that breast the storm,
With Guido and Montalba, by lis side,
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.
Nat, And I am here!-Shall there be power, O God!
In the roused energies of fierce despair,
To burst my heart-and not to rend my chains?
Oh, for one moment of the thunderbolt
To set the strong mian free!
Vit, (a/fer gazing ufon him earnestli), Why, 'twere a deed
Worthy the fame and blessing of all time,
To loose thy bonde, thou son of Procida !
Thou art no traitor:-from thy kindied brow
Looks out thy lofty soul!-Arise! go forth!
And rouse the noble heart of Sicily
Unto high deeds again. Anselmo, haste;
L゙nbind him! Let my spirit still prevail,
Ire I depalt-for the strong hand of death
Is on me now.- [She sinks back against a pillar.
Ans. Oh, Heaven ! the life-blood streams
Fast from thy neart-thy troubled eyes grow dim.
Who hatl cone this?
l'it. Eefore the gates I stood,
And in the name of him, the loved and lost,
Vith whom I soon shall be, all vainly strove
To stay the shameful flight. Then from the foe,
Fraught with my summons to his vewless home,
Came the fleet shaft which pierced me.
Ahts. let, oh yet,
It may not be too late. Help, help!
lit. Away!
Bright is the hour which brings me liberty !


## Atiendants enter.

Haste, be those fetters riven :-Unbar the gates, And set the captive free! [The Atrendants sem to hesitate. Know ye not her Who should have wom your country's diadem?

Allen. Oh, lady, we obey.

> [They take off Ranmond's chains. He springs upexaltingly.

Rai. Is this no dream?-
Mount, eagle ! thou art free !-Shall I then die,
Not 'midst the mockery of insulting crowds,
But on the field of banners, where the brave Are striving for an immortality?-
It is e'en so!-Now for bright arms of proof,
A helm, a keen-edged falchion, and e'en yet
My father may be saved !
Vit. Away, be strong!
And let thy battle-word, to rule the storm, Be Conradm!

Oh ! for one hour of life
To hear that name blent with the exulting shout
Of victory !-'swill not be !-A mightier power
Doth summon me away.
Ans. To purer worlds
Raise thy last thoughts in hope.
Vit, Yes ! he is there,
All glorious in his beauty !-Conradin !
Death parted us-and death shall re-unite !-
He will not stay-it is all darkness now ;
Night gathers o'er my spirit.
Ans. She is gone.
It is an awful hour which stills the heart That beat so proudly once.-Have mercy, Heaven!

## SCENE IV.-Before the gates of Palermo.

Sicilians ffying tumultuousiy towards the Gates.
Voics (without). Montjoy! Montjoy! St. Denis for Auinu ! Provencalas on!

Sit. Fly, fly, or all is lost !
Ramond appears in the gateway, armed, and earrying a bonner.
Rai. Dack, back, I say ! ye men of Sicily !
All is not lost! Oh, shame! - A few brave hearts
In such a cause, ere now, lave set their breasts
Against the rush of thousands, and sustain'd,
And made the shock recoil-Ay, man, free man, still to be cull'd so, hath achieved such deeds As Heaven and earth have marvell'd at; and souls, Whose spark yet slumbers with the days to come Shall bura to hear: transmitting brightly thus Freedom from race to race !-Back! or prepare, Amidst your hearths, your bowers, your very shrines,
To bleed and die in vain !-Turn, follow me! Conradin, Conradin !-for Sicily
His spirit fights:-Remember Comradin :
[7hy droin to rally around him.
Ay, this is well !-Now fullow me, and charge!
[The Provençals mush in, but are repulsed by the Sicilians.
[Excunt.

> SCENE V.-Part of the Ficld of Battle.

Montalea enters founted, and sutportel by Ramond, whose fue is concoled by his helmet.

Rai. Here rest thee, wartior.
Mon. Rest, ay, death is rest,
And such will soon be mine-But thanks to thee,
I shail not die a captuve. Brave Sicilian!
These lips are all unused to soothing words,
Or I should bless the valour which hath won
For my last hour, the proud free solitude
Wherewith my soul would gird itself.-Thy name?
Rai. 'Twill be no music to thine ear, Montalba.
Gazemend it thus:
Ahn. Kaimond di Procida !
Ras. Thou hast purued me with a bitter hate.
But fare thee well! Heaven's peace be with thy soul!
I tnust away-One glorious effort more
And this prowe fidh is won!
[Exit Ramond.


## SCENE VI.-Another patt of the Field.

## Procida. Guido, And other Siciliays.

Pro. The day is ours; but he, the brave unknown, Who turn'd the tide of battle; he whose path Was victory-who hath seen him?

Alberti is brought in womndaland fothert.
Alb. Procida :
Pro. Be silent, traitor:-Bear him from my sight
Unto your deepest dungeons.
Alb. In the grave
A nearer home awaits me.-let one word
Ere my voice fail-thy son-
Pro. Speak, speak!
Alb. Thy son
Knows not a thought of guilt. That trait'rous plot
Tias mine alone.
Pro. Attest it, earth and Heaven !
My son is suilthess !-Hear it, Sicily !
-The blood of Procida is noble still !-
My son !-He lives, he lives !- His woice sholl spenk
Forgiveness to his sire !-His name shall cast
Its brightness o'er my soul !
Guido. Oh, day of joy!
The brother of my heart is worthy still
The lofty name he bears.

## Anselmo cuters.

Pro. Anselno, welcome !
In a glad bour we meet, for know, my son
Is guiltless.
Ans, And victorious ! by his arm
All hath been rescued.
Pro. How ! the unknown-
Ans. Was he!
Thy nolle Raimond! By Vittoria's hand
Freed from his bondage in that awful bour
When all was flight and terror.
Pro. Now my cup
Of joy too brightly mantles!-Let me press
My warrior to a father's heart-and die;
For life hath nought beyond !-Why comes he not?
Anselmo, lead me to my valiant boy
Ans. Temper this proud delight.
Pro. What means that look?
He hath not fallen?
Ans, He lives.
Pro. Away, away!
Bid the wide city with triumphal pomp
Prepare to greet her victor. Let this hour
Atone for all his wrongs :-
[Exennt

SCENE VII.-Garderi of a Conemt.

## Ramond is lat in arondad, laning on Attendayts.

Rai. lear me to no dull couch, but let me die In the bright face of nature!-Lift my helm, That I may look on heaven.
First Athondont (fo Siond Attondumt. Lay him to rest
On this green sumny bank, and I will call
Some holy sister to his aid; but thou
Return unto the feld, for high-bom men
There need the pegsan's aid. [Exit Second Attexdant.
(To Ramosd.) Here genter hands
Shail tend thee, wartior; for in these retreats
Thog dwell, whose vows devote them to the care
Of all that suffer. May'st thou live to bless them !
[Exit First Attendant.

Rai. Thus have I wish'd to die !-'Twas a proud strife?
My father bless'd th' unknown who rescued him, (Bless'd him, alas ! because unknown !) and Guido, Beside me bravely struggling, call'd alond, "Noble Sicilian, on !" Oh! had they deem'd
'Twas I who led that rescue, they had spurn'd Mine aid, though 'twas deliverance; and their louks
Had fallen, like blights, upon me.-There is oue,
Whose eye ne'er turn'd on mine, but its blue light
Grew softer, trembling through the dewy mist
Raised by deep tenderness!-Oh might the sour
Set in that eye shine on me ere I perish!
Is't not her voice?
Constaxce entrs, spenking to a Nix, who turns into another path
Con. Oh ! happy they, kind sister,
Whom thus ye tend; for it is theirs to fall
With brave men side by side, when the roused heart
Beats proudly to the last !-There are high souls
Whose hope was such a death, and 'tis denied!

## She atproaches Ramoxd.

Young warrior, is there aught-thon here, my Raimond!
Thon here-and thus !-Oh! is this joy or woe?
Rai. Joy, be it joy, my own, my blesser love,
E'en on the grave's dim verge !-yes it is joy!
My Constance ! victors have been crown'd, ere now,
With the green shining laurel, when their brows
Wore death's own impress-and it may be thus
E'en yet, with me!-They freed me, when the foe
Had half prevail'd, and I have proudly earn'd,
With my heart's dearest blood, the meed to die
Within thine arms.
Con. Oh! speak not thus-to die!
These wounds may yet be closed.
【She attempts to lind his uiounds.
Look on me, love !
Why, there is more than life in thy glad mien,
'Tis fuil of hope! and from thy kindled eye
Breaks e'en unwonted light, whose ardent tay
Seems bora to be immortal !
Rai, 'Tis e'en so!
The parting soul doth gather all her fires
Around her; all her glonous hopes, and dreams,

And burning aspirations, to illume
'The shadowy dimess of th' untrodden path
Which lies before her; and, encircled thus,
Awhile she sits in dying eyes, and thence
Sends forth her bright farewell. Thy gentle cares
Are vain, and yet I bless them.
Con. Say, not vain;
The dying look not thus. We shall not part !
hai. I have seen death ere now, and known him wear
Full many a changeful aspect.
Con. Oh! but none
Radiant as thine, my wartior!-Thou wilt live!
Look round thee!-all is sunshine-is not this
A smiling workd?
Rui. Ay, gentlest love, a world
Of joyous beanty and magnificence, Alnost too fair to leave!-Yet must we tame Our ardent hearts to this!-Oh, weep thou not! There is no home for liberty, or love, Beneath these festal skies!-Be not deceived; My way lies far beyond !-I shall be soon That viewless thing which, with its mortal weeds Casting off meaner passions, yet, we trust, rorgets not how to love !

Con. And must this be?
Heaven, thou art merciful !-Oh ! bid our souls
Depart together:
Rai. Constance ! there is strength
Nithin thy gentle heart, which hath been proved
Nobly, for the : Arouse it once again !
Thy grief unmans me-and I fain would meet
That which approaches, as a brave main yrelds
With proud submission to a mightier foe.It is upon mee now !

Corr. I will be calm.
Let thy head rest upon my bosom, Raimone, Ind I will so suppress its quich deep sohs, They shall but rock thee to thy rest. There is A world (ay, let us seek it!) where no blight Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and there I shall be with thee soon !

Procida and Anselmo entir. Procida on seaing Rammonl
Aus. Lifu up thy head,
Drave vouth, exultingly ! for lo! thine how

Of glory comes !-Oh! doth it come too late?
E'en now the false Alberti hath confess'd
That guilty plot, for which thy life was doom'd
To be th atonement.
Rai. 'Tis enough ! Rejoice,
Rejoice, my Constance! for I leave a name
O'er which thou may'st weep proudly !
[He sinks back. To thy breast .
Fold me yet closer, for an icy dart
Hath touch'd my veins.
Con. And must thou leave me, Kaimond?
Alas! thine eye grows dim-its wandering glance
Is fall of dreams.
Rai. Haste, haste, and tell my father
I was no traitor!
Pro. [roshing forwarc]. To that father's heart
Return, forgiving all thy wrongs, return !
Speak to me, Raimond !-Thou wert ever kind, And brave, and gentle! Say that all the past
Shall be forgiven! That word from none but thee My lips e'er asked. - Speak to me once, my boy, My pride, my hope !-And is it with thee thus?
Look on me yet!-Oh! must this woe be borne?
Rui. Off with this weight of chains ! it is not meet
For a crown'd conqueror !-Hark, the trumpet's voice !
$[A$ sound of triumphant nusit is harl, sradunliy
"Atroaching.

Is 't not a thrilling call :-What drowsy spell
Benumbs me thus?-Hence! I am free again!
Now swell your festal strains, the field is won!
Sing me to glorious dreams.
Ans. The strife is past.
-There fled a noble spirit!
Con. Hush ! he sleeps -
Disturb him not!
Aus. Alas ! this is no sleep
From which the eye doth midiantly unclose :
Bow down thy soul, for earthly hope is o'er !
(The music contimes athreadingr. Getbo entiors, with Cithemis and Soldiers.)

Guido. The shrines are deck'd, the festive torches Llaze-
Where is our brave deliverer?-We are come.
To crown Palemo's victor!

## Ans. Ye come late,

The voice of human prais? doth scnd ne echo
Into the world of spirits.
[The music catases.
Pro, (aftir a pacses). Is this dust'
I look on-Raimond !-'tis but sleep-a smile
On his pale cheek sits proudly. Raimond, wake :
Oh, Gon! ! and this was his triumphant day!
My son, my injured son!
Con. (sturtings). Art that his father?
I know thee now. - Hence, with thy dark stern eye,
And thy cold heart!-Thou canst not wake him now !
Away! he will not answer but to me,
For none like me hath loved him! He is mine!
Ye shall not rend hin from me.
Pre. Oh! he know
Thy love, poor maid! Shrink from me now no more !
He knew thy heart-but who shall tell him now
The depth, th' intenseness, and the agony,
Of my suppress'd affection ?-I have learn'd
All his high worth in time-to deck his grave!
Is there not power in the strong spirit's woe
To force an answer from the viewless world
Of the departed?-Raimond!-speak! forgive!
Raimond! my victor, my deliverer, hear:
Why, what a worid is this !-Truth ever bursts
On the dark soul too late : And glory crowns
Th' unconscious dead! And an hour comes to break
The mighliest hearts!-My son! my son! is this A day of triumph ?-Ay, for thee alone!

Me thows himstlf upon the body of Ramond.
[Curtain falls.





## III.

And find mine ank !-yet whither?-I nust bear A yearning heart within me to the grave. I am of those o'er whom a breath of airJust darkening in its course the lake's bright wave, And sighing through the feathery canes'-hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave !-
So must it be !-These skies above me spread, Are they my own soft skies?-Ye rest not here, my dead !

## IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping, Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear, Save oue!-a blue, lone, distant main is sweepiug High o'er one gentle head-ye rest not here!-
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low ripplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chestnut groves, which fill mine ear ;
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell, And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell. ${ }^{2}$

## v.

Peace !-I will dash these fond recrets to earth, Ev'n as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st me birth, And lineage, and once home,-my native Spain!
My own bright land-my father's land-my child's!
What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds?
He hath brought marks of torture and the chain, Traces of things which pass not as a breeze;
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe,--thy gifts are these.

## VI.

A blighted name !-I hear the winds of momTheir sounds are not of this !-I hear the shiver Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne From the high forest, when the light leaves quirer:
Their sounds are not of this!-the cedars, waving,
Lend it no tone: His ride savannahs laving,
It is not murmur'd by the joyous river !
What part hath mortal name, where God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known?


XI .
I see an oak before me, ${ }^{3}$ it hath been
The crown'd one of the woods; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green,
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-folds among.
Alas !-alas!-what is it that I see?
An imgge of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

## XII.

Yet art thou lovely !-Song is on thy hills-
O sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain !-
Your sounds are on the rocks :-That I might hear
Once more the music of the mountaineer :-
And from the sumny vales the slepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

## XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's roice was gone;
And the red grapes untrodden strew'd the ground,
And the free flocks untended roam'd around :
Where was the pastor?-where the pipe's wild tone?
Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet pourd its throng.

## XIV.

Silence upon the mountains !-But within
The city's gates a rush-a press-a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull, deep bell,
A dead pause following each - like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear-knell after knell;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane!

> The Forst Suluctuary.

## xv .

What pageant's hour approacl'd?-The sullen gate Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown Back to the day, And who, in moumful state, Came forth, led slowry o'er its threshold-stone? They that had learn'd, in cells of secret gloom, How sunshine is forgotten !-They, to whom The very features of mankind were grown Things that bewilder'd !-O'er their dazzled sight, They lifed their wan hands, and cower'd before the light!
xyI.
To this man brings his brother !-Some were there, Who with their desolation had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the stemness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, ev'n as wariors bind
The breastplate on for fight : but brow and cheek
Seem'd theirs a torturing panoply to speak!
And there were some, from whom the very mind
Ilad been wrung out : they smiled-oh! starting smile Whence man's high soul is fled !-Where doth it sleep the while?

## xuil.

But onvard moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain-
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry !
Through thousands, thousands of their race they moved -
Oh! how unlike all others!--the beloved
The free, the proul, the beautiful : whose eye
Grew fix'd before them, while a people's breath
Was hush'd, and its one soul bound in the thought of death !

XVIII,
It might be that amidst the countless throng,
There swell'd some heart, with Pity's weight oppress'd,
Fur the wide stream of human love is strong ;
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
Childhood is rear'd, and at whose knee the sigh
Of its frot prayer is breathed, she, too, was nigh. -
But life is dear, and the free footitep bless'd,
And liwe a sumy piace, where each may fill
Some eye with glistening sniles ${ }_{4}$-and therefore all were still-

## XIX.

All still-youth, courage, strength !-a winter laid,
A chain of palsy, cast on might and mind !
Still, as at noon a Southern forest's shade, They stood, those breathless masses of mankind ; Still, as a frozen torrent !-but the wave Soon leaps to foaming freedom-they, the brave, Endured-they saw the martyr's place assign'd In the red flames-whence is the withering spell hat numbs each human pulse?-they saw, and thought it well.

## xx.

And I, too, thought it well! That very morn From a far land I came, yet round me clang The spirit of my own. No hand had torn With a strong grasp away the veil which hung Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw, Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
I watch'd the fearful rites; and if there sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
Shuidering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup.

## XXI.

But I was waken'd as the dreamers waken
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,
And they must battle till their blood is shed On their own threshold-floor. A path for light
Through my toin breast was shatter'd by the might Of the swift thunder-stroke-and Freedom's tread
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain, Making the blighted place all green with life again.

> xxit.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
And mark'd its victims with a tearless eye.
They moved before me but as pictures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one-oh ! could it be?
My friend, my heart's first friend !-and did I gaze on thee ?

 Piercing the mists that wrap ber clay-abode; And, born of thee, she may not always take Earth's accents for the oracles of God ;
And ev'n for this-O dutst, whose mask is power !
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little hour !
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod, And therefore thou destroyest !-where were flown Our hope, if man were left to man's decree alone?

## xxvill.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze On bim, my friend; while that swift moment threw A sudden freshness back on vanish'd days,
Like water-drops on some dim picture's lue ;
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he-his sword was like a brother's wom, That watches through the field his mother's youngest born

## NXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career,-
Senscless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
Wakening at last-how full, how strangely clear, That scene on memory flash'd !-the shivery light, Moonlight, on broken shields-the plain of slaughter, The fountain-side-the low sweet sound of waterAnd Alvar bending o'er me-from the night Covering me with his mantle !-all the past Flow'd back-my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast

## XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
As one that by the bands of slumber wound, Lies with a porrerless, but all-thrilling frame, Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings
Loved faces round him, girt with fearful things !
Troubled ev'n thus I stood, but chain'd and bound
On that familiar form mine eye to keep:-
Alas! I might not fall upon his noek and weep!

## XXXI.

He pass'd me-and what next ?-I look'd on two, Following his footsteps to the same dread place, For the same guilt-his sisters ! ${ }^{\text {b }}$-Well I knew The beauty on those brows, though each young face Was changed-so deeply changed !-a dungeon's air Is hard for loved and lovely things to bear; And ye, 0 daughters of a lofty race, Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!-flowers So cherish'd! were ye then but rear'd for those dark hours?
xxxir.
A mournful home, young sisters ! had ye left, With your lutes hanging hush'd upon the wall, And silence round the aged man, bereft Of each glad voice, once answering to his call. Alas, that lonely father! doom'd to pine For sounds departed in his life's decline, And, midst the shadowing banners of his hall, With his white hair to sit, and deen the name A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame! ${ }^{6}$

## xxxilt.

And woe for you, midst looks and words of love, And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so long ! How had I seen you in your beauty move, Wearing ihe wreath, and listening to the song !Yet sat, er'n then, what seem'd the crowd to shun, ILalf veil'd upon the clear pale brow of one, And deeper thoughts than of to youth belong, Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway, Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.
xxxiv.

And if she mingled with the festive train, It was but as some melancholy star Leholds the dance of shepherds on the phin, In its bright stilliness present, though afar.
Yet would she smile-and that, too, hath its smile-
Circled with joy which reach'd hor not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.
xxxv.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul, A treasure all undreamt of;-as the night Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll Unheard by day. It seem'd as if her breast Had hoarded energies, till then suppress'd Almost with pain, and bursting from control, And finding first that bour their pathway free :-
Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be :

## XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,
Was fled; and fire, like prophecy's, had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn-
Pride-sense of wrong-ay, the frail heart is bound
By these at times, ev'n as with adamant round,
Kept so from breaking !-yet not thes upborne
She moved, though some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul-a sister for the brave !

XXXYIf,
And yet, alas ! to see the strength which clings Round woman in such hours!-a mournful sight. Though lovely !-an o'erflowing of the springs, The full springs of affection, deep as bright! And she, because her life is ever twined With other lives, and by no stormy wind May thence be shaken, and becuuse the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears-therefore she thus can dian.

## xxyvilf,

Therefore didst thou, through that heart-shaking scene, As through a triumph move; and cast aside Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mient, 0 faithful sister ! cheering thus the guide, And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth, Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth, Where thy glad soul from earth was purified;
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,
That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.


## X

But thee that breath had tuuch'd not; thee, nor him, The true in all things found:-and thou wert blest Ev'n then, that no remember'd change could dim The perfect image of affection, press'd Like armour to thy bosom!-thou hadst kept Watch by that brother's couch of pain, and wept, Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst bound his faith Unto thy soul ;-one light, one hope ye choze-one death.

## SLI.

So didst thou pass on brighuly !-but for her,
Next in that fath, how may her doom be spoken !-
All-merciful! to think that such things were,
And are, and seen by men with hearts unbroken!
To thiuk of that fair girl, whose path bad been
So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene!
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voise
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the wools rejoive

## N1.1F.

And she to die !-sle lured the lau hing eath
With such deep joy in its frest leaves ard flowers:-
Was not her smite even as the sulden tirth
Of a goung rainbox, cutourng vemal showers?
les! but to meet her fumblike step, to t.ia-
The gastes of wid sorg, so silvery clear,
Which, of unconsciousty, in tarpier tours
Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the swar
Of Time and death below,-blight, shajow, dull decay

## XLIII.

Could this change be ?-the hour, the scene, where last I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind:A golden vintage eve;--the heats were pass'd, And, in the freshness of the fanning wimd, Her father sat, where gleam'd the first faint star Through the lime-boughs; and with her light guitar, She, on the greensward at his feet reclined, In his calm face laugh'd up; some shepherd-lay Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play,
xliv.

And now-oh, God!-the bitter fear oi death, The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread, Had grasp'd her !-panting in her quick-drawn breath, And in her white lips quivering;--onward led, She look'd up with her dim bewildered eyes, And there smiled out her own soft brilliant skies, Far in their sultry, southern azure spread, Glowing with joy, but silent !-still they smiled, Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

## XLY.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold, Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom Was given to early love, nor knew how cold The hours which follow. There was one, with whom, Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried, Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly have died; But he was far away;-and with thy doom Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear, That all the slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear!

## XLYI.

No aid!-thou too didst pass !-and all had pass'd, The fearful-and the desperate-and the strong! Some like the bark that rushes with the blast, Scme like the leaf swept shiveringly along, And some as men that have but one more field To fight, and then may slumber on their shield,Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng Roll'd on, and bore me with their living tide,
Ev'n as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.


LV.

The trampling of a steed !-a tall white steed, Kending his fery way the crowds amongA storm's way through a forest - came at speed, And a wild voice cried "Inez!" Swift she hung The mantie from her face, and gazed around, With a faint shrick at that familiar sound; Andid from lis seat a breathless rider sprung, And dash'd off fiercely those who came tu part, And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

## LJI.

And for a moment all around gave way To that full burst of passion :-on his breast, Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay, Jout blest-in misery's very lap-get blest !0 love, love strong as death !-from such an hour J'ressing out joy by thine immortal power, lloly and fervent love ! had earth but rest For thee and thine, this world were all too fair ! How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair?

## LIII.

But she, as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming-thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twined
Around his neck-with such a trusting fold, A full deep sense of safety in their hold, As if nousht earthly might th' embrace unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, beheving still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to hill:

Lvill.
Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height, I strange, sweet moment of some hearenly strain, Floating between the savage guits of night, That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again The hour-the scene-th' intencely present, rush'd
liack on her spirit, and her large tears gu-li'd Like bioud-drops from a viclim; with swift rain liahing the bosom where sle lean'd that hour, As if her life would medt into th' o'erswelling shower. ,



## LNIIL.

Joy for thee, Irembler !--thou redeem'd one, joy! Young dove set free!-earth, ashes, soulless clay, Remain'd for bafled vengeance to destroy;Thy chain was riven !-nor hadst thou cast away Thy hope in thy last hour!--though love was there Striving to wring thy troulted soul from prayer, A nd life seem'd robed in beautiful array, Too fair to leave !--but this might be forgiven, Thou wert so richly crown'd with precious gifts of Jeaven!

## LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still, Which, with its wcight of agony, had hin Breaking on bis !-Scarce could the mortal chill Of the hush'd bosom, ne'er to heave again, And all the silence curdling round the eye, Bing home the stern belief that she could die, That she indeed could die !-for wild and vain As hope might be-his sonl had hoped-'twas o'erSlowly his failing arms dropp'd from the form they bore.

## LXV.

They forced him from that spot.-It might be well, That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell, Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents fung, Were mark'd as guilt.--There are, who note these things Against the smitten lieart ; its breaking stringsOn whose low thrills once gentle music hung-
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange tones replying.

## LXUI,

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair:
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,
And they were brightening with a heavenward trust!
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
Nelt from ny Alvar's glorious mien away;
And peace was there-the calmness of the just!
And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,
"Thy rest is won," he said; "sweet sister! praise for this " X 2

## I.XVIII.

Did he not say "Farewell"?-Alas! no breath Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the throng Told that the mysteries in the face of death Had from their eager sight been reil'd too long. And we were parted as the surge might part Those that would die together, true of heartHis hour was come--but in mine anguish strong, Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea, Blindly I mushd away from that which was to be.

> LXIX

Away-away I rush'd ;-but swift and high The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew, Till the transparent darkness of the sky Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue; And, phatom-like, the kindling city seem'd To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd, With their wild splendour chasing me :-I knew The death-work was begn-I veild mine eres, Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries.

## Lx.

What heard 4 then ?-a ringing shriek of fain, Such as for ever haunts the toriured ear? I heard a swect and solemn-brealhing strain
Piercing the flames, untremulous anil clear!-
The rich, triumphal tones!-I knew them well, As they came divating with a breery swell !
Man's roice was there-a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-batlic-are, to tura the flying-
Woman's-that might have sung of Heiren beide the dying!

## LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing, To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know That its glad stream of melody could spring $\mathbf{U}_{\mathrm{p}}$ from the unsounded gulfs of human woe! Alvar! Theresa !-what is deep? what strong?God's breath within the soul!-It fill'd that song From your victorious voices!-but the glow On the hot air and lurid skies increased-
Faint grew the sounds-more faint-1 listen'd-they had ceased!

## LXEII.

And thou indeed hadst perish'd, my soul's friend!
I might form other ties-but thou alone
Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend, By other years o'er boylood's memory thrown! Others might aid me onward :-thou and I Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Gnce flowering-never more!-And thou wert gone!
Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
Or be in auglt again what thou hadst been to me?

## LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave!
I could not weep;-there gather'd round thy mame
Too deep a passion!-1/tou denied a grave!
Thou, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame!
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?
Thy heart of hearts?-and couldst thou die for crime? No! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's decree,
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

## Lxxiv.

There are swift hours in life-strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might!
They shake down things chat stood as rocks and towers
linto th' undoubting mind ; -they pour in light
Where it but startles-like a bust of day
For which the uprooting of an oak nakes way;-
They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll Stampd with pait years-and lo? it shrivels as a scroll:


 So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From Thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away !
Dark were the Heavens above Thee, Saviour !-dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But Thou !-o'er all Thine aspect and array
Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light--
Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night !
LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking!-Thy lene brightness gleam'd On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, human look, that seen'd
To cry, through surge and blast--"I perish-save!"
Not to the winds-not vainly!-Thou wert nigh,
Thy hand was stretcl'd to fainting agony,
Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!
O Thou that art the life! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer !
LXXXY.
But was it not a thing to rise on cleath
With its remember'd light, that face of Thine,
Redeemer ! dimm'd by this world's misty breath,
Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?-
Oh! that calm, sorrowful, ppophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty !
And the pale glory of the brow - - a shrine
Where Power sat veil'd, yet shedding softly round
What told that Thous couldst be but for a time uncrown'd!
Lxxxyl.
And more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile !
The lip of mercy, our imnortal trust!
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile,
Pour its o'ershadow'd beauly on the dust ?
Wert Thou not such when earth's lark cloud hung o'er Thee?-
Surely Thou wert !-my heart grew husl'd before Thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy way :-
What had I there to do, but kneel, and weep, and pray?

## LXXXYII

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry, Amidst the dead-" By that full cup of wee, l'ress'd from the fiuitage of mortality, Saviour ! for Thee-give light! that I may know If by Thy will, in Thine all-healing name, Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame, And early death-and say, if this be so,
Where then is mercy?-whither shall we flee, So unallied to hope, save by our hold on Thee?

## Lxxxyill.

"But didst Thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
Lift from deppair that struggler with the wave?
And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
Beheld, a weeper at a mortal's grave?
And is this weight of anguish, which they bind On life, this searing to the quick of mind, That but to God its own free palh would crave, This crusling out of hope, and love, and youth, Thy will indeed?-Give light ! that I may know the truth!

## IXXNIE.

"For my sick soul is darken'd unto death, With shadows from the suffering it hath seen;
The strong foundations of mine ancient faith Sink from beneath me-whereon shall 1 lean?-
Oh ! if from Thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
Of the dust's anguish ! if like man to die, -
And earth round him shuts heavily-hath been
Even to Thie bitter, aid me!-guide me !-tum
My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless . boume !"-
xc.

And calm'd I rose :-but how the while had nian Mom's orient sun, dissolving mist and slade !-
Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,
In the bright world such radiance might persade?
It filld the fane, it manled the pale form
Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
Fiven the grey tombs it hinded, and array'd
Wiuh life! - How hard to see thy race becrun, And think man wakes to griff, wakening to thir, O Sun!
xCl,
I sought my home again :-and thou, my child, There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine, With eyes, whose lightning-laughter ${ }^{10}$ hath beguited A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine; Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet, Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine, And ask a happier heritage for thee,
Than but in tum the blight of human hope to see. .

> XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free, the bright birds chasing Whose wings waft star-like gleams from tree to tree; Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate racing, Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art free! Yes, on that day I took thee to my hent, And inly vow'd, for thee a better part To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of glee Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe, But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on-as now they flow:

## XCJIL.

Thou hast a rich world round thee:-Mighty shades Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head, With the light melling through their high arcades, As through a pillar'd cloister's:" but the dead Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sunbeam pass To marble shrines through rainbou-tinted glass ; Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led To worship, thou art blest !-to thee is shown Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.


## III.

There, fetter'd down from day, to think the while How bright in Heaven the festal sun is glowing, Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile, Flush like the rose ; and how the streams are flowing With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
And water-fowers, all trembling as they pass; And how the rich, dark summer-trees are bowing With their full foliage;-this to know, and pine, Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot--'twas mine.

## IV.

Wherefore was this ?-Because my soul had drawn
Light from the book whose words are graved in light :
There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn, .
And day, and noon of freedom :-but too bright
It shines on that which man to man hath given,
And call'd the truth -the very truth from Heaven !
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
To cast the mote ; and therefore strives to bind With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's-the mind!

## v.

It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
And to shut out Heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings-making even of thought A buried treasure, which may but be sought When shadows are abroad-and night-and sleep.
I might not brook it long-and thus was thrown
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.
VI.

And I, a child of danger, whose delights
Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas-
I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
And the full circle of the rainbow seen
There, on the snows? ${ }^{13}$ and in my country been
A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
To the Morena crags-how left I not
Life, or the soul's life, quench'd, on that sepulchral spot?

## vit.

Recause Thou didst not leave me, O my God :
Thon wert with those that bore the truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock their fold;
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;
And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
The free heart's communing with Thee,-and Thon Wert in the midst, felt, own'd-the strengthener then as now !

## VIIt.

Yet once I samk. Alas ! man's wavering mind ! Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow? How they bear with them, floating uncombined
The shadows of the past, that come and go, As o'er the deep the old long-buried things, Which a storm's working to the surface brings !
Is the reed shaken,--and must we be so,
With every wind?-So, Father! must we be,
Till we can fix undimn'd our steadfast eyes on Thee.
IX.

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown That sickness o'er it?-Even a passing thought Of a clear spming, whose side, with flowers o'ersrown, Fondly and of my boyish steps had sought !
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell Just then, low tinkiling through my vaulted cell, Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught Some tone from memory, of the music, welling ver widh that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

## X.

But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought
Wakening, it might be, to the faint, sad sound,
That from the darkiness of the walls they brought
A lured scene round me, visibly around "
les ! hindling, spreading, brightening, hue by hue, Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!--till the bound
Of my shat cavern seem'd dissolved, and I
Cirt by the solema hills and burning pomp of sky.

XI.

I look'd-and lo ! the clear, broad river flowing, Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a Heaven all glowing, Like seas of glass and fire!-I saw the sweep Of glorious woods far down the mountain side, And their still shadows in the gleaming tide, And the red evening on its waves asleep; And midst the scene-oh ! more than all-there smiled My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child!

## 811.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood Last by that river, and in silence gazed On the rich world of sunset :-bui a flood OF sudden tenclerness my soul oppress'd, And I rush'd forward with a yearning breast, To clasp-alas!-a vision!-Wave and wood, And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

## NIII.

Then darkness !-Oh ! th' unutterable gloom That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom, That bright drean wanish'd from my loneliness! It floated of, the beautiful :-yet leif Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft, 1 lay down, sick with passion's vain excess, And pray'd to die.-How oft would sorrow weep Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!
$\qquad$
But I was roused-and how?-It is no tale Even midst thy shades, thou wilderness, to tell! I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale, Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befel In that drear prison-house. His eye must grow More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow, More high his heart in youthful strength must swell; So shall it fitly bum when all is told :-
Let childhood's raciant mist the free child yet infold!


It is enough that through such heavy hours, As wring us by our fellowship of clay, I lived, and undegraded. We have powers
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away !
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
Laugh and expire, and shall not 'ruth's high name
Bear up her martyrs with ail-conquering sway?
It is enough that Torture may be vain-
I had seen Alvar die-the stife was won from Pain.

## XVI.

And faint not, heart of man ! though years wane slow !
There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses below
The stormy dashing of the ocean waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
A quenclless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves !
I was of such at last!-unchain'd I trod
This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God !

## XVIL.

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far-sweeping tide!-A dim, wild night,
I.ike sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,

Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light!
The shepherd's light-the sailor's on the sea-
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams !-I could but gaze through tearsOb : what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years!

The rolling clouds!-they have the whole blue space
Above to sail in-all the dome of sky!
My soul shot with them in their breezy race
O'er star and gloom !-but I had yet to fly,
As flies the humted wolf. A secret spot
And strance, I knew-the sunbeam knew it not;-
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far siernas, hiding their deep springs,
And traversed but by toms, or sounding erses, wings

## XVIII.



xxyri.
She knew me then!-I murmurd "Leonor!" And her beart answer'd !-oh! the voice is known First from ail else, and swiftest to restore Love's buried images, with one low tone That strikes like lightrning, when the cheek is faded, And the brow heazily with thousht o'ershaded, And all the brightnes from the aspect gone !Cpon my breast she sunk, when doulte was fled, Weeping as those may weep, that meet in roe and dread.

## XXVIIt.

For there we might not rest. Alas! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the londy wall!
We were the last-my boy and I-the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd!
My father bless'd me as II left his hall-
With his deep tones and sweet, though full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bathed my child's young head with tears.

## XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down, And cast the darkness of my branded name (For so lue deem'd it) on the clear renown, My own ancestral heritage of fame.
And yet he bless'd me!-Father! if the dust Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
Dim the bright day no more; and thou wilt know That not through guilt thy son thus bow'd thine age with woe!

## NXX.

And thou, my Leonor: that unrepining, If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me, When stars-the stars that earliest rise-are shining, How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee !
For on our flight they smiled; their dewy rays, Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze Back to the home we never more might see; So pass'd we on, like earth's frist exiles, turning Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning.


xxxy.
Oh! could we live in visions ! could we hold Delusion faster, longer, to our breast, When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold, That which we see not, and are therefore blest ! But they, our loved and loving, they to whom We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom, Their looks and accents, unto ours address'd, Have been a language of familiar tone Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

## xxXV1.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe Which press'd on that sweet bosom;-I deceived My heart but half:-a whisper, faint and low, Haunting it ever, and at times believed, Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem Like those that dream, and know the while they dream, Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play, By a dim sense that all will float and fade away!

## xxxvir.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I woo'd the breeze
To speed me onward with the wings of mom.-' Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,
Which were not made for man, what man hath bome, Answering their moan with his !-what thou didst bear, My lost and loveliest ! while that secret care Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last, Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast !

## xxxyil.

For unto thes, as through all change, reveal'd Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise;
By the still hope sustain'd, ere long to win
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within, My thoughts unfetter'd to their source might rise, Like songs and scents of morn.-But thou didst look Through all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.


XIV.

Torture !-the sorrow of affection's eye, Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core, Deeper, and teaching more of agony, May pierce than many swords !-and this I bore With a mute pang, Since I had vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the truth of Heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share :-
Alas! for those that love, and may not blend in prayer !

## ALI.

We could not pray together midst the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy! -We were on our way
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
Had lured to leave their vines. -Oh! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic shy
Touch'd all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy?

## XVII.

Thoughts no more mingled !-Then came night-th' intense
Dark blue--the burring stars !-I saw the shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross ! 16 as when thy radiant sign
First drew my gaze of youth. -N o, not as then ;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days; and now thy light divine
Look'd on mine anguish, while within me strove
The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

ALVIN.
But thou, the clear, the glorious ! thou wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave !-
Alas! I walch'd her dark religious glance,
As it still sought thee through the Heaven's expanse,
Bright Cross: -and knew not that I watched what gave
lint passing lustre -shrouded soon to be-
A sit light found no moreno more on earth or sea :


## LIIL.

And I could hope in that strange fire !-she died, She died, with all its lustre on her mien!The day was melting from the waters wide, And brough its long bright hours her thoughts had been, It seem'd, with resticss and unwonted yearning,
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning; For her fond words were all of vintage-scene, And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath :Oh! with what vivid bues life comes back of on death!

## LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs of old, In wild, faint snatches, fitfuily had sprung; Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold, The "Rio verde," 17 on her soul that hung, And thence flow'd forth.-But now the sun was low; And watching by my side its last red glow, That ever stills the heart, once more she sung Her own soft "Ora, Mater!"-mand the sound Was even like love's farewell-so mournfully profound.

## LV.

The boy had droppd to slumber at our feet ;"And I have lull'd him to his smiling rest Once more!" she said :-I raised him-it was sweet, Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which bless'd His look that hour;-for now her voice grew weak;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek, With her white lips a long, long kiss she press'd, Set light, to wake aim not.- Then sank her head .foninst uy bursting heart:-What did I clasp ?-the dead!
LVI.

I calld-to call what answers not our cries, By that we loved to stand unseen, minheard, With the lond passion of our tears and sighs To see but some cold erlistering ringlet stirred, And in the quench'd eye's fixedness to gaze, All vainly searching for the panted rays;
This is what waits us !-Dead!-with that chill word
To link our boom-names !-For this we pour
Our suals upan the thast-nor tremble to adure!
$+$
-

The Forest Santuary:

## LXL.

Where the line scunds not. where the erecks lie low, What shall wake thence the dead?-Blest, blest are they That earth to earth intrust ; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay Slall rise at last ; and bid the yourg flowers lloom, That walt a breath of hope around the tomb; And kneel apon the dewy turf to pray!
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd thic! Vain dreams!-oh! ant thou not where there is no more sea?"

## LXII.

The wind rose free and singing :-when for ever, O'er that sole spot of all the watery phain, I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain ; Then rose the reckless wind !-Before our prow The white foam flachd-ay, joyously-and thou Wert left with all the solitary main Around thee-and thy beauty in my heart, And thy meek sorrowing love-oh ! where could $/ l h u$ depart ?

## I.XII.

I will not speak of woe ; I may not tell-
Friend tells not such to friend - the thoughts which rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild forewell
Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
Thou, there most lonely !-He that sits above,
In His calm glory, will forgive the love
Ilis creatures bear each other, evin if blent With a vain worship; for its close is dim Ever with grief, which leads the arung soul back to IIim:

1 Niv.
And with a milicer pang if row I tear To think of thee in thy forsiken rest, If from my heart be litied the despair, The sharp remorse with healing influence press'd, If the soff eves that visit me in sleep lank not reproach, the ugh still they seem to weep;
lt is that He my sacrince bath liest,
And fild my boom, through its inmost cell,
With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.




## LXIX.

But he went on in gladness-that fair child !
Save when at times his bright eye seem'd to dream, And his young lips, which then no longer smiled, Ask'd of his mother !-That was but a gleam Of Memory, fleeting fast ;-and then his play Through the wide Llanos ${ }^{24}$ cheered again our way, And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard at mom, From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music bone. ${ }^{2}$

## $1 \times 2$

So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone, Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear, Such as might reach us from a world unknown, Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear !
'Twas sweet !-yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
On melancholy waves: ${ }^{23}$ I sigh'd to hear
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fann'd, And turn'd to seek the wilds of the red bunter's land.

## LXX.

And we have won a bower of refuge now, In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose

- Hath cool'd, like dew; the fever of my brow, And whose green oaks and cedars round me close As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude ; All, save the image and the thought of those Before us gone ; our loved of early years, Cone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.


## AXil.

I see a star-eve's frist-born !--in whose train
last scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire;
The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
Gleams hike one ruby, and the soft winds wale,
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret tone
Drawn from each tree, fur each hath whiners ail its own.
ixxilis.
And hark ! another murnur on the air, Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades !That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear, Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed Of the blue, mourrful seas, that keep the dead:
But they are far! !-the low sun here pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,-

## LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom !-In such an hour,
The Vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells, By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamelet, round my home:--and I am here, Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart-yet unbroken!
L.XXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high!
Come to me, boy !-by Guadalquivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.-
We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard, my child!
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst the wild,

## LXXVI.

At eve?-oh ! through all hours!-From dark dreams of
A wakening, I look forth, and learn the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my loved one! on the breast of night:
I look forth on the stars-the shadowy sleep
Of forests-and the lake, whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-fies' light.
A lonely world!--ev'n fearful to man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.


## $33^{6}$

 The Forst Sanctiary.in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild-grape vine. The vine had clasped its luge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoon struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the menster Python. "-Bracibridge Hall. Chaptér on Forest Trees.

> Note 4
> Thou hast perish'd
> More nobly far, my Ahar!-mahing known The might of truth.

For a most interesting account of the Spanish Protestants, and the heroic devotion with which they met the spirit of persecution in the sixteenth century, see the Quartorly Reviow, No. 57, art. Quin's Visit to Spain.
Note 5.
I look'd on taio,
Following his footscips to the stame drad place,
Fir the same grilt-his sisters!-
"A priest, named Gonzalez, had, anong other proselytes, gained over two young females, his sisters, to the protestant faith. All three were confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the two sisters, since the constancy and learning of Gonzalez precluded all hopes of a theological victory. Their answer, if not exactly logical, is wonderfully simple and affecting. 'We will die in the faith of our brother : he is too wise to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.'-The three stakes on which they died were near each other. The priest had been gagged till the moment of lighting up the wood. The few minutes that he was allowed to speak he employed in comforting his sisters, with whom he sung the logth Psalm, till the flames smothered their voices."-Ibid.

## Note 6.

And dicon the name
A hundreli chicfs had bornt, cast drinh by you to shame.
The names, not only of the immediate victims of the linquisition, were devoted to infamy, but those of all their relations were
branded with the same indelible stain, which was likewise to de scend as an inheritance to their latest posterity.

## Note 7.

'Twas not within the city-but in sight Of the show-crown'd sigroas.

The piles erected for these executions were without the towns, and the final scene of an Auto da Fe was sometimes, from the length of the preceding ceremonies, delayed till midnight.

## Note 8.

I would have call'd, adjuring ine dark cloud: To the most ancient Hiavens I would have said, "Speak to me! show me trulh!"

For one of the most powerful and impressive pictures perhaps ever drawn, of a young miad struggling against habit and superstition in its first aspirations after truth, see the admirable Letters from Spain by Don Leucadio Doblado.

## Note 9.

For thich ye girt me round, ye long departed! Dust-imaged form-with cross, and shidh, and crest.
"You walk from end to end over a floor of tombstones, inlaid in luass with the forms of the departed, mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together-all worn into glass-like smoothness lyy the feet and the knees of long-departed worshippers. Around, on every side, each in their separate chapel, sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old came thither to worship-their images and their dying prayers sculptured among the resting-places of their remains." - From a beautiful description of ancient Spanish Cathedrals, in Peter's Lithers to his Kiensfolk.

Note lo.
With eges, whose lightuing loushter hath beswiled A thousand fanst.
"E'l lamarsiar de l'angelico riso."-Petrarch. 2
"Sometimes their discourse was held in the deep shades of mossgrown forests, whose gloom and interlaced boughs first suggested that Gothic architecture, beneath whose pointed arches, where they had studied and prayed, the parti-coloured windows shed a tinged light ; scenes, which the gleaus of sunshine, penetrating the deep foliage, and flickering on the variesated turf below, might have recailed to their memory."-Welster's "Oration on the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England."-See Hodgson's Letters from North America, vol, ii. p. 305.

## Note 12.

Bring the the sounding of the forrent water, With yet a nearer swiell-fresh brize, awake!

The varying sounds of waterfalls are thus alluded to in an interesting work of Mrs. Grant's. "On the opposite side the view was bounded by steep hills, covered with lofty pines, from which a waterfall descended, which not only gave animation to the sylvan scene, but was the best barometer imaginable; foretelling by its varied and intelligible sounds every approaching change, not only of the weather but of the wind,"-Mmoirs of an American Lady, vol. i. p. 143 .

> Note 13 .
> And the full circle of the rainbow sen There, on the suows.

The circular minborss, occasionally seen amongst the Andes, are described by Ulloa.

Note 14
But so ney spirit's faer'd lansiugs wrought, Wakening, it might be, to the foint, sad sound, That from the darkiness of the walls they brought A loved scene rownd the, wisilly aronem.

Many striking instances of the vividness with which the mind,
when strongly excited, has been known to renovate past impressions, and embody them into visible imarery, are noticed and accounted for in Dr. Hibbert's "Philosophy of Apparitions." The following illustrative passage is quoted in the same work, from the writings of the late Dr. Ferriar. "I remember that, about the age of fourteen, it was a source of great amusement to myself, if I had been viewing any interesting object in the course of the day, such as a romantic' ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops, as soon as evening cinne on, if I had occasion to go into a dark room, the whole scene waw brought hefore my eyes with a brilliancy equal to what it had possessed in daylight, and remained visible for several minutes. I have no doubt that dismal and frightful images have been thus presented to young persons after scenes of domestic afliction or public horror."

The following passage from the "Alcazar of Seville," a tale, or historical sketch, by the author of Doblado's letters, affords a further illustration of this subject. "When, descending fast into the vale of ycars, I strongly fix my mind's eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed the scented air which came rustling throush the surrounding groves; where the footsteps re-echoed from the clean watered porches of the houses, and where every object spoke of quict and contentment ; . . . . . . the objects around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only the thoughts, but the external sensations, which I then experience, revive with a reality that almost makes me shudder-it has so much the character of a trance or vision."

## Note 15.

Nor the faint forter-scents, as they come and go In the soft air, like music wandering by.
"For becanse the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musick) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know What be the flowers and plants which doe best periune the aire."Lurd Bacos's Essuy on Gardins.

Note 16.
I sazu thee stine
Onte more, in thy screme magnificent,
O Somhen Cross!
"The fleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross wa* 22
warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar mostives scem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. . . . . . . It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides'exclaim, in the savarnahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time ; and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate !"-De Humboldt's Travels.

Note 17.
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold, The "Ria verde."
"Rio verde, rio verde," the popular Spanish romance, known to the English reader in Percy's translation.
"Gentle river, gentle river, Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore! Many a brave and noble captain Floats along thy willow'd shore," \&c. \&c.

Note 18.
Then the broad, lonely sunise! -and the glash Into the sounding tuazes!-

De Humboldt, in describing the burial of a young Asturian at sea, mentions the entreaty of the officiating priest, that the body, which had been brought upon deck during the night, might not be committed to the waves until after sunrise, in order to pay it the last rites according to the usage of the Romish Church.

The Forest Sanctuary. 341

Note 19.
Oh! art dhot not where there is no more sea!
"And there was no more sca,"-Rw. c. xxi, v. I.

Note 20.
And 'icr the Andes' torrents borne his form, Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd midst the storm.

The bridges over many deep chasms amongst the Andes, are pendulous, and formed only of the fibres of equinoctial plants. Their tremulous motion has afforded a striking image to one of the stanzas in "Gertrude of Wyoming."
"Anon some wilder portraiture he draws, Of nature's savage glories he would speak; The loneliness of earth, that overawes, Where, resting by the tomb of old Cacique, The lama-driver, on Peruvia's peak, Nor voice nor living motion marks around, But storks that to the boundless forest sliriek, Or wild-cane arch, high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound."

Note 2 I .
And than his pluy
Through the wide Llanos char'd asain our way.
Lianos, or savamahs, the great plains in South America.

## Note 22.

And ly thi mishty Oronoco stram, On whose lone margin we hate heard at morn, From the mystrious rocks, the swarise-music borne.

De Humbolits sjeaks of these rocks on the shores of the Oro. noco. Travellers have heard from time to time subterraneous sounds proceed from them at sumrise, resembling those of an organ.

He believes in the existence of this mysterious music, although not fortunate enough to have heard it himself; and thinks that it may be produced by currents of air issuing through the crevictes.

## Note 23.

Yet thase dexp southern shades oppreses'd My soul with stillmess, tike the calms that rest On nelancholy waver.

The same distinguished traveller frequently alludes to the extrem: stillness of the air in the equatorial regions of the new continent, and particularly on the thickly wooded shores of the Oronoco. "In this neighbourhood," be says, "no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage."





"There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead, But where the day looks not the brave may tread;
There is heard no song, and no mead is pour'd,
But the warrior may come to the silent board, In the shadow of the night.
"There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb, And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom; But soft be thy step through the silence deep, And move not the um in the house of sleep, For the viewless have earful might!"

Then died the solemn lay, As a trumpet's music dies, By the night-wind borne away Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rocked to the wailing blast, As on through the forest the warrior pass'd,Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old, The dark place of visions and legends, told By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir trees rock'd, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound;
And it seem'd that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave waring, with voice and sign.
But the wind strange magic knows,
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs,
When Night is on her throne.
The pines closed oder him with deeper gloom, As he took the path to the monarch's tomb; The Polestar shone, and the heavens were bright With the arrowy streams of the Northern light, But his road through dimness lay!

He pass'd, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stain'd with the victim's blood ;
Nor paused, till the rock where a vaulted bed Had been hern of old for the kingly dead, Arose on his midnight way.

The Sword of the Tomb.
Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast, And the steel-clad man stood still Before that place of rest.

But he cross'd at length, with a deep-drawn breath, The threshold-floor of the hall of Death, And look'd on the pale mysterious fire Which gleam'd from the urn of his warrior-sire, With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,-
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the um in the house of sleep,
For the vierless have fearful might !"
But the gleaming sword and shield Of many a battle-day Hung o'er that um, reveal'd By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound, They hung o'er the dust of the far-renown'd, Whom the bright Valkyriur's waming voice
Had call'd to the banquet where gods rejoice, And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near, And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear," Soft be thy step through the silence deep, And move not the urn in the house of sleep,

For the viewless have fearful might !*
And many a Saga's rhyme, And lecend of the grave, That shadoxy scene and time Call'd back, to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm-and the flame grew dim, And the sword in its light seem'd to wave and swim, And his faltering hand could not grasp it wellFrom the pale oak-xтeath, with a clash it fell Through the chamber of the dend:

The deep tomb rang with the heary sound, And the um lay shiver'd in frogments round;


And a rush, as of tempests, quench'd the fire, And the scatter'd dust of his warlike sire Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment-and all was still In the slumberer's ancient hall, When the rock had ceased to thrill With the mighty weapou's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one, The clouds were just tinged by the early sun, When there stream'd through the cavern a torch's flame, And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came To seek him in the tomb.

Stretch'd on his shicld, like the steel-girt slain, By moonlight seen on the battle-plain, In a speechless trance lay the warrior there, But he wild ly woke when the torch's glare Burst on him through the gloom.
"The morning wind blows free, And the hour of chase is near: Corne forth, come forth, with me! What dost thou, Sigurd, here?"
"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire, I have scatter'd the dust of my warrior-sire ! It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart ; But the winds shall not wander without their part

To strew o'er the restless deep!
"In the mantle of death he was here with me now,There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his brow: And his cold, still glance on my spirit fell With an icy ray and a withering spell-

Oh! chill is the house of sleep!"
"The morning wind blows free, And the reddening sun shines clear;
Come forth, come forth, with me!
It is dark and fearful here!"
"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown!
But gone from his head is the kingly crown,-
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand,-
They have chased him far from the glorious land
Where the feast of the rods is spread !



The Cavern of the Three Tells. 35 I
Tell the raven steed which bore thee, When the wild wolf fled before thee, He too with his lord must fall,There is room in Odin's Hall!
"Lo! the mighty sun looks forthArm! thou leader of the north! Lo ! the mists of twilight fly,-
We must vanish, thou must die!
By the sword and by the spear, By the hand that knows not fear, Sea-king! nolly shalt thou fall!There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave, When afar the sunlight spread, And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave

With the mists of morning fled.
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand,
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

## THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

## SWISS TRADITION.

The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a eavern near the Lake of Luceme. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells: and say that they lie there, in their antique garb, in quet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost nead, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the band.-Sce Quarterly Reficia, No. 44
The Grunti, where the confederates held their nightly meetiogs, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Luceroe, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.

OH ! enter not yon shadony cave, Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave, With freshness fill the air:

For there the Patrict Three,
In the garb of old arrayd,
Ey their native Fcrest-sea
On a rocky counh are Laid.


# Suiss Song. 

And the land shall see such deels arsain As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain, Through the serried spears made way;

And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell, And the crowned casques, ${ }^{*}$ o'erthrown, Eefore our 〔athers fell:

For the Kilureilen's $\dagger$ notes must never sound In a land that wears the chain, And the vines on freedom's holy ground Untrampled must remain!

And the yellow harvests wave For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave The men of Grülli sleep!

## SWISS SONG,

## ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient batules with much solemnity: assembling in the open air on the fieks where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. Ithey afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masies are sung for the souls of the departed-See Planta's History of the Helectic Confederacy.

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who feil Here, in the narrow battle dell!

If yet, the willds among,

> Our silent hearts may bum,

Wian the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,-
Itome :-home :-if still that name be dear, I'ruise to the men who feish'd here !

[^10]


Doth the wartior think of his brother there, And the father of his child?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share His wanderings through the wild?

We call them far through the silent nigit,
And they speak not from cave or hill ;
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright, But say, do they love there still?

## THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

An early traveller mentions a pcopie on the hanks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. 'I he reason of this is, that they fancy theideceased friends and relations to be only gone on a jurrncy, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers."-Picart's Ceremonies and Redigions Cusloms.
" J'ai passé mni-même," says Chateaubriand, in his "Souvenirs c"Amérique," "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se premait à pleurer à la vue d"un voyageur, parce qu'id lui rappelait des amis partis pour li Contréa des Ames, el depuis long-tems en voynge."

We saw thee, $O$ stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the youth of the sumny glance, Whose step was the fleetest in chase or lance;
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to Hee!
But there came a voice from a distant shore:
He was call'd--he is found 'midst his tribe no more !
He is not in his place when the night-fires burn, But we look for him still-he will yet retum!His brother sat with a drooping brow In the gloom of the sladowing cypress bough; We roused him-we bade him no longer pine, For we heard a step-but the step was thine.

We saw thee, 0 stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the maid of the mournful song-Morrnful, though sweet-she hath left us long ! We told her the youth of her love was gone, And she went forth to seek him-she pass'd alone; We hear not her voice when the woods are still, From the bower where it sang, like a silvery ain, The joy of her sire with her smile is fled, The winter is white on his lonely head,

He hath none by his side when the wilds we track, IIe hath none when we rest-yet she comes not back! We look'd for her eye ou the feast to shine, For her breezy step-but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept ! We look'd for the chief who hath left the spear And the bow of his battes forgotten here! We look'd for the hunter, whose bride's lament On the wind of the forest at eve is sent : We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !Where are they?-thou'rt seeking some distant coastOh, ask of them, stranger !-send back the lost ! Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams, Tell them our lives but of them are dreams ! Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine, And to watch for a step-but the step was thine !

## THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

## an indian tradilion.

"The River St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Fint and Gakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred males in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich hish land; one of which the present generation of the Cruek Indians represent to be a most Llisisful spot of earth: they say it is inhatited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were invelved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gaiwed it, it seemed to fly before thent, alternately appearing and disippearing. They resiolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursinit, and to retura, which, after a mumber of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their counirymen, the young warnors were intimed with an irresitille desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charning a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able asain to find that enchanting spol."-EAhtram's Truvels through Aorth and Sunth Cambliar.

The additivual circumstances in the "Isle of Founts" are merely imaginasy.
Sov of the stranger! wouldst thou take O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake Along whose banks the west winds play ? -
Set no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle:


The sound, and sight, and flashing ray Of joyous waters in their play !

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake, For ever pouring through his dreams, The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, lright in many a racky um, The waters of our deserts lie, Yet at their source his lip shall burn, Parch'd with the fever's agony:
From the blue mountains to the main, Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore Back from their long and weary quest ;Had they not seen th' untrodden shore, And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!
They lay beside our glittering rills, With visions in their darken'd eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelias to the wind were flung.
They bent no more the forest-bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior band, The moons waned o'er them dim and slowe

They left us for the spirits' land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sloep.
Son of the stranger ! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase !
Let no vain dreams thy leart beguile,
Ob ! seck thou not the Fountain lise!


$$
\text { He ueter Smiled again. } \quad 3^{\sigma 6 t}
$$

Where the goatherd's lay is sung, Where the minstrel's harp is strung !Foes are on thy native seaGive our bards a tale of thee!"

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son, And the Bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.
"Mother! stay thou not thy boy ! He must learn the battle's joy. Sister ! bring the sword and spear, Give thy brother words of cheer! Maiden! bid thy lover part, Dritain calls the strong in heart!"

And the Bended Bow and the voice pass'd on, And the bards made song for a battle won.

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Ir is recorded of Henry I., that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen te smile.

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived-for life may long be borne
Fre sorrow break its chain ;
Why comes not death to those who mourn? He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around lis throne, The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one, That one beneath the wave?
Defore him pass'd the young and fair, In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair-
He never smiled again :
He sat where festal bouls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the Tourney's victor crown'd, Amidst the kniglily ring :

## 362 Cour de Lion at the Bier of his Father.

A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleepHe never smiled again!

1Iearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears, Were left to Heaven's bright min,
Fresh hopes were born for other yearsHe never smiled again !

## CEEUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Coeur de Lion, whe, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly repronched himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow;
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And wariors slept beneath,
And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.
On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there :
As if each deeply furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show,-
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe:
The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul;

And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang, As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
Hee stoor there still with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised ;-
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cceur-de-Lion gazed!
And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,-
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'l!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain-
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warriortrailn,
And he reck'd not that they saw.
He look'd upon the dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,
lale on the fast shut eye.
He stoop'd-and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the heary hand of clay,
Till bursting words-yet all too weak-
Gave his soul's passion way.
"Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep-behold, I weep!



366 The Cassal's Lamment for the Fallon Tree.
He must, he must ! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree felt, But an heir of his fathers dieel.
And he -there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his woice-yet he must die!
I've borne him in these arms, that now Are nerveiess and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow, The dust untimely flung?
I must !-yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast :
The noble boy :-how proudly sprung The falcon from his hand!
It seem'd like youth to see him young, A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree bath falln, and the flower must die.
Say not 'tis rain !-I tell thee, some
Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, tlitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go !- and he too, he--
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree?

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

It is a popular belief in the Odenwall, that the passing of the Wild Huntemin announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the numed castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerte ft is contidently asserted that the sotnd of his phantom horse; and hounds was heard ty the Duke of Eaden beture the comnencement of the hist war in Germany.

Tiry rest was deep at the slumbercr's hour, If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savare hom, from the mountain tower, As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by, Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprang up from lis mossy bed When lie caught the piercing sounds, And the oak-boughs crash'd to his ander'd heal, As he few from the viewless hounds; And the falcon soar'd from her cragsy height, Array through the rashing night!

The banner shook on its ancient hold, And the pine in its desert place,
As the cloud and tempest onward rolld With the din of the trampling race;
And the glens were filld with the laugh and shout, And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftan's hand the wine-cup fell, At the castle's festive board,
And a suddeu panse came o'er the swell Of the harp's triumphal chord;
And the Minnesinger's* thrilling lay In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted right was stay'd, And the hernit dropp'd his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-shade, At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
And the church-bells peal'd to the rocking blast As the Wild Sight-Huntsman pass'd.

The storm hath swept with the chase away, There is stillness in the sky,
Dut the mother looks on her son to-day, With a troubled heat and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care Midst the gleam of her solden hair:

The Fhine flows bright, but its waves ere long Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of epears our hills among, And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a blondy turf must lie, For the IIuatiman hath gone by!

[^11]
# ( 368 ) <br> BRANDENBURGI HARVEST-SONG.* 

from tile german of la motte fouqué,

The com, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain:
The sickle's gleam is bright,
Full swells the grain.
Now send we far around
Our harvest lay !-
Alas ! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day :
On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,-
We know its cause too well, She is no more!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue, -
Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew !

THE SHADE OF THESEUS.
ancient greek tradition.

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprang! -
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rang !
When the trampling march of foes
Had crush'd our vines and flowers,
When jewell'd crests arose
Through the holy laurel bowers;

- For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.


"Les Chants Fuaèbres par lesquels on déplore en Gréce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mìre, ses filles, ses screurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là e!les changent de vêtemens, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la ceeremonie nuptiale, avec cette difference, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprits terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deutil ; toutes se rangenten circle autour du mort, et leur doule ur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la premiere fois, sans rêgle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succedent bientût des lamentations d'une autre espèce : ce sont les Myriologues. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première ; apres elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les Myriologues sont toujours compostés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, ct tonjours chantés sur un air qui differe d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dansua lieu domé, reste invarinblenent consacré à ce genre de poësie." - Chonls Pobulaires de la Grice DIodence, par C. Faukiel.

A wall was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young, Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.-
"Ianthis ! dost thou sleep? Thou sleep'st ! -but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillow'd on my breast! [ lull'd thee not to this repose, Ianthis ! my sweet son! As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done !How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now? And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?
"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave ! Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie; And fast is bound the springing step, that seem'd on breezes borne, When to thy couch I came and sail,--'Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis mom!'
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untonch'd by slow decay,And I, the wither'd stem, remain-I woukl that grief might slay !
'Ohl ever when I met thy look, I knew that this would be!
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high ;-
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die:

That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red-
Why doth a mother live to say-My first-bom and my dead?
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won-
Spcak thor, and I will hear ! my child, lanthis ! my sweet son!"
A wail was heard around the bed, the death-led of the young, A fair-hair'd bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung. -
" Ianthis! look'st thou not on me !- Can love indeed be fled?
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?
I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved!
That I had bound a breastplate on, and batled at thy side-
It would have been a blessed thing together had we died !
"But where was I when thou didst fall bencath the fatal sword?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!-and couldst thou thus depart?
Couldist thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?-
Oh: I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death!
"Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread!
Fut not where noble blood fow'd forth, where sounding javelins flew-
Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what hour, what tone?
The blue skies fade with all their lights, they fade, since thou art gone!
Evin that mast leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmovedTake me from this dark world with thee, Ianilis! my belored :"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Anid.t her tears the Funeral Chant a moumful siter sung.
"Inmbis! brother of my soul!-oh! where are now the dins That laugh'd anung the deep green bills, on all our infant plays? When we two sported by the streams, or traik'd them to their source, And like a star's the rochs along, was thy fleet, fearless course :I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy boun ling step no mure-my Lroder and my friend!
2 22
"I come with flowers-for Spring is come!-lanthis! art thou here? I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier!
Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown-but oh! more meet they seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low-
Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow :
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,-
Woe! that it smiles, and not for thee !-my brother and my friend!"

## ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

Where is the summer, with her golden sun?-
That festal glory hath not pass'd from earth:
For me alone the laughing day is done !
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth?
Far in my own bright land!
Where are the Fauns, whose fute-notes breathe and clie On the green hills?-the founts, from sparry caves
Tbrough the wild places bearing melody?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves?-
Far in my own bright land !
Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,
The virgin-dances, and the choral strains?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
The spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes? -
Far in my own bright land !
Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throncs,
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades?
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
And the pine forests, and the olive shades?-
Far in my own bright land!
Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers,
The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?
Oh! that my life were as a southem flower's!
I might not languish then by these chill streams,
Far from my own bright land!


This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne," and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.

A youth went forth to exile, from a home Such as to early thought gives images, The longest treasured, and most oft recall'd, And brightest kept, of love;-a mountain home, That, with the murmur of its rocking pines And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy, And half unconscious prayer ;-a Grecian home, With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung, And, through the dimness of its olive shades, Catching the flash of fountains, and the glean Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left !-Yet many leave Far more:-the glistening eye, that first from theirs Call'd out the soull's bright smile ; the gentle hand, Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones.- He left not these.
Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love!--A bitterer grief
Was his-To part unlorad!-of her unloved,
That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring
Fostering its young faint flowers :
Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on lis way C'no the parting spot;-and she too went, That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
The paring spot was reach'd:-a lone deep glen, Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above, The silence of the blue, still, upper Heaven Hung fuund the crags of Pindus, where they wore Their crowning snows.-L"pon a rock he sprung,

The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light
Broke on the stern, proud sadness of his cye, A sudden quivering light, and from his lips A burst of passionate song.
" Farewell, farewell!
"I hear thee, O thou rushing stream!--thou'rt from my native dell, 'Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound-a murmur of farewell!
And fare thee well-flow on, my stream !-flow on, thou bright and free!
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me;
But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years, And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears; The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known:
The woods can tell where he hath wept, that ever wept alone!
"I see thee once again, my home ! thou'rt there amidst thy vines, And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,
The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves!-
The hour the mother loves!-for me beloved it hath not been;
Yet ever in its purple smile, thou smil'st, a blessed scene !
Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come-
Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home?
"Not as the dead!-no, not the dead!-We speak of them-we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep!
We hallow ev'n the lyre they touch'd, we love the lay they sung,
We pass with softer step the place they fill'd our band among!
But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth !
Ifro!-the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
When mine is a forgotten voice.-Woods, mountains, home, farewell!
"And farewell, mother !-I have bone in lonely silence long,
But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong!
And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
Jes ! I will speak !-within my breast whate'er hath seem'd to be.
There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have grsh'd for thee!

## The Suliote Mother.

 thrown
Dack on the forests and the wilds what should have own!
"Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine, Since thou hast sons of statelier mien, and fairer brow than mine! Forgive me .hat thou couldst not love!-it may be, that a tone let from my buming heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone!
And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smiled,
And the grave give his birthight back to thy neglected child: Might but my spirit then return, and 'midst its kindred dwell, And quench its thirst with love's free tears!-'Tis all a dreamfarewell!"
"Farewell!"-the echo died with that deep word, let died not so the late repentant pang By the strain quicken'd in the mother's breast ! There had pass'd many changes o'er her brow, And cheek, and eye ; but into one bright flood Of tears at last all melted ; and she fell On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
" Return, retum, my son !"-The echo caught A lovelier sound than song, and woke again, Murmuring - "Retum, my son !"-

## THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

Ir in related, in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, ou the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofiy summit, and, after chansing a wild sone, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasin below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enenuy.

She slood upon the loftiest peak, Amidst the clear blue sky,
A bitter smile was on her check, And a dark flash in her eye.
"Dort thou see them, boy?- Chrough the dusk pines Dost thou see where the foeman's anmour shines?

Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast,
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy? -
That sight hath cost thee a father, boy !"
For in the rocky strait beneath, Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heap'd high the piles of death Before the pass was won.
"They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to bear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"
And now the horn's loud blast was heard, And now the cymbal's clang,
Till ev'n the upper air was stirt'd, As cliff and hollow rang.
"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild !
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?-
Still!--be thou still!-there are brave men low-
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now !"
But nearer came the clash of steel, And louder swell'd the hom,
And farther yet the tambour's peal Through the dark pass was borne.
"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth ?Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth, Free, and how cherish'd, my warior's son !
He too hath bless'd thee, as I bave done!
Ay, and unchain'd must his loved ones be-
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"
And from the arrowy peak she sprung, And fast the fair child bore:
A veil upon the wind was flung, A cry-and all was o'er!

 The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrownBut all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down, Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head, O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown, Yet must thou hear a voice--Restore the dead ! Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !Restore the dead, thou sea!

## BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board, To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd; Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale, Their breath floats out on the southern gale, And the tatch of the sumbeam hath waked the rose, To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path-
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chanot's track, The turf looks ted where he won the day Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way:

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell, They have tales of the joyous woods to tell; Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky, And the bright world shut from his languid eye; They will bear him a thought of the sumny hours, And a dream of his youth-bring him fowers, wild flowers!

Bing flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side-
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride i

Bring fowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed, A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours, They are love's last gift-bring ye fluwers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory-bring flowers, bright flowers !

## THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

Alas : the mother that him bare, If she had been in presence there, In his wan cheeks and subburnt hair, She had not knowt her child.-Marmions.

Rest, pilgrim, rest!-thou'rt from the Syrian land, Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,

And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
Alas ! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,
And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return !
Thou'rt faint-stay, rest thee from thy toils at last:
Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,
The stars gleam out, the Aie hour is pass'd,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou'rt fain and worn---hear'st thou the fountain welling By the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?
Seest thou the dewy gmpes, before thee swelling? He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine!

IIe was a child when thus the bower he wove, (Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound 1 love,
Beneath its shade-the convent's vesper chime.
And sit thou there !-for he was gentle ever,
With bis glad voice he would have welcomed thee, And brouglit fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lips' reverThere in his place thou'rt resting-uthere is he?

If I could bear that laughing voice again,
But once again !-how of it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody !
Thou has seen much, tired pilgrim ! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth-my Guido-with the fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?
The dark, clear, lightning eye !-on Heaven and earth
It smiled-as if man were not dust it smiled !
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I-my heart grew young before my child !
My blessed child !-I had but him-yet he
Fill'd all my home ev'n with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free-
Where is he now?-my pride, my flower, my boy!
His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop-then his forehead wore
A prouder look-his eye a keener light-
I knew these woods might be his world no more !
He loved me-but he left me !-thus they go,
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored !
He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword!
Thou weep'st-I tremble-thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met-speak! answer! was $h c$ there?
Oh! hath his smile departed ?-Could the grave
Shat o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?-
No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave-
That look gives hope-I knew it could not be !
Still weep'st thou, wanderer?-some fond mother's glance
O'er thee too brooded in thine early years-
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance, Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!-what art thou?
Why dost thon hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up ! oh ! is it--that wan cheek and brow ! Is it-alas ! yet joy !-my son, my son: A SPIRIT.

## FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Thes song is said to have been composed by Schillew in answer to the inguiries of his friends respecting the fate of Thetia, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "Wallenstein's Death," after her resolution, to visit the grave of her lover is made known.
" 'Tis not merely
The human being's $p$ ride that peoples space With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love This visible nature, and this common world, Are all too narrow."

Coleridge's Translation of Wallensfain.

Ask'st thou my home?-my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd?
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?
Had I not lived and loved ?-my lot was cast.
Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone, That melting into song her soul away, Gave the spring-breeze what witch'd thee in its tone? But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found :Yes! we are one, oh ! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound, Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest, If as our love thy love is pure and true!
There durells my father, sinless and at rest, Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

- Wallensteis.


And well he feels, no error of the dust Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken, There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,

He that believes, is near the holy then.
There shall each feeling beautiful and high, Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day ; -
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye !
There lies deep meaning oft in childisis play.

## THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords !-ring out again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
They are here-the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.-
But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring -flowers of the festal wreath :-
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song !
Ring, joyous chords !-but who art then
With the shadowy locks over thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well!
Thou art mourning now oder a broken spell;
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth !
Mom on! -yet come thou not hare the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile !
There is not a tone in our songs for thee-
Home with thy sorrows flee!
Ring, joyous chorls!-ring out again!-
But what dost thou with the Revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes
There are bright young faces that pass thee
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye

Away ! there's a void in thy yearning breast, Thou weary man! wilt thou here find rest? Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled, And the love of thy spirit is with the dead! Jhou art but more lone midst the sounds of mirthback to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords!-ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain! -
But thon, though a reckless mien be thone,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine, By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud, By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud, I know thee ! -it is but the wakeful fear Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
1 know thee!-thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun, For it asks what the secret soul haih done!
And thou-there's a dark weight on thine-away !Back to thy home and pray!

Ring, joyous chords !-ring out again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths !-we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On! through the maze of the fleet dance, on !-
But where are the young and the lovely?-gone!
Where are the brows with the red rose crown'd,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet !-
They are gone-they are fled-they are parted all-
Alas ! the forsaken hall!

## THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

Slemp 'nididt thy banners furl'd!
Yes! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world!
Sleep white the babe sleeps on its mother's breast-
Uh! stroug is night-for thou too art at rest!
 And now might love keep timid vigils by thee, Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee; Alike unconscious and defenceless thou! Tread lightly, watchers ! now the field is won, Break not the rest of nature's weary son !
perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing To the green places of thy boyish daring, And all the windings of thy native stream ;Why, this were joy! upon the tented plain, Dream on, thou conqueror!-be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,
'With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping, And thy dark, troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping ; So wilt thou rise, oh! thou of woman born! And put thy terrors on, till none may dare Look upon thee-the tired one, slumbering there!

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine !-and man must kneel before thee, And for his birthright vainly still implore thee ! Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps?Wake! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world, Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd!

Forget that thou, even thou, Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee, And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee, And felt the night-dew chill thy fevered brow ! Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on !Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

## OUR LADY'S WELL.*

FOUNT of the woods! thou art hid no more, From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore! For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls, And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls;

- A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass. As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass; And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown, When the autum wind hath a stomy tone; And thy bublules rise to the flashing rainBrigb: Fount! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chant his bymn at our Our Lady's Well There is heard no Aac through thy bowers, Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers! But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave, And the woodman seeks thee not in vainBright Fount! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine: A voice that speaks of the past is thine! It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh, With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird, And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!Why is it that thus we may gnze on thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?-
'Tis that all ou earth is of Time's domainHe hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay !
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low, And the changefal hours breathe o'er thee now : Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought; If peace to the mourner hath here been given, Ur prayer, from a chasten'd heart, to Heaven, Be the spot still hallow'd whie Time shall reign, Who hath marle thee nature's own again!

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## THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses, Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
But ere the golden sunset Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh ! tel! me, o'er this chequerd earth, How hast thou pass'd awny?

Brightly, sweet Summer ! brighly Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.
And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free ;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers, To the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them cagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn yenrs?
Sweet Summer ! to the captive Thou bast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves And the blue rejoicing streams;-

To the wasted and the weary On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound ;-
To the sailor on the billows, In longings, wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills, And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
M/y chainless footstep naught hath kent
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead-
In shaclows, from a troubled heart, O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings, To fling a weight aside-
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased And all thy roses died.

Dut, oh ! thou gentle Summer !
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul slould soar !
Give me to lail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be I

## THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

. . : " "Sing alond
Old songs, the precious music of the heart,"
Woridworth
Sive them upon the sumny hills,
When days are long and bright,
tad the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved
And swell them through the torrent's roar, The songs our fathers loved!

The sonss their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance ald spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall:
2 C 2



The World in the Open Air.



It may be that the breath of spring, Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bringA dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other timesA sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes, The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone, Some chord within can thrill,-
These may have language all thine own, To him a mystery still.

Yet scom thou not for this, the true And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew, The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made, Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade, With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,-
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside, Or lift them unto heaven.

## THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.*

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
Dy the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.
Thus had each moment its own rich hue, And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew, Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.
-This dial was, I believe, formed by Linneus. and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the diowers arranged in it

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd In 2 golden current on, Ere from the garden, man's first abode, The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told-
Those days of song and dreams-
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old By the blue Arcadian streams.
So in those isles of delight, that rest Far off in a breezeless main,

- $h$ hich many a bark, with a weary quest, Has sought, but still in vain.
Yet is not life, in its real flight, Mark'd thus-even thus-on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight, And another's gentle birch ?

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by flower, Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour, A charm for the shaded eve.

## THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

Silent and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark wilh grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.
For a pale cross above its greensward rose, Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hush'd-and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on th' attestius stone,
There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he too paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright ware;
Till, as a wind might stir a witherd oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said-
"I listen'd for the words, which, years ago,
Pass'd o'er these waters: though the voice is fled
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow, Iet, when I sit in their long-faded track, Sometimes the forest's murmur gives then back.
" Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath? I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the scas he came, with summer's breath, To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers bave been since then-
Many, but bringing naught like him again!
"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came, O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame, Laying the cedars like the corn-stalks low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.
"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met, I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of One, the grave's dark bonds who broke, And our hearts burnd within us as he spoke.
"He told of far and sumny lands, which lie Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :
Dight must they be :-for thare are none that die, And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither;-but away
The Happy call'd him, and he might not stay.
" We saw him slo:sy fade,--athirst, perchance, For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sumbeam in his glance, And on his gleaming hair no touch of time, -
Therefore we hoped:-but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes, - and finds not him!
"We gather'd round him in the dewy hour Or one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power Came low, like monnings of a distant sea;
lut swelld and shook the widemess ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.


# 395 ) <br> <br> OUR DAILY PATHS.* 

 <br> <br> OUR DAILY PATHS.*}
"Naught shall prevail against 11s, or disturb Out cheerful faith that all which we behold 1s full of blessings."

Wornsworth.
There's beauty all around our paths, if but out watchful eyes Can trace it midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise; We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way, Or a coltage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree, With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown, As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky, While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd shadows lie, When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound, Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.
*This little poem derives an additional interest from being afiectingly asscciated with a name no less distinguished than that of the late Mr. Dugald Stewart. The admiration he always expressed for hirs. Hemans's poctry, was mingled with regret that she so generally made choice of melancholy suhjects: and on one occasion, he sent her, through a mutual friend, a message suggestive of his winh that she would employ her fine talents in giving more consolanory views of the ways of Providence, thus infusing comfort and theer into the bosoms of her readen, in a spirit of Christian philosophy, which, he thought, would be more comonant with the pious mind and loving heart displayed in every line she wrote, than dwelling on what was painful and depressing, however beantifully and touchingly such subjects might be treateit of. This message was faithfully trantmited, and almost by return of post, Mirs. Hemans whe was then residing in Walesi sent to the kind friend to whom it had been forwarded, the poem of "Our Laily Paths," requesting it might be given to Mr. Stewart, with an assurance of her gratitude for che interest he took in her writings, and alleging as the reason of the mournful strain which pervaded them, "that a cloud hung over her tife which she could not always rise above."
The letter reached Mr. Stewart just as he was stepping into the carringe, to liave his country residence (Kinneil House, the property of the Duhe of Handiton) for E.timbursh-the last time, alas! his presence was ever to gladden that hapyy home, as his valuable life was closed very shortly afterwards. The rowen was read to him by his daughter, on his way to Edinburgh, and he expresad himself in the highest degree charmed and gratified with the result of his siszestion : and some of the lines which pleased him more particularly were ulten repeated to ham during the few remaining weel.s of his life.

Yes ! beaty dwells in all our paths- but sorrow too is there:
How of some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air !
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous thins,
That through the leafy places glance on many-colouid wings,
With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades, And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades; And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plantive tone Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus-to wander as we will, Bearing sad visions through the grove, and oer the breezy hill?
No ! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.
They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar $u_{s}$ from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield! A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field! A sweeter by the birds of heaven-which tell us, in their fight, Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledse calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
Ey the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the shies!

## LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell, Tolling rith a sudden swell; By the colours half-mast high, O'er the sea hung moumfully;

Know, a prince hath died!

The Hibraw Mother. 397

By the drum's dull muffed sound, By the arms that sweep the ground, By the volleying muskets' tone, Speak ye of a soldier gone

In his manhood's pride.
By the chanted psalm that fills Reverently the ancient hills,* Learn, that from his harrests dune, Peasants bear a brother on To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright ;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep ! a miden claims thy tear-
Broken is the rose!
Which is the tenderest rite of all?
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem oer the monarch's head, Farewell gun for warrior dead,

Herdsman's funeral hyman?
Tells not each of human woe. Each of tope and strength brought low?
Number each with huly things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
Ere life's day grow dim!

## THE HEDREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain, When a young mother, with her first-born, thence Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd Unto the Temple ser. ce :-by the hand She let lim, and her silent soul, the while, Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious grance, rejoiced to think That augh so pure, so beautiful, was hers, To bring lefore her God. So pass'd they on, O'cr Juuiulh's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves

[^12]Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay like a twilight star 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank green gems along the will,
There, too, she linger'll, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And soffly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fone was reach'd,
The Earth's One Sanctuary - and rapture hush'd
Ifer bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaning tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Tiurn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung e'en as joy clings-the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.-"Alas!" she cricel,
"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heartHow shall I hence depart?
"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert phying
So late, along the mountains, at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By cvery place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Eeholding thee so fair !
"And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile bath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Tum'd from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill ?



Deep in her hasom lay his bead, With hall-shut violet eye$H$ hat known litte of ker dread, Sought of her agons !

On! human love, whose yeaming leart Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part I:s passionate adieuSurely thou bast another lot, There is some bome for thee, Where thou shalt rest, rememb'ring not The moaning of the ses!

## THE TRCMPET.

The trumpel's roice bath roused the land, Light up the beacon-Fgre! A hundred hills have seea the braud,

And waved the sign of fire.
A huadred banners to the breeze
Their gorseons foids have cast-
And, tark ! was that the sound of seas? A king to war weet pait.

The ci:col is arminz in his lat, The peseart by tis hearth;
The maunier bears the thrilieg cad, And rises from the eari.
The motier ca ber first-bom son Lavis with a botirg eye-
The come ns: baik, thoush a? le won, Whose youns bers leaie so hish.

Tie lard tain cersed his son a and lcuad The funcua to!is sile;
I en for the maza je ciar crosid
The l wer ris his tri:e
And allisimes, and chane and fart,
Iy aray canton =eat :-
How whit he aten hiog demplear
TEE Lat that waito toblect
26




Evening Prayer at a Girls' School

Her lot is on you-to be found untired, Watching the stars out by the bed of pain, With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired, And a true heart of bope, though hope be vain: Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decar, And, oh ! to love through all things. Therefore $Y$ ray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light, On through the dark days fading from their prime, As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Farth will forsake-oh ! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

## THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se lister à 「idée méme qu'on redoule."-
Coriume.
Leaves have their time to fail,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath, And stars to set--but all,
Thou bast a.l seasons for thine own, O Death.
Day is for mortal care;
Lee, for shad meetings round the jorous hearth ; Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;-
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.
The banquet hath its bour,
Is feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's oerwhelming porrer,
A time for sofier tears-but all are thine.
Touth and the opening rose
May look like things too g:rious for decar,
And smile at thee-but thou art not of those
That wait the rizend bloom to seize their prey.
Leaves lave their the to fall,
And fowers to wither at the norh-wind's breath, Ard stars to ect-bat ath,
TLou Last c. $/$ scasons fur thine own, O Death.


## The Lost Pleiad.

We know when moons shall wane, When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden graia-
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!
Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?-
They have one season-ri/l are ours to die !
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air :
Thou art around us in our peaceful home, And the world calls us forth-and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest-
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath, And stars to set-but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Deall.

## THE LOST PLEIAD.

"Like the lost Pleinu, seen no more below."-Byson.
And is there glory from the heavens departed? Oh ! void unmark'd!-thy sisters of the sky Still hold their place on high, Though from its rank thine orb so lony hath started, Thou, that no more ant seen of mortal eje!
Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence, Though thou art exiled thence-
So desert seems to part those ums of light,
${ }^{3}$ lidst the far depths of purple glom intense.
They rise in joy, the starty myriads burningThe shepherd greets them on his mountains free; And from the silvery sea
To them the snilor's wakeful eye is iuming-

- Cachanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for thee

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race, And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven ?-Low'd be our hearts to think on what we are, When from its height afar
A world sinks thus-and yon majestic heaven Shines nut the less for that one vanish'd star!

## THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

"The inviolate island of the sage and frce."- Evioon.
Rocks of my country! let the cloud Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud, Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand, Ereasting the billow's foam:
Oh! thus for ever guard the land, The sever'd Land of Home!

I have left rich blue skies behind, J, ighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southem wind, And sunshine on the vines.

The lreathings of the myrte flowers Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours, Hath soothed me with its hy.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain, The purple Heavens of kome, Yes, all are glorious;-yet again, I bless thee, Land of Home !

For thine the Sallath peace, my land! And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band, That make thee holy earth.


Would not our inmost hearts be still'd, With knowledge of their presence fill'd, And by its breathings tanght to prize The meekness of self-sacrifice?
But the old woods and sounding waves , . !11! Are sitent of those hidden graves

Yet what if no light footstep there In pilgrim-love and awe repair, So let it be !-Like him, whose clay Deep buried by his Maker lay; They sleep in secret,-but their sod, Unknown to man, is mark'd of God!

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

> Ch Pregar, pregat. pregar, Curics, amidst the fowiens at play, While the red light fades away; Mother, with thine earnest eye; Ever following silently Father, by the breeze of exe Calld thy harvest work to leave; Pray ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee:

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own houschold band;
Mourner, hannted by the tone
Or a voioe from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea-
Lift the heart and bend the knee?
Warrior, that fiom balle won Breathest now at set of sua; Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh, -
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see-
Lit the heart and bend the lnee!


## THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL

" Von Baumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,
Wee ruft es dir freundlich und lind;
Was hast do zu wandern, zu trauern?
Komm" spiclen, du freundliches Kind!"

## La Motte Fuvqub.

OH ! when wilt thon return
To thy spinit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?
The surmmer birds are calling
Thy bousehold porch around, And the merry vaters falling

With a sweet laughter in their sound.
And a thousand bright-vein'd flowers,
From their banks of moss and ferm,
Breathe of the sunny hours-
But when will thou retum?
On : thou hast wander'd long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine alter'd heart hath died.
Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.
But when wilt thou retum!-
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, withiir whose um
Too fiercely gazed the noon.
O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie-
But not for evermore





Music of Yestoriay.
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And in the marble halls, Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear, And poet-thourbts embodied light the walls,

Let me be with you there !
Fain would I bind, for you, My memory with all glorious things to dwell : Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew-

Sweet friends ! bright land ! farewell !

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.
"On : mein Geist, ith fuhle es in mir, strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinern Menschen gegomit ist."-Tieck.

The chord, the harp's full chord is hush'd, The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gush'd
But yesterday.
Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sigh'd "Farewell, farewell !"
Are gone--all gone !
The love, whose fervent spirit pass'd
With the rich measure's flow;
The grief, to which it sank at last-
Where are they now?
They are with the scents by summen's breath Borne from a rose now shed:
With the words from lips long seal'd in deathFor ever fled.

The sea-shell of its nalive deep
A moaning thrill retains;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.
And all the memories, all the Ireans,
They woke in thoating by;
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams--
Could these too die?

They died! As on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirr'd it siuks to rest .
So perish'd they!
Myslerious in their sudden birth,
And mournfal in their close,
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.
Whence were they?-like the breath of flowers
Why thus to come and go?
A long, long jouney mast be ours
Ere this we know !

## THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

" Was mir fehle?-Mir fehle ja alles, Lin so ginz verlassen hier!'

> Tyrolese Melody.

Tue hearth, the hearth is desolate! the fire is quench'd and gone That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone; The place where mirth and music met is hush'd through day and night.
Oh : for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light.
But scalter'd are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore, Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.
Those kindred ejes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth, Unbound is that swcet wreath of home--alas! the lonely bearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue, Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung. Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each houselold tone:
The hearth, the hearth is desolate! the bright fire quench'd and gone!

But are they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea?
Oh! some are hush'd, and some are changed, and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.


And of the hearts that thene were link'd by long-remember'd yean
Alas! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's fears :
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone :-
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quench'd and gone!

Not so-'is not a broken chain: thy memory binds them stili, Thou holy hearth of other days! though silent nowi and chill. The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting stone, Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The Eather's voice, the mother's prayer, though call'd from earth - away,

With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone:

- THE DREAMER.
"There is 20 such thing as forgeting, passible to the mind: a thousand mocidents uray, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled of nureiled, the imscripion remains for ever."-Ergitich Ofiwn-ader.
se Thon hast been calrd, $O$ sleep, the friend of woe, But 'uis the happy who have call'd thee so."-Sonther.

Prace to thy dreams! thon art slumbering nowThe moonlight's calm is npon thy brow; All the deep love that o'erfiows thy breast Lies midst the hush of thy heart at nestLike the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the wroodlands hath sigh'd farewell.
Peace! The sad memories that through the day
With a wreight on thy lonely bosom lay.
The sudden thonghts of the changed and dead,
That bow'd thee as winds bow the willow's head,
The yearnings for faces and voices gone-
All are forgotten! Sleep on, sleep on!.
Are they forgotten? It is not so!
Slamber divides not the beart from its moe


E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass, Like liglts and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O love and grief!
Xe have storms that shake c'en the closed-up leaf !
On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,
There's a large tear gathering heavily-
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd:
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest!
It is Thought at work amidst buried hours-
It is Love keeping vigil $0^{\prime}$ er perish'd flowers.
Oh, we bear within us mysterious things !
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathom'd springs ;
And Passion-those gults of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.
Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch awny !
Well might we look on our souls in fearThey find no fount of oblivion here!
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath-
How know we if under the wings of death?

## THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

"Ont ! that I had wings rike a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."Psaluin.

Or ! for thy wings, thou dore!
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast ;
That, borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at test !
Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
Eird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird?
In what rich leafy giooms,
Dy the sweet voice of hidden waters stiry'd?
Over what blesed lrome,
What roof with dark, deep, summer foliage coown'd,
Ofair as occan's foan!
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gieam around?

The Wingr of the Dote.
Or'seek'st thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary woo'd, Though still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?
Yet wherefore ask thy way?
Blest, everblest, whate'er its aim, thou att !
Unto the greenwood spray,
Dearing no dark remembrance at thy heart!
No echoes that will biend
A sadness with the whispers of the grove;
No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove!
Oh! to so ae coul recess
Take, take me with thee on the summer wind, Leaving the weariness
And all the fever of this life belind:
The aching and the roid
Wilhin the heart whereunto none reply,
The young bright hopes destroy'd-
Bird! bear me with thee through the sunny sky!
Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad and free!
Go to thy woodland reign !
My soul is bound and held-I may not flee.
For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams-untold, unknown,
And burning woman's tears,
Pou'd from mine eyes in silence and alone;
ILud I thy wings, thou dove !
Migh midst the gorgeous Isles of Cloud to soar,
Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards-homewards-yet once more



## The Boon of Memory.

A land that sees no parting, That hears no sound of sighs, That waits thee with immortal airLift, lift those anxious eyes !

Oh! how like thce, thou trembler! Man's spirit fondly clings
With timid love, to this, its world Of old familiar things !

We pant, we thirst for fountains That gush not here below ! On, on we toil, allured by dreams Of the living water's flow :

We pine for kindred natures To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high Than aught by mortal known :

We strive with brief aspirings Against our bounds in vain;
Yet summon'd to lee free at last, We shrink-and clasp our chain !

And fearfully and mournfully We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like thee, In a brighter world to dwell.

## THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."-Manfred.
I GO, I go !--and must mine image fade,
From the green spots wherein my childhood play ${ }^{\dagger} d$,
liy my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place, As a Lird's song, that leaves the woods no trace

- Of its lone themes?

Witl the friend pass my dwelling, and forgat
The welcomes there, the hours when we lave met
In grief or glee?
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All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory ! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt, Bid the stream's voice, of all my souk hath felt, A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well, In the dim brooding violet of the dell, Set deep that thought !
And let the sunset's melancholy glow, And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low, With me be fraught !

And Memory answer'd me :-" Wild wish and vain! I have no hues the loveliest to detain In the heart's core.
The place they held in bosoms all their own, Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'emrown, Is theirs no more."

Hast thou such power, O Love?-And Love replied,
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain-
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"
Song, is the gift with thee ?-I ask a lay, Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone-oh ! not for deathless fame, But a sweet haunting murmur of my name, Where it would rest.

And Song made answer--" It is not in me,
Though calld immortal ; though my gifts may be
All but divine.
A place of lonely brightness I can give:-
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst liveThis is not mine!"



## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

## A SPIRITS RETURN.

"This is to be a mortal, And seek the things beyond mortality."-Manfied.

Tuy roice prevails ; dear Friend, my gentle Friend! This long-shut heart for thee shall be unseal'd, And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend Over the troubled stream, yet once revend'd Shall is freed waters flow; then rocks must close For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie;
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
Is mingled into harmony profound;
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
The lrembling reeds and fountains;-Our own dell,
With iss green dimness and ALolian breath,
Shall suit the unveiling of dark records well-
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith!
'Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vemal noon-
I would thou hadst !--for then my heart on thine
Had pourd a worthier love; row, all o'erworn
liy its deep thirst for something too divine, It hath but fitful music to bestow,
Echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.
Yet even in youlh companioniess I stood, As a lone forest-bird midst ocean's fuam;




Believe it nol !-there is a large lone star,
Now byrning o'er yon western lill afar, And under its clear light there lies a spot, Which well might utter forth-Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet,-I had weept My woe to stillness; every night-wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams Went by like clouds, or noiceless founts in dreams, And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour, Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower Whereon I gazed unconsciously:-there came A low sound, like the tremor of a flame, Or like the light quick shiver of a wing, Flitting through twilight woods, across the air ; And I look'd up!-Oh! for strong words to bring Conviction o'er thy thought !-Before me there,
He, the Departed, stood:-Ay, face to faceSo near, and yet how far !-his form, his mien, Gave to remembrance back each burning trace Within :-Yet something awfully serene,
Pure,-sculpture-like, -on the pale brow, that wore Of the once beating heart no tokeu more; And stillness on the lip-and o'er the hair A glean, that trembled through the brenthless air ; And an unfathom'd calm, that seem'd to lie In the grave sweetness of the illumined eje; Told of the gulfs between our being set, And, as that unchealhed spirit-glance I met, Made my soul faiut :-with for':-Oh ! not with fear!
With the sick feeling that in his far sphere MIt love could be as nothing!-But he spokeLlow shall I tell thee of the startling thrill In that low voice, whose breczy tones could fill My bosom's infinite?-O Friend, I woke Tuice first to heavenly life !-Soft, solemn, ciear, lireathed the mysterious accents on mime ear, Yet strangely seem'd as if the while they rose From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose Of slumbering waters wafled, or the dells Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells; Put, as they murmur'd on, the mortal chill l'as'd from me, like a mist before the morn, And, to that glorious intercourse upborne, By slow degres, a calm, divinely still,
Possess'd my frame:-I sought that lighted eje,From its intense and searching purity


Still droops or struggles !-But the day will comeOver the deep the free bird finds its home,
And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets

- The sea at last; and the wing'd flower-seed meets

A soil to rest in :-shall not $f$, too, be,
My spirit-love ! upbome to dwell with thee?
Yes! by the power whose conquering anguish stirrd The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was hearl, Whose agony of triumph won thee back
Through the dim pass no mortal step may track, Yet shall we meet!-that glimpse of joy divine, Proved thee for ever and for ever mine!

## THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

"Cocrage was cast about her like a aress Of solemn comeliness, A gacher'd mind and an untroubled face Did give her dangers grace." Donne.
Tue war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France; It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour, And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night, And the hollow echoes of charge and flight, Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Lustirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath, His shroud of armour wore.
And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame, Gave quivering life to the slumber pale Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail, At rest on the tombs of the knighaly race, The sitent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear, As leaders iu many a bold career,

[^13]

The Lady of spovenc:
The shadows of the forest
Are about the lady now;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Deneath the dark pine bough.
There's a murmur of omens in every leaf, There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief; The branches that rock to the tempest-strife, Are groaning like things of troubled life: The wind from the battle seems mushing by Wilh a funeral march through the gloomy sky;
The pathway is rugyed, and wild, and long,
But her frame in the daring of love is strong, And her soul as on swelling seas upbome, And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread, When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead;
There lay the noble, the valiant, low-
Ay! but one word speaks of deeper woe;
There lay the loced-on each fallen head
Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
Sisters were watching in many a home
For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come;
Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wive pour'd,
For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;
Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh! ye beloved of women, farewcll !

> Silently, with lips compress'd, Pale hands clasp'd above her breast, Stately brow of anguish high, Deathike cheek, but dauntless eye ; Silently, o'er that red plain, Moved the bady 'nidst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim hom,
Sucden and shrill from the mountains borne;
And her maidens trembled;-but on her ear
No meaning foll with her sounds of fear;
They had leis of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough



## The Coronation of Ines de Castro.

And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay, The living cheek to the cheek of clay; The lruins cheek!-Oh! it was not vain, That strife of the spirit to rend its chain; She is there at rest in her place of pride, in death how queen-like--a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One :--ske might not stay
When the crown had fallen from her life away;
She might not linger-a weary thing,
A dove, with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone;
She hath lived-she hath loved-her task is done.

## THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

"Tableat, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!"-Madame de Stael

There was music on the midnight;From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between, Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky, It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph higin, The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnightA sound of many feet;
Bat they fell with a muffied fearfulness, Along the shadowy street :
And soffer, fainter, grew their tread, As it near'd the minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.
Full glow'd the strong red radiance, In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave:



Sicilian Marivar's Hymm.
In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark wools, and past the moaning sea,
And by the starlight gleams,
Mother of Sorrows! lo, I cone to thee.
Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.
For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou know'st the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul ;-to thee I come!
Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep-
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart opprest !
There is a wandering bark
Dearing one from me o'er the restless waves;
Oh ? 'let thy soft eye mark
Ilis course ;-be with him, Holiest, guide and save!
My soul is on that way;
My thoughts are travellers oer the waters dim;
Throush the long weary day,
I walk, o'ershadow'd by vain dremes of him.
Aid him,-and me, too, nid!
Oh ! 'tis not well, this eartily love's excess!
On thy weak clind is laid
The Lurden of too deep a tenderness.


The Chamois Hunter's Lote. 439
In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush, In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep, When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush, Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep-

Spint ! then answer me!
By the remembrance of our blended pmyer ;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them swect;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair ;-
Speak! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet ;
Answer me, answer me!
The grave is silent :-and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight-sitent all, and lone!
Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
What woice has Earth ?-Hear, pity, speak, mine own !
Answer me, answer me!

## THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

" For all his wildness and proud [antasies, 1 bove him!"...Ckolv.

Thr heart is in the upper world, where flect the Chamois bounds, Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-sounds; And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lausine's* pend is heard-Hunis: ? thy heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but beiter, betier far, Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pineAnd yet I uall be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heighis. With the sweet song, our land's onn song, of pastoral delights; For thou must live as exgles live, thy path is not as mineAnd yet I will be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine.

- Iatruine, the avalache.

And I will leave my liessed home, my father's joyous hearth, With all the voices mecting there in tenderness and mirth, With all the kind and laughing eyes, that in its frelight shine, To sit forsalien in thy hut, - yet know that thou art mine !

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart, That I cast away for thee-for thee-all reckless as thou art! With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell Yet, yet I would not change that lot, - oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou, With that brightr restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow : Mournful !-but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride, And the trouble of its happinass, than aught on earla beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doult and Ioneliness-this doom I know is mine,And yet I will be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine !

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danser past, That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine,For this I will be thine, my Love! for this I will be thine !

## THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

In the silcuce of the midnight
I journey with my dend;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs,
A lonely path I tread.
But my heart is high and feandess, As by mighty wings upborte;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes So strong as Love and Scorn.

* An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhahitant:, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon atterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred niles through the forsats to join the Canadian Indians.-See Tudor's Letters on the Eustirn States of America.


The Indian with ins dead Chuld.

The Thlian with his Dian Chidd.
I have raised the from the srave-sod, Ly the white man's path ceriued;
On to the ancestral wideruess
I bear hay dust, my clide!
I lare ask'd the ancient deser:s
To give my dad a place,
Where the stately fotteps of the fice
Alone showd leave a trace.
And the tosing pines male answer-
" Go, bring wis back thine own!"
And the strems from all the banters' Lill's,
Kush'd with an echoing tone.
Theu shalt rest by sourding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that ciaialcess bicst
Wih joy stail fill thy soul.
In the silence of the midnglt
1 joumey with the dad.
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon filght have sped.

- I have left the spoiter's dwellings,
for evermore, behind;
Cnmingled with their houschold sounds,
For me shail sweep the wind.
Alone, amidst their heanh-fires,
I wactid my child's decery,
Cncleceld, I saw the spint-ght
From his young eycs fade aray.
W.en his head sank on ney losom,

When the dex:i-steep oier ham fe",
Wis there wa to say, "A friend is nen?
There was rome!- - àe race, fureved!
To lue fures, to terecers,
To the wathor ari bis bjw,
Luk. Wah:-1 we ther liubing thence,
1 bear ine dubicing nox!


King of Arragon's Lament for his Brother. 443
"But woe for that sweet shade Of the flowering orchard-trees, Where first our cliildreal play'd 'Midst the birds and honcy-bees!"
"All, all our own shall the forests be, As to the bound of the roebuck fiee! None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!' We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and night, And bring proud spoils to the earth at night."
"But, oh ! the grey church-tower, And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the shelter'd garden-bower,-, We have bid them all farewell!"
"We will give the names of our fearless race To each bright river whose course we trace ; We will leave our memory with mounts and floods, And the path of our daring in boundless woods! And our works unto many a lake's green shore, Where the Indian's graves lay, alove, before."
"But who shall teach the flowers, Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?Home, home and friends, farewell!’

## THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

" If I could see him, it were well with me !"
Coleridge's Wrallensteis.
Therf were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;

[^14]
## 444 King of Arragons Lameni for his Brother.

And the conquerors fill'd the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed;
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wail'd the dead.

Ile look'd down from the fortress won, on the tents and fowers below,
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets, - and a gloom came o'er his brow :
The voice of thousands flonted up, with the born and cymbal's tone; Lit his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
I am lonely'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll, And the soft breath of thine orange-bovers is mournful to my soul.
"My brother! O my brother! thou art gone,-the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave;
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was one to love me in the world, -my brother! thou art gone!
"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath, We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours, -one path;
Thou hast wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain-oh ! bravest heart, and best !
"I see the festive lights arouml ;-o'er a dull sad world they shine; I hear the voice of victory-my Pedro! where is thine?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spint found reply !O brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry?
"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway, And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;-my friend hath pass'd away! For the kindly look, the word of cheer, ny heart may thirst in vain, And the face that was as light to mine-it cannot come again!
"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased coid renown;
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die, When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry!

The Return.
"I am lonely-I am lonely! this rest is even as death!
Let me hear agrin the ringing spears, and the batle-trumpel's brealh;
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner waveBut where art thon, my brotier? where?-in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swell'd the songs of joy through that victorious night, And faster flow'd the red wine forth, ly the stars' and torches' licl: But low and decp, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueron moan-
"My brother! 0 my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone?"

## THE RETURN.

"Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind ?"-
So murmur'd the trees in my homer- d track, As they play'd to the mountain-whed.
"ITath thy soul been true to its early lore?" Whisper'd my native streams;
"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and srove, Still revered its first high dreams?"
"Ilast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Or the child in his parent-halls?"-
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air, From the old ancestral walls.
" Iast thou kept thy faith with the faithrul dead, Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing cier thee shed,
With the mother's trusing eye? "-
Then my tears gusb'd for:h in sudden rain, As I answeríu-"O ye shades!
I bring not my clidhool's heart asain
To the freeium of your sitades.
"I have turnd from my first pure love aside,
O bright and hapry streams:
Lieht aftor lisht, in my soul have died The doy-spring's givious dreams.






## The Sistors of Saio.

Thou caras not come I ar thas I chould not wreep I'
Thy bove is deathless- but no longer freel:
Soon would its Fing trimmphantly ecersweep
The vicwless bemier, if sach power naight be, Soon, socus, and fat!

Bat I shall come to thee! our souls deep dreams,
Our poung affedions, have not guch'd a vain 5
Soon in one tide shall blend the severd strenms, The worn heart luenk its bonds-and denth and pain Be with the past :

## THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

- As zue err butas ear mayisec,

And camot be dirider serong illoction
 Wil I mot tive vich ihoe? mill I mot choce tibes?

*Surize, sweer mster ! yet nae weep arhile !
Bear tith me-give the suddem passion wray! . -
Thonghts of our own lost home, ourr sumay isfe,
Come, as a Frind that ofer an roed hath surny ${ }^{-}$
Till my heart dies with geamings and sick fears s-
Oh: conld my hife mela fous me in these tears:
"Onr father's voide, our mother's gonile cje.
Oir beother's bounding step-where are they, where?
Desolate, desolate our chambers lie 1-
How hast thas wait thy spinit from despair?
Ofer mine swift shadowrs grosts of terror, smeep;-
I sink itray-bear with me-het me weep I"
st Yes! frecp, my sister ! wech, till from thy beart
The weight fiow forth in tears; yet sink thou not !
I bind my ecorrew to $=$ hofty pert,
For thee, my geatic one ! our orphan lot
To meat in quethlese thirst; my soal in strong-
Tbow, too, gitt aise in holy might ere lans
*A bueath of ont firoe leavens mad mobie sites A memary of onr old victarions dend,-
Nrese mantic ane rith powrit mad thongit their fures In a frail cemer brietiy fary be shed,

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Yet shall they light us onward, side by side ;--
Have the wild birds, and have not we, a guide:
"Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set Our mother's image-in whose voice a tone,
A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet, An echo of our childhood's music gone;
Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high;
Our path is one-with thee I live and die!"

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's tiberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitution, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him, "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming ?'-' Look where he is,' replied the crucl King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to sec.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.

The warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire, And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire; "I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train, I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!-oh, break my father's chain!"
"Rise, lise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this das; Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed, And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And 10 ! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band, With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land; "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he, The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's band he took,-
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?
That hand was cold-a frozen thing-it droppd from his like lead,-
Ife look'd up to the face above-the face was of the dcad!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow-the brow was fix'd and white;
He met at last his father's eges-but in them was no sight?
Up fron the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They bush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.
"Father!" at length he murmur'd low-and wept like childhood then, -
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !-
1 le thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,-
He fing the falchion from his side, and in the dit sat down.
Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.-
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father, oh ! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!
"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil kad met,-
Thuu wouldst have known my spirit then,-for thee my fields were won,-
And thou liast perish'd in thy chains, as thoush thou hadst no son!"

Ther, slarting from the ground once mote, he scized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilderd looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fiecce, oermastering grasp, the rearing war-borse led, And steraly set them face to face, - the hing befure the dend !-
"Came I not forlh upon thy pledre, my father's hand to kiss?-
Ee still, and gaze thum on, fulie kug! and tell we what is this!

The roice, the glance, the heart I sough---give answer, where are they?-
If thou wouldst clear thy perjureà soul, send life through this cold clay!
"Into these glassy eyes put light,-be still! keep down thine ire,-
Bid these white lips a blessing speak-this earth is nol my sire !
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed, -
Thou canst not-and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,-upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look.-then turn'd from that sad place:
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain,-一.
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

## THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS.*

" To a mysteriously consorted pair
This place is comsecrate; to death and life, And to the best affections that proceed From this conjunction"

Wordsworth.
How many hopes were borne upon thy bier, $O$ bride of stricken love! in anguish hither! Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year Pluck'd on the bosom of the dead to wiher ; Hopes, from their source all holy, tho' of earth, All brightly gathering round affection's bearth.

Of mingled prayer they told : of Sabbath hours; Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting ; Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers; And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting ; But thou, young mother ! to thy gentle heart Didst take thy babe, and meekly so derart.

- At Hindelbank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet An inscription on the tomb concludes thus:-" Here am 1, O God ! with the chitd whom Thou hast given me."


Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping:
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,
As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
The glorious vision, caught by faild, of thee.
Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is past;
Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking!
Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking?
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, "God of earth and Heaven!
Here am I, with the child whom Thou hast given!"
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## THE EXILES DIRGE.

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furims winter's rafes,

- Thou thy worlidy taik hast done, Home ari gone, and tà en thy wages." Cymbeline.

[^15]There went a dirge through the forest's gloomAn cxile was bome to a lonely tomb.
"Drother !" (so the chant was sung In the slumberer's mative tongue), "Friend and brother ! not for thee fhall the sound of weeping be :-
Long the Exile's woe bath lain
On lhy life a wihering chain;







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\left(\cdot 4^{62}\right)
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## THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

## "Wie herilich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube war-war's tnein Liehlingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !"-Die Rauder.

Like that to die, thou sun!-My boyhood's dream
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory!--yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings :-Oh, for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewsell gaze;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and better days,
Beyond the pass of shadows !-But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its cadence while you speak of ne:
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far amay!-and oh! your parting prayer-
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there?
It will !-A blessing on that holy hearth !
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;
Young brother, fare thee well !-on each dear head blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings !-May your home
Smile for you ever !-May no winter come,
No wurr:d, between your hearts! May e'en your tears
For my sake, full of long-rememberd years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond!-I may not sleep
Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
Orer my slumbers; yet your love will keep
My memory living in the ancestral halls,
Where shame hath never trod:-the dark night falls, And 1 depart. - The brave are gone to rest, The brothers of my combats, on the breast Of the red feld they reap'd:- their work is done-
Tis:c, too, art set!-fyrewell, farewell, thou swu !
The list lone watuer of the bloody sod,
Offers a trusting spirit up to Cod.




Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wavy shadows float by, and part:
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless clange.
Thou art like a city of the past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast, Amidst whose ruius there glide and play Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth, Fich with the wealth that is lost from earth,All the sere flowers of our days gone by, And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go,
Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.
But for me, $\mathbf{O}$ thou picture-land of sleep!
Thou art all one world of affections deep,- -
And wrung from ny heart is each flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.
And thy bowers are fair-even as Eden fair ;
All the beloved of my soul are there! The forms my spirit most pines to see, The eyes, whose love hath been life to me:

They are the ere,-and each blessed voice I hear, Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
But under-tones are in each, that say,-
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"
I walk with sweet friends in the sunsct's glow;
I histen to music of long ago;
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay,-
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"
I sit by the hearh of my early days;
All the home-faces are met by the blaze,-
And the eyes of the mother shine soff, yet say,
"It is but a dream ; it will melt away!"
2 H


And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone, And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone! Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear, Bright faces, kind voices ! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams, The past, as it fled by my own blue streams ! Make not my spirit within me burn For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return :

Call out from the future thy visions bright, From the world o'er the grave, take thy solemn light, And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see, Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere, No cloud, no parling, no sleepless fear; So my soul may hear on throurh the long, long day, Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

## THE TWO HOMES.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be, Is not its love immortal too?"

Seest thou my home ?-'tis where yon woods are waving, In their dark richness, to the summer air; Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving, Leads down the hills a vein of light,-'tis there !
'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleming, Fringed with the violet, colour'd with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaning, Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing In every wind that plays across my track; From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing, Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved-there pray'd for-there my mother Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtul eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brotherSoon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending, All the home-voices meet at day's decline; One are those tones, as from one heart ascending, There laughs my home-sad stranger ! where is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine? -In solemn peace 'tis lying, Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'Tis where $I$, too, anm loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step-But where are they?
Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling ;
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.
And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
Happy thou art, that so canst gaze on thine!
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.
Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother ! Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene ! For me, too, watch the sister and the mother, I well believe-but dark seas roll between.

## WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood, Strong in aflection's might ! a reed, upborne Lyan o'ermastering current!'

Gentle and lovely form,
What didst thou hear,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?
Danner and sliver'd crest,
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best, Thy work was done!

Xet strangely, sadly fair, O'er the wild scene,
Cleams, through its golden hair That brow serene.

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## TILE STRANGERS HEART.

The stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree, The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone-
The stranger's heart is with his own.
Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;-
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress'dHis mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim-
Far, far are those who pray'd with him.-
Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage landThe voices of thy kindred band-
Oh ! 'midst them all when best thou art, Deal gently with the :strangers heart!

## COME HOME!

Come home! -there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went,
And the early flower-scents wander by, With mournful memories bent.
The tones in every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word-brother-wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.
O ye Beloved ! come hone !--the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of eng,
lieturns-and ye are gone!




## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## THE BRIDAL DAY.

On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains bencath are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a hride at the alcir.
> "We bear her home ! we bear her home :
> Over the murrnuring salt sea's foarn:
> One who has fled from the war of life,
> From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."

## Barry Corvwall.

Bride ! upon thy marringe-day, When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Lid the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of ioy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
Oer thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?-
Who shall tell us?-from thy bower,
Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,

And the breath of song and flute, And the clarion's glad salute, Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride !
Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcomed thee triumphantly!
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought, In some deeper spirit wrought, Whispering, as untold it blent With the sounds of merriment,-
"From the home of clilldhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears;
To another palh and guide,
To a bosom yet untried!
Bright one! oh ! there well may be
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."
Bride! when through the stately fane,
Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warrior ancestry,
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
In soft beanty thou wast led;
When before the shrine thy form
Quivel'd to some bosom storm,
When, like harp-strings with a sigh
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with lore's unfinish'd vow;
When, like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red,
And the light forsook thine eye, And thy head sank heavily;
Was that drooping but th' excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight,
With a sudden tempest shower,
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?-
Who shall tell us?-on thy tongue
Silence, and for cver, hung!
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rush'd again the crimson streak,
Never to thine cye return'd
That which there had beam'd and burn'd!



"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors? shall they pass
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Ghass
With triumph's long array?
Speak ! and those dwellers of the marble urn, Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,

As on their proudest day.
"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of song ?O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng

Shall waft a solemn glearn!
Passing, with lighted eyes and meliant brows, Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,

But silent as a dream."
"Not these, 0 mighty master!-Though their lays
Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,
Hallow'd for evermore !
And not the buried conquerors! Let them sleep, And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep

In joy, from shore to shore !
"But, if the narrow house may so be moved. Call the bright shadows of the most beloved,

Back from their couch of rest !
That I may learn if that meek eyes be fill'd With peace, if human love hath ever still'd

The ycarning humau breast."
"Away, fond youth !-An idle quest is thine; Thase have no trophy, no memorial shrine;

I know not of their place!
'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow, Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low, Have pass'd, and left no trace,
"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills, And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,

Their covering turf may bloom;
But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its flowers,- Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,

Or poet hail'd their tomb."
"Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell:
Some voice, perchance, by thase lone graves may tell
That which I pine to know:
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
Records of joy and woe."



## The Ruint.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword, And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that here, Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !-
A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells, Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower From where the wild weeds rise, To wake, with strange and sudden power, A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth : Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here meet in mirth Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone, And child hood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been known, Hearth of the dead ! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away-
Alas ! for love in changeful air, Where nought beloved can stay !

IIere, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Bur:t forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom, The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein repozed the dead.
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Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing, Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high ;
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pargeantry:-
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
l'et not for these I ask one lingering hour.
But by strong sympathies, whose silver chord Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around ;-
I look back on the pangs, the burning teans,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.
Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head;
And thou, still battling with the tempest's force-
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time has bled-
Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?
No voice, no breath!-of confficts past, no trace !Doth not this hush give answer to my quest ?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest !-
Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Hearen, a spot thus pure, and still, and deep !

THE SONG OF NIGHT.
"OH, night,
And storm 3nd darkness: ye are woadrous strong,
lict huvcly wo your streagth"
Dyron.
I come to thee, O Earth :
With all my gits !-for every liower sweet dew, In beil, and urn, and chalice, to renew

The glory of its Lirh.
Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves, But, through its reins of beauty, so receives

A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their noou-day track, Give bat the moss, the reed, the lily back,

Mutors of worlds afar.
I come with peace ;-I shed
Sleep through thy wood-waiks, o'er the honey-bee, The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee, The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with a breath Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath

The shadowing lids to play.
I come with mightier things !
Who calls me silent? I have many tonesThe dark skies thrill with low, mysterious moans,

Borne on my sweeping wings.
I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades, Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades, Till the bright day is done;
But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake, Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past: From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn, From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,

Make their tones heard at last.
I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love They pass-though low as murmurs of a doveLike trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely?-Hosts around me tread, The intensely bright, the beautiful, - the dead, -

Phantonis of heart and brain.
Looks from departed eyes-
These are my lightrings! -filld with anguish vain, Or tendermess too piercing to sustain,

They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control, Shut the dim violet, husl the woodland song, I am the avenging one! the arm'd-the strong,

The searcher of the soul!
I, that shower dewy liglit
Through slumbering leaves, bring stoms !-the tempestbirth
Of memory, thought, remorse:-Be holy, earth !
I am the solemn night !

## THE STORM-PAINTER* IN HIS DUNGEON.

"Where of ye, 0 tempests! is the goal?
Axe ye like those that slake the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, sone high nest?
Childe Harold.
Midxight, and silence deep !-
The air is fill'd with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath;
The fix'd and solenin stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars-
Wake, rushing wind! this brcezeless calm is death!
Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul:
1 feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast-
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll!
I am your own, your child,
O ye, the fierce and wild
And kingly tempests!-will ye not arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That kuows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

[^16]

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate :
Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision-and the stream grosh'd free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain-
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea !
Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till calld forth by the harping of the blast;
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.
Then, then, the canvas o'er,
With hurried band I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul!
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife;-
Wake, nushing winds, awake : and, dark clouds, roll !
Wake, rise ! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here, -
Answer, my spinit !-answer, storm and night!

## DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

"Ar, Warrior, amm ! and wear thy plume On a proud and fearless brow !
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

## Dath and the Wartior.

" Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief, Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that griefThou comest with me to dwell!
"Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep Thy steed o'er the breezy hill ;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep, Narrow, and cold, and chill!"
"Was the voice I heard, $t h v$ voice, oh Death? And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath Mingle with victory's cheer !
"Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note, Above me as I die!
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave, Under the Syrian sky.
"High hearts shall burn in the royal hall When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall, Death, Death! I fear thee not!"
"Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart ; But I can bend its pride !
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part In the hour of victory's tide?
"It may be far from thy steel-clad bands, That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert sands, Where men for fountains pine!
"It may be deep amidst heavy chains In some strong Paynim hold;-
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains, Wherewith to tame the bold:"
"Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest, If this indeed must be;
But the cross is bound upon my breast, And I may not shrink for thee:
"Sound, clarion, sound !-for my vows are given To the cause of the holy shrine:
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven, O Death :-and not to thine!"

"Home, home?" once more th' exulting Voice arose:
" Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, againThou att gone home !
"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast, -
Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy bark hath past The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,-
Home ! home!--thy peace is won, thy heart is filld. Thou art gone home!"

## THE PARTING SHIP.

"A gliterering ship that hath the plain Of ocean for her own domain."

Wordsworth.
Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Tahe with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell; Sunsline and joy upon thy streamers be, Fare thee well, bark ! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song; Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?

And yet the deep is strong!
But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles Of suminer tremble on the water's breast!
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles, In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide, The genii groves of Araby shall pour;
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side, On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the sladow of the palm-tree lie Oer glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl'd,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by, Tales of the elder word.

## The Last Tree of the Forest.

Oft shall the buming stars of Southern skies, On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties, Between the beavens and deep

Blue seas that roll on grorgeous coasts renown'd, By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way;
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound, In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear, Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark; -
Bessings go with thee on thy lone career! Hail, and farewell, thon bark!
A long farewell !--Thou wilt not bring us back, All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth;
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright :
Some, in the snows of wintry regions laid, By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep;
Never may flower be strewn above their grave, Never may sister weep !
And thou-the billow's queen-even thy proud form
On our glad sight no more perchance may swell;
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm-
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

## THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST

Whisper, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood!
Dwells there no roice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows-
Tell us what thou hast seen.
"I have scen the forest shadous lie Whare men now reap the corn;
I have seen the lingly chase rash by, Through the deep oflaces at mom.
"Wi•h the glance of many a gallant syear, And the vare of many a flume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer, It hath lit the woodland's s'come.
"I have setn the knight and his train rije pat, With his banner berne on tigh ;
Ger all my leaves there nas brightness cast From tis gleaming panoply.
"The Iilgrim at my feet hath lad His pain tranch widst the flowers
And toid his beads, and metaly pray'd, Kneclins, at veper-hours
"And the merry men of widd and gien, In the green array ther wore,
Have fensted here with the red wine's cheer, And the lanter's sung of yore.
" And the mintrel, restiag in my shade, Hath male the forest ris
With the l moly tales of He ligh Crusade, Once bevedy chief and hirg.
"Yist now the notie foms are "ont, That waind the earh of cill;
The soin wind hah a monafil tone,

"Tete is mo sory lefes mox; Lihe the story with the dead:-
I wou 1 that where biey sumber low My li:et leave were sed:"
 That mostest frepes:
A pexeris home in ty ingos 1 ses, Luwoudum erey last.

A Jogarla mirtal soud

 On


For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth,
Are those, bright streans : where your springs have births Whether their cavern'd murmar fills,
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow Is heard 'midst the hamlets Iow.

Or whether ye gladden the desert-sands,
With a joyous music to Pilgrim bands,
And a flash from under some ancient rock,
Where a shepherd-king might have watch'd his flock,
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads, And a green Acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renown'd,
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,
And the shadow, flung from the Grecian pine,
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming line,
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves, Beside heroic graves

Voices and lights of the lonely place :
By the freshest fern your path we trace;
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow-glancing of insect-wings, In a thousand mary rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer-hours;
There the prond stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your giass bencath alder-boughs, And the Halcyon's breast, like the skies array'd, Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elres and fass
Peopled your banks in the olden days,
And the memory left by departed love,
To pour ancique founts in glen and grove,
And the giory bon of the poet's dreams-
These are your charms, bright streams:
Now is the time of your flowery rites
Gone by with its dances and young delights:
From yoor marble arns ye have barst away,
From your chapel-cells to the laughing day;
Low lie your altars with moss o'engrown,
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
Haunts of all gentle and gladsome things !
Holy, to converse with nature's lore,
That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
Making the heart a shrine!

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."
Gray's Letters.
OH ! many a vorce is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine, From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a sound and sign;
A minstrel wild and strong thon art, with a mastery all thine own, And the spirit is thy harp, $O$ Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red ficlds of war, where shiver'd helmets lie, And thou bringest thence the thriling note of a clarion in the sky; A rustling of proud banner folds, a peal of storny drums,All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track;
The chime of low soft southem waves on some green palmy shore, The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty nushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined; The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free, Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by; Thou art wafting from their sireets a sound of haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.
Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;
The Visil of Ams.

Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief, with sword, and shiell, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thon att come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled,-
De still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!
Are all these notes in thec, wild Wind ! these many notes in thee?
Far in our orn unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be;
Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, there Thought watches, Memory lies;
From whose deep um the tones are pourd through all Earth's harmonies.

## THE VIGIL OF ARMS.*

A socuding step was heard by night
In a church where the mighty slept,
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light, Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
He ralk'd in dreams of power and fame, He lifted a proud, bright eye,
For the hours were few that withheld his name From the roll of chivalry.
Doun the moon-lit aisles he paced alone, With a free and stately tread;
And the floor gave back a mufled tone From the couches of the dead:
The silent many that round him lay, The crown'd and helm'd that were,
The haughty chiefs of the war-arrayEach in his sepulchre !
Sut no dim waming of time or fate That youth's flush'd hopes could chill,
Ie moved through the trophies of buried state With each proud pulse throbbing still.

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## Naturi's Fureciell.

Till the Paynim quail before thee, Till the cross wave proudly oer thee;Dreams: the falling of a leaf Wins me from their splendours brief; Dreams, yet bright ones! scora them not, Thou that seek st the holy spot;
Nor, amidst its lone domain, Call the faith in relics vain!

## NATURES FAREIVELL.

"The beautiful is vanish'd, axd returns not."
Colekidge's Walleustein.
A rocth rode forth from his childhood's home, Through the crowded paths of the world to roam, And the green leares whisper'd, as he pass'd, " Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?
" Knerr'st thon with what thou aut parting here, Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear ;
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours, Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wald flowers.
" Under the arch by our mingling made, Thon and thy brother have gaily play'd; Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore, But as ye hatic met there-oh ! never more!"

On rode the youth-and the boughs among,
Thus the free birls o'er his pathway sung:
"Wherefore so fast unto life amay?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay !
"Thou mayst come to the summer woods arain, And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain;
Afar from the foligese its love will dwell-
A change must pass o'er thee-farewell, farewell !"
On rode the youth :-and the founts and streans
Thus mingled a voice with its jovons dreams:-
"We have been thy playmates through many a daj;
Wherefore thus leave us?-oh ! yet delay!
ar Listen but once to the sound of our mirth: For thee 'tis $a$ melody passing from earth. Never again wilt thon find in its flow, The peace it conld once on thy heart bestow.
sc Thoa wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee, With the breath of the world on thy spirit free: Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirr'd, And the singing of waters be vainly heard.
${ }^{c}$ Thom wilt bear in our gladsome langh no part-
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thon wilt bring to the banks of oar freshest rill, Thirst which mo fountain on earth may still.
"F Farewell! - when thou comest again to thine own, Thoes wilt miss from our mnsic its loveliest tooe;
Mournfally true is the tale we tell-
Yet on, fiery dreamer! farewell! Garewell!"
And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd, As he cuaght the last sonnds of his native shade; But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke, How deep were the oracles Nature spoke:

## THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

> "Tars beines of the mind are mot ofchy:
> Fosencinly i portal, ther create
> And mukuply in us a brighter ray.
> And noue beloved existence: that which Fate
> Probities to dull life in this ofir stave
> Of motral bondage
> Byrsoin

Coyer to me with your triumphs and your woes,
Ye formes to life by glorions poets brought !
I sit alone with forwers, and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought :
Midst the giad masic of the spring alone,
And sorroviful for visions that are gone!
Come to me! make poar thrilling whispers heard
Ie. by those masters of the sonl endow'd
Wüh life, and love, and many a barning word,
That barsts frum grief, like lightning from a cload, And saites the heart, till all ins chonds reply. As leaves make riswer when the wind sweeps by.


> Thi Lyre's Lament.

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn, From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone; But ye, the children of the soul, were born Deathiess, and for undying love alone; And, O ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well, In the soul's wond, with you, where change is not, to diweli

## THE LYRE'S LAMENT,

A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy "Eusic to the wind-Eut no hualan being was to le seen."-Salathit!.

A defertoxed Lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea:
"O melancholy wind," it sigh't,
" What would thy breath with me?
"Thou canst not wake the spirit That in me slumbering lies, Thou strikest not forth th' electric fire Of buried melodies.
"Wind of the dark sea-waters! Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into will gusts of mournfulness, With the rushing of thy wings.
" But the spell-the gift-the lightningWithin my frame conceal'd,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs uneveal'd?
"I have power, high power, fur freedom
To wake the burning soul!
I lave sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.
"I have preling notes of victory That might wetcome kings from war;
I lave rich deep tones to semd the wail For a hero's death afar.
"I have chords to lift the pran
From the temple to the shy,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping wimls are ligh.

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## Tasso's Coronation.

"And Love-for Love's lone sorrow I have accents that might swell
'Through the summer air with the rose's breath, Or the violet's faint farewell:
"Soft-spiritual-moumful-
Sighs in each note enshrined -
Dut who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind!
"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay -
Where is the touch to give me life?-
Wild, fifful wind, away!"
So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part-
How like art thou, neglected Lyre,
To many a human heart !

## TASSO'S CORONATION.*

A crown of victory' a triumphal song?
Oh ! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest :
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch, Pour the last prayer for mortal agony!

A trcuper's note is in the sky, in the gharious Roman sky, Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory; There is crowding to the capitol, the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crownd, -a kingly child of song:

> Yet his chariot lingers, Yet around his home Broods a shadow silently, 'Midst the joy of Rome.'

A thousund thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far, To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ; A thousand haunts of ollen gods have given their wealle of fowers, To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-Lhe sinowers.

- Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his Coronation in the Capitoll

Peace! within his chamber Low the mighty lies;
With a ciued of dreams on his nobie trorr, And a wandering in his cyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lond of song, for him, whose rustung strain In mastery $0^{\circ}$ er the spint sweeps, like a strong wimd o'er the main! Whose voice lives deep in burning bearts, for ever there to dweil, As fall-toned oractes are shrined in a temple's hodiest cell.

Ies! for him, the victor, Sing.-but low, sing low:
A soft sad misirerechant
For a soul about to go!
The sun, the sun of laly is pouring $0^{\circ}$ er bis mav, Where the old three huadred triumphs moved, a flood of grolden day: "treaming through every liaughy arch of the Casari' past renownlining forth, in that exuliug light, the concueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sisht!
There needs no ray by the bed of ceath, Save the huly tayer's lisht.

The wreath is twined,-tie way is strewn-the lordyy train are metThe streets are bung with coromals-nhy stays the minstrel get? Whout! as an army houts in joy arom a roral chiefLing forth the tard of chavaly, the bard of lose and grief!

Slence : forth we briug tim, In his last array;
Frum love and grief the freed, the flomWay for the tier-make way!

## THE EETTER LAND.

"I hetr thee strak of te leteer lana, Thu criest its chidren a kary band; Moflez ! oh, where is Liat radiant shore? Still we nut seck it, and weep no mare? Is it where the flower of the orance bions And the Eire ties gince troush the myric bauths?"
" Not there, not tere, my cied:"



Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud! Thou, that hadst ethereal birth, Thou hast stoopd too near the earth, And the hunter's shaft hath found thee, And the toils of death have bound the :Wherefore didst thou leave thy place, Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast, -
Woe for gifted souls and high !
Is not such thair destiny?

## SADNESS AND MIRTH.

"Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
Athuart the gloomy tenor of your mini,
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cat,
Unsuited seem, and strange.
Oh! nothing srange!
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering L, Least, Winging the air bencath some manky clowd,
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troulded day. Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, is vivid lightning flash
In the faint glean, that like a spirit's path,
Iracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
Oh, gentle friend!
Clide not her mirth, wha yesterday was sid, And may be so to-morrow!"

> Joansa Bumite

Ye met at the stately feasts of old, Where the bright wine foam'd over sculpiured soll, Sadness and Mirth !--ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air; As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high, le mix'd in the gorgeous reveltry.

For there hung oter those banquets of yore a gloom, A thought and a sladow of the tomb;

It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
To the rose a colouring not its own, To the breath of the myrtle a mournful powerSadness and Mirth! ge had each your dower!

Ye met when the triumph swept proully by, With the Roman eagles through the sky! I know that e'en then, in his hour of pride, The soul of the mighty within him died; That a void in his bosom lay darkly still, Which the music of victory might never fill.

Thou wert there, O Mirth! swelling on the shout, Till the temples, like ecio-cares, rang out; Thine were the garlands, the sonss, the wine, All the rich voices in air were thine,
The incense, the surshine-but, Saduesis ! thy part, Deepest of all, was the victor's beart !

Te meet at the bridal with flower and tear ; Strangely and wildty ye meet by the bier! As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed, Crosses the stonn in its path of dread; As a dirge meets the brecze of a summer skySadness and Mirch ! so je come and Hy'

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast, Darkness and rainbow, alke its guet ! When the breath of the violet is out in spring, When the woods with the wakening of music ring, O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pasis, Like shadow and sualight o'er mountain grasis

When will your paring be, Sadness and Mirth?
Bright stream and dark one !-oh! never on earth:
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere, While flowers unfold where the stom may sweep While the heart of man is a soundless deep :

Fut there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair!
Where ye have no part in the summer air.
Far from the breathings of changeful shies, Over the seas and the graves it lies; Where the day of the lightuing and cloud is dons, And joy reigns alone, as the lune'y sua!

## THE NIGHTINGALES DEATHSONG.

"Wrust du mach den Nachigilien fragen,
Dic mit sockenvolitan melodice
Dich entaickten in des Lemaes Tagen? Nur so lang sic melren, wrues sp;

Scumber
Moursfuncy, sing monnfilly, And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious nose is gone, And I, too, will depart
The shies have lost their splendonr, The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world, Shoald mosic linger on?
Where is the goldea sunshine,
And where the fiower-crp's glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves; And the fountain's laughing fiow?

A woice, in every whisper Of the wave, the borgh, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful, And moaning, "Where, oh i where?
Tell or the brightness parted, Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth !Are ye, tog pass'd awry?
Mournfully, sing moumfally ! The royal rose is gone.
Melt from the wroods, my spirit, melt In one deep farewell tone:
Not so! swell forth triomphantlys The full, rich, fervent strin!
Hence with yound love and life I go, In the summer's joyous train.

- With sunshine, with sweet odours With every precions thing.
Upon the last warn sontherin breese My soul its fight shall ving


In thy dim ere, on thy hollow check, Well arc the death-signs readGo! for the pearl in its cavern seek, Ere hope and power be fled :
And bright in beauty's coronal That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all in the festive hallDat who will think on tha!

None! as it gleams from the queen-like heat, Kot one 'midst throngs will say,
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shel, For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bourght-And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought? 0 wrestler with the sea!
Down to the gulfs of the soul they so,
Where the passion fountains bum,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn :
Wringing from lava-reins the fire, That o'er bright words is pourd!
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre A spinit in each chord.

But, oh! the price of bitter tears, l'aid for the lonely porer
That throws at last, o'er desert years, A darkly-glorions dower:

Like flower-seeds, by the will wind spread, So radiant thoughts are strew'd;
The soul whence those high gifts are shed, May faint in soliude!

And who wht think, when the stmin is sung, Ti.l a thrusand lieants are stirrd,
What lifedrops, from the minstrel mung, Have guihd with every word?
Some, woue :-his tresores live like thine, /he rime and lies like thee:-
Ihina, that liast lieen to the feal's dark striae, 0 wrestler wih the sea!

> " Jess poètes dont l'imarination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffir, ne sont-ils pas les bamis d'une autre région?"-Madame de Stael, De L'Aliemagur.

No tears for thee!-though light be from us gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one!
No tears for thee!
They that have loved an exile, must not moum
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.
All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another sphere, Unechoed round;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our weeping skies
Some half-remember'd strain of paradise
Might sadly sound.
Hast thou been answer'd?-thou, that from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast!
Hast thou been answer'd ?--thou, that through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry didst send,
So passionate and deep? to pierce, to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend!
And hast thou found where living waters burst?
Thon, that didst pine amidst us, in the thirst
or fever-dreams!
Are the true fountains thine for evermore?
Oh ! lured so long by shining mists, that wore
The light of streams !
Speak! is it well with thee ?-We call, as thou,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
Wert wont to call
On the departed! Art thou blest and free?-
Alas! the lips earth covers, even to the,
Were silent all !

Yet slatill our hope rise fann'd by quencilless failh, As a flame, foster'd by some warm wind's breath,

In light upsprings:
Freed soul of song ! yes, thou hast found the sought; Eorne to thy home of beauty and of thought,

On moming's wings.
And we will dream it is thy joy we hear, When life's young music, ringing far and clear,

O'erfows the sky:-
No tears for thice! the lingering gloon is ours-Thou art for converse with all glorious powers, Never to die !

## TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

"Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti! Risvegliate in vano 'i cor che nou puì liberarsi."

Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit, On eagle wings, through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to interit-
Be still, triumphant harmony ! be still!
Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling Into rich floods of joy:-it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling, To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth ?-Yes, to young chieftain dying
On his own battle-fiell, at set of sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
Well mightst thou speak of fame's high guerdon won.
No sounds for earth ?-Yes, for the martyr leading Unto victorious death serencly on,
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.
But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
Agrinst life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous greeting,
Thou wak'st lone thirst-be bush'd, exulting strain
2 L

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief!--f exile yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-shore;
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings, For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep love-a lonely vigil keeping Through the night-hours, o'er wasted wealth to pine;
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-leaves heaping, In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' undying Of joy no more-bewildering harmony !

## SECOND SIGHT.

"Ng'er err'd the prophet heart that grief ingpired, Though joy's illusions mock their votraist"

A mocrafyl gitt is mine, O friends: A monmful gift is mine!
A murmer of the soul which biends
With the flow of song and wine.
An eje that through the triumph's hour,
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.
Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.
I see the wither'd garlands lie Forsaken on the earth
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
And the bier amidst the bridal train When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time, Throush the iny branches made, Where the palace, in its glory's prime, With the sunsline stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I bear, The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign:-
A mournful gift is mine, of friends !
A mournful gift is mine!
Oh ! prophet heart ! thy grief, thy power,
To all deep souls belong;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.
Their sight is all too sadly clear-
For them a veil is riven:
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
Their home is but in Heaven.

## THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND.

> "Tuy path is not as onine:- where thou art blest, My spirit would but witber: mine own grief
> Is in mine eyes a nicher, holier thing.
> Thas all thy happinesis:

Hath the summer's breath, on the south wind borne, Met the dark seas in their sweeping scom?
llath it lured thee, Dind! from their sounding caves,
To the river-shores, where the osier waves?
Or art thou come on the hills to dwell, Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many a cell? Where the moss bears print of the wild-deer's tread, And the lieath like a royal robe is spread?

Thou hast done well, $O$ thou bright sea-lird!
There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,
With the dancing of waters through copse and dell,
And the bee's low tune in the fox-glove's bell.
Thou hast done well :-Oh ! the seas are lone, And the voice they send up hath a mournful tone; A mingling of dirges and wild farewells, Fitfuliy breathed through its anthem-swells.

The proud bird rose as the words were saidThe rush of his pinion swept o'er my head, And the glance of his eye, in its bright disdain, Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's breast, To his throne of pride on the billow's crest:Oh! who shall say, to a spirit free,
"There lies the pathway of bliss for thee?"

## THE SLEEPER.

> "For sleep is awful."-Bvron.

OH ! lightly, lightly tread: A holy thing is sleep, On the worn spinit shed, And eyes that wake to ween
A holy thing from Heaven, A. gracions dewy cloud,

A covering mantle given The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread! Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head, The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do, That call the slumberer back,
From the word uaseen by you Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance
Some old sweet native sound Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;
A murmur of the sea, A laughing tone of streams:-
Long may her sojourn be In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there, Each gleam of beauty tled,
Each lost one still more fair-
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

## THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O dis, forsaken mirror!
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanilh'd hours
Of the wine-cup and the song !
The song hath left no echo;
The bright wine hath been quaff'd,
And hush'd is every silvery voice
Tlat lightly here hath luugh'd.
O mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall!
Thou hast been fiush'd with beauty's bloom-
Is this, too, vanish'd all?
It is, wih the scatter'd gariands
Ur triumphs long ago;
Wilh the melodies of buried lyres;
With the faded rainbow's gluw.

The Mirror in the Deserted Mall.
And for all the georgeous pageants, For the glance of gem and plume, For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath, And vase of fich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.
And thus with man's proud spirit Thou tellest me 'twill be,'
When the forms and hues of this world fade
From his memory, as from thee:
And his heart's long-troubled waters At last in stillness lie,
Reffecting but the images
Of the solemn world on bigh.

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[^0]:    " In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons ono had either been fortumate or distinguished on earth: whe chiddren, and apparently the slaves and lower classes. - that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and lanocence, were banished to the infernal regions."-Chatealbriand, Génia 4 Christianisma.

[^1]:    * Paulus finilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the comquest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, was led in chains.
    $\dagger$ See the description given by Plutarch, in his life of Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria, the night before Antony's death.
    $\ddagger$ Herculaneum, of which it is related, that all the inhabitants werz assembled in the theatres, when the shower of ashes, which covered the city, descended.

[^2]:    - Stonehenge, suid by some traditions to have been erected to the memary of Ambrosius, at early trizich king; and ty others menuioned as a monumeatal record of the massacre of Eritish chiefs here alluded to.

[^3]:    - Lauviuse, the Swiss dame for the avalanche.
    $\dagger$ William Tell's name is particularly mentioned amongst the confederates at Morgarten.

[^4]:    - The ancient British chiefs frequently harangued their followers from small artificial mounds of turf.-See Pentent.
    $\dagger$ Llyu, a lake or pool, $\ddagger$ Ey $y$, ri, Snowdon.

[^5]:    * Engri, the Welsh name for Snowdon.
    $\uparrow$ Aneurin, a celebrated ancient British Lard.

[^6]:    - The poems of Kirner, which were cliefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feetlings, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the fiual deliverance of Germany.

[^7]:    - Sce "Gilly's Researches mongst the Mountains of Piedmont" for an interestins description of a sablathday in the upper repions of the Vaudois The inhalitants of these Protestant valleys, who, like the Swiss, repair with their tiocks and berds to the summits of the lints during the summer, are followed thither by their pasters, and at thar sevon of the year, assembled on tiat secred day to worstip in the oyen air.

[^8]:    - Writen immeliately after reading the "Remarks on te Character and Wriangs of Midon, ${ }^{\text {" }}$ in the Christian Examiner.

[^9]:    *"Ithe Talisman-Tales of the Crusaders."

[^10]:    ${ }^{\circ}$ Corvoued Hidmets, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's "Ewitzerland."
    
    2 A

[^11]:    * Minnesineer, Lris-sinser, -the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the miduale a aces.

[^12]:    - A custom stid retained at rural funerals, ia some parts of Englend and Wales.

[^13]:    * Founded on an incident in the early French history.

[^14]:    - The grief of Ferdinand, King of Amracon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was billed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the hisurian Mariana. It is also the sulject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Loxibhart's beautiful colloction

[^15]:    "I altend:d a fineral where there were a number of the German setters present. After 1 had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a must venerable loshiry old nan came furuard, and avked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German. so loud that the woods echoed the strin. There was something affecting in the singing of these anclent pepple, earring one of their brectren to his last home, and using the lamudes and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the latcriand, a word which often occurred in his hyms. It was a long, slow, and monnoul air, which they sang as they bore the body along; the words 'wein Gett,' 'wein bradier.' and 'laterland,' died away in distant echoes amonzst the woods. I shall long remember that suneral byma."Fliste hindictions of tice Valley of the Mississifiti.

[^16]:    * Pietro Mulier, malled Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms,
    "Hi- compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes deall devored ships overtaken ly tupests and darkness; fired by lightning; minw rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." luang an inprisonment of fire years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in this dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom-See Lanzi's Mistary of Mainting manshath hy kuscue.

[^17]:    - The candidate for tinighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch the di,ht before his inanzuration, in a church, and completely arned this "ac called "we Vigi of anms"

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