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THE  
HISTORICAL ALBUM;

OR,

SCENES AND SKETCHES IN BRITISH HISTORY,

WITH

ELEVEN BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.



Gateway to Lewes Castle.

LEEDS ;  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ANTHONY PICKARD ;  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



HISTORICAL ALBUM.



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## P R E F A C E .

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It is now some time since a very young lady, after reading with deep interest the history of Scotland, suddenly closed her book, and commenced a most violent attack upon the character of Edward I. of England; it was repelled by a sister, and afterwards warmly taken up on one side or other, by all present. From a trifling dispute, it became the subject of conversation and discussion for days; every attainable record was searched; and it was during this search that the character of Edward appeared in so interesting a light, it was deemed "He would shine in story." An attempt was made to introduce him in a fictitious tale;—the result is the following. A metrical romance was chosen, from the facility that style offered for reducing the compass of the whole.

The writer has not knowingly been guilty of plagiarism. Doubtless the composition abounds in error: it has not had the advantage of experience, nor of correction by a more able hand than the writer's. Such as it is, however, with those well-known lines—

" Be to my faults, a little blind;  
Be to my virtues, very kind;"

the writer casts it upon the public.

937695



Lewes Castle, Sussex.

THE present volume lays claim to notice for these two reasons ;—first, its contents,—secondly, its plates.

Its contents have been so formed as to suit it in a pre-eminent degree as a present for youth. Its sketches are those of places and events which have peculiar interest—whether the gorgeous scene, with forest and mountain and river, or the mighty castle, or the tented battle-field, where liberty made a stand against oppression. Its “Story” is such as must inculcate morality, and teach that the road to happiness is that of virtue. Its plates are beautiful alike for the painter’s art and the engraver’s skill, as well as the scenes they depict. Illustrating some great point, they serve to fix attention to the truth—and thus

“Through the eye correct the heart.”

They are not in each case connected with the subject, but will be found pleasing additions to the “Historical Album.”





Britannia's  
Royal Chieftain.

---

“ ENGLAND ! ”—mine own fair native isle,  
Basking in Fortune's brightest smile,  
    Feels her high destiny !  
And rich in Learning's diamond mines,  
And strong in Wisdom's flanking lines,  
From out the curling waves she shines  
    “ Great Goddess of the Sea ! ”  
“ Britannia ! with what glowing pride,  
Thy children see thee tow'ring ride,  
Emitting light on every side,—  
    A blessing to the earth !

The Royal Chieftain.

And Countries—Kingdoms—Nations all,  
Upon this vast revolving ball,

Pay tribute to thy worth !

Thy warrior-sons have carved thy name  
First on the stately mount of fame !

Thy floating ramparts on the Deep,

Bid thee in Peace, securely sleep !

Thy flaming banners stream unfurl'd,

In every Port throughout the World !

But strange ! though standing thus alone,

Bless'd from the Cottage to the Throne !

England has one great want to own !

Oh ! that kind Heaven, who all these blessings sent,

In mercy yet would add, that one,—“CONTENT !”

Full five long centuries have roll'd,

Into eternity's vast hold,

O'er England's hills of green ;

Since the Third Henry's troublous reign,

So full of grief, and care, and pain,

Pass'd darkly o'er the scene ;

## The Embay.

3

When ravag'd by intestine war,  
Misdled by Leicester's evil star,  
The Kingdom lay, a mass of woes ;  
From out—dark Montford's\* spirit rose,  
Like the wild whirlwind's wasting breath,  
Spreading confusion, rage, and death !  
Prince Edward too ! his Country's gem !  
Powerless the rebel-tide to stem,  
Toil'd, for his bleeding land in vain,  
And forg'd himself, a captive's chain !

## The Embay.

'T was at the close of that sad day,  
When Lewes† saw the dreadful fray,  
Prince Edward at an easy pace,  
Had turn'd him from the rebel-chase ;  
His troops—elate with victory,  
Though few in number, brave and free,  
Reflected all his martial glee ;

\* Simon Montford Earl of Leicester.

† The town of Lewes in Sussex.



And round the Royal Chieftain hung,  
While through the air his praises rung.  
He halted—felt a soldier's pride—  
His heavy helmet flung aside ;  
Gave to the breeze his polished brow,  
Still flush'd by battle's fervid glow,  
And turn'd—and with majestic bend,  
And kindling glance, bespoke his friend.  
“ Brave Ethol, 't was a cheering sight,  
The scatter'd rebels' hasty flight :  
“ Methinks 't was like some giddy flock,  
Of wild fowl startled from the rock ;  
So madly swift they seem'd to go—  
“ Thus may we deal with every foe !  
Perchance they scarce will now defy  
Yon royal banner waving high !  
“ Art silent ! What does this portend ?  
“ Ethol”—my tried—my trusty friend,  
“ What if thy years be few ! thy soul,  
Hath reach'd prond manhood's highest goal !  
“ Speak ! Son of Mars ! who well might wage  
A mental warfare with the sage—

“Speak all thy thoughts—speak freely here—  
Thy words are wisdom in mine ear.”

The gallant warrior so address'd,  
Bent lowly at his chief's behest,  
“Illustrious Prince,”—was his reply.  
Turning on him an anxious eye,  
“Were all thine enemies like thee!  
We had not dream'd of treachery;  
But the arch Leicester is a mine  
Of subtle ways and dark design,  
And once the Lion-chief away  
Will seek to crush the weaker prey;  
So great his pow'r—and such his skill!  
“I tremble! lest some latent ill,  
Await our lov'd but grief-worn King,  
And sorrow after vict'ry bring.”

Lord Ethol ceas'd—his words had press'd  
A shade of gloom on ev'ry breast;  
But little thought that gallant band  
How much of sorrow was at hand;

Yet seem'd the Prince to muse a-while,  
 As if in anxious thought to file  
 All one by one, in quick array  
 The varied chances of the day.  
 "Mayhap 't were wiser we had stay'd  
 On Lewes' plain."—At length he said ;  
 "But—by my mother's wrongs I felt  
 That boiling vengeance must be dealt  
 To the vile rabble on the wing ;  
 And truly have they felt our sting.—  
 "'T is well"—

He paus'd, for lo ! there came  
 On flying courser mounted,  
 A messenger with news of flame,  
 And wildly thus recounted :  
 Lost ! lost ! all lost !—the King now lies  
 A pris'ner close, by foul surprise,  
 In Leicester's hands—the noble earls,  
 Warren, Baliol, and the rest,  
 By hasty flight have 'scap'd the churls,  
 And sail—with break of day for Brest.  
 In Lewes doth the traitor bold,  
 In Castle Hall, his council hold ;

And in the Abbey near, the King  
Now yeilds him to despair :  
For not a single friend may bring  
Him aught of solace there.

His tale was told—and mark'd ye how  
Its poison warp'd the royal brow ;  
And not content its wrath to wreak  
On quiv'ring lip and bloodless cheek—  
But gath'ring strength and mounting higher,  
Flung o'er his eye's impassion'd fire,  
The glazy mantle of despair—  
And triumph'd o'er the spirit there.  
A moment pass'd—ere he could break  
The magic chain around his soul ;  
A moment pass'd—ere he could speak  
The feelings he might not control !  
Then bursting from the madd'ning yoke,  
He thus the spell-bound silence broke ;  
“ Gracious Heavens !—and can it be !  
My father in captivity !—  
This is indeed a deadly throe,—  
“ Go ! Arthur, Earl of Ethol, go !

“ Tell the dark traitor, Edward knows  
 To bear misfortune’s keenest blows,  
     And bend to Heav’n’s just will ;  
 “ But—Edward owns a human heart,  
 And would not that his sire should smart  
     ’Neath aggravated ill !—  
 “ Tell him—that once the King set free,  
 I will instead his pris’ner be !  
 “ Tell him—this tongue ne’er told a lie,  
 And would not though it else should die.”

“ Who is it paceth too and fro ?  
     In that high Council Hall !  
 Now with unequal haste—now slow—  
     His nerveless footsteps fall.—  
 Anon he standeth ! starts with pain,  
 Some troubled thought hath cross’d his brain,  
 Some stalking fiend hath warp’d his theme,  
 And check’d his wild ambitious dream ;  
 Or base ingratitude hath been  
 By mem’ry haul’d upon the scene ;

And well, indeed, might conscience sting  
So foul a traitor to his King !  
But whether one, or all combin'd  
To raise such turmoil in his mind,  
It matters not ;—for none can know,  
Save that he meditated woe.—  
His tighten'd lip—and sullen eye,  
Tell, to the thronging nobles by,  
That Leicester weaves a web of crime ;  
Yet dream'd they not, he fain would climb  
Through ghastly murder's crimson slime  
To snatch a crown !—they rather would  
Themselves have drank his heart's best blood.  
“ But see ! he speaks in such high tone,  
As though he fill'd indeed a throne.”

“ My Lord of Gloucester ! 't is but meet,  
That we the messenger should greet ;  
“ Bid some one quickly send him here,  
And let his errand straight appear”—  
He said, and with imperious look,  
His seat on chair of state he took.

“ The daring Gloucester ey’d him there,  
 With somewhat of a doubtful air,—  
 As wond’ring what his views might be,  
 Thus personating sov’reignty !  
 And yet he spoke not ;—but he vow’d,  
 And on his sword devoutly bow’d,  
 That ere such rebel churl should reign,  
 The King should have his own again !

What felt the noble Envoy—when  
 He stood before the Rebel’s den ?  
 And all the bearings of the day,  
 Before him pass’d in sad array ;  
 The morning’s fight and victory !  
     The noontide’s hot pursuit !  
 And daring deeds of bravery,  
     That great men execute !  
 And then the ev’ning’s blighting tale,  
     That press’d so heavily ;  
 His King the inmate of a jail,  
     Entrapp’d by treachery,  
 And now in agony he came—



A great—a costly price to name ;  
“ His honour’d Prince ! whose glowing fame  
Rous’d all his spirit’s native fire,  
A willing ransom for his sire !—  
And yet, he gloried in the deed,  
He saw its grandeur—felt its need.—  
Such deeds as these, are deeds that can,  
Prove God’s own image—stamp’d in man !

“ He came !—with firm and equal beat,  
Was heard the tramp of mailed feet,  
Anon ! Lord Ethol stood before,  
Dark Leicester’s disaffected corps ;  
And proudly stood, and gaz’d around,  
Unstartled by the booming sound,  
Of Montford’s voice—who sternly now,  
Demanded of him,

“ Whence art thou ?”

“ I come, said Ethol, from my Prince—  
“ Your rightful Prince, my Lord ! and since  
His Maker, ever just and wise,  
Hath will’d that thou this day shouldst rise  
“ Foul traitor—though thou be !

“Himself—he offers to thy chains ;  
 Provided his lov’d sire regains  
 His crown and liberty.”

A blast swept o’er the false one’s face,—  
 A fearful change was taking place,  
 Though dark as Erebus his brow  
 Had been before—’t was darker now :  
 His broad chest heav’d with sudden swell,  
 He mutter’d—yet no ear could tell  
 What were his words—but ev’ry breath  
 Seem’d pregnant with the doom of death !  
 “Foul traitor ! these were words that sprung,  
 A mine of by-gone deeds—and hung,  
 Like some fell clog upon his soul,  
 Beyond his harden’d heart’s control :  
 A momentary retrospect,  
 Of innocence and crime ;  
 Of pow’r secur’d, and conscience wreck’d,  
 And rapid flight of time.  
 Too soon, alas ! the conflict o’er,  
 His angry spirit chaf’d and sore,  
 Dwelt on the dreary past no more.





He spoke !—“ Foul traitor—’t was the same,  
“ Who taught thy coward lips to frame,  
To me such words as these ?”

“ Coward !”

Lord Ethol started at the word—  
And heavily his gauntlet rung,—  
Quick from its sheath his sabre sprung !  
And glanc’d amid the torch’s light,  
Leicester he challeng’d to the fight.

—A pause ! How short ! How fierce the storm !  
That gather’d in the human form :  
Fury flash’d forth from ev’ry eye,  
An hundred swords were flaming nigh,  
And waited but the signal cry,  
    To pierce the warrior’s heart !  
Just as the words half formed were,  
A stranger’s voice—exclaim’d !

“ Forbear !”

Who dar’d the fray to part ?—  
All turn’d—a monk had made his way  
To where Lord Ethol’s gauntlet lay,—

His air was in itself command ;  
 He calmly rais'd the iron hand,  
 And gave it to its owner back ;  
 “ Take it my Lord—there will not lack  
 More fitting seasons for its use ;  
 “ And be not of thy blood profuse,  
 No man thy courage true can doubt  
 Except he be himself without—  
 “ And—wherefore throw thy life away  
 In such uncivil murd'rous play ?”

“ And thou !—great Chieftain of the throng,  
 “ Canst thou perceive no glaring wrong,  
 In treating thus a Prince's word,  
 “ Consider then and sheath thy sword,  
 Wilt thou accept his terms or not ?  
 Declare it now upon the spot—  
 “ Canst thou such noble boon deny ?  
 “ Leicester thou canst not ! 't is a die  
 That gives to thine own pow'r too much ;  
 Ambition greedily would clutch  
 Far less than this,—“ then why delay ?  
 “ Send now the Envoy on his way.”

But that the church—rever'd by all,  
Stood fenc'd by such impregnate wall  
In these gone days ! the monk had paid  
For speech like this—his silver'd head.

Dark Leicester frown'd, but e'en his ire  
Had somewhat spent its raging fire,  
And thoughts were gath'ring too, that form'd  
A castle of the mind ;  
And as imagination warm'd,  
His fiercer looks declin'd.  
He saw the royal Edward his !  
The only foe he fear'd ;  
To him such dazzling view was bliss,  
For he was conscience-sear'd.  
He had no sympathy with grief,  
He never knew its thrill ;  
Ambition was his ruling chief,  
Uncheck'd by care of ill.  
'T were little that the King should be  
Upon his throne again ;  
His spirit reft of energy,  
'T were easy work to chain.



But Edward—daring, pow'rful, high,  
If once he were his own—  
He deem'd the hour of fortune nigh  
When he might seize the crown.  
And thus he spoke—"Most rev'rend friar,  
Be it then after thy desire ;  
" But take the messenger with thee,  
And on the morrow we will see,  
The treaty clos'd as such should be."

Lord Ethol—where was he the while ?  
He saw the speaker's sneering smile,  
And when he thought of challenge slighted,  
E'en by a Traitor !—it excited  
A very whirlwind of the mind ;  
Still, by his own high soul confin'd,  
His figure rose in lofty height,  
Impressing grandeur on the sight.  
He stood aloof from all the rest,  
One hand a sparkling sword-hilt press'd,  
Firmly—yea haughtily, he stood,  
As one who might not be subdued.

Him beckon'd now, the Monk away,  
And he obey'd—yet turn'd to say,  
With a deep energy of tone,  
That seem'd peculiarly his own,—  
“ Leicester !—the time will come, when we shall meet,  
And with each other's sword—each other greet.”—

Dark was the glance, on ev'ry side,  
When, with his tall mysterious guide  
Lord Ethol pass'd the traitors by,  
With step as firm—and crest as high—  
As if he held at will the fate  
Of those who now in council sate.  
Quickly they left that crowded hall,  
And, by many a rise and fall,  
And secret gallery, and all  
The catalogue of winding ways  
That mark'd the wit of former days,  
They reach'd a gloomy, vaulted space,  
A chamber at the Castle's base.  
By hidden entrance now their way,  
Through subterranean passage lay.

Dark was the path—and foul the air  
 That met them on their entrance there ;  
 And paler yet—their pale lamp grew,  
 As flick'ring oft in ghastly blue,  
 Its sickly ray but serv'd to show  
 —The earth above it—and below.

The Monk from habit felt no more  
 Than if he trod the bright oak floor,  
 And Ethol car'd not—but his mind  
 To gloomier images inclin'd :  
 —E'en hope, that ever cherish'd guest,  
 Wax'd fainter in his anxious breast ;  
 And as he breath'd the loathsome air,  
 That weigh'd on respiration there,  
 He thought of death—Oh ! might he die  
 In open air—where breezes high  
 Should waft his spirit to the sky !  
 —With battle's trumpet in his ear !  
 Or vict'ry's loud inspiring cheer—  
 —But not in silence—not alone—  
 Where day's bright monarch never shone !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

He rous'd himself!—his strength return'd  
He check'd the thought—the phantom spurn'd!  
As selfish—when a doom so dread—  
O'erlung his Royal Chieftain's head.

How welcome! was at length the gate,  
That through its pond'rous iron grate  
Gave, to the soldier's aching sight—  
The moon's soft tranquillising light.  
Oh! how it cheer'd him as he stept  
Across the graves—of those who slept.  
For that dark passage ended where,  
The dead repos'd from grief and care;  
Whose lives—in frequent pray'r and fast,  
Remote from worldly strife had pass'd.

Lord Ethol, wrapt in thought profound,  
Trod heavily on hallow'd ground;  
While as a spirit—seem'd to glide  
Along the path—his unknown guide.

Within the Abbey's sainted wall,  
Save echo of his own foot-fall,

Nothing he heard !

No solemn chaunt—

Bespoke devotion's sacred haunt.

Not e'en a bell reliev'd his ear,

Or told man's habitation near.

—Figures they pass'd—but no one spoke.

No voice—the death-like stillness broke.

They pac'd the cloisters' gloomy length

Replete in architectural strength,

And through an anti-chamber—where,

Were marks of more than common care,

And in the centre—small—but bright

There burn'd a solitary light.

The Monk as yet—had never spoken

Since his strange guidance, save by token ;

But now the cowl—he backward threw

And gave his countenance to view,

A face—where age had gently trac'd

His first encroachments—and had plac'd

A silv'ry sprinkling here, and there,

Among his locks of raven hair.

His eye—had all the fire of youth,  
It beam'd intelligence and truth.  
He spoke—yet no harsh words offend,  
He said but only this—“A friend !”  
“A friend !” “How much that word conveys,  
    When spoken from the heart !  
How much, the drooping soul to raise !  
    When under sorrow's smart,  
How much of int'rest it implies !  
    When feelingly 't is said ;  
To Ethol 't was a glad surprise !  
    He felt its kindly aid.  
That guide—whose office was no more,  
Press'd heavily an iron door.  
Lord Ethol pass'd its threshold, when  
The creaking portals clos'd again.

“Where was the Prince that anxious night ?  
And when the first faint streak of light  
Dimly announc'd the morning—“Where ?  
“Alone—upon his knees—at prayer—  
No regal grandeur round him show'd  
That there a British Prince abode.

Small was his chamber—and its walls  
 Unlike the glow of regal halls—  
 Were bare—and cold—and comfortless,  
 —But all unheeded in distress.  
 His missal wide before him lay,  
 And the night-lamp a soften'd ray  
 Across his pallid features threw,  
 Still damp with sorrow's chilling dew ;  
 Clasp'd were his hands—and fix'd his eye !  
 —Intently fix'd—he knew not why.—

The shades gave way—day broke apace,  
 And still he had not left his place.  
 —What made him start?—What breathing near !  
 Shot like an arrow through his ear ?  
 He turn'd—convulsively he sprang—  
 And caught, with mingled joy and pang,  
 His Eleanor !

He stood amaz'd—  
 As on her trembling form he gaz'd.  
 What upon earth ! had brought her here ?  
 At such an hour—that one so dear !



“ She spoke not—oh ! she could not speak—  
Lest that her full charg’d heart—should break ;  
“ She wept not—oh ! she could not weep—  
Feeling was too intense—too deep.—  
And yet she murmur’d not that he  
Stood pledg’d to set a parent free ;—  
No—she approv’d his high resolve,  
And, though she felt it must involve  
Her own heart in its misery,  
She gave it all her sympathy.—

Tears came at length to her relief  
And language—but no tale of grief.  
“ I come—to blend my fate with thine,  
—“ Edward—thy joys were ever mine,  
Then be it now my lot to share,  
The sorrow—evil hands prepare ;  
“ In truth ! I scarce could live and know,  
That thou were all alone in woe !  
—“ Nay answer not !—“ It must be so—  
I and thy child—thy first-born son—  
Whom thou wert wont to smile upon,  
Will cheer thee in the hour of gloom,  
And mitigate—at least—thy doom.

“ And Father Eustace ! ”

At the name

A rev'rend Monk—in silence came,  
And in his folded arms he press'd  
The young Plantagenet—at rest.—

“ My Ellen—no ”—the Prince replied,  
“ And grieve not—that I thus decide ; ”  
He paus'd—and gaz'd alternately  
On wife and child—then wildly—he  
Press'd his pale brow in agony—  
And scarce with pow'rful nerve restrain'd  
The outward sorrow he disdain'd.  
Ye would have thought his strength had fail'd,  
And woman's gentle pray'r prevail'd.  
But no !—more sternly now he spoke,  
And all her hope of conquest broke.  
“ It must not be—'t were tempting fate,  
To yield the monster such a freight !  
“ But trust in heav'n, I yet shall be  
E'en as the soaring eagle free :  
“ And cherish hope—and oh ! reflect  
'T is thine—our infant to protect ;





“Thou wouldst not in a trying hour—  
Give him—to feel the Leicester’s pow’r !”

Most harrowing was the inward strife,  
Between the mother and the wife.—  
“O would to heav’n ! this scene were clos’d,”  
The holy father interpos’d—  
“Fair Princess—cease thy pray’r, and be  
Resign’d to his most just decree ;  
And thou his cause mayst better aid  
In open daylight—than in shade.  
“And hark ! I hear e’en now the sound  
Of distant horsemen on the ground,”

\* \* \* \* \*

They parted with convulsive pang,  
But Edward’s spirit seem’d to hang  
Upon the lov’d ones. \* \* \*

How well ! we cannot read the fate,  
Of those we love ; “How wise—how great—  
The Pow’r on high ! that curtains this ;  
How surely ignorance is bliss !

Had Edward known an early tomb,  
 Would be his little Henry's doom !  
 Then had his heart perhaps repin'd,  
 And he had deem'd such blow unkind.  
 " But horrid thought ! could he have known  
 Another's fate ! to whom the crown  
 Would fall, when he himself was gone !  
 Could he have seen him downward dash'd,  
 Dethron'd—insulted—scoff'd at—lash'd,  
 By fiends incarnate—and at last,  
 With ev'ry hellish torture slain,  
 —" Scarce had he ever smil'd again !

—Now turn we to Lord Ethol ; where  
 He stood a moment unaware  
 For what intent he could be there—  
 'T was but a moment ! when a voice,  
 That almost made his soul rejoice,  
 Convinc'd him he was not alone ;  
 And well he knew its silv'ry tone.  
 " Brave Ethol, doff the helmet now,  
 That presses on thy youthful brow,

“ And come,—and let King Henry gaze,  
Upon thy fresh unfurrow'd face.”

The warrior came—with graceful spring,  
And bent him low, before his king :—  
Then, as his head-piece backward flew,  
    And did his countenance unfold !  
Such manly beauty came to view,  
    As nature doth but rarely mould.  
His dark brown locks, in freedom now,  
Fell in rich wave, around a brow,  
Daring—and high—and full of mind—  
And then his eye—oh ! it was kind,  
As from beneath long fringing lashes,  
Its meaning spoke, in soften'd flashes ;  
Though now indeed, a liquid beam,  
Exhal'd by feeling's fever'd dream—  
Might partially its lustre veil,  
Yet did enhance its silent tale.

One hand the Monarch fondly laid,  
Upon the kneeling warrior's head—  
And bless'd him—and in spirit pray'd,

That heav'n would be his safeguard still,  
From ev'ry foe—from ev'ry ill.—  
“ Oh ! Ethol, 't is a weary thing  
To be a fallen—feeble—King ;—  
The cowl had better been for me,  
Than such unmeaning sov'reignty !  
“ What ! though the lonely cloister's gloom  
Is cheerless—almost as the tomb—  
'T were better than uncertain doom,  
Perchance to drop by inch away  
Secluded from the light of day,  
At the “ dark traitor's—fell command,  
“ Or worse—to fall by his own hand :  
And, though 't were happiness to die  
By God's decree : “ yet fain would I  
Escape a murd'rous death—the thought—  
Is with each curdling horror fraught.  
“ Oh ! 't is indeed a thorny thing  
To be a care-worn, captive King !  
“ But Ethol say ! the Prince—my son—  
“ Oh ! where is he ? “ that gallant one !”  
He said—and with impatience burn'd,  
Till all the story he had learn'd :



But when Lord Ethol's tale drew near  
A close upon his anxious ear—  
And when he knew what had been done,  
By his own noble, gen'rous son !  
Right through his tender heart it crept,  
The Monarch bow'd his head—and wept !

“ Those feelings like electric flame,  
That vibrate through the human frame,  
When moral grandeur fills the soul  
Beyond its strength—beyond control—  
Alike remote from joy and grief !  
    Too deep, for pleasure's buoyant tone,  
    Too high, for sorrow's languid moan,  
Ungovernable—thrilling—brief :  
Those feelings—must—and will have vent,  
Or burst perchance their tenement :  
“ How sacred then—the briny flow  
That calms the swelling heart below !  
And—who shall dare—such tears despise ?  
Oh ! not the good !—“ And not the wise—  
“ Such tears as these—the conqueror shed,  
On vict'ry's sanguinary bed !”

Before him lay—a world unchain'd,  
     He felt the work was his !  
 And all the care he had sustain'd,  
     Was light compar'd with this !—  
 And laurels weigh'd the spirit down  
 That ne'er before had sinking known.  
 With hands convuls'd—" His face he hid—  
 While through the fingers—warmly slid,  
 The silent tribute of a soul—  
 That mock'd the conqueror's control.  
 His heart, with gratitude uprais'd,  
 He meekly uttered—" God be prais'd !"

Such feelings were King Henry's too,  
 Though from less brilliant source they grew.  
 Prince Edward's noble sacrifice—  
 Wax'd nobler—in a parent's eyes,  
 And fill'd his heart to bursting nigh  
 With gratitude.—And what reply ?  
 " He struggled—but when all was done  
 'T was thus alone—" My Son ! my Son !"  
 And oh ! it told to Ethol's mind  
 Far more—than language e'er combin'd.

The moments flew—the King remain'd  
 As one to silent thought enchain'd ;—  
 But now and then—almost a smile  
 Lit up his countenance awhile ;  
 As if some bright idea came  
 Rekindling hope's expiring flame.  
 At length—with energy he said—  
 “ Lord Ethol—I demand thy aid !—  
 “ I know that thou—wilt ever prove  
 In word and deed, thy truth and love.  
 “ I know thou canst my wish obey !  
 —“ Leave then thy title for a day—  
 And “ Go,—unmark'd !—and “ feel the North ;  
 There must be some, who own the worth,  
     Of thy young Prince at least !  
 And as for me—“ Death soon will come,  
 And take me to my last, long home.  
     “ Then at my burial feast—  
 The trait'rous band, may laugh, and sing,  
 And scoff, at their poor injur'd King,  
 When he is far, beyond their sting !”  
 And who can doubt Lord Ethol's will  
 Proudly such errand to fulfil.

—The King now from his finger drew  
A gem that sparkled ev'ry hue—  
And took the soldier's passive hand,  
And plac'd it there—with soft command  
And look of love.

“ The hour was gone,  
And the weary Monarch left alone !”

Britannia's  
Royal Chieftain.

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The Castle.

“ Say !—Have ye gaz'd on that sweet vale !  
Where—in his winding course, the Swale  
Dashes round Richmond's\* tower'd rock—  
That in its grandeur seems to mock  
    The humbler views beneath ?  
“ Say !—Have ye walked the terrace high !  
Where floats in dizziness the eye—  
And where there only seems to lie—  
    One step between and death ?”

“ Say ! Have ye stood within the walls ?  
Or pac'd the mournful crumbling halls ?

\* Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Or shudder'd in the sky-roof'd keep—  
 Where the foul worm and adder sleep?  
 Or listen'd to the moaning sound,—  
 That sweeps the stately ruin round?  
 Or—have ye wrench'd the ivy wreath,—  
 That ever-blooming, faithful sheath—  
     From off the aged pile?  
 Or trod the wild flow'r 'neath your feet?  
 The only thing that seems to greet,  
     The gazer with a smile.—  
 “ Say !—Have ye done all this ?

’T is well !”

Now let imagination swell—  
 The ruin to its former whole,  
 Begirt with many a martial soul ;  
 In all its graudeur—all its life,—  
 Alike prepar'd for peace or strife :  
 And vest it with its halls of state,  
 And all the varied pomps that wait,  
     On feudal sov'reignty :—  
 And place a watch upon the wall,  
 And give it back the archers tall,  
     And all its pageantry !

And such it was, when Richmond's Lord,  
In age and sickness sheath'd his sword ;  
And thought to pass his days in ease,  
Till the last pulse of life should cease.  
“ A child !—the orphan child of one  
The grave had claim'd !—(his only son)  
Was all that bound his heart to earth,  
And was in truth a gem of worth :  
A thing more beautiful and bright  
Ne'er shook its splendours in the light—  
About the old man's heart she twin'd  
As tendrils round the old oak wind :  
She was his life—his joy—his care—  
To all his wealth and lands the heir.

This world, how changeable it is ?  
One restless scene of woe or bliss :  
Now bright with hopes around us springing !  
Then dark as Winter's deepest gloom :  
Or joys or griefs, for ever flinging,  
About us till we reach the tomb.  
And—“ Who hath known a cup of joy,—  
Without some poison to alloy ?

Or—"Who hath felt one happy hour,—  
 Without a single shade to lour?  
 But for the Lady Edith—all—  
 Lord Richmond's wealth and lands, should fall  
 To a near kinsman at his death,—  
 As vile a wretch, as e'er drew breath;  
 Who with bold daring sought her hand,  
 And when refus'd such high demand,  
 Vow'd—Ruthless vengeance, in his ire,  
 Upon herself, and hoary sire."  
 And oft-times Richmond thought with fear,  
 Of that fell time that might be near,  
 When he should moulder in the dust,  
 And leave to fate, his precious trust.

'T was Easter eve—and clad in light,  
 The landscape own'd, the Queen of night;  
 And smiling, hail'd the silver beams  
 That crown'd the woods, and kiss'd the streams:  
 While borne upon the cheering breeze,  
 That threw a spirit in the trees—



Broke on the ear—the abbey-bell—  
—Sunk on the heart—its thrilling swell—  
The message pray'r—alike to all,  
Devotion's hallow'd,—ancient,—call.

And Vespers o'er—the silent throng,  
Through the dark forest pass'd along,  
—Unconscious—that a ruffian band  
Beset their path on either hand ;  
—Unconscious—that a fate as dread,  
As ever broke on mortal's head,  
Awaited Richmond's honour'd Lord,  
And the fair being he ador'd.  
They little dream'd—that darksome wood  
So soon would reek with human blood,  
And on they pass'd.

—Meanwhile there came,  
Lighted by many a torch's flame,  
A cavalcade ; whose bright array,  
And gentle bearing—mark'd that they  
Pertain'd to some of high degree,  
Some baron pow'rful and free.

In curtain'd litter borne along,  
 A youthful spirit—rose in song.—  
 —An aged Knight reign'd in a steed,  
 Impatient of restricted speed,  
 And slightly bending—strain'd his ear,  
 To list a voice—so sweet and clear,  
 It seem'd as from another sphere ;  
 Permitted near the earth to float :  
 —But !—“ Whence that strange—that small,  
                   shrill, note ?  
 —“ A moment !—they were doom'd to know  
 For each man grappled with a foe.  
 —A foe !—Ruffians on ruffians pour,  
 As break the waves upon the shore :  
 Yet was the struggle fierce,—for life,—  
 Depended on th' unequal strife.  
 But what ! tho' Richmond's aged Lord  
 With knightly skill had sprung his sword,  
 And bore upon its point the breath,  
 Of one, its edge had doom'd to death.  
 —His steed, impell'd by unseen blow,  
 Plung'd with its rider 'mid the foe,

—And fell—and yielded him a prey  
To demons—who—with savage play,  
Waited—their leader's word—to slay.

And lo! one loftier than the rest  
With ruthless grasp—a victim press'd ;  
Pointed the steel he will'd should part  
That mystic thread—within the heart !  
Threw off the mask that veil'd his face,  
And sternly bid her turn, and gaze ;  
Then as his large inhuman eye  
Met hers—one wild, heart-rending cry  
Betold, in echoes far and nigh—  
Escap'd her lips—down sunk her head  
—She lay in Rudolf's arms as dead.  
She knew her kinsman far too well,  
Not to bid ev'ry hope farewell :  
He !—paus'd but for returning life,  
To use his thirsting—gleaming—knife,  
To bid the purple life-blood pour,  
And give—the promis'd sign—for more.  
He fain would have his victim know  
All the dark horror of the blow.

—And see!—her eyelids tremble!—and!—  
“Foul fiend of Hell!—“Now stay thine hand!  
Thunder’d a voice of deep command,  
“And take from me thy just reward!”  
—The monster fell!—a stranger’s sword  
Had sheath’d within him—still he grasp’d  
His victim tighter—as he gasp’d—  
But left her breathless on the ground,  
When springing up with tiger bound,  
His strength in agony he found;  
And madly darting on his foe—  
—With dagger struck—one frightful blow—  
Again he fell!—and death was now,  
In clammy dews upon his brow!—  
But still he struggled—still he curs’d,  
Till the last chain of life—had burst.

As shrink the waves from off the shore  
When nature tells their time is o’er,  
So shrunk the vile and coward band  
—As beckon’d by a spectre hand;  
Perchance because their hope of gold,  
Lay with their leader stiff, and cold.



W. G. & Co. Lith. N. York.



And Edith was the first to speak,  
In accents tremulous and weak ;  
“ But where is he ?—whose single aid  
The monster’s dreadful purpose stay’d ?  
Great God ! forbid—that he should be  
—A victim to his bravery.—  
I saw him stagger from the blow,  
But oh ! his fate—I do not know.”

They trembling search’d—and quickly found  
A bleeding form upon the ground,  
Apparently—as lifeless as—  
The fearful, soul-revolting mass  
Of Rudolf’s clay.

But—“ Is he dead ?  
Oh ! say not—that the spirit’s fled ! ”  
—And none dar’d answer—no reply—  
Save an unconscious—hopeless—sigh,  
Met Edith’s ear.

With beating heart  
She watch’d one put the crown apart ;  
He promptly staunch’d the frightful tide  
That pour’d from out the stranger’s side ;

And seiz'd a torch—and flung its light  
 Strong on the half-clos'd orbs of sight ;  
 Then, in that full and steady tone,  
 That hath conviction for its own—  
 The confidence it feels—that gives—  
 —The Monk exclaim'd—“ he lives ! he lives ! ”

Oh ! when the reign of fear is o'er,  
 How strangely mem'ry seems to pour  
 The dark events that pass'd before—  
 At first confus'd, all indistinct,  
 Truth with the wildest fancies link'd ;  
 Then—as the young stream gathers force,  
 When distancing its parent source—  
 Truth seems to doff the dreamy haze,  
 And strengthen in a thousand ways ;  
 And still it deepens—still it swells—  
 On ev'ry nerve—the story tells ;  
 At length, in giant-form 't is cast  
 —In the mighty ocean of the past.

When first the Lady Edith knew,  
 Her life was sav'd—and felt it true—



Her mind, by sudden impulse grew  
More strong :—The present—not the past,  
O'er the wide realm of reason cast  
Its influence :—and gratitude—  
All dark remembrances subdued ;  
Or, if in shadowy form they came,  
'T was but to stimulate—that claim :  
Thence sprang the anxious dread for him,  
Who careless or of life or limb—  
Had sav'd her : but, when calm and clear,  
The words—he lives !—had still'd her fear !  
Then mem'ry call'd each danger back  
With tenfold horror on its track—  
—The consciousness that now she stood  
Pressing the ground through human blood ;  
Came to her heart with vengeance dire,  
She seem'd—half ready to expire.

With fretted roof—and blazon'd wall  
Behold a richly curtain'd hall !  
And in the midst, a senseless form,  
With scarce enough of life to warm

One spark of hope within the breast,  
 Of those that round his couch have press'd :  
 And lo ! a maiden—sweetly fair—  
 Hath rescued locks of rich brown hair,  
 From the dark harden'd gore that pent,  
 And held them in entanglement ;  
 —And with gentle care is laving,  
     Temples of such ghastly pale,  
 That the hand of death seems waving,  
     For the low and mournful wail ;  
 And a tall Monk is bending o'er,  
 Intent some cordial drink to pour  
 Within those lips so stiff and cold—  
 Albeit of a heav'nly mould :—  
 An aged Lord is standing by  
 Regarding all with anxious eye.

The Lady speaks !—her very tone  
 Tells all the fear—her accents own :  
 —“ Oh ! Father Eustace—say—canst thou  
 Trace ought of life upon that brow ?”  
 She ceas'd—for hark ! the midnight bell  
 On Edith's tender heart it fell,

But as the heavy passing knell,  
 In agony she breath'd a prayer :  
 " Spare him—oh Heav'n ! in mercy spare !  
 " Grant but this boon ! and here I vow !"  
 " Cease," said the Monk, " and do not thou,  
 When—by thine o'er-strung feelings spent,  
 Make vows thou wouldst so soon repent !  
 Be still ! Look here !—He moves !—And see !—  
 He opes his languid eyes on thee !"—

\* \* \* \* \*

He did—unconsciously at first,  
 Yet, as her touching beauty burst  
 Angelic, on his waking sight—  
 His eye grew gradually bright,  
 It seem'd at length a sea of light !  
 Not flick'ring as the torch's rays,  
 But one soft,—radiating blaze !—  
 He fix'd a long unchanging look,—  
 And oh ! what volumes then it spoke !  
 The Lady Edith, how did she  
 Support such tender scrutiny ?—  
 Her beaming eye was quickly hid,  
 Behind its alabaster lid.—

Down sunk her head—and then, there fell,  
 Veiling her temple's carmine swell,  
 Tress upon tress, in golden curl,  
 Enwreathing round a neck of pearl.  
 She saw the look—she felt its pow'r,  
 That look pursu'd her many an hour.

But now restor'd to consciousness,  
 Who is he? “How shall they address  
 The patient sufferer? in his tone  
 There is distinction: yet, unknown!  
 Without attendants—What did he?  
 Aye there indeed was mystery!”  
 His dress was simple, neat, but plain;  
 Yet mark'd they, when they look'd again,  
 A jewel on his finger shone,  
 Such as a prince might proudly own.

He saw their doubt—he turn'd his head,  
 And—ARTHUR is my name he said,  
 With look—that question more—forbade:  
 Then on the Monk he fix'd his eye,  
 (As anxiously he watch'd him by.)

“ And who doth thus my pillow tend ?”  
Smiling—the Monk replied—“ A friend !”

Oh ! what a clever boy is Love !  
    How quick can make his way !  
How many obstacles remove !  
    How much of pride gainsay !  
How soon find out the weaker part !  
    And then his net prepare ;  
How readily can reach the heart !  
    And make his dwelling there.  
He creeps through such unlikely ways,  
    As no one else can do ;  
And sometimes makes such lengthy stays,  
    All uninvited too !  
Can any dare defy his pow’r ?  
Or hurl him from his central tow’r ?  
No !—not the monarch on his throne,  
Can make the giddy boy be gone.  
No !—not the peasant in his cot,  
Can drive him from the fav’rite spot.

No!—not the maiden in her bow'r,  
To banish him hath any pow'r.  
No!—not the sage with all his lore,  
Can keep him from his stern heart's door.  
No!—not the hermit in his cell,  
Can all his influence repel.  
No!—not the soldier in the fight,  
Can put the daring boy to flight.  
No!—not the ploughman of the deep,  
Can lull the little rogue to sleep.  
No!—not the ruffian in his cave,  
Can yet the subtle stripling brave.  
Oh is there in the world so wide!  
A heart that love hath never tried?  
Something, the human heart must love,  
In earth beneath or heav'n above;  
There's no one, save the fiend of hell,  
With whom Love cannot, will not, dwell!

The Lady Edith, did not know,  
Whate'er could chase her slumbers so!  
She could not tell what made her sigh,  
Nor why the glance of that bright eye,

So strangely, vividly, should be,  
Engraven on her memory.—  
Where'er she turn'd she saw it still,  
It seem'd her very soul to fill;  
And oft she thought of that brave deed,  
That had herself from murder freed :  
Or dwelt upon the crimson tide,  
That flow'd from out his wounded side,  
Till ev'ry pow'r of mind would be,  
Absorb'd in painful sympathy.

Full many an anxious week had pass'd,  
And Arthur's wound was heal'd at last ;  
But then, he look'd so wan, and pale,  
That sympathy could scarcely fail,  
To give its cordial balm.

Who is there—hath not felt its pow'r,  
To soothe the languid, aching hour ?

The throbbing pulse to calm ?  
And Arthur had a heart that could,  
Appreciate such heav'nly good.

The Lady Edith—she was gay,

Now lightly pass'd her hours away,  
For she did little else than play :  
And ever and anon she thought,  
Of something new that might be brought,  
    To while his time away :  
And keep his mind, from dwelling on,  
Or pains or pleasures that were gone,  
    And reconcile his stay.  
But oh ! he needed not such care,  
So long as she herself was there,—  
For he would on her beauty gaze,  
And watch her thousand winning ways,  
Till ev'ry feeling seem'd to be,—  
Wrapp'd up in her own witchery.

    What master hand hath swept the lyre ?  
What soul hath set its strings on fire,  
And wak'd such deep—such pow'ful strain ?  
It ceases—Hark ! it swells again—  
A wilder—bolder—measure still  
Now all the spirit seems to fill—  
It changes ! sweet and plaintive now  
Upon the heart it seems to flow !



Fair Edith, bend thy ravish'd ear !  
And listen to the words so clear,  
That mingling with the hallow'd sound  
Awake to life the breezes round.

*Song.*

Lady ! thou hast done for me,  
I shall never more be free ;  
For my spirit thou hast bound,  
With thy fetters round and round.

Thou canst never ease the chain,  
Save if thou wilt share the pain :  
Lady ! bright as morning dew,  
Come ! and be a captive too !

Here with one touching chord he ceas'd,  
And Arthur his lov'd harp releas'd ;  
And Edith ever from that hour,  
Acknowledg'd love's resistless pow'r.

“ Say ! was it wonderful at length,  
Young Arthur should regain his strength ?

That, tended with such winning care,  
Blithe health should to his limbs repair ;  
Or day by day that she should seek,  
To hoist her flag upon his cheek !  
And now he could with Edith roam,  
And guard her from her Castle home,  
And tread with her the woody vale,  
And listen to the warbling tale  
That fill'd the air with melody :

And oh ! can such things ever tire,

Where there are two souls to admire ?

Where eyes meet eyes in sympathy !

But, with returning health there came,

Duty—with him an iron claim ;

Duty requir'd that he should go :

He went—but where—he did not show.

Yet ere he left proud Richmond's gate,

The good old Earl himself would wait,

And all his thanks and feelings state.

“ Brave Arthur—thou wilt ever be,

Most welcome ! to my child and me :—

“ Aye welcome ! to this fenced dome !

Thrice welcome to my heart and home !





Go—when duty calls thee hence,

Come—when duty can dispense.

“ Most gen’rous Arthur, but for thee !

And thy devoted bravery !

My Edith and myself had press’d,

Through murder foul—death’s clay-cold rest.—

Oh ! take a father’s blessing then,

And go !—but say thou ’lt come again.”

Young Arthur came—and went—and came,

Yet none dare ask him of his name ;

There was a grandeur in his brow,

That stopp’d the question—Who art thou ?

There was an arrow in his eye,—

That foul suspicion could defy :

And, there was music in his voice,

That made the very soul rejoice :

Yet in its tone a something said,

—I know not to be disobey’d.—

Whene’er he went—fair Edith’s eye

Lost all its brightness ; she would sigh,

And musing, lov'd to be alone,  
 To fancy—where—he could be gone ;  
 And yet perchance she lov'd him more,  
 For all the mystery he wore.—  
 And—is it not ever thus ?—we prize  
 —Most—that withholden from our eyes !  
 And wherefore so ?

Because it gives  
 The food on which young Fancy lives !  
 Myst'ry is Fancy's minister—  
 Brings life, and liberty to her :  
 From earthy thrall—relieves her wings  
 And smiles upon her as she springs !  
 E'en Wisdom—gazing on her flight,  
 Owns something of a stern delight ;  
 And half approves—yet half afraid,  
 Lest her return, too long delay'd,  
 Should bid hostilities commence,  
 Between herself and common sense.

“ See ! with what rapture now she cleaves  
 Th' inspiring air !—and how she leaves

By magic pencil—on her track—  
Occurrences from ages back,  
All into pictur'd semblance brought,  
To illustrate the page of thought :  
Blending—in many a vivid scene  
What is to come ! with what has been !  
Ha ! now she quits the clouds—to tread,  
With dancing feet some rosy bed :  
Now—by the side of mountain streams,  
She floats along like truth in dreams :  
Next moment—she may chance alight,  
Where meet the brave in desp'rate fight ;  
And gazing on the victor—now !  
She weaves the laurel for his brow,  
Darts from him—to the fallen foe,  
And gives her sympathy to woe.—  
—Then comes Reflection—sober maid—  
And Fancy's further flight is stay'd.

'T was thus to Edith's wayward thought,  
Fancy her changeful visions brought ;  
And still whatever she pourtray'd—  
Or martial camp—or grotto's shade,

Young Arthur was in all display'd.  
 Soon with the lightning's speed she dash'd,  
 And conjur'd up the fearful past :  
 Th' eventful night—the forest shade—  
 The murd'rer's grasp—the stranger's aid—  
 The dying wretch—the howling curse—  
 The bleeding—lifeless, form—and worse ;—  
 The dread—the agonizing fear—  
 Lest life no more that form should cheer :  
 —And then—the breaking of that trance !  
 The pow'r ! the magic ! of a glance—  
 This last ! with truth—came so replete,  
 That Fancy dropp'd at Reason's feet.—

Time onward roll'd—months flew apace ;  
 Winter had taken Summer's place ;  
 And Spring, too, in its earliest bloom,  
 Already chid dark Winter's gloom.

Oh ! what a lovely time is Spring !  
 How much of hope it seems to bring !  
 How sweet ! to watch the naked tree  
 Awake from Winter's apathy.—



And—when the stormy blasts are o'er,  
Yield up from its intrinsic store,  
At first, the scarce perceptive bud  
That quickly doth its branches stud ;  
Then, op'ning in its earliest green,  
The beautiful young leaf is seen ;  
At length—all richly deck'd, the tree  
Stands forth—the pride of scenery :  
While ev'ry branch, with verdure strong,  
Invites the little Queen of Song—  
To prove her architectural skill,  
And build her moss-clad home at will.

Spring hath for ev'ry heart a charm—  
To fascinate the old—and warm  
To ecstacy ! the youthful soul—  
Whose sympathy can reach the whole.

In very truth I love the Spring—  
I love the early flow'rs that bring  
Their sweets—with promises of more.  
“ What ! though 't is ever on the wing !  
May we not catch its dews ? and store  
Our hearts with hopes and brilliant things ?  
Such as day's monarch gaily flings—

When dares a cloud ! from its embrace,  
Let fall one drop—before his face !

I never felt at home in gloom,  
But like the moth—I would rather stay  
Nearest the light—although my doom  
Were to die—by the strength of its ray.

And though the merriest learn to sigh,  
For bright beams will not always play,  
Life's bitter cup—will not pass by—  
Yet may we fling the dregs away !

What ! tho' fair Edith's heart was clad,  
In mourning vestments—dark and sad !  
What ! tho' a weary time had pass'd,  
Since she had seen her Arthur last ;  
Had listen'ed to each messenger  
That brought her country's news to her ;  
Heard the young warrior Ethol's name !  
Blown on Prince Edward's trump of fame !  
His chosen friend—she sometimes thought,  
Beneath his banner—Arthur fought :  
And dark Suspense—that wearing guest  
Most cruelly upon her press'd.—

But—could she see all nature gay !  
And not catch one reviving ray ?  
Oh ! no—for as the days grew long  
—Bright hope—inspiring hope—wax'd strong.

“ He came !—but only ye who know,  
What 't is to meet with lovers so—  
Can tell—how quickly sorrows melt,  
Can tell—what Lady Edith felt.—

He came !—in native grandeur—came !  
At the hour—when day's retiring flame  
Crimson'd the West—and King-like threw,  
On all—the splendour of his hue.  
Gave to the tow'rs—a richer gloom,  
And to the streams—a roseate bloom,  
And to the trees—a warmer shade,  
And to the hills—a purple braid,  
And to the clouds—a glowing vest,  
Where most the violet had rest,  
But on its edge—divinely spread,  
With lavish hand—a ruby red ;  
Gave to the human face—a charm,  
Words cannot into image warm.

I said he came !—but all alone—  
His rank and lineage still unknown ;  
It matter'd not—where'er he went,  
Nature such dignity had lent,  
That no one car'd for his descent.  
Yet was he chang'd—a mournful shade,  
Seem'd deeply on his spirits laid.—  
Damp'd was the eye's inspiring blaze ;  
And, when on Edith fell its gaze,  
'T was almost lost in liquid haze ;  
Still in its tenderness did seem  
To have a far more heav'nly beam.  
But Edith !—hers was happiness—  
Untinctur'd by one dark impress ;  
It seem'd as though her very soul  
Escap'd from bodily control,  
Was coming to its own surprise  
From out her joy-illumin'd eyes.  
Hers was too fresh—too pure a joy  
To blend at once with stern alloy ;  
And yet alas !—full soon there came  
A cloud on Hope's ethereal flame :

To-day !—all transport—but the morrow !  
Broke o'er a heart weigh'd down in sorrow.

Edith that night her pillow press'd  
To think—to dream—but not to rest—  
And slowly Night's dark noon went past—  
When lo ! commingling with the blast  
Æolus o'er his own dominion—  
Brought sweetly on expanded pinion  
Music's all-fascinating strain.  
It came—and died—and came again :  
Then rose a voice amid the sound,  
That fill'd the ærial vault around ;  
And Edith quick the casement sought,  
'T was thus the breathing words she caught.

## Song.

When morning breaks,  
The downy chain,  
That slumber flings around thee ;  
And thy soul wakes,  
To life again,

And cares that nature found thee,  
 Then,—oh ! think of me love !

When ev'ning flings  
 Her modest veil,  
 O'er nature's many charms love ;  
 And other things,  
 More sad assail,  
 The heart that friendship warms love,  
 Oh ! then remember me !

When midnight's gloom,  
 In sable dress,  
 Clothes ev'ry thing without thee,  
 And slumbers come,  
 And lightly press,  
 Their fantasies about thee,  
 Then,—oh ! dream of me love !

And here one melancholy chord,  
 A wilder, sadder measure pour'd ;  
 The words too, they were sad and low,  
 In sorrow did they seem to flow.—

I go—for war is on the gale !  
Its trumpets loud ! mine ear assail,—  
Round thee—may guardian angels dwell !  
And—dearest Edith—fare thee well.—

'T was Arthur's parting song—'t was done !  
And Edith felt that he was gone.  
She never ask'd—when morning came,  
She never dar'd to breathe his name :  
Alas ! too well she knew that he,  
Far, far, from Richmond's gate must be :  
She never shed one friendly tear,  
Nor yet his absence, did appear  
To note ; but her pale cheek confess'd  
How very heavily it press'd—  
How much destroy'd her spirit's rest !  
And, though she struggled to be gay,  
Still week by week she pin'd away.

The old Earl saw her silent grief,  
And bent himself to find relief—  
He sought with courtly guests to fill,  
His spacious halls—'t was done at will :

And life—and merriment—and song,—  
Pervaded the assembled throng.—  
'T was all in vain—she droop'd the more,  
And smil'd but when the fête was o'er.

Yet was there one that knew her mind,  
One, whom her silence could not blind :  
'T was father Eustace—he had been,  
From infancy her faithful guide—  
Her spirit's guard—from vice her screen,  
The aqueduct—from whence the tide  
Of knowledge all her wants supplied.

He sought to raise this drooping flow'r,  
By other means—by higher pow'r—  
'T was his—with practis'd eye to see  
A balm in ev'ry shrub and tree—  
'T was his—their virtues to apply,  
To still the fear—and stay the sigh.

Again, stern Winter's worst was gone :  
—The sun was faintly shining on,  
As smiling scornfully to see,  
The snowdrop—child of purity,







Striving with many a trembling tear,  
Her little modest stem to rear ;  
Looking, as if with grief she found,  
Herself alone upon the ground.  
Edith remark'd her as she stepp'd,  
And 't was in sympathy—she wept !  
When father Eustace, watching by—  
Deem'd the physician's hour was nigh,  
Then with impressive tone—but mild  
'T was thus he spoke—his more than child :

“ See where yon tiny shadeless flow'r,  
Reclines its snowy head ;  
And sparkling from the recent show'r,  
Engems its leafless bed.

“ It asks not one admiring look,  
It claims no fost'ring hand ;  
But written down in nature's book,  
It blooms at heav'n's command.

“ And yet its little life seems spent,  
'Mid elements unkind !

For it no genial rays are lent,  
To warm the cutting wind.

“ And still it lives—a lovely flow’r,  
A cherish’d, lonely prize ;  
Lives, till the sun regains his pow’r,  
Then bashful—droops, and dies.

“ And—shouldst not thou sweet Edith bloom ?  
Thy Maker form’d thee not for gloom.  
—And—if the snowdrop claim his care !  
Why may not Arthur also share ?  
Say ! Is he past th’ Almighty’s hand ?  
Whom duty holds in distant land !  
“ Tell me the clime !—the shore !—the sea !  
Where heav’n’s protection may not be—  
—“ Let hope—thine ev’ry fear dispel,  
“ Let hope—thy languid spirits swell !  
Think—that perchance—with honour’d name.  
Bright with the glow of marshal fame,  
Young Arthur from the wars may come,  
To seek his happiness at home.”—

Oh ! had ye seen that lovely faae,  
Flinging its mourning veil aside ;  
Smiling away—each tell-tale trace,  
Of tears bright Hope so late had dried,  
Ye might have fancied—Hope had giv'n  
All the felicity of heav'n !—

Britannia's  
Royal Chieftain.

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The Combat.

Beneath a purple canopy,  
A monarch bow'd his head ;  
It was a mournful thing to see,  
Such melancholy shed  
O'er features—that would else have been,  
Or blithe—or cheerfully serene :  
To mark the locks—once chesnut hair  
Whitening—oh ! not with age—but care !  
And those deep lines—by bitter thought,  
Untimely on the forehead brought ;  
The eye—from which had faded all  
The brilliance of that magic ball ;—

The strange—the utter listlessness  
That seem'd on ev'ry limb to press ;  
The languid voice—whose hopeless tone,  
Bespoke that monarch—Sorrow's own.

A gaudy page within his call,  
Pac'd stealthily the lower hall ;  
But not a single friend was near,  
His spirit's heaviness to cheer.  
None but the Traitor's own were found,  
The monarch's splendid home around ;  
He held him fetter'd by a chain,  
Strong as e'er clank'd on dungeon floor :  
The links were falsehood—and it bore  
On ev'ry link the stamp of pain.

“ Who did ye say—hath come to see  
The puppet they have made of me ?  
“ Who cometh now to mock his king ?  
Or doth from Leicester—insult bring ?”

Replied the page—while bending low  
“ My Lord of Gloucester waits e'en now,  
He asketh but the royal will  
Important errand to fulfil.”

There is in Royalty a charm,  
That all the fancy seems to warm—  
There's something in the name of King,  
That hath a strange, yet pow'ful spring,

Upon the heart and love !

And e'en the light mysterious haze,  
That hovers round his very ways,  
And checks the bold obtrusive gaze,

A stimulant may prove !

Oh ! worthless—is the heart—and cold,  
That cannot such a feeling hold.

'T was something of such view—perchance  
That to young Gloucester's countenance  
A mantling glow of feeling brought ;  
Or it might be the sudden thought,  
Of all the mischief he had wrought,  
By giving, in an evil hour  
His aid, to treason's ruthless pow'r :  
But whatsoe'er the cause—it came—  
A bright yet fluctuating flame,  
Alternate fed by pride—and shame ;  
For, if the slender lip compress'd  
A stern unyielding pride confess'd !



Yet did the down-cast eye reveal,  
A tale that pride would fain conceal ;  
—He knelt before an injur'd King,  
And felt the spirit's inward sting,  
When on his car—with feeble swell  
That monarch's touching accents fell.—

“ Gloucester !—I had not thought to find  
Thee too—against thy King inclin'd,  
The boy I have so oft caress'd !  
I did not think when manhood dress'd  
His comely form—that he would be,  
Leagued with an upstart enemy.  
But oh ! how well—we cannot know  
How much the future has of woe !  
Had I foreseen the pain, the care,  
That now have fallen to my share,  
I surely long ere this had been  
Shut out from ev'ry earthly scene !

“ Call me not Old England's King !  
I—that weak—that pow'rless thing—  
I cannot even rest mine eye  
On one familiar form ;

Alone, amid a crowd I sigh,  
     While howls around the storm.  
 My valiant son—my strength, my boast,  
 Is he not now in dungeon cast?  
 And I a King!—and have not pow'r  
 To solace him a single hour!  
 Could I but know my Edward free!  
 Triumphant o'er the enemy—  
 Oh! Death how welcome wouldst thou be!  
 How gladly would I lay mine head  
 Down on thy narrow, quiet bed:—  
 Life!—is all bitterness—all woe—  
 A crown!—all torment—and all show—  
 Well might I weep away mine eyes;  
 —“ But rise!—My Lord of Gloucester—rise—  
 And cease this mockery I pray!  
 Do now thine errand—go thy way.”

“ My Liege—oh! if before thy face  
 Contrition e'er may look for grace!  
 Now may the faulty Gloucester dare  
 Hope—yet again, thy smile to share.

The past—I must for ever hate,  
But oh !—and if it be my fate  
Another year of life to know,  
By heav'ns !—I will the past undo ;  
Cut down the weeds already grown !  
Tear up the seeds still later sown !  
And never rest—nor heart nor hand,  
From watchful care—and fiery brand,  
Till the dark Leicester's hateful pow'r  
Hath grappled with its latest hour.  
—My Prince !—our Royal Chieftain free,  
My King !—without one enemy.”

These were his words—and more—at length,  
His language gath'ring force and strength,  
So energetic he became—  
And so convuls'd his slender frame,  
—Like the tempestuous mountain wave,  
At last he almost seem'd to rave.

As ocean in the torrid zone,  
When the simoom—its last hath blown,  
Bears on its waveless mirror true,  
The heav'n's expanded arch of blue ;

—So did young Gloucester's eye reflect,  
 The kind paternal smile that deck'd  
 King Henry's face.

The storm was gone—  
 His conscience eas'd—his pardon won.

But Gloucester hath yet more to tell,  
 Aye more the Monarch's hopes to swell ;  
 How ev'ry Baron doth repent  
 Of Edward's strange imprisonment,  
 Save one—that one must something yield,  
 He doth not yet the sceptre wield,  
 And thus in council hath he sworn,  
 —“ The Prince within appointed bourne,  
 Shall daily sally forth at will,

Attended by a watchful train ;  
 Who, while his pleasure they fulfil,  
 Him still their pris'ner shall retain.”

Is there yet more? Young Gloucester's eye  
 Letteth again its lightnings fly,  
 Something of int'rest still more deep  
 Maketh his fiery spirit leap :

—'T is but an hour since he hath parted  
With him the brave—the noble hearted,  
The young Lord Ethol—he whose word  
Was ever trusty as his sword ;  
'Together—they have plann'd a way,  
Together—even fix'd a day,  
When—should the heav'n's propitious be—  
They trust to hail ! their Chieftain free !

'T was ev'ning twilight's gloomy hour ;  
The Royal Captive, reft of pow'r,  
Sat lonely, in his prison tow'r,  
    And gaz'd upon the sea !  
He watch'd the mountain billows rise !  
He watch'd the angry, threat'ning skies !  
And mark'd the wind's deep fitful sighs,  
    That came so heavily !  
A vessel plies the foaming main,  
And puts forth all her skill in vain ;  
For lo ! the storm is gath'ring fast,  
Now wildly howls the furious blast !

And darker yet, and darker still,  
 Clouds upon clouds their part fulfil!

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How strangely hath the wind gone down!  
 The sea, too—sinks with sullen moan;  
 All nature petrified doth lie,  
 A moment as entranc'd—and why?  
 —She waits a signal from on high!

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It comes!! One bright sulphureous flash,  
 Calls forth the joint terrific crash.

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When striving winds—and waters meet,  
 How strangely—fearfully—they greet;  
 Oh how tremendous is the roar!  
 Of those two elements at war.

Now flash on flash—and crash on crash  
 Tell how the stormy spirits clash,  
 And each long forky light that plays  
 With brilliant atmospheric blaze,

Reveals the horrors of the storm,  
Reveals the shatter'd vessel's form—  
Another ! see ! her masts are down,  
—Yet another—all—all—is gone.  
Already hath she met her doom,  
Hath sunk into the ocean tomb :—  
She could not reach the wish'd for shore,  
And now ! the storm is nearly o'er ;  
The wind beginneth to relent,  
The clouds have all their fluid spent,  
The waters too, they seem content—  
Together—all have sunk to rest,  
And nature hath her pillow press'd.

'T is night—how beautiful on high  
The starlights glitter in the sky ;  
The crescent Moon serenely rides,  
And not a sound the air divides,  
Save the repentant ocean's moan,  
O'er those that to his depths have gone,  
How sweet the requiem of the deep,  
For them that in his bosom sleep !

Of all that hapless vessel bore,  
 One only, living, swam to shore ;  
 He did through strength of muscle reach,  
 At length, all chill'd, the rocky beach,  
 And long the sport of dashing spray,  
 Benumb'd and motionless he lay.

    A holy father thither led,  
 Descried upon that cheerless bed  
 His wave-drench'd form.

  A moment's thought  
 Him kneeling by the sufferer brought,  
 An hour—and in monastic shade  
 Restor'd to strength—by kindly aid—  
 Lord Ethol—(for 't was his the form  
 That brav'd alone that fearful storm,)  
 Arose—and had so well succeeded  
 To gain a friend when most he needed ;  
 That ere he bid adieu he had  
 Himself in monkish vestments clad,  
 And with such passport made his way,  
 Uncheck'd to where Prince Edward lay,  
 Watching the weary night away :



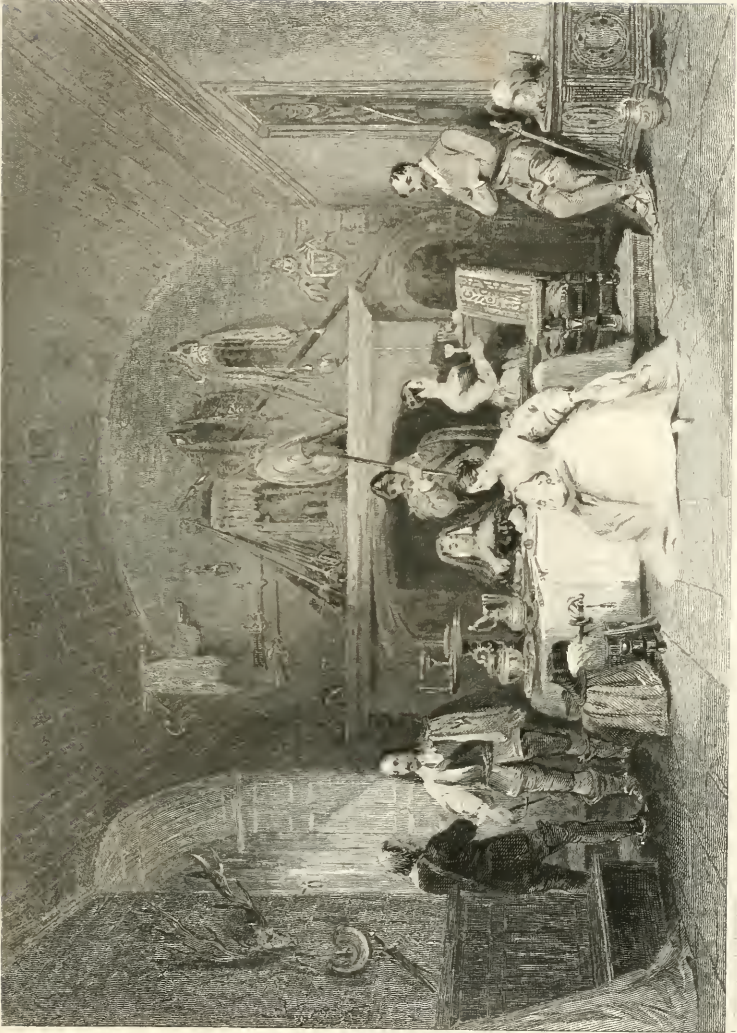
With not a hope—that morn would be  
Clad in ought less of misery—  
And oh ! the Sun's all brilliant beam  
Doth to the chasten'd spirit seem,  
But with unfriendly art to show  
Still more distinct the cause of woe.

It matters not—that I should tell  
How those two met—who lov'd so well !  
Suffice it—that in early grey  
Aurora—ere she gave the day,  
Saw Melancholy flee away ;  
And in her place—Hope—lovely maid,  
In all her sparkling gems array'd.

Saw ye the Castle gates give way,  
The captive Prince comes forth to-day ;  
And tow'ring 'mid a watchful throng,  
How gallantly he rides along.  
Oh ! mark his brow—his noble air—  
What majesty !—what grandeur there !  
While in his haughty glance and keen  
The proud Plantagenet is seen.

He speaks !—they strain to catch his words,  
 “ What say ye to a race my lords ?  
 Mounted on chargers sleek and gay,  
 ’T were fitting pastime for the day !  
 Who first from yonder giant tree,  
     Will in succession bring  
 The twentieth time—a twig to me,  
     To him this ruby ring !—  
 Ho !! for the race ”—the rousing cry  
 Told upon hoofs that seem’d to fly.

Intently gazing—Edward stood,  
 And as he gaz’d—the boiling blood  
 Shot through his veins—as liquid fire !  
 —Tight rein doth now his steed require,  
 As if from its rider it caught  
 An impulse—a spirit—a thought—  
 It strain’d to be free—and the race  
 Hath near’d a close ! At weaken’d pace  
 For their last token now they go,  
 The horsemen of that stirring show.  
 —The hour is come !—the moment nigh !  
 The Prince !—must spur his steed—and fly !—





“ ’T is done !—“ He darts from out the throng,  
And like some spirit—flies along ;  
The crew, with simultaneous shout  
Wildly pursue their pris’ner’s route,  
But hard the task—and fierce the strife,  
To run with those—who run for life ;  
Their steeds exhausted—his as fleet,  
As rather it had wings than feet !

And lo ! all arm’d—with sword and spear,  
Two horsemen at his side appear :  
—“ Go !—Go ! ye baffled host—and tell  
How ye have kept your charge so well ;  
—Go !—tell the traitor—that this hour  
Signs—the death warrant—of his pow’r !”

Deep in the forest glade, with care,  
A joyous troop the feast prepare ;  
See ! on the ground in large supplies,  
The reeking venison now lies :  
And foaming ale, and wheaten bread,  
All on the grass-green table spread.

No golden goblet glitters there,  
To grace the lips of Britain's heir !  
No liv'ried menials idly wait !  
The Prince ! and yet no chair of state.  
Lo ! there he is upon the ground !  
Five hundred bowmen wall him round,  
Whose cheering acclamations rise,  
In uncheck'd ardour to the skies.  
To him the great—the good—the wise ;  
With ev'ry warlike virtue crown'd—  
The soldier's cheer was sweeter sound,  
Than all that minstrelsy could make,  
Than all that war's own trumpets wake.  
And yet he lov'd the harp to hear,  
To him the minstrel's song was dear :  
A harp was brought—he quickly threw  
His fingers o'er the chords, and drew  
Therefrom a touching melody,  
Though measureless, yet full, and free,  
Then turn'd to Ethol at his side,—  
With somewhat of a brother's pride.  
“ Here take it then, he said, and smil'd,  
To thee, 't is but a fav'rite child ;

And give me now, thy richest strain,  
And brighten up my soul again !”  
Lord Ethol in obedience sprang—  
Receiv'd the harp he lov'd, and sung.

Song.

“ While I strike thy strings my lyre,  
Set, oh ! set my soul on fire !  
While thy music I prolong !  
Aid me in my spirit's song :  
Give me now, thy wildest glee,—  
Tell Prince Edward, he is free.

“ Tell me ! while I touch the lyre !  
Would ye look on living fire ?  
Would ye see a spirit blaze ?  
Darting forth its thousand rays !  
Would ye, kindling rapture see ?  
—Tell a Briton, He is free !”

He ceas'd—a wond'ring look went round,  
Of brimming thanks, there was no sound,

No ! not a single word express'd—  
But ev'ry soldier's eye confess'd,  
How through his heart the meaning flew,  
He gloried, he was British too !—  
A moment pass'd ! none silence broke,  
At length the royal Edward spoke :  
With music kindling thoughts arose,  
Their tenour, thus his words disclose.  
“ It is indeed delight to be,  
Once more in mind, and body free ;  
And here beneath this forest shade,  
This canopy by Nature made :  
To see thee, Ethel, at my side,  
My brave deliv'rer, and my guide,  
Hail Arthur ! thou so fully tried ;  
And Gloucester too, my wayward friend,  
Here let our long estrangement end,  
    And give thine hand to me—  
Be thy past errors, and my grief  
Cast like the Autumn-wither'd leaf,  
    Away from memory.—  
Gloucester ! we mortals all are frail,  
Without exception, in the vale



Of sorrow, man is doom'd to tread,  
Till he hath spent life's slender thread  
Gloucester ! I thank thee, from my heart,  
To-day for thy most gen'rous part ;  
Oh ! I shall ne'er forget this day !  
No ! not when age with silver grey,  
Shall weave a vesture for mine head ;  
'T will be as vividly pourtray'd,  
When I am old,—perchance decay'd !”

“ Stay there, my Prince, Lord Ethol said,  
Nor deem me in my words too bold :  
A hero never can grow old—  
But like the laurel that he wears,  
In ev'ry season bright appears !  
How fresh, how beautiful in Spring !  
Summer a richer shade doth bring ;  
Autumnal brown is never seen ;  
Winter, still finds, the laurel green !  
As with the laurel, so with fame—  
In future ages, still the same ;  
Thy virtues, in their pristine bloom,  
My Prince ! will long outlive the tomb.”

A week had scarcely pass'd away,  
And the dark forest then so gay,  
Was lonely as a wilderness ;  
For, save in danger, or distress,  
Or daring deeds of wickedness,  
Men care not that their homes shall be,  
So deep in gloom, though fiercely free.  
Man loves the hamlet, or the town,  
But seldom cares to be alone.

Day broke in sunny radiance o'er  
A battle's proud array,  
On thousands that would rise no more,  
To watch the break of day.  
The dazzling sunbeams seem'd to dance  
On glitt'ring shield—and polish'd lance,  
Or on the lines, as if they told  
The tale of war in burnish'd gold.  
“Ye Britons—Ye were ever brave,  
On smiling plain—and stormy wave ;  
But fearful—when with boiling blood,  
'Gainst fellow-Britons ye have stood !

Oh! turn and mark that royal line,  
Ten thousand heroes there combine  
With strength—with life—with heart and hand,  
To snatch from tyranny their land!  
To hurl a traitor from his height,  
To give a Monarch back his right!

In giant stature riding by,  
The Royal Chieftain drew each eye;  
And as his deep, inspiring tone  
Told out command! his dark eye shone!  
Then ev'ry soldier's spirit rose,  
He felt that Prince was worth his blows!

And Leicester too—had pow'r and skill!  
Well fitted he—high post to fill;  
And brave his troops—and stern of heart,  
Well fitted for their lawless part.

The trumpet sounds!

In deadly crash

Warriors on iron warriors rush,  
And hissing arrows dim the sky,  
Each charg'd with fatal destiny;

And Death is strewing on the plain,  
His victims numberless as grain.

But who is he? Yon listless knight,  
First in the ranks—where traitors fight;  
Yet strikes he not!—his shining blade  
Is guiltless of one crimson shade.—  
—To him a spear hath found its way:  
Hath pierc'd him—

“Soldier stay!—oh stay!  
Surely to death! thou wouldst not bring  
—Henry of Winchester!—thy King!”  
“The King!”—say! by what demon's will  
Compell'd such fearful post to fill!  
—Dark Leicester's!—but a higher pow'r  
O'errul'd that strange, revolting hour.  
—“The King!”

That word Prince Edward caught,  
And dash'd with more than speed of thought,  
Fearless his deadliest foes among,  
And with a courage calm, as strong—  
Despite the rage of vengeance dire,  
Took from an host—his wounded sire.

—Joy—joy—the royal troops prevail,  
Beneath their blows—the rebels fail.

The trumpet sounds !

By heav'ns they meet !

With kindling fury—wildly greet,  
—In single combat—mortal strife  
Those two, with deadliest vengeance rife.

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Lord Ethol hath dark Leicester met,  
And lo ! his sun of life is set ;  
The dying Leicester said—“ I yield ”—  
Lord Ethol quick beside him kneel'd,  
Remov'd his casque—What saw he there ?  
—Pride—agony—revenge—despair ;—  
And scarce his burning lips had quaff'd  
From gen'rous foe the luscious draught,  
When—with the spirit's anger strong,  
He rose amid the startled throng !—  
“ Die prostrate ! !—at a stripling's feet ;  
No ! !—Think ye that Leicester will not meet

More loftily his death?—and close—  
 At least with pride—his life and woes !”  
 And as he spoke—the purple gore  
 Spread its dark streams his armour o’er.

—“ He stood !—and who had mark’d his face,  
 His hueless features—still might trace  
 Rich beauty—though the monster Death  
 Wrung out the long convulsive breath  
 That, ere the soul can burst away,  
 Shakes the frail tenement of clay :—  
 —The brow !—as heav’n itself expanded,  
 But with the vilest passions branded :—  
 —The brow !—when storms were brewing there,  
 That might the very tiger scare ;  
 And few that did not quake or fly  
 When flush’d in ire dark Montford’s eye !  
 —And seem’d in death—too proud to quiver,  
 The lip—so soon to set for ever—  
 Whose finish’d outline still might tell,  
 What magic there was wont to dwell.  
 He stood—e’en when the upturn’d eye.

Had laid its daring glances by !  
 Till the last agonising sigh—  
 Growl'd out the final !—then he fell—  
 Heard ye that low, unearthly yell ?  
 The spirit darts through middle air  
 To meet its doom !—man knows not where !

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Lord Ethol clos'd the starting eye,  
 Lord Ethol caught the fearful sigh  
 That with the spirit flitted by.

The strife was o'er—the setting sun  
 Gave his last gleam to those who won ;  
 And left to darkness and decay,  
 All those who fell that awful day.

Fancy, I see thine inviting bow,  
 But where ? ah ! where wouldst thou lead me  
 now ?  
 Oh ! pass over centuries gone—  
 And show me how England has won—

Of late years, e'en up to this hour,  
 A glory—a grandeur—a pow'r—  
 That give her, unquestion'd, a claim  
 To preside in the councils of Fame.

Where his broad waters, classic Nile,  
     Gives to the boundless sea ;  
 There Fancy rest thy wing a while,  
     —The battle bring to me !  
 Show me the hostile vessels moor'd  
     Safe in the heaving bay,  
 And by a thousand guns insur'd  
     Of undisputed sway !  
 Show me—my Country's gallant fleet,  
     Their colours in the sky ;  
 With thunders and with vict'ry meet  
     The boasting enemy.—

And now by fresh'ning breezes fann'd,  
 Lead away to that burning land,  
 Where England's conquest and her pow'r  
 Is felt but as a Christian dow'r.



And show me the soul-speaking brow,  
With its earliest laurels enwreath'd  
Of him—when the world did not know  
That—the “ Conqueror’s Conqueror ”—breath’d.

Now spread thy wings—and dart to the wave,  
And heave me a sigh for the fallen brave ;  
Give him a low funereal strain,  
Echoing wide o’er the foaming main ;  
Give him one proud—one rapturous—swell,  
And bid the great ocean’s pride—farewell !

Now gather me laurels in Spain,  
All from the blood of our foes ;  
But freed from the sign of a stain,  
By the heart of a hero that knows  
With a soul-raising grandeur to blend,  
In one action the foe and the friend.

Show me Britannia’s standard waving  
Proudly on the plains of France,  
While the dark tyrant, madly raving,  
Dares not on such host advance.

Show me that last, triumphant, day,  
 That blazing crown to England's sway,  
 When the British Lion—o'er the plain,  
 Sent forth his voice—and shook his mane ;  
 And the vaunting Eagle flapp'd his wing,  
 Wishing—yet daring not—to spring.  
 Till—gazing on the Lion—he—  
 Forgot his wonted bravery,  
 Threw off the mask—turn'd round his head,  
 And coward-like—ignoble fled.—  
 Bring me thy brightest laurels now,  
 Twine me a wreath for the Conqueror's brow ;  
 And what !—and if that wreath shall be  
 But as the rain drop—to the sea !  
 Oh tell me !—could no drops be found !  
 Where were the billows' foaming bound ?

Pass twenty years—and on the main,  
 I ask thy sparkling aid again ;  
 Stemming the mountain wave—oh bring !  
 Crown'd with its foam—Britannia's King :  
     And in his car—and at his side,  
     Show me—his cherish'd Saxon bride ;

For never yet more valued gem,  
Hath grac'd a Monarch's diadem ;  
And never sure hath fairer been,  
The noiseless fame of British Queen.  
A thousand vessels round him ride,  
At once his safeguard and his pride ;  
While from the land !—the breezes blow  
Defiance to his ev'ry foe !—  
Now Fancy—fold thy purple wing,  
And leave—with mine ocean King !—

Britannia's  
Royal Chieftain.

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The Banquet.

Great Sol his course had nearly told,  
And lav'd the western edge with gold,  
    To cover his retreat ;  
And nature's landscape, ever fair,  
Had all the soft entrancing air  
    Of ev'ning calm and sweet.  
And all was still—save the gentle sigh  
Of a southern breeze that floated by,  
And threw a wavy trembling o'er  
The leafy multitude, that wore  
Its richest garb—compos'd I ween  
Of ev'ry hue of Summer-green.



THE LADY'S VISIT



And—save the river's rippling sound,  
That swept proud Richmond's rock around,  
And seem'd to wail its lessen'd beam,  
(So deeply had the hot sun-beam  
Drank of its waters.) All was still  
On tow'r—and plain—and wood-crown'd hill.

“The Lady Edith leaves her hall,  
How noiselessly her footsteps fall!—  
And see! upon the terrace, now  
Slowly she paces to—and fro.—

In crimson and in gold—a tent,  
Without the lofty battlement,  
Gave its rich colours to the sun  
To fling his ev'ning blaze upon.

A father's love had plac'd it there,  
From scorching rays—and chilling air  
To shield the fragile form of her,  
His child—his spirit's minister.  
There ev'ry luxury combin'd  
To soothe and fascinate the mind;

It was a spot that might have been,  
 The resting-place of fairy-queen :  
 All heart could wish—or eye desire,  
 Was there—one thing in chief—a lyre—  
 'T was that, from which young Arthur drew,  
 Long since—the night he bid adieu,  
 What Edith never could forget,  
 Music—that seem'd to vibrate yet—  
 In that sweet spot—when all alone  
 She often lov'd to try its tone,  
 Intent to catch some sudden swell  
 Of that soft strain—she lov'd so well,  
 That seem'd upon each nerve to creep  
 From memory's unfathom'd deep.

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She seiz'd the lyre !—her snowy hand  
       Pass'd o'er its golden strings,  
 Then, as the sound her spirit fann'd,  
       And op'd its hidden springs,  
 Something like pleasure seem'd to rise,  
 Enkindling fire in heav'nly eyes ;



But oh ! how transient was the flame,  
Full soon—dark clouds of sorrow came  
And shut it out—and gath'ring still  
In wild remembrances of ill,  
Her touching countenance spread o'er  
With sadness—sadder than before :  
Yet did she wrestle with despair—  
Blended with fears—some hopes there were.

And now with one small hand, she press'd  
An aching head—but ill at rest ;  
The other on the harp remain'd,  
Her shadowy fingers still enchain'd  
The strings she lov'd—yet motionless,  
Unconscious all of what they press,  
For Fancy and its fellow thought  
Have all absorbing visions brought ;  
And need I say—that vision gave  
Arthur, the unknown, and the brave ;  
Or that such vision did not yield  
At once, its station on the field !  
So long it lasted, that I deem—  
It pass'd into a gentle dream.

Ev'ning into twilight faded,  
 Light streaks—into dark ones shaded,  
 And almost ev'ry tinge was dead  
 Of the western sky's impassion'd red :  
 When lo ! upon the terrace high,  
 A lofty figure draweth nigh—  
 But unperceiv'd—and in the tent  
 Already hath that figure bent,  
 —“ Edith ! ”—

Oh ! fell the word—so clear  
 On careless, inattentive ear ?  
 She woke !—but only just to know  
 That she had dream'd !—to wonder how  
 A sound so clear in dreams could be,  
 So fraught with deep-ton'd melody.  
 —“ Edith ! ”—

She started—and amaz'd  
 Shook off her dream—and wildly gaz'd :  
 “ Who spoke ? ”

—“ Edith ! ”—

With one wild cry  
 Of joys transporting energy—

Forward she rush'd!—suspense was o'er!

'T was Arthur!           \*           \*           \*

Moments there are—but oh? how few!  
When mortals taste a joy so true,  
Such fresh—unmingled—pure delight—  
So free from caution's icy blight,  
That those who feel—would fain believe  
E'en heav'n itself—no more can give.

But few are capable of this  
Thrilling extreme of earthly bliss,  
And they who would such feeling know,  
Must first have prov'd a weight of woe.

'T is when the anxious care of years,  
In one bright moment disappears;  
When ev'ry fear is cast aside,  
And ev'ry hope is satisfied,  
With just one glimpse of the future giv'n,  
Blending this world with the joys on heav'n.

So felt those two—and each forgot  
The hour when such delight was not.

Young Arthur still was plainly clad,  
And not one mark of grandeur had,  
Save the rich sparkling gem alone,  
That still upon his finger shone ;  
And though the old Earl fain would know  
Whom he might be !—’t was even so :  
He could not ask—he dar’d not doubt !  
There was such majesty about  
This unknown Arthur—he possess’d  
A mystic pow’r o’er ev’ry breast.

Some there are have wondrous pow’r,  
To strew with sweets the passing hour,  
These give to converse such a charm,  
As can the simplest subject warm ;  
And if they aught communicate,  
Or be its import small or great,  
Yet do it all so pleasingly ;  
From selfish arrogance so free,  
We wonder when we tell again,  
How it could be so witching then ;  
And find a subject disposess’d  
Of all that gave it interest.

Such pow'r was Arthur's !—in his mind  
The stores from ev'ry source combin'd,  
Left calculation far behind ;  
But though with all his spirit's glow,  
They burst in conversation's flow !  
Yet was his unassuming speech,  
So careful of the pride of each,  
So anxious that the pow'rs of all,  
Into the stream should brightly fall ;  
'T would seem in the rebounding wave,  
As rather he received—than gave.

Again—the merry laugh and song,  
Through tow'r and hall their sounds prolong ;  
Again—fair Edith's voice had won,  
Its witching playfulness of tone ;  
Again—her soft ethereal eye,  
Beam'd forth its meaning joyfully :  
And ev'ry morning as it came,  
Brought with it some delightful claim,  
With Arthur for her guide and stay,  
To dash the sparkling tears away,

That night in silence weeps unseen,  
Upon the meadow's thirsting green ;  
Or seek from Summer-heat a shade,  
In the dark forest's tempting glade.

“ Lady—ah ! why that cheek so pale ?  
Surely thy courage cannot fail !  
And Arthur with thee !—at thy side !  
His pow'r to shield thee hath been tried.  
Nor can there in that giant oak !  
Be ought such trembling to provoke,  
Whose huge paternal arms have spread,  
A leafy kingdom overhead,  
Where but at intervals peep through  
Bright snatches of celestial blue.

Hath mem'ry brought a horrid scene,  
More vivid than the forest green ?  
Oh ! brush it off !—and for that hour,  
Let present sweets their fragrance pour,  
For the shrill note—and savage gibe,  
A thousand songs from the feather'd tribe !  
For the red torch—and gleaming knife,  
That mark'd that night's ensanguin'd strife !

See—on thine own emblazon'd zone—  
The sun's transcendent lightnings thrown !  
For the dark streams—of curdling blood !  
The waving grass—and underwater ;—  
And tendril of uncultur'd growth,  
    With tiny flow'r—and tender stem,  
Twining aloft—and nothing loth—  
    E'en spike-arm'd holly to engem.  
These, Lady, might at least have pow'r  
To chase such mem'ry from this hour !  
—But if thy thoughts will not be chas'd,  
If pictures cannot be cras'd !—  
Perchance in language thou wouldst find,  
A welcome floodgate for the mind.”

And just one delicate shade of red  
Came back to its alabaster bed,  
And seem'd one spark of light to fly,  
From the spirit's fountain, to the eye ;—  
The ruby lips—in sunder broke,  
’T was thus—the Lady Edith spoke !

“ I tremble, Arthur, when I think  
How close I stood—upon the brink

Of that dread precipice—the grave !  
 From what a fate ! 't was thine to save—  
 Myself and sire !—aye ! but for thee  
 One moment more had done for me.

And oh ! how dreadful was the sight  
 I saw by gleaming torches' light—  
 'T was here ! the dying monster fell !  
 E'en now—I almost hear his yell !  
 'T was there ! he struck the frightful blow,  
 That brought thy lofty figure low.

Arthur !—we never can repay—  
 Thy noble sacrifice that day !  
 Oh ! when we gaz'd upon thy brow,  
 Forsaken by life's faintest glow !  
 We almost in our darksome dread,  
 Had deem'd thy spirit must have fled ;  
 When, life returning"—

Here she ceas'd—

She could not speak of eye releas'd  
 From that deep swoon :—that long, long, look  
 Too firm a hold on feeling took.—  
 And now she dar'd not raise her eye,  
 For that same look she felt was by,



In all its brilliancy and fire,  
And then its glance was somewhat nigher.

“ Edith !—indeed there is no debt,  
Upon the past” he said—“ forget—  
Thou wast in peril—and let me  
Here !—for thine hand !—the debtor be—  
Oh ! canst thou trust me—all unknown  
My hand—and faithful heart alone  
I tender thee !—speak !—let me know !  
—Oh ! is it joy ?—or is it woe ?”

And these are times—when words I deem  
Flow not in oratorical stream ;  
For Edith’s happiness—’t was well,  
That silence may such volumes tell :  
That written in a smile and tear,  
Her answer came so bright and clear.

In silence pass’d some moments—and  
He took her pow’rless—passive hand.  
“ Edith !—I almost feel it mine ;”  
—“ Arthur !” —she said—“ Indeed ’t is thine !

And say that thou wert born a slave !  
 I feel thee great—I know thee brave.  
 —'T is thine !—Say thou wert peasant born  
 Well mightest thou a throne adorn ;  
 'T is thine !—be thy station high or low—  
 —'T is thine for ever !—weal—or woe—  
 And not a monarch on his throne,  
 This heart of mine should ever own ;  
 And not a noble in the land,  
 That would not sue in vain mine hand.  
 No ! not Lord Ethol—and his fame :  
 No ! not his cherish'd, knightly name,  
 Should ever rouse love's sympathy—  
 Should ever shake my heart from thee."  
 —“ This is indeed affection prov'd—  
 This is indeed to be belov'd !”

They tell us in this changeful world,  
     True happiness is not ;  
 That joy's enchanting sails are furl'd,  
     To all of Adam's lot.  
 'T is just—yet hath<sup>a</sup> heav'nly pow'r,  
     In mercy left us still





One calm—if not one happy hour,  
For ev'ry one of ill.  
And some there are—who can extract  
From all around a sweet ;  
While others, with an equal tact,  
Will but the bitters meet.  
And some there are—light-hearted, gay—  
Who seem but only made,  
To wile in merriment away.  
Alike both light and shade.  
And minds there are—of higher tone,  
So exquisitely wrought,  
The extremest heights of joy they own,  
And depths of stormy thought.  
But—ever if a heart be wound,  
To that surpassing thrill,  
There quickly is a something found,  
Such ecstacy to still.

A Messenger ! !—and from the King !  
Ha ! what from Edward doth he bring ;  
—Retir'd from all the toil and strife,  
That mark'd King Henry's waning life :

And to that grief-worn Monarch gave,  
 A welcome—but untimely grave.  
 —Richmond had deem'd himself unknown,  
 To him who fill'd his country's throne ;  
 In earlier days, scarce prouder name  
 Had sounded from the lips of fame :  
 But when life's fitful course had run  
 With him—his lov'd—his only son ;  
 Quench'd was his fire—and lost his pow'r—  
 Warrior no longer—from that hour,  
 And only into life beguil'd,  
 By love for one sweet orphan child.  
 She was his beacon—

He was old,

Eighty long years had o'er him roll'd ;  
 And such his love, that ev'ry thought  
 With Edith's happiness was wrought :  
 He had a strange foreboding weight,  
 That this concern'd his Edith's fate :  
 And though within his loyal heart,  
 Edward held no unworthy part,  
 Yet less in wonder than in fear,  
 The Herald's coming met his ear,

—And came upon his aged brow,  
(Encircl'd by its locks of snow,  
A chilling dew—and o'er his eye,  
A glazy film—and half a sigh  
Burst from a heart that youth had known  
But as bright valour's stablish'd throne !

Yet—when he heard the heavy fall,  
Of iron footstep o'er the hall,  
He summon'd from his spirit's store,  
The dormant pride of days of yore,  
To aid him in his hour of care ;  
And with the calm imposing air  
Of one who doth but seldom see,  
Those who yield not to his degree :  
—And with a deep—a master'd tone,  
That had a firmness scarce its own,  
He sternly bade the Herald say !  
Why he—to Richmond bent his way ?

Dark was the Knight—and fierce, and bold,  
And daring—as the tale he told !  
—“ Guy,—Earl of Richmond—from thy King !  
Edward Plantagenet ! !—I bring

Word for thine ear!—this he demands,  
 On pain of these surrender'd lands,  
 The Lady Edith at thy hands,  
 To be the bride of one whose name,  
 Yields not in deeds of martial fame  
 To any Knight—on any strand,  
 Save him—the Monarch of this land!  
 —Lord Ethol!—and for him have sigh'd,  
 Despite the battlements of pride,  
 Full many a maid—in bow'r—and hall—  
 Yet strangely doth he spurn them all;  
 And asks!—will have no other boon!—  
 For countless deeds of service done,  
 Save Edith!—far-fam'd, beauteous maid,  
 The flow'r!—that blooms in Richmond's shade.  
 —Three days! and he will hither ride  
 To claim that lady as his bride,  
 Attended by such goodly train,  
 As to his station doth pertain.  
 —Answer!—the Monarch asketh none;  
 It is his will!—and must be done!  
 I, Philip Marl—a Christian Knight,  
 Have now fulfill'd my charge aright!



Impatient for my steed I wait,  
To fly at once thy Castle-gate."

"Oh! call young Arthur"—

At the name,

Quick to the Earl young Arthur came,  
Heard from his lips the astounding tale,  
Of Ethol's love—but did not quail;  
Yet heard with colour varying,  
The imperious mandate from the King.

"Arthur—I feel thee as my son,  
What! saith thy judgment, should be done?  
I cannot—though a King demand,  
Give Edith to a stranger's hand;  
Her tender spirit, bright and gay,  
If torn from all it lov'd away,  
Full soon would quit the heav'nly cell,  
Where now it doth so sweetly dwell,  
And I in mourning and in woe,  
Down to the yawning grave should go;  
And thou!—thy hope—thy love, I know,

Thou, too, wouldst deeply mourn my son ;  
What ! saith thy judgment, should be done ?”

One moment doubtingly he stood,  
While gather'd on his brow the blood ;  
“ Say ye !—yon noble comes so soon,  
To claim from thee such matchless boon ?  
Then let him come—I go my way,  
But will return on that same day ;  
And woe to him, whoe'er he be,  
That dares dispute such claim with me !  
Oh ! fear him not—believe me true,  
I come in strength—till then—Adieu.”

With speed that mock'd all common flight  
Fled that strange youth from Richmond's sight :  
And Edith's heart—in that dread hour  
Had fail'd her quite—but that a pow'r  
Oft prov'd—sustain'd her spirit then,  
Call'd back her fleeting hopes again  
—Fear's heavy thrall in sunder broke !  
—'T was thus her guardian Eustace spoke !

“ Edith fear not !—futuraity  
Is charg’d with happiness for thee  
Fear not the noble warrior !—he—  
Is all a Christian knight should be ;  
I know Lord Ethol—and I know  
That rather far than bring thee woe !  
He would—each hope in life—forego ;  
E’en should he at the altar stand  
He will not take unwilling hand !

To Richmond’s gate—full many a steed  
Bent its proud hoof at rousing speed  
For Ethol had with princely care  
Provided jewels—costly—rare—  
And countless other gifts beside  
To deck this peerless—noble bride :  
—And one thing too—in Arthur’s name  
By peasant boy—for Edith came !  
A circlet of the fairest pearl,  
Her tresses to confine ;  
To bind the rich, luxuriant curl,  
That fell in mazy twine.

A gift from those we love—how sweet !  
    Whate'er its worth may be ;  
The veriest trifle still we meet,  
    With spiritual glee.  
Edith gaz'd long, with fond delight.  
    On that from Arthur sent,  
While to Lord Ethol's gems so bright,  
    But one slight glance she lent.

Sleep hath small love for those, whom fear  
Or hope—is warning of crisis near ;  
Edith intensely watch'd the grey,  
The first faint effort of the day,  
To chase old Erebus away ;  
And wish'd—and strove in vain to steep,  
For one short hour—her cares in sleep ;  
Yet seem'd at length a gentle dose,  
Its soothing balm to interpose,  
When rush'd her fading thoughts among  
A startling note—clear—transient—strong.  
'T was like the trumpet's !—but subdued,  
Divest of all its clangour rude,

And then a voice!—whose melody,  
All rich and new—yet seem'd to be  
Strangely at home to memory.  
—The words!—ah! would ye list them now,  
Perchance we may recal the flow.

Song.

There is strength in the warrior's heart,  
    When he rides to the gath'ring field!  
There is fleetness and pow'r in his dart,  
    When it pierceth the enemy's shield!

There is light in the warrior's eye,  
    When he poiseth his quiv'ring lance;  
When the hour of his fame draweth nigh,  
    When the foes of his country advance!

There is sweet in the warrior's soul,  
    When he gazeth on beauty at home;  
When he yields to an angel's control,  
    All unmindful of battles to come.

But when love hath his spirit entwin'd,  
When the love of earth's fairest is his ;  
Oh ! how sweet—is the glance of his mind,  
For it revels o'er regions of bliss.

Another note !—that like the first,  
In sudden, startling, fulness burst,  
And all was done : but sleep no more  
Essay'd to spread her feelings o'er,  
Morning's undimm'd, imperial flame,  
To Edith—unrefreshen came.

She stands—all beautiful, but pale—  
A thousand fears her heart assail,  
And well may Edith's courage fail.  
The day !—almost the hour is come,  
Fraught with a mysterious doom :  
—Of Arthur—she hath nothing heard,  
Since last he left her—save one word,  
One little word—that sweetly came,  
With the rich pearls and Arthur's name.

She wore the treasur'd gift—and lo !  
When touching on her brow of snow,  
Almost it seem'd in shame to glow,  
As if it could not bear to be—  
So rival'd in its purity !  
And yet where pass'd that band of pearl,  
Mid shining braid and clust'ring curl,  
And ringlet soft—of golden hair—  
It triumph'd—doubly triumph'd there !  
And proudly on such matchless bed,  
Seem'd more than wonted charms to shed.

And ne'er hath satin robe around  
A form more exquisite been found,  
And ne'er hath yet more lovely face,  
To bridal vestments lent a grace—  
Than hers !

She stood—and trembling sought  
To stem the gath'ring tides of thought ;  
She strove to rest her troubled eye,  
On landscape fair—from lattice high :  
—Sudden it fix'd !—and to her cheek  
Came perturbation's hurried streak !

Then pass'd away like lightning's flame,  
—With every breath, it went—and came.—

—What ! from the casement sees she now ?

An armed horseman on the brow

Of yonder rival hill !

And further still, a glitt'ring train,

While mirthful song, and martial strain,

The air with music fill.

On comes the Knight—with battle speed !

On—on—he comes !—his fiery steed

(White as the foam he dashes round,

As leaves his hoof the unequal ground,)

Seems proud beneath such weight to bound :

On comes the Knight—in burnish'd steel,

Steep'd in the sun—from crest to heel,

His snow-white plume—o'er helmet high

Streams on the breeze.—

He draweth nigh—

For low'ring bridge he waiteth none,

But through the stream comes plunging on :

It must be him—the warrior Lord,

Ah ! wherefore thus, with unsheath'd sword ?







Still Arthur comes not :—wanes the hour,  
And Edith feels—Lord Ethol's power.

Silence !—what is it most we feel for thee ?

Or is it love ?—or is it dread ?

Thou sprite-crown'd monarch of the dead,  
Thou jailor of our keenest misery !  
And yet how much we love thee ! when repose  
Demands thine aid—our weary eyes to close !  
But if perchance—in cottage—hall—or bow'r,  
Thou lingerest—beyond the wonted hour,  
How irksome is thy presence then ! how cold !  
We feel upon our hearts—thy with'ring hold.  
When hopes and fears are mingled in life's flow !  
And ready for the breaking !—Fate's dark seal,  
And thou upon our shrinking senses steal !—  
How startling !—but how sweet !—the voice that  
bids thee go.

The strange Knight at the altar stood,  
And seem'd not he of gentle mood,  
Silent, and stern, and cold :—

No man had yet his visage seen,  
For of the countenance I ween,  
Behind the helmet's close-barr'd screen,  
    But little might be told ;  
He did not love the curious gaze,  
Nor would his frowning visor raise,  
Yet might the eye on close survey,  
Observe what would such glance repay.  
There was distinction in the air,  
With which he held his station there ;  
It was not that the Knight was tall,  
Tho' higher rarely cross'd that hall.  
And what it was—'t were hard to tell,  
And vain upon a theme to dwell,  
Where Fancy may do all so well.

On either side attendants gay,  
Lin'd the rich walls in long array ;  
And yet upon the hallow'd ground  
Was nothing heard—save the low sound  
Of one at pray'r :—the sacred rite,  
That should two hearts for aye unite !

'T was his the work—and Eustace felt  
That 't was a solemn thing,—

He knelt,

Till slowly folding back—a door  
(The eye had not discern'd before,)  
Reveal'd—borne up on either side,  
By maidens young and fair—the bride !  
One wild ! one searching look !—she cast  
Amid the crowd—and hope was past.  
And oh ! the deadly silence fill'd  
Her heart with shapeless fears,—distill'd  
From out an o'er-stretch'd brain.

The Knight,

With all the graceful courtesy  
That mark'd those days of chivalry,  
Knelt as he took her icy hand :  
But spoke not—till with stern command,  
He bid the rite proceed.—

The priest,

Scarce from his lips one word releas'd ;  
When Edith shriek'd in wild despair,  
“ Spare me my Lord !—In mercy spare !

Never !"—She ceas'd—oh ! why that start ?  
 What sudden checks the bounding heart ?  
 Lord Ethol !—quick !—thy tale unfold !—  
 —Back from his head the helmet roll'd !  
 There Arthur stood !—as if by spell—  
 And caught his Edith as she fell :  
 —She could not bear the sudden swell  
 Of hope within—still, round her reel'd,  
 The consciousness of much reveal'd,  
 But indistinct—and forms of things  
 In rapid motion—as on wings,  
 Vanish'd in mist,—till all was clos'd,  
 And mind in utter senselessness repos'd.

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Then softly to her heart there came,  
 From well-known voice—her own sweet name ;  
 And gradual on their wonted track,  
 Sent the chill'd streams of life-blood back,  
 That creeping o'er the ashen cheek,  
 Trace out their path in languid streak ;  
 Then tingling, on the eye-lids swell,  
 And break at once the death-like spell,

And Edith rousing from the trance,  
Exclaim'd with fix'd, enquiring glance,  
—“ Arthur !—Lord Ethol !—can it be !—  
That thus resolves the mystery ?”

Behold ! once more with holy feeling,  
Edith beside her lover kneeling—  
One moment—must her fate decide !  
'T is past !—she stands—Lord Ethol's bride !

There is light in the Royal hall,  
And the hum of many voices ;  
Music too—with its swell and fall,  
E'en such as man's heart rejoices.  
The Monarch holds a banquet there,  
And thronging nobles, 'tir'd with care,  
Quick to the splendid feast repair,  
There too, his lov'd and lovely Queen  
Lends softest radiance to the scene.

But mark the Royal Edward now !  
The majesty that stamps his brow !

And read upon that polish'd plain !  
 Of wisdom drawn from years of pain ;  
 And who would watch unheeding by,  
 Red anger rouse, that flashing eye ?  
 Methinks his lips, in thought compress'd,  
 Uncompromising pride attest ;  
 Yet when in words or smiles they part,  
 Benevolence must win each heart.

His gaze hath fix'd upon the Queen,  
 His thoughts are dwelling on a scene  
 In distant clime !—where she hath been  
 His guardian angel—of that hour,  
 When from dread poison's deadly pow'r  
 She sav'd him :—and without one care  
 Despis'd her own—his life to spare,  
 And flung around a spotless name,  
 All that is bright in woman's fame.

But wherefore doth the banquet wait ?  
 For whom are those two seats of state,  
 Still vacant near the throne ?  
 All turn !—with quick enquiring glance,



Behold ! Lord Ethol's form advance :

He cometh not alone—

For on his arm—there hangs a flow'r,

Fair as e'er grac'd a royal bow'r ;

The King descended from his throne ;

With kindling glance and gesture bland !

With fascination all his own—

Warmly he took Lord Ethol's hand,

His words !—“ My friend !”

Meanwhile,

With gath'ring archness in his smile,

To Edith did his looks extend—

And these the words his musings lend,

“ Ah ! thou shalt be Queen Ellen's friend.”

And mark ye still the concourse gay ?

Those seats of honour too !—are they—

Still vacant ?—No !—for side by side,

Behold ! Lord Ethol—and his Bride !

And minstrels !—hark ! the minstrels sing,

With rapt'rous swell !    GOD SAVE THE KING !

Britannia!—my country—my home—and my pride—  
 A fairer than thou!—was ne'er wash'd by the tide!  
 And oh! how transporting—where'er we may roam,  
 The return—to Old England!—our time-honour'd  
                   home.

Security dwells in the sound of thy name,  
 Borne wide o'er the world—on the blasts of thy fame!  
 Oh England! dear England! thou land of my birth,  
 I deem thee—the greatest—and best—upon earth!

Caledonia! land of rock! mountain! and moor!  
 With thy bard have I wander'd thy wild regions o'er;  
 Have bent o'er his pages with glowing delight,  
 That replete in their brightness, can never know night!  
 Though the Patriot must with his own land begin,  
 Yet Scotland!—we own thee the nearest of kin.  
 Still England!—dear England! thou land of my birth,  
 I deem thee—the greatest—the best—upon earth!


Green Erin! thou birth-place of heroes—I love thee!  
 Boast! boast! for in this there's no country above thee.  
 E'en England herself! must bow down at thy shrine,  
 For she has no hero! may match him with thine!

But still he is ours—yes—ours he must be,  
Oh! start not! green Erin!—I grudge him to thee.  
And England!—dear England! thou land of my birth,  
I feel thee—the proudest—the greatest—on earth!

And Neptune reigns o'er us—oh! long may he reign!  
And rule o'er his world-spreading empire “the main;”  
And the pearl at his side—the fair graft on his line,  
May her virtues for ever—our spirits entwine!  
May the sweetest of roses—her pathway adorn,  
That a nation's affection—has reft of each thorn,  
May she feel that Old England, the land of our birth,  
Is the happiest, greatest, and best upon earth!



## Appendix.



It has been the writer's endeavour, in the foregoing tale, to make as little confusion as possible between history and fiction. Many of the circumstances related in the first and third parts are strictly true, according to some one or other of our historians. Speed, Hume, Goldsmith, and Lingard have been severally examined; but as they differ on many points, some latitude will be allowed. Perhaps it will be as well here to state, that two characters intimately connected with that part of the history upon which the tale is grounded, are left out; (viz. the King of the Romans, and his son, Henry D'Almaine, the brother and nephew of Henry III.) from a feeling of inability on the part of the writer, in so large a group of individuals of the Royal party, to give a sufficiently distinguishing interest to the character of each. Of Henry III. we are told, that he was weak, but amiable; Speed speaks in the most exalted terms of his piety and devotion. It is universally acknowledged that Edward I. was one of the noblest characters that ever filled our country's throne—"The English Justinian." "He may be considered as the model of a politic

and warlike King: he possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigilance, and enterprise."—HUME.

He was also said to be greatly influenced by religious feeling, and strict in religious observances.

*"But—by my mother's wrongs I felt."*—p. 6.

The Queen had been grossly insulted in London, some little time prior to the battle of Lewes: and it was over the Londoners Prince Edward obtained an easy victory in the earlier part of that engagement; and was unfortunately led, by the recollection of his mother's wrongs, to pursue them to too great a distance from the main body of the army; of which Leicester took advantage, and on Edward's return to the scene of action, he found to his great consternation, that, during his absence, the King had been taken prisoner.

*"Such tears as these—the conqueror shed."*—p. 29.

For an explanation of this passage, the reader is referred to Captain Moyle Sherer's exquisitely written memoirs of the Duke of Wellington.

*"Broke on the ear—the abbey bell."*—p. 37.

The abbey of St. Agatha is about a mile from Richmond, a great part of the road to which place lies through

a wood, that is said to have formed (some centuries ago,) part of an extensive forest.

*“ He held him fetter’d by a chain.”*—p. 69.

The King, though nominally free, and surrounded by all the show of a monarch, was in fact the tool and slave of Leicester. “ He still detained the King in effect a prisoner, and made use of that Prince’s authority for purposes the most prejudicial to his interest. \* \* \* He carried him about from place to place.” &c.—HUME.

*“ What say ye to a race my lords ?”*—p. 80.

Prince Edward was, (when first he became Leicester’s prisoner,) taken to Dover castle; though he did not (as in the tale) escape from Dover, but from Hereford, and by the fleetness of his horse. “The Earl of Gloucester here concerted with young Edward, the manner of that Prince’s escape. He found means to convey to him a horse of extraordinary fleetness. \* \* \* Edward (28 May, 1265,) pretended to take the air with some of Leicester’s retinue, who were his guards; and making matches between their horses, after he thought he had tired and blown them sufficiently, he suddenly mounted Gloucester’s horse, and called to his attendants, that he had long enough enjoyed the pleasure of their company, and now bid them adieu.”—HUME.

*“ Henry of Winchester!—thy King!”—p. 88.*

The engagement spoken of in this part of the tale will perhaps be easily recognised as that of Evesham. Leicester died there, but by whose hand history says not.

The circumstance of King Henry being disguised by the rebels, and placed in the front of their line, is well known, and the exclamation by which he was saved—  
“ I am Henry of Winchester, your King!”

*“ Where his broad waters, classic Nile.”—p. 92.*

The allusions in this line, and in the pages immediately following, can hardly be mistaken—the battles of the Nile, Assye, and Trafalgar, the Peninsular war, and Waterloo.

*“ On pain of these surrender'd lands.”—p. 112.*

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“ If the heir were a female, the King was entitled to offer her any husband of her rank he thought proper: and if she refused him, she forfeited her land.”—HUME.



ERRATA.

Page 8, line 11 from top,—in some copies for *too and fro?* read *to and fro?*

Page 11, line 4 from top,—for *ranson* read *ransom*.

Page 66, line 3 from bottom,—for *marshal fame* read *martial fame*.

Page 83, line 4 from top,—for *sung* read *sang*.

Page 87, line 4 from bottom,—for *crash* read *crush*.

Page 90, line 6 from bottom,—for *flash'd* read *flash'd*.

Page 101, line 3 from bottom,—for *on* read *of*.

Page 107, line 9 from bottom,—for *oratorical* read *oratorial*.

Page 115, line 7 from bottom,—for *this* read *his*.



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