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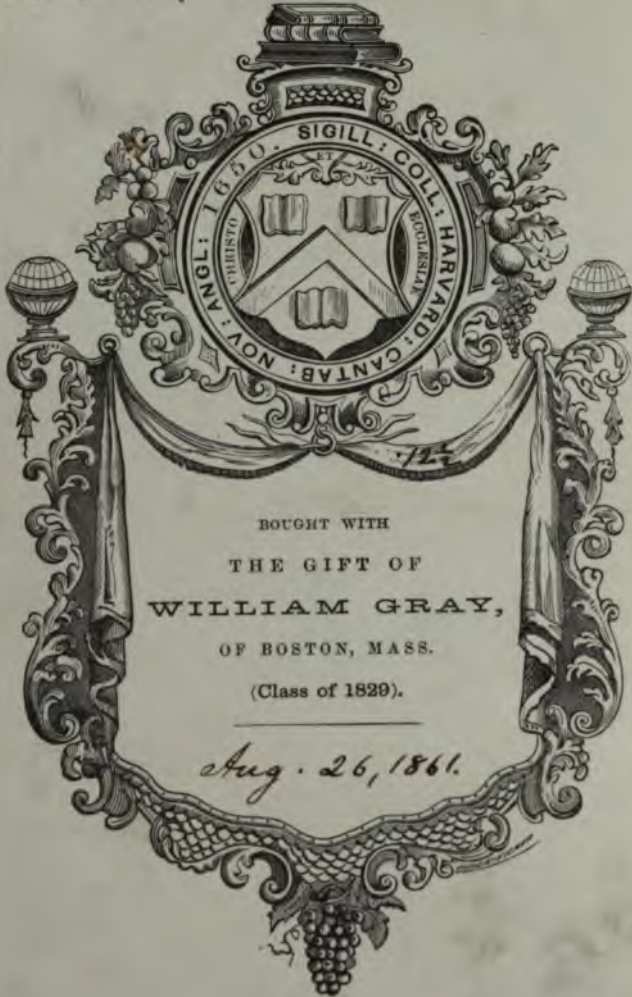
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the following: $\delta = 0.01$, $\delta = 0.02$, $\delta = 0.05$, $\delta = 0.1$, $\delta = 0.2$, $\delta = 0.5$, $\delta = 1$, $\delta = 2$, $\delta = 5$, $\delta = 10$, $\delta = 20$, $\delta = 50$, $\delta = 100$.

Figure 1 shows the results of the numerical calculations. The first two plots show the results for $\delta = 0.01$ and $\delta = 0.02$. The third plot shows the results for $\delta = 0.05$. The fourth plot shows the results for $\delta = 0.1$. The fifth plot shows the results for $\delta = 0.2$. The sixth plot shows the results for $\delta = 0.5$. The seventh plot shows the results for $\delta = 1$. The eighth plot shows the results for $\delta = 2$. The ninth plot shows the results for $\delta = 5$. The tenth plot shows the results for $\delta = 10$. The eleventh plot shows the results for $\delta = 20$. The twelfth plot shows the results for $\delta = 50$. The thirteenth plot shows the results for $\delta = 100$.

Figure 1 shows that the numerical calculations are in good agreement with the analytical results. The numerical results are slightly higher than the analytical results for $\delta < 1$ and slightly lower for $\delta > 1$. This is due to the fact that the numerical calculations are based on a finite difference method, which is more accurate for small values of δ and less accurate for large values of δ .

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results decreases as δ increases. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 1$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 1$, as the step size is equal to the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 1$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 100$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 100$, as the step size is much smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 100$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 20$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 20$, as the step size is smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 20$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 5$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 5$, as the step size is smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 5$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 2$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 2$, as the step size is smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 2$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 0.5$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 0.5$, as the step size is smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

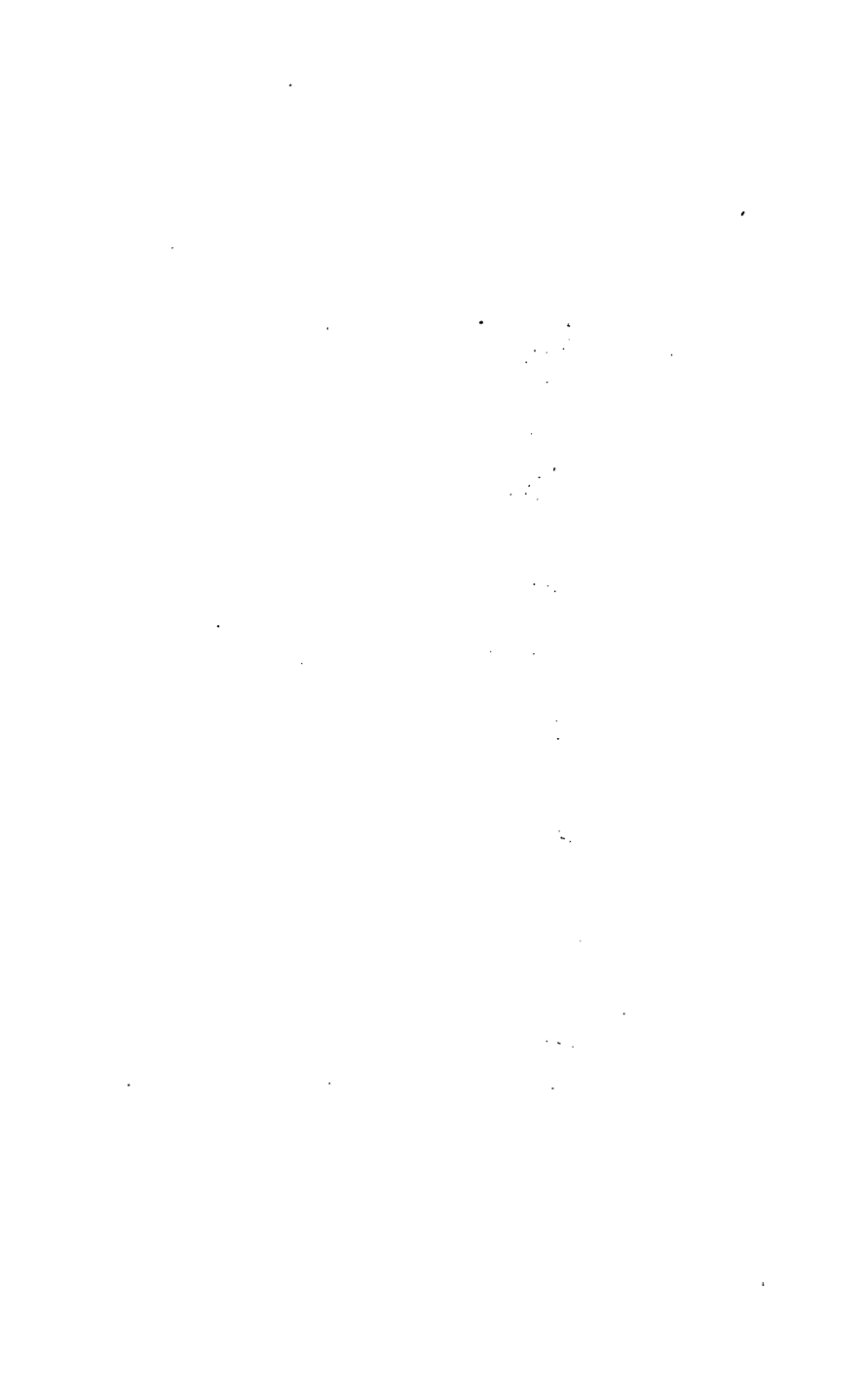
The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 0.5$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .

Figure 1 also shows that the numerical results are in good agreement with the analytical results for $\delta = 0.2$. This is because the numerical method is most accurate for $\delta = 0.2$, as the step size is smaller than the characteristic length scale of the problem.

The numerical results also show that the error between the numerical and analytical results is independent of the value of δ for $\delta > 0.2$. This is because the numerical method becomes more accurate as the step size decreases, which is the case for larger values of δ .







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1861. Aug. 26
Cray Fund
.12½

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,
By SHEPPARD M. ASH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York.

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Printed by FUDNEY & RUSSELL, John-street.  
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3

MONTEREY CONQUERED:

A FRAGMENT FROM

LA GRAN QUIVERA;

OR,

ROME UNMASKED.

A Poem.

By Sheppard M. Ashe ?

Heaven is free
From clouds, and all colors seem to be
Melted in one vast Iris of THE WEST,
Where the day joins the great Eternity:
While on the other hand meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, a region blest!
A SINGLE STAR is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely Heaven!

(See copy-right.)

New York:

PUBLISHED BY C. SHEPARD & CO.,

No. 152 FULTON STREET.

1852.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author scarcely knows what kind of an apology to offer the Public for giving them this *freak of Fancy*.

Visiting a romantic region of the south-west some months ago, in search of health, he felt that there was at least *one* Wyoming as yet unsung in our beautiful country; and since, endeavouring to versify a singular story of Linden Vale,* rendered him by Colonel Polk, the late President from Tennessee, has ventured to follow with prophetic eye, 'the star of Empire Westward,' and to sing his country—her political and religious destiny—her arms and institutions—her unaffected manners, and moral worth.

Such a performance—on a theme so lofty and difficult, nay, almost impracticable in a commercial and utilitarian age,—its characters all moving in the garish noontide of the Republic,

* Better known, in the West, as "Ashwood," a beautiful valley between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers.



TO LEILA.

I.

LEILA, 'tis all I have to give—
This poor unmeaning thing—
These ruffled plumes, by tempest torn
From fancy's wayward wing.
Then take it to thy bosom, love,
Though poor the offering be ;
I care not how the *world* disprove,
If aught it yield to *thee*.

II.

When first I saw thy matchless form,
Those eyes of deep pure love,
With wilder throes than tongue may tell
My youthful bosom strove.
I knew that thou wert more to me
Than all the world beside,
Yet trembled at the very thought
Of making thee my bride.

III.

For all alone, without one friend,
 In poverty I stood,
 And not a star of heaven looked down
 To promise earthly good—
 I told thee all—thou knowest, love—
 No thought was hid from thee—
 And nobly thou didst cast thy lot,
 For life and death, with me.

IV.

Ah! oft I've wished, in maddening mood,
 That hour I ne'er had known—
 The rapture and the grief that came,
 When thou wert all my own.
 I wept beside our bridal couch,
 I kneeled to God in prayer,
 For grace to lift thy spirit up
 In all that we should bear.

V.

And kindly hath He granted it,
 My proud undoubting one!
 Nor made thee less than life to me,
 While howls the tempest on:
 Then take the simple gift I bring,
 Leila, for whom I live!
 Such *fading* plume from Fancy's wing
 Is all I have to give!

May 25th, 1852.

INVOCATION.

Nunquam prosperè succedunt res humanæ ubi negliguntur divinæ.
CORR.

I.

THE woes of Lycidas, who loved too well,
And sought abroad some respite from distress,
While still Lavinia's form angelical
Pursued to fill his cup of wretchedness—
Of Regulus his father in duress
Of Spanish fetter kept at Monterey,
Albeit the world unwittingly confess
Sad Alamo his grave ; and the proud day
That crowned our gallant armies with success,
Assist me, heavenly Muses, fitly to express

II.

Or rather, Thou ! who on fiery wheels
 Of falling Time shalt come to judge the world—
 Whose dread artillery in the thunder-peals
 Resound—whose banner is the sky unfurled
 O'er clouds by the lightning-plumed tempest
 whirled
 Aloft, and driven like armies to and fro !
 All things are Thine ;—from Thee alone were hurled
 Comet and storm, the meteor's fiery glow,
 And Earth—from the pale mists of morning curled
 O'er mountain-top sublime, to plain with dews im-
 pearled.

III.

All time and seasons in the world below,
 And Heaven hosted with archangels bright ;
 Tides of men that onward as the ocean flow
 Forever—all are subject to Thy might.
 When Wickliffe's thunder shook the ear of night,
 And roused a slumbering world to sudden fears,
 Changeless and glorious, on a throne of light,
 Wert Thou marking the course of future years,
 And long ere winged vessels took their flight,
 To western worlds Columbia glittered in thy sight.

IV.

The gentle Aztec, ignorant but kind,
 Was watched by Thee with all a father's care,
 And thou didst open on their vision blind

At least some twilight faith their souls to cheer ;
 But see ! they come—a band whose bosoms fear
 Invaded never—they would teach thy truth,—
 Lo ! sulphur-reeking guns their censers are,
 Old men fall wounded, and a generous youth,
 Struggling for freedom and their altars dear,
 Are sacrificed to make the light of *Love* appear.

V.

O God ! a horrid sight it was to see
 The cross of Jesus, thine own gentle Son,
 Borne up in triumph o'er this butchery !
 And Thou didst turn, indignant on thy throne,
 To other lands, perchance, where soon the sun
 Of Liberty should rise, and man proclaim
 His dignity. Then, then methinks were won
 Our glorious battles, and the meed of Fame
 Our country wears—her victories are Thine own—
 To Thee she gives the praise, O God, to Thee
alone !

VI.

And now that Peace hath risen at Thy word—
 Rainbows and wreaths of olive o'er her head,—
 While war's retiring thunders still are heard,
 And tears fast falling for the glorious dead—
 Lead forth, Father, I pray, as oft were led
 Those armies fierce, my humble thoughts, and
 throw

Some fire in the poet's song that fed
 Their souls in battle; make his heart to glow
 With love for Thee e'en 'midst the carnage red,
 And justify the ways of Heaven, however dread!

VII.

In Abelard he fain would sing the youth
 Whom Rome entangles in her endless chain,*
 Till wandering reckless from the path of Truth,
 No traces of the former self remain;
 But joyous Faith eclipsed, his crazèd brain
 Conjures up spectres in thé twilight dim,
 While oft he clasps the yielding air in pain,
 Calling on one who ne'er may answer him—
 For *priests* are *men*, and gentle love did gain
 A triumph o'er his heart, albeit he loved in vain.

VIII.

Next to thy Truth our country should be dear,
 And must be ever, while her lists contain
 Such name as his who conquered everywhere.†

* God help the man so wrapt in Error's endlesse traine!

[FARRIE QUEENE.]

† The late president of the United States, originally a soldier by profession, having gone through a long and splendid career of military service, had, at the close of the late war with Mexico, become so much endeared to the people of the United States, and had inspired them with so high a degree of regard and confidence, that

Thou son of Washington ! my harp in vain
 Would sing thy praise ; for the wild surging main
 Doth chant, and winds, where'er our banners play,
 Acknowledge thee. Thy glory shall remain
 Eternal as the hills of Monterey ;
 And a whole nation, bursting party's chain,
 Invite their only living Washington to reign.

IX.

Most glorious hero ! ever in the van
 To strike and win wherever valor may,
 But last of all in littleness to plan
 For selfish end, on glory's winning day ;
 Sweet be thy rest, and soft as minstrels' lay
 Columbia's winds that sigh above thy grave !
 Her tears now fall—her banners cease to play—
 Her armies weep as ne'er before the brave—
 Her thousand minute guns lend mournful music
 to the wave !

X.

Last may we twine a living wreath for brows,
 Now cold and faded in the silent grave,
 Of gallant youth who breathed their latest vows

without solicitation, or application—without pursuing any devious paths of policy, or turning a hair's breadth to the right or the left from the path of duty—a great and powerful and generous people saw fit, by popular vote, to confer upon him the highest civil authority in the nation.—[WEBSTER.

To Liberty and Love—to her who gave,
Perchance, the banner valor could not save,
And the loved land they ne'er should see again.
Unheeding winds above them there may rave,
And timid slaves their glorious dust profane !
But here they live in hearts ; and O, while wave
Yon starry banners bright, we'll not forget the brave !

XI

And you, ye gentler shades ! forgive the hand
That weaves light fiction in your crimson crown,—
'Tis done to win the thoughtless of our land,
And point them on to virtue's fair renown.
The mother, thus, oft wets with sweets around
The cup of medicine to lure her child—
He drinks and lives ;—and so it may be found
That they who learn to love Lavinia mild,
Or Lycidas, will also love the sound
Of virtuous Glory's trump, though now. 'tis feebly
wound.

BOOK I.
CANTO FIRST.

Guerra, guerra, todo estado !
Guerra, guerra, mui cruel !
Que o gran Rei Dom Manuel
Contra *Mexicanos* está irado.

Tucaret.

Il veut dire de le *bâtard*.

La Barronne.

..... Le beau *reproche* !

Tucaret.

Oi, sans doute.

LE SAGE.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE ills of poverty and *doubtful birth*
His only faults, perchance the only bar
To Lycidas, he knew Lavinia's worth,
And sighed for fame as for that fairest flower of
Earth.

II.

For fame he sighed, because his manly heart
Had felt the sting of contumely's sneer ;
And doomed, not hopeless, from her side to part,
Whose smile alone his path thro' life could cheer,
He dreamed of glory in some coming year—
Some peaceful crown that virtuous toil might win,
Of bay, perchance, that Innocence may bear,
Exalted far above the great in sin,
And hoped to place it on her brow so dear,
'Mid smiles of beauty such as only she could wear.

III.

Full oft he wandered murmuring thro' the wood,
Where drowsy Silence slept upon the vale,
When Autumn, in her fading livery stood
All motionless, as listening to his tale ;
Or if, perchance, November's boist'rous gale,
First heard at distance down the shady grove,
Swept through the leaves, now quivering and pale,
As though they too had known the blight of love !
His voice thus echoed to their mournful wail,
In songs that said, thus every human hope must fail :

1.

"The spring is past, the summer gone,
Their flowers—their balmy breath—
And autumn winds her mournful horn,
To mind the young of death.
But spring will soon leap up again
To deck the winter's tomb,
And summer, with his shining train,
Embrace her virgin bloom.

2.

But ah ! when gentle hopes are blighted,
Like flowers that fall away,
And leave the wintry soul benighted,
Without a single ray ;
'Tis not the beauteous Spring returning,
Like a maiden in her pride,
Nor Summer with impatience burning
T' embrace his laughing bride :

3.

But Autumn, to her woodland bower,
Invites the hopeless swain,
Where roving onward, every hour
He drags a longer chain;
Then lonely let me wander here
Where the leaves are falling fast;
These faded honors of the year
Remind me of the past.

4.

Here let me wander all alone,
Where the winds bend every tree—
I love their deep and solemn moan,
They seem to grieve for me;
And, *dearest*, when another spring
Comes dancing o'er the lea,
And the joyous birds begin to sing,
They'll sing alone for thee.

5.

For sure this bosom, bleeding now,
Must then be cold and dead;
And flowers to deck thy beauteous brow,
Shall wave above my head.
The spring is past, the summer gone,
Their flowers—their balmy breath—
And autumn winds her mournful horn,
To mind the young of death.”

IV.

His hopes of Heaven were ne'er extinguished quite,
And often Faith would check this pining strain;
For sure in Heaven was many an image bright,
And these by prayer and patience he could gain.
Then light would flash upon his aching brain—
The vanity of fame—the dangerous track
That one must walk, led captive in her chain,
'Till he would frown and writhe as on the rack,
Doubtful of duty; then resolve again
To win and wear the crown however great the pain.

V.

Then, eager turning to some golden page,
Whence science smiled in beautiful array,—
His eagle eye, rapacious in its rage
To snatch precipitate from Heaven away
Each star-like truth—he'd strive, perchance a day,
As warriors in conflict of olden time,
When smiles of beauty, by their magic sway,
Could urge alike to virtue or to crime;—
Then hurl the tome aside, resume his lay,
And sing Lavinia—Heaven's brightest, purest ray!

VI.

For ah! too rigid is the dull routine
Of him who plods to deep mysterious lore!
Th' unwieldy German, dark with spleen,

And fitted well such region to explore,
May over pond'rous tomes at midnight pore ;
But the young enthusiast—fiery, bold—
(I plead not for his fault) can ill endure
Such useful task, or steady orbit hold,
But now through Heaven's highest arch must soar,
Now walk the earth and muse on Nature's boundless
store.

VII.

I marked him musing thus, when all abroad
Through Nature reigned convivial spring ;
On a tall cliff he sat as boundless lord,
And gazed around on every cheerful thing ;
But ah ! he only seemed inquiring
Why Nature smiled, and why her song so gay ?
Or whether in her chalice she could bring
Some draught his burning sorrows to allay ?
Alas ! ambition with his poignant sting,
And cruel love, the noblest, purest hearts may wring !

VIII.

Strange were the fancies that would sometimes steal
Upon his vision by the moon's pale light—
Fancies in truth, and yet they seemed as real
As men and women to our waking sight.
The poets once, on a mid-summer's night,
All that had charmed him in his palmy youth,
Came saunt'ring down a woodland bright,
As to a feast—nothing was there uncouth,
But the wide vale was bright and beautiful as truth.

IX.

Down as a golden river did it flow,
From a small Gothic chapel* far above,
And lave in moon-shine many a mansion low,
Where sleep the dead, alive in Jesu's love ;
O'er it exhaled an ever-blooming grove,
Where birds unnumbered tuned their jocund lay,
And midst its flowers on either side did rove,
Two silvery streamlets, winding on their way,
Like flower-led children rambling out some holiday.

X.

On a large mound that rose up in this vale,
Where clustered many a linden green and tall,
Did Lycidas recline, worn-out and pale,
And saw the troop approaching, one and all.
Some cheerful seemed, as if in festive hall,
And dressed in white ; while others were more sad :
On one sat sorrow like a funeral pall—
This one now wept, and then again seemed glad,
While many a one, alas ! with love and grief were
mad.

XI.

Anacreon, crowned with ivy fresh and green,
That twined among his bays, inebriate seemed,
Laughing full merrily ; and sang some queen

* St. John's, Ashwood.

Of beauty that erst like star of even beamed.*
 Dante pensive, of Beatrice dreamed,
 All clad in stole of black, † while Petrarch sung
 Of one for whom his tears in torrents streamed,
 And poor Tasso, his wild hair backward flung,
 Told in his eye what woes his gentle bosom wrung.

XII.

Onward they move, a mighty host like these,
 And many a one of name that ne'er was known—
 Poets who deigned not the cold world to please,
 But lived and died their sorrows all their own;
 And as they move with many a sigh and groan,
 Lavinia's lover weeps, he knows not why,
 Sees vanishing the phantoms, one by one,
 Raises to heaven his overflowing eye,
 And prays for death as though 'twere some relief to die.

XIII.

Smile on, in scorn, ye cold ungenerous few,
 Whose hearts have never known the sacred flame;
 No hallowed transports are reserved for you,

* Θελω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας
 Θελω δὲ Καδμον ἄδειν·
 Ἄ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαίς
 Ἔρωτα μόνον ηκεί.

Anac. Εἰς Ἀυραν. 1.

† Il ecrive ces mots : Ici plus d'espérance.

DELILLE.

— Lassat' oigni speranza.

INFERNO, C. III.

No niche of glory in the hall of fame ;
 The miser's meanness and the villain's shame
 May yet be yours—and children of your lust,
 Poor brutes of passion, bastards but in name,
 Shall be no pledge of virtuous beauty's trust,
 Nor rise like flowers around to consecrate her dust.

XIV.

What nerves the patriot's arm, the scholar's mind,
 Or wakes to ecstasy the sweetest lyres ?
 Say what but virtuous love ! What names could bind
 Our spirits in a spell of pure desires,
 And lift them, till they join th' angelic choirs,
 If sweet Luigia*—lovely Leonore,†
 And one still living,‡ and who now inspires—
 Pleiads that rose to shine on every shore !
 Were blotted out, with all their genial fires—
 The bloom of earth would fade, and virtue's self
 expires.

XV.

No sooner did these vanish from his sight,
 Than a living wanderer came murmuring by ;
 'Twas young Palemon, who in surplice dight,

* Veggio co 'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume.

ANGELO, *sonnetto* xii.

† ——— E le mie rime

Che son vili e neglette, se non quanto,

Costei LE ONORA co'l bel nome santo.

TORQUATO.

‡ LELIA, for whom I live,

Such fading plume from fancy's wing

Is all I have to give.

Each sabbath argued for eternity—
Friendless and poor he pointed to the sky,
And humbly strove to lead the people on :
Nor covets more, but deems the honor high
To stand despised so near to Jesu's throne—
For Him he lives in want, for Him he lives alone !

XVI.

But late Lavinia, gliding by the rail
That guards the altar—(she had happened there
To join the choir—for his heart though frail
And tinder-like, would ne'er in hour of prayer
Have given a thought to her however fair)—
And as she glided on, like angel mild,
About the chancel—her features all so rare
And delicate—he felt that God's own child
Saluted him below, and loved her as she smiled.

1.

“Forgive, tis only friendship true,
From a heart that feels thy worth,
That loves the beautiful and pure
In heaven and in earth.
Friendship that angels well might feel
In palmy groves above,
When hand in hand they go to kneel
Around the throne of love.”

XVII.

Thus in soliloquy along the vale he moved,
Not dreaming any near his path but God ;
For little did he wish, although he loved

The very earth on which her light foot trod,
That one so dear should ever bear the rod
Of poverty that threatened o'er his head;
And turning now his thoughts on death—the sod
That soon should cover him and his lowly bed—
He thus sang on in triumph though his bosom bled:

1.

“ When death with all his wonted gloom
Shall enter my abode,
To steal away youth's vernal bloom
Or age of heavy load;
Whene'er it come,
Whate'er its form,
Some robed man of God be near,
To rescue from the waves of fear
That gather in that storm !

2.

“ One may he be who loves to search
In hovel for the good;
Who loves our ever-glorious church
More than his own heart's blood;
Then let him come,
With a brother's tear,
To kneel beside my bed,
And breathe those prayers above my head,
That martyrs loved to hear.

3.

“ Then may I see him bless the bread,
And bless that mystic cup,
To raise once more my drooping head,
And lift my spirit up.
Sweet Jesu then shall come to me,
Blessing his sacrament,
And lead my spirit from its tent
Into eternity !

4.

“ Let priestly hands then wash the clay
All hallow'd for His sake,
Who left the joyous realms of day
This humble form to take.
Then stretched at length
In priestly bands
And surplice let me lie,
With brow serene, half closing eye,
And half uplifted hands.

5.

“ May loving ones then gaze awhile
Through tears of gloom profound,
Then bear me up the solemn aisle,
My flock all weeping round,
(Whom dear to me
May Jesu save !)

Then th' organ peal its last farewell,
 And every heart a funeral knell,
 That follows to the grave !”

XVIII.

Thus like a gentle stream that murmurs by,
 He passed along the vale, and soon was gone—
 The solemn shade—the moon-illumed sky—
 And grave thoughts are left to Lycidas alone :
 Exclaiming thus—“ ’Tis strange that man should
 groan
 And weep and sigh—since e’en the host above,
 And all on earth, the same affection own ;
 From high archangel to the plaintive dove,
 All feel its wondrous power, and God himself is *love*.

XIX.

“ Alas ! ’tis not alone in wintry age,
 That men grow weary of the light of day ;
 But many a youth just ent’ring on the stage,
 And many a maiden in the bloom of May,
 Have cares that fret the very heart away ;
 They hope, they strive, their efforts all are vain,
 They weep awhile, till hope emits another ray—
 Ambition fires, they strive and strive again,
 Then sink into despair outworn with grief and pain.”

XX.

Returning from his rambles, he would sit,
 All moody, till his lamp was burning low,
 And fancy’s spirits in the shades that flit

Along alternate to its fickle glow ;
Then stretched upon his couch, but not to know,
Alas ! the balmy dew of generous sleep,
But tossing delirious to and fro,
Now laughed aloud, then woke again to weep,
Till morning smiled as mocking at his woe,
And roused to rapture every other thing below.

XXI.

Often would generous nature blame this mood,
And smiling point to friends who still might bless,
For friends there were, whose kindness ever wooed,
Albeit in vain, to win him from distress.
But not a mother's loving tenderness,
To check him oft, and plead with dewy eye,
Nor brother's love, nor sister's pure caress,
Had heaven given to stay each rising sigh ;
Yet sometimes, though his sorrows were not less,
He feigned relief, and smiled in deeper wretchedness.

XXII.

Hark ! hark ! the rolling drum and martial fife
Are wafted clear upon the morning air,
And gallant hearts, preparing for the strife,
Would join their friends on battle fields afar ;
For though they ride on vict'ry's shining car,
Still foes unnumbered press the Rio Grande,
Swearing to pluck away that *latest star*
From banners by the winds of freedom fanned,
To let slip havoc from his Spanish lair,
And roll with vengeance on the bloody tide of war.

XXIII.

No sooner Columbia's chief magistrate
 (Augustus, worthy of some noble song)
 Heard that American blood, of late,
 Where the dividing river rolls along,
 Had darkened freedom's outpost, than the strong
 Resentment of a patriot filled his breast—
 Around him quick in consultation throng
 His cabinet, whom thus the sage addressed :
 " Does it, my countrymen, to us belong,
 Because powerful, to bear from weaker foes all wrong ?

XXIV.

" By our command the army of the west
 Was ordered to the Texan boundary,
 A province once of Spain, but after blest
 With independence, in confederacy
 With other states which grew to tyranny ;
 Then conflict came—was ended—and the world
 Acknowledged the new risen star of liberty—
 Their foes were beaten, and their banner furled,
 Companionship did ask with ours, which we
 As freely granted, and our own they came to be.

XXV.

" Nay, more—*ourselves* belonged as well to them ;
 Protection they could claim, nor we deny ;
 So when their chafed and envious foes contemn
 Their ancient landmarks, they on us rely

With arms to meet th' aggressive tyranny,
Aided by theirs if need ; then who can say
“ We ventured more than right could justify ?
To *march* was not to *fight*, and till some day
Of treaty, both might guard : but they must try
Their boastful prowess, and our peaceful arms defy.

XXVI.

“ For ten long years, more like a patient slave
Than free republic, we have borne her scourge ;
Not e'en our proud ships marching o'er the wave
Were free, for she hath stopped them on the surge ;
Millions of gold unpaid, I cannot urge,
While havoc drives abroad his bloody car—
For to this very chamber swells the dirge
Of slaughtered countrymen. Who would not merge
From sloth to die with them upon their country's verge ?

XXVII.

“ Then let us ask of Congress such supplies
As th' emergency demands, and teach the foe,
Though tolerant of past indignities,
That when such tolerance ceases, then a blow
Worthy their stolid arrogance shall throw
Presumption to the winds. Let Monterey
Be taken first—the strongest point we know,
And all the north becomes an easy prey ;
Then Vera Cruz our gallant Scott shall blow
Like gold-dust from the balances, and march to
Mexico.”

XXVIII.

Thus did he speak with energy divine,
His country's glory kindling in his face :
And deeply doth he feel whose frenzy fine
Thus burns in argument, and yet with grace
And dignity, becoming his high place,
Reasons on th' eternal grounds of truth
And justice for the war ;—but ah ! the base
Of a degenerate age oppose, whose youth
Had burned with mad ambition, and whose race
Is yet for glory, though in national disgrace.

XXIX.

Not so Augustus, nor his noble race,
Cæsars indeed to guard a monstrous age,
Firm friends in peace, and glad alike to face
Danger, where Battle swims in bloody rage,
T' indite pure thoughts upon the classic page,
(Curbing mad zealots,) or in social hour,
When gentler ones our grateful thoughts engage,
To charm away whatever clouds may lower,
And fill the soul with all of love's delightful power.

XXX.

Daughters of beauty ! sons of matchless worth !
When yon proud battlements that ye have reared
To cradle learning—from its very birth
Wedded to pure religion—shall have shed
Their light on ages ; still by memory led,

Will pious pilgrim wander to yon wood,*
Where sleep in Linden vale your precious dead,
And bending o'er each tomb in tearful mood,
Exclaim with awe, "here sleep the glorious and good!"

XXXI.

Th' assembled Congress, with unwonted zeal,
To trick out a false philanthropy, plead
The weakness of our enemy, and feel
Great sympathy that they in battle bleed ;
But foes to all above them, they would feed
Their mad ambition only, and could drag
The very angels down from heaven to lead
Their parties up, that now in darkness lag.
Cataline, full shrewd and famous to breed
Dissension, first rose, and thus in majesty decreed :

XXXII.

"Th' Executive demands supplies for war,
And uninstructed drives upon the foe—
That foe a peaceful power, who would not mar
Our friendly intercourse, but for the blow
We seemed to strike, in marching where all know
The country, in dispute ;—then, say, shall we,
Because attacked, the brute's vile malice show,
(Unworthy a nation so great and free,)
And carry the war into Mexico ?
The very winds—our banners—Justice—answer, No !

* Ashwood.

XXXIII.

" But if supplies be granted, who can tell
 The issue of such war? Long have I viewed
 Our country's prospects, delighted to dwell
 Upon the future : her noble sons, inured
 To honest toil, shout 'midst the valleys strewed
 With ever-varied beauty—not with bones—
 And broad rivers, like '*inland seas*,' endued
 With growing commerce, cheered by their blithe
 tones,
 More proudly roll, as conscious of the good
 They bear, while starving nations stretch their hands
 for food !

XXXIV.

" Then why involve in the dun clouds of war
 Our common country? Why change these tones
 Of rural gladness for the trumpet's jar
 And drum's dread rattle? for torturing groans
 And mad excitement, till the heart's deep moans
 In many a quiet home proclaim our misery?
 No bosom that a spark of virtue owns
 Would doom our country, prosperous and free,
 To such untimely ruin,—building thrones
 For Solitude, and building them of human bones !

XXXV.

" It cannot be expedient, sirs, to strike
 So bold a blow ; and it does seem to me
 (However little th' Executive may like
 Such plan) most feasible and just, that we

Should hold *Nueces* for the boundary.
A dreadful forest, God, òn th' other side,
Hath reared from marshes deep, where every tree
Soars up in awful solitude : abide
By this bound'ry as tho' 'twere Heaven's decree,
And then our conscience will be clear, our country
free !”

XXXVI.

After him an indescribable herd,
Various in manner as in sentiment,
Came bellowing o'er the stage, with many a word
Of fearful prophecy ; they told th' event
Of War, sighed deeply, trembled, snuffed the scent
Of hot blood smoking on the southern plain—
Saw pale, upturned bodies, where no brow bent
O'er them—wife's or sister's mitigating pain,
Nor mother's voice—naught but the wild lament
Of dying souls, and thunder from the battlement !

XXXVII.

As some proud cliff that meets the chafing waves,
Conscious of strength as freedom from earth's crime,
And seems to answer back, “down, ye poor slaves,
To your briny caverns, and the vile slime
Whence ye ascend ;” or as the King of Time
Strives in eclipse, and fights his way along
O'er cloud and tempest, till some matin prime,
The waves, the woodlands smile, and swelling song
From Nature's choir gives back the billow's chime ;
So Augustus, till the *world* owned his policy sublime !

XXXVIII.

Supplies are granted—and the mocking thrush,
 Boding cuckoo, and hooting owlet there,
 As fledgelings in a grove, their clamors hush—
 For *Freedom's thunder* leaps upon the air !
 Unaided, friendless, patriots thus may dare
 To launch upon the wave where strong hearts quail—
 So dauntless Perry,* 'midst the cannon's glare,
 (His country's colors for a coat of mail,)
 Launched all *alone*, and gliding like a star
 Athwart the tempest-track, defied the powers of war.

XXXIX.

Next did Augustus to his presence call
 A warrior bold, who for many a long year
 Had led our armies o'er the burning wall
 And bloody fosse, without defeat or fear :
 The same who after gallantly did rear
 Our banners on the heights of Mexico.
 But ah ! Ambition meets us even here—
 Not the villainous ambition of the low—
 But far too low for Scotus, who could bear
 The palm in war, and covets now Augustus' chair.

* The reader need scarcely be reminded that Com. Perry sprang into his long boat, under a dreadful shower from the enemy, threw his colors around his body, and rowing to another vessel, cast the die for victory.

XL.

In sooth he did not fancy there was need
For his strong arm upon the southern plain :
But as the gust sweeps o'er the yielding reed,
He thought the storm would pass, and hoped to
gain
The civic wreath at Washington. Yet plain
It seems, that if engaged upon the field,
"Foes in the van, while foes behind remain,"
Some other still the civil power must wield,
He therefore comes, undoubtedly with pain
And spleen, to meet Augustus in his country's
fane.

XLI.

Yet not with pain and spleen alone he came—
These spring from jealousy—but anger hot,
And indignation fierce, mingled with shame,
Hurried impetuous to th' appointed spot.
And as they met, what sparks of anger shot
From his bold eyes!—Augustus calmly smiled :
So Calpe and Abylla ; one hath not
A cloud upon his brow, but sunshine mild,
Th' other towers with many an angry blot,—
And glancing lightning terrible, inquires his lot.

XLII.

Augustus said : And like a chafing lion
Shaking his mane for battle, Scotus went—
Not e'en his forces on the plains of Ion

So welcomed Xerxes yet by storms unshent,
 As him our troops;—the startled air is rent
 To Heaven; like a new-risen world of stars,
 Thousand gay banners to the sky are sent,
 And stunning, startling sounds, as tho' the cars
 Of all the winds from high Æolia bent,
 Came thundering down and leaping from the firma-
 ment.

XLIII

Th' exulting artillery, like living thunder,
 From vale to vale, from hill to mountain leap—
 The plowman leaves his plow to know what
 wonder
 Wakes the world. “To arms! to arms!” from
 every steep
 Is echoed, as though the mountains, that peep
 Above the clouds, were thundering out, “To arms!”
 He flies his field—the shepherd from his sheep,
 And mechanist his home,—while dread alarms
 Seize gentler ones, now left alone to weep—
 Alas for them, whose treasures soon in death may
 sleep!

XLIV.

These sounds reached Lycidas, when at his side,
 Through the self same vale where the bards ap-
 peared,
 Lavinia walked—
 “Then Fame shall be my bride,”
 He said, “since thou by every thought endeared,

Art lost forever ; little had I cared
“ For glory, if in some sweet vale like this,
By tones and smiles of sweeter beauty cheered,
I could have known the happier lover’s bliss ;
But those fond hopes, like Fancy’s fabric reared,
And my sad lot, the purest of the earth have
shared.

XLV.

“ Farewell, Lavinia ! like a gentle vine
Long hast thou twined my very soul around ;
And since thou may’st not—*never* wilt be mine,
Life’s sweetest hopes fall shattered to the ground.
But I hear, perchance, in yon martial sound,
The voice of Glory calling me away ;
Ten thousand hearts with exultation bound,
Ten thousand banners on the breezes play,
And now I ask,—to life no longer bound,—
The soldier’s crimson wreath and glory’s grave pro-
found !”

XLVI.

O, who could paint, save He whose skilful hand
First cast abroad the sparkling stars on high,
Whose will spread out the wide and flowery land,
And plumes that through the realms of ether fly—
Say who but He—blest monarch of the sky !
Could paint again Lavinia’s matchless charms,
As, bent upon the earth, her dewy eye
Discoursed, and her pure bosom’s wild alarms
Told that she knew no pleasure in the sound of arms.

XLVII.

But ah ! 'twas not alone the flowing hair,
 Ringlets that here and there her waist revealed,
 Nor the sweet forehead, beaming like a star,
 O'er her fair breast with miser's care concealed,
 That made her peerless beauty, like a shield
 Flashing triumphant in the silvery sun,
 Strike all beholders till their dooms were sealed ;
 Her generous soul illumined every one,
 Charmed away sadness, many a bleeding bosom
 healed,
 And ne'er to her, in vain, had poverty appealed.

XLVIII.

O, she was perfect, beautiful, and good,
 And Lycidas was generous and brave ;
 But now subdued, like saint at holy rood,
 He bowed, and begged to bear across the wave
 A banner, loved doubly because *she* gave ;
 Could one so kind deny his bleeding heart,
 And drive to madness, when the act might save ?
 " No, Lycidas," she said, " although we part
 To meet no more, I'll not the gift you crave
 Deny. May't guide thee on to glory or the grave !"

XLIX.

" Our gallant troops, to-morrow," he replied,
 " Shall march (though plumed or private I should
 be)

To yon fair hall ; and since I'm not denied
This first, permit me yet to ask of thee
One other act of gentle courtesy :
To bear the banner there in thine own hand."
" Presumptuous some might deem such act in me,"
She said ; " but since brave hearts to distant land
Would bear our country's flag, be sure that we
For whom they toil, shall not be wanting ' courtesy.' "

L.

She said : and smiles, like sunbeams in their play
Upon the path of Spring, adorned her cheek ;
And roses scattered o'er the brow of day,
When first we hail him from some hoary peak,
Are not so fair, nor yet such language speak,
As the blushes pure that o'er her features stray ;
They come but one quick moment, like the streak
Of lightning, that is gone before you say
" It lightens !" and returned, their home to seek
In that pure bosom, as an angel's meek,
But strong to Love's assaults, as his, alas ! was weak.

LI.

Ward of Augustus, (him who held the throne
Of Washington, and hers by nature's tie,)
From darling infancy she ne'er had known
Aught but caresses and prosperity ;
While Lycidas, son of Adversity,

And eke Augustus' ward, though from his brow
Beamed genius mild, in vain had raised his eye
To her. Keen sorrows now begin to plow
His faded cheek, and aye th' unweeting sigh,
Pleads as a fallen Peri panting for the sky.

LII.

Straight to her home the gentle maid repairs,
That on the morrow, in th' appointed hall,
She may show, not for Lycidas her cares,
But woman's zeal, whenever trumpets call
To victory's wreath or death's more envied pall.
And first upon the banner a huge ball,
Type of the earth, she wrought; and next above,
An eagle, in the blue ethereal;
Then beamed the stars, triumphant over all—
Our glorious galaxy—O, never may they fall!

LIII.

And as the work of her own delicate finger
Held her sweet eye captive, thus she sighed:
"O, that he, whose spirit still may linger
Near Irene, and claim her for his bride—
Aurelius; who, a reckless pirate, died,—
O, that my poor lost brother here could be,
To march under this banner at the side
Of Lycidas; and bear it o'er the free,
Wherever dangers call, to Death or victory!

LIV.

“What grace, what beauty, as their manly forms,
Their dashing plumes, should lead the ardent van!
How would they move like light amid the storms
Of battle, honored and marked by every man,
When all essay whatever valor can;
How would they shout as victory came down,
How turn them homeward coveting each span
Of earth that lay between them and their own,
Till we should meet, embrace, and find our sorrows
flown!

LV.

“Ah, false Irene! So womanly and fair,
So blessed with fortune—virtues—all we love—
How couldst thou drive his spirit to despair!
And now, if o’er the watery waste he rove,
(Perchance the horrid rumor false may prove,)
O God, protect him for his father’s name,
And let thy Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Descend upon his bosom, to reclaim
My wayward, thoughtless one from misery and
shame!”

LVI.

The troops, now marshaled, to the hall repair—
Lycidas commands, and that gentler one
Bearing the banner—but with modest air,

Addressed him thus in sweet and silv'ry tone,
While the charmed air stood still about her
throne :

“ Yon pennons gleam—yon banner streameth fair,
The same that hovered over Washington !
New stars, 'tis true—new stripes are shining there,
And other fields of glory hath it won,
But still it is his banner and Lycidas his son !”

LVII.

With loud applauding shouts the arches ring—
None there could hold their peace—the very
“ stones

Would cry out,”—for their high souls were stirring
With all the zeal a Patriot-bosom owns.—

“ And you, my countrymen,” she said, “ whose
groans

Each wind may bear back from the southern plain,
Remember mercy on your march—let thrones
Oppress the helpless, revel in their pain,
Turn a deaf ear to sorrow's pleading tones,
And build their pyramids of human bones.

LVIII.

“ But *Freemen*, born to understand their rights,
Firm to maintain them on the bloody field,
Will turn with horror from those sickening sights
Where weaker victims to oppression yield ;
Or rather, since the generous brand they wield

May reach the tyrant, they will make him own
 That craft and villainy can find no shield,
 Though honored by a mitre or a throne,
 'Gainst Freedom's sword ; and ye yourselves are
 sealed
 With patriot blood, that first the law of might re-
 pealed !

LIX.

"Then go, my countrymen, thus armed with right,
 To scourge yon vain, intolerable foe,
 And make them feel and own Columbia's might,
 By sparing when their capital lies low ;
 Then offer peace, that all the world may know
 Americans take no delight in blood,
 And unprovoked had never struck the blow.
 Around those banners firm your fathers stood,
 And guarding them your generous blood may flow—
 But go, my countrymen, to *die* or *conquer*—go !"

LX.

She said ; and with a dignity of mien,
 That struck beholders dumb with awe and love,
 The banner gave to Lycidas. "Fair Queen !"
 The youth replied, (while like some graceful grove
 Saluting Morn, his plumed warriors prove
 Their reverence for her in bending low)—
 "This token will be prized where'er we rove,
 By each of these my comrades ; and when blow
 The fiercest storms of battle, still above
 Us soaring, yon bright eagle, like the gentle dove—

LXI.

“Who gave, will touch our hearts with soothing
voice,
And plead for pity. Ne'er can we forget
That war, though welcome now, was not our
choice ;
And when above each flashing minaret
Of Mexico, like silvery vapors flit
Our banners, we will spare the helpless foe.
But if ere then our own fair sun should set,
And every one in battle be laid low,
You owe us nothing—nothing but regret,
And mem'ry's dewy tear to cancel every debt.

LXII.

“To-morrow we must march—and now, farewell !
For each of these my soldiery thy hand
I take. Farewell !” As tides of ocean swell,
So do all hearts, by sympathy unmanned ;
E'en stern spectators, touched by Nature's wand,
One common cup of hope and sorrow sip,
Nor longer may their brimming tears command ;
And the “farewell,” echoed from Lavinia's lip,
Long lingered on the ears of that proud band,
Keeping her spell upon them e'en in distant land.

LXIII.

'Tis morn ! the world awakes, and myriad stars
That late in majesty and beauty rolled,
Are fading fast, and like the eye of Mars

Peering o'er earth, her armies to behold,
Yon sun glares up the sky ; a sea of gold
Surrounds him, and many a purple isle,
Seducing mortals in their fancies bold,
Give promise of that Paradise whose smile
First gladdened earth—of joys untold,
And courts where angels still their convocations hold.

LXIV.

This orient gallery one might dream
Was thronged with spirits, beautiful and kind ;
As youth and valor, like a fiery stream,
Our Pride and Strength, their banners on the wind,
Move amid shouts and cheerings unconfined,
To shield their country from a treacherous foe.
On Lycidas they well may gaze, who, blind
To danger, where the reddest tide may flow
Will rush ; now all he loved is left behind—
To fortune's triumphs and to death alike resigned.

LXV.

Onward they move, proud sons of Tennessee !
Through valleys of her winding Cumberland,
And sure it was a goodly sight to see ;
Their armor, like the shoals' unnumbered sand,
Flashing and moving to a martial band
That played some fine old patriotic air !
Say who on battle-field more firm will stand ?
Or who shall reap more glory in the war
Than these, though now their rosy cheeks be fan-
ned,
For the last time, by breezes of their native land ?

LXVI.

Long their sad music, in the distance dying,
Was heard by fluttering hearts—at last 'tis gone ;
But many a maid, on fancy's pinion flying,
Like mournful doves pursue the faithful one :
And many a tear, I ween, now fell upon
Those cheeks that late were beautiful in smiles—
Irene, at least, (than whom beneath the sun,
Save false Armeda, none in gentle wiles
Could more excel,) now felt her woes begun,
In the dread toil which she for others oft had spun.

LXVII.

Lavinia's brother, now a wanderer wild,
Self-banished to the world-careering sea,
On whom through many a loving hour she smiled,
May nurse, perchance, her fatal memory !
Lavinia deems him lost, and yet is free
From bitter feeling for the faithless friend,—
She knows full well that in her heart of glee
Dwells much of folly, that with youth may end,
And proves how truly great the good may be,
By loving still, though wounded by her treachery.

LXVIII.

But as th' Aëan nymph, beguiling all,
Found herself yielding to Ulysses' power,
And trembling, sighing, hugged the fatal thrall—
So the maid I sing, in unsuspecting hour,

Beheld Ascanius—the very flower
Of Chivalry : beloved where'er he went,
And skilled alike to please in lady's bower,
To cope with men in sterling argument,
Or escalate the frowning, tottering tower,
Though red hot balls around, like bolts of thunder,
shower.

LXIX.

One only fault assoiled his manliness,
And sank him from the worth her lord should claim ;
Reverence for sacred things and holiness,
Wanting himself, in other he would blame,
And of a priest did scorn the very name ;
Half wild in gleefulness from morn to night,
He gathered mirth in every thought that came,
And wrung from holy things, with keen delight,
In ribald jest whatever merriment he might.

LXX.

Lavinia and Irene ! Ah, ne'er did dream
Sculptor or bard of some bewitching pair
Leaning on other, by enchanted stream
Or holy font, who might with them compare.
Then how shall I, in lowly numbers, dare
To sketch, for fancy's ever eager eye,
Such form ?—Irene's less slender, yet so rare
In graces delicate, that one must fly
At once, or blinded by the beauteous glare,
Like a poor moth he lingers but to perish there.

LXXI.

Now on Lavinia's bosom did she pour
The bitter anguish of her bleeding soul—
Lavinia, who, it may be, owned the power
Of love, but knew the tempest to control ;
And while her fair companion to console
She strives, one might have seen her bosom move
With wild commotion ; yet no tear-drop stole
Tell-tale, and coldly bright her brow above
Beamed like yon star that calmly points the pole,
While waves beneath it all in wild commotion roll.

LXXII.

Full oft, alone, it likes them thus to hold
Companionship ; and oft in slumb'rous shade
Of Linden vale—the same already told,
Where Lycidas in bitter anguish strayed—
They roved ; and yet no syllable conveyed,
If haply true, that in Lavinia's heart
There lived an image that could never fade,
O'er which th' unweeting sigh would oft'times
start—
That secretly for Lycidas she prayed,
And many a tear in tribute to his mem'ry paid.

BOOK II.

CANTO FIRST.



Je veux à face découverte qu'on scache que je fay le fol. . . . La Republique dont j'ay charge, est ce petit monde que Dieu a estably en moy; pour la conservation duquel je ne scay meilleur moyen que de tromper mes afflictions par quelques jeux d'esprit; appelez-les bouffonneries si anisi le voulez.

PASQUIER.



CANTO FIRST.

I.

AFTER long toil Camargo and the tent
Of Godfrey did he reach—a nation's sire !
Who led our arms and won there'er he went :
Serene and cheerful—rude in his attire—
The old man sat ; around him like a wall of fire
His burning youth, who long to strike the blow ;
But now, as men who listen to some dulcet lyre,
They hang in silence on the words that flow
From a shrewd spy returned t' inform them of the
foe :

II.

“ My own wrongs—wounds—escape—I need not
tell,
But crave your patience, while in rambling strain,
Perchance unwelcome, I describe each dall

And dark ravine, with pass where foes, in vain,
Lie ambushed. E'en hillock and stream, grove,
plain,
Deep chaparral and mountains, as they rise—
The town itself, and all things that pertain
To it, and to our present enterprise,
I now describe, having marked them with mine
eyes."

III.

So did Ascanius essay, inclined
To boast his own exploits, and to prolong
In figures manifold, what he divined
Of Monterey.

Godfrey, whose language strong,
Concise and graphic, fell upon that throng
Ever, like lightning, moulding to his will,
But in his mien—save where delay were wrong—
Most patient, smiled upon the youth, whose skill
In poesy assoiled, and made his story ill.

IV.

"The sun was lingering on a glorious hill,
And drenched its valleys in a flood of light,
When I arrived at Monterey. San Juan's rill
Threading the South, as conscious of his flight,

Coy smiles returned through flowers ; on the
right,
A fair hill held up the Bishop's dome to kiss
The setting sun, and mountains, born of night,
Frowned in the rear ; while not the plains, I
wist,
So bright and beautiful, had ever shared their mist !

V.

“Through the grey twilight anxiously I mark
Each frowning wall, impatient to descry
Their forts and battlements—the deadly park
To number, ere their angry strength we try,
Resolved to conquer or in glory die.
Forts to the right and left appear well manned,
Their number eight—and horrid to the eye,
Even in peace, a citadel doth stand,
Fronting them all, the sloping valleys to command.

VI.

“Here long I gazed, and wondered if the rear
Might be less guarded. There, in grandeur, rose
The Bishop's palace, e'en more strong, I fear,
Than citadel or fort below ; since, close
Beyond it, Nature riseth to oppose
Invasion in two hills, that wear a crown
All spiked with brist'ling cannon for their foes—
Night falls at last, obscures the fated town,
And, sinking on a rock to sleep, I lay me down.

VII.

"This rock, with moss and violets o'erspread,
 Was in the centre of a charming grove,
 Hight San Domingo;* from beneath it sped
 A silvery brook, whose winding waters rove
 'Mid orange flowers redolent of love,
 And from a basin crowned with walnut trees—
 'Mid such a scene as this, methinks 'twould prove
 A sterner soul, than mine, that to the breeze
 No sigh would give for peace and its delightful
 ease !

VIII.

"Here oft assembled, in fandango glee,
 The youth of Monterey to dance and sing,†
 While vari-colored lamps from every tree,
 On beds of flowers their dreamy lustre fling.
 Here, too, her *virgin priests* their hours wing,
 Lascivious as goats, albeit less grave
 In their demeanor, till the matins ring,—
 Then fly to hear confessions, and enslave
 Still more the burthened soul which they pretend to
 save !

* "This grove is several miles in length, and nearly three-fourths in width, and on all sides slopes gradually to its centre. Youth and beauty, middle life and old age, found here, in the umbrageous shade, a solace from the cares of a crowded city. Cleared spots spoke eloquently of the festive scene,—the very thrones of the mandolin and gay guitar were recognisable."

† "Our army at Monterey," p. 47.

IX.

“I sank upon the rock, and balmy sleep
Scattered her charms about my weary head,
While Mem’ry’s train, in dreams delightful sweep
Along, or linger by my lonely bed.
I fancied that in Linden vale I led—
No matter whom—into the chapel-gate,
And, ringing on the air, sweet voices fed
My raptured soul. O, blessed Fate!—
To give me, e’en in dreams, so beautiful a mate!

X.

“But ah! my Linden vale was Monterey—
The voices—who are these? I rub mine eyes,
Dazzled and wond’ring in the lights that play
Upon them, beautiful as summer skies,
When myriad stars amidst their azure rise.
What forms are here? Unnumbered lovers rove
Along the brook; observe me with surprise,
And ask my mission. Lo! the dream of love
Is changed to me—made prisoner in their beauteous
grove!

XI.

“There they detained me till their sports were
o’er,
With many a scoff inviting to the dance;
At length they drag me on the flowery floor,
In merriment, and with many a lance
Pierce my sides, till with very pain I prance

About the grove, and wake their savage glee ;
 All save one exult—a fair maid, perchance
 Of our own land, whose ringlets yet I see
 Brilliant as gold, and bright with pity's tears for me.

XII.

“ She seemed their bishop's saint, who follow'd
 her
 With lifted eye, and from his breast of sighs
 For fallen man, (O, the detested cur !)
 Incense, savored with spicy wines, did rise
 In offering to this virgin of the skies ;
 She shuns his burning glance, and on fair flowers
 At her feet, sweet asphodel and pansies,
 Drops those orbs of blue, dilated by the powers
 Of grief, and tearful e'en in pleasure's bowers.

XIII.

“ One she called uncle—Najera was he hight—
 Chided, and bade her, 'midst the scenes so gay,
 Take heart. Then tenderly her eyes' soft light
 Fell on him, in their own angelic way,
 Discoursing, e'er the tardier tongue could play,
 Of ruin threatened, and despair that bites
 The heart unceasingly from day to day.
 At length she spake—'tis one I love invites
 Me to be happy, and to share this hour's delights.

XIV.

“‘But thou hast told me that in other clime
I have a brother ; keeping out of view
My native land and home, whence oft like chime
Of vesper bells fall on me and pursue
My steps in all their wanderings, accents true
To nature—deep and holy in their spell.—
’Tis strange that we should wander thus ; but you
I trust in all things, heeding what you tell
Of foes who seek our life ; and hope ’twill yet be
well.

XV.

“‘Yet, when this prisoner said, from Linden vale
He came, some anguish horrible did brood
Upon your brow—your very cheek grew pale,
And shuddered your frame, till the recreant blood
Came mantling back with shame upon its flood.
Is he our foe ? Methought that brother mine
Might venture here to seek his sister’s good—
And O, if dream like this were also thine,
Haste to his side and all the mystery divine.’

XVI.

“‘Peace, Măria, peace !’ said he, ‘ such idle dream
Is little suited to this joyous hour—
Smile away care, and let thy blue eyes beam,
Till all grow happy in their radiant shower :
Do this, and I will lead to yon fair bower

The capering boy that he may tell thee all;
 But first yon bishop mark—I crave what power
 He may confer; yet thou shalt never fall
 His victim, though 'twould gain for me his holy
 pall.

XVII.

“My treasures now, perchance, might wheedle
 Rome,
 And prove me worthy of yon palace-gate;
 For either money, or some pond'rous tome,
 Anath'matizing heretics hath weight.
 But since I cannot scribble, I must bait
Papa with bullion—intrigue's best disguise'
 So did Alphonso clamber up, who late
 In Vera Cruz was poisoned, and the wise,
 For many an age, have thus secured that holy prize.

XVIII.

“So let me seek it, *Mãria*; and know
 That yon old dotard, tottering to the grave,
 Can yield a secret to us which may blow
 My bark to certain victory o'er the wave.
 Then aid me, gentlest, if 'twill not deprave
 Thy virgin heart, to wring it out when wine
 Shall heat him and thy matchless charms enslave.'
 'No! no!' the maid. 'I would not thus divine
 His secret for the fairest wreath that hope might
 twine!

XIX.

“ ‘ And thou art kind to me ! hast ever been—
My only friend in this mysterious woe,
That hangs upon us, like Judea’s sin
And curse, while we are driven to and fro
O’er the wide world by some mysterious foe.
And thou ! dost thou prepare for me disgrace,
Striking mine honor ere his tardier blow
Could fall ? Alas ! th’ avenger still may chase—
But not into yon hell—yon libertine’s embrace.’

XX.

“ ‘ Măria,’ quoth he, ‘ my sweet but wayward
child,
Did I not vow that thou should’st never fall ?
Say when, from childhood, have my lips beguiled
Thy feet into the snare ? Then wherefore rail
With heaving bosom, while thy brow all pale,
Seems wet with heart-drops eloquent of grief ?
I only ask that secret to prevail
O’er this priesthood—of whom yon thing is chief—
And fain would bring to many a widowed heart
relief.’

XXI.

“ ‘ Only for this one object do I live—
And ever have : to wring from Tyranny,
And Scorn and Pride, their god-like gold, and give
Where Fortune frowns. Then let me be
The Good Samaritan for aye, and see

This plan succeed.—Yield, for the sake of all
 That I have been, suffered and done for thee :
 That secret would secure thy foeman's fall,
 ('Tis strange, but true,) and gain for me the bishop's
 pall.

XXII.

“ ‘Tis said a buried city hath been found
 'Neath yon dread mountains,* and its altars burn
 With massive gold. A passway underground,
 Known to the priesthood only, I would learn ;
 There toil the poor, and pour out, what they earn
 In blood and sweat, at yon old tyrant's feet,
 But never more to happiness return !
 Then wherefore, Măria, doth it seem unmeet
 That thou should'st aid me coveting their dark
 retreat ?”

XXIII.

“ Meanwhile they goad me capering round the
 ring,
 Unheeding, sure, the colloquy now told ;
 For their low whispers and the lancers' sting
 Went ill together ; nor till we left the wold
 Learned I this intrigue of the robber bold.
 He now drew near me, with his beauteous one—
 The tearful Măria, and bade them hold ;
 Then questioned of the deeds our arms had done,
 And wherefore thus 'twere mine in danger's toil to
 run !”

* La Gran Quivera. See “ Our Army at Monterey,” page 16,
 and Spanish Chron, *passim*.

XXIV.

“I knew the rogues would hang me in that grove—
No pleasant thought! and, therefore, answered
him
In their own lingo, swearing I could prove
Myself deserter, and that I did swim
The Rio Grande, gurgling o’er its brim,
T’ escape, when forced unwilling to the field ;
Najera said that he, in twilight dim,
Had seen deserters thus, and bade them yield
One day at least to me, to prove what I revealed.

XXV.

“To him all gratitude! for, sure as fate,
I should have dangled from an orange tree—
One did I mark, and viewed it as my gate
From the gay world into eternity.
Ah! ’twas an ugly thought, as well might be ;
So I resolved to be religious too,
And told the bishop, e’en from infancy,
The Virgin I had loved, and now would do,
For him or her, whate’er his holiness thought due.

XXVI.

“‘My son,’ said he, ‘I fear thou canst not gain
Access to Mary in this trying hour ;
For she hath gone in debt of late, and fain

Would pay ; but ah ! 'tis all beyond her power.*
 Then, while he sighed and smote his breast, a
 stream
 Of burning, bursting tears fell on my chain.
 ' Woe ! woe ! ' he cried, ' to think that *beauteous*
 flower
 Must pine unceasingly, while we remain
 Insensible, below, nor mitigate her pain !

XXVII.

" ' Hast thou a little to relieve her, son ?
 How much ?—let's count it here upon the sod.'
 He seized my pouch—the yellow sov'reigns ran
 Upon the ground, in offering to his God.
 ' Hast thou no more ? Behold,' said he, ' the rod,
 That laid Sapphira low at Peter's feet :'
 Then, terrified, I gave him a huge wad
 Of Brandont† money, hoping it might meet
 Our Lady's wants, and gain, for her, a full receipt.‡

XXVIII.

" ' Get up now, son,' said he, ' 'tis done ;
 I saw the maid of Guadalupe pass by,
 And smile upon thee as a darling son,

* " Mexico has this fatal feature which makes the mind despair.
 * * * * * However glaring may be the superstitions of
 continental Europe, it is of feeble hue compared with the Mexi-
 can."—BLACKWOOD, 1846.

† A Mississippi bank, famed for its lavish *dispensations and indul-
 gences*, whose *Pious*—(I ask his Holiness' pardon !) officers "*prom-
 ise to pay.*"

‡ " I will stand bail for the good mother !"—FATHER BARRY'S
 ANSWER TO PASCAL.

With tears of love and pity in her eye ;
Though guarded still, to yon fair palace hie,
And wait for her to prove their innocence.
It waxeth late—the stars of morning die,
Weltering in loveliness intense—
Our revelry is o'er, and we must hurry hence.'

XXIX.

“ Coy stars were diving in the azure deep
Of heaven, one by one—a beauteous throng !
Now lost, perchance ; now seen again to peep
Back on the sun, which, like a giant strong,
Breathed lambent fires his orient clouds among.
Herds rejoice, plains smile, e'en waters play more
glad,
And birds lift up to heaven their joyous song ;
They lead me through this laughing scene—not sad,
For my sides were aching, and I was only mad.

XXX.

“ Soon to a bridge we came, where Mary stands,
In blue mantilla*—for so they please to paint
Pure marble ; and though mad withal, my hands
I raised in adoration to their saint,
And fell upon the ground with loud complaint.
'Get up, son,' quoth a *Padre*, 'she knows well
That thou hast saved her honor from all taint.'
'So mote it be,' said I, 'and she can sell
Those bills for a premium, to fetch some soul from hell.

* See "Our Army at Monterey."

XXXI.

“ ‘ At any rate, they’ve carried many there,
 And, for aught I know, may fetch them back again.’
 ‘ Never mind, son,’ quoth he, ‘ for they must fare
 Most sadly still, if e’er they hope to gain
 Exemption, thro’ Mary, from their bitter pain ;
 Pertaineth that alone to *me*, who bring
 None up—for so St. Peter doth ordain—
 But with great *price*, and them may scarcely wring
 From the keen pang of Death’s interminable sting.’

XXXII.

“ Thus did we pass by many a golden field
 Into the town, where every house doth wear
 The aspect of a fortress ; and if it yield
 Without most sanguine struggle, we may bear
 Our arms henceforth in triumph through the war ;
 For, well defended, they might drive the world
 Embattled from their streets, and we shall dare
 Feats above arms, if e’er they thence be hurled,
 And our proud banners o’er their fortresses unfurled.

XXXIII.

“ I reached the Bishop’s palace, and was given
 Freedom to rove about its spacious halls ;
 Măria, too, was there, sweet child of heaven !—
 Prisoned and drooping in those hated walls.
 Her golden hair upon her bosom falls,

As in the grove it fell ; but now no tear,
Gliding so beautiful, to pity calls,
Albeit her sighs lend fragrance to the air,
And breathe around the silent anguish of despair.

XXXIV.

“ All heavily the day went o’er my head ;
And night more welcome came, since his low brow
Was black with tempest, and a sense of dread
Sank down on nature’s heart. The gnarled oaks
 bow
And groan, while frightened herds run to and fro.
But ah ! albeit the elements rage on,
Ne’er was my doubting heart so glad as now ;
For lo ! a band of brethren, one by one,
Descended into a dark vault for *holy orison*.

XXXV.

“ I followed on their track, albeit the door
Behind them closed with loud and frightful jar ;
But having marked how he who went before
Braced himself, with fingers outstretched, not far
From where they entered, ’gainst a massive bar,
I fancied there some potent spring concealed ;
Scarce had I touched it, when, like glimmering star
O’er Pluto’s throne, th’ opening door revealed
Their torch below, whence merry bursts of laughter
 pealed.

XXXVI.

“ Deeming this way, though frightful to behold,
 Some secret pass that led without the town,
 I stole upon their track ; and if they hold,
 A moment o’er some steep that plungeth down
 Precipitate, to scan th’ uneven ground ;
 Crouching behind dark cliffs, I lay, the while,
 With beating heart ; and so till they had wound,
 In bowels of the earth, full many a mile,
 O’er rocks, cliffs, gulfs ; through streams, and many
 a dark defile.

XXXVII.

“ But lo ! upon my aching eyes a scene
 Resplendent opens—myriad torches shine,
 Loud voices rise, and people intervene ;
 Here broken columns lie, and there, a shrine
 Ruined ; while tutelary gods recline
 Around, buried beneath their sacred trust ;—
 On, on they gleam, in long, unbroken line—
 Those ruins strange ; or rather, to the lust
 Of Mammon, and his strokes, are rising from the
 dust.*

XXXVIII.

“ Scarce did my eyes upon this scene dilate,
 When thoughts rushed o’er me of my hapless plight
 If captured here, and fettered to the fate
 Of those pale victims, doomed to endless night.

* See History of La Gran Quivera.

Chilled to the very bone, I turn for flight,
And soon had left the sick'ning scene behind ;
But ah ! no torch remained my path to light,
And falling, struggling, groping on, I find
Ten thousand devious paths, nor know what way
they wind.

XXXIX.

“ Two days and nights I make my dreary way—
Now o'er huge cliffs that lift their crags on high,
While far beneath them leaping torrents play ;
Now in deep gulfs, while still below them lie,
Unfathomed depths to freeze and horrify.
Then from my strained feet, huge rocks, with crash
And bound, and lightning on their midnight way,
Go thund'ring down, for many a league, and dash
On phosphorus lake below, whose angry billows
flash.

XL.

“ But see ! a light appears—a torch—a lamp !—
A hall of revelry in this lone land !
Their bowl is full ; and lo ! the neigh and tramp
Of horses near ; 'tis an outlaw's band.
Behold Najera there, bright goblet in his hand,
Recounting what, within the grove, he said
To Mária—her firm replies, tho' bland ;
And venting curses on the bishop's head,
He vows in wrath to wear the mitre in his stead.

XLI.

“ O, blest society of man !—that scene
Of brutal revelry, that told of life,
And promised me again the joyous sheen
Of day, was beautiful ! E'en fiercest strife
Of battle I could bear, and by the knife
Of bloody foe be mangled ; yea, could die
Of sharp disease, with more than anguish rife ;
But ah ! to perish thus—in gulf to lie
Below mankind—the very thought was agony !

XLII.

“ Taught by their converse that a gate, hard by,
Of massive iron, opened to the light,
And, favored by the boisterous revelry,
I venture on, till break upon my sight
Long level beams, more beautiful and bright,
I ween, than they which welcome us from care
To heaven, and give the soul its first delight.
I struggle on to reach it—soon am there,
And fly adown the vale as from a lion's lair.”

CANTO SECOND.



Slow, in calm glory from its orient bower
And with unwonted sheen, the Star of day
Rose on the morrow, when from tent and tower,
Issuing in polished arms, and ranged array,
The squadrons rear their standards and display
Their force, wide wheeling round the vast campaign.
Sole in the centre, whence he might survey
Both horse and foot, the chief observed the chain
Of the whole movement pass in long revolving train.

WIFFIN'S TASSO.



CANTO SECOND.

I.

GODFREY, tho' bred in camp, and to the jeer
Of infidel accustomed, and the low mirth
Of vile sectarian bigot, ill could bear
Ascanius' levity—to heaven and earth
Most shocking, and to his purpose little worth.
But bore, to learn what might be of his foes :
Then in Dame Nature's majesty, when birth
She gives to all things beautiful, arose,
And thus prevailed, in mild but soldier-like discourse :

II.

“Soldiers ! long have we lingered here in vain,
Waiting supplies from home ; and Monterey,
Meanwhile, the object of our next campaign,
Grows stronger every moment we delay.
Moreover, now, I learn, are on their way

Fresh troops, to succor them, from Vera Cruz ;
 And when their town, that even now may play
 Ten mortars to our one, shall by this truce
 More strongly fortify, 'tis plain that we must lose—

III.

“Lose all, perchance, untaught to fly or yield.
 And yet to fight them thus—when they can
 bring,
 If so should please them, to the open field,
 A warlike host that easily might swing
 Our troops around, and close upon each wing—
 To fight them thus might shame our cautious art;—
 So, all who wish it, and can bear to fling
 Away laurels that have won their country's heart,
 May hang them on their forfeit armor and depart.”

IV.

A hoarse murmur (as when from Oregon
 Low winds, careering, sweep a-down the vale,
 Dark firs' complaint) rose from each gonfalon—
 Or, rather, like the havoc-telling wail
 Of devouring flames, where all turn pale,
 That voice from burning hearts struck on the
 air,
 Which shuddered and trembled at the dread tale
 It bore, as, conscious of the thunder there,
 Ready to burst abroad and blacken with despair.

V.

That horrid murmur first did Godfrey hear
When pent in Isabel ; for to that shore
Once venturing, he left a fort* in rear
Girt by fierce foes—soon hears their cannon roar ;
And though counseled to halt—nor venture more
Than this one fortress that must quickly yield,
He struck his sword indignantly and swore—
“ To-morrow we will join them on the field,
Or die where yon opposing legions stand revealed !”

VI.

Then that dread murmur, and the earthquake shout
It harbingered, burst madly up to heaven,
Nor died till the death-struggle had wrung out
Groans and blood-sweat, while hecatombs were
 given
Of his glorious youth, and the vile foe driven,
Like bloody spray upon the thunder-shaken deep.
Alas ! by whose dread engines were they riven ?
Immortal Ringgold ! myriad hearts here keep
Thy memory, and answer to these fingers' tuneful
 sweep.

VII.

But now, all green with laurels that day woven
By glory's finger on each soldier's brow ;
And their hearts still bleeding, that were cloven

* Fort Brown.

By each stroke that laid their gallant comrades low ;
 The whole army murmured forth a dread woe
 And curse on any craven who might yield ;
 Their curse was on the air and on the foe,
 But not on heart that wanted valor's shield—
 Not *one* was there that burned not for the battle field.

VIII.

Godfrey retires to his tent—and morn,
 That smiles upon the world with dewy eyes,
 While pales before her glance the moon's keen
 horn,
 Scarce moved her curtains, golden woofed, to rise
 In rosy splendor, flashing thro' the skies ;
 When clashing arms and warlike trumpets bray-
 ing,
 With fife and drum, the misty hills surprise :
 Deafening the tumult rose—shouts, curses, neighing,
 Laughter, song and bantering—everything but pray-
 ing.

IX.

E'en holy prayer—albeit there mingled not
 Such sacred incense with the rabble shout—
 Rose silently to heaven from one green spot ;—
 'Twas a sweet vale, where, ere the deafening rout
 Began, while many a violet looked out
 With tear of joy to greet the op'ning sky—
 A youth had wandered—beats his heart with doubt
 And fear—kisses the heaven his full blue eye,
 And thus ascends his prayer in many a burning sigh :

X.

“ O, thou mysterious Arbiter of fate!—
Whom I have loved, and whom alone have feared—
Thou know’st each soul—our struggles to be
 great—
And every heart by wrong and insult seared ;
Thou know’st what I have borne—tho’ few have
 peered
Into this aching heart—how I have wept,
And prayed for all, and how for one endeared
By more than blood ;—how, while the world have
 slept,
In Linden vale my mournful vigils I have kept.

XI.

“ Wronged e’en from birth—without a father’s name
To grace my boyhood, and condemned to bear
The burning insult, I have sighed for fame ;
Yes, oft have sighed, when in Lavinia’s ear
Was poured th’ invidious tale ;—for many a tear,
Like melancholy angel in that heaven,
Revealed her heart.—O God, that I might hear
One trump of Fame! O, for one laurel given
To twine upon this brow, well nigh to madness driven!

XII.

“ Guide my frail footsteps to some giddy height
Where danger hangs on avalanche, to start
Its mad thundering.—Nerve my arm for fight,
And grant me there to lay this bleeding heart,

Or crowned with deathless glory to depart !
 O, for one wreath—a wreath of living green !
 For her dear brow, who knows nor guile nor
 art—

My own Lavinia—purer than the sheen
 Of yon eternal stars, and milder in her mien !

XIII.

“ And if there be—for thou alone dost know—
 Truth in yon strange enthusiast from the wood
 Evanishing, whose eyes unearthly glow,
 Speak madness, and whose long beard, wooed
 By the breeze and tangled, tells his mood ;—
 If truth there should be in his ravings wild,
 And one allied to me by nearest blood
 Dwell in yon city, from her home exiled—
 Oh ! keep her pure, when every other are defiled !

XIV.

“ Preserve her, when the horrid bombardment
 Crushes and burns and withers all before ;
 And if, with its wild thunder, there be blent
 Screams and loud cries of women wet with
 gore,
 Do thou watch o'er her helpless head, and pour
 Hope's consolations in her bleeding breast ;
 Then guide me so, that, when the storm be o'er,
 I may calm the billows of her wild unrest,
 While doubting still if to a brother's bosom prest.”

XV.

Scarce from his burning heart this prayer as-
cended,
When Godfrey summoned every tent to arms ;
They shout—they form—they march—their music
blended
With carol of wild birds, whose slight alarms
Wing them from tree, though nothing harms :
Glorious their anthem mounts ! and every wind
That wanders by, with fresher gladness charms.
Godfrey now reins his steed—remains behind,
And proudly views the whole as on their banners wind.

XVI.

Immortal Worth, with glory in his eye,
Leads first upon the field, and, in review
Passing, savors of his destiny.
His very looks bespeak what they may do—
And only they, whose souls are great and true ;—
Whose purpose high and glorious, from brow,
Cheek, limb and form, breathes spirit-like to woo
Regard amidst the meaner throng, and throw
Its spell upon them, till to very slaves they grow.

XVII.

Lycidas—the same who rose with morn's bright
star,
And wand'ring 'neath it to the flowery vale,
Prayed for Lavinia—the plume of war,

And worthy Pindar's deep melodious wail,*
 Moved first in his division ; calm and pale,
 And beautiful as valiant man might be,
 He curbs an ebon steed, whose mane and tail
 Float silk-like on the air—itsself less free
 Than his gay limbs—all grace and strength and
 symmetry !

XVIII.

Captain of the troop from Linden vale,
 His very presence cheers as on they flow ;
 And, if in battle storm, their hearts should quail,
 A word—as His who gave the lightning's glow—
 From that proud lip could hurl them on the foe.
 All eyes bend on him—even Godfrey turns
 Smiling to his staff—his name to know,
 And, gazing on his snowy brow, discerns
 What Etna lava in his heaving bosom burns !

XIX.

Next, under him, the shrewd Ascanius came ;
 Wily, alert, and pliant as the snake—
 As fearless and insensible to shame.
 He, too, commands, and none his anger wake,
 But to receive its venom in a flake
 Of fiery vengeance, if the time should serve ;
 But, self-possessed and firm, he ne'er would stake
 In vain ; e'en insult bears with iron nerve,
 If need ; though braced and coiled in horrible reserve.

* *Graius dedit ore rotundo musa loqui.*—HOR.

XX.

Butler advances next, and in his train
Kentucky's plumed host. But, if before
Them move proud sons of Tennessee, the rain
Of battle fire on both alike shall pour ;
For both he leads to glory, (save the corps
Of Lycidas, whom Worth, for gallant air,
Had chosen to support his own ;) he bore
A falchion in his hand, like glittering star,
That flashed with conscious pride, and pointed on the
war.

XXI.

But why enroll the *states*, that send them forth ?
As though some honor this one might not claim,
Were due to that—*all* now are from the *North*—
Proud brothers they to fight in Freedom's name ;—
So Godfrey viewed them—loved them for the fame
Of other days, and our forefathers' worth—
Honored them, blessed, and smiled as on they came ;
For the same proud mother travailed in their birth,
Our common country dear, and honored through the
earth !

XXII.

Duncan and Campbell, Davis, Twiggs, Dilworth
And Barbour pass—with Hays who midst the storm
Cried "Goliad and Mier!" while shook the earth
Beneath him—and Lamar, whose manly form

Loomed like a spirit up to cheer and warm ;
 Watson and Quitman, Garland and McClung ;
 Terrett and Irwin, first their lines to form,
 And first to fall while victory doubtful hung,
 With thousand more, alas ! by gentler minstrel
 sung.

XXIII.

By bleeding heart in many a quiet vale,
 That knew their virtues best, and best could throw
 The mantle o'er each fault—pierced hearts whose
 wail,
 That struck the midnight dumb, still sighing low,
 Keeps mournful time to every pulse of woe.
 Their jewels bright, upon that morning march,
 Godfrey beheld, in one broad river flow
 Through beauteous plains that summer suns ne'er
 parch—
 All decked with flowers and bridaled to the azure
 arch.

XXIV.

Proudly he viewed them on their winding way,
 Their valiant air—the measured tread, the pride,
 The joy of all ;—the laughing beams that play
 On bayonet and gun—on plumes that ride,
 Exulting in the air thro' landscape wide—
 While vaulting captains order, point the track
 To glory, or come charging to his side
 For interview ; while, thundering and black,
 Th' artillery rolls behind as muttering attack.

XXV.

He sees the pageant pass, and, with his staff,
Moves on from rear to van. Converse they hold
With him familiar—banter, jest and laugh,
As sons with gracious father, who controlled
By gentleness the froward and the bold ;
They honored, blessed and cherished ; yea, would
die—
Exulting have died (half their deeds untold)
For him, who ever marched with steadfast eye
To danger's darkest post, and marched to victory !

XXVI.

One now was moving at his side, for whom
A mournful wreath these fingers fain would twine
In burning love, and hang it on his tomb !—
My own lost Edwin ! see this bosom !—thine
From early youth, and still about it twine !—
Breathe incense here, as thou wert wont to do,
When oft in peaceful shade of tree or vine,
We lulled the vacant hours, and learned to woo
Bright honor as the breeze from yon ethereal blue.

XXVII.

The dream had passed—the morning flowers, that
grew
About our boyhood, withered one by one,
And each gay vision, golden winged that flew
Like angels o'er us, as we planned alone,

Vanished to ether soon as looked upon ;
 Then manhood came, and in the world he tried
 To win such palm, as virtue joys to own—
 Left his fair home, to western forest hied,
 Sprang first to Godfrey's call—fought gallantly,
 and died !

XXVIII.

Ah ! gentler tear than mine, upon the path
 Where we had roved in youth, must fall :
 For, little dreaming of the fire-wrath
 And flood of battle, he had gone from all
 Most sacred, at necessity's hard call,
 To gain by thrifty hand a competence
 For the fair maid, whose smiles, angelical,
 Now bless in brighter world, and there dispense
 To his pure heart their light of love and innocence.

XXIX.

Oft have I marked her in the moon's pale beam,
 By tomb or chapel, airy as some thing
 That brain-distempered bards are wont to dream—
 Light as a spirit moving on its wing
 Invisible, to notes that Peri sing :
 O grace ineffable and beauty rare !
 Breathless we gaze, and if there chance to spring
 From leaf or flower to stir her silken hair,
 E'en gentlest breeze, wildly she shrieks and cries
 " there !—there !"

XXX.

Then shrinks back, startled by the music wild
Of her own sweet voice, and throws to her brow
Her lily hand translucent in the moonbeams mild,
And whispers, "Edwin! Edwin! sad art thou—
Kiss me again, love—I am calmer now :"
Then wildly looks around—the sweet gazelle
Not matching, e'en in wildest mood, I trow,
Her agile grace and eyes ineffable,
That seek the ghostly shade of him she loved so well.

XXXI.

Ianthe! thou art gone, and Linden vale
Bears in its loving breast no sweeter flower;
E'en Edwin there, upon the rising gale,
Or gentler breeze, whose undulating power
Bends buds to kiss each other every hour,
May now reward thy painful constancy.
Sweet spirits! ye were one in beauty's bower,
Pure as the blossoms that in fragrance vie,
And linked, for weal or woe, to love eternally!

XXXII.

But now the bloom of hope adorned his cheek,
And his fine form attracted Godfrey's gaze—
His sparkling mirth—his flashing eyes that speak
Before the ready tongue, and make those days
Of travel sweeter than the long delays

Of barracks, which the soldier oft endures—
 His playful jest—his wit's electric blaze—
 And rhapsody where scene of beauty woos
 Delight, from morn to night, and e'en from slumber
 lures.

XXXIII.

O, Love ! it was a very home for thee—
 That variegated land through which they move !—
 The painted plumes—the grace of every tree—
 Orange and citron twinkling in the grove—
 The boundless plains, and steeds that o'er them
 rove
 Unbridled as gay billows of the sea !—
 Fair flowers beneath, unclouded skies above—
 The whispering breeze—the birds in endless
 glee,
 And all things—O ! so bright—so beautiful and free !

XXXIV.

And dark-eyed maids, all winning in their mood,
 Warm as the sunbeam burning on each lip,
 Yet sensitive as floweret of the wood,
 Whose sweetness only dew-drops dare to sip—
 Bashful and coy, till Rosy Love hath dipped
 His golden arrow in th' unweeting breast,
 Then, open to the very heart, they whip
 The prude from bosoms wild in love's unrest,
 True to their lover's will and panting to be prest.

XXXV.

Ah, Erminia ! well thy gentle spirit proved
All that my lowly numbers dare relate ;
For thou wert passionate, and dearly loved
By yon wild-eyed wanderer, who late
Followed our army from Camargo gate,
Gloaring like bearded satyr from the wood.
Ruined himself, he sealed for aye thy fate ;
And since, the blasted monument hath stood,
Of Rome's infernal code baptized in human blood.

XXXVI.

Saralvo, now, doth heave up to the view—
Her azure sky by thunder-shout is riven !
The soldiers deemed it Monterey, and flew
On as though the victory were already given,
And the routed foe tumultuously driven ;
But soon are checked, and searching far away,
Where mellow mountains drink the deep blue
 heaven,
See, floating there, the town, and spires that play
Like spirits of enchantment trembling up to-day.*

* "The city of Monterey could just be distinguished in the distance, its outlines, in blue haze, dreamily indistinct ; beyond lie, in silent grandeur, broke in huge masses, the Sierra Madre, their tops piercing the clouds," &c.—THORPE'S MONTEREY.

XXXVII.

O, goodly sight! O, land of beauty rare!—
 Born to exalt whoever looks on thee,
 Why grovel here thy sons? Why do they wear
 Oppression's chain, and bend the supple knee
 Where every wind doth shout, "Be free! be free!"
 Yon Moorish town might tell of nobler times
 To rouse the Spanish soul from lethargy—
 And yon white convent,* child of other climes,
 Though desecrated now, and dark with priestly
 crimes!

XXXVIII.

O, that was beautiful!—in holier day,
 As truthful chroniclers are wont to tell—
 When convent rose t' exclude the garish day—
 The world, its strife, and all things that do tell
 Aught but of heaven and the road from hell.
 When robéd priest turned o'er the sacred leaf
 Unceasingly, and breathed on all its spell—
 When Poverty approached to ask relief,
 And ne'er was turned away in sullenness of grief!

* "Saralvo attracted much attention, because it was entirely of the Moorish-Spanish style of building. A large church, of singularly oriental appearance, towered over the landscape, its white walls, in the quiet moonlight, unconsciously reminding the spectator of the times of the crusaders, or the stirring events of the Alhambra, when the Spaniards drove the Moors from their elysium homes, and reared the cross where before the crescent waved in sullen dignity."

XXXIX.

Each convent then as bride of heaven arose,
 Breathing its peace, more joyous e'en than spring,
 O'er hearts of wretchedness and human woes.
 But see yon wretch, with gaze still lingering
 On her priestly master! What sorrows wring
 Her aching soul?—and what doth he deny?—
 She craves a moment, from his mine, to wring
 Her bleeding hands o'er yon fair glazing eye,
 To clasp once more her *child*—to clasp and see him
 die!

XL.

O, ye vile knaves! how little do ye seem—
 Triumphant here—the brethren of yon cats
 Restrained by law, whose dainty tread fools deem
 Humility; they're only after rats!
 I know ye well, ye blind adders and bats!
 And do our dreamers heed your thread-bare story?—
 E'en children know that ye should wear cravats
 Of hemp, into your fabled purgatory—
 Hotter than ye deem, and farther from the gates of
 glory!

XLI.

What if some hair-brained dreamers chance to fall
 Into your fangs! *—what though the *good* should lose
 Their hold, and tumble from th' empyreal wall,
 Gazing too curiously into the noose,

* It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson, that "he who apprehends danger to the Church in these times, would have cried fire in the deluge."—LORD BYRON'S SPEECHES.

Which ye have spread t'entangle meaner shoes !
 So angels dropped into the dark abyss,
 From heights which every good man still would
 choose—

Nor do their *curses*, in that lake, I wiss,
 Disturb the blest above, or take away their bliss !

XLII.

Hail, San Domingo ! bright and beauteous grove !
 Erminia's early minstrel, and her woe !
 Your songs did teach her gentle heart to love,
 Your dreamy splendor made that love o'erflow.
 Your breezes swept her accents murmured low,
 To Abelard, in all their blinding power ;
 But ah ! not thine the fault—the maddening vow,*
 That flung back in the face of heaven a flower
 Of Eden, plucked by Eve in her bridal bower.†

LXIII.

The grove is passed, and Godfrey leads the van—
 See ! see ! yon pennons waving on the air !
 Yon frowning forts that countless soldiers man !
 Yon domes and crosses mounting up so fair !

* Prohibitio concubitus cum gravita uxore.

† " O, why should fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest lands untwining ;

Or, why sae *sweet a flower as love*

Depend on fortune's shining !" — BURNS.

Yon maids, on Moorish roof, that e'en would dare
 To seize the anlace for the gay guitar!—
 'Tis Monterey, all girded for the war!
 What fort is there?—what flash, like bursting star?
 Hark! hark! the sullen boom!—the cannon's dread-
 ful jar!

XLIV.

A horrid sough—a bolt o'er Godfrey's head,*
 Attracts the ear, the eye of all—'tis gone—
 Another and another o'er him sped:
 One plows the sand—one makes the forest groan,
 And such a shout as rose in thunder tone!
 How wildly starts the circumambient air!
 How loud the mountains answer on their throne!
 How long 'tis echoed by the distant rear!
 How rush those columns on, insensible to fear!

XLV.

Godfrey now views them calmly through his tube;
 Marks fort and bastion where the mortars play—
 E'en measures them to philosophic cube,
 To learn what force the enemy array:

* "The beautiful grove of San Domingo was passed, when the city burst upon the sight in all its splendor. All was silent; not a breath of air stirred—dewy softness rested upon everything. Suddenly a hot sulphurous smoke rose quickly from one of the bastions of the citadel, a heavy cannon-shot cleared the air with its hissing sound; and, long before its booming sound was heard, two more in quick succession followed; one of the deadly missiles ricocheted directly over Gen. Taylor's head, and just beyond him, plowed deeply in the earth," &c.—ARMY AT MONTEREY, page 46.

Then marks the palace bright as parting day,
 And scarce less beautiful, but fortified
 With deadly bolts, and ready for th' affray.
 Each street and road—the groves, the hills, he
 eyed,
 Though sulph'rous balls and booming catapults re-
 plied!

LXVI.

The sun is sinking from the western hill—
 'Tis gone, and tranquil shades steal o'er the town;
 Behold its valleys! beautiful and still,
 Save when yon mortars tell their bootless round;
 And Godfrey, sick at heart, would gladly bound
 Back on the shore of childhood to forego
 The havoc and the spoil—the maddening sound
 Of anguish and despair, with looks of woe,
 And billowy seas of blood all ready now to flow.

XLVII.

Full well he knows 'twere bootless now to fight;
 For tho' his men shout wildly to the firing,
 Their limbs are worn—the sun hath ta'en his
 flight,
 And darkness spreads abroad her solemn wing.
 His plan is formed—the brazen trumpets sing—
 His columns halt—retreat into the grove;
 And soon were gathered there, in glowing ring,
 Around each fire—no messengers of love,
 But restless souls that burn the battle storm to
 prove.

XLVIII.

Here, late, those beauties found Ascanius sleeping,
And changed his dream of her, in Linden vale,
For the vision of their own bright eyes peeping—
Laughing—squinting at his awkward tale,
While flew around him, in fandango trail,
The priesthood and the young of Monterey ;
But now the scene hath changed—no rebeck's wail
Is on the air, the mandolin and gay
Guitar have ceased to charm, and martial trumpets
bray !*

XLIX.

'Tis noon of night !—the stars in glory glow,
Like angels looking from their curtained sky,
But soon, reflected from a wave below,
Their icy cheeks shall burn indignantly ;
And the sweet moon beseeming beauty's eye,
Milder than patient sorrow o'er the scene,
Seems conscious of unwonted danger nigh—
But who moves there ? That dauntless step, I ween,
And quick electric eye, proclaim him more than mean.

* “ But now the soft and tender scenes of social life had vanished ; the heavy wheels of artillery ground and disfigured the earth ; where had threaded the cotillion, now stood the rough soldiers ; and against the trees where had hung so often the rebosa, too heavy for the dance, now leaned the polished musket. Sharp bugle notes pierced the air—the cherished grove of St. Domingo was bristling with the implements of war.”

L.

Yet rude in his attire, you scarce would deem
His name the boast and glory of the free,—
So unpretending—rustic—he would seem
To prize alone the spirit's dignity,
While the babbling air proclaims what his may be ;
For, moving to and fro with thoughtful tread,
His plans are murmured in soliloquy :
“ 'Tis a mighty work, and they must strew our
 dead
O'er yon unsheltered field, however nobly led.

LI.

“ But yet it must be crossed 'neath the keen fire
Of twice an hundred guns now pointing there,
Or otherwise yon palace rising higher,
With bristling armor burning on the air,
Bringing these forces of the east to bear,
Would be impregnable. Then must we bait
With peril on this side to claim their care ;
Worth shall storm there, and win the palace-gate,
While here we draw their fire and for his vict'ry
 wait.

LII.

Most noble hero! ever in the van
To strike and win wherever valor may,
But last of all in littleness to plan
For selfish end on glory's winning day—
Sweet be thy rest ! and soft as minstrel's lay

Columbia's winds that sigh above thy grave!
Her tears now fall, her banners cease to play—
Her armies weep as ne'er before the brave—
Her thousand minute guns lend mournful music to the
wave!

LIII.

His plan was formed, and to his tent returned,
He sinks upon his couch as mother-loving child;
Nor feared the issue, though his bosom burned,
And slept till morning star upon him smiled.
Ampudia, meanwhile, his bolts of vengeance
piled,
And nitre drew in stores to the grand plaza—
Its church he filled, and altar e'en defiled,
Unmindful of God's presence as Belshazzar,
And destined, like him, full soon to wander forth a
lazar.

LIV.

For driven—pressed into this very spot
By Worth and Godfrey, from the East and West
Encroaching, he found a new "powder plot"
Of Providence, though laid at his behest;
And trembling at each bomb as its fiery crest
Bent to the church, he reared a standard white,
Sought Godfrey in his tent, and thus addressed:
"Brutal it seems, and bootless thus to fight,
Since no earthly arm could cope with our bulwark's
might.

LV.

“For three long days your valiant men have
striven,
And thousands now lie stretched in every street;
While only from their outposts have been driven
Our lighter troops; devise then what is meet,
And from so vain an enterprise retreat;
Your efforts but exasperate, and I come
To warn you of a terrible defeat—
To-morrow, at the rattle of the drum,
Our whole force bursts upon you like the day of
doom.

LVI.

“Moreover (so I learn from Vera Cruz)
Terms for the present, and, perchance, for aye
Have been agreed upon—at least a truce—
Till boundaries may be fixed; so that delay—
While now, perchance, a messenger makes way
From Washington to stay the bloody fight—
Would spare the property of Monterey,
Whose humble homes, smit by the battle’s blight,
Look to this flag, and claim your clemency to-night.

LVII.

“Ah! could you see what I have seen to-day!
The young, the old, maiden, and lisping child—
The very flower and joy of Monterey!—
Could you but see them—wounded, frantic, wild—

Now flying, falling ; now in great heaps piled,
As desert sand, while your monsoons hurtled by :
The mother in your heart, with accents mild
As infancy, would plead, and you could die
Sooner than strike again such helpless enemy."

LVIII.

Thus guileful, eloquent, as harper feels
For secret music in each trembling string,
He tried from Godfrey's heart by kind appeals,
Praises and threats some sympathy to wring,
Or fear to startle, but in vain. "Then bring,"
Said the hero, in his own laconic way,
"Your forces to the field, and we shall wing
Our dreaded balls just where your banners play—
Yourselves be kind, and spare the weak of Mon-
terey !"

LIX.

Ampudia, abashed at this reply,
Or rather astonished, with milder mien
Preferred his suit with scarce uplifted eye ;
"Then hear again : commissioners convene
From either side, and let them seek the mean
Of our proposals ; or at least agree,
That my own army from the horrid scene
May now withdraw, and leave the town to
thee—
This would I venture on from pure humanity !"

LX.

Godfrey, whose heart could feel e'en stranger's
woe,
And beat in that army as the heart of all,
Whene'er they rushed upon the fiery foe ;
Whose head sagacious saw, with force so small,
'Twere folly to invest each road, or fall
On th' enemy retreating under night ;
Grants his request with air imperial,
That on the morrow he may take in flight
A shattered troop, and arms to save his honor bright.

LXI.

More hopeful he on that auspicious night,
When th' orb'd moon looked smiling o'er the
scene—
Looked on the Plaza and his armor bright : —
For there (where half the city might convene)
He reviews his troops with a victor's mien.
With burnished arms and gold embroid'ry—
Charger and plume—a glorious sight, I ween !—
In long, convolving train they pass, till he
Bids them file off, where each may strike for victory.

LXII

Advancing to their columns, first he bade
Gonsalvo, late arrived from Vera Cruz,
Marshal his forces where the palace laid
In robe of moonshine like a maiden loose.

Morello, who gave Regulus no truce
At Alamo, leads next to the destined field
A noble band, who well had learned the use
Of sword and lance, and oft from wood concealed,
On Godfrey's lingering flank like flash of lightning
wheeled.

LXIII.

Najera with his lancers, hight "Perpetual"—
Bright thunder-bolts of war, worthy Castile,
And glad to strike wherever dangers call,
In proud array next post them to the field—
"Tis yours," he said, "yon western heights to
shield,
By passing to the vale beyond—there lie
In ambush till their columns be revealed,
Then strike, as ye alone *can* strike, till fly
Your dastard foes, or quivering on your lances die."

LXIV.

Scarce had he given command, when lo!
Flashing, at intervals, in distant grove,
Though still as death, advancing banners throw
Their splendor on the destined town; they move
In wide circuit from the main camp, to prove
The western heights, while Godfrey's play
Calm in the East. Worth at their head, they rove
As a bright river; at the dawn of day,
To strike and win wherever Victory points the way.

CANTO THIRD.

La tua, Francesco in sugellate porte
Eterna prigioniera or si rendo.

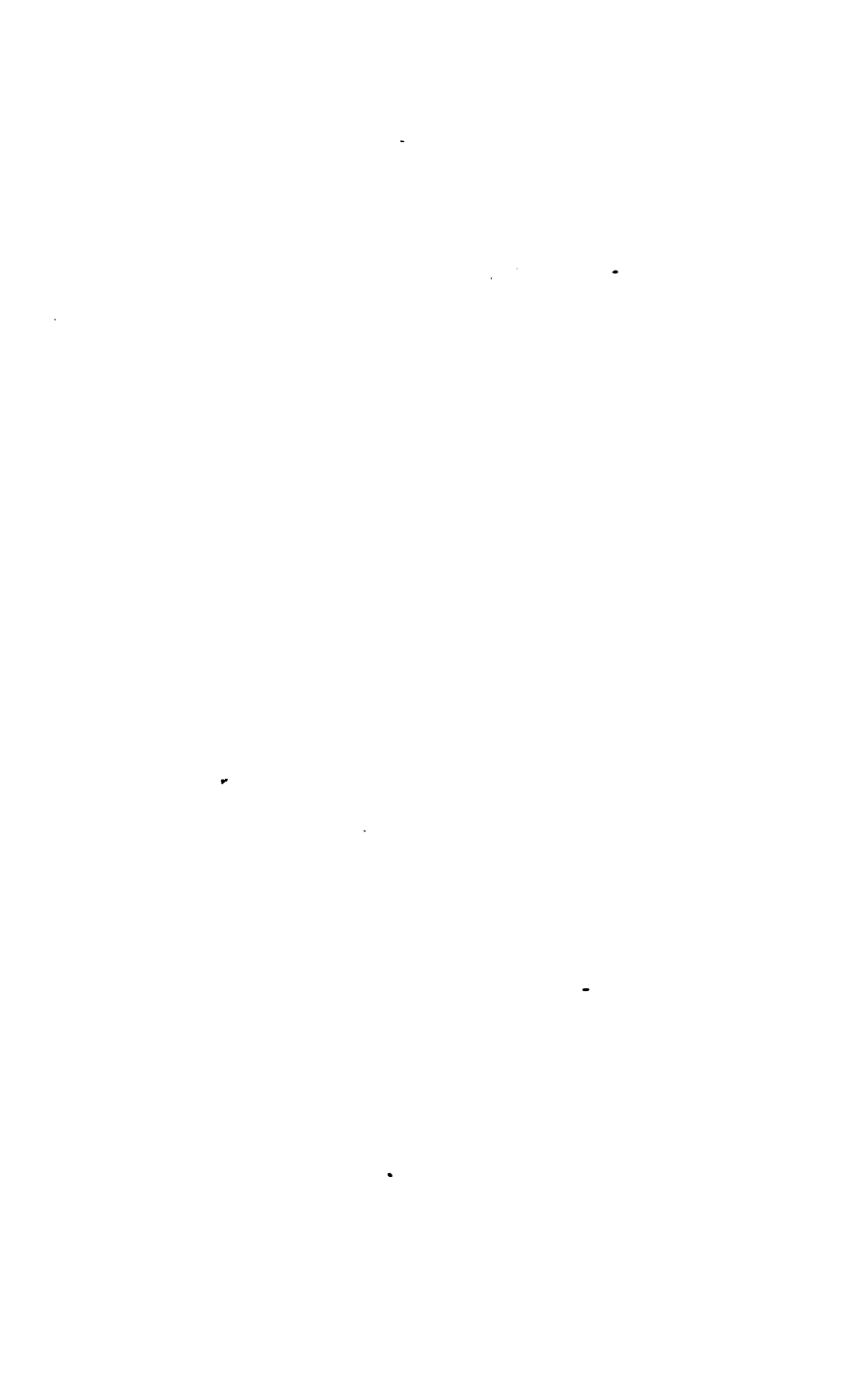
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour now is come;
The very minute bids thee open thy ears;
Only be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
But three years old.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants; had I not
Four or five women to tend me once?

Pro. *Twelve years since, Mirand, twelve years since!*

TEMPEST, Act i.



CANTO THIRD.

I.

'Tis morn !—the sun is up, and Monterey
Flashing triumphant in his orient beam,
Seems but to pause—a queen upon her way
Through the strange mountains of some fairy
dream.

Dome and cross, bright minaret and spire, gleam,
Smiling sweet welcome to the God of day,
While hostile armies through each valley teem,
And still move on sublime, one broad eternal stream.

II.

High o'er the palace of the holy man,
Who here had watched for years, and fleeced his
fold ;
Albeit no throng about its galleries ran,
The gathering hosts and tempest to behold,
There was a youth, whose faltering accents told,

That sweet Castilian, tho' pronounced full well,
 Was not vernacular,—a chain of gold,
 Fine in its texture, from his bosom fell—
 His form was one of Nature's fairest mould,
 And, bright as day, his eye in quiet beauty rolled.

III.

Vafrino was he hight, albeit his name,
 In distant land—in distant, happier clime,
 Where innocence had blessed, was not the same,
 Yet, 'twere not his, with villains in the slime
 Of sin to crawl, and, trained in childhood's prime,
 He ne'er had strayed; but left, in early youth,
 With a fair sister on the shores of time
 Without parental care, the ways of truth
 He lost, and, crossed in love, his soul sublime
 Sought glory on the sea, where soon he sunk to
 crime.

IV.

Now on the palace did he stand, and viewed
 Unawed the tide of war, while at his side
 Was Măria, whose cheek with tears bedewed,
 Like snowy flowers beamed—for hope had died
 In her young heart; and like the fading bride
 Of night's sweet druid,* when its leaves, so fair,
 Fall off, to every passing wind she sighed,
 Felt inward woes her gentle bosom wear,
 And breathed around the silent anguish of despair.

* We scarce need remind the reader of the fable of the nightingale's love of the rose.

V.

But when her eyes beheld the stripes and stars,
Like heaven's high host emerging from the grove ;
And her ear caught the tramp and wild huzzas
Of armies, quick flashes of fear and love.
Ran o'er her faded cheek, and like the dove
That strikes its cage, with fluttering wing,
Her heart beats high with hope, while swift thoughts
rove
Back to her infancy, whose scenes, still lingering,
Dreamlike, faint mem'ries of her childhood bring.

VI.

“ Peace ! Măria,” said he, “ nor let thy fears
Sweep o'er the heaven of that face—for clouds
unmeet ;
Yon host in vain before the town appears,
Like billows chafing at her rock-bound feet.
Our eagle, o'er such wave, doth joy to meet
E'en tempest in his foamy wrath, and jeers,
With wild cry of triumph, for his retreat
Is in the aërial cliff above, that rears
Its head to heaven, unchanged amidst the flight of
years !

VII.

“ So we have stood, and shall forever stand—
Then why this boding fear ? Come, bear thee well,
My gentle Măria—give me thy hand,
And let me charm away grief's needless spell—

Say what thy fears, and what the woes that
dwell

Like canker ever in thy beauty's bloom ?

O, trust to me—to me thy sorrows tell,

And know that I would wrong the very tomb
Sooner than thee, so lovely in thy ceaseless gloom !

VIII.

“Yes, Măria, would'st thou but suffer me—
Would'st on my faith—a soldier's faith—depend ;
As brother, I would watch and comfort thee,
As brother eye be ready to defend.”

As graceful reed to the dark storm doth bend,
Its glossy leaves low hanging to the ground,
While trickling o'er them dewy drops descend,
So Măria bent beneath her woes profound,
And so her glossy hair profusely fell around.

IX.

“No home,” she said, “is mine—alas ! no friend !
And life is all a mystery. My heart
Endures its burning wrongs, and none defend.
Nor brother to my lonely side may start
To ward off insult—nor father impart
Sweet words of counsel. These, perchance, were
mine

In happy childhood ; but by some strange art
Of treachery was I snatched away, to pine
Alone, and every hope save that of heaven resign.

X.

“ Like some strange dream, at times, a laughing
morn
Shines forth in memory, and faces bright,
Like hovering angels, look on me forlorn—
A mother's smile beams loving on my sight,
And joyful voices fall around ;—then night
Returns, and all is doubly dark. Unknown
My origin—home—country—kindred—right—
Or wherefore thus in mystery from them torn
I rove the world, unblest, and suffer all alone !

XI.

“ An uncle (so reputed) led me here,
But seldom do I now behold his face ;
And hints obscure, that fill my heart with fear,
From one, I know not, brand him with disgrace—
Some priest who seems to have no resting-place,
But wanders thro' the world without an aim—
Haggard his look, as tho' the fiends did chase
Him on forever—execrates his name,
And said to me, ‘Beware ! for thine may be the
shame !’

XII.

“ Much did he seem to know of me and mine,
But, robed in mystery, would pass away ;—
Now all I ask of thee is to divine
His character—to find him, if you may,

And learn why I am prisoned here—what day
 Will bring release ; failing in this, to aid,
 By every art, my flight, that I may stay
 No longer fettered, trembling, and afraid,
 Deeming myself to some terrific web betrayed.”

XIII.

“Thy racking doubts might be, in part, resolved,”
 Answered Vafrine. “But if ’twere known that I
 Possess the secret, in my mind revolved,
 Then farewell hope ! my doom would be to die.
 And since ’tis plain we could not safely fly,
 ’Twould be to whet for thee the tyrant’s knife,
 Should I reveal it ;—yet on this rely,
 Henceforth ’twill be my part, thy story rife
 With mystery to divine, and guard thee with my
 life.”

XIV.

“O, spare me, then,” the maid, “such dread sus-
 pense !
 What harm could follow ? Locked up in this heart,
 As pearls that coral caves of ocean fence,
 Thy words shall be ; and tho’ the rack should part
 My soul and body peacemeal, ne’er should start
 Upon this pallid lip one syllable
 To bring a curse on thee—the splint’ry dart,
 Wi’ fiery brimstone saturate, may fill
 My frame with woe—but I will guard thy secret
 still.

XV.

“Then spare me such suspense—I see, in all
Thy looks, that thou dost know me—whence and
 who
Thy suppliant kneeling,—why her mystic thrall—
And tho’ no fit returns I vow, ’tis true
That nobler natures own some honor due
To helpless woman : and, despising gain,
Proffer their aid, more glad, as friends grow few.
Then spare ! O, spare my bleeding bosom pain,
And let not weakness plead to generous man in vain !”

XVI.

Thus, kneeling at his feet, she pled forlorn,
And tearful raised to him her sweet blue eye ;—
Say who—when gentle sorrows more adorn
The loveliness of woman—who can her deny ?
What heart unfeeling from her pleading sigh,
Her heaving breast, and trembling tear, may turn ?
Alas ! to suffer on the stake—to die—
And be despised, may be the doom we earn,
But still all yield, and smiling bid the faggots burn.

XVII.

She rules us with a sceptre soft as light,
Some ray, perchance, of God’s own sparkling
 crown,
And yet so potent, that the strong in fight—
Victor and king, or sage, whose wide renown

Boasts apathy and cold indifference to the frown
 Or smile of beauty—all, in luckless hour,
 May see their wonted pride come toppling down,
 And man, who rules the world—each cloud cappt'd
 tower
 And citadel—is subject still to woman's power !

XVIII.

Seizing her hand, he raised the gentle flower
 As one might raise the drooping lily's head,
 When lately beat to earth by drenching shower ;
 And her pure heart, by hopes delightful fed,
 Gives sunshine to her cheek, whose roses red
 Unfold in blushing modesty, through tears.
 For Vafrine pressed her to his heart, and said,
 (Before recovering with instinctive fears
 She shrank away,) "Be mine, and mine be all thy
 cares!"

XIX.

But seeing the high flush on her cheek, so late
 In pallor clad, and that she shrank all sensitive
 From his embrace, his raptures soon abate ;
 And, blushing in turn, he said, "Gentlest, forgive
 The ardor of a heart, in which must live
 Thine image ever ; nor view me with scorn :
 Since still I stand, in honor pledged to give
 Thee aid ; and O, if on us yet should dawn
 A brighter day of hope, be mine amidst its morn !

XX.

“ And now to prove my faith—my boundless love :
Command whate’er thou wilt—evil or good—
And hear me swear, by all the powers above,
That I will grant it—even to my *blood*—
Save this one secret now in maddening mood
Desired—thine origin and destiny !
For this, revealed, would bring a flood
Of evils on one dear as life to me.
Then spare, O spare the task that only ruins *thee* !

XXI.

“ Time shall reveal ;—but should a whispered word
Of the *dark secret* e’en be heard by walls—
That oft have list’ning ears—should it be heard
Upon thy lip in dreams, instantly falls
My hope of bearing thee from present thralls :—
The flame would torture, and the wheel compel,
The sweet tongue that now on me for succor calls.
Thy doom would be to die—thy funeral knell,
Anath’mas, from yon hooded messengers of hell !

XXII.

“ Let this suffice, that he, thy uncle deemed,
Has been the source of all thy bitter woes ;
A man whose lofty mind has ever beamed
With chivalrous romance ; albeit he knows
No guiding star ; and as Vesuvius throws

Its glaring fires, by starts to terrify
 E'en while it lights up half the world, he shows
 Still in his ruined soul an honor high,
 That oft starts brightly forth, aspiring to the sky.

XXIII.

"Seduced in early youth by artful men,
 He joined a lawless band; and though from blood
 Long time preserved, full oft in lonely glen,
 Or mountain height, or deep embowering wood,
 He waited for the traveler, and stood
 Amidst the thunder-storm, as sentinel
 Of heaven, planning to do some good—
 To cheer the widow, in her lonely cell,
 Or orphan, with his earnings,—such the arts of hell!*

XXIV.

"In mood like this he met with thee; for fire
 Had wrapt thy mother's dwelling, and his band,
 Unknown to him, had kindled it;—his ire
 Broke forth in flame, and thus, on him whose hand
 Applied the torch—as if by furies fanned—
 Poured down indignantly its lava tide.
 'Tell me, thou faithless wretch! by what command,
 When ordered on the mountains to abide,
 Didst thou go forth to mar this peaceful fireside ?

* "For neither do the spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or else ambition varnished o'er with zeal."

XXV.

“ ‘ A widow, too—a mourning, friendless one,
With two small children—all her hope and stay !
Vile miscreant ! may the deed which thou hast done,
Like a dread canker eat thy very heart away !
And though it should be formed of meanest clay,
Or hardest adamant, ’twill feel a sting
To make thee loathe the very light of day ;
While night, around, in horrid troop shall bring
Torch-bearing furies still thy coward soul to wring !’

XXVI.

“ ‘ Forgive my boldness, captain, that I dare
To break upon thee thus.’—(So said, behind,
Another one, who in his arms did bear
A trembling child.) ‘ I strove their fury blind
To check, urging that hardest hearts were kind
To helpless infancy and widowhood.
But naught availed ; my words were like the wind
That seemed to chide from heaven amidst the wood,
While angels, one might deem, were watching there
the good.

XXVII.

“ ‘ They heeded not—nor hast thou yet learned all.
To burn their cot was vile ; but ah ! to see
What I have seen ! May heaven’s lightnings fall
Upon the wretch who planned such villainy !

He seized, to violate her sanctity,
 The mother of this child. But ask no more,
 For none may paint that scene of agony,
 When from her breast she drew, reeking with gore,
 A poniard, and fell from his arms upon the floor.

XXVIII.

“‘This child was baptized in its mother’s blood,
 And I have snatched both children from the flame.
 Do as thou wilt.’ Th’ indignant captain stood
 Horrified a moment, then, with aim
 That never fails, his carbine raised—quick came
 The sharp report, and he who led that night
 The bandits on, (oblivious be his name,)
 Weltered in blood. ‘To horse!’ they cry, ‘the
 light
 Approacheth fast—to horse!’—away they scour in
 flight.

XXIX.

“Thee and thy brother did they bear along,
 To offer home and safety ’neath the roof
 Of Najera—as ancient castle strong,
 And to th’ assaults of common armor proof.
 Their horses dart away, on arrowy hoof,
 O’er flood and fell, precipice and deep ravine—
 O’er mountain tops, that lift themselves aloof—
 And wild as lightning, in its vivid sheen
 Leaping through heaven, that flying troop was seen.

XXX.

“ Now morn returns, and slowly rolls away—
Not wreathing vapor from the cottage wall,
But clouds of sorrow whence its ruins lay.
There was the hearth-stone, but those inmates all
Who gathered there at quiet even fall,
With tones of angel joy and innocence—
Oh, where were they?—those voices that do call
Our spirits to the past, and give a sense
Of heaven, unknown, alas! to days of penitence.

XXXI.

“ Yes, all were hushed, and early traveler
Beheld the wreck of what was once more bright
And beautiful than heaven—perchance more dear!
Those ashes tell a mournful tale—the blight
Of early love, that soon or late must light
On all, filling the peaceful breast with woe,
Till even hope be quenched in endless night—
On all save heartless one, who ne'er could know
The withering, thrilling joys of love's eternal glow!

XXXII.

“ And Măria, doth it fall so soon on mine?
Shall my heart bleed in silence and conceal?—
Know'st thou its anguish?—that it pleads for thine?
That I am here commissioned for thy weal

By the mad priest, while earth may not reveal
 So sad a picture as my own despair?
 But what to thee if fate should set his seal
 Even on hopes that"—— "Q Vafrine, forbear!"
 She said, "say what their fate—say who my kindred
 are!

XXXIII.

"O, tell me all, without one glossing word—
 I cannot bear but with impatient mien
 Thy vague discourse; for like a frightened bird
 I tremble in the fowler's hand. Each scene
 Of childhood—all, alas! that I have been,
 Come floating up as from eternity.
 For thou hast drawn aside a fearful screen,
 Presenting forms so dear, that I would be
 Thy slave forever, if but once those forms to see.

XXXIV.

"O God! and is it true that these were mine?
 Sister and brother, father, mother, friend? -
 May I yet fly to their bosom, and twine
 These arms about them, while they weeping bend
 O'er their lost child? Shall a fond father lend
 Sweet counsel, and a mother, dear as life,
 Her prayers of gratitude to heaven send?
 Thy Providence, with love and wisdom rife,
 May succor still, and bear beyond these waves of
 strife!

XXXV.

“Did they all die—my father?—mother?—tell,
O, tell me all, and spare a ruined girl
The burning, withering woes that in this bosom
swell?”

She ceased: but pleadeth still the trickling pearl,
That trembles down through many a golden curl—
Tresses, like angels' wings, which they when done
God's errands, round their guileless bosoms furl!*
And her blue eyes, from whence unceasing run
Those currents, plead so sweet that all his soul is
won.

XXXVI.

“Yes, Măria, they still do live,” quoth he,
“But sad, indeed, their fate! Just ere the flame
Had swept thy mother to eternity,
A haggard priest, perchance that one you name,
Moved by your father, to the valley came;
And through the falling rafters rushing on,
With a wild frenzy that no fear could tame,
Snatched her from death—but from its throne
Hurled was her noble mind, and evermore undone!”

* The pair that clad

Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in heav'n.

XXXVII.

“Gently he lured her e’en to distant land,
 And gave asylum in the drear abode
 Where madmen stare—then took her faded hand,
 For the last time, and ventured on his road,
 To rove the world, fancying the dread load,
 Which Jesus bore to Calvary, placed now
 On him. Alas! what keen remorse goad
 Him on for aye—what sorrows plow
 His faded cheek, and dwell upon his gloomy brow!

XXXVIII.

“Najera, with his wonted sympathy,
 Bore thee and Lycidas along secure,
 To save and shelter in adversity—
 Gained his retreat and deemed the motive pure—
 But ah! such restless soul could ill endure
 Retirement. Soon again his men are sent
 On deeds of villainy, whom troops pursue
 E’en to his threshold, when, on safety bent,
 He fled the land, with thee to share his banishment.

XXXIX.

“Lycidas, abandoned, and all alone
 Kneeling beside a weltering form that fell,
 As the first volley poured, (one quite unknown
 To th’ assailants,) and far too young to tell

His former life, or father's story well ;
But deemed by them the child of him there dead,
Was bred to arms, and tho' some twilight spell
Of home and early happiness long shed
Dim halo on his path—in after time it fled.

· XL.

“ They led him on, much hoping to secure
Shelter with one well known for courtly deed ;
Augustus* hight, who while yon hills endure,
Throned upon hearts (the patriots' holy meed !)
Must live and give to aftertimes a creed.
His mansion, deep embowered in linden trees,
Near Linden vale, 'gainst the lorn child of need
Ne'er closed with scornful jar ; but lordly ease
Gave welcome to the poor in every passing breeze.

XLI.

“ Augustus, when at eve the troops returned
With him triumphant from the robbers' den,
Was walking in a beauteous vale, and learned
His parentage as fancied by the men ;
That very vale (though little do they ken
The truth) where he was born—and gazing long
On his fair brow—the like of which till then
Ne'er flashed upon him e'en in poet's song—
He marked him out to shine above the vulgar throng.

* President of United States, 1844-48.

XLII.

"Watching intensely every shade that came
 As vapory cloud o'er melancholy star,
 He questioned long the child,* and deemed his
 name
 Other than that his father bore ; yet far
 From finding an unconquerable bar
 To sympathy in this, but pitied more
 The orphan child, and bred him up to war—
 Such was his iron trade, though gentler lore,
 As stream on golden sands, his generous soul ran o'er.

XLIII.

"By many a taunt the gallant boy was stung,
 Of heartless witling, in life's early morn ;
 But still his genius o'er the foul blot flung
 A mantle that might even crime adorn—

* Then turning back unto the gentle boy,
 Which had himself so stoutly well aquit,
 Seeing his face so lovely, stern and coy,
 And hearing the answers of his pregnant wit,
 He prayed it much, and much admired it
 That sure he deemed him born of noble blood,
 With whome those graces did so goodly fit.
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these words as to him seemed good—
 "Fair gentle swain," &c.

This fragment of an old story, found in Augustus' library, doubtless refers to the scene described.

Lonely he lived, and daily mused upon
Whate'er the great had wrought in elder time—
Their battles fought—their skull-heaped sieges
won—
Their classic lore with every song sublime,
And e'en himself essayed to 'build the lofty rhyme.'

XLIV.

"Supremacy had marked him for her own,
And shone like star upon his manly brow,
Yet courtesy was ever by him shown
To humblest countryman at team or plow ;
He loved his fellow-men, and well knew how,
By nobler instinct taught, to keep reserve ;
What liberty in equals to allow ;
To rev'rence wisdom's sons, and yet preserve
A gracious dignity that made them proud to serve.

XLV.

"Four lustres scarce had dawned upon his head,
When tricky Fortune ope'd her treasures wide,
And smiling, pointed to the path which led
To wealth and honor, in a blooming bride—
Lavinia was the maiden hight, allied
By nearest blood to him who held the chair
Of Washington—his dearest hope and pride !—
And few, indeed, of all the land would dare
To breathe their vows to her—so blessed with for-
tunes fair.

XLVI.

“ Yet was she gentle as some forest flower,
And heavenly as the air of Linden vale ;
But all, unconscious of her matchless power,
Heard with surprise each lover’s tender tale ;
Blushed her unworthiness, and oft grew pale
For pity, that the generous and brave
Should tremble at her glance, and in a wail
Of anguish, at her feet, declare the grave
More welcome than the dreadful doom she gave.

XLVII.

“ An elder brother did she doat upon,
Who watched her as the apple of his eye,
And they did seem in the wide world alone,
Though never friendless e’en from infancy—
Alone they seemed—for friend may ne’er supply
With every art the mother’s tender care !
Her very look, voice, smile, and e’en her sigh,
That brings all heaven down upon its prayer,
The orphan sees, perchance, but never more may
share !

XLVIII.

“ Augustus, though with all the tender love
Garnered, as ocean in the bosom of the earth,
That filled his soul, watched her, yclept his dove,
And kept their gentle hearts from orphan dearth ;

His wards they were—and knowing well the worth
Of Lycidas, he gladly would have given
Lavinia's hand ; but ah ! the *doubtful birth*
Her brother spurned in rage, and he was driven
As a bright angel from the very gate of heaven !

XLIX.

“ Howbeit, Lavinia still would rove with him
In Linden vale ; and if her lip refused
Compliance, oft her heaven-bright eye grew dim
With tears unushered, till like angels loosed
O'er Paradise, or white doves from their roost
'Neath evening's star, they fluttered to her breast ;
Then hope sprang up again, plumed for the joust
Of fortune, and he passionately pressed
The flower to his heart, as though her grief confessed.

L.

“ But, gently repelling his warm devotion,
She would cast him off as pearl on the shore
Of desert sand, while all the heaving ocean
Retired to its heart caves, swelling for her
no more ;
Yet many a tear-drop, when the storm was o'er,
Still flashed upon him from that troubled heaven,
Till his beauteous one a calmer aspect wore,
And, blushing for shame that thus his heart was
riven,
Raised her sweet eye to his, and prayed to be forgiven.

LI.

“ Alas ! he deemed her false—that her bright soul,
High soaring as the light-winged sun in heaven,
Could pause in its great sky temple to toll
His hope’s death-knell ; then smile to see him riven
By its thunder tones, tumultuously driven.—
Alas ! the maniac laughs, and grief may fling
Sun-mantles o’er the soul, in mercy given
To save the heart, when it would madly spring
Into the very gulf of hell from mem’ry’s sting.

LII.

“ Boundless affection for her brother held
Her hand behind her heart. Nor could he know,
Perchance, the waves that in her bosom swelled,
Till in his own soul afterwards the glow
Of love was kindled with its fiery woe
For a fair maid—Lavinia’s bosom friend :
Her grace ineffable, her snow-white brow,
Blue eyes and rosy lip—but I must end
A sad story on which no hopes of thine depend.”

LIII.

“ No ! no ! ” the maid, “ there’s not a breeze that
blows,
Nor flower, nor living thing from Linden vale
But breathes me life. Yet ere thy story flows
On with—I know him not—tell me the tale

Already touched—or did my senses fail,
When you seemed to say that my father sent
The priest to Linden vale? How could this be?
Where did he dwell? what crime?—O tell th'
event
However dread, and give this pent up anguish vent.”

LIV.

“Măria, I have said that still in Linden vale
Thy brother roved, Lavinia at his side;
That all secure, albeit with piteous wail,
Where madmen stare, thy mother doth abide;
And that Regulus, thy father, lives; then chide
Not, gentle friend, that here I close the door—
But trust, and O, whatever may betide,
Let all thy fears and all thy hopes that soar
Like doves, from that pure heart, be mine forever-
more!

LV.

“But yet if every breath from Linden vale
Brings life to thee, I venture to pursue
Upon the deep a wayward wand'rer's sail,
Who, crossed in love, from home and country flew.
Aurelius he—Irene the maid who threw
The cloud upon his path, and roused his soul
To dare for change what else it could not do—
To spurn Augustus' generous control,
And rove a pirate of the seas from pole to pole.

LVI.

"Thus purposed to the storied gulf he came,
 Where Barritaria* nursed a serpent brood—
 Men born for crime—insensible to shame,
 And steeped from very youth in human blood—
 Twere vain to tell how, like an angry flood,
 Remorse came o'er him with each early scene,
 When first amidst the pirate band he stood.
 Enough to know, he lost the lover's spleen,
 And sighed, but all in vain, to be what he had been.

LVII.

" Ah, vain the thought ! for innocence, once lost,
 Not e'en repentance can renew the soul
 To that fresh happiness, which ere the frost
 Of sin had nipped, in morning fragrance stole
 Around ;—no more its better powers unroll,
 As delicate petals in the face of heaven,
 Yielding to the Spirit's sanctified control ;
 But crushed and bruised, if not to desperation
 driven,
 It ever feels undone with all the past forgiven.

LVIII.

" A spacious hut, but squalid, dark and low,
 Looked lowering upon the sun-bright bay,
 Where six small vessels, with their wings of snow
 Out-spread, seemed waiting only to obey.

* The rendezvous, many years before, of Lafitte, who mysteriously disappeared from the world.

‘We sail,’ said one, ‘perchance for strife to-day,’
(The pirate chief who paced the hut alone,)
‘And should the bishop’s bark become our prey,
By God’s own breath into our bosom blown,
His Providence, for us, the very priests will own.’

LIX.

“‘Ho! Alonzo!—Bid the stranger here.’
His hand impatient waived th’ attendant back,
And in soliloquy, with look severe,
As though o’erwhelming thoughts his senses rack,
Quoth he—‘Such youth perchance I only lack
To gain entire dominion of this sea;
Haughty and brave—panting for glory’s track,
And skilled in science, he may be
The richest—noblest conquest of the deep to me.

LX.

“‘Yet must I check him, for a mighty scorn
Was on his lip, e’en while he owned our sway;
And then relenting clouds methought were born
Upon his brow, as though he would not stay—
Some voice—from home, perchance, where erst at
play
His happier childhood smiled—struck on his heart.
Alas! were I so near that flowery way,
No bond could hold me to this sport; I’d start
Back as a broken bow, and play some nobler part.

LXI.

“ ‘But he for that—’tis mine to hold him here,
 And give command at once to show my trust—
 Most welcome, sir! I mean ere noon to steer
 For Cuba;—thou, too, may’st go—nay, *must*—
 For all do here *my* will and count it just.
 I sail for Cuba, where at anchor lies
 A bark all freighted for some bishop’s lust,
 With every-luxury the East supplies,—
His heaven, exclusive this, we claim as *our* prize.

LXII.

“ ‘To thee I give command of yon gay bark,
 Whose bow bears up a dragon o’er the sea;
 A noble ship! and ne’er did morning lark
 Breast the bright sunshine half so swift as she.
 Command her well, and thy first act may be
 A wreath of glory that shall never fade—
 A bloody wreath—befitting well the free,
 Who make mankind the object of their trade,
 And own no law but that inscribed upon each blade!

LXIII.

“ ‘Lead on our fleet, and when the Port au Prince
 Be near approach by all, there, for a time,
 The rest of us remain till you advance
 ’Neath Moro. Learn all—and by vesper chime

Return, that we our trusty guns may prime,
And fall like hungry falcons on the prize :—
Mark well her strength—her men—and if no crime
It seem to thee, put on some queer disguise,
Venture aboard, and cheat them of their very eyes.’

LXIV.

“ So, shrewd in policy, the buccaneer
Humbled himself to gain a doubtful friend ;
Whose soul caught fire for the conflict near,
But scorned the proffered honor to defend
And guide the fleet—for well he knew the end
And object of Gamero’s gentler sway ;
But strife to him was welcome, and would lend
A storm, at least, to life’s detested way,
Whose waters, brackish all, grow putrid from delay.

LXV.

“ Their sails were filled, and fair the light winds
blew—
Aurelius’ dragon flies athwart the sea—
Flies swifter than the falcon from his mew,
And guides the fleet to death or victory.
Three days were sped, and lo ! upon the lee
The Port au Prince salutes their anxious eyes—
Gamero publishes his late decree,
And all are anchored, save yon bark that flies—
A thing of life, where Moro’s battlements arise.

LXVI.

" Suffice to say, when welcome twilight came,
 Their prize, the bishop's bark, had spread her sail,
 And bears a maiden, doomed to worse than shame,
 Who wrings her hands with many a piteous wail.—
 Aurelius' better feelings soon prevail,
 And, careless of his captain's stern command,
 He follows on their track—his efforts fail—
 They capture all—destroy his valiant band—
 His vessel burn—and bear him to their native land.

LXVII.

" Măria, I must end this bootless tale—
 Thy father and thy mother have not died ;
 Thy brother, if my senses do not fail,
 Commands a troop of horse on yon fair side
 Our battlements—Ask me no more, nor chide,
 My gentle friend, that here the screen should fall ;
 But bear thee well, as woman should ; confide—
 Confide in him who leads thee from thy thrall,
 But more than this—beware ! he hath not told
 thee all.

LXVIII.

" And now that much is told that may concern
 Thine inner heart, allow me to relate
 What more imports mine own"— " First may I
 learn,"
 Said she, " by what inexplicable fate,

Thus armed with warnings, thou art at the gate
Of my fond hopes? Or wherefore on my brow
Dost gaze so sad as he, with sword elate,
Upon 'the lingering pair?'* Say, who art thou?
My brother? Speak!—Yes! yes! this bosom claims
thee now!"

LXIX.

Thus did she speak, advancing, her white arms,
Beautiful as swan's, upsoaring with her breast,
That seemed to pant for his, till all her charms,
As twin-doves white and loving in their nest,
Were gathered to him in their sweet unrest.
Kissing the star that beamed above that sea
Of passion wild, convulsively he pressed
The maiden to his heart, and said, "in *me*
Thou find'st Aurelius, love—a truer friend than he"

LXX.

She knew not why she lingered still—perchance
For shame or fear; I ken not if 'twere *more*—
If grief's wild witchery may know some trance,
Her *bosom* ne'er were taken in before.
At any rate, she clung, as to the shore
Some ship-wrecked mariner, whose thankful eye
Seeks heaven, and e'en a calmer aspect wore,
While tenderly he kissed, with many a sigh,
Those violets that seemed to drink the soft blue sky.

* Paradise Lost. Book xii.

LXXI.

'Twere well if such transcendent scene of bliss
Could be prolonged ; but oft at pleasure's feet
Is couched keen grief, and for the nuptial kiss
Exchanged racks, crosses, or, what is less meet,
Detested dungeon, where nor generous heat
Nor light of day may enter. Such Vafrine
Must prove ; for while their hearts together beat,
A mitred head is added to the scene,
Which, covered with dark clouds, assumes a devil's
mien.

LXXII.

Rage, hate, and jealousy are all displayed
In his clenched teeth, dark brow, and rolling eye ;
Vafrino sees, though firm and undismayed,
That Măria now may scarcely hope to fly—
That he himself must yield to chains or die.
A guard approaches—he is dragged below,
Far from the cheering light of earth and sky,
Where Regulus is bound. Alas ! they little know
How truly one their bleeding hearts in hope and woe !

CANTO FOURTH.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Chritinos, con' braveza,
Yá nos han tomado Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Felix Roma, quidem, civesque habitura beatos
Si libertatis superis tam cura placeret,
Quam *vindicta* placet.

PHARSALIA.



CANTO FOURTH.

I.

MARIA, meanwhile, since jealousy could view
Her innocent in what befell, still stood
On the palace to Vafrino true,
And dreamed of him as only maiden could ;
She knows not whether most the storms that brood
In gathering squadrons, or love's tender fears,
Torture her heart ; for soon may roll in blood
Najera, so faithful in by-gone years—
Her brother, too, may fall where Worth's advancing
host appears.

II.

To them Vafrine had pointed and declared
A youth, with white and dancing plume, to be
Lycidas, for whom she most had cared :
With hope intense, each motion light and free,

Of his agile steed—e'en the laughing glee
 Of his sword, and all things that to him pertain,
 She marks as coupled with her destiny.

They thread their way around the town—now gain
 A view of the high forts, and wake their iron rain.

III.

Now halt a moment, and consult what way
 To move in safety, till some final plan
 Be settled on, for charging to the prey :—
 Little they dream of ambush in the van,
 While Măria trembles for the very man
 Who waits them : Lo ! Najera couching there,
 Resolves to try whatever valor can—
 They turn the crag—his lancers rend the air
 With a wild shout, and charge like demons in
 despair.

IV.

Their spears are poised—their neighing chargers
 lunge,
 Mad as a torrent from some mountain height,
 But like the torrent frozen in its plunge,
 Whole columns fall beneath the rifle's blight,
 Struck in their pride, and hurled to endless night ;—
 Najera's steed is reeling—struggles—falls—
 He grasps another flying from the fight,
 Vaults to the saddle, to his comrades calls,
 And charges o'er the dead pierced by a thousand
 balls.

V.

Madly they follow, wildly shout again,
Like billows dashing to the frantic storm ;
They fall or fly, and leave him on the plain
Battling in rage where legions round him swarm :
'Midst the the dun clouds and lightnings, up his form
Looms like a spirit of the battle hour—
He shouts in wrath—his shouts the ling'ring warm,
They rush around him with resistless power,
And charge in madder mood amidst the leaden shower.

VI.

But all in vain :—they falter, fly again—
Now rally—form—charge madly to his side,
But fall around him, welter on the plain,
And see the death he covets still denied ;
He charges now where Lycidas in wide,
Sweeping fury, swings his thirsty blade—
Struck the white feather—doffed its palmy pride,
As lightning doth the lofty mast, and made
Him reel upon his charger, stunned but not dismayed.

VII.

His helm is cloven, and his head superb,
Bowed to the silken main by the dead blow ;
Yet nothing did the stroke his wits disturb,
For his quick falchion, parrying to and fro,

Kept off the stroke of death till he might throw
Himself in selle again. His head now bare,
His blue eyes flashing, and his snow-white brow
Kissing the heavens, he seems, all Mars, to wear
Apollo's graceful form, and shakes his golden hair!

VIII.

Their blades are crossed, they breathe in either
face,
Glad to assail in each so valiant foe ;
Yet troubled seem—albeit they calmly gaze—
And plan to strike some unexpected blow ;
Najera's brow and cheek—how pale they grow !
As though some ghost had started to his view—
Passes away, with one convulsive throe,
The thought that troubled him, and flew
His falchion terrible—but where he little knew.

IX.

Remorse and rage rose battling in his breast,
As hurricane and earthquake from the deep
Rising—wrestling, each to other pressed,
In horrible disdain. From his eyes leap
Lightnings, such as dart from steep to steep
In mountain storm, where all is cloud and strife ;—
All passions, that make the soul boil, sweep
O'er him, as he strikes, with a wild fury rife—
Strikes without aim, and pays the forfeit with his life.

X.

E'en Lycidas, to see him fall, is struck
With grief—so nobly—so gloriously he fell !*
But all regrets were worse than vain ; they pluck
His helmet off to learn who died so well—
What chief renowned in arms—but none might tell ;
Then glancing o'er his papers they descry
A scroll, so fair in every syllable,
That none could doubt some gentle, anxious eye
Had followed to the field, and thus it seemed to sigh :

XI.

“O, dearest uncle !—dear and kind to me
Through many a changing scene !—just have I
learned
From a strange youth, that thou, alas ! art he
To whom I owe my sorrows.—O, how burned
This cheek indignant ! and I almost turned
Upon him, in unmaiden mood, to stay
The falsehood on his lip, but soon discerned
Truth in his tale, and now may only say :
I love thee still, and for thy peace will ever pray.

* Yet they (the lancers) gallantly rushed on ; their colonel commanding attracted universal attention by his chivalrous conduct.
* * * The spirited cavalier fell, regretted by all who witnessed his bearing and his death.

XII.

“ But lead—O, lead me to my native land !—
 Do not desert me now—so much be known,
 And I will still be fostered by thy hand,
 As though the secret learned were all thine own.
 I cannot snap the tendrils that have thrown
 Them from my bleeding heart about thy form ;
 Yet if thou leav’st me now—if thou art gone
 For aye, poor M̄ria’s blessings, pure and warm,
 Must follow thee like doves that flutter thro’ the
 storm.”

XIII.

Lycidas the scroll peruses, and o’er his brow,
 White as the snows on Orezaba’s peak,
 Pass clouds of agony. What troubles now
 Assail him none divine, while his flushed cheek,
 Distorted brow, and heaving bosom speak—
 But trumpets warn—yon battery must fall,
 Whose spiteful fires, up-glaring like the streak
 Of lightning, wing the deadly cannon ball—
 High is the craggy hill, and strong its brist’ling wall.

XIV.

Lycidas is foremost to achieve the height,
 And bids Ascanius up without delay ;—
 Six hundred feet they climb ’neath the dread
 blight
 Of canister and grape, yet hold their way

Firmly and glad as on a gala day.
Clamb'ring o'er rocks and bleeding as they rise,
Behold, their plumes—their flouting banners play
E'en at the fort!—they form!—now rend the skies
With wild triumphant shouts, and rush upon the prize!

XV.

Ascanius, with his band in proud array,
Leads to the shock; but lo! he stands alone!—
One living sheet of fire hath swept away
His nearest lines, like chaff on tempest borne;
It breathes again—another rank is mown—
Dread is the havoc—loud the thunder see!
Their mangled bodies up to heaven thrown!
Their fragments borne along in whirlwind glee!
Their blood now raining down upon the company!

XVI.

O, for Musaeus' harp to lift the strain,
Unworthy else the glory of such hour;
Its reeking canopy, and heroes slain—
Their vengeful comrades, with resistless power
Rushing amidst the lightning and the shower,
To death or victory. See, how they fall!
What thunder peals! what clouds about them
lower!
The groans—the shouts—the chivalry of all—
While Lycidas, like morning star, ascends the wall!

XVII.

His dastard foes put all their hopes in flight
 T' another fort, without the palace gate,
 And the very "stars do in their courses fight"—
 Or seem at least—while like impending fate,
 Lycidas hangs on them, with Ianthe's mate
 (My own lost Edwin!) and Ascanius wild,
 Who laughed in battle, and would even prate
 Of their "Sweet priesthood"—"Virgins undefiled,"
 While smiting to the hell their *gums* had reconciled!

XVIII.

Hotly they hang upon the flying flank,
 As Michael on the host to Tophet driven,
 Gabriel and Abdiel, till each cloudy rank
 By th' artillery of indignant heaven,
 Hurl'd thro' wide chaos, were to fragments riven:
 If holy to impure or great to small
 We may compare, thus to our eagles given
 Was the last fort, o'er which as eyrie tall,
 They plumed them to descend upon the palace
 wall.

XIX.

The mountain howitzer must needs ascend,
 To batter on the palace ere they storm—
 Down to the valley chosen youth descend
 To bear it up; and many a gallant form,

Panting in the sun-beams, sultry and warm,
Toil at the work—they burn to see it play
In mighty vengeance, and its bolts deform
The glitt'ring palace, to make way
For another charge, that they may rush upon the
prey.

XX.

Măria, meanwhile—not knowing why they hold,
Nor dreaming what of Lycidas we tell,
Or of Najera—turned where louder rolled
The thunder peal and on th' invader fell :—
There Godfrey leads, and like a breath from hell,
Three forts salute him sulph'rous and warm :
See how they falter !—even they whose yell
Rose on the morning air like gathering storm ;
See how they reel !—how tumbles many a gallant
form !

XXI.

Full half a league unsheltered they must go,
Through fields of corn under the galling fire :
Each column bleeds, breaks, wavers to and fro—
Breaks as a billow when it meets in ire
The rock, but not like billows to retire—
They only rally—but to mend
Their broken ranks, and with intense desire
To charge—now move again ; lo, how they bend
To the iron hail !—what shouts to heaven ascend !

XXII.

But who rush there—not brothers do they seem—
Full threescore paces in the van?—the one,
Young Albert, nursed on Hudson's frosty stream,
Light haired and beautiful, as tho' the sun
Ne'er kissed that cheek, pressed nobly to his gun;
With him Rinaldo, whose hot southern eye
Levels his carbine, and the work is done.
Type of our holy Union, on they fly,
Heart linked in hope and bright with fame eternally!

XXIII.

Such thought came o'er them—Ah, 'twas this alone
That stirred their souls and urged them to the field:
See! Albert falls!—Brave son of Washington!—
Was such thy doom? Had Freedom left no shield
To guard that breast in triple valor steeled?
Alas! the arm about their bleeding waist
Is all she offers thee, and that must yield;—
Rinaldo falters—sinks—one glance in haste—
One thought of home—behold them there embraced!

XXIV.

O'er them advance—the scattered, bleeding troops,
Desperate, and to wildest frenzy driven—
Now they draw near the battery whence swoops
The iron hail by which they had been riven;

Unwonted strength to every man seems given,
And fleeter, darker, wilder than the storm
That bears upon it all the wrath of heaven ;
They rush in broken columns—see ! they form
Again, where fires of death their very faces warm !

XXV.

Calmly they form, as though the strife were o'er :
'Tis done—proud sons of Tennessee in van !—
They charge amidst the deaf'ning cannon's roar,
And the old gathering cry from every man,
“ Tyrants thus perish,”* to the heavens ran.
Lo ! “ Campbell, the dauntless !”—he shouts to all,
While blasting bolts his struggling person fan—
The breach is made—the breach he mounts, to fall
Or conquer. See ! his banner waves upon the wall !

XXVI.

Garland, meanwhile, defiling to the right,
Where an impregnable citadel breathed,
And grim Death stalked more terrible than night,
Led on his dauntless troops, in vapor wreathed
And storm. No falchion had they sheathed
In bosom of the wall-protected foe,
Or gun discharged, e'er half their number seethed
In hot blood, were scattered to and fro,
Like leaves of autumn when November's bugles blow.

* “ Sic Semper Tyranis”—a motto on one of Washington's banners.

XXVII.

Terrett here waves his thirsty sword, and cheers
For the last time his shattered, reeling van ;
Here Barbour thunders on, while grim Death leers
From parapet upon the dauntless man ;
His foes essay what only cowards can,
Level a thousand guns upon his plume—
His reins fall nerveless and his cheek grows wan ;
Comrades rush round to stay, but share his doom,
Thrown in great heaps—at once his glory and his
tomb !

XXVIII.

Narrow the streets, invisible the foe,
Death in the rear where rained the forts just passed ;
And from the walls, upon their heads below,
Volleys sweep down with many a fragment vast.
They march not on nor sound retreating blast,
But stand all firm, consulting for the best ;
In haste they counsel, and are falling fast,
Calm in their péril, but with dauntless breast,
Meeting the stroke of doom—unknown, unwept, un-
blessed.

XXIX.

So in Dumbarton hills when horn and hound
Play on the morning air as dulcimer,
Charming with sweet music the vales around,
Till a huge herd of armed stags appear,

Breasting along, albeit with little fear,
To the steep defile, where wanton wait
An host of mortal enemies; then rear
Their startled antlers—warned, alas! too late—
While twang ten thousand bows, and missiles seal
their fate!

XXX.

But now some patriarch of the tortured herd
Bounds at the cliff from which his death shaft
flew—
Soon all, despairing and to madness stirred,
Batter the rocks, or climb some fissure through,
Where the startled huntsman, at the danger new,
Trembles and turns, but all in vain, for flight;
So the plumed troop resolve their way to hew
From hall to hall, and unembattled smite
The dastard foe, who find in parapets their might.

XXXI.

Horrid the cries, as rage from hall to hall,
Each man and host, the Sons of Liberty;
Bleeding themselves, or crimsoned by the fall
Of some brave comrade, they might seem to be
Devils ablaze with rage and cruelty.
As fly their terror-strickened foes, or fall,
They gain their way to Moorish roof—see, see!
What thousands rushing, as on Troy wall,
Shake the firm tiles and flying foes appal.

XXXII.

Măria, who long had watched the nitrous cloud,
 That witnessed to battalions, where they won,
 What streets were entered, whence the thunders
 loud
 That stunned all ears, and shook the fated town—
 Startled, herself, to see their roofs upon,
 This rushing storm—so beautiful and wild !
 She doubts if fancy had the vision spun ;
 And sweetly sad, in gay delirium smiled,
 While still the host rushed on and still her woes
 beguiled.

XXXIII.

As oft at eve when sultry beams grow mild
 That tortured, from Apollo's bow, the day,—
 When love-lorn swain, or haply poet, wild
 And dreamy as the winds that round him play,
 Watches the west, nor tunes his wonted lay ;—
 Some sapphire wall, in beauty stretched afar,
 Cheats his fine eye, and shows in bright array
 Embattled hosts all plumed and tricked for war,
 Rushing abreast 'neath banner of advancing star.

XXXIV.

So now triumphant on the walls advance
 Their gleaming arms o'er scattered escopet,
 While the scared herd, resigning all to chance,
 Leap from the heights assailed by bayonet,

And meet the fate they sooner should have met.*
The rest fly on, descend where'er they may,
And gain a draw-bridge, light as trigger set
On a deep fosse, that lifted soon as they
Gained the firm land, and shielded from th' affray.

XXXV.

Thither their foes pursue from every side,
To fill the fosse and drive the battle on ;
But death rains on them, in redoubled tide,
From unseen batteries ; and the houses won,
(Far as by rushing o'er their roofs 'twere done,)
Bristling with arms in newly kindled ire,
Ring with mad shouts and pour their volleys down.
But hark ! what louder peals ? what ord'nance
dire,
Rolls from a transverse street, and pours its deadly
fire ?

XXXVI.

A flying battery by Godfrey's swift command,
And Butler's troops inspire the flagging war ;
Struggling themselves, a brave unyielding band,
Through many a narrow street, with thundering car

* "The deadly effect was soon perceivable, in the retreat of the Mexicans ; many of whom threw themselves, in the agony of death or in despair, headlong from the parapets to the streets below."
—OUR ARMY AT MONTEREY, p. 79.

They wing their way and sweep the foe afar.
 See ! on another side, in proud array,
 Wason appears and waves his cimeter.
 United all, they strike as valor may,
 More furious for the prize as doubtful grows the day.

XXXVII.

Măria still watches anxiously the war—
 Advancing troops—their chivalry—the grove—
 Sees Godfrey on his white steed, like a star,
 Glancing from rank to rank where'er they move,
 And bannered hosts the frightened halls above ;
 But sees no more that side the fated town,
 Albeit she hears, and hears what well might
 prove
 A sterner soul—since whole battalions thrown
 Into the narrow streets, like harvest field, are mown.

XXXVIII.

She hears the shout—th' incessant volley poured
 From parapet upon th' assailing foe ;—
 For six long hours their ruddy currents flowed
 In vain, and many a gallant plume lies low
 That held acquaintance with Aurora's glow,
 Dashing like battle sprite upon the wind—
 They charge like fiends, but fall in every blow,
 Shot down by miscreants, their walls behind,
 And few remain, when sad, retreating bugles wind !

XXXIX.

Ah! sad the scene when to the captured fort—
Where Tennessee had twined her valiant brow,
And where her broad, exulting banners float—
They come. As sisters, for a common woe,
Together weep, and naught of envy know,
Or unbeseeming pride, but love sincere
And earnest, so the bleeding army now;
But ah! while falleth many a manly tear,
A rising wrath—a gathering hurricane is near.

XL.

Godfrey, of all, seemed saddest in that hour.
From the gallant Worth he naught had learned—
All day had drawn from him the iron shower,
And charged where'er the fiercest battle burned:
Yet bled his heart for every laurel earned—
And aye his thoughtful brow proclaimed how dear
The shattered ranks, that thinned where'er he
turned;
And now fell on him all the leader's fear
For his brave men, who fought upon the city's rear.

XLI.

Lo! a messenger comes dashing up the glen
To bear him tidings;—lights his full dark eye,
And, bounding forward to his eager men,
Thus he proclaimed: "Worth's conquering banners
fly

O'er two forts of the enemy !” The sky
Is riven by thunder shout, and they would run
To death again where their brave comrades lie,
But the mountains burn with the setting sun,
Gorged battle crouches in his lair—his work is done.*

* “ Gen. Taylor had, throughout the day, been in the thickest of the fight ; coolly, on foot, he directed the different movements ; but at this time had remounted his horse. His face was noticed to wear an expression that told too plainly how deeply he felt the responsibility of his situation.

“ As he was riding a short distance from the fort, an express dashed up with information from the 2d division. The old general's dark eye lit up with pleasure ; he rode up to the redoubt, and, removing his cap, said : ‘ Fellow-soldiers, I have heard from Gen. Worth ; he has already two of the enemy's batteries.’ The arch of heaven resounded,” &c.

OUR ARMY AT MONTEREY, p. 59.

CANTO FIFTH.



Away the Princess flies, her snorting steed
Trampling with swift intelligential feet,
The echoing soil

And now the squire discreet,
With his untimely tidings comes in sight
Of the pale maid, perceives her in retreat,
And, pressed, participates her dubious flight.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED—WIFFIN. *Canto vi. cxi.*

Ὅσσον δ' ἡεροιιδες ανηρ ιδεν οφθαλμοισιν
Ἡμενος εν σκοπιη, λευσσων επι οινοπα ποντον,
Τοσσον επιθρωσκουσι θεων ὑψηχες ιπποι.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

'Tis night. The weary sleep—the wounded die—
Like ghosts on watch, white tents, without the
town,
Stand in dread silence. Tranquil was the sky,
And o'er the mighty mountains Cynthia shone
More beautiful than mother looking down
Upon her bosomed pillowed child ; but lo !
A sob breaks from the palace, and tears drown
The roses of a cheek that ne'er should know
Grief for a bosom friend—much less for vilest foe.

II.

Măria had learned, that covered o'er with blood
Najera's steed was neighing at the gate,
And all forlorn, in love's divinest mood,
As an only child she sorrows o'er his fate.

Such in a pure confiding heart the weight
 Of former kindness, that the evil done
 Is half to virtue charged! She lingers late
 Upon the palace, watching for that one
 Who blighted her fair hopes, and leaves her now
 undone.

III.

At length her maid approaching bids her seek
 The balmy dew of sleep—" 'twill calm thy soul,
 Nerve thee for danger, and to that faded cheek
 Restore its wonted bloom;—those waves con-
 trol,
 Of bitter agonies, that o'er thee roll,
 And arm for the dark future, when yon foe
 May thunder o'er us, and our death-knell toll
 In dreadful cannonade. Come, we must go
 From the damp midnight air to quiet couch below "

IV.

Măria raised her eloquent blue eye,
 And said, " O! Elvira, could some faithful friend
 But aid me in my woe, then would I fly
 From this prison, and to yon banners bend,
 Where hope might live and all my troubles end :
 Say, wilt thou venture? Ah, thy very love
 Forestalls the enterprise, or thou wouldst lend
 Me aid ;—but go, Elvira, I shall prove
 True to myself and thee, guarded by One above.

V.

“Yon gate is open, and the outer guard,
Knowing Najera’s steed, may let me go—
Howbeit, should they venture to retard
My progress—I have but the reins to throw
Upon his neck, and he will fly, you know,
Swifter than any bird that cleaves the air.
Then have him led all silently below—
Haste thee, Elvira—hope smiles everywhere—
The time hath come at last—I fly the monster’s lair!”

VI.

Lycidas meanwhile had left his slumb’ring tent,
And reconnoit’ring, rides slowly o’er the hill,
On future deeds of martial glory bent.
He waits the morn ; perchance his heart may fill
With sweet hopes, dreaming of Lavinia still—
His laurels now may grace her snow-white brow,
His quick return may be her earnest will,
His heart may beat to hers, as warmly now
It beats to hope—may hear perchance her bridal vow!

VII.

Perchance he thinks of Abelard, who came
From Linden vale, and in the lonely wood
Told him Lavinia lived upon his name,
And started to it as the crimson flood

Mantled her cheek in love's mysterious mood—
 He wonders who the maniac may be,
 And if 'tis true that one allied by blood
 Most near to him, may in yon palace see
 Death hovering every side, nor know what way to
 flee.

VIII.

He hears a challenge from the guard—the air
 Starts to its jar—so calm and still the night!
 He sees upon the hill a maiden passing fair
 Glide from the out-post like a beam of light;
 A gun is fired—her steed, in wild affright,
 Stung by the balls, flies madly to his side—
 He spurs his own to check him, but like flight
 Of bird he passed—upon his track he hied,
 And, loudly calling, thunders through the forest wide!

IX.

All winged with fear along the vale she flew,
 Flashing through darkness like a shooting star,
 Her frightened steed—for now no curb he
 knew—
 Light as the sportive winds that snath and mar
 Autumnal flowers, sweeping them afar.
 Away—away she flies, her glossy hair
 Disheveled and torn by many a rude jar,
 While her fair face—ah, me! how ghastly fair!—
 And haggard eye proclaim the anguish of despair.

X.

The waning moon had sunk into the sea,
The star of morn comes laughing up the sky,
Still on she flies by many a threat'ning tree—
By frowning cliffs that almost seem to fly,
And yawning pits that seal her fearful eye;
But now her journey, not her dangers, end—
The vale is closed by precipices high,
And nowhere may her snorting courser tend,
But over cliffs that up to heaven their spires send.

XI.

He rushes up a tortuous path, where lo !
An iron gate (though hidden from the vale)
Invites him to his wonted home below ;—
A deep, dark cave, where oft in silver mail
Had rushed embattled squadrons to assail
The royal* town, and flying with their prey,
Were said (so mothers tell the wondrous tale)
To vanish into air. But now their way
Was known—a labyrinth that led to Monterey—

XII.

Was known at least, 'tis said, to Abelard,
Who through it had escaped long years before,
When first he fled from grief and bondage hard
To Linden vale, and from her cottage bore

* Monterey, literally the King's Mountain.

His friend's fair jewel. Now the iron door
And its deep cave Najera's outlaws hold,
But the secret labyrinth is known no more
E'en to Ascanius, who here the robber bold
Beheld, when flying from the place of buried gold.

XIII.

Hence Mǎrĩa's steed, whose dark and flowing mane
So oft seemed tossed up to the very sky,
Flew to this spot, his wonted home to gain,
Scared by her brother and his fruitless cry,
Who still comes thundering on their footsteps nigh :
But plunging in the cave, she seems by spell
Of magic to elude his anxious eye—
He follows fast—and O, what tongue may tell
His heart's deep anguish as he reached the yawning
dell!

XIV.

One moment did he pause, and heard like distant
thunder
Her wild unbridled steed still rushing on,
And while for her grew pale his cheek, what wonder
That he struck the spur more madly in his own—
From vale to vale, along the cave unknown,
From hill to hill, he holds the perilous way,
Till from his falling steed in darkness thrown ;
When, torn and bleeding, on the rocks he lay,
And bade farewell forever to the light of day.

XV.

No longer now he heard the thund'ring hoof
Of Măria's steed—His own stretched at his side—
And darkness hung upon the cave's high roof,
Like death with arrow drawn : three times he tried,
But all in vain, to rise, then sank and sighed,—
“To perish thus! deserter from the post
Of danger—by each envious tongue belied,
And doomed to be at once the scoff and boast
Of foes who swayed my love—now lost—forever lost!

XVI.

“And O, that gentle one, by sorrows like to mine
Endeared, and blood,—my sister! doomed to die
Upon the dawn of happiness, or pine
In sullen woe, without one friendly eye
To mark—one earnest heart of sympathy”—
Hark! hark! a shriek as of the startled air—
See! see! bright torches gleam from cavern nigh,—
Another shriek!—more frightful—see! they bear
A maiden in their arms, and mock her plaintive
prayer.

XVII.

“Devils!” he cried, and rising with a shout
That shook the deep abyss of Hades, rushed
Into their hall. Three *cavalieros* stout
Sprang to th' encounter, and as soon were crushed-

Another and another—all their faces flushed
 With wine, and reeling from the bowl—he slew,
 Till their mad clamors all in death were hushed,
 Then sank upon the ground, nor longer drew
 The vital air, when Măria to his bosom flew.

XVIII.

As love lorn-maid, that waiteth for the star
 Some youth had named, and fain would fix her
 eye
 On the sweet planet watched by him afar,
 But all in vain, since clouds obscure the sky :
 So Măria, where trumpet shout and battle cry
 Were fiercest, watched for him, and oft had stood
 On danger's dark verge, hoping to descry
 His form ; and now, bereft of every good,
 To see that star at last, and see it set in blood !

XIX.

From a huge wound upon his breast, life's tide
 Came bubbling forth ; pale was his brow and cold—
 His arm, relaxed, falls nerveless at his side,
 And the bright eye, in danger's hour so bold,
 No longer now with martial ardor rolled ;—
 Ten thousand times she kissed the fainting brow,
 Ten thousand times the lip, that whisp'ring told,
 In murmurs low, a secret hid till now,
 And sobbed aloud with many a fitful prayer and
 VOW.

XX.

She heeds nor voices, nor the hollow sound
Of foot-steps in a deeper cave below,—
More near they come, and still above the wound
She lingers, while her tears unceasing flow,
And stanches with her hair the current dark and
slow.

A distant torch, as o'er some night-bound vale,
Gleams like a star—yet little doth she know
Of other inmate there, or check the wail
Of her wrecked heart o'er which unnumbered woes
prevail.

XXI.

But see! a goodly company ascend
Like happy souls escaped from Phlegethon!—
An aged man, in chains, who seems to bend
With joy beneath the coil about him thrown,
Is led by Abelard, and their torch borne
By a bold youth whom Măria fain would see.
They hear her wail—now pause—the voice is
known—

Vafrino rushes, as a bird set free,
And clasps her to his breast with all a maniac's glee.

XXII.

While she, o'erpowered by events so strange—
Like whirlwinds shifting—rending as they go,
Yet watched by Providence in all their range—
Sank in his arms, without a sense of woe.

Her long hair falling like the beauteous glow
Of shooting star—her face so calm and meek,
Who could behold without some generous throe
Of heart-warm love? Vafrino too was weak,
And poured ten thousand kisses on her dimpled
cheek.

XXIII.

Meanwhile her father—such was he in chains—
Bends o'er his son, by Abelard informed,
To know if any spark of life remains.
Oft had he stood in danger, oft had stormed
The bristling palisade where valor warmed
Ten thousand hearts, nor knew his own to fail,
However firm the lines before him formed ;
So did he fight at Alamo, and hail
Each danger with a shout that made the foeman
quail.

XXIV.

But now the monster met him in a guise
So terrible that all his soul gave way ;
He kissed, while tears came rushing to his eyes,
The brow that oft had made, in earlier day,
His sunshine, hope, joy—all for which we pray—
“ Lost ! lost ! ” he madly cried. “ Undone ! undone !
Would God, my son, I could have died to stay
This precious blood—look up, my darling one,
My Lycidas!—one parting look, my son ! my
son ! ”

XXV.

Roused from his stupor by the passionate cry—
Those sweet words, father, son, so long unknown,
And the old man's tremulous agony,—
He gazed into his face, and seemed to own,
In a faint smile, how dear a father's tone,
A father's words, a father's fond caress—
To answer him: "My spirit hath not flown,
Though writhing still in horrible distress,
And long may live sweet Măria and thee to bless."

XXVI.

Măria, meanwhile, repelled the warm devotion
Of her lover, and hangs all pure and pale
On the father's bowed neck, like spray of ocean
On some rock, when cease the water's wail.
In pent-up joy their voices all do fail,
And statue-like, mute—motionless they gaze;
For O, what now could idle words avail!
Their dangers past, their woes, the wond'rous
 maze—
And all they hoped, shed o'er them in one glorious
 blaze!



CANTO SIXTH.



**Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma ;
Por que lo aygan sus moros
Las de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama.**

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

SWEET Hesperus, in heaven burning high,
Had scarcely quenched his lamp, when laughing
 morn,
Weary of old Tython's bed, rode up the sky,
In every hue that beauty might adorn :
Reveils that treat of battles to be born,
And bristling arms torment her rosy face—
So laughing bright, and yet in tears forlorn,
As files re-form and squadrons move apace
To fall upon the field or win in glory's race.

II.

But where the plume and glory of the war—
Lycidas, who shook upon the flying foe
Such baleful influence ? To see that star,
Ten thousand anxious eyes now wander to and fro,

Where'er the lines advance or bugles blow.
 See! Worth approaches on curvetting steed,
 To chide Ascanius for his action slow!
 He waits his captain, and may not aread
 Why he should linger thus—so graced with noble
 deed!

III.

From rank to rank the painful rumor flies,
 And envy gloats upon it with unwonted glee,
 That he who won of all the noblest prize,
 So soon should forfeit it by treachery;
 While nobler spirits burn indignantly,
 Venture excuses as their wits invent,
 And tossed by thousand doubts to this agree:
 That fairing forth, on deeds of glory bent,
 Too near the watchful enemy, to death he went.

IV.

Opens the mortar on the palace wall,
 While Godfrey to the east makes dread reply—
 Bomb answers bomb, as deep to deep doth call,
 And myriad balls unseen torment the sky,
 While the dark air trembles to their revelry!
 Godfrey still storms where chivalry seemed vain,
 And leads his troops, if not to victory,
 To draw from gallant Worth the iron rain
 Which otherwise had swept his banners to the plain.

V.

Now do they fly above the captured height,
All ranged about his mortars as they play,
Ready to swoop down through the battle's night,
And fall with bloody talons on the prey.
Not long they gaze, impatient of delay,
For lo ! a mighty host advances from the gate,
All tricked in gold, and gems, and bosses gay ;
They couch their lances, nor a moment wait,
But rush like tempest up to win, or seal their fate.

VI.

Morello leads them, still unbent by years,
Albeit twice thirty winters from his long beard
 flow—
O, that from Lycidas and his Măria's tears,
Regulus might rush upon this ancient foe,
Like ghostly visitor, shouting Alamo !
But gentle Clio lifts her finger red
To melancholy lip, with look of woe,
And whispers soft, while shakes her beauteous head,
“ When truth may well aread no fiction needeth yed.”

VII.

Then, beauteous nymph! from out thy silvery scryne,
Where Glory beds with Fame, all covered o'er
With laurel, bring some living wreath to twine
Those pale brows that iced in their own cold gore,

And ne'er might look on home or country more,—
 But fresher far, for her who here was seen
 Moving, an angel 'midst the battle's roar,
 Who bore no armor but the cool canteen,*
 And sank in death more glorious than the great, I ween.

VIII.

No sooner Worth beheld th' advancing host,
 Pouring like waters from the palace gate,
 Deploying in the vales with shout and boast,
 Yet rushing up as eagles that would mate
 The thunder storm, and seize his bolts of fate;
 Than he bade the trumpet sound, and columns
 move—
 His thousand banners that in silence wait,
 Start to its breath, and like enchanted grove,
 Serried bayonets advance the battle storm to prove.

IX.

O, goodly, glorious sight it was to see !—
 The splendor and the terror everywhere,
 Like cloud and sunshine when in mockery
 They seem to hold the awe-struck day, and glare
 Like fiend from hell high hovering in the air.
 Bayonet, and sword, and rich embroidery,
 Pennon and plume; a horrid aspect wear,
 Yet beautiful as beautiful might be,
 Till meet those burning lines like billows of the sea.

* See Rev. Gilmore Lyons' beautiful ode on the "Sister of Charity" who fell by a random ball near the Bishop's palace.

X.

Then all alone sat Horror on the air !
Plumes roll in blood, and many a manly form
Struggles and sinks in horrible despair.
As newly tasseled field from sunshine warm
Grows suddenly dark, beneath impending storm,
Bends to its breath and hugs the muddy ground,
Whole squadrons fall, and fires of death inform
The moving Etna, as its groans profound
And mad, unearthly bellowings fill the world around.

XI.

Whose arm first deals its vengeance on the foe
Let Fame aread in clearest clarion note ;
For now, alas ! the gallant form lies low
That first would venture on the wall or moat,
Fearless as Mars, while from his generous throat
Poured cheers, encouragements and fierce com-
mand.
O, sweet Ianthe ! well might fancy gloat
On one so manly-beautiful, whose hand
Unclasped from thine to wield the battle brand !

XII.

Edwin first bears the lancer's furious lunge,
Parries the stroke, and cleaves Alonzo's head ;
Borne onward by his steed, at every plunge
He pierces, smites—as if to victory wed—

Lops their vile limbs, and strews the field with
dead.

Gernando's face is hewn off to the chin,
And loud he bellows as to slaughter led ;
Fradubio's eyes are pierced, and sinking in,
Leave him all dark, but smiting to the battle's din.

XIII.

As adder in dog-days, when Sirius sheds
Disastrous influence, he strikes at every sound,
Nor understands why darkness o'er the battle
spreads,
But deems it dark alike to all around.
Ascanius marks him—marks each fearful bound
Of his wild steed, and thus in laughter jeers :
“O, valiant priest ! of knowledge most profound !
O, bright ensample of thy priestly peers !
Lead on, old preacher—lead, and entertain no fears !”

XIV.

Antonio next, all whiskered and plumed,
Cursing the blade that struck Fradubio blind,
Rushed on the arm that wielded it, and doomed
Himself to deeper darkness : for where joined
His throat and breast two missiles entrance find,
Fired from Edwin's never-failing hand ;
Blackened with nitre and life's stream combined,
He vents his rage, loud gurgling to his band,
Falls from his vaulting steed and bites the crimson
sand.

XV.

Ascanius, meanwhile, had scarce the air
Startled to deep horror by his wild laugh,
When three cavaliers, like lions from their lair,
Rushed on him—two the cup of death to quaff,
And one his sword to yield—in his behalf
Age reverent plead, or he, too, had been thrown
Upon the battle's breath with kindred chaff:—
Like thunderbolt Ascanius' steed had borne
Through the whole host, and with this knight he stood
alone.

XVI.

'Twas the holy Bishop of Domingo grove,
Whose eye with Măria went to and fro—
Who bade Ascanius his innocence prove,
By helping "Blessed Virgin" in her woe—
The youth beholding, knew, and bade him go
Back to the palace-gate for holy prayer;
Laughed as he turned to raven on the foe,
And like a fiend pursuing thro' the air,
Drives them abroad, their columns breaking every-
where.

XVII.

Now from the concave of a sloping hill,
Most beautiful, with flowers of every hue,
Where Proserpine alone her lap should fill,
Rides the wreath of battle with its crest of blue.

Rifles unerring as the souls are true
That bear them, carbine and dread bowie-knife,
Sword and revolver, wielded by the crew
Hight Rangers, mingle in disordered strife,
Swell the loud battle's din, and drink the stream of
life.

XVIII.

Hayes and McCulloch move on either wing,
And, like the keen horns of fresh advancing moon,
Hem in th' approaching enemy. They bring
All arms to bear so terrible and soon,
That Morello, towering like a sun at noon
Above his lancers, sheds from anxious brow
Perplexity—then like sudden monsoon,
Bears down upon the nearest lines to throw,
As thunderbolt in storm, their fragments to and fro.

XIX.

Reese and Gillespie bid their columns halt,
To bear the charge of lancers with their head,
But like a shattered lance they to the vault
Of those thousand steeds do waver. Their dead
Bestrew the ground ; and wounded, as a bed
Of vipers clinging to the charger's heels,
Still pierce their bodies, or with surer lead,
From sharp revolver, to the louder peals
Of cannonade, reply where'er the foeman wheels.

XX.

'Midst the melee Gillespie, like a sprite
Of anger born and horrible disdain,
Rides all unscathed upon the battle's night,
To meet Morello—see ! the desperate twain
Are met—their holsters fired, their blades in vain
Thrust, parry, strike, lend horror to the scene ;
Till Gillespie falters on the gory mane—
Pierced at the onset as his foe had been,
And side by side they welter—die upon the green.

XXI.

No sooner he, the lancers' pride, all gory
Lay stretched upon the field, nor cheers their van,
Than they break and waver—leave him in his
glory,
And fly disordered back—fly to a man—
And seek the palace gate as only cowards can.
Yet vain their flight—they fall in heaps—and vain
The palace which their anxious eyes now scan,
For scarce they reach it, when they fly again,
Pressed by ten thousand foes like billows of the main.

XXII.

The whole army routed, and the rushing hail
Of bayonets upon them as they fly,
With thousand flashing sabres, that do pale
Some distant gazer as she turns her eye

From scenes of death that freeze and horrify—
 The roaring cannon and the fire-winged ball,
 While Godfrey to the east makes dread reply,—
 All this and more press to the Piazza wall
 The broken enemy who now must yield or fall.

XXIII.

Meanwhile, his white beard flowing on the wind,
 His wild eye ranging o'er the sun-bright plain,
 Moves Abelard, to any fate resigned ;
 From the robber cave—o'er hill and dale
 He flies impatient for the shout and wail
 Of battle—hark ! it falls upon his ear—
 What thousand voices the victory hail ?
 What banners on the palace heights appear ?
 How flout they to the sky as conscious of the cheer !

XXIV.

He treads the bloody field ; beholds the flying
 Reeling under the heavy guns that prop
 Uncertain victory—the trampled dying,
 Groaning and cursing at the hoofs that chop
 Their unoffending bosoms so—but stop !
 A wounded maid is at his feet ! her eye
 Beams recognition, and a generous drop
 Would own devotion to the passer-by—
 Well may he pause—*he sees his own Erminia die !—*

XXV.

Her who had made his spring-tide beautiful,
And breathed all heaven around upon the air,
When, soldier of the cross, serene and dutiful,
He left his home and crossed the seas to bear
Reproach for Jesu and his sorrows share ;
There did she welter, stricken in bright deeds
Of mercy by some random ball. No care
Invests her brow ; and counting o'er her beads,
She looks to heaven in hope while fast her bosom
bleeds.

XXVI.

Attracted by the shadow of his form
Her sweet dark eye to Abelard is turned—
Once more is turned to him—full, melting, warm,
And beautiful as when their passion burned.
He knows her not, nor in the tear discerned
Affection's last offering, as it glided down
Her faded cheek—she, too, had learned
How worse than vain such pledge, yet fain would
own,
Unchanged in death, the love that burned for him
alone.

XXVII.

Her pale lips move—but ah! the tongue
Whose accents oft with more than music teemed,
To fill his youthful heart with joy, or rung
With wild despair, was mute! That sweet eye
beamed

Unknown to him ; and if at length he seemed
 To own Erminia, while with rending sigh
 He held her fainting brow, 'twas that he deemed
 Such mercy due to one who thus could die
 In deeds of mercy, while the blood-storm hurtled by.

XXVIII.

So had he pressed Looreyah to his heart,
 Nor deemed his only child was sheltered there,
 When 'midst the storm he bade the billows part
 Her gentle form around, and mermaids bear
 To coral chambers delicately fair.*
 In him had Rome commenced her work of woe ;
 Looreyah next was given to despair ;
 While retribution fell upon their foe,
 And poor Erminia now sinks gradually low.

XXIX.

More faint she grows, more short her stifled
 breath,
 Her bloody tresses o'er his bosom spread—
 Alas ! 'tis o'er—her dark eyes close in death,
 And long he clasps his own Erminia dead.

* Ask me no more—the rest I might not tell—
 What they had done—the agony, the pain
 Of each—I only know they loved too well,
 As mortal may, and that they loved in vain !

But when sad night her train of glory led
From heaven, as death the fairest flowers that
 blow,
There was he bending o'er the lowly bed
Himself had scooped—a coffin sinks below,
His task is finished all, he wanders on in woe.

CANTO SEVENTH.



When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented fields,
Where lang I'd been a lodger—
* * * * *
* * * * *

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

CANTO SEVENTH.

I.

'Tis morn again : a Piazza to the view
Opens beneath the waning star of day,
Vexed by victorious arms. There Godfrey, too,
Behold in majesty, while he doth sway
By gentle words till all their hearts give way—
“Soldiers, your work is done—done gloriously !
Your banners now on every bulwark play !
And seem to shout o'er realms of tyranny—
To shout every passing wind,—‘Be free ! be free !’

II.

“The proudest hour this heart can ever know,
Your valor, prowess, chivalry have given—
In a long march, surrounded by the foe
At every pass—by their fierce thunders riven,

And ofttimes to the brink of ruin driven,
Your hearts were firm and true—your gallant arms,
Raised ever to my call, and blessed by heaven,
Ne'er knew defeat nor panic's wild alarms,
But glitter here at last where peace our spirit charms.

III.

“Peace for the present, and perchance for aye,
Since terms, 'tis said, have been agreed upon;
Yet should the rumor prove untrue, this day,
At least, is ours, and smiles on trophies won
By you, worthy the arms of Washington.
Ah, glad the hour, when our long marches o'er,
Home welcomes us; and many a gentler one,
Weeping for joy, their cordial greetings pour
Into the soldier's heart, to bless forever more!

IV.

“Such social gladness yet is not for me,
Nor for troops enlisted for the whole war,
But they whose time this day expires, are free—
Free as their banners—and with victory's star
Crowned for such hour, may win these joys
afar.
My comrades, we must part; and ye may tell
Our countrymen at home, while many a scar
Ye bear from Monterey, that they who fell
Upon this bloody field have done their duty well.

V.

“ Ah, ye are sad !—and I must weep with you :—
Yes, they were gallant souls as e'er the prize
Of glory won ;—their hearts were great and true !
And ye must leave them here ; but when your sighs
Be echoed back, where keener pangs arise
For some proud soldier sleeping, far away,
In gory shroud ; tell them that he lies
Covered with glory under Monterey !
And fell to win the crown your country wears to-
day !”

VI.

Thus from his swelling heart did Godfrey speak—
That heart so stern in strife, and yet to others' woe
So sensitive, that tears bedew his cheek ;
And they who ne'er had yielded to the foe,
Bend to his sobbing accents as they flow,
Catch all the fire of his warm devotion
For their gallant comrades lying low,
And murmur up the soldier's deep emotion,
Loud and wild, and awful as the midnight ocean.

VII.

The fate of Lycidas as yet none know ;
But all who saw him on the fatal night,
Deem him cut off and ward the withering blow
That envy fain would strike. His might

And prowess shone like stars above the fight ;
 The prodigies he did, on every tongue
 Fly thro' the ranks and minister delight ;
 They gladly treasure e'en what may be wrung
 From foes, and sing it thro' the camp on brazen
 lung.

VIII.

'Tis whispered now (what ne'er was dreamed be-
 fore)
 That he might be Augustus' only son ;
 Again, 'tis said, that he, on foreign shore,
 Of princely line was born, and here had won
 Laurels for pastime, waiting for his throne ;
 Again, 'tis said, that he had only been
 Reared by Augustus—a poor, friendless one—
 Had loved his niece—than whom was never seen
 A maid more beautiful—in every look a queen !

IX.

That she ten thousand lovers had discarded
 Cold as the northern star to all but one ;
 High born herself, she little had regarded
 His doubtful birth : if fault, 'twere not his own ;
 But that a brother, whom she doated on,
 Had wrung a promise from her gentle heart,
 Which had the hopes of Lycidas undone ;
 That here he came, and strove by every art
 To throw his life away, since doomed from her to
 part.

X.

Now would some comrade say, such deeds of glory
As he had wrought must break the brother's pride,
While other, better tutored in their story,
Would answer that the brother, too, had died ;—
That, crossed in love, he sought the ocean tide—
There sunk to crime, and cast his life away ;
That she, perchance, who should have been his
 bride,
Still dwells in Linden vale, and fadeth day by day,
Loving, in doubt, Ascanius, now at Monterey.

XI.

Wild with delight, and hast'ning to disband
His valiant troops, Ascanius little cared
For aught but flying to his native land,
Where laughing Love his nuptial couch prepared.
Ah! pleasant dream to one, who long had shared
Rocks for his pillow on the cold damp loam !
To Linden vale he flies, where love ensnared
Vafrino's fiery heart, and from the dome
Of thought hurled Reason ere he flew from home.

XII.

Irene, the object of their mutual flame,
And true only to him now flying back,
Loves madly in despair, and breathes his name
To every wind, as though the very rack

Would be more welcome than the darkness black
 Which doubt doth hang about her gentle soul.
 She vainly dreams—oft sees him on the track,
 And hears his wild steed rushing to the goal—
 On armed hoof, while flames about his pathway roll.

XIII.

Long is the journey, and his spirit flies
 Before him swifter, gladder than the dove,
 Which, borne by ruthless hand to foreign skies,
 Returns on rapid wing to seek its love—
 To seek that mate accustomed long to rove,
 Cooing at its side in some sequestered vale—
 So, swifter far, his fancy seeks the grove
 Where he had roved ; nor told the tender tale,
 Because Vafriño's fate had taught his heart to fail.

XIV.

There doth Lavinia seem to clasp her waist,
 Near the sweet chapel 'neath some flowering
 tree,
 While all the mystery of love they taste,
 Owing the sweetness of its misery.
 " Ah, Lavinia ! " oft he sighs, " for thee
 How terrible the tidings I must bear ! "
 And as he flies by land or sails by sea,
 Their honeyed names are breaking on the air,
 While echo from the cliffs proclaims their spirits there.

XV.

The seas are passed—he climbs the yellow flood
That bears the commerce of a world along ;
Walks the lone deck in agitated mood,
And woos the stars with many a tender song—
Songs that were breathed those blooming bowers
among,
To which he flies in love's untold delight.
Ah, precious smiles!—the tones, the looks that
throng,
Like angels round to guild the lonely night,
And hallow e'en th' unsocial river in its flight !

XVI.

Lo, the green Cumberland!—its waters clear,
Rushing to meet him, seem to welcome home ;
What smiles of beauty do the landscapes wear!—
Trees, birds, and flowers—the very herds that roam
O'er verdant lawns, the rich, untufted loam
With maize adorned, the marble cliffs that rise
Like castles in the air, cottage and dome,
The warbling winds—his blue, maternal skies,
Send life through every vein, and charm his anxious
eyes.

XVII.

City of hills ! serene and fair and free,
Bright as the morning dawning o'er thee now—
Awake ! arise ! shake off thy lethargy !
For Monterey is gazing on thy brow.

Hear the glad tidings borne by yonder prow,
Which cleaves the waters as thy sons did throw
The lancer off—awake! and hear it, how
Their banners rushed like eagles to and fro
Wooping the storm, and first did wave above the foe!

XVIII.

The tale is told—his steed is on the air,
His glad heart bounding wilder than his steed:
Lo! Linden vale—the chapel smiling there,
And monuments that check his wanton speed:
A maid appears—but not in mourning weed
The melancholy beauty by yon tomb;
Robed as the lily, little doth she heed
His anxious step, but in sepulchral gloom
Bedews the flowery past, and mourns her hapless
doom!

XIX.

Now doth she turn to him in radiant tears,
And as the sun upon some snowy plain
Poured forth, her beauteous smile appears;
He clasps her to his bosom, and the rain
Kisses from those violets, till all her pain
Is changed to tender tumults of delight.
Ah! sweet the joys of Love!—but his soft chain
Melts with its own heat, and scarcely may unite
In raptures, burning hearts, when lo! he takes his
flight!

XX.

'Tis strange, that his light arrows plow so deep
In hearts that only pant to be united;
And yet 'tis so : sad vigils will they keep,
In grief's eternal, needless gloom benighted,
And nurse each pang as tho' its power delighted.
'Tis a strange madness, only to be cured
By death or marriage, when the god affrighted
Flies in dismay, and they whom he had lured
Lie down in peace—their joys in either case secured.

XXI.

Smile thus in scorn, ye cold, ungenerous few,
Whose hearts have never known the sacred flame;
No hallowed transports are reserved for you,
No niche of glory in the hall of fame—
The miser's meanness and the villain's shame
May yet be yours, and children of your lust—
Poor brutes of passion—bastards but in name!
Shall be no pledge of virtuous Beauty's trust,
Nor rise like flowers around to consecrate her dust.

XXII.

Their warm embrace—the cordial greeting given,
Lavinia and Palemon down the vale
Appear—Palemon consecrate to heaven;
Who first adored her at the altar-rail,

But ceased to love when, heart-broken and pale,
 She sighed for Lycidas. No sooner there
 Did she behold Ascanius, than a wail
 Of anguish trembled on the babbling air,
 As tho' some chord had severed in her bosom fair.

XXIII.

Now reaching him, and clinging, in her weak-
 ness,
 To a white monument, like some thing
 Of palpitating air whom robe of meekness
 Makes palpable, she whispers, "Dost thou bring
 Tidings of Lycidas?" "That fiery wing,"
 Said he, "which bore him ever with a spell
 Of wonder 'midst the battle's withering,
 May bear no more—nor should thy bosom swell
 With grief—beneath the towers of Monterey he fell!"

XXIV.

As graceful pine by the quick lightning riven,
 She sinks beside the tomb of Póllito;
 For he had followed Lila to that heaven
 He joyed to dream of e'en in world below;
 And as he yielded to the stroke of woe,
 Relinquishing the beautiful of earth,
 So now Lavinia, crushed by one dread blow,
 Let go the pompous tomb that told his worth—
 Vain as the baubles here that lure us on from birth!

XXV.

The morrow dawns. 'Tis eve—'tis night—behold!
Bright as yon stars that sweep along the skies,
A train, whose loveliness may not be told—
Maidens and youth, gay smiles and laughing eyes,
Glad feet and lamps to light them as they rise!
Up the fair vale, and to the chapel-gate
They sweep along; Ascanius his fair prize
Leads to the altar, where the priest doth wait
To sanctify with holy prayer and seal their fate.

XXVI.

Yet one in that delighted throng was more
Than miserable :—she kneeled to pray
For strength; and as her whispered accents bore
To heaven the name of Lycidas, "Make way!—
Make way for the dead from Monterey!"
Cried a tremulous voice, and one all gory
From the strife, with tangled beard, and grey,
Led a fair woman, beautiful though hoary,
And vanished from the chapel, screaming "glory!
glory!"

XVII.

The hoary woman at the altar stood,
Calm in her mien, and fair as some bright day
When wintry snows dissolve. "My father good,
Here did I worship and was snatched away,"

Said she, "by yon strange wanderer ; and they say
That I was mad ; but heaven's dear light again
Hath dawned upon my vision, and I pray
Thee tell, if one named Lycidas remain
In this my native vale to soothe his mother's pain !

XXVIII.

"Are Regulus and Mǎřia known to thee ?
Are they all dead ? or live my treasures here ?"
Hark ! hark !—a hasty step—a goodly company,
Sad-worn with travel, at the gate appear—
Regulus, Vafrine and Mǎřia draw near,
With Lycidas ; and to his bosom, with a cry,
Lavinia springs—they pass with many a tear
Before the priest, and to the organ's sigh
Send up their anthem—GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH !

L'ENVOI

I.

Go forth my first, perchance my last sweet song,
Friendless as he who gave thy being goes—
Fearless go forth, nor crouch to the vile throng
Who every door to human sorrows close :
Nor deem, if in thy world of music flows
Some wail of anguish o'er neglected worth,
That they who marked unmoved Palemon's woes—
Despised and poor—without one friend on earth—
Would smooth thy path to fame, or smile upon its
death.

II.

But pass them by,—nor deal one angry thrust,
Though oft th' unguarded side lies open to thy
blow ;
“To err is mortal !”—pity them, and trust
● That they may learn at last to weep for woe,

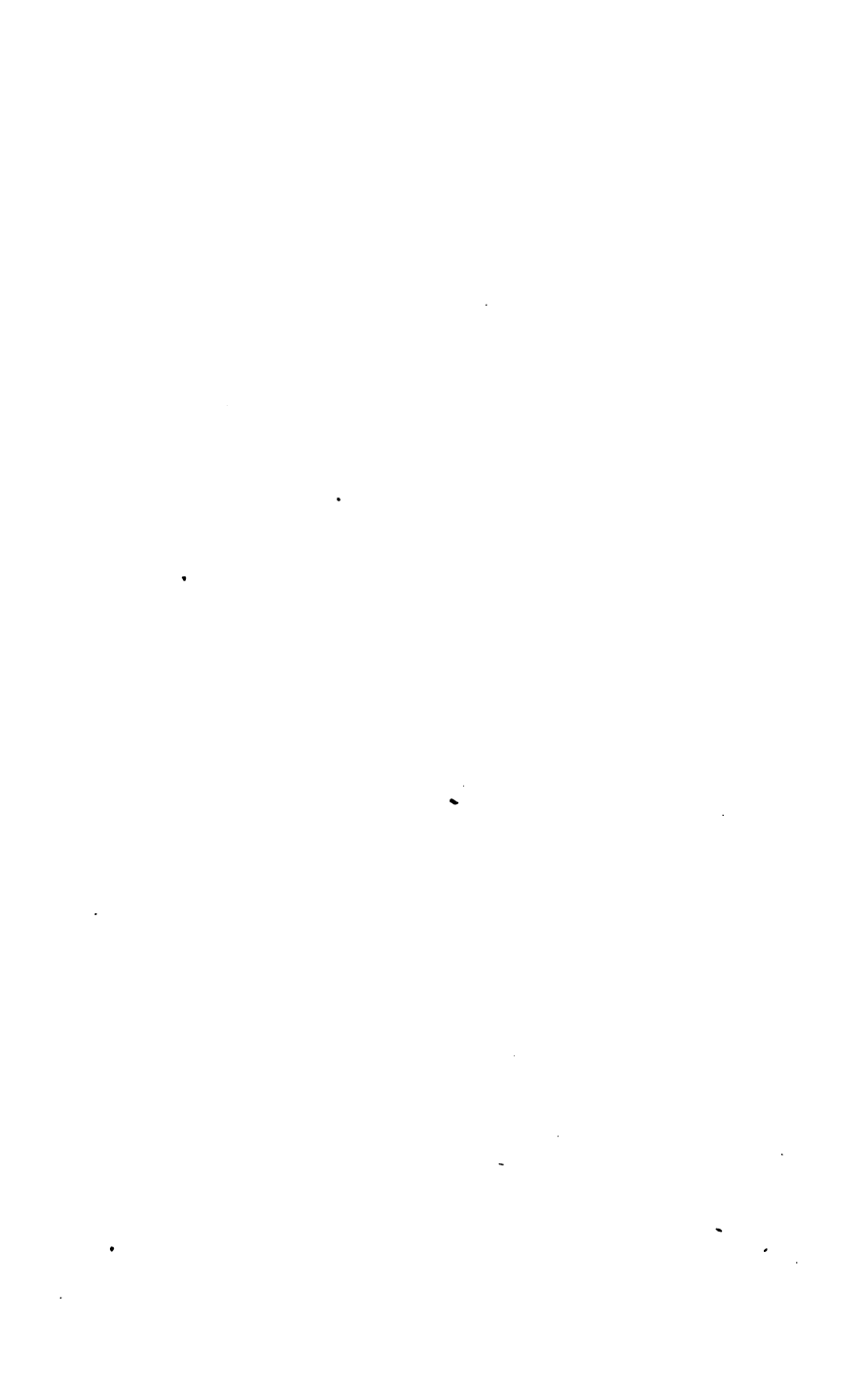
Nor feel themselves what they to others show ;—
 Yes, pass them by—the lion would not harm
 His sleeping prey, and thou wert born to throw
 A mantle over weakness ; and to charm,
 By a wild, sweet strain, Oppression's rude, uplifted
 arm.

III.

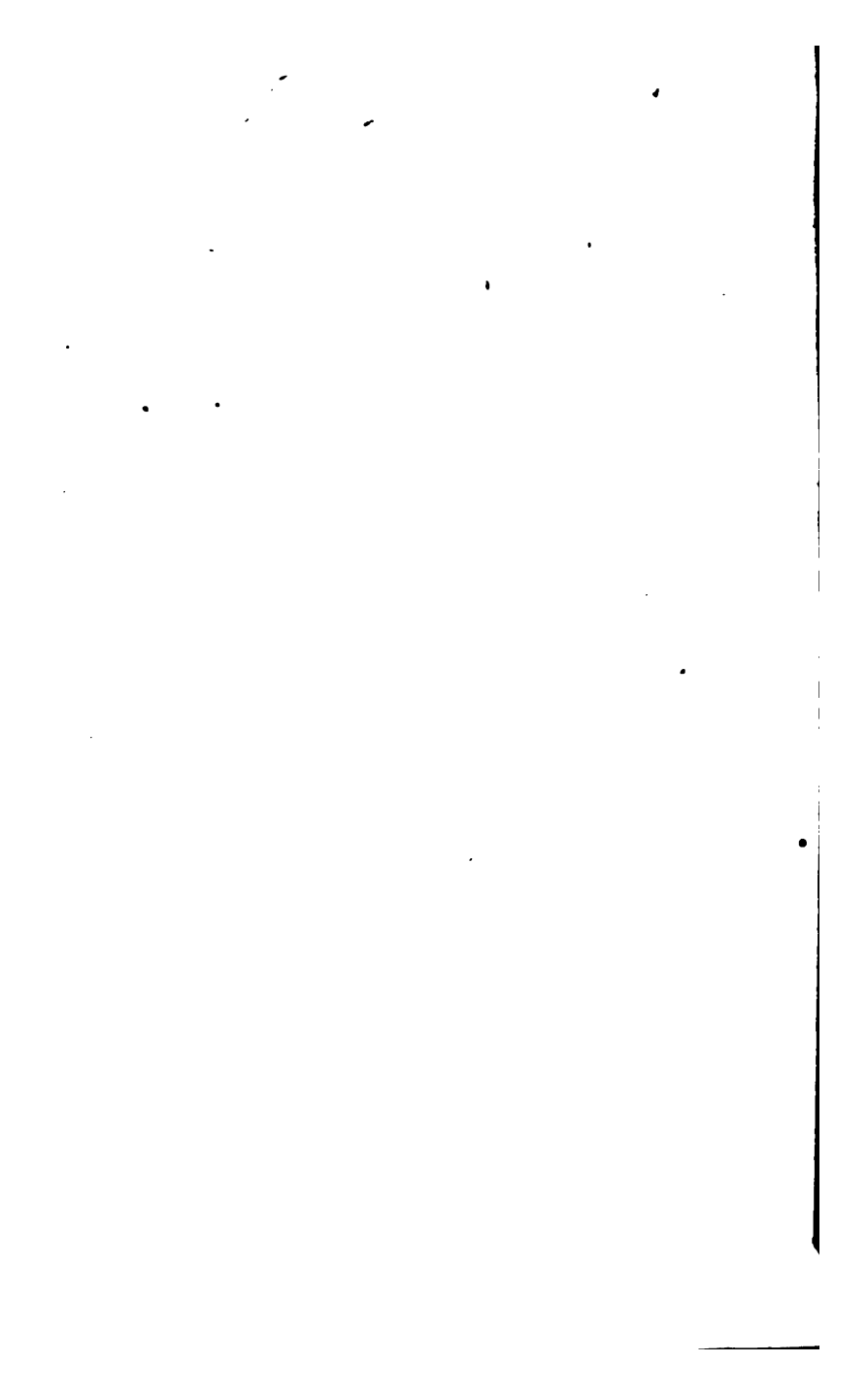
Then go, adventurer of the pathless wild !
 Like Abelard, in conscious dignity—
 Go to the palace, and the humblest child
 Of want—to the far mountain and the sea,
 Where'er a worshiper of Christ may be—
 And tell them of a city buried long
 With altars of eternal purity—
 Buried, yet living on where'er the song
 Of mass be heard, or Rome's anath'matizing tongue !

IV.

But if, perchance, none heed thine earnest tale—
 Lost where the deaf'ning waves of avarice roll—
 Then speed thee back to some sequestered vale,
 Where lindens cluster o'er each verdant knoll,
 And Leila listens to the midnight owl :
 For she will fly to meet thee in that grove,
 Catch with delight each echo of thy soul,
 And take thee to her bosom, as a dove,
 Not formed for the cold world, but for that *home of*
love !













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