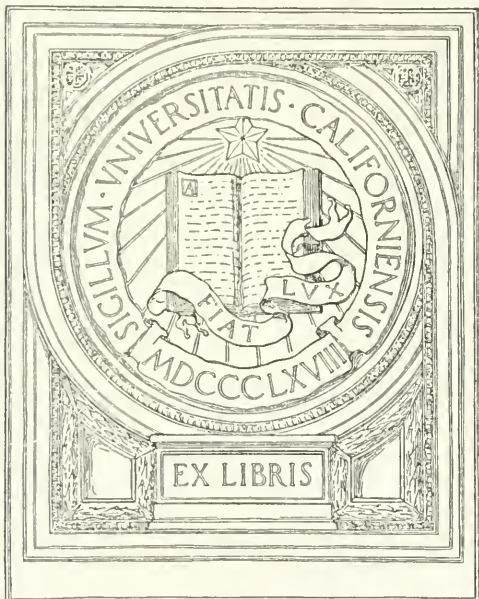


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ORIGINAL BALLADS.



ORIGINAL BALLADS,

By Living Authors,

· · · · · MDCCCL. · · ·

EDITED BY THE

REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A.,

CANTAB.

Nicht länger wollen diese Lieder leben,
Als bis ihr Klang ein süßend Herz erfreut,
Mit schönern Phantasieen es umgeben,
Zu höhern Gefühlen es geweiht.

SCHILLER.

LONDON :

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,

AND 78, NEW BOND STREET.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
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P R E F A C E.

THE great critic-poet, in one of those admirable dicta in which he exemplifies how possible is the combination of clear sense, lively fancy, deep thought, and exact taste, has observed that Poetry bears an analogy to Art ; some poems, like some pictures, requiring the close and critical eye to discern minuteness of detail, and perfection of finish : others presenting to the scruti- nizing examiner a mere chaos of shapeless masses ; but, viewed at due distance, producing beautiful and harmonious effects.* In Art, the merits of these two classes of composition are equally recognized. The delicate elaboration of Correggio's Magdalene is not more attractive than the vigour of his broad and expressive frescoes : the landscape effects of Turner are

* Ut pictura, poesis ; erit, quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiet magis ; et quædam, si longiùs abstes :
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

equally admired with his most finished pictures; and the living multitudes represented by spots from the pencils of Martin and Danby are pleasing in eyes which can appreciate the severity and sublimity of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In poetry, the public estimate has been different. The ballad is in Poetry what the broad and effective style is in Art; not intended for close and exact criticism—presenting, perhaps, occasionally, to the critical eye, confusion, or even deformity:—though, viewed as a whole, and in its general effect, of strong and decided significance; the very blots, as the critic would designate them, being results of art, and bearing their share in the harmonious aggregate. Hence, in an age of great literary refinement, it will happen, that, while the painter may win fame and wealth from studies and sketches, the balladist must not be heard. Nature indeed will not yield her rights without a struggle; and accordingly it will be impossible, in any age, to deprive ballad poetry of a certain popularity. The lay that stirred the chivalrous heart of Sir Philip Sidney more than a trumpet, will, even in its tamer tones,* ever command its readers and admirers; and the early fountains of tenderness opened by the tale of the wandering children will flow on through life in affection and admiration. But an artificial age will regard those ballads rather with toleration and indulgence than with approval; as attempts to be endured, not as models to be

* It is almost unnecessary to observe that the “Chevy Chase” with which ordinary readers are familiar, is a modernization, though gradually brought to its present form.

imitated. There is, however, a concurrent cause for the depreciation of ballad poetry. Being the earliest form in which Poetry had appeared, its phraseology was not merely broad and simple, but rude and uncouth. This characteristic of a *period* was assumed to be inherent in a *style*; an assumption as rational as that which would conclude against the possibility of attaining freedom in art from its absence in a work of Cimabue or Giotto. Early ballads, moreover, having been seldom reduced to writing by their authors, were corrupted and vulgarized in transmission; and this accident became associated in the popular mind with the essence itself of ballad poetry.

In proportion, however, as the ballad is popularly depreciated, Poetry, abstractedly, must suffer. We may well conceive what would be the enervation of Art, were nothing to be tolerated that could not satisfy the close inspection of the eye-glass. Such a prostration did Poetry endure during the last century; it had degenerated into little more than elaborate versification. The high authority of Addison, who had ventured to vindicate the claims of "Chevy Chace," and "The Babes in the Wood," to the admiration of Milton's admirers;—the timid advances which Tickell and Mallet had made to engraft the ballad on the literature of the day, impregnated as even those were with the popular taste,—had little popular influence: "Colin and Lucy," "William and Margaret," "Edwin and Emma," produced few imitators, and inspired none. Meanwhile the exquisite ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid" had

been considered too rude and harsh for the "ears polite" of an "Augustan age," and was accordingly stilted into an eclogue in decasyllabic couplets. The age acknowledged no excellence in what was not imitated from classical models, as it designated distorted French casts of them. For the bag-wigs, buckles, and liveries of the Westminster dormitory differed not more from the pallia and tunics of the *Ludi Megalenses*, than Racine and Corneille from Sophocles and Euripides. Yet did English Poets receive law from Versailles while they imagined they were inspired from Parnassus, and allowed no existence to any other inspiration. Among the few poets of the last age, it would not perhaps be possible to name one beside Thomson, Collins, and Gray, whose inspiration was quaffed from the pure founts of antiquity: and the rest are neither numerous nor conspicuous enough to warrant the conclusion that contempt of ballad literature results from the ascendancy of a purer and loftier poetry.

Bishop Percy did good service, not only to poetical archæology, but to Poetry itself, by the publication of his "Relics" and imitations. The fresh and simple beauty of many of these pieces was irresistible. The ear had been long palled with artificial and instrumental music; and the pure woodland minstrelsy of Nature was hailed again with honest delight. The pathetic ballads of "Jemmy Dawson,"* "Edwin and

* Shenstone was Percy's coadjutor, and therefore, though he did not live to see the "Relics" published, was well acquainted with the collection. "Jemmy Dawson" was afterwards published by Percy.

Angelina," "Hengist and Mey," "Sir Charles Baudwin," and many others, which will readily occur to the reader, resulted from the study of the early balladists. The beacon kindled Germany as well as England; Bürger, Uhland, Goethe, Schiller, gave back the light to Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth,* Campbell, Hogg, Leyden, Cunningham, Tennyson, Macaulay; Britain and Germany illumed Longfellow and his countrymen; and now, with all our literary refinement, existent and probable, the ballad stands a fair chance of keeping its position beside the epopœia, the drama, and the ode; nay, (such is the natural effect of reaction,) of encroaching on their legitimate territory of popularity.

Still, the general idea of a ballad, as entertained at the present day, seems to exclude recent subjects; at least, to a great extent. As ballad poetry is the natural product of early times, it seems to have been allowed some natural, if not necessary, connection with them. Yet surely such a view is altogether erroneous. The very essence of the Ballad is broad effective painting of scene, sentiment, or narrative; and these are of no time or region. It is a species of poetry which originates direct from Nature, and therefore is not more appropriate in the days of palfreys and pages, than in those of locomotives and conductors. Wherever Nature is, there the Ballad may be. The present volume is given to the public in illustration

* The "*Lyrical Ballads*," however, are not here adverted to, as nothing can be further than the greater part of them from what is ordinarily understood by the term Ballad.

of this view. A number of kind friends, to whom the Editor here desires to offer his most grateful acknowledgments, have taken an interest in exemplifying this position; and ballads of the most varied character—historical, narrative, imaginative, descriptive, ranging from fabulous antiquity to contemporary history,—are the result. Three only are translations; two from a language peculiarly rich in ballad literature; one from a tongue supposed to contain nothing of the kind; and, though not called a ballad, sufficiently partaking the ballad spirit to show the universality of its prevalence. The Editor's own share in the volume is so very inconsiderable, that it will not be found to affect the general merits of the collection. He may therefore boldly say, that he hopes the work will prove an agreeable demonstration of his position, that ballad poetry is of no time or place, but that, while there is mind or matter to be described, the balladist will never want opportunity for the exercise of his art.

In a series of resolutions drawn up by Bishop Middleton on his departure for India, and ending with the remarkable words, "Remember the final account," we find "promote literature and good taste." These, therefore, in the most solemn view, were regarded by him as aids to religion. It is indeed too much the bent of the present age to ascribe to intellectual culture and refinement an office to which they have been abundantly proved incompetent, and for which Christian Truth alone can suffice; yet they prepare the soil, though they are not the seed. The Gospel was first presented to a gene-

ration preëminent for literary excellence; a fact which seems to indicate, what indeed all reflection confirms, that mental refinement is a favourable condition for spiritual advancement. Nor is it less certain that Literature has ever attended the footsteps of the Church, and flourished most successfully beneath her protection. In contributing, therefore, to the stock of our ornamental literature, the Editor feels that he is advancing the cause to which his service is bound; but he trusts that the volume will be found more than indirectly conducive to this object; that while

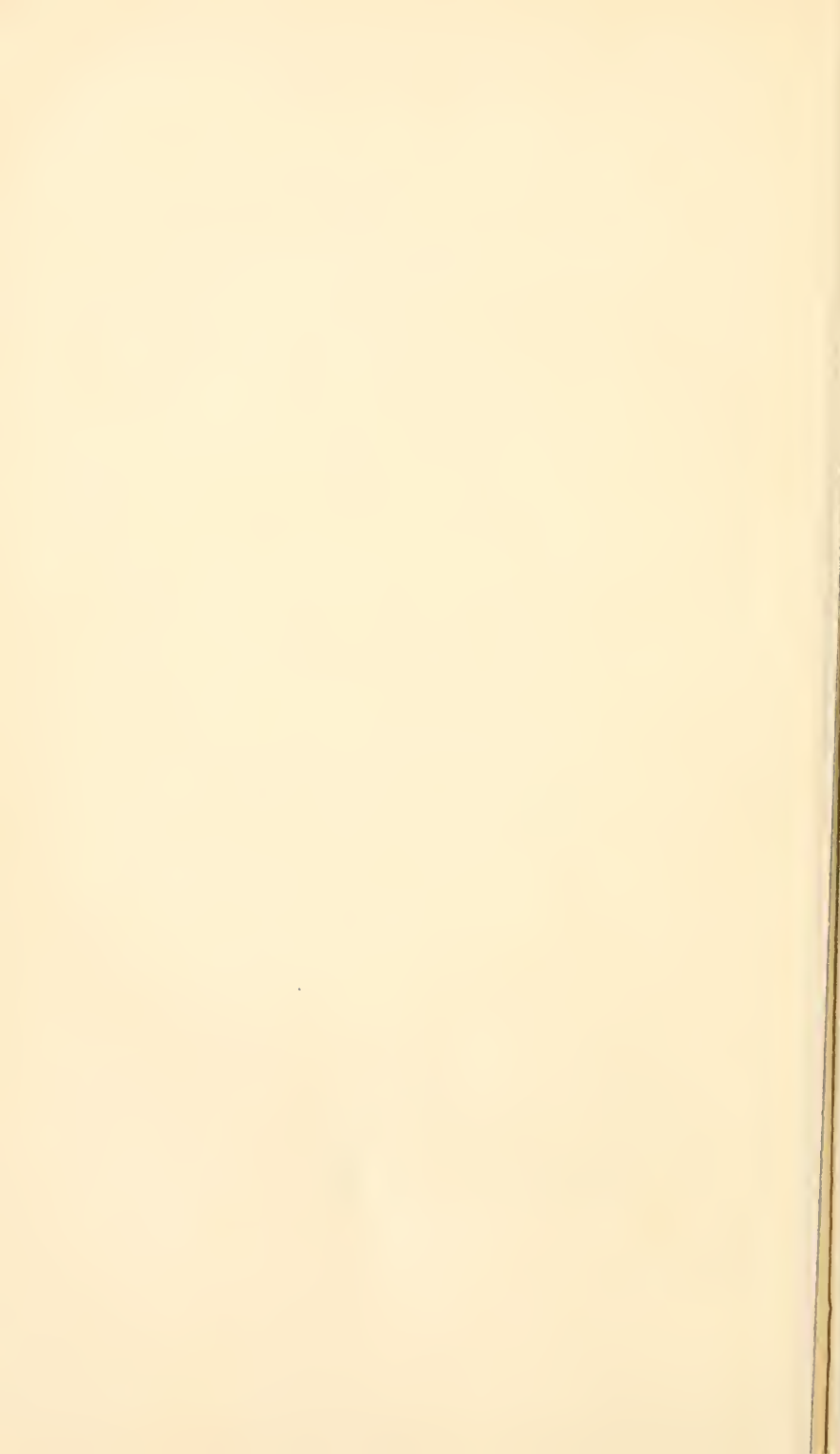
“ Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese,”

occupy some space in these, as in most ballads, yet the tenour of the work will be the inculcation of principles on which depend the highest interests of humanity; the purification of the heart, and the upbuilding of the soul.

H. T.



RECTORY, WRINGTON, *S. Andrew*, 1849.



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ORIGINAL BALLADS.





THE TRIUMPH OF ARISTOMENES.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A., LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE Spartans having, after long struggles, subdued the adjoining territory of Messene, exercised the rights of conquest with the utmost severity. At last a champion of liberty arose in the person of Aristomenes, a descendant of the ancient Kings of Messene, and reported to be of a divine parentage.* Under his guidance many victories were gained over the Spartans, one of which is described in the following Ballad. Finally however the Spartan arms prevailed, and the Messenians were reduced to their former bondage, except those who with their great leader left their country. Aristomenes has been aptly compared to Hereward and William Wallace.

I.

BRING forth the robe of triumph, bring forth the victor's crown,
For Aristomenes the brave comes to his native town ;
Strike forth the hymn of conquest, and flowerets spread around,
Nor let the foot of him who comes in glory touch the ground.

* The author of this ballad must apologize for having attributed to his hero a parentage far too dignified. He was not held to be the son of the

He comes, he comes in glory, with the spoils of many a foe,
 He comes, and bears the bloody lance that laid the Spartan low ;
 Hail to Messene's heaven-born chief, old Æpytus' true heir,
 For never sure did braver wight the lance of Dorus bear.

Where was thy boast, proud Sparta, when on Athena's shrine,
 Ye saw the badge of triumph, Messene's buckler, shine ?
 Boast not your living rampart, your men whose breasts are
 towers,
 A braver one than Sparta knows hath mocked the Spartan
 powers.

But O the glorious battle-field that saw the tyrant's doom !
 And O the men whose lances shone around the Wild-Boar's
 tomb !
 Hurrah for Aristomenes, who comes on Glory's wings !
 Hurrah for the chief whose feet have trod on the necks of
 Spartan Kings !

II.

King Anaxander through his realm sent forth the trumpet's
 peal,
 That every man of Spartan race should fight for Sparta's weal.
 Each town of Lacedæmon hath answered to his call,
 Empty is every market-place, unmanned is every wall.

supreme deity Zeus, but of the deified hero Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. The ballad was written some years back, when the Author had only seen a vague account, attributing his origin to "a God." He has not however seen cause to make any alteration.

No buckler now may useless lie, no spear is idle now,
No helmet in the Spartan coasts but shades a warrior's brow;
No more the spoils of conquered foes may deck the chieftain's
 hall,
No sword that erst in battle shone may hang upon the wall.

Yea, from the golden city that looks o'er harbours twain
Came forth at Anaxander's word proud Corinth's warrior train;
They met by sweet Eurotas' flood, amid the myrtle bowers,
But their hearts were not with fragrant groves, but with camp
 and plundered towers.

They marched to Stenyclarus, and raised their shout of war,
And straight Messene's battle-cry gave answer from afar;
Then sounds the clash of armour, as each marshalled host pro-
 ceeds,
Then sounds the pæan, and the flute, and the neigh of gallant
 steeds.

They formed in all their pride of war, their lances glimmered
 bright,
There marched the steel-clad man-at-arms, there rode the
 pluméd knight,
There were the sons of Hereules in all their kingly pride,
Achæan serf and Dorian lord were marshalled side by side.

And there stood lame Tyrtæus; his fingers held the lyre,
His white hair streaming to the breeze, his eye-balls flashing
 fire;
"On, on for Lacedæmon, and mingle in the fight;
On for the Great Twin Brethren, who guard the Spartan's
 right!"

III.

Ten furlongs off in pride of war Messene's thousands formed,
 And ravaged hearths and plundered shrines our glowing bosoms
 warmed ;

There were the men of Pylos, each good Gerenian knight,
 And there Methone's shout of war dared Sparta to the fight.

The helmet of Ithome shone in the noontide rays,
 The bucklers of proud Pharæ with lofty ensigns blaze,
 But aye Andania's banner waved foremost in the war,
 And aye Andania's battle-cry the loudest pealed afar.

Hurrah for Aristomenes, Andania's noblest son !
 Hurrah for the good ashen spear that such a fight hath won !
 Hurrah for the brave Eighty, his comrades ever true,
 Who fought for aye around him, where'er his javelin flew.

He stood before his phalanx, his armour glimmered fair,
 High waved his morion's plumage above his golden hair,
 His belt was all of beaten gold, his greaves of silver dight,
 And all before his lordly form his shield was gleaming bright.

And wrought upon the massy shield his lofty ensign shone,
 There sat his deathless Father upon his golden throne,
 His eyes they looked full wrathfully, the eyes that never die,
 And from his hand the thunder-bolt shot flaming through the sky.

His left hand holds the blazoned shield, his right the ashen
 spear,
 With frowning brow, and flashing eye, and heart that knew
 not fear ;
 By the pure god Apollo, who e'er did braver spy
 Than Aristomenes the brave, the son of Zeus most high ?

Then stood the prophet Theoclus before the chosen band,
 The holy fillets on his brow, the sceptre in his hand ;
 He looked upon the phalanx, and joyfully he smiled,
 And blessed brave Aristomenes, Andania's noblest child.

“ Charge for thy country's freedom, and rend away her chains ;
 Charge, and the Gods be with thee, who reck their plundered
 fanes ;

Athena grasp thy buckler, and Ares couch thy spear,
 And thy Sire who wields the thunder to thee be ever near.

“ I see, I see them yielding, the haughty tyrants flee,
 Tread in the dust the kingly plume that stoops to none but thee ;
 But beyond the spreading pear-tree pursue them not in flight,
 There sit the Great Twin Brethren who guard the Spartan's
 right.”

IV.

So then he steeled his fearless heart, and rushing forth amain,
 Around him fought the Eighty, his ever faithful train.
 Now is the fateful moment of conquest or of doom,
 As myriad lances glimmer around the Wild Boar's tomb.

Now many a friend lies bleeding, and many a foe is slain,
 Now backward falls Messene, now Sparta's glories wane ;
 And horse and man are fallen, and trampled on the ground,
 And shout and groan and clash of arms through all the plain
 resound.

But Aristomenes the brave, the son of Zeus most high,
 First blazed his gleaming harness, first pealed his battle-cry ;
 As on he drove his burnished car, more fleet than vulture's wing,
 Where fought swift Anaxander, proud Sparta's elder King.

Now as on Eira's hill-top burst the red bolts of his Sire,
And oaks that stand so firmly split at the heaven-sent fire,
And men that hear the thunder-peal in terror flee away,
And kine and horses tremble to see the lightnings play ;

So burst brave Aristomenes upon the Spartan lines,
Man's children quail before him where'er his buckler shines ;
His ashen spear is piercing stout shield and crested head,
And his horses' hoofs are spurning the dying and the dead.

Thus through the hottest battle he urged his blasting way,
Behind his wheels a bloody track of gasping foemen lay ;
Woe to the doomed Achæan that meets the wrathful eye
Of Aristomenes the brave, the son of Zeus most high.

Just then a shout of conquest was borne upon the breeze,
Loud as on Prote's island rock wild roar the dashing seas ;
And scarce three spears' length off we saw the Spartan bucklers
shine,
As bursts the rushing tide of war on Cyparissia's line.

And first amid the foremost rank the royal banner streamed,
Where, like the Sun-God's noontide orb, the royal buckler
gleamed,
Where, like the hail-storm clatters, a thousand horse-hoofs ring
Around swift Anaxander, proud Sparta's elder King.

As Neda's flood in winter sweeps foaming o'er its banks,
So burst the charge of Sparta on Cyparissia's ranks ;
As when the ram comes battering against the leaguered wall,
So Cyparissia's lines of steel before the Spartan fall.

And now their spirits waver, now Sparta's hope is high,
When through the startled welkin pealed Andania's battle-cry ;
And now her eager phalanx bursts on the conquering ring
Of the three hundred faithful knights, who fought around their
king.

Then each Messenian soldier defiance breathed and scorn,
Then quaked the heart of every man of earthly lineage born ;
“ Andania to the rescue ! ” rose in one mighty roar,
As if the stream of Ocean had burst its sunless shore.

V.

So springing from his lofty car, he turned him to the fight,
And through the foremost ranks he sped, with shining steel
 bedight,
Where waving o'er the kingly helm he saw the snowy crest,
And the proud buckler's massy round that guards the kingly
 breast.

As when the arm of vengeance is lifted up to smite,
When the pure God Apollo stands forth in wrathful might,
His silver bow stern clanking, his bright eyes glancing fear,
And the plague-shafts of his anger are slaying far and near :

So then the heaven-born chief sped on with swift and angry
 stride,
Waving aloft his ashen spear that casts its shadow wide,
As rushing where the shouts of war in wildest echoes ring,
He seeks for Anaxander, proud Sparta's elder King.

The King hath seen him coming, and leaping from his seat,
He dashes through his knightly train, the deadly charge to meet ;
Now is the fateful moment of conquest or of doom,
As meet the two proud chieftains beside the Wild Boar's tomb.

They rush against each other, more fleet than vulture's wing,
Messene's heaven-born chieftain and Sparta's elder King ;
As when the blue Symplegades against each other dash,
So onward borne in deadly shock their ashen javelins clash.

All through Andania's buckler the lance of Sparta ran,
 Never was thrust more truly aimed by hand of mortal man ;
 But through the Spartan's head-piece sank the Messenian spear,
 It sank between the fiery eyes that never shed a tear.

Then staggered Anaxander, he staggered to his fall,
 As 'neath the charge of moving towers staggers a leaguered
 wall,
 His harness clanks upon the ground, and low in dust he lies,
 His mighty limbs are loosened, and darkness veils his eyes.

VI.

Then rose the shout of conquest that told the broken chain,
 Then rose the yell of wild despair that told the hero slain ;
 Then like a shower of falling stars Andania's javelins shine,
 As bursts the rushing tide of war on Sparta's yielding line.

One moment, and the fight is won ; beneath Messene's charge
 Sank Corinth's golden helmet, and Sparta's lordly targe ;
 The hosts whose back no foe had seen are scattered all around,
 Flying like troops of driven deer before the lion's bound.

In one wild stream of headlong flight fast pricking from the fray
 The proud Three Hundred spurred in haste, and cast their
 shields away.
 Fast fled the sons of Hereules in all their kingly pride,
 Achaean serf and Dorian lord we slaughtered side by side.

Now by Demeter and her Child, sweet was our sorrow's meed,
 The maddening glow of wild pursuit, the charger's whirlwind
 speed,
 Messene's shout of conquest, Laconia's shriek of woe,
 The clanking of our chariot-wheels o'er helmets of the foe.

Each time the spear was lifted, a brother's spirit nigh
With a wild scream of savage joy for vengeance seemed to cry :
No rede was there of mercy, no rede was there of gain,
One burning thought in foeman's blood to steep our country's
chain.

But Aristomenes the brave, the son of Zeus most high,
First blazed his gleaming harness, first flashed his wrathful eye ;
And far beyond the pear-tree he drove in headlong flight
Achaia's craven bondmen and Sparta's broken might.

VII.

And now he comes in glory with the spoils of Spartan Kings,
And Conquest o'er his helmet soft waves her golden wings,
As hastes he round his Father's shrine to hang a fair array,
A goodly prey of Spartan shields, of spears a goodly prey.

And though the Great Twin Brethren looked from the spread-
ing tree,
And bore away his lordly shield afar from mortal e'e ;
Yet shall he never tremble for foeman's lifted spear,
For his Sire who wields the thunder shall hold his ægis near.

Now haste we to the temples, and as we pass along,
Chant to the Gods who guard us our father's triumph song ;
Bring fillets and rich odours unto the Thunderer's fane,
And offer there the gifts for him who hath a hundred slain.

There let our hearts be thankful, there let us pour with glee
The pæan of the conqueror, the pæan of the free ;
The glorious fight is over, the deadly foe is slain,
And Aristomenes the brave hath rent his country's chain.

THE MEED OF HEROES,

BEING A BALLAD SUNG AT THE TOMBS OF THE SLAIN AT
MARATHON.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

I.

AWAKE, ye sons of Marathon,
 Day yokes her golden car ;
 Her milk-white steeds are chasing
 The gloom of night afar ;
 The rosy-fingered Morning
 Hath lit the dark-blue wave,
 And pours her gentle brightness
 Upon the heroes' grave :
 The grave which is our altar,
 Where we this morn must pray,
 And to the fallen heroes
 Our richest offerings pay.

II.

Bring hither the dark victims
 Unto the shades below ;
 Dig deep the trench around the tomb,
 Where the dark blood may flow ;

And strike with glee the golden harp,
And sing their glorious deeds,
Who vanquished on this blessed ground
The quiver-bearing Medes.
While still the blue Ægæan keeps
The birth-place of the free ;
While Athens' triremes proudly float
Far o'er the vanquished sea ;
While still the Median bowman
Quakes at the Grecian spear,
Still shall the fallen heroes
Be worshipped year by year.

III.

Soft sweeps the blue Ægæan
Around the heroes' grave,
Soft sweeps the breeze of morning-land
Where rest the fallen brave ;
The mountains bend in homage,
The trees wave soft in awe,
Over their graves who perished
For freedom and for law.
But in the gloom of midnight,
When all beside is still,
Then doth the cry of battle
Float back from every hill ;
Then rise the shadowy warriors,
And meet again in fight ;
But none may see their faces,
Nor harness gleaming bright.
Yet ever on the breezes
The shouts of war are borne ;

The clashing of their weapons,
 The blast of flute and horn,
 The clang of shivering harness,
 The neigh of gallant steeds ;
 As meet the Grecian spearmen
 And quiver-bearing Medes.

IV.

Look to yon two fair pillars
 That crown the grassy mound,
 Carved with their names whose purple blood
 Hath dyed this holy ground ;
 One for the sons of Athens,
 One for each true ally,
 Who dared for faith and freedom
 In glorious fight to die.
 There sleeps Callimachus the brave,
 The chieftain of the fray,
 And Cynægeirus, whose right hand
 The foeman lopped away.
 And he too of the ploughshare
 Dwelleth in glory here,
 The hero Echetlæus,
 Whom we worship year by year.
 He came amid the battle,
 He came against the foe,
 And with his wondrous ploughshare
 Laid many a stranger low.
 But none before the battle
 E'er marked that warrior's mien,
 And when the fight was over,
 He never more was seen.

And Pytho's prophet bade us
To give him feast and prayer,
And deem him last of heroes,
Who deathless worship share.

V.

But while ye bend in homage,
While holy gifts ye pay,
Think not those dauntless spirits sleep
For ever 'neath this clay.
Their bones below are mouldering,
Their shadows flit around ;
But a happier home than we may tell
Their holy souls have found.
Far, far beyond the western hills,
Where sinks the Sun-God's car ;
Beyond Hesperia's laughing plains,
And Atlas frowning far ;
Beyond the stream of Ocean,
East by his farther shore,
Their spirits dwell for ever,
And sorrow taste no more.

VI.

For ever and for ever,
In bliss that passeth song,
The spirits of the blessed
Lead the fair hours along.
Theirs is no gloomy midnight,
Theirs is no noontide blaze ;
But the Sun-God ever shining
Glads them with gentle rays.

No winter binds their rivers,
 No summer blasts their fields ;
 But one fair spring for ever
 Each choicest floweret yields ;
 Not such as here we gather,
 Which wither and which fade,
 But gleaming rich with golden light
 In groves of sacred shade.
 Beneath their feet like velvet
 The softest grass they tread,
 And all around the foot-path
 The golden flowers are spread.
 And culling choicest beauties,
 The happy spirits there
 Wreathe garlands gilt with brightest sheen
 Around their flowing hair.
 They labour not for ever,
 Nor stem the tide of fight,
 They pass not o'er the wine-dark seas,
 Nor mountain's weary height.

VII.

For ever and for ever
 In bliss we may not tell,
 By Father Cronus' hoary tower
 The happy spirits dwell.
 Fast by the stream of Ocean
 They mark the passing tide,
 But reck not of the deeds men work
 Upon its eastern side.
 The Gods in all their glory
 Each morn and eve they see ;

They bring no bleeding victims,
Nor offerings such as we ;
But with a holy pæan
Of calm and gentle sound
They hail the Lord of thunder,
And him who shakes the ground.
And the pure God Apollo
Deigns oft with them to dwell,
And blue-eyed Athenæa
Doth heavenly wisdom tell.
They never quake at Hades,
Nor dread Erinnyes near ;
For their blest souls are sinless,
And no avenger fear.

VIII.

For ever and for ever
In calm and holy joy,
There dwell the fallen heroes
Who fought at Thebes and Troy.
There dwell the bards who sang of old
Of all their deeds of might,
Orpheus and god-like Homer,
No longer lost to sight.
Full oft he strikes his golden lyre,
And tells of Ilion's day,
How Dardan and Achæan
Were matched in deadly fray.
Then flock the chiefs around him
To hearken to his song,
Achæan matched with Dardan,
But not in warlike throng.

The swift-footed Achilles
 And Hector ever bold
 Clasp their pure hands together
 When they hear their fights of old.
 And there in holy wedlock
 She who at Aulis died,
 Prize of the death she meekly bore,
 Is now the hero's bride.
 And Peleus eyes with gentle smile
 His children's holy joy,
 And deems their lot a fairer bliss
 Than fame of conquered Troy.

IX.

So live they on for ever
 In bliss that knows no end,
 To whom the Gods that dwell on high
 Have granted there to wend.
 Who dies for truth and freedom,
 Who keeps his hands from wrong,
 Who gives his people holy laws,
 Who twines the wreath of song :
 These in the happy island
 By Ocean's western shore,
 Reck not of earth's wild passions,
 And fight and toil no more.
 There dwells Aristogeiton
 And fair Harmodius too,
 Who on Athena's festival
 The hated tyrant slew.
 And there they dwell for ever,
 The prize of holy deeds,
 Who vanquished on this blessed ground
 The quiver-bearing Medes.

X.

But O ye powers that guard us,
To whom our prayers are bound ;
The blue-eyed Athenæa,
And Him that shakes the ground ;
O hear us as we pray you
To look upon our land,
And ever o'er your temples
To stretch your guardian hand.
And raise us in the battle
To grasp the Athenian spear,
Men like the fallen heroes
Whom we worship year by year.
Drive far away, we pray you,
From where your victims bleed
The wasting sons of Dorus,
And the quiver-bearing Mede.
Let health and wealth for ever
Around us sweetly flow,
In a land that knows no master,
That sees no wasting foe.
So shall our children's children
Your altars deck for aye,
And, with voice of high thanksgiving,
Their fathers' offerings pay.

HELIODORUS.

REV. G. CROLY, LL.D.

The constant accumulation of treasure in the Temple of Jerusalem, by the contributions divinely enjoined on every Jew in every part of the globe for the repairs of the Sacred Edifice, made it the frequent object of plunder to the rapacious Sovereigns of Asia. In one of these instances, Seleucus, the King of the chief part of Western Asia, sent his treasurer Heliodorus, to seize the wealth stored in the Temple. The people, broken down by long calamity, offered no resistance. But Heliodorus, on attempting to make himself master of the treasure, was smitten by the Divine hand, and the expedition was ruined.

'Tis morn on Zion's glorious hill.

On Temple roof, and marble tower,
On Moriah's brow, and Cedron's rill,
Earth wakens like a waking flower.

But, all the joyous sounds are still,
That hailed, of old, the lovely hour ;
As if the grave's eternal chill

Had silenced Judah's voice of power ;
As if the axe had smote the stem
Of thy proud tree, JERUSALEM.

Yet, thousands crowd the stately street,
And thousands crowd the rampart wall,
And comes the rush of thousand feet,
Yet 'tis no morn of festival.

Arise no choral voices sweet,
 Responds no Temple-trumpet's call,
 Ring no rich harps, no cymbals beat,
 'Tis terror, woe, and silence all!
 As when a nation's upturned eyes
 Wait the red vengeance of the skies.

But, sounds are heard, like sounds of doom ;
 Now floating far, now rushing near.
 The distant hills are wrapt in gloom,
 But, from the cloud flash shield and spear.
 And now is seen the Syrian plume,
 And heard the Syrian war-horn drear ;
 And yells, like echoes of the tomb,
 Are borne to Judah's startled ear.
 And wild, and wilder still, the roar
 Rolls on, like Ocean on the shore.

Where, Judah, are thy warriors now,
 The living lightnings of the field ?
 A broken urn of gold art thou,
 A shattered rock, a fountain sealed,
 Shame is the turban on thy brow,
 The hand of heaven has cleft thy shield,
 Thou recreant to thine early vow !
 Thy wound of soul shall sting, unhealed,
 The bond be on thy heart and brain,
 Thine own right hand has forged thy chain.

Through the proud portals, opening wide,
 In pour the Syrian Chivalry,
 In pour the spearmen's brazen tide,
 With shouts of bold barbarian glee.

Woe to the bridegroom and the bride!
 Woe to the bondsman and the free!
 Yet, still, no answering trumpet cried,
 All bowed the head, all bent the knee;
 Still, as the furious pageant pass'd,
 All looked, as if they looked their last.

No warriors line the temple-wall,
 Without a blow the gate is won,
 Through gilded court, and ivory hall,
 Rush the wild tribes of Lebanon,
 The squadrons from the Median stall,
 The phalanx bronzed by Nubia's sun.
 The bleeding priesthood fly or fall:
 Vengeance, thy work was deeply done!
 Vain the clasp'd hand, and hoary hair,
 When had the Syrian learned to spare?

But, louder rises now the roar,
 And louder now the axes ring;
 Down goes the Treasure-chamber's door!
 Oh! for Thy thunders, Israel's King!
 When, fierce as panthers flushed with gore,
 And swift as vultures on the wing,
 The riders of the desert tore
 From brazen chest and secret spring,
 Urim and Thummim, priceless gem,
 Sceptre and sword, and diadem!

But, why at once has sunk the wail?
 All hush'd, where Slaughter's torrent roar'd,
 Why rings no more the corselet's scale?
 Why falls to earth the flashing sword?

Fierce eyes are stooped, proud lips are pale,
 There awe-struck stand the robber-horde :
 HOLY OF HOLIES! to Thy veil
 Wild prayers from robber hearts are poured,
 And spreads a low and stifled cry,
 "Who touches but its marge, must die."

Thine, HELIODORUS! was the deed ;
 Thou son of Mammon, bloody, bold !
 Through the hushed crowd, he spurred his steed,
 Back slowly moved the sacred fold ;
 He falls, he lies, a broken reed.
 Deep thunders o'er the Temple rolled.
 Man, man, what art thou but a weed ?
 That heart of flame and crime is cold.
 Woe to the eye that dared to gaze ;
 'Twas blasted in the ARK's broad blaze !

Sudden and sharp the dying pang,
 As down the Mount the squadrons reeled.
 No standard waved, no trumpet rang ;
 Death, the sole reaper of the field!
 But, on the clouds was heard the clang,
 That livelong night, of warriors steeled,
 And chargers fiery-pinioned, sprang,
 And thundered chariots fiery-wheeled ;
 The armies, and the glory, Thine,
 GOD, FATHER, KING, of PALESTINE.

S. PATRICK'S STAFF.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

F. R.

The legend on which this ballad is founded may be read in Whitlock's
History of Dublin.

SAINT PATRICK'S Staff, I would I knew,
 In what forgotten shrine it lies,
 And many a youth and maiden true
 With me would seek the charméd prize.
 It is not that before it fled
 Each crawling thing of venoméd tooth,
 Though many a poison-drop is shed
 By malice in the cup of youth ;
 Nor yet for scattered foes' dismay,
 Though many a bitter foe be near ;
 Nor earth half compassed in a day ;
 I dwell with those I hold most dear.
 It had far other power of old:—
 When the young convert left his home,
 To bring into the Christian fold
 The wandering sheep who guideless roam ;
 Where winter hurls the Tyrrhene wave
 Against the rugged rocks that form
 The threshold of the Æolian Cave,
 Dark dwelling of the midnight storm,

A shipwrecked wanderer he stood :
 Shepherds descending from their hill
 Had snatched him from the warring flood,
 (Blind worker of the heavenly will.)
 They place before him bread and wine,
 And bless the meal in Christian guise.
 In bloom of youth their aspects shine,
 Their words as reverend age are wise ;
 Their golden locks are rich and bright,
 Their foreheads smooth, their beards close curl'd ;
 And yet they speak of many a sight
 Belonging to an elder world.
 With prayer and praise they close the meal ;
 Awe-struck he lists with joy and fear ;
 Prayer for the pilgrim-stranger's weal,
 Praise for their own dismissal near.
 Seven aged men, with feeble pace,
 Approach the seven fair youths, and lo !
 On each grey head a hand they place,
 A solemn blessing they bestow.
 " Peace to our offspring and to theirs,
 To-morrow's sun shall be our last ;
 Our exile o'er, fulfilled our prayers,
 Our weary watch is gone and past ;—
 Thou, long expected, sent by heaven,
 Know centuries have o'er us rolled
 Since to our hands a pledge was given,
 Which thine are now ordained to hold.
 Of yore, to these wild rocks we fled ;
 A seven-fold cord, our faith and love ;
 Men traced us not, here long we led
 The hidden life beheld above.
 An unknown guest among us came,
 Our hearts responded to his word,

We might not dare to ask his name,
 But deemed him Envoy of our LORD.
 This staff he gave and bade us keep,
 Until the chosen servant came :
 ‘ Watch well,’ he said, ‘ ye may not sleep,
 Until this staff Patricius claim.’ ”
 The staff is in the stranger’s hand,
 Soon as himself thus named he hears ;
 Those Seven so fair before him stand,
 Even in that moment bent with years ;
 Yet joy is beaming in their eyes,
 While from their lips glad anthems swell ;
 Praise for themselves, for him arise,
 Prayers that he bear his burthen well :
 The burthen of extended life
 When all we love must pass away,
 When friend and parent, babe and wife
 Alike are slumbering in the clay :
 To live with life’s unbroken powers
 Health’s vigorous pulse our bosom swelling,
 When hearts in youth entwined with ours
 Are cold within their lowly dwelling.
 Saint Patrick’s staff! Saint Patrick’s staff!
 I would I knew where now it lies,
 If so for life’s declining half,
 I might seem youthful in thine eyes.
 Long as thou liv’st, I would endure
 Whatever coming years may bring,
 And when thou diest, ah then be sure,
 Saint Patrick’s staff I from me fling.
 Saint Patrick’s staff! in mercy hidden
 Such talisman from mortal hand!
 Cease that rash vow, on earth forbidden
 When all pass on, that one should stand

To gaze upon the downward rush
Of millions hastening to the tomb!
Beneath their feet the flowers they crush,
And leave the track a wintry gloom.
On, on! away! away with those
With whom thy heart in youth was twined,
As drive the blossoms of the rose
In showers before the rising wind.
Together born, together die!
The thorns alone have lingering stayed;
Oh who would bloom 'neath winter's sky
When those we love around us fade?
The lonely doom of changeless youth,
Were passed in vain regretful tears;
E'en he, the messenger of truth,
Mourned in his patriarchal years;
Though spent for heaven, his strength was woe,
And weary waned his toilsome day:
Joyful such o'erworn labourers go
To mingle with their kindred clay.
" 'Tis better to depart, and be
For ever with the LORD," they cry:
Saint Patrick's staff, still hid from me
In mouldering shrine for ever lie!

THE MARTYRDOM OF S. EDMUND.*

EDITOR.

Lodbrog, a Danish prince, was wrecked on the coast of East Anglia, where he was honourably entertained by King Edmund, and became his chief favourite. This excited the envy of Bern, a courtier, who murdered Lodbrog when hunting. The murder being discovered, Bern was sent to sea in Lodbrog's shattered vessel, and cast on the coast of Denmark; where he represented to Ingnar, Lodbrog's son, that Edmund had been guilty of the murder. The ballad tells the rest of the tale, which, however, is variously stated by the chroniclers—but the manner of Edmund's death is a point on which all are agreed. And it is remarkably confirmed by the recent discovery of an arrow-head in one of the innermost rings of the bark of S. Edmund's tree, which has lately fallen through age.

SOME will deem, my fatherland,
 Scarce thou hadst a name,
 Ere the Norman spoiler's brand
 Traced it in thy shame:
 Yet those darker times and ruder
 Dearer sure should rise
 Than Plantagenet or Tudor
 To our English eyes.

Who, of all that swayed the land
 Since the Norman day
 Near our Alfred meet to stand
 Mid that proud array?

* This ballad was originally written for the forthcoming work intituled "Lyra Sanctorum." By the great kindness of the editor of that work, it is permitted to make its appearance here, to render the transition from S. Patrick's time to that of the Conqueror less abrupt. Being hitherto unpublished, it may claim to be an "Original Ballad."

One with saintly Edmund vying
 Lives, and one alone,
 Holy Charles, in life-blood lying
 For the Faith and Throne.

Shame to him, 'neath Bury's walls
 Wight that heedless strays,
 Nor with English pride recalls
 Those old Saxon days!
 Plain were then our English manners,
 One our England's creed,
 Stout the hands that English banners
 Raised at England's need.

Rude but kindly courtesy
 Lived broad England through ;
 Thane was bounteous, franklin free,
 Churl was bold and true ;
 Deeds of England's great and sainted
 In our brave old tongue,—
 Then by Frankland's speech untainted,—
 English minstrels sung.

“ Fierce through Anglia” (such their lay)
 “ Swept the fiery Dane,
 Deadliest vengeance sworn to pay
 For his Lodbrog slain :
 Traitor Bern, assassin craven,
 Lurk'd 'neath Inguar's shield ;
 Anglia's Crowns* and Denmark's Raven
 Closed on Thetford field.

* The traditional arms of East Anglia are five crowns in pile.

" Welaway ! sing welaway !
 Anglia's banner fell !
 God had seen, in that dark day,
 Guilt in Israel !
 Vainly Edmund bands his routed
 Under Halesdon's wall ;
 ' Murderer false !' the Northman shouted,
 ' Yield thee Inguar's thrall !'

" Answer meek our good King gave :
 ' No false murderer I ;
 Liefer than exist a slave,
 I a king would die.
 Yet to thee would I surrender
 These poor days of mine,
 So thou would'st allegiance tender
 To my King and thine.'

" Wild the grim Berserker* mood
 O'er the Danesman came :
 ' Inguar bow before the Rood !
 Thor forefend the shame !
 Lodbrog, in Valhalla's palace,
 Quaffing mead divine,
 Asks a Christian skull for chalice !
 He shall drink from thine !'

" Welaway ! sing welaway !
 Straight on our good king,
 Fierce as wolves on evening prey,
 Swift the Northmen spring :

* A frenzy supposed by the Northmen to emanate from the gods.

Torn with stripes by jesting foemen,
Wrench'd with griding bands,
Mark for Inguar's grisly bowmen,
'Gainst an oak he stands.

“ Bolts they pour till quivers fail,
Hands aweary grow ;
Place no more for arrowy hail
Find they on their foe ;
Ceaseless to the world's Redeemer
Loud his prayers arise !
' Ulf! despatch the babbling dreamer !'
Furious Inguar cries.

“ Scarce he spake—aloft in air
Flash'd the headsman's blade
'Gainst the martyr! passage fair
Through his neck it made !
Falls his head, imploring pardon
For his murderers' deed ;
Mounts his soul to Eden's garden,
Ripe for conqueror's meed.

“ Edmund ! oft shall pilgrim pray
Kneeling 'neath thy tree,
Through this life's November day
He may stand like thee :
Pierced with barb'd sorrows, drinking
All his lonesome heart,
Manful, praiseful, straight, unshrinking,
Firm through all his part.

“ Never ’gainst that stalwart oak,
Cross of Anglia’s king,
Swung with rude unhallowing stroke,
Woodman’s axe shall ring:
Rent and strown by thousand winters,
Falls that princely tree!
Wondering Christians mid the splinters
Paynim barb shall see.

“ Sing we glory, LORD, to Thee
For Thy martyr’s worth;
Grant us, of Thy charity,
Peace on this Thine earth!
CHRIST us shrive, of His sweet mercy!
Send good will to men;
But, if bloody controversy
Be our calling,—then,—
Strength and grace to win the race
Edmund won. Amen.”



KING HAROLD'S FUNERAL.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

The author of the following ballad thinks it necessary to state that it was written long before the magnificent romance of Sir E. B. Lytton, so wonderfully combining the charms of fiction with the accuracy of history, had made the legend contained in it familiar to every one. He will only add his opinion, founded on a diligent historical inquiry, that it is a mere legend; even the existence of such a person as the Edith of the tradition must be considered problematical.

DUKE William feasted in his tent, his chieftains all around,
And sounds of gladsome melody through all his camp resound;
A thousand fires are flashing high o'er Senlac's battle plain,
And England heard the victor shout that told her hero slain.

O sad the sight that bloody night beneath her bosom veiled,
When as the Saxon battle-axe before the stranger failed,
And on the plain lay bleeding the noblest of our land,
And stark in death King Harold lay amid that ghastly band.

Then came two priests across the plain to William's royal tent,
 And as they passed the threshold, their knee they humbly bent ;
 The knights and nobles of his train looked stern with wrathful
 eyes,
 But feared to harm that hallowed garb, and William bade them
 rise.

“Stand up,” said he, “ye men of God, I do not war with you ;
 Ne'er 'gainst the ministers of peace true knight his falchion
 drew :
 But tell us wherefore are ye come among our warrior train,
 For whatsoe'er may be your prayer, ye shall not ask in vain.”

Then rose the brothers from their knees, and deep each bosom
 sighed,
 To see amid their own dear land the foeman's conquering pride :
 Then out spake Ailric to the Duke : “We come from Waltham
 tower,
 To crave the body of the chief who fell in yonder stour.

For know it was King Harold who built Waltham's Minster
 fair,
 And bade us, whensoe'er he died, to lay his body there ;
 Wherefore our Founder's corpse we crave, in his own Church
 to lay,
 That we may for his soul and thine our daily masses say.”

Duke William's brow was bent in thought ; then, like a noble
 foe,
 He bade them, when the day should dawn, through Senlac's
 field to go,
 And seek for noble Harold, and bear him to the grave,
 With all the rites that fit a king and knight in battle brave.

All night upon that bloody plain those brethren knelt in prayer ;
And oft they heard the dying groan of men that perished there ;
And ofttimes burst upon their ear the Norman's victor cry ;
And watch fires showed the hallowed flag in triumph waving high.

As soon as night had passed away, they traversed all the plain,
To seek for Harold's bloody corpse amid the heaps of slain ;
They saw brave knights and men-at-arms lie cold upon the
ground,
Where'er the Northern battle-axe had dealt its ghastly wound.

They saw stout thanes whose dying hands still grasped its
mighty haft,
Each with his manly bosom pierced with many a deadly shaft ;
None lay as slain in coward flight, for all were valiant there,
And fixed eyes on their foemen seemed to cast a haughty stare.

But where was Britain's mightiest lord those princely thanes
among ?
Where was the stoutest arm that e'er the axe of Wessex swung ?
So gashed was every face with wounds, the brothers could not tell
The monarch's corpse among the chiefs who round about him
fell.

Then sought they for fair Editha, King Harold's corpse to find,
Fair Edith of the Swan's Neck, that dame of loving mind ;
They found the lady in her bower, all mournful and alone,
To think of captive England's tears and Harold's dying groan.

She came, all veiled her lovely form in mourner's sable guise,
All streaming were her golden locks, and dimmed her bright
blue eyes ;
Yet came she forth without a tear, they would no longer flow,
And speechless were her quivering lips, so bitter was her woe.

She gazed around upon the dead, and quickly spied the crest,
Decked with a ribbon she had torn from off her own fair breast,
She knew the belt her hands had wrought, she knew his pen-
 noned spear,
And though all gashed was every limb, she knew his face so dear.

One kiss upon his death-cold lips the lovely Edith pressed,
Then o'er those bloody limbs she threw her own sad mourning
 vest ;
And bade them bear his corpse away to Waltham's Minster
 fair,
And grace the Monarch's funeral with mass and dirge and
 prayer.

They laid him in a royal tomb, and oft the mass did say,
And oft the lady Editha came there to weep and pray ;
And stretched upon her dying bed, it was her latest prayer,
With Harold, her own king and love, her tomb and dirge to
 share.

W U L F S T A N .

ANNABEL C——.

In the year 1076, Wulfstan, the last bishop of Saxon race, was cited before a Council of Norman bishops and lords assembled in the church of Westminster, presided over by King William and Archbishop Lanfranc. The assembly unanimously declared that the Saxon prelate was incapable of exercising the episcopal functions in England, by reason of his inability to speak French, and his deficiency in learning. In virtue of this judgment the King and Archbishop ordered the condemned prelate to resign the staff and ring, the ensigns of his dignity. The ballad tells the rest of the story.

THERE is a cry of battle
 Throughout the stirring land,
 And spear and harness rattle,
 And swords are grasped in hand.

And banners broad are streaming
 Upon the buoyant air,
 And axe and mace are gleaming,
 And scarfs are waving fair.

The trumpets are resounding
 Through England's breadth and length ;
 The gathering cry is sounding
 From every place of strength ;

Their bows the merrie archers
 Make ready for the fight ;
 There is sound of many marchers
 Throughout the startled night.

And prayers ascend to heaven
 Like incense night and day,
 That strength from thence be given
 To the right cause in the fray.

The young knight watches duly
 Before the altar high
 The arms wherewith he truly
 Will fight for liberty.

Her son, her only treasure,
 The lonely widow sends :
 There is nor stay nor measure
 That their devotion ends.

The maiden sends her lover,
 Her husband the young bride,
 Their own hands give them over
 To their land, whate'er betide.

The land hath but one spirit,
 The land hath but one voice,
 "In the homes which we inherit
 No stranger shall rejoice!"

And Harold reigns unshaken
 In empire of his own,
 His people's hearts are taken
 To raise him up a throne.

Then where's the heart that feareth ?
The trumpet cheers them on ;
But more than trumpet checreth
The voice of Godwin's son.

The land is fair as ever,
The summer sun as bright,
But a new and gloomy river
Hath sprung forth into light.

A river darkly spreading
Athwart an ample plain,
No rapid current threading
Its course unto the main.

It meets no sea, nor springeth
From fountains in the earth,
Nor dew from heaven bringeth
To it celestial birth.

It is the life-blood flowing
From peasant and from peer,
Who, each with true heart glowing,
Met the destroying spear.

Now fresh green grasses cover
All trace of that dark tide,
The cold earth is heaped over
The true ones who there died.

And with those rightly cherished
One other thing hath died ; —
The fresh green hope hath perished,
And sleepeth by their side.

The Saxon, with bowed spirit,
 Weepeth, and cannot rest,
 For other lords inherit
 The land he loveth best.

The Norman lord hath made him
 In his own home a slave ;
 But nothing can degrade him,
 For his heart is true and brave.

And Norman William reigneth
 Where Harold reigned of yore,
 Save that no heart remaineth
 In men's service as before.

He hath smote the English people
 With his gleaming sword of steel ;
 He hath trod the English people
 Beneath his armèd heel.

Their old domains are given
 To his greedy stranger band :
 Like hunted harts they're driven
 Throughout their own dear land.

Oh, Harold, where's thy power ?
 Oh, Harold, where's thy peer ?
 So fair an English flower
 No more shall we see here !

Thy glorious band of brothers
 Is scattered o'er the earth ;
 Their homes are given to others,
 There are strangers on each hearth.

One English Bishop only
Is left his flock to feed :
His children few and lonely
Have him alone in need.

Now where the light comes faintly
Through windows coloured fair,
Where once rose voices saintly
Upon the incensed air ;

Where the Saxon dead are lying,
The Norman king doth stand ;
And, each in splendour vying,
Press round the alien band.

Now to that king unholy,
With his Normans gathered round,
The Saxon bishop lowly
Must bow him to the ground.

And does he lowly enter
Or bow him to the ground ?
Within that glittering centre
No firmer step is found.

No monarch does he own him,
The man that governs there,
Whose own hand did enthrone him,
Who was no rightful heir.

His mind is fixed on heaven ;
He hath no lord on earth ;
He who the staff had given
He trusts hath there his birth.

With head erect, unshaken
 Before the king he stands,
 Who bids the staff be taken
 From his true pastoral hands.

He yields it not so lightly,
 But grasps it strong and bold ;
 He grasps it firm and tightly,
 He will not loose his hold.

And with it from them turning,
 He strode where through the gloom
 A silver lamp was burning
 Before a royal tomb.

The hues of evening, streaming
 Through windows o'er his head,
 The clear pure lamp-light, gleaming,
 A glory round him shed.

His robe he round him gathers,
 He stays his hasty tread,
 In the bold tongue of his fathers
 He speaks unto the dead :

“ O king, our Edward, hearken !
 I had this staff from thee,
 There are tempest-clouds that darken—
 Thou its defender be.”

Again he turned him proudly
 To the strange king's alien band :
 And, with voice unshaken, loudly
 He spake with out-stretched hand :

“ ’Twas a better man who gave it
Than ye boast of in your race,
And he alone shall have it,
This be its resting place !”

He raised his hand to heaven,
He smote the Saxon’s tomb ;
No mandate then is given—
They dare not speak his doom.

Deep in the flint imbedded,
As if in yielding clay,
The staff to stone is wedded,
Not to be rent away.

He laid his jewelled mitre,
Ring, pall, and cope away,
And with calmer looks and brighter,
Went with the monks to pray.

They who ne’er feared in battle,
But gave it hearty cheer,
Who loved their armour’s rattle,
Now held their breath for fear.

The king looked to those round him,
They looked unto the king,
But never a word they found him
That any help could bring.

Then spake the king in anger,
“ Make ye the staff to yield !”
They had liefer heard the clangour
Of the fight in battle-field !

“ Now hold it firm, De Tracy !
 Doth it yield unto thy hand ?
 Doth strong Sir Humphrey Lacy
 Find it an osier wand ?

“ Vere, Vernon, Mowbray, shake it !
 Ye all are mighty men !
 Now, good Lord Montfort, take it,
 And show thy strength again !”

Now Lanfranc's self is trying
 To make it shake and fall ;
 But the hand beneath him lying
 Is stronger than they all.

The king cries out in wonder,
 The Archbishop can but weep,
 And all hearts that roof under
 To heaven in praises leap :

For He who reigns in heaven
 Hath stayed their hands from sin :
 So may they be forgiven
 The wicked thought within !

“ My brother, we have errèd,”
 The grieved Archbishop said,
 “ Thou wisely hast referred
 To the Judge of quick and dead.

“ He ever judgeth duly,
 He sees not as we see,
 He knows thou serv'st Him truly,
 In just simplicity.

“ Better a little learning,
With love and faith always,
Than earthly knowledge, yearning
For empty human praise.

“ We have erred, have erred, my brother!
Take back the staff to thee!
The hand, strong 'gainst all other,
An infant's then will be.”

Then rose that Prelate holy,
As a simple priest might rise,
And came to the altar slowly—
No triumph in his eyes.

A moment his lips are praying,
On the staff he lays his hand;
Ah, see! it is obeying!
The stone is but as sand.

Then Lanfranc craves his blessing,
And kneels down at his feet:
Thus Wulfstan sore distressing
By honour more than meet.

So he falleth down and striveth
That he be blessed instead:
Then to Him who blessing giveth,
Each kneels in solemn dread.

A DIRGE

FROM THE ARABIC OF LEBEID.

REV. JOHN ADAMS, B.A.

THE lordly halls are desolate, the bowers of Minia gone,
 Where once I saw the fair ones glide, where stars of beauty shone,
 Wild are the bosky hills of Goul, and Rijaam stands forlorn,
 While floods have smoothed the streamlet's path like graven
 rocks timeworn.

Full many a weary month has passed since vows were plighted
 here,
 And many a Spring has tapestried o'er these ruins lone and drear,
 The pitying thunder oft has moan'd above the cheerless scene,
 And morn and evening bathed with tears yon mountain's garb
 of green.

Lo! briars crest the battlements, and thistles proudly grow,
 And down the valley with her fawn unheeded stalks the doe!
 Here forest kine securely teach their bleating calves to roam,
 And there the ostrich hides her eggs, and finds a sheltering home.

In vain, alas, I linger here! in vain my wailings rise!
 The voices that I seek are mute, and echo mocks my cries;
 A rugged waste is all I find where stars of beauty shone—
 The lordly halls are desolate—the bowers of Minia gone.

BRAITHWELL CROSS.

F. R.

The Cross at Braithwell, in Yorkshire, of which a portion is yet remaining, was erected to commemorate the exertions made by the inhabitants of that neighbourhood in collecting, for the ransom of King Richard I., a very large sum in proportion to the numbers who raised it, counted over on that spot. It stands in a part of the country anciently called Rotherwood, where Scott in "Ivanhoe" has placed a meeting between King Richard and Robin Hood.

By Braithwell cross an armèd knight
 Stood looking on the stone :
 Black was his helm, his shield of might,
 And he stood there alone.

Where four roads met that cross is set :
 There carved, as all may see,
 Is "JESU, FILZ DE MARIE," yet,
 "PENSE A NOSTRE ROY JE PRIE."

The good knight look'd the stone upon,
 The tear was in his e'e :
 "Amen!" he said, and the tear roll'd down :
 "So may He think of me!"

Then he was aware of a yeoman there,
 Yelad in the Lincoln green ;
 The gallant knight oft tried in fight
 Would not that tear were seen.

In a baldrick fair a bugle he bare—
 A bow of the trusty tree :—
 And arrows in store at his back he wore :
 He was right bold of blee.

“ Who builded the cross, thou yeoman bold,
 For whom and for what did they pray ?”
 “ Sir knight, here they told a treasure of gold
 To ransom our king far away.

“ The sheep while they live their fleeces should give,
 And be shorn as these simple sheep were ;
 I gave there myself the illgotten pelf
 Of an abbot long hoarded with care.

“ This shepherd of ours in a traitor’s towers
 In durance hard he lay ;
 And we could not abide that such woe should betide
 Our brave king far away.

“ But we think, sir knight, that crusader wight
 Had done better to stay at home ;
 For the wolf is come in with but a sheep’s skin,
 As it will be when shepherds roam.

“ The Lion-heart Richard he knew no fear
 Not even of traitors, not he :
 So he left his land with a warlike band
 To fight where the Paynim be.

“The Lion is led by the Fox, ’tis said ;
 And a cowlèd fox was he,
 I wis, who prevail’d with our king when he sail’d
 To the wars in the far countrie!”

“Now by my faith,” the black knight saith,
 “Thou art a bold fellow, I wot,
 And something, I ween, of the truth thou hast seen :
 He may think it who sayeth it not.

“Thou yeoman so tall, when the king did call
 For soldiers to carry the Cross,
 Why staid’st thou behind with a slothful mind ?
 I ween now the king had a loss.”

“I’ faith, I staid here to look after the deer
 That the king left at large in the woods ;
 And the shavelings who tarried, and the red gold they carried,
 I look well after them and their goods.”

“If the king come to know how thou usest thy bow,
 A collar he’ll fit to thy neck.”

“Nay prithee, sir knight ! for in the king’s right
 But little of life I would reck.

“Yet, lest thou should’st try to set me so high,
 I will show thee a trick of wood craft.”

Then laughed he in scorn, and he winded his horn,
 And he shot off a black-feather’d shaft.

To the greenwood it went, and soon over the bent
 Came speedily ten merry men ;

“Now seize me that knight !” “Not so ; by this light !”
 And the knight he struck fiercely again.

“ Well fought, by the Rood,—as my name’s Robin Hood !
 Sir knight, we will now let thee be,
 So thou’lt meddle no more, nor all Sherwood o’er
 Come to spy us and our archerie.”

“ Now Robin, bold Robin,” then said the black knight,
 “ Thou shalt be of Sherwood the king,
 ’Twere pity to hang thee, for well thou canst fight,
 And thy shaft on my basnet did ring.

“ Thine arm it is strong, and thy heart it is true ;
 For venison thou never shalt lack ;
 And the blows thou hast taken, and, i’ faith, given too,
 To my foes thou shalt pay them all back.

“ For I am King Richard ! and like thee no worse
 For thy blows nor thy counsel so good ;
 But let me not know when thou takest the purse
 Of a shaveling, thou bold Robin Hood.”

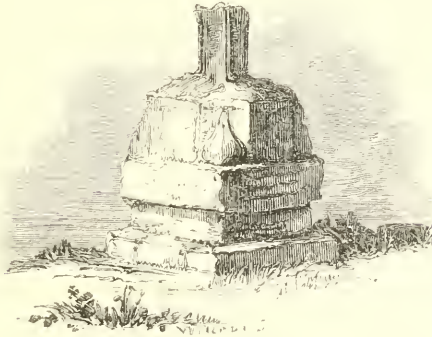
“ Two hands in a purse,” quoth Robin, “ my liege,
 Are too many by one, I’ve been told ;
 Now thou art come back, there will be no lack
 Of a hand in their purses of gold.”

’Twas merry that day, where the wild deer play,
 And the foresters met with their king ;
 And Allan a-Dale he never might fail
 Of the lion-heart Richard to sing.

By Braithwell Cross a minstrel stood,
 When centuries were flown ;
 Corn waved o’er fallen Rotherwood,
 And time-worn was the stone.

Yet still of ancient faith it told,
And ancient loyalty ;
How here of old they brought the gold
That set their sovereign free.

How here they pray'd for JESU's aid,
Still might the minstrel see :
And the King's prayer again rose there---
"So may He think of me!"





THE TRIAL.

A. H. T.

Sir Geoffrey de Sergènes was a gallant knight of France who accompanied S. Lewis to the Crusades, and nobly defended him when in imminent peril. The envious reports to which his prominent virtues may be supposed to have given rise, are here represented as furnishing the mother of his betrothed the means of trying her daughter's fidelity.

“NAY, Mother, whisper not the tale,
Let it be never said,
Long ere my trust in him could fail
I shall be lying dead.
His face is filled with holy light,
As the clear blue summer sky,
With spirit-beauty, far too bright
And beautiful to die.”

“ Alas, my child, thy lover’s shame
Floats sternly over the waters wide ;
Words low and broken are darkly spoken ;
’Twere better he had died :

“ The soul with GOD ; the goodly form
I’ th’ green earth hidden ; before the stain
Which passeth never, had fallen for ever
On Geoffrey de Sergènes.”

“ Nay, Mother, cloudless is my day,
Thou canst not dim my faith ;
A gallant spirit is my stay,
Unsullied by man’s breath ;
Never shall earth behold the hour
When he could turn and flee,
Standing unmoved like lofty tower,
Or mighty forest tree.”

“ My child, there cometh a sure hour,
When the tree must bow its head and fall ;
And there comes an hour when lordly tower
Is but a ruined wall.

“ His sword hath lost its glorious light—
Even the cold, the insensate steel
Would pale, at the sight of traitor knight,
Its flashing fire—and feel

“ Better to lie in prison sheath
Than bear the clasp of dishonoured hand ;
Let it lie and rust ! his name as dust
Shall perish from the land.”

“Nay, mother, on his noble brow
 Is writ the soul within,
 Sorrow may bend such spirit low,
 But it must turn from sin.

“Dark clouds may cover the broad sky,
 And yonder star, so fair
 In its soft golden purity
 Lie hidden, yet 'tis there.”

“Aye, daughter, but a star may fall,
 Remembering not its radiant birth;
 From heaven may fall, past all recall
 And fade into the earth.

“I tell thee, for all must be told,
 Loudly doth France with curses ring!
 Like a slave, for gold, Sergènes hath sold
 Lewis, his sainted King.”

“Nay, mother, listen yet once more:
 We two in childhood knelt
 The same most blessed shrine before—
 Together thought and felt.
 We learned from out the holy Book,
 GOD crownèd kings of old:
 Think'st thou such loyalty ere shook
 Beneath the power of gold?”

“Think'st thou, when round the royal head
 A halo from the LORD
 Shines glorious, from His glory shed,
 And guarded by His Word,

That he who well remembereth
From whence all duties spring
With Judas-soul could give to death
His own anointed king ?

“ Nay, royal Lewis, on whose shield
Flameth the Cross of God,
Walking the cruel battle-field
Pure as on daisy sod ;
Whose gaze is fixed on heaven to see,
How angels tread the sky,—
The soldiers of the Cross for thee
‘ Might even dare to die.’ ”

“ Oh, mother, there will be a sight,
I yet shall live to see ;
A monarch, with a gallant knight,
And a brave company :
Together, through the festive street,
Like loving friends they ride,
While men with mighty shouting greet
The twain who, side by side,

“ Pass on beneath the summer sky ;
And, while the air doth ring
With words the LORD will hear on high,
The prayer, ‘ GOD save the King,’
With shout and music yet again,
Another sound shall swell :
‘ Long life to Geoffrey de Sergènes,
Who served his King so well.’ ”

“ Worthy art thou thy destiny,
My child, worthy to be the wife
Of hero sealèd for the strife
With the dark Cross of Calvary ;
Well didst thou hope, believe, endure,
Thy weapons, love and charity,
Thy pure soul, seeing all things pure.

“ Twined be thy name with his for ever,
Shining in love and faith and youth ;
Of man and woman’s spotless truth
Fair monument ; which crumbleth never
Into the darkness silently,
But constant, without stain or blot,
Shall stand through all eternity.”



THE HEIR OF LATHOM.

REV. R. W. HUNTLEY, M.A.

The following ballad is based upon a tradition in the family of Lathom, formerly of Lathom House. This tale is variously related in Lancashire and Cheshire. Mr. Roby, in his interesting and well-told collection of Lancashire traditions, gives this story under the title of "The Eagle and Child," in its more complicated form. Mr. Baines, the Historian of Lancashire, notices it in his work under the Parish Ormskirk and Chapelry of Lathom, and observes upon some inconsistencies, which he conceives he has detected in it. We have given the tale in its simpler form, as being better fitted, in that shape, to the ballad style. In every version of this tradition an Oscadel appears, who remains as the founder of the present ancient name of Lathom or Latham.

The crest of the family, an Eagle on a Child in his swaddling clothes, strongly confirms the idea that some such accident happened. The period chosen for the ballad is that now generally adopted, the life-time, namely, of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom, who lived about 1340, and was last male descendant at Lathom from his Saxon ancestor Orm, founder of the church at Ormskirk, and also of Burscough Priory.

“SMITE! smite me down the felon bird!
 Smite! smite her with the dart!
 Oh! let a father's prayer be heard,
 Redeemer! in Thine heart!”

“How can I strike the bird, sir knight,
 And do thy son no wrong?
 For, wavering in her burdened flight,
 She bears the child along.”

“Strike, Woodward!—Mary to thine aid!
 Now! now! the bosom through!
 Oh mother she, as well as maid,
 Shall keep thine arrow true!”

“Lady, I strike! ye angels fair,
 A blessing on my string!—
 Well flown, my shaft! heard, heard my prayer!
 She's smitten on the wing!”

The bolt upon her wing did light,
 But glanced the quills between:
 The bird unhurt held on her flight,
 Far o'er the tree-tops green.

Another hissing shaft he sped,
 It ruffled like the last—
 Cut through the crest upon her head,
 But, wounding not, it passed!

The high tree-tops that be so green,—
 The clear blue bending sky,—
 The bird will wheel her way between,
 And to her brood will fly!

Young Ralph the Woodward smote his breast ;
He cast his bow aside ;
“ My malison upon thee rest !
Let me go hence and hide ;—

“ My hand is useless in my need,
My prayers they be denied,
I go where forest-beasts do breed,
In caves and dens to hide !”

The eagle spread her shadowy wing
All barred with black and brown,
She veered her round, and away will swing,
Nor dropped the infant down !

The eagle spread her shadowy wing
Against the snow-white cloud :
They prayed, they wept, their hands did wring ;
The infant wailed aloud.

The eagle spread her shadowy wing,
She screamed unto her brood,
“ Flesh, flesh, your singles ! lo ! I bring
My darlings dainty food !”

She soared, she screamed, the felon bird,
Till but a speck was seen ;
The infant’s wail no more was heard
Her crooked claws between.

With hand on high, and shaded eye,
Sir Thomas rashly rode,
And lads and men, they weep and fly,
Through woodlands, waste, and flood.

The frantic lady, she would flee
 Through marsh and mire defiled,
 "O haste with me, my maidens three!
 He is my only child!"

Her maidens sob, and haste along;
 Still rang her cry so wild,
 Till maddened echo sang the song,
 "He is mine only child!"

They raced the tangled forest through
 Into the mountain's breast;
 Where the rifted hills were cleft in two
 The bird hath laid her nest.

The rifted hills rose grey, and blue,
 And black, and iron-red,
 The ledges few, the stones untrue
 For mortal foot to tread.

High into heaven, on either side
 The lofty cliff proceeds,
 With bawns short, and brush-wood dried,
 And scanty hanging weeds.

Where upward doth the ivy creep
 It half way only grows;
 Where from above a stream doth leap,
 It downward never flows,—

But scattered into dewy stream
 Floats cloud-like to and fro,—
 So downward nought can pass,—besem,
 Nor upward ought can go!

Below a deep, black river slept,
In darkness hardly seen,
Save where some silver circlet crept,—
The rising trout, I ween.

The narrow sky aloft in air
Scarce glanced within the glen ;
Their only home, when wandered there
Lost or benighted men.

Oh be they watching herons grey,—
Far down the gloomy glen,—
From point to point, from spray to spray,
As far as eye can ken ?

O does she glide, the snow-white owl,
In noiseless flight along,
And be they but the water-fowl
Screaming these shades among ?

Or do pale spectres moping sit
Each o'er his sunken grave ?
Or 'neath the doddered branches flit
Which hide the conscious wave ?

O hither must Sir Thomas rush—
Here rush his serving men,—
“ Now, where the eagle ?—where the bush
Whereon she makes her den ?”

“ Upon yon rock, above the stream,
Far, far aloft in air,
Her callow young do strive and scream,
And wrangle in their lair.

“ Yon yew tree, in the cleft so grey,—
 The wildest in the wood,
 There will she sit to rend her prey,
 And pacify her brood.”

Now came the lady to the glen ;
 “ O have ye reached the nest ?
 Give back my bonny bairn* again
 To rock him on my breast !

“ Alas ! what mortal foot can bide,
 And climb that rock so steep,
 While dark and deep, from side to side
 That sullen gulf doth sleep ?”

Out then and spoke a stripling boy,
 With sight so keen to see,—
 “ What hangeth in the far blue sky
 No bigger than a bee ?

“ It is the eagle !—she doth come,
 Still sailing round and round,—
 In every turn she sees her home,
 And wheels her toward the ground !

“ Alas ! how swift she droppeth down,
 As drops the falling lead !
 Now large—now larger is she grown,
 And wide—and wider spread !

“ Swift as the falcon-peregrine,
 She bastens to her shelf,—
 Sweeps round before she dashes in,
 And is in size herself !”

* The Scotticisms here used are the common language of the North of England.

“ Shafts, woodsmen, shafts ! ”—the lady wild,
All frantic in reply,—
“ It drives me mad !—I see my child !—
It drives me mad—his cry ! ”

Shafts after shafts—swift from the bow
Fled up their utmost flight,
Their heads turned slow—then flashed below
In the river black as night !

Sank down the lady on the sand,
Nor ever word she said ;
They bring her water in the hand,
To fetch her from the dead.

They cut down branches from the tree,
They lay them o'er with reed ;
A homely litter it may be,
To bear her in her need.

Sir Thomas to his hall did wend,
Hiding his face in tears,—
“ My perished child !—and what an end !
LORD ! shorten Thou our years !

“ How shall we bear the heavy load,
Tried in a journey long ?
The empty rooms,—the still abode,—
Where once the child and song ?

“ We are alone !—our hopes are dead !
Each project and each plan
Seems idle now !—all motives fled,
A sole, a childless man ! ”

There knelt in silence at his knee
 A young and slender page,
 And waited till the agony
 His bitter tears might 'swage.

The knight looked up ; on that boy's hair
 His thin pale hand he spread,
 " Vain, vain," he cried, " good lad, thy care,
 My child is with the dead !"

Again his noble face did sink
 Deep in his clasping hand ;
 Trembled his hauberk, link by link ;
 His tears rolled on the sand.

The seneschal stept out to move
 The stripling from his sight,—
 " O tarry, for our Lady's love !
 I must bespeak the Knight.

" I must, though comfort is but small,
 Still offer as I may."—
 A heavy groan ran through the hall :
 " Say on, poor lad, thy say."

" Alas ! my brother, good Sir Knight,
 More gentle is than I,
 To dance, to swim, to ride, to fight,
 To leap, to climb on high ;

" He will bring back that hapless child,
 Now sleeping in the cloud ;
 O let me on the message ride !"—
 The Knight he groaned aloud.

“ O, I will ride the forest wide
To bring him to our aid.”

“ Where dwells he ?” said the Knight, and sighed :
“ And where thy journey laid ?”

“ Far in the north, in Hoghton Tower,
A hopeful spear he dwells,
And ever rides in Hoghton’s power,
His forays o’er the Fells.

“ But once he did a daring deed,
Which he shall do again,
And less my lady’s heart shall bleed,
And lighter be thy pain.

“ When Hoghton’s comely head was won,
Maxwell, in border hate,
Fixed it, to dry beneath the sun,
Above Caerlaverock gate.

“ His squire’s fond eye forgot her sleep,
His tongue her evening song ;
Through vales he ran, through woods would creep,
The forest wilds along,

“ Until he stood beneath the gate,
His lord’s dear head above.

“ O, I will taste thy bitter fate,
Or thou shalt taste my love !”

“ His breast unto the wall is gone ;
His garments to the sod ;
His foot it sought the jutting stone ;
His hand the ivy-rod.

“The startled bird, with scream and call,
His progress would betray ;
The wind would shake him on the wall ;
Yet still he held his way.

“In cold and darkness, still he sped
His dizzy way with pain,
Till, in his bosom lapt the head,
He leapt on earth again.

“He leapt, and as the roc would run,
Through field and flood he fled,
Before the coffin-lid was on,
Lo! on the corse the head!

“The Lady Hoghton kissed the lad
All dusty as he stood,
She hung around the wildered head,
And wept as she were wode!

“That fair head sleeps in Hoghton’s aisle,
Amid the mass and prayer ;
His Requiem, as they sing the while,
It trembles in his ear!

“O I will haste, and quickly bring
My gallant brother home,
And from beneath the eagle’s wing
Thy blessed babe shall come.”

“Bring, bring the lad,” the lady said,
“Sweet Page, go ride and run,
No second sunset o’er thy head,
Before thy journey done!”

Ere a second sun his course had run,
Knelt down the lads in hall.

“O haste we then to the eagle’s glen,
My knight, my maids, and all !

“A mother sad, my gentle lad,
Will follow thee in prayer.”

“O carry thee right,” said the lordly knight,
And a blazon thy shield shall bear.”

His loosened shoon the lad laid by,
His jerkin, and his frock,
He stript his hosen to the thigh,
And breasted then the rock.

With grasping foot, and twining limb,
His path adhesive wound,
The mother’s head did reel and swim,
Less stedfast on the ground !

The felon birds, in flight at large,
Darkened the narrow sky,
Then stooped below within the gorge,
With hoarse and hoarser cry.

But closer did the stripling cling,
As, tempest-like, in air,
The buffet of the rushing wing
Ruffled his curling hair.

Sometimes in ivy he was lost,
Sometimes upon a spray,
Breeze-borne the gallant boy was tost,
But still he held his way !

Round jutting rock, through briary mat,
Still, still he held his way,
Close winding, as the martin-cat
That steals upon her prey.

At length he hung out on the sky
Not bigger than a bird ;
With tears was filled each straining eye,
And not a breathing heard.

With talon, pinion, scream, and yell,
The eagles vengeful drave !
Turned the vain head, and useless fell
The arrows in the wave.

Yet still the bold and loving child
Him fended, as he may,
Though beasts, and crags, and all were wild,
Still, still he held his way.

Now sometimes from beneath his foot
A rushing fragment fell ;
Now, haply, on a tangled root
He saved himself right well.

At length, propped high upon a spray,
An atom o'er the glen,
He dared not look, lest atoms they
Should giddy make his brain !

When as he reached the wide-spread nest,
The callow brood and grey
Arose, and swelled the downy breast,
And reared them for the fray.

The parent fowl, in wilder rage,
 The gallant lad assailed ;
 But still his battle would he wage ;
 His courage never quailed.

When, with a scream, the savage brood
 Spread forth their wings to fly,
 They hide them down along the flood,
 Or vanish in the sky.

Thus as he clombe, and often prayed,
 He saw stretched out alone,
 A tiny hand, as seeking aid,
 But every finger—bone !

The little palm was picked so clean,—
 The ivory fingers small,—
 'Twas plain to see the sky between
 Breastbone and ribs, and all !

“ How shall I bring the Lady now
 The treasure of her dream ?
 How shall I show the wasted brow,
 Where once his eyes did beam ? ”

“ What canst thou see, sweet Oscadel ? ”
 (A voice came faintly up,)
 “ What canst thou see ? O quickly tell,
 For I am like to drop.”

“ O, I have got the feathers, Dame,
 Which in his cap he bore,
 The jewel with a spark of flame,
 The buckle which he wore.”

“The gem, the feathers which he had,
O! I do yearn to see!
But tell me of my bairnie, lad,
For what be they to me?”

“Alas! the bairnie, rest thine heart,—
These eagles be so wild—
But I will bring him, part by part,
For GOD hath ta'en the child!”

“O! bring him, bring him, dearest boy,
All! howsoe'er he be,
Sad though it be, there is a joy,
Once more his face to see.

“His pale, pale lip, O! I must kiss,
O! I must kiss his cheek!
Hand on his breast, I cannot miss
His mother's prayer to speak.”

“O Lady, I can bring a lock
Of curling flaxen hair,
But lip and cheek stern Death doth mock,
For every bone is bare!”

“O! bring them, bring them; bane by bane,
Since I can have nae mair;
The gem, the wavy feathers twain,
The darling lock of hair.”

Gem, bones, and plume, from dust and dirt,
The boy with pious care,
Bound next his heart, within his shirt,—
And lock of flaxen hair.

He leapt into a high tree top,
Roots far unseen below,—
And down the stem did featly drop
A hundred feet and mo.

He wound him round a hanging brow
With ivy tangled fast,
When from the bush he came below,
Three hundred feet were passed.

The channel of a winter flood
His ladder was and clue,
Till fluttering in the wind he stood,
Full half way down in view.

Now stayed the lad to rest himself,
And draw his breath a space,
When forward gaped the treacherous shelf,
And trembled in its place !

And first light tinkling gravel fell
In the still pool below ;
Then sullen booming filled the dell,
As heavy fragments go !

Leapt forth the lad ! Through air he sped
Before the coming crash ;
Like a black thunderbolt his head
Through the dark waves did flash !

He dived so deep that he saw where sleep
The water-sprites by day ;
Where the kelpies grin their caves within,
All watching for their prey !

He dived so deep that the waters leap
 Full twenty feet and twain ;
 The shower descends, with the stream it blends,
 Ere rose the youth again.

But 'mid the spray he cleft his way,
 As rose that gallant boy,
 Till dripping he stands on the yellow sands,
 In mingling grief and joy.

“ O ! where now be they, bane by bane,
 The lock of flaxen hair,
 The hand that clasped my fingers twain,
 The cap, the feathers ?—where ? ”

She took them in her trembling hand,
 She eyed them keen and sore,
 She wiped them from the wet and sand,
 And told them o'er and o'er.

Now this she lifted, that she laid,
 Now here and there would seek,
 A muttering and a maundering made—
 At last looked up to speak.

“ Pin in his jewel ! don his cap !
 We must away to dine :
 Quick, lay him softly in my lap !
 They've let my bairnie pine !

“ Be these thine arms ? my love, my love !
 Thy hands, thy legs, thy feet ?
 They tended thee ill when thou wast above
 We must nourish thee up, my sweet.

“ Kiss me, my babe, all mild and meek !
Oh ! but thy lips be keen !
Sair fallen away is thy comely cheek !
Thou art fearful pale and lean !

“ I cannot see thy sparkling eyne,
They be sunken in so deep !
Nor hear thy chuckle, sweet bairnie mine !
Thou art gone in a weary sleep !

“ Come put me his hair within my breast,
His feather upon his head ;
And I will bear my child to his rest,
And sleep in the self-same bed !”

Silent she told them, bone by bone,
She lapped them in her gown,
She swarfed away the moulds upon,
And for ever laid her down !

“ O I shall gang a lang, lang gate,
Unto my bonnie child !
Fast by a star he sits to wait !”
She closed her eyes, and smiled !

Sir Thomas sits, from morn till night,
Within his hall to weep ;
To weep from night till morning's light
Withouten rest or sleep.

“ I have no joy my breast within—
Go hasten me the Priest,
Fain would I shrieve me of my sin,
And quickly be released.”

“ Sir Priest, the LORD hath chastened sore !
Now can I see my life.
Time was I worshipped evermore
My bairnie and my wife.

“ He hath removed them from their place ;
They stood ’twixt Him and me ;
And now, chastisèd into grace,
I worship Him I see !

“ Teach me to thank the LORD on high,
Who smites me overblest,
And leads me, like a child, to fly
Back to my FATHER’S breast.

“ FATHER, I come ! yet let me bring
An offering in my hand ;
Lo ! lights shall burn, and Priests shall sing,
And rising altars stand.

“ There rest their souls in song and chime,
While sinners kneel and pray,
And burdened hearts, through aftertime
Grow lighter day by day.

“ There men shall learn to love Thee more,
The world to worship less,
There shall Thy love its fulness pour,
And richer streams shall bless !

“ Before the altar let them lie ;
E’en death shall not divide !
So shrive me clean, that when I die,
Stainless I lie beside !”

Three manors he gave to young Oscadel,
His armour, and his name ;
Three manors he gave to a holy cell,
Where a cowl concealed his fame.

Young Oscadel was Lathom hight ;
His gentle line remained ;
But a richer prize God gave the knight :
A holy heart he gained.

In Matins he thanked the LORD for the dead,
Now passed into their peace ;
In Vespers confessed with an humbled head,
And prayed for his release.

Thus left a child this world of dole.
And, by the cords of love,
Drew after him the mother's soul
To rest in peace above.

Sore wanting these, the stricken sire
Made straight a holy path,
To follow them in white attire
Cleans'd from the stains of wrath.

There evermore may sinners blind
Gain pardon for their sins :
O when I seek the end to find,
Sweet JEST ! of Thy mercies kind,
All day the tale delights my mind,
And fresh at eve begins.

THE LAST CÆSAR AND HIS PEOPLE.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

There is scarcely any point in history fuller of melancholy interests than the final destruction of the Eastern Empire at the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Among all the subjects of reflection, religious and political, called up by such an event, the personal character of the last Emperor, the piety and patriotism displayed by him at every stage of the catastrophe, forms a striking central point. It has been remarked that, as the old Roman power began and ended under a Romulus, so Constantinople, the new Rome, arose and fell under a Constantine. Two of the most striking scenes of the night preceding the final and successful attack of the infidels, are attempted in this and the following ballad.

THE Cæsar sat within his hall, upon his lordly seat,
His people flock around him to kiss his royal feet ;
His crown of gold was on his brow, his purple robe was bright,
And in his stout right hand he bore the sceptre of his might.

Then spake aloud King Constantine ; “ O bend not now to me,
Again I ne'er perchance may wear this robe of royalty ;
To-morrow's sun perchance may set o'er the last Cæsar's grave,
And from Sophia's holy dome the heathen crescent wave.

“ O hear ye not their shouts of glee ? they call upon Mahound !
Mahound and Allah o'er the sea in echoes wild resound.
O see ye not their torches gleam, far brighter than the day,
Like the wild glare of an evil dream, when evil powers have
sway ?

“From this old hall right oft the call to fight your fathers
heard,
When Rome her legions marshalled at King Justinian’s word,
It echoed, when o’er Persia’s hills Heraclius’ trumpet pealed,
It echoed when Zimisees’ sword made Russ and Arab yield.

“But now have I no chivalry to look to in my need,
Fair kingdoms where our fathers ruled beneath the heathen
bleed,
These walls around mine empire bound, yet still true hearts
may be,
Right Roman souls may yet be found, to perish or be free.

“But O in this the latest hour when ought of hope may be,
Tell me if in my days of power one man was wronged by me.
If any such, come forward, that I his face may see,
And crave his gracious pardon upon my bended knee.”

With eager eyne King Constantine beheld that mighty
throng,
But none was there could witness bear of tyranny or wrong;
But a great groan of sorrow from all the people rose,
And tears apace ran down each face for all their country’s woes.

The Cæsar lift his eyes to heaven, his lips were seen to quake,
His sunken cheeks one moment did a hue of gladness take;
“O LORD my GOD,” he murmured, “great thanks I owe to
Thee,
That I have loved my people, and my people trust in me.”

THE LAST EUCHARIST IN S. SOPHIA.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

'Tis Rome's last hour of pride ; 'tis holy vesper-tide,
 And 'neath Sophia's painted dome King Constantine is kneeling ;
 All faintly still doth stream the taper's dying gleam,
 And through the fane the last sweet strain of heavenly song
 is pealing.

The royal dead around might hear the solemn sound,
 The latest prayer outpoured for them and all true souls departed ;
 The King beheld each tomb seen darkly through the gloom,
 Where never may his ashes lie amid the royal-hearted.

Upon the holiest shrine the golden vessels shine,
 But never more the bloodless gifts shall lie on that rich Altar ;
 The aged Father stands, and lifts his trembling hands,
 But while he gives his benison, his accents droop and falter.

Hushed is the incensed air, but the Cæsar kneels in prayer,
 He bends him where his fathers bent, where none may bend
 to-morrow ;

And as he prays for grace, the tears run down his face,
 For all the woes of Christendom and all his own heart's sorrow.

For Christian hearts are seared ; no Latin lance is reared ;
No Red Cross banner waves on high before the sons of Rollo ;
God's Altars may resound the praises of Mahound,
Ere Teuton lord will draw the sword, ere Teuton vassal follow.

The caftan soon shall wave o'er Dandolo's prond grave,
The muezzin call his Paynim crew to godless adoration ;
And Greece in vain may weep ; but yet your lances sleep,
And Vengeance still hastes not to fill his cup of indignation.



ROMANCE OF THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON CHURTON.

FROM a castle's frowning turret thus a captive made his wail :
" 'Tis the joy of May returning, life and warmth in every gale ;
Joyous sings the merry linnet answering to the nightingale :
'Tis the time when youthful lovers go to serve where love
 commands,
All but I, in darksome prison bound with misery's iron bands.
Scarcely I know when morn's pale lustre thro' my narrow grating
 steals,
Scarcely the change at evening twilight night's returning gloom
 reveals.
Late one little bird at dawning cheer'd my spirit with his song ;
But an archer shot my songster :—heaven requite him for the
 wrong !

From my head the tangled elf-locks clustering fall below my
knee,

And my beard so long and matted for a napkin serves to me ;
My long nails are grown like talons, sharp as any scrivener's
knife :—

If my king commands it, patience ! he may well command my
life :

If the jailor wills it, traitor to his noble lord's command,
Patience yet ! so mean a traitor ne'er shall stain my knightly
hand.

But, alas ! could I but find me one of those poor mimic birds
Taught in bow'rs of gentle ladies to repeat a teacher's words,
Were it thrush, or merry linnet, or the plaintive nightingale,
He should tell my gentle lady how to rid me of my bale :
'Leonora,' he should whisper, 'let your skilful hands prepare
For your captive knight a pasty of construction rich and rare :
Not with speckled trout or salmon fill the dainty dish within,
But with good steel-file and picklock, that deliverance he may
win,

With the file to file his fetters, and the picklock for the door'"—
The good king was listening near him : " Prisoner, plan those
tricks no more ;

Let your lady spare her pastry : open stands the prison door."



A LEGEND OF THE ALHAMBRA.

GEORGE WILLIAM COX, S.C.L., SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

If ever on the days of old
Thy thoughts with lingering fondness dwell,
Hear not with careless heart or cold
The legend of the well.

Beneath Alhambra's crumbling wall,
Still a pure fount of water plays,
By day, and when the moonbeams fall,
As in the former days,—

When turbaned Moors, with flashing spear
And scimeter, upreared on high
The Crescent, and in mortal fear
The Christian's hope did lie.

But when again the Cross uprose
To consecrate that spot so fair,
Gently as now its water flows,
That fountain murmured there.

And then the Christian maidens came
To where its silvery eddies play ;
Nor aught of fear their sense could frame,
Whene'er they came by day.

But those that hither drew, when night
Had dimmed the doubtful evening shade,—
Beneath the pale moon's quivering light
They saw a Moorish maid.

She rose from out that silver wave
And raised her claspèd hands on high,
Like phantom from a lonely grave,
So coldly sad her eye.

A robe of white was round her thrown ;
So thin, so pure, 'twas light as air ;
Nor aught of human flesh and bone
Was in that form most fair.

And straight the Christian maids would fly
Through terror of that vision pale ;
And few would dare to venture nigh,
Scared by the fearful tale.

'Twas thus, if e'er they lingered near,
With claspèd hands she meekly prayed,
That they would lend a listening ear,
To her sad plaint for aid ;

And speak the words of hope and peace,
And on her pour the healing wave,
That she at last might win release,
And rest within her grave.

And when (as aye it thus befel)
They shrank to hear what she would say,
Sadly beneath that silvery well
She slowly passed away,

So gently and so mournfully,
With hands meek folded on her breast ;—
Hard were the heart that could deny
The boon she would request.

Yet year on year, year after year,
The Moorish maiden's plaint did fall
On many a cold and heedless ear
That recked not mercy's call ;

Unless perchance 'twere fear that chilled
The warmer current of their heart,
As, with a sudden terror filled,
They turned them to depart.

Year after year, year after year,
She rose beneath the moonbeams pale,
To see if any might be near
To listen to her tale.

With clasped hands and tearful eye,
She sat and mourned beside the wave,
"O why could they not bid her lie
In peace within her grave?"

Age after age had passed away,
And hope on hope had faded long,
In sad and slow but sure decay,
Though hope be very strong.

One eve, beneath the moonlight clear,
When not a Christian maid was there,
An aged pilgrim wandered near,
And knelt him down in prayer.

It was a holy priest, that came
From many a clime and region far,
And paused to rest in JESU'S name,
Beneath the evening star.

And when he raised his eyes again,
He saw the Moorish maiden fair:
She prayed him in most plaintive strain
To list unto her prayer,

And speak the words of hope and peace,
And on her pour the holy wave,
That she at last might win release,
And rest within her grave.

She clasped her hands, she bent her head;
The pilgrim raised his arm on high,
O'er her the sacred wave he shed,
Beneath that moonlit sky.

And when the holy words had ceased,
She crossed her hands upon her breast,
And gently, from the spell released,
She vanished to her rest.

She comes not to the fountain more ;
She mourns not now beside the wave,
Her fitful weary watchings o'er,
She sleeps within her grave.

Nor scares she now the maidens more ;
A priest hath heard her tearful prayer,
The boon she vainly sought before
From many a maiden fair.

The pilgrim raised a lowly Cross,
In token that the spell was o'er,
And fixed it in the bright green moss,
And none e'er saw him more.

And oft the village maidens now
The Moorish phantom's legend tell,
As, bright of eye, and bold of brow,
They meet around the well,

Beneath Alhambra's crumbling wall,
Where still its murmuring water plays,
By day, and when the moonbeams fall,
As in the former days.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ABBOT WHITING.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

“ There being a vacancy in the Abbacy of Glastonbury, A.D. 1524, forty-seven of the Monks requested Cardinal Wolsey to appoint an Abbot, and he chose Richard Whiting, then Chamberlain of the Monastery. He is said to have governed his society with great prudence and judgment; but his days were unpropitious to conventual establishments. Feeling that he was responsible for the integrity of the rights and immunities of his Abbey, he refused to surrender them when he was required to do so by the royal Commissioners, and this firmness having exposed him to the vindictive malice of his enemies, he was, A.D. 1539, seized at his manor-house at Sharpham, on a charge of high treason, and afterwards tried at Wells, and executed on Tor Hill.”—*Fox's English Monasteries*, p. 195.

I.

A LAY, a lay of triumphs rare, a lay of stricken fields,
Where he who rides forth conquering no deadly weapon wields;
Wherein the victor slayeth none, nor yet pursues the foe;
Wherein the vanquished triumpheth, the conqueror lieth low;
Where he that winneth, loseth most; who trophies boasts, hath
none;
Where he who dies, the victor's prize, and he alone, hath won;

No purple robe, nor laurel crown, that victor's pomp may deck,
 Nor yokes he to his triumph-car a mortal courser's neck ;
 No soldier cheers, no captive groans, no monitor stands nigh,
 To whisper in the conqueror's ear that conquerors too must die ;
 A conqueror he that dieth not, though where he won the prize,
 His dearest life-blood flowed apace before the foeman's eyes ;
 His triumph-robe is all of white, his crown of purest gold,
 And calmly doth his good right hand the conquering palm-branch
 hold ;
 And ear and horses all of fire await his latest sigh,
 To bear him to the deathless choir who dwell beyond the sky.

II.

Good bards have told how saints of old that blessed prize did win,
 Since holy Stephen did the course of martyrdom begin ;
 How blest Apostles from the cross yet preached the Crucified ;
 How tender virgins on the wheel with brow unruffled died :
 And how within our isle of saints full many a one hath bled,
 Since first beneath the Roman sword Albanus bent his head ;
 How Oswald and how Æthelred with Paynim battled well,
 How good Saint Edmund in his bonds by Paynim arrows fell ;
 How holy Alphege manfully temptations sore defied,
 And great Saint Thomas in his steps before the Altar died ;
 And in his blood the Church's seed right fruitfully was sown,
 And blossomed well till deadlier wounds were dealt her by her
 own.

III.

A king was on Saint Edward's throne, and sworn his laws to
 guard,
 Whose dearest joy it was to see God's holy temples marred ;
 He loved to rear his palace where his Maker's Altars stood,
 And crown at royal festivals the Cup that held His Blood ;

He loved to hear the poor man's groan, as ofttimes he was driven
 Forth from the homes which open hands for weary age had given;
 Who clave to truth and holiness forthwith the headsman slew,
 And he drove away his own fond wife, the saintly and the true.
 So faith and right and holiness he trampled in the dust,
 And no man spared he in his wrath, no woman in his lust.

IV.

He gave the word that Abbeyes all their lands and stores should
 yield,
 And Martyrs' bones be rooted up that abbey walls did shield;
 And many a mitred traitor dared his godless hest fulfil,
 And yielded Church and lands and gold to glut the tyrant's will.
 But in Avallon's glassy isle, that Church of ancient fame,
 Which God Himself did consecrate unto His Mother's name,
 Still ruled the princely Abbot, still rose the sevenfold song,
 Still rolled the organ's swelling tide the boundless aisles along.
 Three hundred scholars evermore were taught within his walls,
 And rich and poor right nobly were feasted in his halls;
 From Glastonbury's lordly gate no wanderer turned aside,
 Open alike to beggar's call and chiefs of loftiest pride.
 So dwelt the holy Abbot, his faithful monks around,
 And seldom left his glorious home to tread on meaner ground;
 But when Avallon's lord went forth, right glorious was his state,
 A hundred horsemen followed on his princely will to wait.
 So ruled the lordly Abbot; while virtue still hath fame,
 Undying glory ever dwells on Richard Whiting's name.

V.

They bade him yield his glorious Church unto the tyrant's sway,
 They bade him yield Saint Joseph's shrine to be the spoiler's
 prey,

They bade him scatter Arthur's dust unto the winds of heaven,
And royal grace and lordly place should yet to him be given.
They told him of the wrath in store for such as faithful be,
Of dungeon chains, and headsman's axe, and gibbet's mockery ;
Nor friends had he, nor hope of grace : no mortal help was nigh
For friends he had his own stout heart, and his Helper was on
high.

VI.

They seized him in his manor-house ; he would not yield or fly ;
They haled him to the judgment-seat ; they led him forth to die.
They put the mitre on his brow, the crosier in his hand,
And dragged him to the lofty Tor that crowns Avallon's land.
He looked upon his own fair Church, where spoilers now must
dwell,
And with his dying voice he blessed the home he loved so well.
They hung him on the gibbet, a felon's death to die ;
Nor deemed that by the Archangel's tower* Archangels
hovered nigh ;
How when the fight was overpast, the conqueror they bore,
Among the martyrs' white-robed host to reign for evermore.

* On the top of the Tor is a solitary tower, the remains of a church dedicated to S. Michael.



FROCESTER COURT.

REV. R. W. HUNTLEY, M.A.

PART I.

“This manor continued in the Abbey of Gloucester till its dissolution. The site of the manor house, with divers lands, and the rectory and advowson of the vicarage, were granted to Giles Huntley, I. Mar. They descended afterwards to Sir George Huntley, who came by a violent end in the Park.”
—*Rudder's History of Gloucestershire—Frocester.*

“The manor of Woodchester was granted to Sir George Huntley by Queen Elizabeth, formerly in the Abbot of Gloucester.”—*Rudder.*

“Hoc anno 1574, die festo Laurentii Martyris, Serenissima Regina n'ra Elizabetha hoc n'rum oppidatum accessit et invisit, in eoq. in ædibus Georgii Huntlei, armigeri, comiter, benigneque, et sum'â cum humanitate tractantis, p'noctavit, indeq. Barkleyeum Castellum concessit.” — *Extract from the Parish Register of Frocester.*

“ O I may walk the abbot’s hall,
 May seat me in his chair,
 May hunt throughout his woodlands all,
 His meads and pastures fair !

“ His spotted trout upon the line,
 His buck upon the lair,
 His falcon gentle, she is mine,
 Her eiry in the air,

“ All these are mine ! O that I might
 His next fair lordship have !
 O Woodchester !—my full delight
 Within thy bounds I crave.

“ Grant me, O grant that gain I may
 This one sweet manor more,
 With me and mine still joined to stay,
 As erst in days of yore.”

“ Now, husband dear, O pray not so,
 Nor ask for farther wealth,
 Nor wealth like this, which well I know
 Is ta’en from God by stealth !

“ Riches they be a fearful thing ;
 To covet who may dare ?
 When every glittering coin doth bring
 Temptation, and a snare.

“ Riches in old ancestral line,
 Or gained in honest way,
 Seem pure, and do in honour shine,
 And meet the face of day :

“ But in our frail benighted state
 E’en these too oft betray
 The burdened traveller to his fate,
 Like lights which lead astray.

“ Much more will gold from altars ta’en,
 From GOD, and from the poor,
 With goblin-beams lead on to pain,
 And unto death allure.

“ O never make great wealth a prayer !
 You ask but to be tried !
 But GOD’s own wealth to wish beware ;—
 One touched the ark, and died !”

“ Dame Eleanor, what is my hall,
 My bed on which I lie—
 My manor rights, my lordships all,
 My honours proud and high ?

“ What, but the wealth from altars ta’en,
 Which had obscured from sight
 The Gospel-Word of Him the Slain,
 ’Mid tinsel fripperics light ?

“ This have I ta’en, but yet no curse
 Weighs down my drooping head ;
 I follow not the frequent hearse,
 I weep no children dead.

“ No mildew in my furrow stays,
 No murrain in my fold,
 No blight upon my blossom preys,
 No canker on my gold.”

All tenderly she pressed his hand,
 She smiled, and shook her head,
 And meekly,—“It was holy land!”
 The only word she said.

Together they went within the hall,
 Lordly he trode the deas,
 Lordly he ruled his household all,
 And dined him at his ease.

Meekly she stepped the deas upon,
 And ere she tasted meat,
 An humble prayer, in silence gone,
 Lightened her heart to eat.

The squire he sat in the Abbot's grant;
 His dame was by his side;
 When he was aware that a pursuivant
 Within the court did ride;—

A pursuivant, and a dainty page,
 All beautiful to see,
 Of lovely face, and tender age,
 A stripling fair was he.

Straight up the hall the usher led
 The lad and riding-man,
 Who lowly, with uncovered head,
 Made reverence, and began:

“Sir Squire, my royal mistress sends
 This letter broad by me”—
 “This,” said the page, while knee he bends,
 “Madam, the Queen to thee.”

“ Now, pursuivant, bide here awhile,
And take a guerdon fair,
And rest thee, and thy toil beguile
Among my yeomen there.”

“ Sit here,” said she, “ by me, sir page,
And drink thee of the wine,
For gentle is thy parentage,
And born of better line.”

The page he kissed the lady's hand,
And seated him on high ;
The pursuivant his steps did bend
Unto the yeomanry.

“ Dame Eleanor, my letters broad
Do bring a true report,
How that the Queen is on her road,
To rest at Frocester court.

“ She comes to stir,—my yeomen bold,—
The courage of the realm,
For Spain his banner doth unfold,—
Medina at the helm.

“ And she would tell the haughty Don,
Though but a maiden poor,—
How still her menfolk think upon
Flodden and Azincour.

“ Then busk ye all the partizan,
The sallat, jack, and spear,
And meet to-morrow, every man,
The Royal Maiden here !”

Straight the dark roofs of Frocester Hall,
 Which erst gave back the grace,
 The psalms and staves of solemn fall,
 When abbots held the place,

Now echoed with a gallant roar,
 As waved the caps on high,
 With stamping feet upon the floor,
 With fire in every eye.

The dame arose with careful face,
 And said, "My letters tell
 The selfsame tale, and so my place
 The board to furnish well.

"But yet the Queen her grace doth show,
 For writes she evermore,
 We hope we do not overdo,
 Nor burden ye too sore.

"Then rise ye up, young Warrener,
 John Hunter, up and ride,
 And, Fisher, like a mariner,
 Go stem the Severn tide.

Young Fowler, fly thy hawks in air;
 Nor come ye back without
 The buck, the coney, and the hare,
 The salmon, eel, and trout.

"And we will show the Royal Maid
 She cannot burden sore,
 For land, and flood, and wood and glade,
 Shall each advance a store."

“ Welcome the Royal Maid !” they cried,—
 The serving-man and guest,—
 And young and old they run and ride,
 To furnish forth the feast.

Mid flesh and fowl, that painful wight,
 The cook, so full of ire,
 With scullion boys, the livelong night,
 Went toiling in the fire.

The chamberlain, so full of pride,
 Laid out the state and bed,
 That so the Queen from off her ride,
 Might rest her weary head.

The butler, in his heavy size,
 With plate in due array,
 Still scowered, and cried, with dazzled eyes,
 “ Let London not gainsay.”

E'en thus the faithful serving-men
 Still watched and laboured all ;
 Till dawning day came round again,
 And lighter grew the hall.

Now by the early hour of four,
 All on Saint Laurence' day,
 Morn opes her pearly gates, and o'er
 The threshold takes her way.

All silently the light doth creep
 Old Cotswold's ridge along ;—
 Up starts the laverock from his sleep,
 For soaring and for song.

The early maiden hears his lay,
 The folding dells among :
 " It is Saint Laurence' holiday,
 And I will join the song."

Upon that high and holy tide
 The squire uprose in haste,
 And mustered all his pomp and pride
 To see his monarch graced.

" Come open me the chest," he said,
 " Come bring my purse to me,
 For on the child and hoary head
 A silver shower shall be.

" Let bashful orphans leave their home,
 Let timid widows take,
 The lamiter rise up and come,
 When as I welcome make.

" For as the Saint still scattered wide
 His wealth at the Church door ;
 So, wheresoe'er the Queen doth ride,
 I'll strew the way before.

" The poor shall take a plenty up,
 And blessings shall be said,
 For where she comes to dine and sup,
 The Queen on gold shall tread.

" Then enter in, my yemen all,
 The hour is drawing nigh,
 The breakfast smokes within the hall,
 The ale it foams on high."

The foot it left the stirrup-tread,
 The hand it left the rein ;
 The caps were doffed, and thanks were said
 In kind and homely strain.

And shouldered in a sturdy race,
 A hasty meal to snatch ;
 The squire he took the upper place,
 The grooms the buttery hatch.

The clangour of the eating men,
 The merry health, and joke,
 Were ended scarce, when up again
 The squire arose, and spoke :

“ Up, up, my honest friends ! away !
 With helmet and with jack,
 Come, meet the Queen in early day,
 And proudly bring her back.

“ The banner o’er our heads shall fly,—
 The music in the van,—
 His harness, burnished gallantly,
 Shall gleam on every man.

“ Nor will we doff a burgonet,
 Nor vail the flag at all,
 Until, the Royal Maiden met,
 All on our knees we fall !”

He said, and straightway every man
 Was in his saddle staid ;
 The music sounded in the van,
 The flags were over head.

Free passing through the gate-house arch,
 Along the level road,
 In state the armèd column march,
 And still in measure trode ;

Until the charmed and listening ear,
 Until the straining eye
 No longer tune nor note can hear,
 Nor banner-fold espy.

They have brought the dame her wimple black,
 Lined through with scarlet silk ;
 They have tied the ruff around her neck,
 As white as morning milk.

The mighty fardingale they bring,
 In murrey and in gold,
 The turquoise pin, and ruby ring
 From eastern mines of old.

“So pass thou through thy dwelling-place
 Fair lady, at thine ease,
 Nor fear to meet the royal face
 When standing on the deas.”

Now may they hear far distant notes,
 A tune and a refrain ;
 Now, in the silence trembling floats
 A sweet and airy strain.

Right soon the long and shady lane
 An armèd host doth fill ;
 The Milan jack, the hilt from Spain,
 The velvet cloak, the frill,—

The ermined cap, the jewelled loop,
 The scarf, the feathers free ;
 The very horses of the troop
 Go proud in revelry.

The Chancellor, with seals and mace,
 Rode stately on his way,
 And, by his side, in solemn pace,
 The Bishop came to pray.

Far, in the midst, bright glorious gleams
 Flash the green shades throughout,
 Rich rubies, and keen diamond-beams
 Do dart and glance about.

Far, in the midst, on either side,
 Bare head, and bended knee,
 Shout, hail, and bless, and still divide,—
 She passing royally !

Far, in the midst, the flag staff-round,
 The Black Stag's Head floats free,
 Far, in the midst, the Talbot-hound,*
 Sure badge of faith to be.

Firm thwart its staff, right over head,
 All other flags before,
 The Banner-Royal up the glade
 Its stedfast progress bore.

Thus came the gold-clad Queen along,
 In jewels shooting fire,
 Borne on in music, shout, and song,
 And holiday attire.

* Armorial cognizances of the Huntley family.

Until with high and shriller clang,
 As through the gate they pæce,
 A wild triumphant welcome rang,
 The Queen within the place!

They have brought the Queen within the hall,
 They have led her to the deas;
 Her hand the dame, and daughters all,
 Have kissed upon their knees.

They have led her up the chamber-stair,
 On her day-bed to rest,
 They have brought her racy wine so rare,
 And manchets of the best.

They have brought her mead, right ten years old,
 Rich muscadel and toast,
 All in the Abbot's cup of gold,
 Which servèd once the Host!

Down in the hall the feast is spread
 For all the gentle round;
 The flutes and viols over head
 Made rich melodious sound.

The beaufet did with silver shine,
 "The Abbot's once," they said—
 "His cups they held the Blessed Wine,
 His plates, the Blessed Bread."

The worldly then would smile and jeer,
 At holy things would scoff;
 But questioned some, in doubt and fear,
 "What end will be thereof?"

At table high, where sat the Queen
Right royally alone,
Bedecked with gold and silken sheen
Arose her state and throne.

Squire George behind in waiting stood
To answer every call ;
The Bishop spake in solemn mood,
And blessed the tables all.

The yeomen drank the ale so free,
The gentlemen the wine,
The Queen was served upon the knee
With dainty muscadine.

Thus plenty was on every board,
And glee in every face,
Ruled never there so frank a lord
When Abbots held the place.

The feast was done,—the grace was said,—
The tables drawn and gone,
When entered in a vizored lad,
And bowed before the throne.

He bowed, and, sweet as bells of glass,
He trilled in silver tone,
His call unto a cruel lass,
To listen to his moan.

Then entered in a masque so fair,
To love her all were fain ;
With angel voice began the pair,
To lift a loving strain.

First plaintive, then disdainful word,
 A challenge, and reply,
 While Echo sang a fainter third
 From hanging roofs on high.

The company in silence held,
 Charmed by their warbling throats,
 While, ringing clear, or richly swelled,
 The thrilling music floats.

At length in song prevailed the lad,
 Nor longer sore complained ;
 They bent the knee, and bowed the head,
 And kind dismissal gained.

Yet seemed the mask did scantily hide
 The Squire's fair daughter Jane ;
 Young Guise, it seemed, from Severn-side,
 In answer did complain.

Then entered in a shepherd train,
 All lightly clad to dance,
 And shepherdesses of the plain
 Like forest nymphs advance.

When straight an airy tune began :
 From viol and from flute
 The liquid measure trembling ran,—
 The company so mute.

Seemed that a youth, than youth more fair,
 With warmest prayers had wooed
 A maid, with whom none could compare,
 Who 'mong the maidens stood.

And first began, in measured grace,
The lonely shepherd-boy,
Who litherly his steps would trace
Where smiling stood his joy.

But ever, as he gained her place,
The peerless maiden coy
Sped cunningly her fairy race,
And left the lonely boy.

While, as her doubling flight she wove,
Her maids, by two and three,
Still shielded off his wayward love,
And left her fancy-free.

Till, in the maze no longer found,
He sought her steps in vain,
When, joining in the circle round,
Beamed forth her charms again.

And then again the dainty chace,
And then again to hide,
In winsome measures, and in grace,
Still passing side to side.

Thus ever would they weave the dance,
She, as he followed, fled,
Till seemed it that a lucky chance
Delivered him the maid.

Then, bowing as the tune refrained,
The bright and lovely pair
Dismissal graciously obtained,
And praises from the chair.

Yet scarce the vizer hid fair Jane
Who in the dance did glide,
And, following still, the shepherd swain
Seemed Guise of Severn-side.

Boots not to tell the courteries
Within the hall that night ;
The jugglers' crafty soceries,
The mummers' mimic fight ;—

The galliard, and the pavin set,
The stately, and the light,
The supper hour,—and after that
The chapel—prayers—and night.

At length within the shadowy East
Again the moruing woke,
And, glimmering through the clouds, increased,
Until her radiance broke,

And casting forth her level ray
Clean chased away the night,
Where danced in distance Severn-sea,
And crisped his waves in light.

Straightway arose, in softened tone,
A tender serenade,
Beneath the window where alone
The maiden Queen was laid.

The roundelay it rang around
In rich and mellow tones,
Until the court was filled with sound,
And vocal seemed the stones.

Her maidens from the chamber high,
The lattice wide out-spread,
Full sweetly thanked the minstrelsy,
And courteous praises paid.

When graciously her own hand flings
The coin of cunning make,
They pierced each piece with necklacc strings
And wore them for her sake.

She comes, and to the Chapel-stall,
The Queen, for morning prayer,
Then back unto the lofty hall,
The general breakfast there.

Straightway their fast the household broke,
The hall was thronged around,
But whispered were the words they spoke,
And scarcely heard a sound ;

For every eye still strained to see
Old England's virgin Queen,
Dim peering age, weak infancy
Gazing the knees between.

When all had ate, when tables showed
But relics of the meal,
The Queen arose, and gently bowed
To drink their health and weal.

“ Lieges,” she said in blandest tone,
“ It grieves me, from my heart,
That from you all the time so soon
Is come when we must part.

“ We thank you for your loyalty,
 We thank you for your fare,
 And give you, on our royalty,
 Our blessing, and our prayer.

“ But, ere we go, we would bestow
 A grace upon our host ;
 So kneel thee low, and let us know
 What thing thou cravest most.”

Soft spake the squire, with little stir,
 “ If I may ask, and have
 In Woodchester the conegre,
 It is the thing I crave.

“ The Abbot reared his coneys, where
 I would grow herbs to dine,—
 But let me burden not your ear
 With little wants of mine.”

“ Tut, tut, my man, the warren make
 Garden for thee and thine,
 And when thou dost thy dinner take,
 Still pray for me, and mine :

“ Sir Chancellor, make hasty shift
 To ratify our word ;
 So pass him o’er this little gift,
 And give me here a sword.

“ Since thou so little dost require,
 Be thou in worship bright :
 Thou didst kneel down a simple squire,
 Rise thee up, Sir George, a knight !”

She touched his back—returned the steel—
Then bowed around the hall—
“Lieges, I drink your health and weal,
And blessings wait on all!”

Straight every hat was in the air,
The hackbuts fired a peal,
With shout, with blessing, and with prayer,
The very roof did reel.

The Queen hath taken horse to go :
The trumpets lead the van,—
The horsemen march—an iron row—
The serving-men they ran.

She went, as angels in a dream
Leave us of mortal kind ;
All light and glory go with them,
And darkness stays behind.

But glad Sir George, beyond compare !
His grant, so small in sound,
Full sixteen hides of forest fair
Contained within its bound !

The Queen, on high in Windsor Tower,
All guarded from alarm,
Doth sit with care, from hour to hour,
Dreading despite and harm.

The Queen, upon her throne of care,
Low on his bended knee,
With humbled head, and temples bare,
Her Chancellor can see.

“ Now wherefore art thou kneeling there,
 Sir Chancellor, so low ?
 Say dost thou bring us news, in fear,
 And messages of woe ?

“ Say, doth the Spaniard rouse himself
 Our kingdom to essay ?
 Or doth the Pope,—with wicked pelf,—
 And all his false array ?

“ Or doth the vaunting King of France
 His frown upon me bend ?
 Or Scotland’s Queen, doth she advance
 Our fair estate to rend ?”

“ My liege, not so:—of foreign foe
 It is not mine to say,—
 Nor how the Pope doth fondly ope
 His falsehoods day by day :

“ Nor Henry vain, nor Scotland’s train
 Do muster in the north,
 Nor haughty Spain upon the main
 Doth spread her banner forth :

“ But I must tell your grace right well,
 How, down at Froecster court,
 The new-made knight doth take delight,
 And in your lands disport.

“ For, lo ! the bounds he did desire
 For garden herbage,—he,—
 Wherein the Abbot and his choir
 Their coneyes willed to be,

“ The Exchequer rolls, within my hands,
Most plainly make appear
Be sixteen hides of hunting lands,
Woods, waters, parks, and deer !”

“ Now out upon yon crafty knight !”
The Queen she made reply ;
“ Sir Chancellor, if thou aright
Dost reckon, he shall die.

“ Now out upon yon crafty knight !
His lust of wealth so keen,
He hath misled, and cozened quite
His own anointed Queen !

“ Sir Chancellor, go send me one
All skilled right well to see,
And let him ride, and let him run,
And bring the truth to me.

“ And if indeed there be a fraud,
And if the knight doth lie,
Straight will I send my warrant broad,
Forthwith Sir George shall die !”



PART II.

Sir George he looked out east and west :

It was the Abbot's land :

“ O say, where ride to please me best ?

Where turn my bridle-hand ?

“ Or shall I ride my plains along,

Whercon my corn doth grow ?

And shall I hear the harvest-song

Still banded to and fro ?

“ Or shall I to the uplands go

Beneath the branching tree ?

Or lose me in the valley low ?

Or range the hills so free ?

“ O I will see my buck in pride,
 My limping leveret I—
 Go loose my greyhound to my side,
 A cast of hawks to fly.”

Sir George he rides the woodlands green ;
 'Mid thickly branching trees,
 The velvet stag, half hid, half seen,
 Snuffs up the tainted breeze,

Snuffs up the breeze, and trips away
 Into a deeper shade,
 Where forests, old in former day,
 Unchanging darkness made.

Sir George he rides the water-side ;
 By standing pool, and stream,
 The water hens 'mid rushes glide,
 The soaring herons scream.

The screaming herons soar from sight,—
 The divers in the pool,—
 The fluttering birds delight the knight—
 The forest air so cool.

But where the gale doth coolest blow,
 And where the warbling stream,
 Vast ancient tall grown trees below,
 In trickling notes doth seem

To sing the silence to her rest,—
 To hush the whispering air,—
 To soothe e'en man's wild sinful breast,—
 Perchance, bid peace be there ;—

There,—still as in a haunted place,
 The knight he can espy
 Some hermit, saint, or form of grace,
 Upon the greensward lie.

The knight passed on ; but when the sun
 The westward skies had gained,
 There, still again,—the self-same man
 The self-same place retained.

So still the wight, that scarce he deemed
 Him man of mortal mould ;—
 Almost some shadowy shape he seemed—
 Some buried saint of old.

Clad in his dark religious vest,
 The cowl around his face,
 The Rosary and Cross his breast,
 The open Book of Grace

His knee did carry ; but so dumb,
 He seemed to be the dead !
 “ O is it then some spirit come,
 Where erst perchance might tread

“ In days of yore, a weary priest
 This secret convent-sod,
 To cast his burden from his breast,
 And leave the load with GOD ?

“ Or is he still some monk expelled,
 Who 'neath these templed trees
 Hath crept once more, in fondness held,
 Again to bend his knees ?

“ I will essay him : Father mine,
 If so the truth I say,
 O wherefore, without living sign,
 Sit thus the live-long day ?

“ Why motionless the live-long day,
 Like shadow from the dead ?
 Rise, enter thou my hall, I pray,
 And eat thy daily bread.”

“ Alas ! if motionless I lie,
 Not motionless within !
 My prayers have borne my soul on high,
 And told forth sin by sin.

“ O I have wrestled hard, sir knight !
 Have prayed the LORD to show
 Why judgments which perplex my sight,
 Have fallen on us below.

“ O I have searched myself full sore !
 Too sore I never can ;
 Charged on my spirit o'er and o'er,
 The sinful course I ran :

“ And oft have asked, Is this the cause
 Why banished thus we be ?
 Have rites neglected, broken laws,
 Brought down Thy wrath on me ?

“ O if it be, on me the pain,
 On me Thine anger fall,
 But plant Thy Vineyard, LORD, again !
 Build up the broken wall !

“ How can I, knight, within thy hall,
 Go eat of dainty fare?
 Thy hall! ’tis mine! and yeomen tall
 Have hailed me Abbot there!

“ Why GOD hath ta’en it from my hand,
 To pass it unto thee;
 Why He hath scattered sacred land
 ’Mong reckless laity,

“ Passes my lore!—Thou hast my seat,
 Thy kine my pastures tread;
 But the new rule I cannot greet,
 Nor bid thy footsteps speed.

“ For it is shown me in my prayer,
 How all shall slide away;
 Nor, passing on from heir to heir,
 My lands abiding stay.

“ But go, sir knight, go home, go home!
 Peace goeth not with thee,
 A message to thy gate hath come,—
 A grief to thy roof-tree.”

Young Jane hath busked herself to dine,
 And in the garden goes,
 And she hath plucked the jessamine,
 And she hath plucked the rose.

“ O jessamine, so pale in hue!
 O rose upon the briar!
 My love so true, is pure as you,
 Like you, it mocks the fire.

“ O jessamine, so pale, so pale,
 And hid beneath the spray !
 So must I hide my true love-tale,
 And silent wear the day.

“ O rose, so red upon the briar,
 And yet so cool in dew !
 So must I, warm with inward fire,
 Still bear me cool like you.”

There rides a youth along the lane :
 “ O tell me, maiden dear,
 What manor-place is this ? For fain
 Would I refresh me here.”

“ This manor-place is Frocester Court,
 Where dwells a noble knight ;
 Within the hall is free resort,
 And welcome day and night.”

“ This place is where my warrant goes :
 Now give me, lady fair,
 That jessamine and ruddy rose
 To be my passport there.”

“ Fond sir, so free, depart from me !
 Nor is thy carriage meet ;
 If man may wear these blossoms fair,
 He sits not in thy seat.”

“ O pardon, lady, pardon, pray,
 And let me say, so true,
 Fain would I serve thee day by day,
 And all my life long through.

“ For if thy heart is like thy face,
 And if so pure thy soul,
 Then forms of grace do hold this place,
 And angels do control.

“ Lady, I am no borel clown,
 Though all unmeet for thee ;
 Bend not on me that angry frown,
 All winsome though it be.”

“ Bold sir, nor smile from me, nor frown,
 But leave me here alone.”
 “ O rather would I lay me down
 To set thy foot upon.”

The lady left the garden bound,
 The youth he sighed in vain,
 No parting sign,—she turned her round,
 And left him in the lane.

Sir George he seats him at his meat ;
 His hawk her perch upon ;
 His hound, with idly catching feet,
 Dreams on the broad hearth-stone.

Sir George he drinks the wine so clear,
 His yeomen drink the ale,
 When a winded horn he well may hear,
 All at the gate prevail.

“ Go, bring me here,” the knight he said,
 “ Yon messenger so bold,
 And let him rest, his journey sped,
 And be his message told.”

A seemly youth they bring to him,
 Fresh from his weary way,
 With slender waist, and lightsome limb,
 And courtly in array.

“Now whence art thou, my stripling slim?
 And what thine errand here?
 Why stained do thy vestments trim
 With every soil appear?”

“Alas, sir knight, a clerk I ride,
 Closely to search and see
 What be the lands, Saint Laurence’ tide,
 The Queen bestowed on thee.

“For thou art charged, wide spreading lands
 With guilesome words to gain,
 Whereby her Grace despoiled stands,
 Nor doth her wrath refrain.”

The lady looked upon the ground,
 The knight’s red cheek grew pale,
 Deep silence spread the hall around,
 Nor answer to his tale.

Straight entered in young Jane so fair,
 Clad in a silken suit:
 “O why so pale, my father dear?
 My mother, why so mute?”

Straight entered in, from Severn side,
 Young Guise bedecked so gay:
 “O I have ta’en a summer’s ride,
 To bid you all good day.”

“Thy welcome short, young Guise, must be,
 Short welcome from thy ride,
 For heavy grief has come to me”—
 And mournfully he sighed.

“But come, my dame, and come, sir clerk,
 For we must speak apart.”
 The hall it grew like midnight dark,
 Like heavy lead his heart.

The knight led on in doubt and pain,
 In fear the dame led on :
 Young Guise he did draw near to Jane ;
 With love his glances shone.

On bended knee he did incline,
 He kissed her hand so blest,
 He took the rose and jessamine,
 And hid them in his breast.

The clerk looked back, as with the knight
 He left the hall so wide ;
 The kiss, the gift, they met his sight,
 And heavily he sighed.

“Sir clerk,” the knight began, “I wis
 My cheek thou makest pale ;
 So tell me what thy message is,
 And what thy weary tale.”

“O thou art charged wide spreading lands
 With guilesome words to gain,
 Whereby the Queen despoilèd stands,
 Nor doth her wrath refrain.

“ And I am charged to ride and run,
 And sikerly to see,
 What be the lands which thou hast won,
 Their aeres what they be.”

“ Now render back,” the dame she said,
 “ The land, all woe the while!”—
 “ Then will the Queen require his head,
 For her he did beguile.

“ But lo! thy fairest daughter, dame,
 O, might I take her hand,
 A light report I well might frame,
 And scantly ken the land.”

The dame’s full eye fell on the knight,
 The knight’s upon the dame :
 “ Withdraw, sir clerk, for it is right
 We think upon the same.”

“ Alas! alas!” the dame began,
 “ And is it come to this ?
 O Satan! when thou dost trepan,
 How sharp thy snare, I wis!

“ Must her pure virtuous love be quenched
 By vows untrue that be ?—
 Unhallowed wed ?—Asunder wrenched
 Hearts twined in unity ?

“ Must she her dove-like spirit spot,
 Linking with one, the while
 Her lips do take, her heart takes not,
 But hating both her guile

“ And him she yields to ? must she bow
Her head, in falsest mood,
To utter forth the lying vow
Before the holy rood ?

“ And must we urge her to belie
The truth her soul within,
And pray her to unsanctify
Her wedlock by her sin ?

“ Say, shall her angel turn the head
From her, and from her race,
Nor shield by day, nor bless her bed,
Her board, her dwelling-place ?

“ And must we beg all this, and pray
She will kneel down and lie,
And rise to weep the live-long day,
Or else her sire shall die ?

“ O Satan ! Satan ! 'neath thy bait
What bitter tortures are !
What treacheries, what deaths await
The souls thou dost ensnare !”

“ No, Eleanor ! no prayers like those,
No turning back from vows !
No outward smiles, and inward woes !
God mocked ! and mocked the spouse !

“ Poor Jane is young and pure as yet,
And pure she shall remain,
Nor ever from her father get
Her first and lasting stain.

“ Not in the House where GOD doth live,
Shall she enact a lie,
For any gift the world can give,
Far sooner will I die !

“ Die rather, and to Judgment go !
But I will leave her mind
Imaged like GOD, as white as snow,
My offering behind.”

Dame Eleanor to Jane hath gone
Within the garden shade,
And resting there a bank upon,
She thus bespoke the maid.

“ Now listen, Jane, now list to me,
For I have news to tell :
Yon goodly clerk whom thou didst see,
O he doth love thee well !

“ He hath besought thy father dear
To take him for his son,—
O check me, Jane, thy rising tear,
And let his will be done.”

“ My rising tear how shall I check ?
How shall I check my sighs ?
For given, nor can I call it back,
My willing heart to Guise.”

“ An idle word thou canst recall ;
Thy promise was but half ;
Light-hearted maidens, giddy all,
Forget their vows and laugh.

“ O, he doth live in London gay,
In Windsor he doth dwell,
Where still the pleasures of to-day,
To-morrow doth excel.

“ A chancellor his uncle is,—
He kneels before the Queen :—
Himself a minister, I wis,
Shall kneeling soon be seen !

“ Soon shall he kneel and rise a knight,
Perchance a baron bold ;
A baron's dame, O Jane, I might
Within my arms enfold.

“ O thou shalt walk in velvet, Jane,
In silken wimple thou ;
Bright diamonds, like the drops of rain,
Shall gleam upon thy brow.

“ Thy idle words thou canst recall,
And promises but half ;
Light-hearted maidens, giddy all,
Forget their vows and laugh.”

“ The city hath no joys for me,
Nor palaces delight,
And gilded state, and proud degree,
Are weary in my sight.

“ O small the pleasure, none the gain,
When they of less estate,
Leave simple ways and manners plain,
To live among the great.

“ They barter freedom clean away,
And trained as in a school,
Their thoughts they model, words they weigh,
And frown and smile by rule.

“ Close caged within her golden wire,
The goldfinch may be gay ;
May pipe her shrill and slender choir,
And carol down the day :

“ For she without a care may live,
And ever, in her need,
Some maiden hand shall softly give
The hemp and millet seed.

“ But she is not the same bright thing,
Which flits from spray to spray,
From stalk to stalk, on painted wing,
To feed her where she may.

“ Who, resting down in any dell,
Nestling in any grove,
Her freedom doth to Echo tell
In bursting songs of love.

“ The merlin in her lady's mew,
May boast her daintier fair,
Than when all unreclaimed she flew
And hungry in the air ;

“ The merlin on her lady's wrist,
Her happy perch may tell,
Her velvet hood, her golden twist,
The music in her bell ;

“ But she doth not so glide and sail,
 As free upon the breeze,
 Out o'er the downs, along the vale,
 Or glancing through the trees.

“ So was I born beneath the tree,
 So let me still remain,
 The summer sun in heaven to see,
 The autumn on the plain.

“ Rich Autumn on the golden plain,
 Old Christmas in the hall,
 Young Spring with all his dancing train,—
 O let me see them all!

“ Thus would I live unknown to pride,
 Withouten guile or foe,
 With God and man in peace to bide,
 And then in peace to go !”

“ Full well I knew, dear Jane, with thee
 Home was a sacred word ;
 For home thy love would kindled be,
 For home thy prayers preferred.

“ But not thy home thou lovest alone,
 For lo ! young Anselm Guise,
 Warmly beloved, thy heart doth own
 Most favoured in thine eyes.

“ But there is force upon our house !
 And we are in a strait :
 Say, canst thou take another spouse
 To save us from our fate ?

“ When late thy father begged the place
 Where he doth drive his deer,
 They say that he deceived her Grace,
 And much misled her ear.

“ Thus comes this clerk to scan the ground,
 And carry back the truth ;
 O Jane, we are in leasing found !
 Nor life for us, nor ruth !

“ But couldst thou take his proffered hand,
 He hath his promise made,
 All lightly he could view the land,
 And leave the Queen betrayed.”

“ Now JESU, take my hand,” she cried,
 “ And lead me in Thy path !
 Alas ! I stand too sorely tried,
 A faltering child of wrath !

“ O give me grace, sweet SAVIOUR ! show
 How I shall bear me now !
 How pay my father what I owe !
 How keep my virgin vow !

“ My vow !—why think upon the boy ?
 Myself that I may bless !
 Pamper my love ! and in my joy
 Stifle my tenderness !

“ ’Tis nowhere written I must wed !
 But that my father’s sway
 I still must honour—God hath said !
 Help me ! I will obey !

“ Help me ! I will my joys undo !
 My father, where’s the way ?
 I give myself a daughter true !
 Help me ! I will obey !

“ But take me, take me from this place !
 Guise ne’er must see me now !
 His mild, but sad upbraiding face,—
 The memory of my vow,—

“ To meet his eye, to hear him speak,
 His heart upon his lip,—
 I cannot bear, for I am weak—
 My stedfastness would slip.

“ Bear me where all is strange and new,
 Far, very far, away,
 Where my cold duties I may do !
 God help me ! I obey !”

Unto her father she is gone
 Within the shadowy hall,
 Pacing so moodily ;—and on
 Her knees the maid will fall.

“ O I am come to kneel me here,
 And for thy blessing pray,
 When I do wed the clerk, in fear,
 Who asked my hand to-day.”

“ O Jane ! but dost thou cast away
 To water and to wind,
 The words of love, thou once didst say,
 So tender and so kind ?”

“ O words of love I once have said,
But changèd is my mind ;
May his next love be better sped,
More tender, and more kind.”

“ But art thou not to lightness grown ?
And is it modest, lass,—
Another love so soon to own,
And bid thy promise pass ?”

“ O turn away thy searching eyes !
E'en now my heart hath bled !
But, though I may have love for Guise,
Yet with the clerk I wed.

“ Right dear is Guise, but dearer still
The sacred heart I win ;
So shall I foree my wayward will,
And duty shall begin.”

“ But eanst thou, girl, for ever love
A heart so quickly ta'en ?
Will not this step hereafter prove
A pilgrimage of pain ?”

“ O father I do love, adore
The heart that I shall gain !
And richly will it gild me o'er
The life-long wedding-chain.

“ O, while he lives my love will live !
And, when at last he dies,
Will pray that CHRIST His pardon give,—
Will close his faded eyes :

“ His faded eyes will close, and say
I shielded once his life !
Then blest ! if I may pass away,
And leave the name of wife.

“ The weary name ! with him to rest,
Till called with him above,
And ever buried in my breast
My secret and my love !”

Poor Jane knelt down : his hands he spread ;
He blessed her, all in vain,
His tears fell down upon her head ;
She showered down hers like rain.

But, as she rose, his hand she kissed,
And would in smiles depart :
He smiled again, but never wist
The anguish in her heart.

The weeping maid hath ta'en the clerk,
The happy clerk the maid ;
She left them like some frail sea-bark
For doubtful seas arrayed.

The clerk hath written letters broad
All for the royal hand ;
In glozing word, with crafty fraud,
He hath concealed the land.

The knight can laugh upon his chair,
Can sleep upon his bed,
Can ride throughout his manors fair,
And rest his thoughtful head.

O he hath gone his woods along
 To solace him in shade,
 To leave the world, his trees among,
 With all his fears allayed.

The mighty beech, so iron-red,
 Begins his leaf to strew ;
 The willow with her round green head,
 The oak of many a hue,

All autumn-touched, in silence stand,
 And lure him to the shade,
 Which deep and deeper doth expand,
 Till mid-day gloom is made.

O by the torrent he will walk,
 By pool and waterfall,
 To see again the heron stalk,
 To hear the bittern call ;

Again to see the ruby trout
 Still lurk within the deep,
 The gudgeon sport the shoals about,
 And still the shallows keep.

“ O these all bide their haunts within,
 Nor seek another’s realm ;
 How would man’s course be clear of sin
 If steered by such a helm !”

The knight looked all his forest through,
 His trees of every size,—
 The smaller shrubs that humble grew,
 The timber towards the skies :

“O these still grow, and will not strive,
As first in Eden sent,
Eden again would bloom and thrive,
Were men like these content !”

At length the water led the knight
Unto the self-same place,
Where loftiest trees shut out the light,
And joining arms embrace.

And there it stole so soft along,
So limpid, and so cool,
The stream forgot her water-song,
As slept the glassy pool.

E'en then the self-same Priest was stayed,
Like saint or hermit he ;
His lips they quivered while he prayed,
Telling his rosary.

The knight stood still, so silently,
Nor would his service break,—
But straight the Abbot solemnly
Looked forth, and thus he spake :

“When Korah and rebellious bands
Forth from God's household turned,
And incense, with unhallowed hands
On hallowed censers burned,

“Round some the fire, o'er some the sod
Closed vengeful as they died !
And after ages learned how God
Abhors presumptuous pride.

“ But lo! the censers they were made,
 The altar’s covering broad,
 For they, by dedication said,
 Were consecrate to GOD.

“ If then these plates had holy use,
 And by the LORD were claimed,
 Because, though stained by bold abuse,
 For GOD they had been framed,

“ Think’st thou these lands,—which thou dost claim,—
 Offered to JESUS mild,
 To help the widow, and the lame,
 The orphan, and the child ;

“ Hallowed to GOD,—to waken song,
 Repentance, prayer, and grace,—
 Think’st thou such land will tarry long,
 Or ever bless thy race ?

“ It shall devour thee!—It shall glide
 Like water from the hand,—
 From house to house, nor e’er abide,
 For it is holy land !

“ As Ahab had his fatal day,
 When all was overthrown,
 So thou hast ta’en possession,—yea
 The vineyard is thine own.

“ But from the wall the beam doth groan,
 The timber roofs reply ;
 Mid all thy servants, help is none,
 As bleeding thou dost lie.

“Leave! leave! sir knight! for I do see
 Visions,—may they be nought
 But fantasies—and yet they be
 Embodied beyond thought.

“Do I not see an early bride
 Now straightening for the tomb?
 O Cleeve! is not thy chancel wide
 Receiving her in gloom?*

“Leave me, sir knight!—But stay! there seem
 To shift across thy face
 Deep shades, as in a changeful dream!—
 Thy features scarce I trace!

“Thy ruddy hue is gone like lead—
 Thy hanging cheek is pale—
 Thy gaze is sightless as the dead—
 A spectre doth prevail.

“It passes! surely there hath been
 The future in my sight!
 Sir knight, thy corpse mine eye hath seen!
 Say, will it be to-night?

“Go home,—if thou canst go—go home!
 Go hide thee in my chair—
 Harm scarce in holy bounds shall come—
 Seek, seek thy safety there!”

* Monumental Inscription in Cleeve Church :—In memoriam Janæ nuper uxoris Johannis Reed de Milton, armigeri, filiæ et cohæredis Georgii Huntley de Frocester, equitis aurati, Richardus Reed de Lugwardine in comit. Herefordiensi, armiger, ex mandato ultimo Eleanoræ uxoris suæ, filiæ et hæredis prædictorum Johannis et Janæ, posuit. Quæ Jana obiit in puerperio die — anno Dom. 16. . .

The knight the abbot left in fear,
 And turned him to his home :
 Half scorned the vision of the Seer—
 Half trembled at his doom.

He passed beside the thorny shaw,
 He passed beside the yew,
 And there the tallest stag he saw,
 That ever man might view.

“ Now, sooth, thou art the tallest stag
 That runneth in my bounds ;
 The rider and the horse shall flag,
 That hunteth thee with hounds.”

The stag his lordly head did raise :
 Then bounding off would go ;
 Then o'er his shoulder turned to gaze,
 Then stalked him to and fro.

He stalked him here, he stalked him there,
 And wheeled him round behind ;
 The knight he turned ; head high in air,
 The stag he snuffed the wind ;—

The stag he snuffed the wind in scorn,
 So wierd and full of pride ;
 Then rushed and gored the knight forlorn,—
 A gaping wound so wide ;—

The knight hath leapt, his sword hath drawn,
 The stag he stamped before ;
 “ Art thou a stag upon the lawn,
 Or art thou something more ?”

“O art thou then in woodlands born,
 And bedded in the fern?
 Or in thine eyes do demon’s scorn
 And hell-born angers burn?”

The stag hath rushed with levelled head—
 The knight hath dealt a blow—
 The blade among the antlers sped:
 The steel is brast in two.

The stag swung round like the light sea-craft,
 The tide-streams racing through,
 Struck down the knight! and they say he laughed,
 Leapt up from earth and flew!

His heart-blood it doth spill—and spill,—
 His hand doth grasp the haft,
 His fall they saw, wood, valley, hill,
 And every echo laughed.

His household to the chancel went,
 They buried him in pride,
 And sore they prayed that his punishment
 He suffered ere he died.

His lands they went to another knight,
 From him to a baron bold,
 From him they slid in passage light,
 For another to have and hold;

He had—he had,—but he could not hold,
 For an earl he took the lands,
 But lo!—his child—he spent and sold,
 And empty were his hands.

ROMANCE OF DON GARCIA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON CHURTON.

Ox his castle wall slow-pacing Garcia spoke in tones of woe,
 One hand held his burnish'd arrows, firm the other grasp'd
 his bow ;

Many a time he curs'd his fortune, while his plaintive moan
 he made :

“ My good King from childhood rear'd me ; strong I grew with
 heaven to aid.

When my years advanc'd to manhood, horse and arms my
 sovereign gave,

He who wins that prize of knighthood holds th' esteem of true
 and brave.

More than this, the lady Mary, fair and noble though she be,
 For a wife and meet companion, her my sovereign gave to me ;
 With a hundred gentle maidens in her honour'd train to stay,
 And this castle of Urena, where to hold our bridal day.

Here a hundred knights he gave me, that no siege the walls
 might dread ;

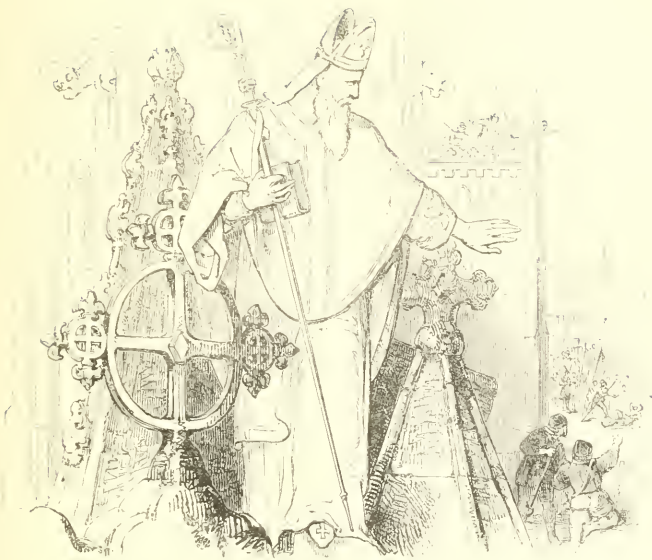
Well with wine he stock'd the cellars, well the garners stor'd
 with bread ;

And a well of sweetest water in the keep his care supplied.—

Woe is me ! on one fine morning,—it was at Saint John's mass-
 tide,—

Came a host of Moors upon us : seven long years have come
 and gone
 Since we first beheld these paynims ; still the curs'd blockade
 holds on.
 Lo ! my knights are dying round me ; food no more my stores
 can give :
 Dead I fix them round the ramparts, arm'd that they may
 seem to live ;
 Cheating thus the foolish paynims, who behold them where
 they stand,
 Thinking they can still do battle with their bows and shafts in
 hand.
 But in all Urena castle there is but one loaf,—not two ;
 If to my poor bairns I give it, what shall my sweet lady do ?
 Shall I then myself devour it ? all my charge would well
 complain :
 Let me die, but not death's terror shall my constant courage
 stain."

Then in four just pieces sliver'd that last loaf he strongly
 threw
 Where the Moorish King's pavilion proudly met his scornful
 view.
 To the King's own foot fast rolling came the morsel hard and
 dry :
 "Allah shield us !" cried the Moslem, gazing up with awful eye,
 "Allah for His love befriend us ! when we thought their food
 was spent,
 They can spare their castle-remnants, thus in scorn to pelt our
 tent.
 Sound, my Moors, your clarions, sound them ; sink your hopes,
 and vail your pride :
 Seek another field for conquest : here we may no more abide."



THE DEATH OF LORD BROOKE.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

The circumstance on which the following Ballad is founded, is too familiar to need any further description. It may however be advisable to state that it was written before the appearance of Mr. Neale's "Mirror of Faith."

HE came in his glory, so gallant and brave,
He came to our city with helmet and glaive,
And the rebels around him they sware one and all
That Lichfield's good ramparts before them should fall.

He came to the pool by our Minster so fair,
He looked on our steeples high rising in air,
And he sware by his faith that beneath his glad eye,
The spires of our Minster in dust they should lie.

He bent on his knee, and he prayed for a sign,
If his way it seemed right to the Mercy Divine ;
He prayed—and a bullet came whizzing in air
From the loftiest spire of our Minster so fair.

All other it passed, and sped right to his eye,
Who swore that in dust our fair Minster should lie ;
And high rose our shout from roof, steeple, and wall,
When we saw the proud robber-chief stagger and fall.

No hand of a mortal that bullet did guide ;
Saint Chad by his city doth ever abide,
And vain was their boasting, who came on his day,
In dust the good walls of his Minster to lay.

Then cry we hurrah for the Church and the Crown,
Hurrah for the steeples of Lichfield's good town,
Hurrah for Saint Chad, for he stood by his own,
And low in the dust the proud spoiler hath thrown.

Haste on to the chancel,* Te Deum to sing,
And pray for our Country, our Church, and our King ;
For the pride of the robber is turned into shame,
And perish all like him whose hearts are the same.

* It is well known, that during the siege of Lichfield, the usual service was continued in the Choir, till the fall of the great spire rendered that part of the Church roofless.

THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

REV. MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A., OXON.

THE night-winds moaned, like deathly dirge
 Or living things in pain ;
 The rushing Thames swept seaward down
 Things withered, wrecked, and slain.

The cold pale moon but sickly gleam'd,
 Dim seem'd the starry sky,
 The chilly mists rose sadly up,
 Earth's pall-like canopy.

The City's mighty heart lay still,
 Brief lull in weary life,—
 A pause between but yester toil
 And every morrow's strife.

Methinks the sullen hammer's stroke
 Speeds on some dark behest ;
 Strange hour for craftsmen's honest toil,
 When good men gladly rest.

It cannot be for tournament,
 Or list for pageant-scene,
 Another hath the Tudor's throue,
 Erst graced by Maiden-Queen.

But armèd men pace moodily
 Along the marble floor,
And wary sentinels keep ward
 Without each bolted door.

Drear peals from drowsy chime to chime
 Each steeple's mournful bell,
And still it seemed to toll full sad,
 As though before a knell.

Sure men might deem each echo's fall
 Must whisper thought of dread ;
The note that bade the Doomed prepare
 To slumber with the dead.

Upon the ear, those sounds that told
 The Sovereign in his cell
The fatal work was almost done,
 Like muffled ringings fell.

In settled majesty his mien
 No trace of passion knows,
No tell-tale flush for cruel hate,
 Foul spitting, scorn, and blows.

No dungeon links can chain the heart,
 No death-blow reach the soul,
In heaven are held the keys of life,
 Above man's weak control.

No mailèd warrior e'er of earth,
 No weapon forged by man,
Can bar that cell to Holy Guards,
 No mortal eye may scan.

What visions blest, what soothing dreams
 Float o'er his dying eye !
 Uplifted from the world, he kens
 Somewhat of prophecy.

Faith with her eagle glance is nigh,
 Hope with her soothing voice,
 Love bids, to bear his Master's Cross,
 The Martyr-King rejoice.

It is high noon ! the day wears on
 With leaden-footed hours ;
 Men gaze as in the unearthly calm,
 When the awful storm-cloud low'rs.

See the grim scaffold's garb of woe !
 The headsman's axe is nigh,
 And now One comes to kneel beside
 That block unflinching.

It is the eye that stirr'd the heart
 Bright glancing o'er the fight,
 When spurr'd all England's chivalry
 To guard his crown and right.

Now brighter far, it glanceth clear
 In sorrow, not in wrath ;
 A diadem, but not of earth,
 Is shining on his path.

His love he told for holy Church,—
 Then bowed his sacred head,—
 With one meek prayer, as though to rest
 Upon a Monarch's bed.

WILLIAM CARLOS.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

Colonel William Carlos greatly distinguished himself on the royal side at the Battle of Worcester, and is said to have been the very last man to continue the fight. He afterwards accompanied King Charles II. in his famous concealment in the oak at Boscobel. In return he received a grant of arms allusive to the latter occasion. The personal character of the following ballad may perhaps be excused by the fact of the writer's being maternally descended from the Carlos family.

CHANT high my gallant fathers, chant high the oak of green,
And the ruddy fesse of Carlos charged with crowns of golden
sheen ;

At Worcester and at Boscobel they won that shield so proud,
When William Carlos shone the first amid the battling crowd.

Weep for the fight of Worcester, where England's hope lay low,
When sank the Stuart's banner before the rebel foe ;
But weave for William Carlos his crest of oak so green,
For than the oak of Boscobel no fairer tree is seen.

'Twas the third day of September, and we thought of sad Dunbar,
When we heard the rebels' battle-cry come pealing from afar ;
And thirty thousand traitors came to Worcester's loyal town,
And we with half their number to fight for Church and Crown.

Then beat our hearts with hope and fear, as all around our King,
 We did about our bosoms the good buff jerkin fling ;
 Around our gallant leaders we hastened to the fray,
 And ne'er was stouter battle than on that bloody day.

Good Derby, and stout Cleveland, and Salop's noble peer,
 And Hamilton, and Lauderdale, true hearts that knew not fear ;
 And there was David Lesley, and the Baron of Saint Clair ;
 But hurrah for William Carlos, he was the bravest there.

Hurrah for William Carlos, for the crest of oak so green,
 Than him the rebel Parliament no stouter foe hath seen ;
 His sword the first to flash in air, the last its sheath to feel,
 His heart the first that bounded at the trumpet's warning-peal.

The foes have crossed the river ; they are rushing to the town ;
 Our brethren quail before them, their bravest wights are down ;
 Speed forth to help our brethren ! speed forth to help our King !
 To leave them in their peril, it were a shameful thing.

Wide open fly the portals, out streams the rushing tide,
 O'er buff and armour glimmers the helmet's waving pride,
 And where keenest was the danger, where hottest was the war,
 The battle-cry of Carlos like thunder rolled afar.

His bright brown sword is gleaming high o'er a traitor's head,
 And now the blade is streaming with the life-blood of the dead ;
 Their ranks fall back before him where'er his glance is seen,
 Devouring flames are flashing from his helmet's spotless sheen.

Much like some mighty river comes sweeping o'er its banks,
 So then did William sweep away the rebels' yielding ranks ;
 And when all else was broken, when all were falling back,
 Still did stout William Carlos defy the foe's attack.

Then hurrah for William Carlos, the gallant and the true,
Some saint had girded on the steel which in that fight he drew !
The last to quit the battle-field, the first again to meet
The foe as they came rushing down fair Worcester's bloody
street.

And though all vain his valour, though forced at last to yield,
No spot of foul dishonour e'er breathed upon his shield ;
And deathless be his guerdon, to sing in warlike strain,
That in the street of Worcester he saw the last man slain.

And when ye twine the oak-leaves on the glorious morn of May,
Think then how William Carlos was the first in Worcester's
fray ;
Think how he was the first and last to deal the deadly stroke,
And how he saved his Prince's life in Boscobel's thick oak.

Then weep for Worcester's battle-field, where England's hope
lay low,
As sank the Stuart's banner before the rebel foe ;
But weave for William Carlos his crest of oak so green,
For than the oak of Boscobel no fairer tree is seen.



THE THREE RAVENS.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

F. R.

There is a traditional saying in Devonshire :

“ Croker, and Crowther, and Coldinghame
Were all at home when the Conqueror came.”

The story here told is a tradition in the family of the Irish Crokers of the manner in which their estate came to them, the very words of the speakers being related nearly as here given. The old chieftain was only “ O’Neil” as belonging to the party of which the great Earl of Tyrone was the head, his individual appellation being Sir William Coppinger, in Irish equivalent to knightly, or *chevalier*, from *copul*, a horse.

A VOICE of mourning and of woe
Was in the castle of O’Neil ;
The clarions of the Saxon foe
Sent forth a loud and merry peal.

The banner of O’Neil was down,
And Croker’s Ravens floated high
On Erin’s breeze, and on them shone
Pale sunbeams from a stormy sky.

He sat, with grey uncovered head,
Within his wide ancestral hall,
The old O’Neil ; on gory bed
His sons in death were slumbering all.

The Saxon came not now to slay ;
A royal mandate in his hand,
He came, alas the woeful day !
To claim O'Neil's confiscate land.

The youthful foe, a gallant knight,
Of ancient race, from Devon's shore,
His soul as fearless and as bright
E'en as the victor-sword he bore,

He might not see that old man's face,
Majestic in its woe, nor feel
A shamed intruder in that place ;
Silent he stood ; then spake O'Neil :

“ Young man, I yield ! my sons are slain,
And I am aged—I obey !—
Thine is O'Neil's widespread domain,
Give thou to him a single day.

“ For this one day be thou my guest,
And I thy host, one social hour,
So shalt thou know to hold the feast
As wont within my father's tower.

“ And then to-morrow forth I go,
Houseless and homeless, with my child ;
And I will lay my grey head low,
And die amid my native wild :

“ My country's sod shall be my bed,
The fresh green turf shall be my pillow,
The rain from heaven for tears be shed,
My death-wail be the moaning billow.”

The feast was held, the host was gay ;
The guest was sad, and silence kept ;
The daughter of O'Neil that day
Looked on her father's face and wept.

Then ivory harps were echoing nigh,
And golden goblets foaming round ;
Bards of O'Neil sang praises high :
The silent guest looked on the ground.

At length he spake :—"None need depart
If I might call O'Neil my sire ;
And if to his fair daughter's heart
A Saxon foe might dare aspire."

Her veil the maiden closer drew,—
Her father grasped the stranger's hand,—
"And I for thee still more will do,
Than give my daughter and my land ;

"For I will blazon on my shield,
And on the trophies of my race,
The Ravens Three on argent field,—
Ay, even in our burial place.

"And so shall learn my sorrowing clan,
When men shall lay my grey head there,
With pride to follow thee, young man,
O'Neil's adopted and his heir."

So was the sword in myrtle wreathed,
War's evil overcome of good :
O come, ye days, when, ever sheathed,
War's sword shall bathe no more in blood !

The Ravens Three, O then shall bear
The dove's own olive branch above :
No banner float on summer air
Save that sweet pledge of heavenly love.



WALTER LANGLEY.

REV. R. W. HUNTLEY, M.A.

The following ballad is founded on the fact that the son and heir of an ancient family among the gentry of England was disinherited by his father, and the succession placed in the second line, because the heir declined to marry a low-born girl whom he had betrayed under promise of wedlock; the father conceiving that the blessing of God would depart from the line of one who had so acted.

This remarkable instance of righteous dealing and godly fear is proved by the father's will now extant. The testator's first reason for disinheriting his son is "the couzening the woman he hath taken to him." The will was proved by the widow and second son, May 28, 1655. The line of the second son remains among the most ancient and consistent of the families of the kingdom.

PART I.

"AND am I then your castaway?
 And must I live in scorn?
 In tears behold departing day,
 And meet in tears the morn?"

"Is this the end?—and, on my bed
 Bowed by the travail woe,
 To blush—and hide the mother's head,
 But not her joy to know?"

"To love my child;—and yet to fear,
 To have a tale to tell,
 Which never ought to pierce his ear,
 Nor in his bosom swell?"

“ Is this the end ?—O if it be,
 Far better crave on high,
 A pardon in my misery,
 And lay me down and die !

“ Speak, speak, my Walter, quickly say,
 Is the fair promise vain ?
 O must I be your castaway,
 Or wilt thou cleanse the stain ?”

He bent on her face his clear grey eye,
 On his downy lip a smile ;—
 She pressed his hand, with a long drawn sigh,
 But silent he stood the while.

“ O scorn me not,—O smile not so,—
 My Walter, quickly speak,
 If I may not hope, then answer, No !
 And so my heart will break.

“ But I must not die !—for there soon will come
 A child without a name,
 Without a sire, without a home,
 A mother without the fame.

“ What heart will love the poor frail thing ?
 What hand will tend and keep ?
 O when it laughed, what voice would sing ?
 Weeping, what eye would weep ?

“ Who turns to GOD a chance-born child,
 Who trains its soul to pray ?
 All, all would leave it, reckless, wild,
 And, like its mother, stray !”

“ I must not die !—yet I cannot live,
If, Walter, thou art hard ;
O didst thou not thy promise give,
And canst thou now discard ?”

He bent on her face his clear grey eye,
On his downy lip a smile ;
He drew her to his bosom nigh,
And he kissed her cheek the while.

“ My Janet, what a coil is here !
What passion past belief !
This throbbing breast,—this falling tear,—
O wherefore such a grief ?”

“ If I have ever wedlock said,
I meant but constant love,
That purest flame will bless our bed
In angels’ eyes above.

“ Our souls are one !—It matters not,
Unjoined by priestly prayer,
Our names be two,—a common lot
Which many lovers share.

“ Red gold I have, and costly gear
For every child of mine ;
O calm thy sobbing, whence the fear ?
What want can visit thine ?”

“ O, Walter, not thy gold I seek,
Nor yet thy costly gear ;
For a fair name alone I speak,
A conscience made more clear !

“ I speak that thy poor new-born child
 Draw breath without disgrace,
 And with a name all undefiled
 Begin its earthly race.

“ Sad child,—with its own inborn sin,
 Its labour must be sore,
 Ere the REDEEMER it can win :
 O add no burden more !

“ O send not forth a taunted soul
 By scorn and fears accurst,
 Till, loved by none, and no control,
 It hides among the worst !

“ Among the worst,—with the impure,
 By every sin defiled !—
 My GOD,—my GOD !—canst thou endure ?—
 The father of the child !”

“ My Janet !—Think : these manors wide,
 These time-descended lands,
 The scutcheoned halls, the seats of pride,
 The service at thy hands :

“ How wouldst thou venture there to sit,
 And government essay ?
 Hast thou the skill, the training, fit
 To rule them day by day ?

“ Canst thou lead on the dames of place,
 And bear thee high with lords,
 In easy state, and courtly grace,
 And meetly-sorted words ?

“ How wilt thou guide, all lowly sprung,
Thy damsels light and vain ?
Thy heady grooms, thy varlets young,
My Janet, how restrain ?

“ The great would scorn thee, Janet fair ;
The vulgar flout and jeer ;
In place with neither !—O forbear !
And rest thee lowly here.”

“ O lowly I shall ever keep,
And shame-faced go my way ;
And if the bitter tears I weep,
The heart-sore prayers I pray,

“ If these be things from such as me,
As, with all-pardoning eye,
The LORD above will stoop to see,—
Then, Walter, I can die :

“ Not place I covet : as thy wife
In modest guise arrayed,
Fain would I lead a hidden life,
A plant that loves the shade :

“ Fain strive, with thankful, tender heart,
Watchful and true to be,
And painfully to do my part,
A fragrant plant to thee !

“ Be thine the state, the proud parade,
Thy birthright, woe the while !
Be mine the service, mine the shade,
But mine thy secret smile !

“ I ask not pride—I am not heard !
 Walter, my plea is done !
 Keep all thy lands—but keep thy word !
 Be honest to thy son !”

A cold smile on his face did play ;
 He smiled, and shook his head,
 He kissed her forehead—and away !
 But never word he said.

The summer's dews all softly fell
 In moonlight and in shade :
 The youth went lightly down the dell,
 And left his love betrayed.

She watched him with her eye so true,
 Till longer sight was none ;
 His floating cloak waved out of view,
 His nodding plume was gone.

She turned a trembling look to God,
 And yet another cast
 To see the turf where last he trod,—
 The tree that he had passed.

Her heart sank down : on bended knee
 She clasped her hands to pray :
 Her maddened soul, in agony,
 To heaven would force a way.

“ Almighty FATHER, wilt Thou hear ?
 And am I still Thy child ?
 Mid angel music can Thine ear
 Receive my voice defiled ?

“ I do confess—I do confess,
Nor answer make again—
A sinner lost, beyond redress,
And all my life a stain !

“ Lost ! lost ! save CHRIST my ransom show,
While empty is my hand !
O can Thy mercies richer flow
When wanting all I stand ?

“ Thy Word doth threaten wrath and pain
From guilty sire to son,
Still passing down, until the stain
In the lost line is gone.

“ Is thus foredoomed my hopeless child ?
Let it in pity be
That he may walk mid mercies mild,—
Justice alone on me !

“ O may I speak and further pray ?
And canst Thou further hear ?
A name there is I cannot say,
Deep in my bosom dear.

“ He hailed me of his bone a bone,
One flesh he swore to me ;
He doth forsake, not me alone,
He hath forsaken Thee !

“ O turn his heart to better ways,
Forgive him all the past !
Renew and help him all his days,
And pardon him at last !”

Oft prayed she thus, by man unheard :
 She bore her child of blame,
 And never spoke an angry word,
 When taunted with her shame.

Low in the window, on the Book
 Her downcast eyes were staid,
 And in the church the darkest nook,
 Her holy place she made.

Thus did her soul see life depart,
 And still on sorrow feed ;—
 O may each rent and broken heart,
 Find JESUS CHRIST to plead !

PART II.

Young Walter walked the waters near,
 The spreading trees among :
 “ O happy here, my Janet dear,
 Before her path was wrong !”

Young Walter led his careless way
 The meadows soft along :—
 “ O here the hills and beech trees grey
 Gave back her merry song !”

Young Walter walked the deep deep wood :
 “ O here my tongue did feign !
 O here poor Janet wept a flood,
 And every tear in vain !”

Young Walter drew his steps around
Unto the old hall door :
Soon in his father's chamber sound
His footsteps on the floor.

“ Come in, come in, my Walter dear !
My chamber come within ;
My years are told, my hour is near,
I leave this world of sin.

“ But ere I pass, alas, alas !
A weary task I have,
To cast aside my worldly pride,
And so unto my grave.

“ Walter, I once foresaw in thee
Him to sustain my line,
In high estate,—and on my knee
Proud progeny of thine.

“ The wedding pageant onward draw,—
The high-born dainty bride,—
The noble sire,—all, all I saw,—
And fondly saw with pride.

“ The natural heart!—but mists have fled!—
With clearer sight I go ;
I bid thee now thy Janet wed,
And live in truth below.

“ They tell me thou hast loved the maid,
Far, far, from thy degree,
They say, to folly both betrayed,
A helpless child will be !

“Thy sin the first—the greater part,—
 A plighted vow did pass!
 They say she hath an honest heart;
 I bid thee wed the lass.”

“Not thus, not thus,” then spake the son,—
 “Not thus, with folded hands
 Departing, be thy journey done,—
 Father,—thy last commands!

“Bid not thy child with one to wed
 Of whom his soul is tired,
 And speak false words of solemn dread
 To one no more desired.

“With her the vow I cannot take—
 I cannot constant be,—
 That promise I can never make,
 E’en in thy death, to thee!”

“Tired in thy soul! thy word eschewed!
 Was such, sad guilty child,
 Thy promise when poor Janet stood
 Before thee unbeguiled?

“Then didst thou say thy word should fall,
 And changeable thy soul?
 Or didst thou pledge thee, all in all,
 And bid her take the whole?”

“But, Father, dost thou bid thine heir
 Wed one of low degree?
 Thy manors and thy lineage fair
 Join hands with poverty?”

“ Must Langley’s lady be the scorn
Of every well-born dame,
And children each, as soon as born,
Stand lessened in their fame ?

“ Is this thy wish ?—O let me deem
Thy spoken words are vain !
The failing sick man’s wandering dream,
And fever’s crazed brain !

“ When in the hall I think upon
The banners over head,
The honours which our sires have won,
Now resting with the dead,

“ How Edmund bore his scallop-shell
In thirsty Palestine,
And left it still his fame to tell
Wherever lives his line :

“ How Reginald, at hot Poitiers,
Earl Oxford’s banner bore,
And since he saved the life of Vere,
The Mullet ever wore :

“ Strange housings these, wherewith to deck
The palfrey all so proud,
Which bears behind his arching neck
A damsel disallowed !”

“ How disallowed ?—hard-hearted son !
Who made her disallowed ?
Who fixed his eye the maid upon,
And lured her from the crowd ?

“ Is thine the hand to cast the stone ?
Look forward, child, and fear !
God heareth now her bitter moan,
And telleth tear by tear !

“ I reckon not now descent and kin,
Nor how, in fields of pride,
Mid battle-wrath, in dust and din,
Mercy was cast aside !

“ What, what to me the herald's skill ?
What is the long drawn line,
Where all are one man's children still,
Adam, weak sons of thine ?

“ Walter ! in death the awe-struck mind
Looks forward to explore,—
All as she leaves the world behind,—
The world which lies before !

“ There she beholds the endless youth,
The purity, the love,
The equal state, the eternal truth
Of them, the blest above.

“ Full soon my soul shall take her flight
Beyond the sun and moon,
Shall leave behind the stars of light,
And all creation soon !

“ What then our pomps ?—the painted blaze
Of worms in ermine dight ?
All, all be glorious where I gaze,
Walking in robes of light !

“ Banners float not mine eyes before,
Nor armed arrays I see ;
Look,—look, my son,—nor Azincour
Nor Jaffa tell to me.

“ But look, and see, how pure they be,
How true in guileless love !
So must it be, if blest to thee,
This, or the life above !”

“ What visions, father, round you teem,
Mocking the mind astray ?
Wake, wake, and leave the fevered dream !
Return to things of day !

“ I cannot live with her my life,
Unequal, and beneath ;
I cannot take her for my wife,
Though thy last word in death !

“ I fear no evil, curse, nor bane,
If separate we stand ;—
Wedded, an universal stain
On lineage, name, and land !”

“ No bane, rash child, upon thy sins ?
No withering curse on high ?
E'en now, GOD's righteous wrath begins —
His minister am I !

“ These lands, thy boast, that lineage pure
Thou proudly tell'st to me,
E'en as I pray they may endure,
I dare not give to thee !

“ O Walter ! once thou wast to me
 The glory of my lot !
 No prayer but still remembered thee !
 No worldly plan forgot !

“ When laid among my sires,—I deemed,
 My last long sleep beneath,
 Thou wouldst succeed,—and easier seemed
 The fearful path of death.

“ I sowed for thee, for thee would build,
 Would till, and plant for thee ;
 For thee more fondly loved each field,
 More fondly loved each tree !

“ These hopes I leave ! till I am dust
 I will to God belong !
 His wealth with thee I dare not trust,
 Nor strengthen thee in wrong !

“ No blessing on my house will wait
 Longer than we be true !
 O wilt thou, Walter, change thy fate ?
 Thy former self renew ?

“ Take, take thine own ! speak, speak, dear boy,
 And blessings on thine head !
 Restore to honesty and joy—”
 “ Father, I cannot wed !”

“ Now CHRIST forgive thee !—cleanse thy stain !
 God pardon thee !—depart !
 Mercy recall him !—bitter pain,
 Last struggle of my heart !”

PART III.

Dame Katharine to her child is gone ;
She led him from the place :
“ Spare, spare thyself, my misproud son,
And seek a time of grace !”

“ But grace, dear mother, wherefore grace ?
My father’s mind doth stray ;
He cannot wish to wed his race
With lowly Janet Grey !”

“ Wild boy, he doth ! he fears the LORD !
He knows her heart is true !
He knows thy false and feigning word
Before thou couldst undo !

“ He will not smile on perjury,
Nor pamper thee in pride,
Nor break her heart, when she shall see
Thy wedding-state and bride.”

“ But mother, all my fire is cold,
Grey all the embers lie ;
Love, like the rest, in time grows old,
And growing old, will die.”

“ O Walter, Walter ! man grows old,
And is no longer strong ;
His pulse is slow, his breast is cold,
But Love is always young !

“ I loved thy father in his youth,
His beauty, joys, and pride ;
And now his goodness, wisdom, truth,
They bind me to his side.

“ I loved him young, in middle age
I ever loved him still,
I love him now he leaves the stage,
Departed, love I will !

“ Dead-hearted child !—poor man grows old,
And is no longer strong ;
Pulses be slow, and blood is cold,
But Love is always young !”

“ Mother, within thy sainted breast
True love may constant dwell ;
But man will change, nor stedfast rest,
Nor can he love so well.”

“ Walter, thou knowest not love at all ;
He is a plant of cost,
His leaf in winter will not fall,
Nor fades his flower in frost !

“ I loved thee when an infant born
Wailing between my feet,
All wanting, feeble, and forlorn,
My love began, so sweet !

“ I loved thee when thy stammering tongue
The prattling word would say ;
I loved thee when, with footsteps young,
They led thy tottering way ;

“ I loved thee when, a playful boy,
Thy guileless face was glad ;
As grew thy strength, so grew my joy,
I loved the handsome lad.

“ I love thee now to manhood grown,
Shaded the lip and chin ;
I love,—I shudder while I own,
I love thee though in sin !

“ I love, I pray for thee, until
My oft-repeated prayer
Seems wearisome to GOD, but still
My weary prayer is there !

“ Pray—pray I must, e'en if unheard !
And so, till death shall come,
Love pours his sorrow-laden word,
Nor can his voice be dumb !

“ And I beseech thee, for thy sake,
And for thy tainted soul,
Redeem thy oath, poor Janet take,
And CHRIST forgive the whole !”

“ O mother, ask me not again !
But let it be believed
My pledge I never can maintain—
And hope must be deceived.

“ Her beauty palls, her goodness tires,
Her fondness jades my heart ;
Faded she is, and all the fires
Of former love depart.”

“ Cold, selfish child ! O what a pang
Thou nursest for thy breast !
What curses on thy footsteps hang,
What spectres in thy rest !

“ Death, long desired, in some sad hour
Shall end her misery ;
Thou then wilt learn how sweet the flower
Blighted by love of thee.

“ When we have lost, then we lament !
Silent the corpse and still !
But keen rebukes, though no complaint,
The chidden soul will fill.

“ Her beauty seems more beautiful,
Her faith more true to be,
Her duteous ways more dutiful,
And all betrayed by thee !

“ Silent her form, and not a word,
Placid the smile of death !
Seems, if a passing sound was heard,
Forgiveness filled her breath.”

“ Peace, mother, peace, and let me tread
A wiser path than thine ;
For I a winsome bride will wed,
Whose costly diamonds shine ;

“ I'll wed a bride whose wood and flood,
And meadows stretch along ;
I'll wed a bride whose birth and blood
Shall fill the poet's song.”

Young Walter left his father's hall
Without a doubt or fear,
And hied him with his woodsmen tall
To chase the fallow deer.

Out o'er the hill he chased the deer,
He chased him down the dell,
When fell a burden on his ear :—
His father's passing bell !

The heavy tone the echoes tell,
And ever seem to say,
"Thou hast no home ! for in that knell
Thy birthright tolls away !"

PART IV.

Young Walter went, in spirit rent,
His bitter cup to fill ;—
Beneath the tent his life he spent,
A daring soldier still.

In foreign fight, by day, by night,
In mine, or trench, or heath,
Whate'er the plight, still ready dight
To end his grief in death.

The sword, the knife, the cannon rife
For slaughter, welcome be ;
And none his life, in battle strife,
More lightly held than he.

His youth a blight,—his manhood night,—
 And all the blame his own!
 Wild in the fight,—when out of sight
 To curse himself and groan!

But all in vain! nor danger, pain,
 Nor woes his tumult end;
 So back again, with crazed brain
 His homeward footsteps bend.

In Horsley Vale, again the gale
 Comes burdened with a knell:
 "Tell, maiden pale, the village tale,
 And whose yon passing bell?"

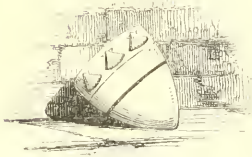
"O ask me not!—to bear my lot
 I've wandered here away:
 That dreadful spot, my mother's cot,
 I cannot bear to-day!"

"But why so wild? be reconciled."
 "Sir, GOD hath ta'en away—"
 "Her name, poor child?" "Some Langley styled;
 She only—Janet Grey!"

"Is this the end that GOD doth send?
 Her life in sadness done!
 I came to mend where I did rend—
 Alas! the day is gone!"

"I do bequeath to thee," he saith,
 "On thee my store confer,
 Through blood, and death, and parting breath,
 The gold I snatched for her!"

“ My sinful race ! can boundless Grace
Seek the lost sheep again ? ”
With upturned face upon the place
Answered the child — “ Amen ! ”





CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

EDITOR.

“That which chiefly broke his peace was the death of his daughter Claypole, who had always been his greatest joy, and who, in her sickness, which was of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with, had several conferences with him, which exceedingly perplexed him. Though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the pains she endured, the blood her father had spilt, made people conclude that she had presented his worst actions to his consideration. And though he never made the least show of remorse for any of those actions, it is very certain that either what she said, or her death, affected him wonderfully.”—*Clarendon's Rebell.* xv.

The acts of Cromwell adverted to in the ballad are all borne out by historical documents.

Now fall to prayer, good cavaliers! pray, gallant hearts and true!

God hath not cast away His cause, though friends it number few!
Now to your knees, good priestly men! pray, faithful hearts and stout!

The LORD is in His vineyard, though His labourers be cast out!
Now ery to heaven, good loyal dames! pray, gentle hearts and mild!

Ye have a Friend, though reft away spouse, brother, sire, and child!

Pray all for him whose frenzy laid, beneath its fiery flood,
Altar in ashes, throne in dust, and fatherland in blood!

By widowed hearths and plundered lands, lost fields and splintered swords,

Rent amice, trampled Liturgy, and chancel-stabled hordes,
Kneel in the omnipotence of prayer for him who wrought your fall!

'Tis judgment hour! and Hampton now claims vengeance for Whitehall!

Ay! on your murdered liege's couch, thence never more to rise,
Your persecutor's treasured child in speechless anguish lies!
All that could claim one thought of love in that dark breast of hate!

The only light that cheers that soul, so dread, so desolate!

O pray that this keen hour may barb sharp conscience' healthful sting,

Win late contrition for your foe, his birthright for your King,
Revive your crushed and bleeding Church, your agonizing land,
And from the fast consuming flame snatch the yet crumbling brand!

Nor, while ye kneel, restrain the prayer for her who needs it less,

Yet claims it more; whose pulse hath beat each throb of your distress:

Your wrongs are breaking that meek heart—yet pray not for
her life—

Pray for swift victory to avenge that pure and patient strife!
Like are her name, her truth, her woes—like be her bliss in
death,

With her's, the Martyr's martyr child, the meek Elisabeth!

Lo where she lies, all stark and still! breathe softly—gently
tread—

Save for the pang that wrings the brow, ye well may deem her
dead.

Lo where the hard and war-worn man stands at her side alone;
Save for the tear upon his cheek, ye well may deem him stone:
But nearest hangs the thundercloud when stillest frowns the
sky:

And from that dark o'erlabouring breast bursts forth the
bitter cry:

“O daughter, thou art one of them that bring me very low!
O LORD of Hosts, where have I erred, that Thou should'st
scourge me so?

Wherein have I been found behind Thy chiefest saints of old?
As Moses true, as Samuel firm, as holy Joshua bold!

How well Thy servant wrought Thy work, let Alban's battle
say,

And Winceby field, and red Dunbar, and Marston's glorious
fray;

At Naseby and at Newbury my fury was not slack;
From flesh of kings and mighty men my weapon turned not
back;

In Peter's steeple I consumed a hundred in mine ire,
And thanked Thy mercy as I heard their howlings in the fire.
At Wexford, to the market cross two hundred benches fled;
Straightway beneath their idol stone my pikemen laid them
dead.

As Shalman spoil'd Beth-arbel,—Tredagh by me was spoil'd,
 The mother by my troopers dashed in pieces on her child.
 Kingdoms and kings Thou gavest me—the black malignant foe
 Was dust before my scattering sword,—was stubble to my bow.
 When did this eye compassionate? this arm delay to smite?
 E'en as my foe I hated Thine, the accurst Amalekite!
 Man, woman, infant, suckling, in my zeal I slew them all,
 And hewed their haughty Agag down before Thee in Whitehall!"

Nerved at that word, from deathlike trance the frenzied lady
 springs—
 Flushes her cheek, wide glares her eye, wild round her sire she
 clings—
 Swells the spare form, the full vein starts, sink down the lines
 of pain,
 Unclose the thin and bloodless lips in dread unearthly strain:

"O father, father, spare me yet! for that foul deed of sin,
 My failing heart is bleeding now my wasting frame within!
 Face, an thou canst, the calm reproof that bends yon pictured
 brow!
 'Blood will have blood!' those mimic lips, I hear them speak it
 now!
 Thou art thyself the Amalekite! thy word hath testified
 Against thyself, that by thy hand the LORD'S Anointed died.
 Where are the high credentials writ that vouch thy right to
 slay?
 When did the deep engulf thy foes, and give thy legions way?
 When at thy bidding did the lamps of night and day stand
 still?
 When did the stony shower descend to execute thy will?—
 Humble thyself, repent, deplore, in penance and in dread!
 These deadly crimes, thine impious vaunt, bring this upon thy
 head!

Never with thee might father's prayer to save his child prevail,

And now thy prayers to win thee back thy darling's life shall fail.
 Vainly I prayed for him who made thy loving child a wife ;
 Thy prayer shall be as vain for me, as mine for Hewet's life !
 Thy cruel word hath scar'd away a dream of heavenly bliss :
 I was a child, I came to thee for blessing and for kiss :
 I knelt as I was wont of old, between thy knees, to pray
 For thee, my mother, and my king ; 'twas close of summer day.
 And then a regal Shadow came ! he lingers by me now—
 A strange and awful dimness veils his blest and beaming brow—
 Meekness and majesty are there, with martyr firmness blent—
 O could'st thou see him as I see, thou would'st, thou must
 repent !

O that he would but look on thee ! but no ! he turns away—
 Yes—he is turning now to go—nor must thy child delay !
 He bids me go along with him in a resistless Name !
 Say thou repentest ! this is all thy dying child would claim !
 Say, ' I have sinnèd ! ' those brief words, from sad and contrite
 heart,

Have won forgiveness ! say but those, and I in peace depart !
 Then go, and at thy Sovereign's feet cast orb and sceptre down,
 And at his contrite nation's head recall him to his crown.
 O father, at this dreadful hour I comfortless should be,
 Had I not prayed with all a child's devoted love for thee ;
 And I will pray while I shall live that thou mayest see thy guilt,
 And weep a tear for every drop of blood thy hand hath spilt,
 And plead the blood of Innocence, whose virtue can alone
 The blood which thou hast shed abroad in ocean floods atone.
 But, father,—father !—speed thee now ! no time is there to stay,
 A form that will not wait by thee is hastening me away—
 And if we should not meet again !—yet it may never be,
 If thou repentest not this day, that thou should'st come
 to me !"

Mounts to the tyrant's darkening brow the angry crimson tide—
Pale ebbs it back as he beholds the helpless form beside—

“Nay, sweeting, I have sought the LORD, and He hath shown
to me

The glory that shall wreath my name in ages yet to be :
Milton, proud foe of tyranny, whose lay shall vanquish death,
Sings ‘Darwen stream,’ and ‘Dunbar field,’ and ‘Worcester’s
laureat wreath ;’

And when in senate or on plain shall rise the patriot shout,
And ‘Liberty of conscience !’ from a thousand tongues ring out,
Those very tongues shall bless my deed, and say ’twas wise
and well,

Charles Stuart for his conscience’ sake on felon scaffold fell.
And men of woman’s tenderness, who think the laws too
rough,

Nay, e’en the GOD of mercy’s law not merciful enough,
Deeming His mortal penalty too stern for murderer’s crime,
Shall count it but a king’s desert, and call the act sublime.
And throats that bawl ‘Equality !’ all praise to him shall peal,
Who broke the golden staff and cross, to rule with brand of
steel ;

And he who bowed free British backs beneath Virginian whips,
His praise shall ring mid Afric’s wrongs from freedom-lauding
lips.

And men of deep compassion,—they shrink from warfare so,
They deem it sin to fence the land against a foreign foe,—
Yea, men of large philanthropy, who sing of coming good,
When earth shall be one fatherland, mankind one brotherhood,
Shall glorify the war that set the son against the sire,
The hand that gave malignants’ babes to halbert and to fire.
Tut, girl! concern thee not with me! but haste and seek the
LORD,

That He may give thee grace to hate the souls of Him
abhorred—

What, not one prayer? for me? for thee? thy prayer was
wont to rise—

Nay, child, I would not grieve thee now—”

He gazes—where she lies,
Tranquil as infancy asleep,—he views with trembling dread
The face that met his loving kiss from out her cradle bed!
The long lost, scarce remembered face, he loved so in his child:
Save that the woman’s brow is sad, the infant’s brightly smiled.
Gaze on, gaze on, thou man of stone! weep on, thou soon shalt
pray:

He will not gaze—he hides the tear—he turns—he bursts away.

Now pray once more, good cavaliers! pray, faithful priestly men!
And pray for your remorseless foe, good gentle dames, agen!
The man of blood is vaunting now before the gates of death:
Yet oft amid his boastful prayers is heard “Elisabeth!”
“Yes, once in grace, in grace for aye—the chosen never errs—
Yet, let me die the just one’s death! and my last end be hers!”

“O let me die the just one’s death!” O prayer for ever rife
On lips of men who will not bow to live the just one’s life!
The name of Cromwell was, and is, and, while the earth abides,
Shall be a spell to lawless hearts on Faction’s tossing tides;
Genius may hail him greatest prince to whom our land gave
birth;
The man worth any thousand men, GOD’S greatest gift to
earth;*

* “The greatest prince that has ever ruled England.” — *Macaulay’s History of England*, vol. I. p. 155.

“For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God’s greatest gift to this earth is sneeringly flung away.” — *Carlyle’s Hero-worship*. Lecture vi.

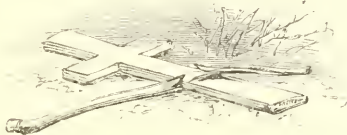
Baron, knight, squire, may pile their gold, till on his loyal town
The rebel Spoiler's ruffian form shall lower insulting down ;
Wrung from bowed Labour's sore-taxed hoard, all marble he
may stand

Where meet, and where he spurned to dust, the noblest of the
land ;

There, from their pedestals once more he may depose our
kings ;—

Yet, in the realm where he abides, all these are emptiest things ;
They will not mingle with the themes by seraph voices sung ;
They cannot frame one limpid drop to cool the burning tongue.
We may not judge—to heaven's great day we leave the Usur-
per's doom ;

Yet where of his idolaters is he who would presume
To lift the bold, undoubting prayer—" May I be as he is !
O let me die that just one's death ! and my last end be his ?"





BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

F. R.

“ O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses !
They bigged a bower on yon burn brae,
And theeked it ower with rashes.”

So still is sung that ancient lay,
Those bonny lasses wailing ;
Forgotten grief of former day,—
Its very memory failing.

Yet still on Lynedoch's braes they bloom,
Bluebell and purple heather ;
And rushes by the lowly tomb,
Where now they sleep together.

They thought in holy ground to lie,
Their kindred all around them :
But they must lie beneath the sky,
E'en there, where death has found them.

The pestilence was in the town,
And rich and poor were dying ;
And many fled to dale and down,
And in the woods were lying.

They made themselves a fresh green bed
Of blooming heath and rushes ;
The lark sang gaily over head,
And piped sweet evening thrushes.

They deemed no pest might reach them there,
Where winds of heaven were blowing ;
And fresh and free the mountain air,
And fragrant flowers were growing ;

Where running waters clear and cold,
Murmured in midnight shower ;
And peaceful they as lambs in fold,
Reposed within their bower ;

And brightly shone the evening star,
When the pale moon was sinking ;
And oft they thought of those afar,
But most of one were thinking.—

On the hill-top sat Mary Gray,
Gazing the valleys over ;
And looked along the distant way,
Her brother to discover.

And Bessie Bell looked on the ground,
But she was listening ever ;
And first she heard the far-off sound,
The step mistaken never.—

His coming was a joyful sight,
But yet it brought them sorrow ;
For Mary Gray fell sick that night,
And Bessie Bell the morrow.

Within his arms died Bessie Bell,
And at his feet died Mary ;
Ah ! woe for him who loved so well,
Now left all solitary !

He dug their grave, and thought to die,
When he had laid them in it ;
Death seemed to be a haven nigh ;
He sought, but could not win it.

Day after day he watched the grave,
And saw the grass grow o'er it ;
And rowan trees and birches wave,
From boughs he set before it.

And all around he made to grow
The bluebells loved the dearest,
For her sweet sake who lay below,
And to his heart was nearest.

As Bessie's eye the flower was blue,
Slender, and pale, and bending ;
And drooped its head as she might do,
The night her life was ending.

The rushes they are tall and straight,
The wind in them is singing ;
And Mary's voice, so blithe of late,
To his remembrance bringing.

The rushes grey he loved alway,
Of his dear sister speaking ;
On heather bloom, from o'er their tomb,
He still his rest is seeking.

From Lynedoch's braes no more he strays,
His heart to them is cleaving,
E'en to their dust, but with good trust
Their souls are bliss receiving.

For oft together did they pray,
And still it drew them nearer ;
And many a hymn sung Mary Gray,
And Bessie loved to hear her.

Long as by Lynedoch's braes they grow,
Bluebells and grey-green rushes ;
And fresh and free the winds may blow,
And sing sweet evening thrushes ;

So long may swains the tale repeat,
And pitying maidens sing it ;
Making beside the grave their seat,
While back the echoes fling it.

For often there he knelt in prayer,
And well he learned to love it,
And looked on high, to yon blue sky,
Thinking of them above it.

And so at first he thought of heaven,
As of their happy dwelling ;
Until to him high thoughts were given,
Of brighter glories telling.

O it were joyful there to meet
The loved ones gone before us !
But to see Him were far more sweet,
Who suffered to restore us.

And there to see Him as He is !
And be with Him for ever !
There were no joy in heaven like this,
Though friends no more may sever.

And so in that his lowly lot,
He found, like many another,
The heavenly Friend that faileth not,
Who loves beyond all other.



ELISABETH OF FRANCE.

J. E. L.

The circumstances alluded to in the following ballad are found in the histories and memoirs of the time, though few of them give more than a brief notice of the story of the noble and devoted sister of Lewis the Sixteenth.

A ROYAL heart of love was thine, Elisabeth of France,
 And high and heavenly were thy dreams in girlhood's meek
 romance,
 Dreams of a life to GOD devote, and in His service spent,
 With daily round of prayer and praise, and pious deeds content.
 Reared as thou wert in convent shade from earth-dimmed pomps
 apart,
 Thou didst but long to offer up an undivided heart.

The Cross on thy young forehead traced was graven deep within,
 And earth had nought whose nobleness thine eagle glance could
 win,
 But rather thou, with princely heart, would's't give as GOD had
 given,
 And sojourn in this world apart, a cloistered spouse of heaven ;
 For bowed to wear CHRIST'S easy yoke, and prove His burden
 light,
 His love to harmony attuned a soul of wondrous might.

Thine energies of heart and mind, thy wild and wayward mood,
 How had they been to Him resigned, to gentleness subdued !
 Yet never sister's heart was nerved with truer tenderer love
 Than thine, Elisabeth of France, "thou falcon-hearted dove!"

And thou with youth's sweet dream to part, at duty's call wert
fain,

And mid the splendours of a court in meekness to remain ;

To lend affection's gentle cheer, and brightness of thy smile,
The pangs of royalty to soothe, and aching hearts beguile.
Thy brother and thy sovereign turned for solace unto thee,
And oft his queenly consort wooed with love's persuasive plea :
" Oh stay, sweet sister ! leave us not when vexing cares are rife,
And, for our subjects' glad acclaim, we hear but sounds of strife.

" Full sadly from the storm without, the discord and the din,
In leisure hour we turn aside some household joys to win ;
We have but few, and thou art one, in brightness of thy morn—
Thou would'st not that our joys were less ! Oh, leave us not
forlorn !

Be if thou wilt, in heart and soul, a consecrated bride,
But leave us not in mournfulness to miss thee from our side !"

And so thy lot was linked with their's, whom thou didst love so
well,

What time on their devoted heads the storm-burst's fury fell,
Nor would'st thou flee, when others fled, their safety to secure.
Bent with thy loved ones, weal, or woe, to welcome, or endure,
In days of carnage, nights of fear, when terror round thee roared,
An angel brightness evermore was from thy presence poured.

To cheer, to soothe, to lend thine aid, when other aid was none,
For this without a murmuring thought, thy safety was foregone.
" Nay, brother, nay," such words were thine, " thou may'st not
grieve for me !

How had I pined thy lot to share in exile, far from thee !"
The widowed Queen, the fatherless, to thee for comfort clung,
And round thy neck in agony of sore bereavement hung.

Daughter of Austria, Queen of France, whose wrongs our pity
claim,

A blot on thine adopted land, to tinge her sons with shame !

Waking from strangers' lips the burst of passionate regret,

Whose eloquence in British ears is haply sounding yet,

What time Burke mourned of chivalry the days for ever gone,

While sacrilegious hands uptore the altar and the throne,

And spared thee not, whose loveliness had burst upon his sight,

Amid the splendours of a court, a vision of delight,

Till fancy deemed a thousand swords had from their scabbards

leapt,

To avenge a look that threatened thee, from aught of insult kept !

How didst thou blush the Fleur de Lis, erewhile of France the

pride,

Should find no champions save the Swiss, who round her standard

died !

And thou, whose royalty of soul full well became a crown,

On thy young sister's faithful breast, wert fain to lean adown,

While tears that flowed not for herself, for thee were freely shed,

When grief had blanched thy silken locks, and bowed thy gra-

acious head ;

And yet when man had done his worst, enduring to the last,

In majesty man could not mar, the ordeal was passed.

Ah, nightly from the captive's cell arose the voice of prayer,

A prayer for mercy on their foes, and patience still to bear—

A prayer for France, ungrateful France, while schooled in mar-

tyr's lore,

Her noblest and her best were doomed their life-blood to out-

pour !

The blow that crushed them, from their woes no bitterness

could wring—

Another lesson they had learned from Him, the martyrs' King !

Elisabeth ! we track thy path through all that fearful time !
A ministering angel still, in gentleness sublime !
And thou hadst thought to bear thy cross in other sort than
this,

In altar shades thy heart to pour, and taste of heavenly bliss ;
But He who sealed thee for Himself, to other service called,
To follow in His blood-stained steps, by suffering unappalled :

In prison cell to visit Him, and duteous service pay,
To die a malefactor's death, and for thy murderers pray !
A thought of Him was strength enough to follow to the death,
While incense of a broken heart breathed in thine every breath ;
And on the scaffold, saint-like still, thy maiden meekness shone,
And from the sufferers at thy side, a tardy tribute won !

No saintly canon tells of thee : of thee no poet sings !
The veil as of a bride of heaven its shadow round thee flings ;
Yet fair as lily thorn-enwreathed, Elisabeth, wert thou ;
And bright the coronet prepared to grace thy virgin brow !
And even while I read thy tale and weep to think of thee,
I may not grudge the pangs that yet for glory rays shall be !



THE PRISON FLOWER.

MRS. LORRAINE.

This poem will be recognized as an abstract of the beautiful tale popularly known in the French of Saintine. Picciola appears to me so essentially and properly ethereal, that I make no apology for sublimating her altogether, and presenting her as a spiritual fragment.

It was a dark and dreary cell,
 It was a dim and chill midnight ;
 The high-barred casement, guarded well,
 Caught not a gleam of light.

Without, was many a massive wall,
 Strong watcher of the dreary cell ;
 And moat and keep, and bastion tall,—
 The towers of Fénestrelle.

Within, a solitary man
 Kept the long vigil lone and haunted,
 With flickering shapes, and visions wan,
 And sleepless dreams enchanted.

Strange sights do lonely watchers see,
 They may be real, they may be shadow,
 But plain, as sunshine from the tree
 Casts down athwart the meadow.

An airy host hath solitude,
A vision for her favourite eyes—
For eyes with light and power endued,
To see her mysteries.

A solitary moonbeam ran,
Soft as the halo of a saint,
Through the high grating gleaming wan,
And sorrowfully faint—

A stealthy ray of light new risen,
Like mercy's secret deed, began
To shine upon that dreary prison,
That solitary man.

Now the pale glory upward mounted,
And the dim lattice flooded o'er ;
Now one by one its bars he counted,
Reflected on the floor.

It fell upon the captive's face,
And on the old white wall it fell ;
Wild shadows did the moonlight trace,
In antique Fénestrelle.

But wilder, darker than the whole,
The shadows which can never fall
From light—the shadows of the soul,
Were on that old white wall.

GOD ! once Thine awful finger writ
Words on the wall—the dreadful Three,
In the old Chaldean palace, lit
For godless revelry.

The finger of a man had wrought,
Upon his lonely prison wall,
Spells by revolted spirits taught,
And written, "Chance is all."

There grew a flower, which had arisen
Mid old grey stones, in radiant green ;
A flower which bloometh in a prison
Is twice a flower, I ween.

It breatheth of the vale and hill,
The glad, the beautiful, the free ;
It telleth of the forest rill,
The bird, the fawn, the bee.

It breatheth of the hollow woods,
The lonely pining of the doves,
The echoes of the moaning floods,
The cuckoo's tuneful loves.

It is a dream, a charm of power,
A memory of the lost and fair :
And daily grew the prison flower ;
None knew how came it there.

It might have been the Alpine wind
In its fierce passage dropt the seed ;
So roughest hand may leave behind
The charitable deed.

It might have been some bird, who beareth
Again the mission of high love ;
As bore the raven of old Cherith,
Or the lone ark's white dove.

And daily grew the prison flower,
 With its sweet soul of balm and light ;
 A spirit-star through every hour,
 A moral infinite.

The captive had been long alone
 With the dark shadows of his mind,
 With thoughts which turn the soul to stone,
 And leave the reason blind—

The reptile pride, misnamed so much—
 The self-esteem'd philosophy,
 Rejecting all it cannot touch,
 And all it cannot see.

As eagles track the radiant sun,
 Some spirits seek the realms of light ;
 And some, like owls, obliquely run
 Into the depths of night :

Till, losing every native ray,
 And by eternal gloom appalled,
 They turn to Learning's partial day,
 Or Science, falsely called.

Who yet by Learning's loftiest plan,
 Or soaring Science daring all,
 Hath touched, or seen, the soul of man?
 Or made a raindrop fall ?

Can Reason's strong material hands
 Constrain the tides, or guide the seas ?
 Or loose Orion's starry bands ?
 Or bind the Pleiades ?

Can all the laws of sense combine
To show, or see, Creation's springs ?
Or make the peacock's plumage fine ?
Or give the ostrich wings ?

He who has read with simple glance
The volume of the skies and sod,
Smiles sadly at the ignorance
Too wise to own a GOD.

Sun, moon, and stars, winds, ocean, earth,
Deny, in one accord of glory,
The sceptic's version of his birth,
And its immortal story.

The captive had been long alone,
With hopeless soul, and spirit dim ;
The solitary flower had grown
A shape of love to him !

He knew the hour its fragrant leaves
Expanded in the morning sun ;
And when the breath of sunset eves
Folded them one by one.

And how it turned towards the light,
To drink the living radiance warm ;
And bent its petals fine and slight,
Before the coming storm ;

How all the day its odours passed
Through rules of such divine completeness,
He learnt to tell the hours at last
By very change of sweetness.

'Twas strange to one whose creed of chance
 Had never pierced the veil of sense,
 To watch with lone and earnest glance
 The ways of Providence.

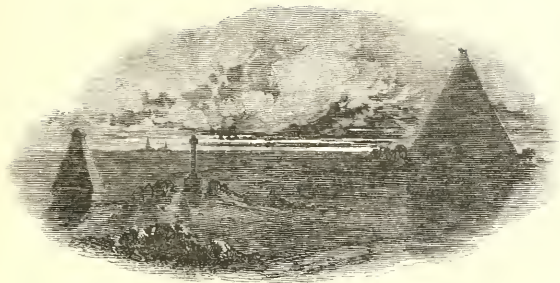
Yet 'twas no miracle he saw—
 Such vanished with the Church's youth—
 It was but Nature's simplest law,
 Teaching eternal truth :

A world of occult mysteries,
 Of will, and rule, and power, and plan ;
 As subtle as the spirit's ties
 Within the frame of man.

A prophet breathed in every hour,
 And speechless voices from the sod ;—
 They told him, that not even a flower
 Could grow without a God.

And on his soul's long darkening waste
 Thought, dove-like, brooded vast and bright ;
 So, o'er the shores of Chaos passed
 The mighty wings of Light !





A BALLAD OF WATERLOO.

ENNA.

FULL thirty years and more have passed,
How soon they've passed away !
Since those old glorious wars of ours—
Oh, well I mind the day,

When last we met the hosts of France,
And tamed their leader's pride ;
'Twas on the eighteenth day of June,
But it scarce seemed summer-tide ;

For the rain was falling thick and fast,
It fell the whole day through,
And mingled with the blood that lay
On the Field of Waterloo.

Two days we had been hurrying on,
Cold, weary, to the fight ;
But we thought no more of cold, or toil,
When our foemen came in sight.

There were lads just fresh from England,
 Young school-lads, shy and meek ;
 Their mother's kiss, their mother's tear,
 Yet warm upon their cheek ;

Ere evening, stern and terrible—
 Ay, ancle-deep in gore,
 They raged like tigers in the fight,
 As their fathers did of yore.

There were men worn down in battle,
 Old warriors, bent and grey ;
 And men in manhood's fairest prime,
 With maiden swords that day.

All shouted back to Wellington :
 All kindled as they heard
 That calm bold voice ; like clarion clear,
 Their English hearts it stirred ;—
 “ Now, up, my Lads ! for England fight !
 For England ! ” was his word.

“ Now on, now on,” quoth Picton,
 “ Now, comrades, follow me ! ”
 Mid “ the thunder of the captains,
 And the shouting,” first was he.

He waved his sword ! sure never
 Flashed steel as flashed his eye !
 But a bullet had its billet,
 It rushed resistless by ;
 Nor e'er again did Picton
 Shout forth his battle-cry.

But his spirit well might linger,
To see how, hand to hand,
His brave battalions stood, and broke
The old Imperial Band.

In that fierce onset I received
A deep and ghastly wound ;
And maimed, and senseless, long I lay
Upon the corpse-strewn ground.

I struggled through the heaps of slain,
(Alas ! I knew them all,)
And I crept to Hougomont, and crouched
Beneath the garden wall.

I gnashed my teeth, I groaned to think,
While hour on hour rolled by,
I could not raise a hand, or strike
One stroke for victory.

The rich red roses o'er me hung—
It chafed me sore to see
The bright and glossy laurel leaves,
As if to mock at me,

Like victor-wreaths, all twining fair ;—
And round me waved the corn ;
Its gentle look reminding me
It was the Sabbath morn ;

And how, upon the day of rest,
In ancient Galilee,
The Prince of Peace had walked the fields ;
And then it seemed to me,
A fearful thing His loving eye
This scene of blood should see.

And mingling, came the longing thoughts
Of home, and peaceful times ;
I saw the folks go forth to church,
I seemed to hear the chimes.

Short space had I to wander so,
Or groan, or wish for death ;
The tide of battle rolled so near,
It took away my breath.

On, on still ceaseless rushed the fight,
Now faltering, now renewed ;
The ground was covered thick with slain,
Pursuers and pursued.

Now stand thy ground, brave Byng! now stand—
The foe will press thee hard ;
Let them see the Flower of England fight—
“ Well done, my gallant Guard ! ”

Prince Jerome bears him bravely on,
The Frenchmen scorn to yield :
But I would the gallant Wellington
Had seen ye keep the field.

I saw six Polish Lancers,
O fearful sight to see !
All bearing down a single knight—
Sir William Ponsonby.

He knew his days were ended,
And forth a portrait took,
And gave it up to one he loved—
I saw his parting look.

O Lady! noble Lady!
If it ever meet thy sight,
Thou'lt know how true was that brave heart,
That perished in the fight.

Hurrah for gallant Uxbridge!
Amid the smoke and din
I saw him urge his foaming steed,
Like ancient Paladin.

And he hurled his fiery challenge,
And shook his stalwart hand;
Ye might hear the shout, as he turned about,
Peal forth from all his band.

I thought that day was endless,—
Mid the battle-clouds so dun,
And the rain still thickly falling,
I could not see the sun.

And where was noble Wellington?
For if he lived, I knew,
However fierce the tempest raged,
He'd bring Old England through.

That summer sun was westing,
'Twas seven of evening bell,
And still the English kept their ground,
And conquer'd, though they fell.

“They come! they come! the pride of France,
Napoleon on their right!”
So rose the cry, and every arm
Felt stronger at the sight.
On, on, ye gallant Englishmen!
And show them how ye fight.

What ho, ye men of Scotland !
On, Erin's fearless powers !
Fair England, to the bayonet !
Hurrah ! the day is ours !

Hurrah ! she comes, brave Prussia !
On, on, dear brethren true !
One is our cause, our race is one ;
We'll reap the field with you !

Now plant Britannia's standard,
And let it proudly sweep
The plain, where, cold in honoured death,
Her countless thousands sleep.

And the victors faint and weary,
The faint and weary few,
Will deem their glory dearly bought,
As they gaze on Waterloo.

So deemed our noble Wellington ;
And on that field of pride
Full bitter were the tears he shed,
And deep the victor sighed.

Round lay the dead and dying,
All, all so true to him ;
No wonder, through that bloody haze,
The sun of fame waxed dim !

The moon was slowly setting,
Cold blew the midnight blast ;
And I felt, through faint and sickly sleep,
My life was ebbing fast.

And I dreamed of one who loved me,
Whom I never more might know ;
I felt her kiss upon my lip,
Her soft hand on my brow.

I woke—O GOD, I thank Thee !
It was no fevered dream ;
My own, my blessèd wife stood there,
Pale as the moon's own beam.

Ere morn I was in Brussels—
But here the tale must rest ;
I may not say what love, what care,
The wounded soldier blessed.

I've fought in Portugal and Spain,
And since in India too ;
But I never saw so fierce a fight
As the fight of Waterloo.

THE REPRIEVE.

ENNA.

The author of "Tremaine," Mr. Ward, seriously vouches for the authenticity of this singular narrative. Sir Evan Nepean had one night the most remarkable wakefulness. He was in perfect health, had dined early and moderately, had no care—nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed; still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; to dissipate the tedium of his wakefulness, he walked into the park; there he saw only the sleepy sentinels, whom he envied. He passed the Home Office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key: the book of entries of the day before lay open on the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him; "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day." It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve, and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing Street, knocked him up, and asked if he knew anything of its being sent. In great alarm the chief clerk could not recollect, but soon declared he had sent it off to the Crown clerk, whose business it was to forward it to York. "Good," said Sir Evan, "but have you his certificate that it is gone?" "No." "Then come with me to his house." It was now four, and he lived in Chancery Lane: there was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the Crown had a country house, and, meaning to have a long holiday, was just setting out for the purpose. Astonished at the visit of the under secretary, he was still more at his business: with an exclamation of horror he cried out, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought: Sir Evan sent to the post office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.

'Tis night in Sir Evan's peaceful home,
 Yet sad and sleeplessly murmurs he,
 "Would to GOD that the day were come!
 For the midnight hours are long to me."

Sir Evan paced through his chamber fair,
From the window bended his eager sight ;
But there was not a breath of the morning air,
Nor the faintest streak of the morning light.

Guilt hath not chosen that hour of gloom,
To come with her hidden deeds unrolled ;
Nor loved ones, long in the lonesome tomb,
To freeze his heart with their fingers cold.

He listens—he starts—'tis silence all,
Save his throbbing pulses which will not rest,
And the distant murmurs which rise and fall,
Like the heave of the sleeping city's breast.

Hark, the midnight bell—he knows the sound—
Saint Paul's, booms forth with its solemn roar !
He was waking still, when again came round
Another hour which will come no more.

Sir Evan paced through his chamber fair,
Slowly and sadly there paced he :
“ My couch of down is a couch of care ;
I would I knew what the cause may be.”

Sir Evan hath left his sleepless bower ;
That strange wild dread perplexeth him ;
Through the spacious park, from hour to hour,
He walks alone in the twilight dim.

The breeze blew fresh on his fever'd brow—
Nor sound nor movement around him fell,
Save ever and ever, so dull and slow,
The tread of the sleepy sentinel.

Restless still, as on yonder couch,
 Restless and weary on went he,
 Till he was aware of the dwelling where
 His chiefest writings were wont to be ;
 At the door he stood in his wavering mood,
 A moment stood, ere he turned the key.

Many a toime of toil and care,
 For King and country, round him lay ;
 For he was a scribe of fame, and there
 He wrote and laboured the livelong day.

Why does Sir Evan turn pale and stare
 On the page unfolded before his eye ?
 Good sooth ! there is blood on that paper fair !—
 The blood of men who are doomed to die.

To die ! but lo ! in their sorest need,
 Hath mercy granted them short delay :
 Yet he doth not read that with fitting speed
 The news is sent on its welcome way.

If the sheriff hath not the King's good grace,
 Written and sealed as it ought to be,
 He shudders to think, in a far off place
 To-morrow they die on the gallows tree !

He thought him then of the good Crown clerk—
 To the good Crown clerk quick hastened he—
 " O long ere this in the town of York
 I trust that fair reprieve may be !"

The sun was up, it was dewy four,
 Ay, more than four, by the morning bell :
 The clerk's good steed was at the door,
 And he just mounting to the selle.

“ Good luck, good luck, ye come so soon,
 If word ye would have with me to-day ;
 For miles afar ere beam of noon
 In fair green forest I'll keep my May.”

Scarcely Sir Evan could falter forth,
 (For he feared in sooth how the ease might be,)
 “ That good reprieve—far, far in the North
 Long, long ere this I trust they see.”

Oh he turned pale, and then turned red,
 I ween a woeful man was he !
 When wildly looked the clerk, and said,
 “ That deed of grace I'll show to thee ;
 I would that it were safely sped,
 Instead of under my lock and key.”

Sir Evan hath found him a fleet, fleet steed,
 And a man of mettle, and true, and tried :
 “ Now spare thee not, but up, and speed !
 Would I were riding at thy side !

“ Ride on, it is for life or death ;
 My swift express, slack not thy rein ;
 Stay thou but for to fetch thy breath ;
 Ride on, my post, ride on amain.”

On to the North, the post rode on,
 Stainèd with travel, and bloody he ;
 He rode, but the time was past and gone,
 The latest hour that the doomed may see ;
 And there they stood with sob and moan,
 All at the foot of the gallows tree.

A moment stay—hark, hark, the shout !
 The gathering crowd the rider spy ;
 And the sheriff turned him round about ;
 And the lost ones felt that help was nigh ;
 And they looked again like living men,
 For hope woke up in their stony eye.

“ Now God be praised for my wakeful mood,”
 Often Sir Evan thus musèd he,
 “ For it saved my soul from the curse of blood
 Which ever, I feel, would cleave to me !”

He thought,—and I know he thought aright,—
 Though word he heard not, nor vision knew,
 ’Twas a minist’ring one from the realms of light,
 Too pure and holy for mortal view,
 Who guided his steps on that fateful night:
 And the thought was pleasant, and good, and true.



THE FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE.

F. R.

The tradition versified in this ballad is related by Washington Irving. The "rolling" prairie is a term applied where the vegetation of the land resembles rolling waves at sea.

AMID the Prairie rolling wide
Their steps the travellers stayed,
A lonely rushing stream beside,
Under the wild-wood shade.

Then one who came of Indian blood
Looked fearfully around ;
"This is the water, this the wood,"
He said :—" 'tis haunted ground."

The travellers spread their shelter slight,
And, by their blazing fire,
While faded evening's dewy light,
To hear that tale desire.

“ My father's camp was pitched e'en here ;
The traees well I know ;
The mossy skulls and bones of deer,
And ancient trees laid low.

“ A youthful warrior wooed a maid,
Her name her beauty told,
Flower of the Prairie called,” he said,
“ The youth, a hunter bold.

“ He went afar to chase the deer,
For many a weary week,
Gay ornaments, and bridal cheer,
For his fair Flower to seek.

“ When moons had waxed, and moons had waned,
He sought the camp once more ;
But brands, where fires had been, remained,
And lodge-poles on the shore.

“ Silent he stood, and sad at heart,
When far off he might view
A woman sitting all apart—
The Prairie Flower he knew.

“ She sat, as weeping by the stream,
Veiled in her long dark hair ;
Awhile he gazed as in a dream,
Then would have clasped her there.

“ But she drew back, her head she shook,
And sadly turned away ;
‘ Where are our tribe ?’—with mournful look,
‘ All gone,’—he heard her say.

“ ‘ We will go too : why art thou here ?’
‘ Waiting for thee,’—she said.
‘ Come, then,’ he cried, ‘ for night is near.’
They went, the chief and maid.

“ He walked before, she followed him,
As Indian maidens do ;
And ere the midnight stars were dim,
His people’s fires he knew.

“ But then she stopt, and sat her down
Beneath a spreading tree ;
‘ Thou must go on,’ she said, ‘ alone,
Here will I wait for thee.’

“ He cast a mantle over her,
As of the dew he thought ;
A mantle of the rarest fur,
He for his bride had brought.

“ The hunter to his tribe is come ;
Gloomy and mute they stand ;
And no one bade him welcome home,
Nor gave the greeting hand.

“ ‘ What ill has happened ?’ none replied ;
Then he his sister bade
To hie her forth, and bring his bride
In from the green-wood shade.

“ ‘Alas !’ she cried, ‘ how may that be ?
 She hath been dead six days.’
 ‘ It is not so—come thou and see,’—
 He answered, in amaze.

“ Swift to the spreading tree they go :
 As morning breaks around,
 The rising sunbeams only show
 The mantle on the ground.

“ The pitying sister stood apart,
 And silent tears she shed ;
 The fearful truth has struck his heart ;
 He fell, and he was dead.”

Is there a sympathetic law,
 That death can ne'er divide ?
 The yearning love that seems to draw
 The loved one to our side ?

An unseen presence, only felt ;
 A voice no other hears ;
 When clinging tenderness has dwelt
 On friends of distant years ?

A certainty they rest above,
 Not dead, but gone before ;
 Waiting for us where yet they love,
 But sorrow know no more ?

Spirit to spirit seems to tell
 Of life beyond the skies ;
 Of love that death can never quell :
 “ Arise, depart !” it cries.

THE BATTLE OF DRAGESHAN,

IN THE GREEK WAR OF FREEDOM.

REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

IN the deep grey of the morning, when Bulgarian cocks are
shrill,

Our Hydriote scout, on panting steed, came pricking o'er the
hill;

And "Mount!" he cried, "each horseman! each footman bend
the lance!

The circumcised battalions are in quick and full advance:

I heard the morning call to prayer of that unholy law,

And the dark Vizier is there himself, and Ibrahim Pashá;

So let your sins be shriven well, and let your hearts be right;

There's many an one, I trow, shall sup in Paradise to-night!"

Now, gallant Ypsilantes! be calm and bold and brief;

Courage may mark the man-at-arms, but prudence stamps the
chief;

The Spartan cohort on the left,—the Albanian horse in front—

The Haghios Lochos on the right shall bear the battle's brunt;—

With marksmen line yon broken wall,—of yon green mound
take note,—

That grove may yield an ambushade for Bosnian or for Croat;

And bid the Priests lift up their voice, when man has done his all,

And on the GOD of Battles, and the bright Panaghia call!

And the winds came breathing softer, and the sky was free from
stain,

As the Priests began the Liturgy, and the "Mystic Lamb" was
slain.

Then Salonichi's Bishop told those chieftains of renown
 How the LORD of Hosts could help the few, and could smite
 the many down ;
 And he made them raise the standard, and he signed it with the
 Cross,
 And he bade them guard it with their lives, for their fame should
 pay its loss ;
 And, as they set the banner up, its holy watchword ran
 From right to left, from front to rear,—*ἢ τὰν, ἢ ἐπὶ τὰν!*

Ay! here they come! the Crescent gleams above their mid-
 most fight!

By them that fell at Marathon! it is a gallant sight!
 Now, lance to breast, and gun to check, and sabre gleaming free,
 And the prayers of them that died for Greece, and good Saint
 Dimitri!

Ho! men of Joannina! draw bridle and keep rank!
 Count Capo d'Istria, to the left!—they seek to turn our flank!
 Look to your priming, cannoneers! be calm and play the men;
 Depress your pieces to the brook,—and when they cross it,—
 THEN!

'Twas *la illa illa Allah*, 'twas *Mahommed el resoul*,
 As on they came, the turbaned dogs of infidel Stamboul:
 They are hurrying forward to the brook,—they have reached its
 very marge,—
 Now the Panaghia be our aid!—for the Janissaries charge!
 Then out spake Ypsilantes:—"In GOD'S Name, fire!" he cried:
 And the fierce artillery roared at once, and the smoke rolled
 thick and wide:
 "Charge with fixed bayonets, Reserve!"—and through steel
 and smoke and flame,
 Right, right on Islam's closest front the Haghios Lochos
 came.

Well struck, Count Capo d'Istria!—the old Pashá is down!
 Ay, drag him off! 'twas no child's blow that clave his tur-
 baned crown:

The Lycian horse are turning rein—towards the marsh they go:
 Ho! Miaoules! cut them off! they shall not cross below:
 On to the Crescent, Sparta! its bearers stand at bay,
 And the Sultan's Hattischeriff is of little worth to-day!
 Cross bayonet with scymetar, and sword with yatagan,
 And on through Islam's very heart! ἡ τὰν, ἡ ἐπὶ τὰν!

Who wheels yon column to the left?—the dust confounds the
 eyes:—

By all the fiends that tempt to hell, 'tis Larnakes that flies!—
 O double-dyed Iscariot! the day is all but won!
 God's everlasting curse on him and on his viper-son!—
 Yet rally, rally, volunteers! O shame of Greece! they fly!
 What! not one charge from them that vowed to conquer or to
 die?

Athens and Sparta, onward still! death's bitterness is past:
 Traitors may rob us of the day, but not of heaven at last!

Now, in the Greece their blood hath freed, beneath Thessalia's
 skies,
 Under one tomb at Drageshan the Haghios Lochos lies.



THE FAREWELL OF DON CARLOS.

E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.

THE King hath climbed the highest pass, and there he takes
 his stand,
 To bid farewell to all he loved, his realm and native land ;
 Right sad at heart was Carlos to seek a foreign shore,
 And see fair Biscay's loyal sons around his throne no more.

No royal garb around him may mark the monarch now ;
 The crown his royal fathers bore is doffed from off his brow ;
 No more may he about his breast the warrior's mantle fling ;
 But though all red with weeping, his eye yet speaks the King.

He looked upon his dear Navarre, which owned so late his sway ;
 He saw where many a hero for him had waged the fray ;
 He saw where once his banner waved in freedom's native air ;
 But the flag of Donna Isabel was streaming proudly there.

“ O bitter woe ! ” Don Carlos sighed, “ my pleasant land of Spain,
 To leave thee to a tyrant's will, and feel that all is vain ;
 That loyalty and freedom are bleeding on the ground,
 And hallowed gifts from every shrine are scattered all around.

“’Tis sad to be no more a King, and foreign shores to tread,
Where many a look of cruel scorn will mock the crownless head ;
But sadder far that godless foes must triumph over Spain,
That free Navarra’s true-born sons must feel the clanking chain.

“ O would that I had perished by the gallant chieftain’s side,
My brave Zumalacarregui, my country’s noblest pride ;
For then my lot perchance had been a soldier’s honoured grave,
Nor had I needed then to learn an exile’s doom to brave.

“ O happier far wast thou of old, Rodrigo famed in song,
For thou didst lose thy kingdom amid the battling throng ;
But I must bend to treason’s blow, unconquered in the field ;
And Biscay’s dreadless soldiers to a traitor’s rod must yield.

“ Farewell, farewell, my native land, I ne’er shall see thee more,
But know that daily orisons for thee my heart shall pour.
O woe is me ! I hear the shout for Donna Isabel,
And I must flee ; but ere I go, my native land, farewell !”



THE MORNING SACRIFICE.

EDITOR.

This ballad is simply a versified account of an occurrence which actually took place.

Τελευτὴ τοῦ βίου ἀρίστη ἐπέγενετο. Διέδεξέ τε ἐν τούτοισι ὁ Θεὸς, ὡς ἄμεινον εἶη ἀνθρώπῳ τεθνάναι μᾶλλον ἢ ζῶειν.—*Herodot. Clio. xxxi.*

Ἄν γὰρ φιλεῖ Θεὸς γ', ἀποθνήσκει νέος.—*Γνώμη παλαιά.*

'TWAS Passion-tide in fair Funchal ;
And England's rite of prayer
Was o'er ; yet still, with lingering fall,
Hallowed the trembling air ;

And reverent eyes were resting now
Where, at the matins' close,
To seal baptismal grace and vow
Antigua's Prelate rose.

Then, e'en in that still solemn hour
Of musings deep and high,
A sight of strange and awful power
Fixed each beholder's eye.

Two youths with slow and soundless tread
Glided along the floor,
And them between, laid on a bed,
A maiden corse they bore.

Yet no!—she was not of the dead!
A wasted child and pale
They lifted off that bier-like bed
Before the holy rail.

Mute wonder held the assemblage wide;
His lips the Prelate stayed,
Till, kneeling meek their charge beside,
Those youths upheld the maid.

With feeblest voice, in firmest tone,
She answered to the vow;
Received the hand of benison
Soft on her faded brow;

Each suffrage due, each due Amen
Responded, low but clear;
Soft on her couch they laid her then,
The Church's charge to hear:

Then, borne once more the aisle along,
In funeral guise the same,
She vanished mid the marvelling throng,
As strangely as she came.

Weeks fleeted by—the shadow cast
 On youthful spirits gay
 By that strange scene, is melting fast
 Amid the light of May.

Yet pierce yon skreen of leaf and flower,
 And glance yon trellis through ;
 A spectacle of deeper power
 Shall open on thy view.

Myrtles and heliotropes, that spread
 Their joyous tracery wild,
 There blend their fragrance o'er the bed
 Of a departing child.

“ Sweet mother ! ” speaks a failing voice,
 “ Nay, mourn not thus for me ;
 How would thine inmost soul rejoice,
 Sweet mother ! couldst thou see

“ The blessedness that fills me now :
 The peace that has been mine,
 Since on this heaven-devoted brow
 Passed the confirming sign :

“ Since, at thy call, God's hallowed priest
 Spread here the paschal board,
 And bade my arising spirit feast
 On my new-risen LORD.

“ He who for forty days abode
 With His beloved Eleven,
 Discoursing of the realm of GOD
 Ere He arose to heaven,

“Now forty days with me hath been ;
Discoursing too with me,
Of realms of blessedness unseen,
Which I ere night shall see.

“’Tis now His blest Ascension day ;
I near the shining goal ;
The cloud that veiled His heavenward way
Receives my ascending soul :

“ All things are fading from my sight ;
E’en thy loved form shows dim—
Yet not in darkness—no !—such light !
It must be light from Him !

“ I’ve glanced upon the noonday sun,
And shrunk beneath the blaze :
Now I see thousand suns in one,
And can but gaze and gaze !

“ Others are gazing now as well ;
Lo ! now they gaze on me
In love beyond all words to tell !
O mother ! couldst thou see !

“ Circle o’er circle they ascend,
Each above each more bright !
Millions o’er millions ! till they blend
In that absorbing light !

“ Their voices ! an uplifted sea !
They fill my expanding ear !
Each billow bursts in melody !
O mother ! couldst thou hear !

“ And now their words ! amazing speech !
 I seem to understand ;
 But lips of clay would vainly teach
 The language of that land.

“ Thou too, best father, grieve not so :
 Let no repining tone
 Profane with sounds of mortal woe
 The echoes from the throne.

“ Comfort my mother ! comfort thee
 With the commanded word,*
 ‘ The dead in CHRIST shall rise, and be
 For ever with the LORD.’

“ Forgive me, both ! I wrought you pain
 In wilful hours before :
 Ne'er shall I cause you grief again :
 Dear parents, weep no more !

“ Forgive too, if one wayward thought
 From duty seemed to stray,
 When the great FATHER'S house I sought,
 And ye did press my stay :

“ Blessing for all your love and care !
 For this above the rest,
 That ye did not deny that prayer,
 Be both for ever blest !

“ Dear brothers ! taught with me to pray
 Beside our mother's knee,
 Dry those unworthy tears away,
 And pray once more with me ;

* 1 Thess. v. 13—18.

“ Blessing for all your love and care !
 For this above the rest,
 That ye with angel hands did bear
 Your sister to be blest !

“ And angel hands uplift me now,
 And bear to blessing bright :
 The benison that sealed my vow
 Was shadow—this is light.

“ Farewell ! I go to pray for all ;
 And, in this chamber dear,
 When on our common LORD ye call,
 Perchance I may be near.”*

Of rude grey stone, a simple cross,
 With legend brief displayed,
 “ TALITHA, CUMI ! ” guards the moss
 That wraps the slumbering maid.

O holiest, loftiest privilege !
 Rapt to her LORD away,
 In all the brightness, all the pledge
 Of His Ascension day !

O glorious, O most blissful lot !
 Blest with the SAVIOUR’S sight,
 Ere scarce a shade of ill could blot
 The soul’s baptismal white :

* Even now they are not far from us—we know not how nigh. As yet, for a time, the vail is drawn. We shall all know at His coming. It may be, we shall say, “ What ? so near, and we could not see you ? ” at times we could almost fancy we were not alone : but when we strained our sight, we saw nothing ; when we listened, all was still.—*Archdeacon Manning’s Sermon on the Faithful Departed.*

Established by confirming grace :
 Bearing her LORD within ;
 Washed in His blood from every trace
 Of wrought or inborn sin :

Ere shadow of suspecting thought
 Had crossed her trustful mind,
 By dark Experience yet untaught
 The treachery of her kind :

Ere on some idol here beneath
 She had reposed her trust,
 And fell Discovery, Change, or Death
 Had dashed it in the dust ;

Ere slight, and scorn, and obloquy
 Passed the dulled ear unheard,
 While the full heart was fain to die
 At one chance kindly word ;

Ere the rich light of childish years
 Came broken, dimmed, and pale,
 Through Afterlife's dull mists and tears
 From Memory's mirror frail ;

But in the unclouded Maytide bright
 Of that resplendent age
 Of which the SAVIOUR's words of might
 Speak Heaven the heritage.

Here let no funeral verdure wreath ;
 But, round this sainted grave,
 Virgin daturas sweetness breathe,
 And bright geraniums wave.

All blest and beautiful be the bed,
Whence, when an angel's wing
Shall sweep the dwellings of the dead,
An angel too shall spring!





LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

D. B.

“ O ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perished.”

SHAKSPEARE.

A LADY stood by the wavy sea,
And a youth was by her side ;
And he to her was dearer far
Than aught in the world beside ;
For he was all her hope and joy,—
A loved, lost sister's orphan boy.

And there, in its pride, on the bounding tide,
 A stately vessel lay ;
 " Like a thing of life " the ship did ride,
 With flaunting streamers gay ;
 And there, the ship and the shore between,
 The crests of the treacherous rocks were seen.

And many a fearful tale is told,
 And many a tear is shed,
 And hearts grow cold, when they behold
 A place so full of dread.—
 For there have sunk the young and brave,
 Whom not a human hand could save.

In the summer day, when the winds at play
 Just kiss the glowing deep,
 And breathe of climes that are far away,
 Where hidden odours sleep ;—
 When the sea is calm, and the sky is bright,
 No ill may ye fear with the peril in sight :

But in darker hours, when the tempest lowers,
 And the furious billows dash,
 And the fitful blast flies whistling past,
 O ! then is heard the crash—
 A scream, a pause, and that awful tone,
 The sinking swimmer's hopeless groan.

And spirits rash, in seeking the shore,
 Have shunned the tedious way,
 Nor would they trust the steady oar,
 Impatient of delay,
 When the sudden gust has caught their sail,
 And they sank with a short and feeble wail.

Then out from the love of that lady's heart,
 There sprang the terrible fear,
 Lest a doom so dread should be the part
 Of him she held so dear,
 If with dauntless soul, and in youthful pride,
 He should rashly tempt the treacherous tide.

And the lady turned with an anxious brow,
 But with love in her glistening eye ;
 And she sought from his lips the soothing vow,
 That perilous place to fly :—
 And he spoke, and he promised in tones of truth,
 With the gushing heart of ingenuous youth.

'Twas a cold bright day, and the vessel lay
 At rest on the tranquil deep ;
 And every fear was charmed away,
 For the winds seemed hushed to sleep ;
 And throbbing hearts in the ship were fain
 To gaze on the faces they loved again.

They spoke to the youth with a friendly hail,
 And with joy their bidding he heard :
 But anon they raise the treacherous sail ;
 Then he thought on his plighted word :
 And with gesture bold, and purpose stern,
 He bade them strike it, or return.

And against his purpose the scoff and the sneer
 Did never a whit prevail ;
 They murmured, and called his firmness fear,
 But that did nought avail ;
 The blush on his brow was not of shame,
 But of conscious pride in a spotless name.

How vain are those jeers ! no coward fears
 In souls like his have part :
 'Mid the battle's crash, and the tempest's flash,
 He would stand with a dauntless heart ;
 But the spirit which these things never stirred
 Would fear to break its plighted word.

To the land they are gone, while others sweep on,
 Unheeding that fatal shore
 Where danger sleeps on the rocky steeps,
 And the angry waters roar :
 O what shall save them if they dare
 To tempt the fate that couches there ?

Through billow and spray they hold their way,
 Till they near the perilous rock ;
 Then up springs the gale and swells the sail—
 Lo ! a plunge—a cry—a shock !
 They sink—they rise—they hail the shore,—
 Then down they sink to rise no more.

The youth beheld that scene so dread ;
 He heard that piercing cry ;
 And O, to see them sink down to the dead,
 When none to help was nigh !
 While their laugh and their jeer still rang in his ear !—
 'Twas a sight to dread, and a fate to fear.

And then he thought of One above
 Who holds the tempest's breath ;
 And then he thought of one whose love
 Saved him from such a death :—
 And thus he learned how blest are they
 Who *love*, and in that love *obey*.

O gentle reader, wouldst thou know
 The fear that thou shouldst love ?—
 'Tis not the dread of a worm below,
 But the fear of the LORD above ;
 For saints have lived, and bled, and died,
 Who feared their GOD, and nought beside.

Then, reader dear, learn thou that fear,
 The fear which GOD hath given ;
 Such holy fear hath blessing here,
 Though it hath no place in Heaven :
 The love of good, and the fear of ill,
 And faith, and hope, are blessèd still.

Fear thou the man that hath no fear ;
 Fear thou to break thy word ;
 Fear thou the man that sheds no tear ;
 Fear most an angry LORD :
 Then look beyond for visions clear,
 Where perfect Love shall banish Fear.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF
PARIS, JUNE 25, 1848.

REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

A DAY of clouds and darkness!—a day of wrath and woe!
The war of elements above, the strife of men below!
Through the air rings shout and outcry—through the streets a
red tide pours,—

To the booming of the cannon the ancient city roars:
For wilder than the tempest is human passion's strife,
And deadlier than the elements the waste of human life:
No breathing time for pity;—'tis the long stern tug of might:
The war of poor against the rich, and both against the right:
Each street and lane the artillery sweeps,—the rifle enfilades,—
With stone and ear, with beam and spar, they pile the
barricades;

And women-fiends, with blood-specked arms, fierce eye, and
frenzied mien,

Cry, "Up the Red Republic!" and "Up the Guillotine!"

Now forth and on them, *Garde Mobile!* stout heart, firm hand,
quick eye!

No mercy know, no quarter show; to pity is to die!

To the last worst fate of cities,—the murder and the rape,
 'Tis yours to give one answer, the cutlass and the grape :
 Where'er the strife is hottest, on, first and foremost, there !
 On to the Quai du Palais ! on to the Rue d'Enfer !
 Where'er on high the blood-red flag and the Marseillaise
 may be,
 Beneath must come the tricolor, and *Mourir pour la Patrie !*
 There is tearing up the pavement,—there are shrieks of them
 that bleed,
 There is firing from the windows, there is spurring of the steed :
 There is stepping into places of the fallen in the rank,
 There is breaking down the house wall to take the foe in flank :
 There is lust, and hate, and murder,—they have filled Rebellion's
 cup :
 And to the God of Vengeance the city's cry goes up !

And more and more, on, on they pour;—there's the battery's
 thicker flame,
 And the quicker ring of musketry, and the rifle's deadlier aim :
 Go, hurry to the assembly,—for the bravest chiefs are there,—
 Bedeau, and Brea, and Cavaignac, and Lamoricière :
 And in and out the frequent scout goes hastening as he may :
 “ At the Rue d'Antoine the Garde Mobile have the better of
 the day :”
 “ Some succour to the Port au Bled—they scarce can hold their
 own :”
 “ Help, help ! or all is over at the Barrière du Trône :”
 And out and forth, east, west, and north, the hurrying chiefs
 advance,
 To combat with the combatants, and to die, if needs, for France.

Who come toward the barricade with steady steps and slow,
 With prayers, and tears, and wishes to aid them as they go ?

Among the armed no armour the little cohort boasts,
Their leader is their Prelate, their trust the LORD of Hosts!
And the brave Archbishop tells them in voice most sweet and
 deep,
How the good Shepherd layeth down his life to save the
 sheep:
How some short years of grief and tears were no great price to
 give,
That Peace might come from discord and bid these rebels
 live:
Rebels so precious in His eyes, that He, Whose word is fate,
Alone could make, alone redeem, alone regenerate!

One moment's lull of firing,—and near and nearer goes
That candidate for martyrdom to the midmost of his foes:
And on he went, with love unspent, toward the rifled line,
As calm in faith, in sight of death, as in his church's shrine:
And the war closed deadlier round him, and more savage rose
 the cheer,
And the bullets whistled past him,—but still he knew no
 fear:
And calmer grew his visage, and brighter grew his eye;
He could not save his people,—for his people he could die:
And, following in the holy steps of Him that harrowed hell,
By death crushed death, by falling upraised the men that fell.

They bear him from his passion, for the prize of peace is
 won:
His warfare is accomplished, his godlike errand run:
They kneel before his litter in the midst of hottest strife;
They ask his prayers, the uttermost, who gave for them his
 life.
So, offering up his sacrifice to GOD with free accord,
The city's Martyr-Bishop went home to see his LORD!

Now GOD be praised that even yet His Promise doth not
fail!

The gates of hell can never more against His Church prevail:
When human ties are slackened, and earthly kingdoms rock,
And thrones and sceptres crumble, like potsherds, in the shock:
There's that, unearthly, though on earth, that ne'er shall be
o'erthrown:

Laud to the King of Martyrs for the Victory of His Own!



THE CONSECRATION OF S. AUGUSTINE'S,
CANTERBURY,

SAINT PETER'S DAY, 1848.

REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

'Tis the vigil of Saint Peter,—but the vesper bell is still ;
No peasant group moves churchward through valley or o'er
hill ;

The priest hath left his people ; the office is unsaid ;
The ancient aisle resounds not beneath the entering tread ;
'Tis the vigil of Saint Peter ; but all the livelong day
Through England's thousand valleys her priests are on the way ;
By the haycock, through the cornfield, by the hedgerow, past
the tree,

They are shooting through the tunnel, they are dashing o'er
the lea ;

They pause not at the city whose cathedral rises fair ;
They stop not at the landscape in its veil of summer air ;
From the rocky glens of Cumberland, from Snowdon's moun-
tain hoar,

From where Saint German taught the faith to Mona's sea-girt
shore,

From Lincoln's holy minster their onward course is bent,
From the forest lanes of Sussex, from the sunny hills of Kent ;
One heart is theirs, their goal is one, though many a various
way,

In that august primatial church to keep Saint Peter's day.

Ay, 'tis a glorious gathering!—They are meeting face to face,
 Who have fought the selfsame battle, who have run the selfsame
 race ;

Glad greeting as of brethren from friends unknown till then,
 Who far apart, but one in heart, for the Church had played the
 men :

They are flocking on together to keep that Feast of feasts,
 The goodly band of bishops, the exceeding host of priests ;
 Men that had taught the peasant how to live and how to die,
 Men that had foiled earth's wisest, and had crushed down
 heresy :

That alone, among the wicked, had dared to stand at bay,
 That alone had borne the heat and the burden of the day :
 By an evil generation for scorn and byword named,
 They had set their faces like a flint, and would not be ashamed ;
 For once it was not warfare;—there were nought but words
 of love,

And some faint foretaste of the joy of them that dwell above :
 Let the strife wax hotter round us,—but who shall know
 despair

Remembering what true hearts, firm hands, and loving souls
 were there ?

We were strong in one another,—we were stronger far in Her,
 The Church that cannot be destroyed,—the Church that cannot
 err !

Ay, thunder out our welcome, old Christchurch, from thy
 tower !

Give the greeting, give the gladness, give the music of the
 hour !

The sky itself smiles on us,—the tempest flies at length,
 The sun comes as a giant rejoicing in his strength ;
 And through the ancient city the crowd is flocking quick,
 But a brighter vision o'er us is gathering fast and thick ;

We might see, would angels scatter the veil that films our eyes,
You cathedral's saintly prelates in glorious order rise :
We might mark thee, reverend Elphege, with thy hair like
driven snow,
In a martyr's blood once dabbled, now bright with heaven's
own glow ;
And Saint Thomas, with that visage pale, so calm and stern
to see,
That trampled down the lust and rage of lawless majesty ;
And Saint Edmund, as when once on earth those stately aisles
he trod ;
And Warham, in a faithless age, found faithful to his GOD ;
And him that on the traitor's hill, as calm as on a bed,
Midst mocking troops, and quenchless rage, bowed down his
reverend head ;
But chiefly thee, O Patron Saint !—from soft lands far away,
Whose name to hail, whose house we come to dedicate this day :
And, as we saw their glory, that no human fancy paints,
We might know, as yet we know not, the Communion of
the Saints !

Peal loud, peal louder, Christchurch !—the long procession waits :
In GOD'S Name, on !—Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
The King of kings, and LORD of lords resumes His ancient
right ;
Here will I dwell for ever ; for here is My delight !
Pass on, pass on, attending Him upon His glorious way,
O ye His chosen servants, in bishopful array :
Where the red light glows, and the grey roof towers, and the
altar stands in view,
The goal to close, the shrine to bless, the holy avenue ;
Then let him offer all these lands, approaching to the Throne,
Whose heart the GOD of hearts hath touched to rescue back
His Own ;

And sign the deed, and seal with speed,—few words and brief
 suffice,—
 Till England's Primate offer up the Mystic Sacrifice!

But, as in fearful silence they fulfil the closing rite,
 The Church's glorious future bursts full upon my sight :
 I see the white-winged vessels, that, bound to realms afar,
 Go, conquering and to conquer, upon their holy war :
 No loud-voiced cannon bear they, those messengers divine,
 Of England's merchant princes, and England's battle line ;
 Yet they breast the broad Atlantic, the Polar zone they brave,
 They dash the spray drops from their bow in that Antarctic
 wave ;

The fiend that haunts the Lion's Bay, the dagger of Japan,
 The thousand wrecks they laugh to scorn of stormy Magellan :
 Where earthly arms were weakness, and earthly gold were
 dross,

Safe go they, for they carry the unconquerable Cross :
 The Cross that, planted here at first, now planted here again,
 Shall bloom and flourish in the sight of angels and of men ;
 Another Saint Augustine this holy house shall grace,
 Another English Boniface shall run the Martyr's race,
 Another brave Paulinus for heathen souls shall yearn,
 Another Saint Columba rise, another Kentigern!

Awake, and give the blind their sight, teach praises to the
 dumb,

O Mother Church! arise and shine, for lo, thy light is come!
 Till all the faithful through the world, GOD's one elected host,
 Shall welcome the outpouring of a brighter Pentecost:

And there shall be, and thou shalt see, throughout this earthly
 ball,

One Church, one Faith, one Baptism, one GOD and LORD
 of all!



THE PAINTER.

S. M.

A HALL it was where myriad lamps a richer daylight made,
And folds of falling purple gave harmony to shade ;
And odours, hanging like a veil upon the mantled air,
Seemed weightier than the nothings that men were murmuring
there.

It was a board where rainbow fruits on golden salvers glanced ;
And like a flood of melted gems the merry wine-stream
danced :
And couches of Etrusean grace stood round, that there might be
Even in the body's needs a kind of meaner poetry.

Round went the health; the Painter's name from lip to lip
 goes round;
 And the lifted goblets ring, and the stricken boards resound:
 Triumphal smiles the Painter, with a bowing monarch's mien,
 And seems to feel the deathless crown upon his brows serene.

He hears the circling whisper—"The wonder of our time!"
 "He painted Lady Margaret—the velvet was sublime!"
 "You could have touched the downy curl that trembled on her
 check;
 Her lips were shut so softly, you paused to hear them speak!"

And smiling sits the Painter as the music lulls his sense;
 This was his Art's achievement, and this its recompense.—
 Till one by one the guests are gone, as smoothly as they came;
 And to his studio door he staggers drunk with fame.

Wan and white in the drear moonlight his works upon him stare,
 As the flicker of his lonely lamp just gilds them here and there:
 They seem a spectral army with a false faint life possessed;
 They gather round, they ask for souls,* and smite each empty
 breast.

The daylight Queen nods from the wall, a plumed and sceptred
 ghost,
 And smiles back to the mocking smiles of all her ghastly host:
 There is no movement—yet they seem to stir and cluster round;
 There goes a whisper through the room—he starts, and hears
 no sound.

* It is a superstition of the Arabs that at the last day every painter who has been rash enough to delineate the human form will be surrounded by the bodies which he has created, which will arise like phantoms and call upon him for the souls which he was unable to give them.

He laughs away the fever—he hath reached his easel now,
 And there stands still and gazes, cold hand on burning brow :
 'Tis but a sketch, like many more around him loosely piled,
 A simple theme, oft tried in vain—the Mother and the Child.

One glares in gandy drapery, a very tavern-sign ;
 One hath chill tints and wooden limbs, nor human, nor divine ;
 One seems a peasant-maiden with a fair babe at play ;
 And one a dame of quality in some quaint masque-array.

He grasps the brush—he labours—like a man whom frenzy
 stings :
 The swift night flutters by, and shows faint gleams upon her
 wings :
 He pauses—lo ! a foolish face smiles soft on his dismay,
 One that might weep and be consoled a hundred times a day !

“ Why am I baffled thus ? ” cries the Painter in his wrath ;
 “ I who have toiled so valiantly along the upward path,
 Gathering the glories of all time to swell my huge renown,
 Standing on past achievements to grasp a present crown !

“ I have been in stately galleries where Art her treasure keeps,
 Where, dreaming of the morn to come, the speechless Future
 sleeps ;*
 I have loved all Nature’s wonder-realms, her pomp of sun and
 shade,
 Her Council of grave mountains, rock-girded, cloud-arrayed ;

“ Where the sweeping lights across them like seabirds glance
 and dart,
 And the silence of their shadows is like thunder in the heart ;

* “ Gallerien sind Schlafkammern der Zukunft. ” —NOVALIS (quoted from memory.)

And pale rocks glimmer faintly through dark and hollow glooms,
Like visions of some old churehyard all populous with tombs.

“ And on still days, when sultry skies seem blue from pole to
pole,
And slow waves creep across the sand as years across the soul,
And their music hath a measure like the chime of distant bells,
I have gathered thoughts along the shore as children gather
shells.

“ Out of these garnered riches I would create at last ;
The hand obeys the will, and the beauties gather fast ;
Fresh are the tints, and smooth the lines, 'tis finished ! Woe
is me !
One touch by old Angelico holds more divinity !

“ Why am I baffled thus ? does Art stand still and then rebound,
Like tides that know their limit, or a ball that strikes the
ground ?
Is not the Past her empire ? must she not rather be
A river widening as it flows unto the endless sea ? ”

He ceases. Is it slumber that hath charmed his senses now ?
A gush of holy twilight drops cool upon his brow ;
And through its wan and mazy gleams a narrow cell he sees,
And a grey lonely figure—a monk upon his knees.

Lips eloquent in silence, deep eyes, and full of light,
Brow peaceful as a babe's where yet the cleansing dews are bright ;
While by the moon's dim lustre, ye might have dreamed to
trace
The sealed Cross faintly shining through the shadows of that
face.

The vision hath a sense of time—a night hath glided by ;
 And from his knees the praying monk hath risen silently ;
 As on the first fair Easter morn the wakened saints arose,
 When the moving of the sealèd stone broke on their long
 repose ;

So, with a glory on his brow, he rose ; 'twas strange to view
 How under his swift finger a wondrous picture grew,
 Grew like a flower unfolded by some deep living law,—
 Scaree seen by him ; his spirit's eye its own clear vision saw.

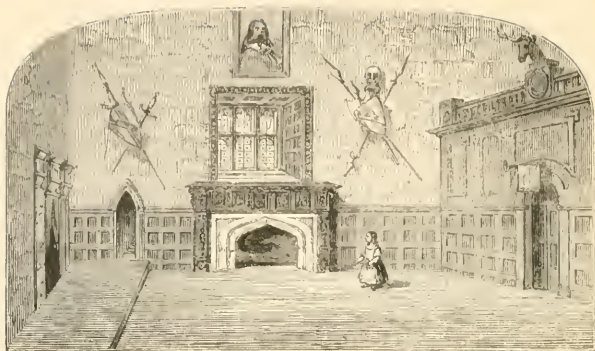
Lo, as from linkèd notes ye weave a harmony divine,
 A perfect face is growing from blended tint and line ;
 How gravely falls the golden hair by each transparent cheek !
 How lofty is the posture ! the lifted gaze how meek !

See the bright pity of those eyes, those tender brows and pure,
 The sorrow of those severed lips, calm waiting to endure ;
 She clasps the Babe against her heart, nor shrinks, yet sees
 revealed

The sword that is to pierce it, through ev'n that awful shield.

The Mother and the Child—it is again that simple theme ;
 Love born of Grief ! the Painter hath started from his dream,
 When a soft voice comes suddenly, like dew on evening air,
 “So went Angelico to work ! Say, how didst *thou* prepare ?”

O men of this grave century ! O mighty men and wise !
 Measuring all things ye cannot reach by judgment of your eyes,
 In skill ye may be kings—ye are but household slaves in Art ;
 For this one thing ye lack—the preparation of the heart !



LITTLE AGNES.

ANNABEL C——.

“ O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted.' ”

HOOD.

THERE are grim old pictures on the walls,
And the walls are frowning oak ;
There is ghost-like armour in the halls,
That has borne full many a stroke ;
And the mid-day sunshine sombred falls
Through forms it never awoke.

There are tattered banners that droop on high,
That once were all blazoned fair ;
The trumpet that shrilled forth the battle cry,
Now is hanging in silence there ;
And the rusting sword swings idle by,—
And a hush is every where.

The stag has panted before the hound :
They have made his horns a prey ;
And, branching broad and spreading round,
They frown in the twilight grey ;
And the arrow and bow that stayed his bound,
Now rest by their side alway.

And the shadows are lying grim and tall,
Alone in the stillness there ;
And the tapestry hangs like a funeral pall,
Where the dais is rising fair ;
And the burying dust creeps over all,
And a hush is everywhere.

A little child who has scanty known
The birth of five sunny springs,
Around whose head, like a glory-crown,
Curls her hair in golden rings,
In whose gentle voice there lies the tone
Of our heaven-imaginings—

A little child, on whose clear blue eyes
No sorrow or sin hath pressed,
To dim the glorious land that lies
Spread out in a young child's breast,
That never again for us shall rise
Till our bodies shall have their rest—

Her footsteps fall, as at Christmas-tide
Drop the snow-flakes one by one ;
And step or form her own beside
She heareth or seeth none ;
But she strays through the chamber ghostly wide,
With her simple thoughts alone.

For many a year had no human tread
Awakened the echoes there ;
For years had a silence like the dead
Brooded fearfully everywhere ;
For years had a pall of horror spread
O'er the moveless and lifeless air ;

For years had a tale of an ill deed done,
When the ruddy wine went round,
So polluted the room, that the bold June sun
Fell quivering on the ground ;
And human footstep never a one
Woke the hall to a hollow sound.

The unhallowèd spirit had won no rest,—
So was the story told ;
But the earth gave him up from her weary breast,
To his wanderings manifold ;
And, an ever unbidden, unwelcome guest,
He haunted the chamber old.

Darker and dimmer the twilight grew,
Broader the ghostly room ;
The armour, the flickering moonlight through,
Shadow-like seemed to loom ;
And the lighter casement served to show
Deeper the inner gloom.

The tapestry hangs like a funeral pall,
Where the dais is rising fair,
But no longer the shadows lie grim and tall,
Alone in the stillness there—
No longer the shivering moonbeams fall
Alone on the heavy air.—

Now let good angels the little one heed !
See on the dark dais stand
A shadowy being, whose form of dread,
Is lit by a glowing hand !
The felon hand that had done the deed
Is red as a burning brand.

And, coming down, and gliding on,
With never a step or sound,
While the red, red hand before him shone
With a bloody light on the ground,
The figure came where the child alone
Looked quietly forth around.

Spirit of evil ! thou hast no power,
Foul spirit ! thy course is o'er !
Before her purity thou must cower,
Must perish her glance before !
And never shall weary hall or bower
Feel thy presence to taint it more.

When the glorious sun is in the sky,
The ill mists shrink away ;
When a pure true heart is beating by,
Ill spirits may not stay :
That tainted essence fearfully,
Shrank where her glances lay.

Then the moonlight fell in a glorious flood,
Through the casement richly dight ;
And stained the mouldy dim old wood
With a robe of rainbow light ;
And wakened the air that had stagnant stood,
To life from a dreary night.

And the sword gleamed forth from the oaken wall,
And the banner moved its fold,
And the trumpet stirred with the battle call,
And the shield looked bright and bold,
And a breathing life through the ancient hall
Went cheerily as of old.

No fear had there been in the child's clear eye,
When the hated form was there ;
And never a moment her heart beat high
At this stir in the upper air ;
But happily, and so quietly,
She went forth soft and fair.

Small was the cause for *her* to fear ;
So pure was the heart she bore,
No spirit of evil could appear
Her guarded eye before ;
She had only seen the moonlight clear
Lie on the oaken floor.



THE FERRY.

F. R.

The ballad relates a tradition current in the neighbourhood of Nun Monkton in Yorkshire. The remains of a noble conventual building stand in the valley.

“NUN Monkton vale is fresh and fair
 On a summer’s day to see;
 At dead of night there are few that dare
 By the river side to be.”

An aged villager so spake
 To me when I was young;
 And I saw the old man chilly shake,
 While the words were on his tongue.

“O tell me why, good friend, I pray,
 For I love a shuddering tale;
 And on this moonlight eve of May
 I fain would seek the vale.

“And I would go, where primroses grow
 Along the river’s edge,
 Where the lilies are sweet beneath the feet,
 And the reed-bird sings in the sedge.”

“Now go not there, my son,” he said,
 “For it is a haunted place;
 And thou may’st see in the watery glade
 A pale unearthly face.

“ There lived a monk in yon ruined tower,
 Where the owl and the bat now dwell,
 And the ivy climbs, and the yellow wall-flower ;
 And he loved a nun too well.
 He was slain on the shore, in the woeful hour
 When they heard the midnight bell ;
 As the bank they paced, and shouted in haste,
 ‘ Over, over ! boatman ! boat !’

“ He did not hear, and their foes were near ;
 And the lady she cried in vain :
 ’Tis said she was doomed to be entombed
 Alive to a death of pain.

“ There are some, I ween, by the river-edge green,
 Have told of an awful sight ;
 And the time has been, when myself I have seen
 A shadow in pale moonlight.
 But this I know, I have heard even so,
 ‘ Over, over ! boatman ! boat !’

“ It echoed along, the dark wood among,
 Where the ravens have made their nest ;
 And it wakened the rook from the church-yard nook,
 And he cawed again from his rest :
 And the boatman heard too, but well he knew
 It was but the spirit unblest ;
 When he heard it cry, so mournfully,
 ‘ Over, over ! boatman ! boat !’ ”

I went on my way, though the old man said nay,
 Along the river-side,
 Where the dark trees met, till the moon was set,
 And the stars their light did hide:

I heard a long howl, it might be the owl,
As dismally it cried ;
But it said, I thought, as the old man taught,
“ Over, over ! boatman ! boat ! ”

There's a spirit in man, since the world began,
That warns him from deeds of blood,
The traces to mark in vision dark,
O'er haunted field and flood.

All dreary at noon, and beneath the moon
In the glimpses of her light,
Strange sights are seen where blood hath been,
Deepening the shades of night.

“ Of blood beware, a reverent care
Have thou of human life ”—
The voice within so tells the sin
Of murderous wrath and strife.

“ Who sheds the blood of man, by man
His blood it shall be shed : ”
Though none may scan, yet never can
God's word in vain be said.

“ Murder will out ”—though man may doubt,
Yet falls the threatened stroke ;
And oft when known to God alone
Comes true the word He spoke.

RECOMPENSE.

REV. W. J. DEANE, B. A.

Down a lane that glistened greenly
 Roamed a youth and maiden fair ;
 Whispering welcome glad, serenely
 Blew the fresh pure morning air,—
 Bird and insect grateful chanted in sweet tone their matin
 prayer.

Elm trees leafy, wild flowers springing,
 Sang of summer's coming nigh ;
 And the tuneful blue-bell ringing
 Waved a silent melody,
 While the murmuring of the river seemed a gentle spirit's sigh.

Now the dewy branches bending
 Kindly to the infant breeze,
 As the twain their way were wending
 'Neath the overarching trees,
 Showered a willing benediction down upon the head of these.

Hand in hand they wandered slowly
 Breathing words of blissful love,
 While the sky its influence holy
 Pressed upon them from above,
 Making of that wooded path a fair and consecrated grove.

They were young and they were truthful
 In their large devotedness ;
 And a first affection youthful
 Held them in its wild caress,
 Clothing sympathising nature in its own alluring dress.

Swiftly flew four months of gladness,
 Mid those happy vernal bowers ;
 Then there came slow days of sadness,
 Nights of weeping—weary hours,
 When the heart is faint in beating and the mind hath lost its
 powers ;

When the sunshine seems but mocking,
 And gay birds and smiling trees ;
 When the voice of mirth is shocking
 To the mourner's sanctities,
 And the sweetest music waileth, waileth the low whispering
 breeze.

Love's dream-light is overshadowed ;
 Darkness hovers in its sky ;
 Sinks to earth fair truth unaided ;
 Grovels low strong constancy ;—
 And his cheek is wan with anguish, and she dares not raise her
 eye.

For she knows she hath deceived him,
 Knows that she herself hath sold ;
 Cruelly she hath bereaved him
 For the sordid love of gold.
 O the blast of that sad Autumn ! it was bitter, it was cold !

It was cold and it was bitter,
As the driving wintry sleet ;
And she laughed, when tears were fitter ;
Trode his hopes beneath her feet,
Wrapping his young love in sadness, as a child in winding sheet.

Thus she left him to his sorrow,
Hurrying northwards with her lord ;
But the joy she could not borrow
Never more on her was poured :
She had bartered truth for riches — riches were her poor
reward.

He, the late despairing lover,
GOD be praised! despairs no more ;
Gentler hopes and feelings cover
Wishes frantic, passions sore ;
Flows his life a peaceful river smiling by a peaceful shore.

Peacefully he onward floweth,
Where he's safe from ruffling blast ;
And his pure face meekly showeth
Gleams of heaven down on him cast,
Up to which he looketh ever. JESU grant him rest at last !



V I C T O R I A .

A DREAM OF THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

J. E. L.

VICTORIA! our own loved Queen! I dreamed a dream of thee,
A dream of thee in an island home, with thy children at thy
knee;
No pomp of royalty was there, for England's Sovereign meet,
Only an English mansion fair, in a still and green retreat.

It needed not that outward pomp the Lady's rank should tell,
Marked by each word so firm and clear, like a silver sounding
bell:
'Twas graven on her queenly brow; and who could doubt that
hand
Was formed to wield with gentlest grace the sceptre of
command?

Victoria! with a prouder love to see thee on thy throne,
A subject's heart might glow; but here the light that round
thee shone

Was all of holiest womanhood, while on thy gracious head,
I prayed that God might evermore His choicest blessings shed.

I heard one call thee by thy name, not as a subject might,
But by thine own baptismal name, with a wedded husband's
right ;

And then I saw thy consort stand in gladness at thy side ;
And in each other's face ye read a parent's joy and pride ;

What time the royal children talked of Windsor's stately pile,
Yet how they loved their summer house in this their little isle,
Where waves keep cadence on the shore with sweet continuous
song,

To little feet that lightly dance those velvet lawns along.

The dimpling smiles on each young face seemed radiantly to
play,

Like the twinkling brightness in that hour of the waters' cease-
less spray ;

And I saw ye walk 'neath shadowing trees,—birds in the
branches sang,

And round you in the sunny shine all gladsome voices rang.

I marvelled not Britannia's Queen should love a home like this,
And to watch the tide come gently in, its Sovereign's grounds
to kiss,

To tell the Lady of the land, albeit she knows it well,
Of One Who with the feeble sand hath girdled ocean's swell.

Was it a shade of anxious thought that dimmed her radiant
glance,

When a crested wave beyond the rest seemed boldly to advance?
It might be so,—few days had passed since on her listening ear
E'en at her palace gate had thrilled a sound of strife and fear.

But the wave receding seemed to say, "Fear not the ocean's
roar,
Since in the hollow of His hand GOD holds it evermore.
And while thy trust is stayed on Him, and He defends thy right,
The sceptre in thy small white hand hath more than Cæsar's
might."

The scene was changed,—the sabbath bells were sounding in
the air ;
Anon I saw the Lady kneel within the House of Prayer,
With her princely husband and her babes, a lovely sight to me,
As they clasped their tiny hands to pray, and bent to GOD their
knee.

Oh sweeter than an angel's song, methought it was to hear
Those little ones, so early trained in GOD's most holy fear,
Echoing their mother's clear Amen, their father's fervent tone,
Though each young voice had even then an accent of its own.

"Pray on," within my heart I said, "while many pray for you !
Ye will need the might that in prayer is won, although your
hearts be true."

Another change came o'er the scene, I looked on a fitful sky,
And the foaming waves of an angry sea were darkly rolling by ;

Voices were sounding in the air, a wild tumultuous sound,
Cries of a maddening multitude, raging to burst their bound ;
And I heard it told that power and might were by the people
given,
And they laughed to scorn the anointing shed on kings and
priests from heaven.—

"The people's voice is God's," they said, "and no other
 voice we own;
 And what care we for the tale that links the Altar and the
 Throne?
 We are kings each one, and we brook no more the chains that
 have held us long;
 And we count them fools who pin their faith on an olden
 nursery song!

"We were childish once—we are wiser now—we have done with
 a puppet play,
 And we know our manhood's might to cast our leading-strings
 away."—
 And the mighty trembled on their thrones, and their faces
 paled with fear;
 For the deafening cry of the lawless rang like a death-knell on
 their ear.

Victoria! with a yearning heart, I thought of thee and thine,
 And prayed thy strength that hour might prove a strength
 indeed divine,
 And my heart within me thrilled to mark thy calm and steadfast
 look,
 Whose royal majesty might well the waverers rebuke.

And yet I heard thee call for help, and white-robed ones drew
 nigh,
 Who bade thee hold thy sceptre firm, and on thy God rely;
 I saw thee kneel,—I saw thee rise,—and the seal upon thy
 brow,
 The seal of the anointing shone with brightening lustre now.

A faithful band were gathering round, who told thee of the
 prayer,
 Still daily at the Altar poured by those who worship there ;
 And England's royal arms that hour a lesson read to thee,
 For the quaint device was rich in lore of saintly chivalry.

The unicorn revealed the foe, but round him was a chain ;
 And Judah's Lion guards the crown, by whom the anointed
 reign ;
 And at His feet there blooms the rose, our country's royal flower,
 But thistles* of the curse upspring where the haughty foe hath
 power.

And then in sleep upon me gushed the tide of joyous song,
 And tuneful numbers all unsought in cadence flowed along ;
 Yet few and faint on waking ear the echoes of that lay,
 Whose melody from memory's cell hath all but passed away,

Yet it told of one who in troublous time stood firm in anointed
 might,
 While she bowed her knee to the King of kings, and held of
 Him her right,
 And her trust was stayed in the LORD of Hosts, Who only
 unto kings,
 For David's sake, with His Own right hand peace and salvation
 brings.

It is He Who hears His servant's cry, and saves from the hurt-
 ful sword :
 He stilleth the sea when the waves arise, for He only is the LORD :

* Such was the reading in my dream, but in this sense the thistles are not intended to have reference to Scotland, and she may put in her claim to the Lion ; if it be not glory enough to have fastened the chain to the crown round the neck of the foe.

And she who trusted was not dismayed, but she proved the
priestly grace,

And the sons of Belial quailed to mark the light of her queenly
face ;

For she banded her brow in the might of faith with the sapphire
stones of heaven,

And her glad thanksgiving told from whence the strength to her
throno was given,*

And a song from the isles of the sea arose above the sounding
sea,

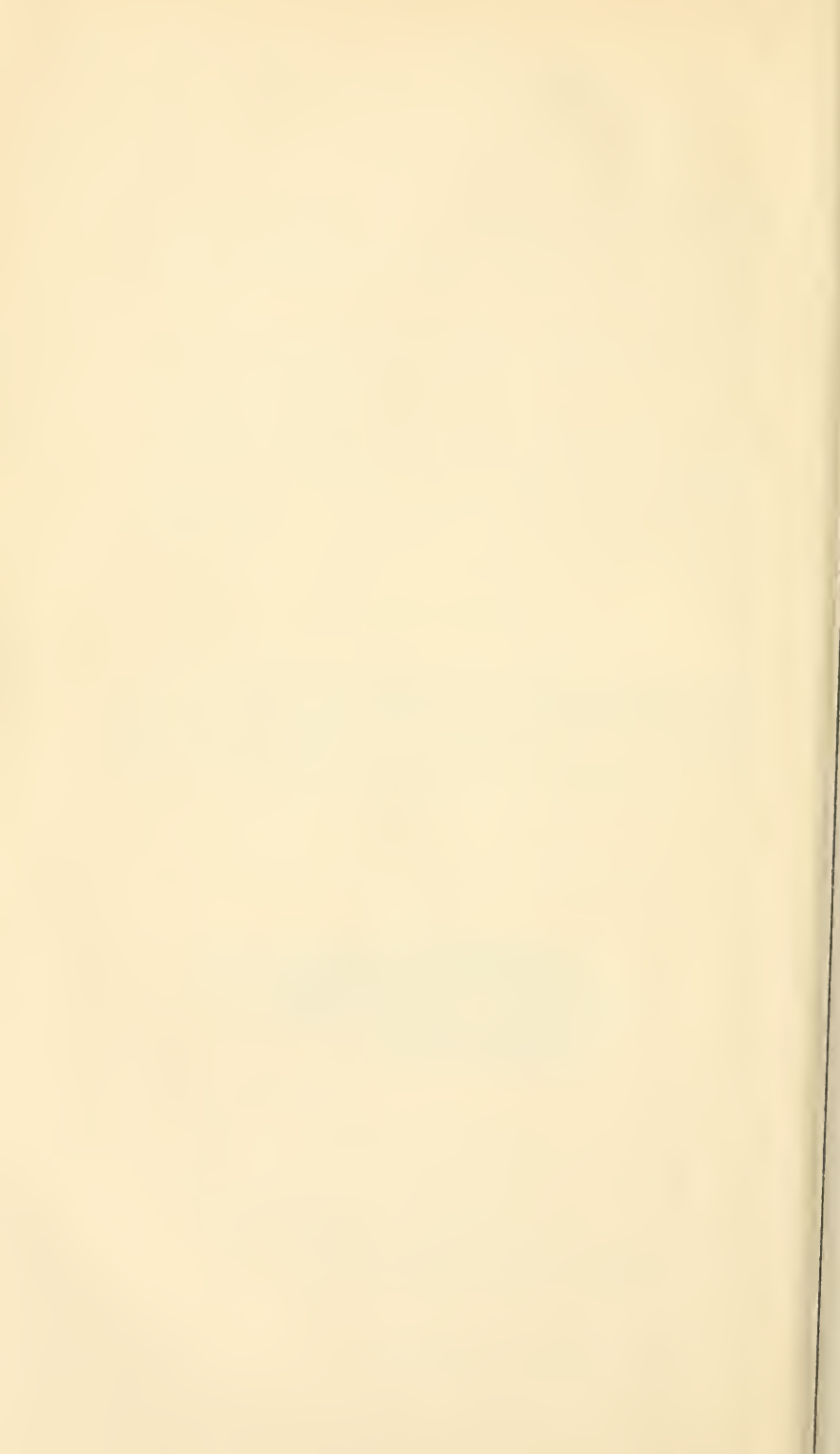
A song of praise to the LORD of Hosts, the Giver of VICTORY !

“*Dieu et mon Droit.*”

* The only lines clearly remembered on waking. The seven large sapphires were reset in the front of the royal crown for the Queen, and the sapphire stone being the one anciently used in this country for the Bishop's ring, the seven sapphires suggested a reference to the seven Angels of the seven Churches, (Rev. i. 20 ;) seven being the number of completeness.







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