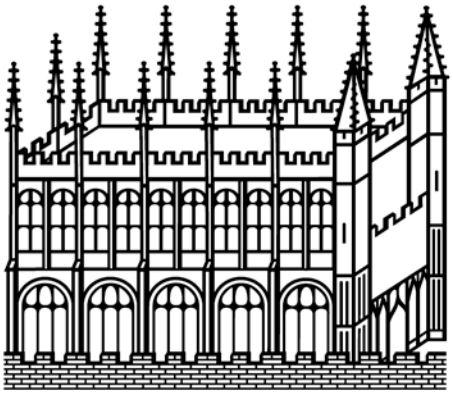

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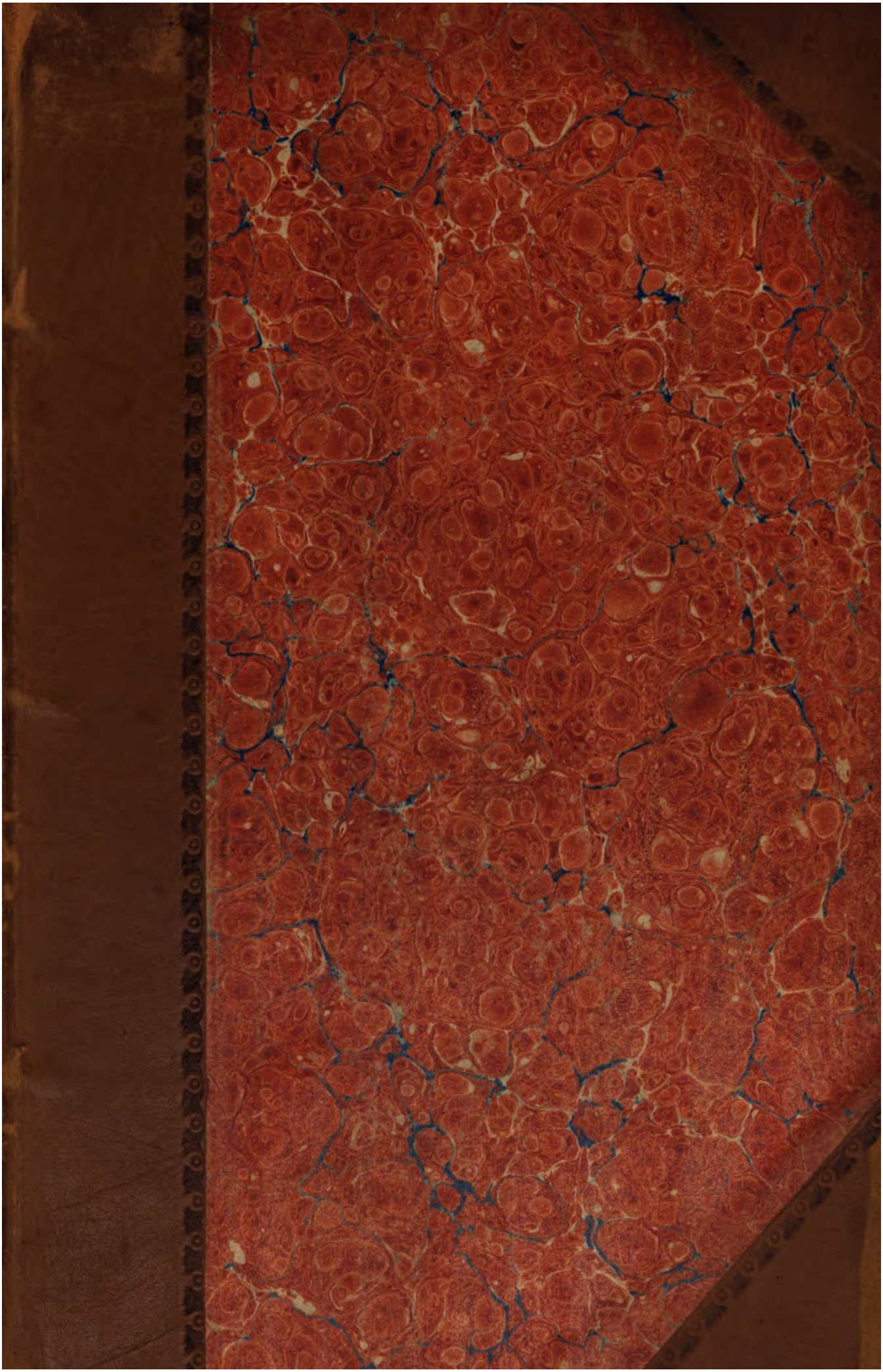

39.

247.

SELMA;

A TALE

OF

THE SIXTH CRUSADE.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1839.

247.

LONDON :
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PREFACE.

THE following tale, or, as it may be fitly called, "Novel in Rhyme," was composed a great many years ago. It was one of those dreams of the imagination, which cheated away the weary hours of a long season of ill health, during which the Author was shut up from active occupation. It will be thus understood, that it was written at a period, when the public taste was still chained to the charms of Romantic Poetry, and led captive by the powers of that giant Mind, which has left the undying impress of its own genius upon the literature of the present century.

The Author will frankly confess that the tale or poem now offered, was at first conceived, by way of trial, whether a different species of sentiment from that which had then acquired such unhappy influence, might not be so interwoven with a story of incident and interest, as to be received at least without disapproval. Circumstances at the time prevented any attempt at its publication, and before such effort could be made, the great Luminary of Romantic Song, who had so long dazzled the world in his course, had sunk below the Horizon, and left the popular mind sated with the past, and hopeless of being again awakened to interest by any feebler hand. Since that period the literary imagination and the reading taste seem to have been almost exclusively directed to the inventive Creations of prose.

So long an interval, however, has now elapsed, as might seem to have prepared the way for a

more favourable acceptance of such a work as the present. Yet, although often pressed on the subject by those to whose judgment he would willingly defer, the Author has hitherto refrained from any renewed attempt at publication. The reasons influencing him are of course of little moment to others: among them was not only want of leisure, but also perhaps a secret suspicion, the growth of experience and maturer thought, that works of fiction are not the best agents to promote the cause of Truth. Another season of compelled inexertion has removed the former of these objections, giving more than enough of leisure from active pursuits for the more retired preparations of the Press. And as to all other questionings of the Writer's discretion, arising out of the nature and conduct of the following Tale, they can perhaps only find a solution in motives to be derived from the very elementary principles and tendencies of the human mind. He

who knows the dearness to the heart of our youthful associations, not only of affection and of friendship, but also of habits of thinking and feeling, will easily find an excuse for the man, who loves sometimes to gather around him, out of the relics of memory, the fragments of early thought,—as he would the Friends of his youth,—however little suited they may be to the taste and mind of his maturer years.

The Crusade of Saint Louis, in the thirteenth century, is certainly one of the most interesting incidents of the middle Age.—The character of that great Prince, composed, as it was, of such noble elements of piety, heroism, and legislative wisdom, has had the singular fortune, to attract almost equally the admiration of the superstitious monks and chroniclers of his own time, and of the philosophic and sceptical mind of Gibbon in a later day. Such a leader must give to his every enterprize a peculiar charm.

The Earl of Salisbury, too, the leader of the English party who joined the Crusade, is not only interesting from the romantic character of his descent, but also from that union of chivalrous daring, and devotional sentiment, which are rarely to be found together, except in those days of strange and anomalous motive.

In pursuing the story of this Crusade, we have the unusual advantage derived from the particular narrative of two contemporary Historians. The simple account of the Sieur de Joinville, the friend, the Biographer and the Companion in arms of St. Louis in the expedition, though it may strip off some of those bright visions, with which imagination invests it, brings us at least into a minute acquaintance with the reality and the details of that strange adventure. While in the florid and ostentatious latinity of Matthew Paris, who seems to have been intimately acquainted with all the parties, we have,

if not in very good taste, yet in very striking and graphic portraiture, a special history of the prowess and actings of Salisbury and his English Knights, and of the miseries arising out of the mutual jealousy of the two Nations. He has added a letter written from the scene of action, which gives a very clear detail of the transactions of the Crusade.

It is from these two sources that the account of the general movements and achievements of the Crusading army in the following Tale is taken.

The greater portion of these, however, belong to the second part, which is not yet given to the public. With respect to such historical incidents, the writer has endeavoured to follow his authors as closely as possible, not only in the narrative, but in the sketchings of character. Some of the conversational parts, indeed, are little more than metrical paraphrases of the History.

To these circumstances of interest, connected with

the subject, may be added the glowing scenery, and all the deeply affecting recollections, growing out of the history and antiquities of that most wonderful of all lands, the land of Egypt, of which, if the Author has not known how to take advantage, he must honestly confess the failure has not arisen from any defect in the materials within his power.

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SELMA.

I.

DAMIAT.

—On Damiat's battlemented wall,
One—two—three;—nay, 'tis past the counting;
So thick the red Cross flags are mounting,
So fast the Crescents fall:—
How soft, ye blessed signs, ye fly,
Growing upon the calm blue sky;
Ye wave as meek, as pure ye shine,
As when ye deck'd our Lady's shrine.—
Ay, few would think, ye look'd upon
A scene so stern, as that below;

And fewer dream, ye ever shone
  The signal of such woe:
For if that clash of spear and shield,
  (But these are weakening on the ear,)
Be sign of war and deathly field,
  And if that shriek of fear,
And the wild voice of agony,
And dull, dread plaint of them that die,
Be mark of men in misery;
There hath not oft been wretchedness
  More deep, within this world of woe,
Than in the hour, ye seem to bless
  With your so gentle show;
Now, when the faithless ones are fled,
And Victory streams, where Faith has led.—

—Stay, Artois, stay thy furious sword,
  And bid thy eager bands forbear;
Heard'st thou thy royal Brother's word:
—"Brave Knights, sweet mercy then afford,
  When conquest gives to spare."
Suppliants, forego your idle prayer:—
  He hears you not, in vain ye crave;
Go, mark that fierce relentless air,

Nor ask if pity enter there,
If such proud arm could stoop to save—

—And is the royal Louis gone?
Or where delays he now,
That such dark deeds of death are done,
Such needless work of woe?—
'Twere ill, to miss that guiding eye,
Where goodness sits, as on her throne;
'Twere deeper grief, if danger lie
On him, meek Mercy's champion high,
Whom holiest Faith and Chivalry
Their Saint and Hero own—
—Him morning saw, on Egypt's strand
The first of all the warrior band,
Who, flung amid the opposing flood,
High o'er the stream, the red Cross bore;
And pressing toward the hostile shore,
Stained the pale wave with Paynim blood.—
Now, all the work of danger done,
And scatter'd wide the vanquish'd foes,
Urged by entreaty, he has gone,
To snatch a short repose:

And left the safety of the field,
To Raimond's sword and Raimond's shield;
To Knights and names, whose high record
Was carved, that day, on Egypt's shore,
In deathprints deep, and lines of gore,
By ruthless lance and sword.—

In that fierce front, there stirs a band,
Who well have proved their arms to-day;
Densely they move, or firmly stand,
Foremost in breach or mortal fray:—
The strange deep war-cry on the gale,
(It hath no Gallic sound,)
The ponderous arms, the massy mail
And limb, with firmer tendon bound,
The argent Cross, their banner bears,
(Now many a sanguine stain it wears)
Unlike or Frank or Easterling,
Mark, whence their warlike race they bring—
Britain, they are thine, thy hardy sons:
Cold, cold the faithless heart-blood runs,
At thy fair Cross and fairer fame;
Since he, thy royal Richard, came,

And left his praise in many a tale,
At which the Moslem maid grows pale,
And Turks, with timid glance, proclaim,
Muttering their Lelies with his name ;—
Till, at the sound of "Lion Heart,"
The Arab courser, taught to start,
Turns from the glittering shield and spear ;
His haughty neck untamed before,
Swalloweth the path of death no more,
Nor longer mocks at fear.—

—Now, while degenerate Henry lay,
Trifling those glories fast away,
These from his puny reign withdrew
A brave, bold, voluntary few,
Fired or with Faith's, or Richard's name,
With love of Heaven, or love of Fame.
—Pleased with their presence, Louis gave
Such welcome as befits the brave ;
Gave the sole boon they stoop'd to crave,
The place where Death, with Honour, stalks,
Where Hope, arrayed in danger, walks
To glory or the grave.—

Traced, in their Leader's gallant air,
Are martial might and emprize fair,
And name and lineage high, betray'd,
Less by the vast paternal blade,
(Though few such weapons force could wield,)
Than by his port and prowess high;
Less by the far distinguish'd shield,
The Lions in the azure field,
Than by the Lion in his eye,
And look, by Faith and Virtue, steel'd,
Alike to dare or die:—
He bears the wreathe in Syria won,
To bloom anew, in Afric's sun;
'Tis He,—'Tis princely Salisbury.—
The brave Earl William—Oh! that sound
Claims, from each British heart, a sigh,
For the sad tale of mystery
Romantic eld has hung around
The lonely bower of Rosamond,
Singing, in many an artless lay,
How softness may be given to wound,
And Beauty to betray.—

From love so high, so hapless, flow'd
The lofty line of Salisbury;
Too transient sure, for England's good,
Save that their deeds shall live for aye:—
What could it less, together met
A Clifford and Plantagenet.—

And oh! if there be aught in sight
To weigh the worth of noble Knight,
Its sentence will not niggard be,
To that young Chief, so fair to see,
Who, 'mid those island squadrons bright,
Moves second but to Salisbury:—
—To him, who reads the armour well,
At once its fair device may tell
Another of that princely line;
He, whom the lovely Emmeline,
'Mid the green vales of Erin, bore
To her dear Lord,—an offering more
Esteem'd than all her dower and land,
Though Ulster's title deck'd her hand:
—Sweet pledge of love on lovely shore!

—Young Albert, fondly nursed among
Those glens of ardour, hope and song,
Where, long uncheck'd, his childhood stray'd,
Wild as the hills on which it play'd,
As light, as fleet as mountain hare,
And keen as Ulster's northern air,
  Had turn'd a late, half patient ear,
While holy Anselm anxious strove
With tenderest care and wiles of love,
    In wisdom's way to rear.—
—And he has won that ardent soul,
Teaching its waywardness controul,
And, to the youthful mind, has given
  Such thoughts, as generous hearts may prize,
The lore of earth, the love of Heaven,
  Those aims, those views, those hopes, that rise
  Above low cares and vulgar joys,
    And mingle with the skies :—
Nor left he Albert's growing age ;
  But, though with years and weakness bent,
Following his path, with counsel sage,
    O'er the wide sea he went :
And saw his Boy, 'mid Gallia's host,

Proud France's envy, Britain's boast,
Alike esteem'd for prowess high,
In martial tournament and joust,
And for the praise of lady's eye,
That lights on knightly courtesy.

And Louis loved him;—if there came
A transient sigh, to think, there shone
Such hope beneath no Gallic name,
The patriot thought 'twere hard to blame,
And it is swiftly gone.—
And, reckless of his race, his care
Strove, 'mid the eager growths of youth,
To plant the germ of many a truth,
Pluck'd from his own bright character
All rich in glorious deed and word.
And when amid the high Crusade,
In England's silver cross array'd,
Foremost young Albert stood display'd,
He girt him with the soldier's sword,
Then rank'd him with his warriors brave,
To teach him, to subdue and save.—
—A double praise,—a double grace!

It makes war's self half blessedness :—
A double praise, which Artois stern
Seems careless now, to teach or learn ;
His the fell Tiger's sullen joy,
That loves the conquest—to destroy ;
The greedy wantonness of mood,
Which, tasting once the sanguine tide,
Can never more be satisfied,
But riots on in blood :
Wasteful of life, he madly ranged
O'er the red field, unchecked, unchanged ;
And while he thins the flying crowd,
Follows their rout this menace loud :
—"Now give our deadliest vengeance way,
And cursed be He, who wills to stay."—

Oh ! that thy terror-bearing sword
Were powerless, as that furious word,
And touch'd as light each prostrate crest,
As fell such curse on Albert's breast :
For mercy's voice was whispering there ;
Ah ! spare the fallen, in pity spare !—
While the blest sign, which pardon won,

Looks, from yon banner, meekly down,
Shall man refuse such grace to share,
And Heaven be pitiful alone?—

But see! where wheels the chieftain's power:
That threatening hand, that eagle eye,
The shrilling horn, the eager cry
Have mark'd the Moslem's final tower,
Where the last crescent, blazing high,
Shoots back the Sun's declining ray,
And, reddening on the eve of day,
Stands in the Heaven, a rival light,
A fiercer Star, to lead the night.—
—It was a sight of glory and fear,
When the shrill summons met the ear,
To see each street, and square, and lane
Its dark full stream of war restoring;
Like thousand mountain brooks, in rain,
To some ravine's deep bosom pouring,
Thence with swollen torrent, to the main,
In foam and fury roaring.—
Away, away, nor let nor stay
Shall give such fury short delay;

Toward the lone tower as fierce they run,
As if no triumph yet were won,
And their stern labour, but begun,
Still all uncertain lay.—

As on the desert's pathless waste
The travellers hear the rising blast,
And mark, the distant tempest urge
The eddying dust, the sandy surge,
The ocean drear, the arid wave,
That swells and sweeps, a moving grave;—
Watches each look, with terror wan,
Till bursts it on the Caravan:—
—So rolls the wasting tide of war
Toward the last refuge of despair;
So shrink the Moslems, at the sight,
Though girt within that castle's height;
And quicker comes each gazer's breath,
As nearer breaks the wave of Death.

And yet upon that fortress wall,
One warrior front, looks down on all
The streaming ranks of victory,

With moveless, but with darkening eye.—
There Osman's brow of wrath is seen,
  Wrinkling beneath his crisped hair,
Now deeply wreathed in turban green,
As if of prophet's race he had been;
  But he, who marks the scowling air,
And dark roll'd eye and sun-stain'd face,
In its wild lineaments might trace
    More mingled character?
A negro sire, a torrid sky
Have traced, within the rolling eye,
Its deathless hate and treachery:
A mother's Arab blood, impress'd
The untamed spirit in his breast,
    Which now is swelling high.—
But higher grows that bosom's swell,
As his glance, on the scared ranks fell;
And deeper bends the dark brow's storm
Its fury on each trembling form:
Oh! who the lightning of that eye
Could meet, and sleep in lethargy?—
Oh! who such voice of wrath could hear,
    And dare to dream of fear?

—" Shame, shame! the southern warrior flies
From striplings, blanch'd in polar skies;
Shall limbs where ripened vigour runs,
Fear Europe's green and sickly sons,
And cheeks, where summer's roses glow,
Be blighted by their forehead's snow?
Shall Egypt's boast and Iran's trust
Fall, unrevenged, in hopeless dust?—
Now, by our Prophet's sword, I swear,
Which never did the faithless spare,
Who shrinks to-night, shall surely feel
The keen revenge of Osman's steel:—
—Oh! may that soul, by terror driven
From glory here, find none in Heaven,
No bird of hope, no wanton maid,
To bear to bliss his coward shade;
But freeze in ice, or blush in flame,
With lasting fear, with endless shame."—
He spoke,—and, at the shout of war,
Starts forth his mighty scymitar,
And shakes its light and courage far:—
Each eye is bright with valour's beam,
As it had caught the weapon's gleam;

Back, back the traitor blood returning,
Upon the warrior cheek is burning,
As if upon some dark wild dream,
That voice had broke like morning.

The sun has sunk,—his ruddy fire
Bathes its last glories in the wave;
Scarce rests a beam, on Mosque or spire,
To deck the death scene of the brave:
Dimly, within the dusky veil,
Move helm and spear and iron mail,
Where Raimond's voice and Raimond's hand
Have check'd the swift career
And eager will of that fierce band,
The lofty fortress near;
Of giant forms a dark array,
As imaged in the twilight grey.—
—Upon the northern breeze's wing,
From out yon level sea,
A denser cloud is gathering,
Than this sweet land may often see;—
Lost in the shade, the warrior line
Await their leader's battle sign.—

—An awful pause!—when nature frail
Shakes the strong fence of honour's pale,
And breathes, in many an anxious ear,
A doubtful hope, a passing fear,
A homeward thought, a silent prayer;
'Tis past,—and all is ardour there.—

—"Thou, Beaujeu, southward wheel thy power;
While Salisbury scales the western tower;
Bretagne shall hold our outward guard,
And all escape or succour ward;
My own brave knights this front shall try;
Who first sets foot within its height,
Or be he squire, or be he knight,
Shall claim the Fortress as his right.—
Then, be each soldier's shout—'Montjoye'—
And 'Heaven our help,' the onset cry.
—On to the assault!—'tis Artois calls."—
—Already have they reached the walls;
Already are the grapples staid,
The ladders fixed for escalade;
Almost the summit's height they gain,
Man above man, a moving chain:

No footstep breaks the silence dread :—
What ! is the foe asleep or fled ?—
Has mounted now, the topmost spear
Unchallenged, to the curtain near : —
Another step—what deafening cry
Bursts from within and rends the sky ! —
Instant a thousand torches beam,
A thousand flashing sabres gleam,
And turbans ranged and banners rear'd,
Proclaim the subtle foe prepared. —
—Rises the din ;—the weapons clash, —
The roll'd rocks fall, with heavy crash ;
Red streams the Greek-fire's lurid flood
Upon the hissing field of blood ;
— Glares, in the dark, that castle high,
Like Etna on the burning sky,
So fierce its fire-spouts be,
Piercing the far obscure of night,
It dawns through Heaven unnatural light,
And flashes on the sea.—
— There, seen amid the waving light,
Dark Osman treads the dizzy height :
—" Down, down the proud invaders roll,

To Eblis hurl each faithless soul!" —
'Tis Osman's hand, 'tis Osman's breath,
That leads, that wings the storm of death.

Upon the western rampart's brow,
A lofty knight, in the red glow,
Short moment's space is halting; —
Oh! Albert what a heart of woe
Were hers, thy Lady mother's now,
Could she but see thee, mid the foe,
With such mad venture, vaulting,
Down, headlong down, on that stern host: —
—Darkly above his way it closed: —
Nay, he lives still; — the snowy crest,
Like lone bird, on the Ocean's breast
Mounting and stooping, in the blast;
On the dark crowd is tossing; —
On, on! brave Salisbury, shouldst thou wait
An instant's pause, it were too late;
Oh! when 'tis risk of Albert's fate,
Thy path 'twere desperate crossing —
And Erin's few will aid thee well;
Strong are her hands, her hearts are warm,

Fly they, to snatch their chief from harm,
Dark rolling, like the mountain storm,
O'er the high boundary's pale ; —
Red Murtoch, with his iron flail,
(A kerne of Albert's island train,
Wild as e'er couch'd in mountain den,)
Thick, as young buds in early hail,
Shakes turbans on the plain.—
Fast, o'er the fence the assailants spring ;
Crush'd helm and shield and cuirass ring,
From the deep breastwork thrown ;
And back recedes the Moslem force,
Before the torrent's upward course,
That rolls resistless on.—
Mounts Artois to the dangerous bound;
But, ere a footing he has found,
Stumbling upon the slippery ledge,
He faulters toward the fearful edge :
There Osman's sword, with deadly sway,
Has mark'd him, for its certain prey. —

Ah ! thoughtless men ! how weak the chain,
That binds you to a life, so vain,

So frail, each fleeting moment's wing
May snap, or spare the feeble string: —
— Raimond, this moment's doubtful strife
Is sovereign of thy death, or life. —
— That blow, — that blow, with fury prest,
Has struck; — but not thy fenceless breast: —
What timely arm, in empty air,
Has idly turn'd the murderous share? —
Thine, Albert, thine the watchful eye,
That marks thy chief's extremity,
And, in the moment of dismay,
Piercing the foemen's dense array,
Arrests the weapon's fatal way: —
Starts Artois forth, like pent up flame,
Eager to quench in blood his shame. —
— Then, then, in the close circuit pent,
  In mingled shock the warriors rush;
As not on life or safety bent,
As if each soul were sweetly spent,
  Could but its waste some foeman crush:
And, foot by foot, the faithful gain
Slow progress, on the tighten'd plain,

Till, prest within the narrowing space,
The Moslems hardly yield their place. —

The last in flight, as first in ire,
For life scarce deigning to retire,
Slowly stern Osman's steps recoil,
As the grim Lion quits the spoil. —
— Oh! what a scene of carnage, then
Must close that furious strife of men: —
I love not, nor will speak the strife
Of human hand, 'gainst human life;
It is a fearful thing, to sever
That link of time, on which may lie
The weight of an eternity,
And can be mended never:
— Ay, it might stir us awfully,
To cast a soul for good, for ill,
(And who shall say it must be well)
To sink or swim on that wide sea,
For aye unchangeable;
If ill, — where no calm haven lies,
Nor e'er shall glad horizon rise,

Nor dawn, upon its darkness, steal;
A dreary waste of wretchedness,
Black, boundless, hopeless, merciless. —

Within yon lonely angle's nook,
With downcast eye and trembling look,
What feeble suppliant meekly clasps
Such stately warrior's blood-stain'd knee? —
That languid form, whose rudeness grasps?
What heart untouch'd by clemency? —
A Moslem boy for mercy sues;
There is not heart, there is not hand
So stern, in all the victor band,
But Raimond's could refuse: —
— "No, I have sworn, one general doom
Shall sweep the Faithless to the tomb;
Die, Pagan, die, thy fate is seal'd:" —
Oh! blest be Albert's pitying shield,
Now, o'er that trembler's drooping head,
Like some good Angel's pinion, spread. —
— "Brave Chief, this needless rage forbear;
Such poor revenge let valour spare;

Hard hast thou earn'd thy fame to-day,
Then cast it not, so light, away;
This victim to thy cruel vow,
Would snatch a glory from thy brow;
Shall Artois stain the wreathe he wears,
With childhood's blood, with childhood's tears? —
Oh! were our sainted Louis by,
His ear could bend to misery's cry." —
Wild roll'd the chieftain's eye of fire:
— " Rash Youth, and dar'st thou tempt my ire? —
What other hand or voice should give
Such check to Raimond's wrath, and live." —
— " Nay, Raimond, I'll not urge this strife;
It is thy honour, not his life,
That wakes such interest in my breast: —
Come, come, you'll grant my poor request;
If I, to-day, your toils have shared,
Be this my best, my sole reward;
Thine be the envied spoiler's joy,
I only claim this lovely boy:
For never, did my eyes assail
A look so soft, so sweetly pale;

For Egypt's wealth and Soldan's power,
I would not crush this drooping flower." —
— " There, there, the puny present take ;
Would it were better for thy sake ;
A better, I would fain bestow : —
Albert to you a debt I owe ;
No matter now :" — That hasty stride
But ill conceals a wounded pride.

— With head reclined on Albert's breast,
With languid look and eye deprest,
Fearful to risk a whisper's sound,
Or cast one trembling glance around,
So still, as if all life were riven,
So fair, it seem'd a thing of Heaven,
Through sorrow's stream, that form appears
A seraph, dipt in pity's tears. —
— " Nay, tremble not, this firmer arm
Shall shield thee, Boy, from future harm ;
Revive, sweet youth, the storm is o'er ;
Thou need'st not fear the foemen more."—
He stopp'd,—for now, confusedly, stole
Some wilder'd fancies, o'er his soul :

The torch, which trembles in the gale,
Just tints, with light, those features pale :
Shews in the dark and tear-gemm'd eyes,
A far maturer radiance rise ;
And marks, the bosom's swelling dress,
With trace of woman's loveliness :
— O'er the pure neck and bosom fair,
Wanders a lock of jetty hair,
As if the raven's wing should throw
An idle plume on winter's snow :—
Already, has his eager eye
Waked the young glow of modesty :
On the pale cheek, the fleeting dye
All doubtfully, a moment strays,
Like soft clouds touch'd with morning's rays.—

—" Now, do I dream ?"—amazed he said :
Springs, from his arm, the trembling maid ;—
Already, at his feet, she lies,
With clasped hands and streaming eyes :
—" O thou ! if ever sorrow's sigh
Have touch'd thy breast with sympathy ;
If honour's light or glory's smile

E'er won thee from loose pleasure's wile;
Warrior, a wretched maiden save,
And shield from shame, or yield a grave."—
—"Rise, lovely mourner, dry those tears,
On Albert's honour rest thy fears;
This hand shall grasp the sword, in vain,
Ere on thy maiden gentleness,
With injury, shall rudeness press,
Or taint its pureness stain."—
Then, from the earth the maid he drew,
Half dared to dry that falling dew,
And shade the loose locks from her brow;—
Almost the greater trembler now:—

—"Thou bid'st me hope, thou bid'st me live;
No thanks, but tears, can Selma give;
These best may suit a captive maid,
These, poorly, the full heart would tell,
Snatch'd from foul death or fouler ill;
But, when my ransom shall be paid,
Even Egypt's Sultan, shall bestow
Meet thanks on such a generous foe."—
—"Talk not of ransom;—thou art free;

Thou wouldst not buy my courtesy :—
Oh no! it never shall be told,
That one, in Erin born,
Gave pity, in exchange for gold,
Or succour sold to maid forlorn ;
—Yet here,—alone,—in warlike keep,
Disguised—on flight or death intent
So young,—so fair,—'tis wonder deep,—
—In the Frank tongue too eloquent ;—
And, if the question nought offend ;
—Nay, deem me not inquisitive
Beyond what thy free choice would give,—
—You claim'd the Sultan friend."—
—" Stranger, thou well deserv'st to know ;—
Few words may speak a tale of woe :—
Behold me, then, of royal line,
Heiress of Adhel's woes and shame,
Sprung from the mighty Saladin,
Who dimm'd the light of Europe's fame :—
—Young Adhel won a heart and hand,
The brightest gem of Christian land ;
Nor dream'd he, that so pure a flame
Could rob him of his crown and fame.—

For this, when placed on Egypt's throne,
Dark slander on his faith was sown,
And malice, in one wretched hour,
Tore him alike from life and power.—
'Twas mine the hapless lot, to prove
One pledge of that ill-fated love :—
How, have I wept the fatal day,
Which swept my parents both away,
And left me to a tyrant's sway !
—O thou ! who, from my early years,
Hast fill'd my cup of life with tears,
Stern Malek Salah ! hast thou torn
Her parents from a maid forlorn,
And banish'd by thy treacherous art
Young Eddin, brother of my heart—
Yet still thy hate unsatisfied
Would destine me for Osman's bride ?—
Dark Chieftain ! whose ungentle power
Would woo me, prison'd in his tower,
And force the heart, he cannot win,
To love that darker soul within.—
—Oh ! may this sad and orphan'd breast,
Buy, in the grave, a calmer rest,

And pay the price with life's full tide,
Ere Selma shall be Osman's bride!"—

She ceased,—the listener's ear and eye
Has charm'd in sweetest sorcery,
The witching of that pensive tale;
  Till, as if every breath that fell,
  Could waft its magic from the spell,
He startles at the passing gale:—
  Oft, as the pictured woe she drew,
He grasp'd his sword, with sudden hand,
As if the tyrant there might stand,
    Or brush'd his eyelids' dew.—
The silence of that plaintive tongue,
Has from his mind the vision flung,
And waked from the soft dream which stole
So sad, so sweetly o'er his soul;
He strives with lighter words, to cheer
The movements of the maiden's fear.—
—"Nay, lovely Lady, smooth that brow,
You need not fear the Sultan now;
Perhaps, you dread a tyrant's chain,
If Albert's captive you remain,—

That, like dark Osman, he appears
To love sweet maiden's suppliant tears :—
Come,—while you deign to grace our tower,
We will not act the tyrant's power ;
Your prison shall be lightly barr'd,
A matron's eye your rudest guard,
And, should you need a Soldier's care,
Trust me, no Osman shall be there."—

As, when the midnight breeze has given
An opening, in the clouded Heaven,
Just while the moon's pale beam may rest
A moment on the Ocean's breast,
Then swiftly, from the dimpling play,
Withdraws the sweet and transient ray ;—
So heavenly mild, so pure a smile
Dimpled that pensive cheek, the while,
Then swift its languid light withdrew,
As lovely, but as transient too.—
Oh ! who, in words, so true, so well,
Such grateful smile's discourse could tell ;
So full, the living spirit draws
Its meaning, on that speechless pause,

As if the soul, from earth refined,
Breathed its new eloquence of mind.—

Scarce had the tumult ceased within,
Still rose, by fits, the warrior din,
Was heard the shout of victor loud,
Where farther from the clamorous crowd,
On platform of that castle high,
Young Albert gazed on Selma's eye :—
The time, the occasion, and the spot,
Were all, in one soft look, forgot ;
For the best freight of treasured Nile,
He would not change that simple smile.
—Then as the short-lived grace withdrew,
Rush'd back the passing scene to view ;
Remember'd now, their midnight stand,
Gently he raised the drooping hand :
—" Come, Lady, lest the dewy air
Too rudely chill a form so fair ;
Even in this castle's hostile ward,
Shall Albert's honour be thy guard ;
Safe in your chamber, you may rest,
No more its prisoner, but its guest.—

Nor need such strange disguise again
To snatch thee from our dreaded chain."—
A faint glow o'er her features pass'd,
As on her dress a glance she cast,
There seem'd, like sunny gleam, to play,
Deepening the dark eye's pensive ray:
—Silent she turned and led the way.

The night breeze, from the arched sky,
Had now withdrawn its sable shroud
And left, that glittering canopy
Untravell'd by a single cloud:—
There, from Creation's myriad eyes
His Glory looks, who framed those skies,
There lives, in every living star,
There fills yon fathomless blue afar,
And breathes, in this sweet air.—
Less frequent, through the castle, hung
The fading torch, which dimly flung,
On arms and men, its feeble glow,
As if to mock that dazzling show.—
At times, is heard the sullen hum
Of wearied bands, which slowly come,

From long pursuit or hard-earn'd spoil,
Worn with the contest's tedious toil.—
Apart, the stately leaders stand,
Counting their loss, in every band,
And half regret their dear-bought fame,
As miss'd the eye each gallant name.—
—The joyful shouts exulting swell,
The triumphs of the brave may tell,
But feeling's throb and friendship's sigh,
Must speak the *price* of Victory.

—" But know you, Mauclerc, what device
Saved the black chieftain from our eyes ;
Osman, methinks, I heard him named ?"
Thus to Bretagne fierce Artois cries ;—
" I long'd, to see that Spirit tamed ;
You kept the castle's outward guard,
And better might his flight have barr'd ;
I'd rather have that ruffian's head,
Than the whole rout which with him fled."—
—" Nay, my sweet Prince, place blame aright ;
Full well I kept each pass to-night,
St. Denis ! Osman pass'd not there,

Unless he journey'd by the air;
And, sure 'tis said of Pagan breed,
The Devil helps them at their need:"—
Stern frown'd the Chief, then hurried said,
—"But where, so long, has Albert staid?
This conquest would be little boast,
If that brave youth were to us lost:"—
—"Oh! Albert's safe,—yet, faith! he may
Have follow'd Osman's airy way;
I met him, half on wing, I guess,
Led by an imp in Moslem dress,
And, as old Anselm used to tell,
Foul fiends may act fair angels well,
For never yet did Wizard's storm
Bear imp, of more seducing form,—
Nay, here he comes—Now say, Sir Knight,
What freakish, sly, unearthly sprite"—
Then Raimond,—"Cease this timeless jest,—
Albert, thou hast our thanks to-night,
This fortress now is thine by right,
As first who reach'd the rampart's height;
Then guard it with thy best—
Our troops have now much need of rest,

Let first the careful leaders haste,
To see our guards and outposts placed,
Then, with their several force, retire,
To seek the rest, which all require."—

II.

THE COURT.

THE glowing Star, which leads the morn
Was on the far horizon born;
And cheer'd the wanderers of the night
With promise of the coming light.—
  Sweet image of that holier ray,
Whose glorious beam and radiant rise,
To Eastern sages' raptured eyes
  Reveal'd the dawn of endless day,
As, o'er the meek and heavenly Child
The star of promise hung and smiled.
—Back, from his guard, as Albert moves,
  With measured step and thoughtful mien,

His eye, o'er the wide landscape, roves,
A fair and varied scene:—
There Nile, by commerce treasured o'er,
Glides waveless to the Ocean's shore:
— Majestic stream! upon thy breast
Peace sits enthroned, and sober rest;
As if, from Eden issuing forth,
Amid the torrent floods of earth,
Thy spring unseen, thy source unknown,
Thou roll'st, a lovely emblem, on,
Of the pure mind, 'mid strife and sin
Of this rude world, all lonely thrown,
Borne meekly down, by calm wave drawn
From Faith's deep founts unseen. —

Oh! how unlike the scene, that stains,
With crimson guilt, thy war-swept plains!
Where, bathed in her own vital blood,
The city, thou wert wont to bless,
Folds, in her crescent arms, thy flood,
With all a daughter's tenderness;
Looks on the stream, and seems to chide
The ruthless burden, on thy tide —

Alas! does Heavenly Charity
  Persuade to break thy lovely calm?
Do the blest drops of Calvary
  Corrode the wounds they came to balm?
To that meek voice and pitying tongue,
  Which chid the zealot's hasty ire,
Does this wild rage of war belong,
  This greedy sword, this wasting fire? —
No; — the last sounds, that murmur'd there,
Were mercy's sweetest, tenderest prayer. —
— And Louis too, in happier hour,
Had felt and bless'd their peace, their power:
Till Superstition, gloomy Fiend!
  Swept far away the gentle tone,
And turn'd that breast, where Pity lean'd,
  To Persecution's heartless stone;
Led Saints and Warriors, at his word,
To preach forgiveness with the sword;
And, where but rage and hatred move,
To plant the holiest sign of love. —
Ah! sainted Prince! thou yet shalt know,
By many a touching scene of woe,
That He, whom now thou would'st obey,

Needs not the Hero's conquering arm,
To bear his truth's enlightening ray,
Or deck it with a brighter charm. —

Glanced few such thoughts, through Albert's breast,
As, with his sleepless toil opprest,
He wanders back the weary way,
In the first smile of opening day :—
For now a softer feeling twined
Its closer foldings round his mind;
A form, before his fancy, flies
With pensive cheek and downcast eyes;
Still o'er soft neck and bosom fair,
Wanders a lock of jetty hair;
Still, with a sweet and touching wile,
Plays, on its lip, the transient smile : —
The radiance of the early gleam
Seems but a dark eye's trembling beam;
The gentle sigh of passing gale
But breathes a plaintive mourner's tale;
And oh ! yon lovely tint, that's stealing
Its morning colours on the sky,

Brightening and fading to the eye,
It is the blush of feeling. —

— " How sweet is pity's tender sway !"
Said Albert, as he traced the way :
" Who would resign its thrilling sigh,
For the poor peace of apathy ? —
Ah ! lovely Infidel ! if thou
Could'st know thy better interest now,
And, to such form and feeling mind,
Add but a heart by Truth refined ;
No, — never yet to earth were given
A nobler work of bounteous Heaven,
More with its sweetest touch imprest." —
— Thus wander'd thought, as on he pass'd,
Then restless sought the needed rest.

The days fly past ;—and Albert there
Still lingers near the stranger Fair ;
Gazes on Selma's speaking eye,
And says : — " How sweet is pity's sigh !" —
Hangs o'er those locks, which darkly wave,
And thinks — how blest the power to save !

Nor dreams of aught, in Feeling's hour,
But Pity's throb, and Mercy's power;
Nor sees, that dangerous magic lies
In jetty tress and beaming eyes;
Knows not, what cobweb barriers part
The gentler movements of the heart,
And, that each fluttering pulse's play
May brush the silken fence away.—

And she, that gentle maiden, hung,
At early morn, at evening still,
With pleasure all unspeakable,
On Albert's praise, which frequent fell,
From aged Bertha's tongue:
(A matron of Queen Margaret's train,
Who loved young Albert, as her own,
Now, by his suit, full easy won,
To shield his charge from slander's stain,
And cheer the Lady lone:)
And oft, as, on that lonely ear,
Came the full stream of praise sincere,
(That simple ear unwarn'd, untaught,
How hearts, by hearing, may be caught;)

If mantling rose the rapid blood,
At Albert's name, in rushing flood,
Gladly she hail'd the glowing thought,
And call'd it gratitude.—
Ah! lovely Lady! guard thee well,
From the soft charm unspeakable;
Thou treadest now on haunted ground,
Nor art with wizard circle bound,
To shield thee by its spell,
From the gay spirits fluttering
Around thy path, on giddy wing,
Kind thoughts and grateful tenderness,
Which look so gentle now;
Nay, though they wear so sweet a face,
They will not pain thy bosom less,
Nor darken less thy brow,
If once they steal thy guardless heart,
Than imps, of more unholy brood,
Passions, to sight and sense more rude,
At which pure natures start.—
'Tis caution vain:—flies not the dream;
For days and hours are rolling on,
And still she lists, that Lady lone,

To Bertha's dangerous theme;
And sees the youth, in glowing mood,
And feels emotion's mantling flood
And calls it gratitude.—

—Circled, with warlike nobles, round,
And many a name to glory known,
With loftiest fame and conquest crown'd,
Sits Louis on his victor throne;
There wins, to sainted Majesty,
More reverence, by his presence high,
Than by the gems, which thickly lie
Around his mantle's regal fold,
With ermine and minever roll'd;
Than all the dazzling drapery
Of lofty knights and barons bold,
In crimson sheen and cloth of gold,
How bright soe'er they be.—
And, far around that lofty hall,
Fair ranged, the scutcheon'd shields were hung,
Glancing from forth the trophied wall,
Proud signs of names, to whom belong
The deeds, which live on History's tongue,

Or swell the minstrel's mightiest song,
With feats heroical.—
As if they told this sunny coast,
Whate'er its joys, whate'er its boast,
From the bleak north and storm-swept west,
Have pour'd a nobler offspring forth,
Unconquer'd hands and hearts of worth,
A goodlier show, for this fair earth,
Than flings Thebais on its breast,
Than Faioum in her roses drest.

Flowers of this glowing land! ye bloom
In glorious beauty, ere ye fade;
Yet those may spring, in chiller home,
Not in less loveliness array'd;
May breathe as sweet, and look as fair,
And blush as deep as you;
And, on their smile, your softness wear,
And be as fading too.—
Look on that splendid maiden band,
Around fair Margaret's throne,
And ask, if buds or blooms be shewn
From Atlas east to Samarcand,

By which they be outdone:
And oh! that Queen, in beauty bright,
Far, far she shines above the rest,
And awes, and wins the gazer's sight,
A Rose mid breathing violets cast:—
Not she, this land's soft Queen, who drew
Rome's warrior hearts, in woman's wiles,
When, all fresh deck'd for conquests new,
Mid silken sails and loves and smiles,
Cool Cydnus back her beauties threw;
Or when in Isis' robe she stood,
Amid ten thousand colours beaming,
Scarce than her charms more changeful seeming,
Or walk'd the Goddess of the wood;
E'er moved with a more lovely air,
With look more touching, tenderer
Than the soft light, which loves to lie,
In the pure gaze and chasten'd eye
Of Margaret matchless Fair;
As, turning toward her glorious Lord,
With gentle reverence and love,
She looks and listens to his word,
As if an Angel's voice she heard;

Although, with effort vain, she strove,
Restrain'd from vulgar eyes, to screen
Feelings too sweet for stately scene,
Which courtly manners bid to flee,
And Courts and courtiers seldom see.—

Such look a sterner breast had won,
To own resistless its soft power;
And Louis saw that gentle one,
The heart, which, leaving court and bower
And sister Queens and peaceful throne,
Through seas and storms had bravely gone,
To bless his warrior hour;
To share his dangers, cheer his toil,
And light his labours with her smile.—
—Amid those radiant bands, they shined
The noblest and the brightest pair,
That ever Love and Fortune join'd,
To deck with gifts and glories rare:—
Upon the monarch's placid cheek,
Rest peace and resignation meek,
And Faith, the hero's high defence,
And glow of heavenly confidence.—

There, while his look, serenely grave,
Beams honour on each warrior brave,
And, as the eager bands enclose,
On all their meed of praise bestows,
Its most endearing light is seen
To rest on Albert's youthful mien. —
— " Now first, to Heaven's protecting power
Be given the glories of this hour;
Next, thanks to all; — but words are rude
To speak a monarch's gratitude;
A nobler way shall be prepared,
To mark, to each, his meet reward:
Whate'er a Sovereign's love can do,
To our brave knights is largely owed
And those firm friends, who with us stood,
And shared our toils, nor spared their blood,
Shall share our honours too —
Yet, where all claims alike appear,
There still is one so high, so young,
As may excuse a partial tongue;
Albert! be henceforth doubly dear;
Thy deeds, on Damiat's venturous day,
Have left me powerless to pay:

And here, Count Raimond thanks thy sword
For life, (a brother's life!) restored. —
In token of so brave a field,
  Be thine, in golden trace, to wear
The Gallic Lilies on thy shield,
  Emblazon'd 'mid thy bearings fair;
Nor shall the lofty sign alone,
  In empty honour, shine,
To bind thee liegeman to our throne,
A fair domain, in Champagne won,
  Hereafter shall be thine;
So may to after time be proved,
How Louis early virtue loved."
—"O my liege Lord! thy noble heart
So much o'erweighs my poor desert,
That I should blush, my deeds to find
So far their recompense behind—
  It were small cause of boast or pride,
That Albert not inactive stood,
Or bore him with the best he could,
    When placed by Louis' side;
By him to deeds of glory led:—
No, let me not be thus outpaid."

—Soft, on that ardent look, he smiled
Affectionate, the monarch mild,—
Then thus replied, in gayer tone:
—"Nay, my fair Knight, to be outdone,
By young and courtly Islanders,
In generous deeds, but ill appears
In him, who crowns and sceptres wears.
Here then, at least, your Sovereign own;
In gentle acts, be ours to-day
To rule, with undivided sway."—
Then the bright Cross, his bosom bore,
Radiant with gems and precious ore,
The King unclasps,—and, on the youth,
Binds the fair sign of Heavenly truth.

The praise,—but more its object,—draws,
From all, a murmur of applause;
And glisten'd many a gentle eye,
At that fair strife of courtesy,
And, bending toward the youth, the Queen
Accordance smiled with look serene.—
Even rivals now remember'd not
The jealousy of arms,

And Gallic bosoms half forgot
The spite, by name of Britain taught
So much all hearts it charms,
The gentle act of knightly grace,
Which wins, but claims not lofty place—
O'er the gay throng, a glorious crowd,
Pleasure and fair approval shone;
On every tongue and eye it glow'd,
And beat in every heart—but one.

—Why, Lusignan! should envy now
Collect that winter on thy brow,
And shade thy smooth obsequious form
With the dark cloud of passion's storm?
Shall anger mar the courtier's art,
Or caution drive from wily heart?—
No,—if a momentary gloom
Have rent away that deep disguise,
Soon shall thy summer smoothness come,
To chase the traitorous surprise,
Tracing a front of meekness there,
In characters all soft and fair.—

—With hand upon his bosom prest,
And sighs, that shake his labouring breast;
With look, which might attention win,
The sign of silent grief within;
With slow approach and movement meek,
As doubting yet his tale to speak,
While scarce restrain'd the starting tear,
Stands Lusignan the monarch near:—
—"Sire! let a wretch thy patience claim,
Who would unfold his bosom's shame;
Bound by too stern a duty's laws,
By Piety's most sacred cause,
Where Conscience points, he fears to bend,
Lest the sweet ties of love he rend,
And wound a treasured friend."—
He paused,—as if his words to find,
Chased by the phantom in his mind.

—O foul Hypocrisy! sweet Virtue's ape!
How dost thou mock her lovely shape;
Draw, o'er thy demon front of guile,
Her heavenly charm, her seraph smile;—
O'er thee, thy seeming graces spread,

Like flowers upon the faded dead ;—
The gazer eyes their distant bloom,
And sighs to breathe the rich perfume,
Till 'mid the sweets he long'd to press,
Shuddering he meet but loathsomeness:—
Thence Disappointment's chilling power
Associates taint with bloom and flower;
Draws he the garden's balmed air,
He but inhales the sepulchre;
Smells he the fragrant rosebud's breath,
It bears the charnel scent of Death :—
—Thus thou, dark Fiend! art wont to throw
Thy deadly taint on virtue's glow,
Till men thy foul corruptions trace,
Even in the sweetest buds of grace,
And, from their odorous essence, fly,
Suspicious of thy treachery.—
Alas! that impious man should dare
To fix Heaven's impress to his sin,
And with a stamp so pure, so fair,
To hide the counterfeit within!
—Even Louis doubts not—generous minds
Most guardless lie to treachery :

The toil, which the strong lion binds,
The jackall's craft may fly:
—"Come, Lusignan, thy sorrow tell;
We know thy scrupulous virtue well;
The warning voice within obey,
Nor, at affection's tender prayer,
Forego the safe and forward way,
To seek the gentle snare."—
—"Ah! Sire, thou canst but ill divine,
What struggle deep is here within,
With what strange strife this heart is stirring;
How love and duty, grief and zeal,
A private tie, the public weal,
In this poor breast are warring.—
Forgive my doubts, O sacred Truth!
I hoped, it was the fault of youth,
And, that a milder course might sway
The wanderer back to virtue's way:
'Tis past,—there is no way but one;—
Though this high beating bosom burst;
Conscience! be thou my guide alone;
Begone, ye tender thoughts begone!—
Know then, that, by some witchcraft, curst,

Count Albert has his faith betray'd;
Mean captive to a Moslem maid,
Yields up the heart, religion, arms,
To female arts and faithless charms:
Nor shames it now, to waste his days
Chanting a Pagan maiden's praise;
Nor trembles he, by night, to rove,
To offer impious oaths of love.—
—Oh! how my breast with horror thrills,
To mark example charged with ills;
To see apostate conduct graced
With honours, by a Sovereign placed!—
These tears are pour'd, lest falsehood light
On sacred name of Christian knight;
These groans, lest that blest cross should fall
An infidel's unhallowed thrall."—

Stepp'd Salisbury forth, with lofty eye,
Yet calm as is yon silent sky;—
But rushing, ere he spoke,
Before him fiery Artois strode,
While, o'er his cheek the angry blood
In hasty flashes, broke.

—"Thy words are false as foul,"—he cries—
"False as the Hell, from which they rise;
Where did thy coward spirit lurk,
In that brave hour of deadly work,
When Albert made the Moslems reel,
And hardly Osman 'scaped his steel,
That thus thou comest, with serpent whine,
To cast thy slime on honour's shine?—
Why, I would give thee shield and brand,
Had that brave youth a willow wand,
He'd teach thy canting monkish pate,
To cope again with fitter mate."—

He ceased—a general murmur rose,
As round the angry chiefs they close;
Yet you might see his generous ire
Reflected, in each eye of fire;—
And every gentle Lady near
Lean'd toward the scene, with breathless fear,
As if the fate of brother dear,
Hung doubtful in her sight;
And tears, from eyes so soft and bright,
More precious than the jewels rare,

Which lovely maidens love to wear,
Glisten'd, or fell, or trembled there,
In sweetest, tenderest light.—

Then Mauclerc—" Here's a blessed rout,
Shame, Gallants! what's this stir about?
Boots it, Sir Knights, to chide and snarl
Before your Prince, for silly girl?—
Sooth! if such tricks make Artois swear,
Put Lusignan in ghostly fear,
Alas, poor Mauclerc! thou had'st now
Better forswear, at once, thy vow;
For, should these black-eyed Pagans come,
Though all the monks in Christendom"——
—The monarch's look, severe and high,
Checks, in mid course, his levity,
Till, with an unknown seriousness,
He listens to the grave address:—
—" Raimond, thy temper, rash and blind,
Has thrown reproach on noble mind.
Nor sees in it a virtue nice,
Which nervous shrinks from touch of vice;
Restrain thyself, no tongue shall here,

But Albert's, Albert's honour clear :—
How, would it all my triumphs dim,
And pang with deepest, deadliest smart,
To find Apostasy in him,
Where trusted most my heart!—
Albert, thy faith and honour seem
To tremble here, on doubtful beam ;
Then answer now, as best you may :—
Oh ! may thy innocence avail,
To make their worth the weightier scale,
And wipe such stain away."—

As, when on morning's mist-robed breast,
That wondrous landscape seems to rest,
Which, as by some wild magic's power,
Shapes fairy forms of lawn and bower,
And castle huge, and turret high,
And moving bands of chivalry,
And verdant shrub, and cooling stream
Mingled in sweet illusion seem.—
Sudden, the traveller's sleepless eyes,
Worn with long toil, and faint with pain,
See, on the dusk, the lovely train,

In gayest tints of hope, arise;
In thought, he almost breathes the shade,
Or pants, by the pure fountain laid.—
—The breeze has swept the mist away,
And all the joys, which on it lay;
For the sweet scene, so bright and fair,
Remains a desert stern and bare;
Where castles tower'd and gardens smiled,
A waste extends all lone and wild,
And fades, in one sad moment's gaze,
The dream which round the wanderer plays.—
—So Albert now,—whose charmed sight
Had dwelt on prospects of delight,—
At the fell breath of Lusignan,
Wakes from his trance, in wild affright,
To find his visions vain.—
And pity's tear, and mercy's sigh,
And the prized bliss of sympathy,
Which brightly round his fancy rove,
On shadowy pinions swiftly fly,
At that one whisper—Love.—
Yet think not Albert fully guess'd,
What tumult agitates his breast;

Oh no! in the soft power unskill'd,
Whose giddy whirl his senses thrill'd,
He stood bewilder'd and amazed,
As on the illusive past he gazed;—
A consciousness he dared not name,
Mingled with thoughts of Selma, came;
—It feels, as if a curtain dim
Were drawn, for aye, 'twixt hope and him;
As if some fathomless abyss
Had yawn'd him back from untouch'd bliss,
Snatch'd rudely, from his longing eyes,
A something, which he most might prize,
And left him, on its brink, to wait
Cheerless, alone and desolate.—

Scarce mark'd amid the storm within,
Had pass'd the strife, the outward din,
The bearing of his gallant friend,
And zeal his honour to defend;
Roused by his Sovereign's voice, at length
The lofty mind resumes its strength:
—"No other tongue shall Albert claim,
No other arm to guard his fame;

Nor day nor night has seen him rove,
To offer impious oaths of love;
Nor is his sacred vow betray'd,
The captive of a Moslem maid,
Unless his heart that vow transgress,
By pitying maiden helplessness;—
His faith he never yet did plight
To aught, unworthy of a knight;
Nor word nor pledge has ever given
To any service, save of Heaven;
—Oh! when he stoop to such foul shame,
Desert him hope, desert him fame.—
But, Sire! since here accused I stand,
Let me the combat's proof demand,
That shall the rightful cause approve:—
So, may high Heaven fix damning test
Of guilt, upon the guilty crest!"
He said,—and, with impatient haste,
Flung down his soldier glove.

Not hare more startled and astound
Hears the shrill cry of opening hound,
Than Lusignan that challenge heard,

As fearfully his wild eye stared ;
Fixed was his dull and frozen look ;
The glow of life his cheek forsook ;
Quiver'd each limb and feature pale,
Like aspen leaf, in evening gale.—
Yet, in such hour, you still might see
The workings deep of subtlety :
—" Count Albert knows, that Lusignan
Will never make his summons vain ;
If that our Prince approve the strife
Of Christian sword, 'gainst Christian life,
And suffer now his hallow'd band
To waste, by fratricidal hand ;—
Or that our lofty nobles will,
To bid these boasting Britons still
Cast insult on our nobler blood,
Then brave us thus, with challenge rude."—

Ay ! thou hast touched a jarring string,
Which ne'er on Gallic ear may ring,
But every passion dire,
Pride, hatred, envy, scorn and shame
That inly burn like secret flame,

Stir into life, at Britain's name,
And turn the heart to fire!
Then swiftly fled the generous glow,
By many a warrior lately caught,
Coldly they gaze on Albert now,
Spiteful and envious at the thought:
—" I scorn the petty Islanders,"
—Thus Artois cries with darkening brow—
" And hate their pride as much as thou;
Worse, worse my soul their boasting bears:—
But, for this youth, he is as brave
And honest too, as if the Seine
First wash'd him, in its Gallic wave,
And France her very heart blood gave,
To throb in every vein:
No,—he shall not be tax'd with shame,
While Artois stand, whate'er his name.''—

Then Louis—" Lusignan, we feel
The value of thy holy zeal,
And here, by our command, restrain
Our sacred cause from bloodshed's stain;
Yet, that thou hast mistaken, sure

My hope, my heart would fondly deem ;—
Whate'er of doubt or dark may seem,
  Believe, Count Albert's faith is pure ;—
On his brave word we will rely,
As freely and as faithfully,
  As if the gentle Lusignan
Had never felt those scruples press,
Upon his spirit's tenderness :—
  Till, with more certain proof, he then
These fears can fix, or quite efface,
To Albert we confirm our grace."—
—" No, Sovereign, no,—Those gifts of thine
So dearly prized, I now resign ;
To him, by doubt and slander marr'd,
Trial must come before reward :—
No wreathe shall bind the Briton's brow,
  If, on its honourable bloom,
The withering blight of scorn may come,
    Or breath of baseness blow.—
  Nor gift nor honour Albert shares,
Until he wipe away this stain,
Upon the proudest Saracen,
    That faithless turban wears.—

A day shall come—Oh come it soon!
For fame from falsehood to be won:
—Then Lusignan a place we'll find,
To prove the foul or faithful mind."—

III.

ANSELM.

THE Court has ceased; — its splendours gone; —
And Albert walks unseen, alone,
Where Nile's green bank his footsteps leads,
Through perfumed groves and laughing meads.
Where Nature flings her riches round,
  Her varied scents, her thousand dies,
And, like a blushing Nymph, the ground,
With Hyacinth and Lotus crown'd,
  In yet unrifled sweetness lies.—
O'er him the glowing fruitage spreads,
And round balsamic fragrance sheds:
Here, odorous shrub and painted flower
With artless grace, have hung the bower;
There, Spring's half opened blossoms breathe;

Entwined with Autumn's golden wreath.—
But orange-grove or essenced bower,
In vain, on Albert waste their power;
Unseen each bud its smile displays,
Through breathing sweets he heedless strays;
His mind's dark cloud its shade has drawn,
O'er thymy bank and spangled lawn,
And cast its sad and cheerless gloom,
On Yemen's pride and Aden's bloom.—

Sweet mental Peace! how little known
To men, thy meek and holy calm!
Thin, o'er their life, thy joys are sown,
As, on the sand, the desert palm.—
—There is a twofold Peace:—the one,
Calm, clear, and deep; like sky serene,
Arching this pleasant land of green,
To gloom, to tempest all unknown;
Where, if a passing cloud, be thrown
Upon the blue and beauteous screen,
It adds a grace,—and then is gone.—
Such peace the faithful but possess,
Pure, tranquil, lasting blessedness.—

—There is another calm — a rest,
Dull, dread, and silent — darkly cast
On nature's face, in terror still'd,
Before the Earthquake's gathering breast
Burst into ruin, wide and wild—
This too is peace — peace horrible—
Such sad, short rest the wicked feel;
When vice and lust, success and time,
Have sear'd the conscience quite, to crime.—
Between these fierce extremes, there lies
No peace, no rest, for them that stray;
There Conscience points her agonies;
There feeds, upon its writhing prey,
The Worm that never dies.

Stood Albert now in that mid space,
Flying false peace, yet torn from true,
Within, around, no resting-place;
The sport of every feeling new.—
What though o'ercharged,—yet feel he must
The bitter taunt, not all unjust,
Still in his ringing ear it said,
"*Mean Captive of a Moslem maid.*"—

The sunny dream is gone. — On wing
  The locust cares around that press
  Doubt, consciousness, remorse, disgrace,
Its budding joys are withering,
  And turn his heart to wilderness. —
Sudden,—from scene of shrub and flower,
He flies to seek the lofty tower,
Back, by some rapid impulse, borne,
Scarce conscious, that his steps return.—
Quits eve's rich tints and arbour fair,
To find a lovelier object there;
A softer beam, in Selma's eye,
On Selma's cheek, a purer die,
Each grace to mark, each sigh inhale,
Till memory and reason fail. —
Lo! how entranced, he gazes now,
  By many a wild emotion driven,
Forgetful of his recent vow,
  Forgetful of his pledge to Heaven;
Then quick, as recollection came,
Flush'd his pale cheek, with crimson shame.—

Amazed, that look has Selma seen,

The passion'd start, the varying mien,
And now, with gentlest words, she tries,
To learn from whence those tumults rise:
—"Too far, will Selma's tongue intrude,
Its idle search, or question rude,
If she enquire, from what sad change,
Count Albert shew emotion strange?
Some ease perhaps it may impart,
His grief to share with grateful heart."—
She stopp'd,—but well the glowing cheek
Her maiden fearfulness may speak.

As, when the hum of insect wing,
Lulls the toil'd peasant's slumbering ear,
Till quite forgot the hovering sting,
He joys the gentle song to hear;—
So Albert loves that dangerous strain,
So fears to chase the honied pain;
Then struggling speaks—"Sweet Selma, thou
Hast hung this cloud on Albert's brow—
Nay, start not, lovely Innocent,
At evil, thou couldst not prevent.—
Know, that our Leaders' anxious zeal

Brooks not, that Albert interest feel
In one, who scorns religion's flame,
Taught but to curse our hope and name;
And malice whispers, I resign
My faith, at faithless beauty's shrine;
Then sternly bids this heart forego
Pity's soft power, and friendship's glow."—
—"Then, be their claims, at once, foregone:—
Let Selma weep, unheard, unknown,
The pang and sorrow undesign'd
She now has given to generous mind.—
Yet, it would balm her bosom's pain,
To free her name from causeless stain:—
Say not, she hates thy sacred cause;
Say not, she hates the Christian laws;
Think—could she curse, with impious breath,
A mother's hope, a mother's faith?
Oh no,—while yet a simple child,
She learn'd to prize those precepts mild,
And, by their light, as reason grew,
A purer form of duty drew;
And now, the picture, fancy dress'd,
Living she sees, in Albert's breast,

In that mild look and pitying air,
And loves its holy impress there."—

Oh! have you seen, on winter morn,
When low and dark the clouds are borne,
Involving, in their gloomy shade,
The streaming lawn and dropping glade,
The Sun peep forth, with level beam,
Casting a faint and sickly gleam,
On glistening shrub and gem-dropt ground,
Till smiles the weeping landscape round?—
So hope on Albert's bosom crept,
Where, in despair, it darkly slept,
And brightening, as those accents flow,
Lights his whole soul with cheering glow.—
—"Ha! Selma, can my heart believe,
Or do its wishes but deceive?
Yet, wherefore doubt, that Truth should find
A dwelling in that gentle mind?
Then henceforth be this hope pursued—
—I have a friend, most wise, most good,
One, who my erring childhood taught;
All, I e'er knew, to him is owed,

All feelings pure, each better thought.—
With age, with weakness, deeply worn,
To this far land his feet are borne,
In part, to watch my wanderings still,
Yet more, more led, by hope, to bless,
In this Faith's fruitless wilderness,
The erring and the infidel;
To give to those, who darkly stray,
A surer light, a safer way. —
Say thou, half Saint, half faithless Maid!
Will Selma frown, if Albert send
His youth's true guide, his earliest friend,
To be her better aid?"

'Mid words thus sweet, the twilight pale,
Far in the West, was seen to fail,
And the last streams of trembling light
Began to languish into night:
While Albert, with new interest, hung
On all the waverings, hopes and fears
Of that sweet mind, which that sweet tongue,
So truly characters; —
Again his suit he eager press'd;

Fear not such eloquence might fail;
That soothing voice, in Selma's breast,
Can o'er each timid thought prevail.—
— " His good old friend may sure be brought,
In hope to speak a mind to peace,
Which knows, but that it is untaught,
And longs to feel its wanderings cease."—
Scarce Albert now may speak farewell
So joy'd, he flies to Anselm's cell.—

— Far from the noise of court or camp,
Apart,—alone,—by yon pale lamp,
Meek Anselm sits — his eager look
Is fix'd upon that sacred book;
There rest his hope, his joy, his fear,
His last, best consolation here.—
The waving beam, with redder glow,
Tints his wan cheek and placid brow;—
In earlier day, the hand of care
Had carved affliction's furrows there;
Now, the mild calm which on it lay,
Almost had smooth'd those lines away;
Just left so much of passion's trace,

As marks the sovereignty of grace,
To lift the Christian soul sublime
Above the fond regrets of time.—

Sudden,—a foot's approaching tread,
Breaking the silence still and dread,
Has caught the lonely listener's ear :—
Raises he slow his thoughtful head,
To scan the intruder near.—
The brightening beam in Anselm's eyes
Is half affection, half surprise,
While pleasure lights those features mild,
And on the guest a welcome smiled.
—" What happier chance bids Albert fly,
From warrior cares and courtly joy,
To visit a recluse's cell,
Where only sober thoughts may dwell ?"
—" From no loose joy or warrior care,
Is Albert here a wanderer :
Far other care ; far other joy,
And hopes and fears his heart employ.—
Father ! a suppliant now would find
Assistance sure and counsel kind,

One who still trusts thy friendship sage,
To guide a less experienced age."—

Gazed the old man the Youth upon,
And all the gleam of joy is gone.—
Full, on that fair expressive mien
Was character'd the strife within;
A look, where such strange struggles be,
It makes him shudder but to see:
—"Speak, my dear child, tell, tell me all
Freely—for never words may be
More full, more faithful or more free,
Than this poor heart to hear thy call."—
Such gentle tone his fear dispels,
Then his strange tale he eager tells;
The touching scene of Damiat's tower,
Fair Selma's chance, her beauty's power,
The taunts which in the court he bore,
His late discover'd tenderness,
The thoughts that on his fancy press,
The hopes, the fears, the doubts which wind
Their curious texture, round his mind.—
Still as the varied tale proceeds,

Anselm his artless bosom reads,
Nor all unmoved the story hears;
From his sunk eye, the drop that steals
Speaks the deep sympathy he feels,
How much he Albert's anguish shares.
—"Father! forgive this coward shame,
Which scarcely dares its fault to name;
How can I, to thy virtue, tell,
That Albert loves an infidel,
How hope thy spirit undefiled
The anguish of this breast may move—
Thou! who ne'er felt these tumults wild
—Who never knew to love."—

Oh! Albert, thou hast touch'd a chord,
Which vibrates to that thrilling word,
So trembles on each shuddering nerve,
As reason from her seat might swerve.—
See! the mild look and placid eye,
Now fix'd in speechless agony,
And now, beyond the taper's light,
Seems following some phantom's flight.—
Paused Albert, in amazement deep,

At the so sad, so sudden change,
Nor dared to ask, what movement strange,
Could such pure soul in sorrow steep ;—
Still the moved lips but mock the ear
With shew of words, it may not hear :
In mutter'd tone at length it breaks,
As low and strangely Anselm speaks.

—" Yes,—I have felt that gentle power
Drop on my soul, like summer shower ;
Felt this, now frozen, bosom warm,
With glowing beauty's sunny charm,
And rosy smile, and tress of gold,
Round the lost heart their toils enfold ;—
Then seen cold disappointment's blast,
Like winter, lay this promise waste—
Sweet Agnes ! have these senses seen,
Sunk in despair, thy angel mien,
Mark'd thy sad voice, thy plaintive cries,
With sorrow's throb, thy bosom riven,
Watch'd the mute drops of anguish rise,
And tremble in thy lovely eyes,
Like stars upon the azure Heaven ?—

Oh! who a heart so prized as thine
Has offer'd too, at duty's shrine,
May tell how felt this spirit proud,
When to a father's will it bow'd;
What depths of dark despair it proved;
May say, if Anselm ever loved."—
Sinks into calm the final tone,
Its momentary wildness gone:—
The grateful look, the lifted eye,
Beaming sweet hope and holy joy,
The silent attitude of prayer
Shew on what strength he casts his care.—

The dream is past,—its tumults fled,—
Then thus, in voice composed, he said,
—"Marvel not now, that feeling glows,
Where Heaven's pure calm should sole repose;
That this sad bosom should retain,
Unbleach'd by forty summers' ray,
Unchill'd by age's wintry day,
Its first, its fatal stain—
So Mercy may affliction keep
For hearts, that too securely sleep,

To teach, howe'er strong, watchful wise,
In One alone all safety lies :
So make, what most we prized below,
The surest minister of woe.—
Alas ! poor Boy, thou yet may'st learn
How cruel is the hope, and stern,
Which now, so soft and fair, appears
Reflected on thy future years ;
Thou too, by many a pang, may'st prove
How bitter is unsanction'd love."—

The pure swift glow young Hope was tracing,
On Albert's cheek, in paleness dies,
Like suns and shades, each other chasing,
O'er mountain steep, from hurrying skies :
—" Father, (he cries,) is Love that fair,
That sweet, and pure, and lovely thing,
So full of sin and suffering,
That Heaven ne'er pours a blessing there,
That peace must fly the chain alone,
Which binds two faithful hearts in one ?"
—" No, Albert ! no—I will not blame
That feeling high, that holy flame,

The loveliest of all human ties,
That richest gift of Paradise,
Which joins two souls in amity,
To equal pain, to equal joy,
As one to live, as one to die.—
Blest union! pure and undefiled,
On which eternal wisdom smiled;
Around thy fair mysterious birth
So bloom the charities of earth,
That, from thy sweets, a prophet wove
His image of a heavenly love.—
—But there's a dark, unholy tie,
That wears no form of future joy;
A flame, that shews no prospect bright,
But casts a sad and fearful light
On scenes, which no sweet comforts bless,
No common hope of happiness;
Shews that our tenderest thoughts are given,
To one who seeks no common Heaven,
That, when earth's pageantry is done,
The faithful heart must go alone,
To wear its starry diadem,
Shorn of its richest, noblest gem,

Than eye, than limb, than life more dear,
The soul, which most it valued here.—
'Tis a dread thought, to bind the heart
  By ties which this short scene must sever,
From the most loved in life to part,
  In hope and happiness, for ever:
It clogs our upward way,—or worse,
May drag us with its downward force;—
'Tis like the tyrant punishment,
  That link'd the living with the dead,
With an unholy spirit's taint,
    The heaven-taught heart to wed,
And risk the sweet and healthy soul,
By breathing its corruptions foul.—
'Tis light, with darkness madly join'd,
The faithful with the faithless mind."—

Why stand'st thou, Albert! thus astound,
  With glance so wild, with form so still,
As if the fabled snake had bound
  Sense, motion, sight, in its cold spell?—
Has Anselm's wisdom counsell'd right?—
  Ay—Reason coldly bows to him,

And strives to fix thy wavering sight;—
But Feeling soars a bolder flight,
And bears thee into regions dim,
Where hope and love, and lover's joy,
Soft mists of fancy's summer sky,
In false and flickering fairness lie.—

Well, through each shift, could Anselm spy
That wily passion's treachery;
Yet, nor rebuke, nor tone severe,
Gave needless pain to Albert's ear;
But all, with words of tenderness,
He strove his rashness to repress,
And reason's gentle arts applied,
To loose the bands which passion tied.—
These, though their power defies his skill,
Still something yield to wisdom's will.
—" Since Albert seeks old Anselm's aid,
To win to hope this stranger maid,
He may, on his poor best rely,
In love and fair sincerity,
If first one pledge be made—
Whate'er, in the attempt, betide,

Or come success, or hope be vain,
He shall by Anselm's will abide,
To seek or shun the snare again.—
If Anselm's cares no light impart,
And Selma still unfaithful stay;
Or bend or break the passion'd heart,
Such promise severs them for aye."—
Scarce might the stern condition find
Admittance, in that ardent mind,
Did not the fiery spirit bend,
To feeling for his aged friend—
Won by such tender claim at last,
His trust on Anselm's love he cast.

But deep, in Anselm's thoughtful breast,
The hope, he gave not, was impress'd,
In characters, as warm and fair
As Love himself could pencil there.—
The artless picture, Albert drew,
Presented Selma to his view,
As One, whose yet unlesson'd mind
Seem'd for a nobler hope design'd—
Nor shrunk he sternly from the thought,

Lest Eastern maid perchance be brought,
To share and sweeten Western home:—
Be she, but once so won, so taught,
As prized, as welcome shall she come,
As fairest of fair Christendom.
Oh! how his anxious spirit glow'd,
To be the instrument allow'd,
From death, that simple soul to bring,
And bathe it, in pure mercy's spring,—
No — Love! thou never yet didst burn,
To the dear object to return,
With half the ardour, half the zeal,
His thoughts for that high triumph feel,
As, with the morning's placid ray,
To Damiat's tower he bends his way.

IV

SALISBURY.

Hail! sacred flame of heavenly Zeal,
That glowest, to guide each wretched soul,
Round which the waves of error roll:
How lovely their approach, who feel
Thy beacon lamp within them burn,
To aid the wanderer's return,
And beam sweet peace, on them that mourn!—
When, on the ocean of despair,
Toils life's deluded mariner,
Chasing, with heedless levity,
Each meteor joy, on that dark sea;
'Tis thine, with Pharos' ray, to rise,
A lonely light to weary eyes,
And bid his restless wanderings cease,

With tidings of a land of peace. —
Yes! scornful Indolence may smile,
And lightly prize their precious toil,
  Who, borne as blessed zeal commands,
Rude labours tempt, and danger dare,
The shout of future hope to bear,
  A wakening cry, to sleeping lands:—
But, when the Scoffer's brow resigns
The fading wreath, which Folly twines,
When mute the voice of Levity,
And dark the light of Laughter's eye,
For them, blest spirits shall prepare
  (Blest, when they shunn'd the scoffer's wile,
  Blest, when they scorn'd the worldling's smile;
Most blest the zeal, which show'd the snare)
A garland, ever fresh and fair. —

Now zeal's pure light good Anselm leads,
  From cloister'd ease and peaceful bower,
To where the wasting battle bleeds,
  To Egypt's shore and Damiat's tower. —
Lo! moveless there, the Maiden meek
Hangs on his words, with varying cheek—

The stealing smile, the starting tear,
The sudden flush, the icy pale,
Mark the quick movements stirring there:
As these the soul assail. —
Why, Lady! fly the roses so?
Why back return in rapid glow,
Like blood-stains, dropp'd on drifting snow,
Bright, but soon disappearing?—
It is not beauty's changeful mien:
'Tis change, of deeper die, within;
'Tis fear's chill tint, chased by the stain
Of the warm hope thou art wearing;
Then lost again in terrors new,
As Anselm traced, in picturings true,
The ways of Heaven unsearchable;
The deep mysterious destinies,
Which lead, to wretchedness or bliss,
The Being strange, the wandering will
Of Man, so madly self-undone,
So now, by wondrous mercy, won,—
Who stands by ONE — (by One that fell)
An everlasting miracle,
Through time, and timeless age, to tell,

How Pity, with stern Judgment strove,
The deep, the vast of Heavenly love.—

It was a scene for painter's trace,
To see that man so old, so mild,
Bending above the youthful face,
In all its varying loveliness,
Like fondest parent o'er his child;
Watching the feelings deep, that rose
In pure expression there,
As each its light or shadow throws
Upon the listening Fair—
Now drawing to attention dread,
By sounds of wrath, by words of woe,
Then calling back the hope that fled,
By promises, from high that flow —
You might have known, that aged man
Had come through many a touching scene;
And felt the peace, that springs from pain,
The joy of tears, in dread that ran,
In hope that ceased, — deep, deep within. —
For he was all so amiable,
And strove, with such true tenderness,

Gently, the pang he gave, to heal,
Teaching his sternest word to bless: —
Hard were the heart, nor won, nor wiled,
By man so holy and so mild. —

O Maiden meek! thy now calm cheek
The smoothing brow, the lifted eye,
And in composure sweet, that lie,
Those lips, more than their words may speak,
Proclaim thy soul's serenity. —
Well, well, the Teacher knows, to give
The fear, where wisdom first begins,
The hope, which hearts to comfort wins,
The words by which to live.

But what has waked again the sigh? —
Again, the eloquent eye is hung
With tears, that on the dark lash lie,
Like pearls, on threads of sable strung. —
What makes thy dawning comfort flee?
Oh! 'tis the tale of Galilee,
Of Him, who came in wretchedness,
Who wept and wander'd, but to bless;

Who, houseless, homeless, outcast still,
Drain'd the full cup of earthly ill,
Bought life with death, with toil repose,
And shower'd the purchase on his foes. —

Then ask not, what the tear-drops mean,
That on the dark fringed lids are seen:
Ask not, what means the sigh that's stealing,
As for departed friend;
As if some vainly fetter'd feeling,
Its snowy bound would rend —
Think, it is pity, tenderness,
For One so gentle, One so good,
One, who could ne'er deserve distress,
— Oh! think it gratitude. —
'Tis love is trembling, in that tear;
'Tis sorrow's sigh is struggling there,
To feel that they, so loved, so won,
So saved by Heaven, so self-undone,
Should be, as still unwon, unloved,
Cold, careless, thankless, and unmoved: —
And might that tear be words to speak;
And might the sigh so sad, so meek,

Resolved to language be,
Such language were ;—" These tears are given
For Him, who left his glorious Heaven,
To weep and die for me."—

—" Daughter ! this sacred book receive :
Its words can teach the soul to live,
Make the blind wanderer to see,
And set the captive spirit free ;
Can dawn, on darken'd hearts, the day,
Driving earth's deadly mists away,
Dry the chill dew on sorrow's eye,
And light up brighter scenes of joy.—
And thou, poor Maid ! who ne'er hast known,
The sweetness of affection's tone,
No more with orphan'd heart shalt shed
On the cold grave, the fruitless tear,
But, though all mortal loves be fled,
Shalt find a friend and Father here."—
With eager hand, with grateful look,
Selma the precious present took ;
—Then, closely to her beating breast
The sacred gift, with transport, prest,

It seem'd to breathe a blessed rest :—
There, as the page of promise lay,
Sunk into calm those pulses' play.—

Many a day, and many an hour,
Has Anselm pass'd, in Damiat's tower,
Beside the lovely Fair,
And every hour and every day,
That flies, to him, fast, fast away
Leaves some sweet lesson there—
Ay ! fast they fly—for now, their flight
Bears Selma toward those opening skies,
Where dawning hope, with heavenly light,
Has deck'd their course in colours bright,
And hues of Paradise.—
But slow and colourless they roll,
O'er Albert's sad and cheerless soul ;
By stern condition held,
No more, upon the lovely One
To look, as he too long had done,
Till wiser Anselm will'd—
Daily, the Castle's envious bound,
With secret step he wander'd round,

And weary eye, and longings wild
As one from happiness exiled:
Oft by his mad impatience driven,
To break the sacred promise given,
And honor's tie, and friendship's power
To forfeit for one raptured hour.—
But still the good old man, who traced
When passion's tide deep roll'd and press'd
O'er the firm mind's strong fence to gain,
By reasons, wisest, tenderest,
Could its wild bursts restrain.—

Well 'twas, for Albert, that the din
Of arms oft still'd the strife within:
For now, while France, in cold delay,
Wither'd her blooming hopes away,
And many a precious hour is gone,
Which lost, can ne'er again be won,
The lofty heart of Salisbury,
Scorning in indolence to lie,
With his brave band, from faithless foe,
Has bought new wreaths for Britain's brow.—
—By day, by night, as swift as brave,

O'er the wide plain he swept,
No rest he took, no rest he gave,
His journey traced by many a grave,
Where turban'd foemen slept—
Far, as where that proud city stood,
Which mark'd the Grecian's conquests here,
O'er burning sand and barring flood,
The fair Cross floats in folds of blood,
The sign of wrath and fear—
Even the strong tower, where many a dame
And royal maid of Egypt's land,
For sure defence and succour came,
Has sunk beneath the spoiler's hand.—
But many a maiden there, may bless
The pity, and the tenderness
Of him, that Leader high,
In fight, unyielding as the rock,
As dreadful in the battle's shock,
As soft in victory. —

Weep not, ye gentle Maidens! so,—
Loose not your locks, on necks of snow,
As if the noble Salisbury

Could war, on weakness and on woe;
Go,—go in peace—unransom'd go:
Already ye are free.—
—They went unransom'd, and unharm'd,
In peace and gratitude,
Chanting of him, who late alarm'd,
Of Salisbury the good.—
It was a song of grateful joy,
Nor soon shall its soft echoes die—
And still, when Moslem maidens tell
Of one, in war a lion fell,
In peace, as wood-dove amiable,
—Believe it, Salisbury.

And Albert all his honours shared,
In terror and in tenderness;
Wherever Salisbury's name was heard,
Where fields were won, or dangers dared,
The glory half was his:
Brothers in arms, they walked the land,
The praise and pride of Britain's band—
And if sad thoughts on Albert press'd,
Or paled his cheek, or sunk his eye,

'Twas not upon the battle's breast,
When girt with foes, with toils opprest;
Such seem'd his season sweet of rest,—
But in the hour of victory,
When all without look'd forth serene,
Then shrunk he from the war within.

Came other cause of sadness now,
To cast its shade on Albert's brow.—
By Salisbury's deeds, the lofty fame
To Europe's arms so widely won,
At once her glory and her shame,
What her brave ranks can do, have shewn,
But more, what they have left undone.—
—A fatal consciousness:—it stole
In envy o'er the Gallic soul;
—Envy! which never yet has stirr'd
One heart to generous rivalry,
But still, with secret sting, has marr'd
The fame it pines to see.—
Foul Passion! that with leopard taste,
Taints first the prey, ere it can feast,
And with increasing fondness, feeds

Upon the loathsomeness it breeds :—
It is, as if the human breast
Were by the greedy fiends possess'd,
(Those fond creations of the East,)
Which turn the wholesome appetite,
With loathing, from its natural fare,
To prey upon the sepulchre,
And in the corse delight ;—
Or drain, from sleeping innocence,
The heart-blood unperceived to sense,—
To waste fair life, in secret taught,
Blasting the beauty which it kills,
On which it feeds, but fattens not ; —
Even of the heart, the demon fills,
Worst victim of its fiendish wrath,
It gnaws the vital pulse to death.

Nay, Lusignan ! such demon thou :
It is thy hour of triumph now.—
On Raimond's proud impatient ear
Thou droppest thy delusions drear,
Tainting the high and generous soul,
With touch of thy suspicious foul,

Till every heart is withering,
With jealousy's corroding sting.—
To blight the wreathes by Salisbury won,
Long strove the Franks with secret aim,
At length, with open scorn and shame,
Their envious thoughts unveil'd are shewn,
And hate of Britain's name.—

Earl William to the King has gone,
His heart indignant swelling,
There he, 'mid hostile peers, alone,
Of foul despite and insult done,
A bitter tale is telling.—
The proud defiance in his eye,
Speaks the full scorn of spirit high :
But never taunt or ruder word,
The even tone of Salisbury stirr'd,
From calm and princely dignity.—
—He tells—how late in glorious spoil,
The caravan from Mecca's shrine,
With offerings from the land of Nile,
To grace the tomb'd Apostate vile,
It was his chance to win :—
And that their prize, a precious store,

With ready hand the victors bore,
The price uncounted and unknown,
With Gallia's host, as brothers dear,
Freely the treasured spoil to share,
Which but their swords had won.—
Then,—how the Franks, with proud disdain,
Urged on by treacherous Lusignan,
By Artois aided, had denied
The hard-won trophy to divide,
And claim'd it as their own, by right,
Taunting the generous British band,
As men who dared with plundering hand,
All careless of their King's command,
At their own will to fight;—
And, but that he had firmly stood,
That hour had stain'd with brothers' blood
Those swords, which had been girded on
For Heaven and Christendom alone.—
—Upon the Monarch's thoughtful brow,
Sad sits the deepening trace of woe.
—"Alas! my noble Lord! mine ear
Shrinks at thy tale with unknown fear—
Thick bodings round my bosom press,

Of conquests lost, and marr'd success,
When they, who brother-like should be,
Thus rend the bond of amity.—
He knows, who all things knows, how well
Thou winnest the praise that's paid so ill.—
Ah me! I fear, poor France must pay
  Her children's pride, and Britain's wrongs;
Though late, at last shall come His day,
  To whom high vengeance best belongs.—
—That vengeance is not mine,—for here
  Thy wrong and undeserved disgrace,
To mark with punishment severe,
  Might discord bring, but never peace.—
Come then, dear Friend! thy wrath give o'er,
  Heed not this boyish petulance:
If Louis live, thou never more
  Shalt grieve for injury from France.—
'Tis great to win, 'tis blest to give,
But higher, holier to forgive."—
—"No, Sire! it may not be,—this breast
  Ne'er gave to dark revenge a place;
But one, with name of Briton blest,
  Can never tamely wear disgrace.—

—He is no King, whose royalty
Is aidless when the injured cry:
No Captain he, whose feeble hand
Is powerless to restrain his band.—
Such King, such Captain, serve not I.—
No,—for our country's arms we'll wait,
By Acre's walls, on Syria's shore,
Where France the Lion snared of yore,
And Salisbury left his name before.—
Oh! if, with her, he link his fate
Again, — be his house desolate,
Nor may he see his country more! —

— "Then, let him go"— fierce Artois cried,
As Salisbury strode from forth the hall,
"I hate this petty island pride,
Which dares to cope with lordly Gaul:
Pure will our holy armies be,
When from these impious English free." —
— His eye has fallen upon the King,
Who, bowing to his knee,
Conceals a tear, that's glistening
Meekly and mournfully;

And shews in the sad soften'd look,
As if he bent beneath the stroke
Of some deep chastening,
As if, in Salisbury's wrongs, he read
Warnings of woe, disaster's dread,
By pride and rash presumption bred,
Which yet his heart shall wring. —
Paused Artois: — softer grew his eye,
At that strange look of agony;
But his proud heart was all too high,
By word or movement to atone—
Yet half irresolute he turn'd,
In act, as if the wrong he mourn'd —
But Salisbury is gone. —

And goes not Albert with him? — no. —
There is a chain his heart around,
A gentle chain his footsteps bound;
He cannot — will not go. —
— Good Anselm to high Margaret's ear,
Has borne the tale of Selma's woes,
And many a sigh, and many a tear,
That tender heart's deep interest shews:

And now, a promise kind is given,
That, were she once a child of Heaven,
No more, from courtly rank exiled,
Shall Selma be a wanderer;
Queen Margaret's self, the lovely Fair
Shall guard, and watch with tenderest care,
Like mother o'er her child. —
Such promise Albert all has won,
He cannot the sweet maiden rend,
From such a refuge, such a friend:
He cannot go alone—
And, while to Salisbury, scarce he may
Unfold, with often faltering tongue,
The hopes, which there his steps delay,
The visions round his fond heart hung,
He thinks the cold consent, he wrung,
Almost approves his stay. —

Alone,—deserted,—comfortless,
Self-banish'd man from happiness,
There Albert now is wandering:
Without is scorn, within the sting
Of many a sad and bitter thing. —

— Oh ! for some anodyne, to steep
The drooping sense of them that weep,
In calm oblivious repose !
Like the light insect touch, which stole
Its gentle languors, o'er the soul,
And quench'd the soft voluptuous roll,
Of eyes, that but for conquest rose,
When Egypt's lovely Empress scorn'd
To be, by heartless victor, spurn'd. —
And yet, unlike that venom'd thing,
It should not quite the senses steal ;
But still the pang, with lulling sting,
And then those lids of light unseal :
First close the anguish'd eyes, to pain,
Then loose, to life and love again. —
— A few short years,—a few short hours,
Oft sweep away the cloud, that lowers,
And bring again the beams and flowers
To hearts most dark and desolate—
And they, who all too fierce to wait,
Have rashly hurried on their fate,
And quench'd, in mad impatient mood,
Their life of hope, in life's last blood ;

Could they but know the blessedness,
That dawns around their future days,
The worth, the wealth, the power, the praise,
Would often curse the hand that rent
Them, from those days of dear content,
The heart, irresolute to mourn,
Which blindly leap'd the fatal bourne,
From whence is no return —
'Twere well, like them, through woe to sleep,
As calm, as coldly, and as deep,
But wake, when ceased the will to weep. —

But who, with glance so gay, so bright,
With air so joyous, step so light,
His way from Anselm's cell has bent?
'Tis Albert's self, or else his sprite,
That mocks his sorrow and the sight,
With form so like, so different. —
'Tis he, even he,—nor marvel now
At the changed gait and cheerful brow
For Anselm holds the key that opes
The prison of his fetter'd hopes ;—
The magic key the secret spring,

Have just unlock'd them from despair,
And they have burst the bonds that bar,
And now are on the wing.

Of Selma's lesson'd heart assured,
As One to holiest hope secured,
Anselm no more the youth distress'd,
With needless doubts and language cold,
But freely this fair morn confess'd,
While tears of grateful pleasure roll'd,
Upon his aged breast,
That his sweet Charge, from error won,
Was Heaven's and hope's pure child alone.—
Then bids him come, at evening's hour,
A welcome guest, to Damiat's tower,
Prepared the gentle maid to bear,
From danger's threat and slander's power,
To royal Margaret's care.

O Albert! check this giddy blood,
At the unlook'd for news,
Nor gaze upon that man so good,
With such distracted gratitude,

As if thy wild impatience, would
The short restraint refuse—
—He utters thanks—he breathes a prayer,—
And yet, there's in that wandering stare,
As if he spoke them to the air;—
Irresolute he staid:
He doubts, if now to seek the tower,
Or wait the long, long, little hour
Impatient—yet afraid
To pain the friend so good, so kind,
By the mad movements of his mind.—

At length, the better thoughts prevail;
The violent strife is prest within:
But, lest his fair resolves should fail;
In presence of the tempting scene,
On rapid steed, o'er Egypt's plain,
He bears his eagerness away,
With objects new and wonderings vain,
To cheat and chase the weary day;
'Till eve shall bid his steps return,
To claim the joy, revealed by morn.—

V.

ABDALLAH.

As One, whom slow disease and pain,
Long from the cheerful air retain,
Where Nature's charms no sweetness shed,
Upon his sad and joyless bed;
If, bearing health, the balmy Spring
Return, on soft and fragrant wing,
To chase the sickly taint of death
With its pure touch, and genial breath—
Oh! how at first, his eager eye
Ranges, o'er earth and air and sky,
Which open on his dazzled view,
Like some fair world, created new!
How every infant leaf, that blows,
More sweetly smells than summer-rose;

How every chirping note along,
Seems rival to the throstle's song,
And even the humblest daisy's blow
Shews lovelier, than the garden's glow.
—So Albert, whose young heart had shared,
The sickening hours of hope deferr'd,
Now, all the gloom, which o'er him hung,
Far from his bounding spirit flung;
Feels the new charms of nature fair,
Breathes, with fresh life, the wholesome air,
Casts all, but fond delight, away,
And revels in the lovely day.—

—It is a lovely day!—how blue,
How silent—how composed they are,
These skies and waters, shining through
The sparkling atmosphere—
There's not a breeze or breath, to shake
The crystal of Menzale's lake;
There's not a wave or circlet seen,
To crisp around her islands green;—
Or, if a shade the surface streak,
Or, if a wave its smoothness break,

It is the shadow of ocean bird,
  Above the sunny mirror sweeping;
It is the curl, its foot has stirr'd,
As o'er the motionless blue it oar'd,
    And waked the waters sleeping.—
  —Above,—around,—through earth and sea,
There's stir of many a feathered thing,
Which buoyant, or on wave, or wing,
  Floats there, or flits tumultuously.—
Far seen his snowy plume and crest,
Like white sail, in the ocean waste,
Or foam wreath on the distance cast,
A huger swan, the Pelican,
As monarch of the feather'd train,
Apart, and silent on the flood,
Sits in the watery solitude:
  As if he scorn'd the punier race;—
As if he felt one joy might wait,
On sad and solitary state,
So cheerless else, and desolate,
  The pride of regal loneliness.—

—'Tis bright,—'tis beautiful!—the Sun,

His giant course now midway run,
Shakes radiance from his burning hair,
And hastens toward his western lair.—
Oh! who with dull and senseless eye,
Could see, unmoved, that world of joy,
Or shrink from all the prospect fair,
As if each bud conceal'd a snare,
And that destruction lurking lay,
Wherever Taste might love to stray,
Coil'd in those sunny glades and bowers,
Like the sly snake beneath the flowers;—
Nor feel that He, whose bounteous hand
Showers with delight the smiling land,
Has spread creation's loveliness,
To shew how rich he is to bless,
And this wide waste of sweetness given,
To deck earth's tedious path to Heaven?
—Such was not Albert:—his warm heart
Beat high and raptured, at the gleam
Of eastern glories,—sudden start,
As into being, every dream
Of fair and lovely, which young thought
Had character'd in boyhood:—here

Fancy grows real,—all she taught
Of gay, of glorious,—things long dear,
To Erin's wild, bright fantasy,
  Transferred to light, to life, came o'er him,
As isles, and lakes, and arbours lie,
    Floating in beauty, before him.—

There moving on, all ear, all sight,
  Swiftly across his memory roll'd
Fond scenes of magic and delight,
The miracles of demon might,
    By mountain minstrel told.
—How thus unveil'd, by viewless hand,
The islands green of Fairy-land,
Sudden, 'mid northern breakers, rise,
Like fragments torn from Paradise.—
  There—how the seaman starts, to see,
As slow retires the dark, long night,
Unheard-of lands so pure, so bright,
  More rich than vales of Arcady,
More pleasant than those blessed isles,
Where Nature, in her freshness, smiles,
    Amid the Eastern sea;—

Till sighs that toil-worn mariner,
To find them fleeting too as fair.—
—Or how coy Maiden of the sea,
On rock to human foot unknown,
Framing her wondrous minstrelsy,
There sits and sings alone;—
Or 'mid the azure stillness lying,
Her green locks o'er the waters flying,
Flung, like gay maid in festal hall,
While notes, more wild than sea-mews' call,
Than air-waked harp more musical,
On the low breeze are sighing;—
Till thrills the listener's anxious ear,
With shuddering and unwonted fear,
As if his funeral dirge had rung
In that lone, melancholy song,
Which swells amid the pause of Even,
Too high for earth, too sad for Heaven,
A solemn, wild, unearthly strain,
Like that by wandering Spirits given,
To tell of wrath and pain.—

Thus, mingling with the lover's sigh,

Athwart his raptured fancy, fly
A thousand fairy images,
Floating like odours on the breeze,
Sweetly and soothingly;
Wakening from forth their silent rest,
The tales, long, long from memory riven,
By Erin's minstrel vision drest,
In bright and dark, like her own Heaven;
While many a lay, half said, half sung,
Rose all unbidden to his tongue.

—Hush'd is his voice;—for wonder new,
In silence, fixed his doubting view;—
His heedless course with rapid range,
Had borne him to that limit strange,
Where cease the waves of spreading Nile,
To cool the dry and burning soil,
And change to loose and eddying sand
The treasures of the blooming land.—
Far as his dazzled eye could stray,
Along the bleach'd and barren way,
It seems of every feature reft,
That graced the scene he lately left:—

Behind him, blushing Eden smiled ;
But desolate before, and wild,
No spot of green, with waving dress,
Adorns the naked wilderness—
—Pants Albert in the giddy glare
For one cool breath of freer air,
So hot the desert gale has blown,
That bears away his fading tone.—

—Is it the echo of his song,
That comes the parching waste along ?—
Is this shrill shriek the lover's sigh ?—
Oh ! 'tis the voice of agony
Of some poor wretch in suffering laid,
Who wildly calls on hopeless aid.—
Starts Albert at the thrilling sound ;
Stays but to gaze a moment round,
And soon he tracks the mourner's cries,
Where those white streams of dust arise,
Nor lingers—but with speed of wind,
Leaving all fonder thoughts behind,
Fast as his panting steed could strain,
He drives across the scorching plain,

Eager to rescue from despair,
Whoe'er may be the sufferer.—
Forgotten now are joy and fear,
And promised bliss and evening near,
All the sweet hopes which on him press,
In that one voice of wild distress.—

—O heaven-descended Charity!
I would not change thy pensive tear,
For all that laughs in pleasure's eye,
For all that wakes her rapture high,
Or wantons in her captive ear.—
More rich to me the drops that wait,
To balm the mourner's wounded breast,
Than sparkling gems of eastern state,
With all its gaudiest pride elate,
In all its idlest splendour drest:
—'Tis sweeter far that sigh of thine,
The fragrant breath of sympathy,
Than nectar'd joy of blushing wine,
The purest streams of Tayef's vine,
Or perfumed gale of Araby;
And dearer to the heart the glow,

On thy soft cheek and bosom pour'd,
When ministering to pain or woe,
Than all the blooming wreathes that grow
Around the Poet's gifted brow,
Or hang upon the victor's sword.—

Now, borne to the sad plaint more near,
Through the dun wreathes of dust appear
To Albert's eyes, two horsemen light,
Bearing the mourner, in their flight.—
The floating sash, the mantle black
Flung loose, from each fierce rider's back,
Show forms, whose spare and shrivell'd mien,
Proclaims the hardy Bedouin ;
Like his own desert, scorch'd and dry,
But ardent, as his native sky.—
— " Stay, ruffians, stay ! your prize resign."—
Oh ! Albert, how that heart of thine,
Feels all its warrior thoughts return,
To see an aged sufferer, borne
By hands so rude and pitiless,
So careless of his lone distress.—

But careless, now no longer, they

Can bear, with onward course, their way ;—
For Albert's steed, with feet of wind,
Treads on their scarce left track behind ;
And Albert's sword, with threatening high,
Beams danger, on each backward eye—
— Sudden,—amid their swift career,
Check'd is each Arab's forward bound,—
Drops their sad burden to the ground,
And front the nimble horsemen round,
With hearts that mock at fear. —
The ready lances, brandish'd high,
Wait not for question or reply :—
Now Albert, for an eagle's eye,
To shun the danger near !

It comes,—it comes,—on double wing ;
And heard'st thou not thy hauberk ring ?
Or feel'st thou not that quivering lance
Share thy firm thigh, with passing glance,
And trace, upon the whiten'd plain,
Thy eager course, in crimson stain ?
—No :—heedless of the shock or smart,
Onward he drives, with dauntless heart ;

Vain, vain, the Arab's agile form,
To shun the fury of such storm :
There's death, upon that desperate arm ; —
Who first may feel its fatal power,
Shall never mourn its coming more.—
—Away, thou lingerer! away,
Nor, for thy fellow's fate delay !
See, in the breast the thirsty blow
Has given its scanty tide, to flow. —
— A moment's pause,—a moment's stay,
Shall yield thee too, the vulture's prey :
Away, thou Arab fleet, away ! —

—Waits Albert scarce to mark his flight ;
Springs he to earth, with movement light ;
And, as around his trickling wound,
The silken band he slightly bound,
Soft pity on his bosom creeps,
For the poor wanderer, who sleeps
So calm, so silent, and so lone,
The fiery spirit quench'd and gone. —
— " I would, thy speed had been thy trust,
And spared thyself and me this joust :

It were more pleasant victory,
Poor Arab!"—'Twas a passing sigh:
For now, his roused attention turns
To where that Man of years still mourns;
Though well, from lawless rapine, freed
By his good arm, in time of need;
Yet, as if careless of relief,
And frenzied, by some present grief,
He rolls, distracted, on the sand,
Tears his white beard, with frantic hand,
And strews those honour'd locks in air,
In all the wildness of despair.—

—Touch'd with his sorrow, Albert seeks
To calm his dread, and gently speaks:
For war's wide range and sojourn long,
Had given him skill in that strange tongue.—
—" Old man! thy causeless fear forego,
Behold! where lies in death thy foe!
Or, does thine idle terror see
Danger to helpless age, in me,
And dream, that he, whose arm could save,
Would rend again the life he gave?"—

—" Christian! thou canst not dry those tears:—
Not for himself Abdallah fears:
Another's dear and precious fate
May on my wretched fortunes wait,—
One, for whose sake I would resign
A thousand such poor lives as mine.—
—Ha! there's a thought across me strays!—
Say, (since, in those strange arms, I trace
A warrior, of proud Europe's race,)
Thou wilt not deem me rude or light,
If I entreat thee to bestow
Some tidings of a Christian knight,
Whose deeds each noble heart must know:—
For who, that yields his ear to fame;
But oft has heard Count Albert's name?"—
Strangely, the Youth that speaker eyed,
And on his cheek the crimson woke,
As pausing doubtful ere he spoke,
He wondering stood,—then thus replied:
—" If aught, thou canst of Albert learn,
May give thee comfort or concern,
For question brief expect my stay;
Boldly, old Man, thy story say—

Or, if it better chase thy fear,
Stranger ! behold that Albert here."—

Wild, wild, the aged mourner stared,
As if some spectre's voice he heard—
See ! from his bed of earth he flees,
Clasps with quick movement Albert's knees,
And words of thankfulness and prayer,
In half-form'd accents, murmurs there.—
By Albert raised, he seems to trace,
With eager eye, each youthful grace,
Till sorrow o'er his passion'd form
Sheds its soft shower, and calms the storm.—
—" Oh ! wonder not, brave Youth ! to see
My age, thus lowly bow to thee,
Nor think, in this worn frame, you find
The semblance of a servile mind.—
List to my tale :—for each delay
May bear the last faint hope away.—
—Thou know'st, when late War's tempest raved,
Thine arm a helpless maiden saved,
(Flying disguised from battle's cry,)
And since preserved, with honour high,

From the fell rage of Victory
—Moments, on this we need not spend.—
Abdallah was her Father's friend ;—
Like scions, on one parent rear'd,
His first, his latest fortunes shared :—
Latest but one :—Ah, would to Heaven !
To share that last sad hour were given,
Nor more this sapless branch might stay,
When that rich stem was lopp'd away.—
But princely Adhel's high command
Compell'd this wither'd form to stand,
And its poor leafless shelter spread
Above his infant offspring's head.
—The task was mine, their youth to guard,
Its dangers to descry, and ward ;—
Hence, when the tyrant's jealous fears
Threaten'd young Eddin's early years ;
I stole the boy, — in safety placed ;—
His mind with loftiest lessons graced,
Fill'd his young heart with generous fire,
Taught him, to emulate his Sire ;
Till time his boyish form had veil'd,
And from suspicion's eye conceal'd ;—

Then, back my precious charge I brought,
What time proud Malek-Salah sought,
With servile arms, to rule the land.—
There, placed amid that Mamluke band,
And even to Selma's love unknown,
Self-raised to rank, him deeds have shewn,
Already worthy of a throne:
While, with a lofty hope elate,
He bends his ardent mind, to wait
Some happier turn of future fate.—

—" But Selma, poor deserted Maid,
By foes assail'd, by friends betray'd,
Beneath oppression's iron power
Has droop'd, a sweet but fading flower,
Long left to shed her early bloom,
Upon a hapless parent's tomb;
Till Osman's rude ambitious love,
To crop the tender blossom strove.—
—Then vain was all Abdallah's care,
Vain was distracted Selma's prayer,
When borne to Damiat's citadel,
To save her from that monster fell.—

But Heaven with some unseen defence,
Circles the paths of innocence—
Even in that moment's interval
Your armies came, and fought,—and all
Thy hopes, audacious Osman! fall.—

—"Then, with what anguish desolate,
Sunk my poor heart for Selma's fate!—
Madly to the dread scene of woe
I rush'd,—the last, worst truth to know.
—Oh! how I bless'd Count Albert's name,
When all thy generous conduct came,
Like the sweet odours of the morn,
On thousand breathing murmurs borne—
When my lost Selma there I found,
Guarded with holiest honour round,
Beneath a matron's chasten'd eye,
In safe and peaceful liberty.—

—"Back to young Eddin thence I fly,
To share with him my tale, my joy.—
—Brief let me be:—my anxious heart
Soon learn'd that Osman's treacherous art

Had form'd a deep and subtle plan,
The lovely Selma to regain—
Through ways to other eyes unseen,
To pass your castle's walls within,
(That secret path by which his flight
Was aided on the conquest night,
Sinking like earthed wolf from sight,)
And thence the precious maid to bear
Back to his foul and fatal snare.—
—'Mid the dark fear, thy faith and truth
Shone my last hope, thou guardian Youth !
Upon a brave and generous foe
I long'd my Selma's fate to throw.
But ere your city's walls I reach'd,
From my sad way, by plunderers snatch'd,
Had not thy timely aid been nigh :—
But haste—to Selma's succour fly—
This night—this night, their treachery—
—Alas ! even now perhaps, my fears"—
—Abdallah cease—no Albert hears.—
Seest thou yon long and dusty train,
Where scarce thy feeble eyes may strain ?—

Already there he marks his way,
Far, far from thy weak voice away.—

—There Albert, westward with the Sun,
Hastes careless of all cares, but one—
—Spite of the evening gathering near,
The touching tale had chain'd his ear,
Till that first shivering word of fear,
Spectred with horror fancy's eye ;—
Then as at eve the light gazelle,
Roused from his lair by tiger's yell,
So drives him thence that terror fell,
Scarce breathing with anxiety.—
Still as he moves, his growing fears
Shew Osman's triumph, Selma's tears ;
Still, as some loftier thought arose,
He stands himself her shield from foes.—
—Ah ! little reck'd thy heedless haste,
When pity urged thee o'er the waste,
How many a mile, what region wide,
Thy Selma from that shield divide.—

Already has yon King of light,

Touch'd the low line which skirts the night,
Shorn of the beams that wreathed his head,
And changed from glowing gold to red.—
There, as the mists of evening rise,
He streamers all the western skies—
On the grey arch, to east and north,
Star above star is twinkling forth,
Which, as the hastening sun retires,
Triumphant light their thousand fires.--
Yet scarce might seem the distance less,
To Albert's urging eagerness—
On the vast landscape's utmost verge,
Where those thin streams of light emerge,
Still Damiat's towers appear to stand,
The boundary of sky and land.
—How fix'd he eyes each minaret,
Where the faint day is lingering yet!
How, as each spire in distance fades,
Fair hope to dark despair recedes.—

—Stay, grateful Night!—the drooping flowers
May spare for once thy balmy hours:—
Stay,—though thy dews delay awhile,

Again they'll make the landscape smile ;—
But if beneath thy treacherous sky
Young Selma's sweetness droop and die,
Shade as thou wilt that blossom fair,
Thou canst not wake new fragrance there, —
Shall fall thy dewy tears in vain ;
She never more shall smile again.—
—Alas ! nor human prayer, nor power,
Can check thy march one little hour,
Or bid the sober shadows stay,
That close around the wanderer's way.—
Yet dauntless Albert urges on,
Led by those starry lamps alone,
Which now, with flame unrivall'd, pour
Their radiance through the clear Obscure.—

With straiten'd breath the labouring horse
Still holds unflagg'd his weary course,
Save where the dark and tangled copse,
His forward way a moment stops ;
Or if the unseen rivulet
With sudden plunge arrest his feet.—
—"Stand—Ho !—who comes ?" that challenge heard,

Proclaims the Christian's outmost guard.
—Gladly the short reply is given;
By hope revived, now faster driven,
He leaves behind the lengthened plains,
And soon the long'd-for city gains.—
—With hurried step, with eager eye,
He trembling seeks that castle high,
Where hope or dread must quickly fly.—

—His foot is on the chamber stair,
—It scarcely echoes to his tread.—
Why stand'st thou now as rooted there?
—Alas! there's that within thine air,
Which tells 'twere better meet despair,
Than linger thus in dread.—
—His hand is on the chamber door,—
A moment—and the strife is o'er.—
I'd rather, for my portion, feel
The sternest loss heart ever bore,
Than this uncertain ill.—
—'Tis certain now, those hopes or fears.—
Ah me! what means the cry he hears?
What mean yon aged matron's tears?

Why stand thus bound that helpless pair?—
—Oh Albert! 'tis too sure despair!—
—'Tis Bertha weeps;—'tis Anselm's cry,
No Maid,—no Selma stands them nigh.—

—In silence, he has loosed their bands:—
He hears it not, the tale forlorn,
How, through some secret opening borne,
Ruffians away the maid had torn,
And left them here, with fetter'd hands.—
All rapt and motionless he stands,
As one, on some deep project bent,
Heedless of their so sad lament.—

—There is a pang, which cannot speak,—
There is a sigh, for ear too weak,—
A swell of grief, which never weeps,
A dreamy pause, while nature sleeps,
In that dread interval of pain,
Ere the prest heart recoils again,
Its past and present to compare,
Just snatch'd, from transport, to despair.—
—That pang was Albert's,—dizzy—drear;

It yields no tongue, to rage or fear ;—
His, the dull fixedness of gaze,
O'er which no nerve of passion strays ;
No bosom throb, no groan supprest,
To mark the tumult in his breast :—
But silence tells of deeper pain,
—The calm before the hurricane.—

Spare thee, Old man ! 'tis idleness,
To speak of peace, in such an hour ;—
There was a time, thy words could bless,
But now, they have lost their power.—
Words,—words, for gentler sorrows, keep ;
For, there's a balm within them, sure ; —
But balm, that's dropp'd on wounds too deep,
Will rankle where it means to cure.—
—There is a pain, so soft, so light,
That lightest word may heal it,—
There is a hurt nor weak, nor slight,
Yet yields it too, to friendship's might,
Though sharp the sufferer feel it.—
There is a wide and deadly wound
That's never balm'd, that's never bound ;

A wound, that gapes and deepens still,
However salved—such, few may feel;—
That Few,—the wretched Few alone,
Who every pulse of joy condense
Within one feeling, so intense,
That, if it suffer violence,
Their life of hope is gone:—
The vital cord of peace once broke,
They writhe, for aye, beneath the stroke.—

—Not yet has touch'd that aged man
The fresh full wound, in Albert's heart,
Too well without, the shows of pain
Proclaim, how hopeless now were art—
Yet many a gentle word he tried,
Words but to soothing friendship known,
To wake those feelings to his side,
Which wander'd all from reason wide,
Or coldly slept in One.—
He spoke of friends, he spoke of arms,
He hinted thoughts of praise and shame,—
What best affection's bosom warms,
What most might stir the soul to fame,

All, too, that heaven-taught hearts approve
Each wile of wisdom and of love:—
—But, when all other arts might seem
Powerless, to chase the fearful dream,
One way remain'd, one word alone,
To rouse him by its thrilling tone.—
—" O Albert, lost to other aims,
Thy care, at least, poor Selma claims;
Still does her fate the aid demand,
Of thy brave heart and generous hand."—

As they, who wake from sudden trance
Gaze wildly round, with doubtful glance,
So strangely stared young Albert round,
As caught his ear the charmed sound:—
Then thus with quick and passion'd air:
—" Yes—Selma shall be Albert's care;—
Kahira's towers and Osman's art,
Shall bar, in vain, this faithful heart;
Though, round her, barbarous squadrons close,
This arm shall pierce the circling foes,
Snatch her, from fear and infamy,
Or freely in her rescue die.—

—Nay, thither be my instant way;
Though ruin stand to bid me stay."—
—" Yes, death,—yes, ruin wait thee there:
Oh! spare thee Albert—Madman spare
Thy rage, nor rush upon despair!—
Think of the cause that claims thee now,
Think of thy faith and holy vow,
Think of thy friend, thy parent left
To languish, quite of hope bereft:
—Let these old arms thy rashness bind."—
—Alas! he leaves those arms behind,
Stretching his mad and desperate flight,
Through the drear shades of pathless night,
Back, guideless, toward those weary plains,
Where now but lonely stillness reigns.—

—As One, from scenes, by fortune cast,
Where youth's bright days of hope were pass'd,
Where Memory oft, her backward eye
Turns with regret to faded joy—
Should some fond thought his steps impel,
To the sweet spot he loved so well;
Oh! how his full heart swells to find

The bowers, his boyish taste had twined,
The glen, where early fancy stray'd,
The garden, where his childhood play'd,
Each tended shrub, each favourite tree,
The dearest haunts of infancy,
By strangers' hands all rudely torn,
Lie waste, neglected, and forlorn !—
Thus Anselm now, in anguish gazed;
To see, by passions rude erased,
Each gentle grace his toil had twined,
Mid the young growths of Albert's mind,
And newer, sterner feeling tear,
All the slow fruit that crown'd his care.

—Alas ! how voiceless there ! he stands,
Stretching, in air, his suppliant hands,
As if that form still mock'd his eyes,
Which far from his entreaty flies—
Or, if he speaks one mutter'd word,
At first, 'tis wild and reasonless,
Till faintly, o'er his senses, stirr'd
Those holier thoughts, long used to bless :—
—"Oh ! for that Spirit's power within,"

(He cries in very wretchedness)
"The slumbering soul to wake and win,
Whose lamp its kindling lustre sheds,
Even on the dark, which passion spreads;
Whose voice can charm the stubborn will,
With touches of resistless skill!—
Poor human aid its all hath done,
Ah, leave him not thou Blessed One!—

—"Dear desperate Youth! who, who shall bear
This tale to thy loved Sovereign's ear?"
(Gush'd, at the word, the old man's tear,)
"Who may thy truth, in safety, hold,
When malice shall her stores unfold,
Shall cast thee, on the tongue of scorn,
As one unfaithful and forsworn?—
Poor Selma too, thou Maiden sweet!
Hard, hard the fate, thou'rt doom'd to meet,
Must thou too yield thy soul to die,
Or worse, to foul apostasy?—
Save them, sweet Heaven! with strength divine,
Or make them both and ever thine."—

—Slow, through the night, has Anselm gone
To seek sweet counsel there alone,
Where humbled spirits trust to find
The truest anodyne of mind,
That peace, on wings angelic borne,
The only rest of them that mourn.—

VI

THE BEDOUINS.

MILD breathes the night ! serene and fair,
Balming with sweets the crystal air,
(Waked from the buds, by zephyrs bland,
O'er all that large and lovely land,)
How soft and tranquil is the sleep,
  That sits upon this silent shore !
Where never northern furies sweep,
  Where never wasting whirlwinds roar,—
Save that at times, the desert gale
Crimsons with dust yon moonlight pale,
Which, as its waning splendours rise,
On Eastern summits, coldly lies,
As soft and pure as stainless snows
On Sinai's sainted top repose—

Touch'd by the beam, the palm-trees cast
A deeper shadow o'er the scene;
Envious! to leave, in light, the waste,
And hide the paradise of green.—
So care o'ercasts, where joy appears,
But pictures forth the waste of tears.—

Who strays, so lonely, through the night,
With cheek more pale than that pale light?—
Not darker shews the palm-shade now,
Than this wild wanderer's anguish'd brow—
'Tis Albert's sigh upon the gale:
'Tis Albert strays those shades below—
I know him, by his features pale;
I know him by his anguish'd brow.—
Swift had he urged his rash retreat
Heedless, o'er plains and paths unknown,
Till these wild sands have stay'd his feet,
Like his own bosom desolate:
—There now, within the desert lone,
As if stern nature's sympathy
Were calm and comfort to his eye,

He stands upon the waste to gaze,
White glistening in the silver rays.—

—Is it a herd of wandering deer,
That on the distant sands appear,
Those spots, which dimly through the night,
Stain the pure desert's dazzling white—
Or there, some Shepherds flock may stray,
Whose master might direct his way.—
Swift, at the thought, he quits his stand,
And bounds across the sliding sand.
Yet, as those spots advance more near,
No longer seem they herd of deer,
Or straying flock on desert's verge—
But black, and motionless, and large,
  Each growing speck distinct is seen,
And broadening as he closer drew,
In long dark range present to view,
  The camp of wandering Bedouin.—

—Sudden, the wakeful watch-dogs mark
His coming step with echoing bark—
Shrill o'er the waste a shout is sent,

As issuing from each sable tent,
Pour forth the hardy Arab bands,
Around the spot where Albert stands;—
And, circling o'er him, many a lance
Shines in the moonbeam's shifting glance,
And bending near, the Arab bow
Prepares its vengeance for the foe.
—"What art thou—friend or foeman, say?"—
—"A stranger wandering from his way."—
Fallen is each point in that fierce ring,
Snaps the shrill bow with loosen'd string;
While round the dauntless youth they crowd,
And shout their simple welcome loud.
—"Come, Stranger, come; no danger fear—
A stranger's name is sacred here;
On Arab faith securely rest,
Which ne'er betray'd confiding guest."—

Some hours there are so dark and drear,
They shut the heart to doubt or fear—
  Small thought it was to Albert then,
  If e'er he may retrace again
The unknown way he fearless went,

Following to their rude structured tent
Those wild and wondrous men.—
Nor glow'd, nor paler grew his cheek,
As, brought before their aged Sheik,
(A simple chief, who calmly sat,
All pompless, on his humble mat,)
He felt the fixed scrutiny
Of that so stern, but tranquil eye.
—"Father! we bring a stranger guest,
Found wandering guideless on the waste,
And here by some good angel sent,
He claims the shelter of thy tent."—
From his low couch the desert chief,
Rising with salutation brief,
Speaks welcome grave:—with artless ease
Presents the cup, the pledge of peace,
The sacred sign, the mystic tie,
That binds to faith and courtesy.—

Fell on that chieftain Albert's glance,
With wonder half and reverence,
That roused his absent thoughts to sense.—
Upon those time-worn features lay

The prints of many a vagrant day;
And many an hour of victory
Still sparkled in that sunken eye;
And years of enterprize and spoil
Left nought of softness for a smile—
Proudly the beard's full honours fell,
White as the rocks on Kaleil's hill—
  The brow, on which the night-fire beam'd,
Was deep and changeless as the caves,
Round which the Red Sea's tempest raves.—
  There, as he stood, you might have dream'd,
To see the ready bands obey
His regal and paternal sway;
The simple race of primal men
Had come to grace the earth again,—
As when the Patriarch unawares,
Received the heavenly messengers;
And He, by earth and skies ador'd,
Bless'd with his smile a mortal board.—

Nor fail'd the wonder, as he view'd
The uncouth race that round him stood;
Warriors whose slight and shrivell'd frame,

Seem'd ill to match with Arab fame—
Forms, fleshless all,—where famine pined,
  Like palm-trees scathed in torrid sky,
But limbs which iron tendons bind,
  And joints of flint, expert to fly,
Or sudden press the flagging foe;
Elastic as the Tartar bow,
Nerved by a life severe and rude,
That loves the joyless solitude.—

Nor they in turn less strangely gazed,
As higher now the watch-fire blazed,
And glanced by fits the flame upon
His foreign arms, which glittering shone,
Or play'd, amid his dark brown hair,
  Which all unhelmed in ringlets hung,
Or touch'd with light his forehead fair,
  And softer tints of sadness flung.—
High in the midst as there he stands,
Towering above the dwarf-like bands,
Seems he, to their admiring eyes,
Like youthful seraph from the skies.—
Troop after troop they following crowd,

As from their tents new warriors pour,
And speak their various comment loud,
And tell the stranger's story o'er.—

There's many a gaze in that same tent,
And many a face of wonderment,
And pointing hands and widening eyes,
Give natural witness of surprise;
And long, each attitude and tone,
Speak rude astonishment alone.—
—But darkening brow, and flashing eye,
And threatening lances raised on high,
And clenched hands, and crowds, that pour
Fast round the youth, in closer ring—
These are not signs of wonder sure:—
And, in that murmur wakening,
The mutter'd threat that meets his ear,
Might terror to his bosom bring,
If aught were now a fear.—

Faintly, o'er Albert's senses, fly
Some thoughts of fraud or treachery;
Yet find him not or weak, to ward

The danger, or by numbers scared,
But resolute to stand, as one
That trusts in his good arm alone—
And time it was—for that fierce band
Are closing on his fenceless stand;—
Nor flight is sought, nor parley made,
Nor sign betrays or doubt or dread;
His helm is clasp'd upon his head,
His sword is in his hand.—
Full on their ranks the dauntless knight
Defiance look'd:—but at the sight
Before him that old Chieftain sprung
And o'er his guest protection flung.—

—"Children! what means this rage?"—he cried.
Instant a thousand tongues replied:
—"He dies, the fell Destroyer dies—
A brother's blood between us lies!
—Poor Assad lies upon the plain,
Thence never more to rise again,
Stretch'd lifeless, tombless on the sand,
By this stern warrior's ruthless hand—
That brother's blood between us lies,

He dies, the fell Destroyer dies!"—
—" Shame, Children, shame! shall it be said,
The Arab has his guest betrayed?
No—in our camp let discord cease;
'Tis buried in the cup of peace."—
—Abashed they stood—then slow recoil'd:
To silence sunk the clamour wild,
And stormy eye, and furious breast,
Calm'd, at the sacred name of guest.—

—" Stranger, behold your danger fled,"
(Proudly the aged Chieftain said,)
" Such is the Arab, brave and free,
Poor, but content with liberty,
Whose friendship knows not chill or change,
Whose dearest debt is high revenge;
Unchecked by time, surviving death,
And to be stay'd alone, by faith.—
That faith shall guard thee faithfully.—
Though thy stern arm, but yesterday,
Rent a poor brother's life away,
To-night, on Arab couch, thou 'lt lie,
In peace and full security;

And, with the morning, at thy will,
The Arab, all thy welcome done,
Shall bid the Prophet speed thee on,
And send thee safe from ill.—
Then rest to-night thy weary feet,
In quiet, and thy toils forget:
If but the poorest garb of thine
Have hurt from any hand of mine,
A life shall dearly answer it.—
To-morrow, wheresoe'er thy way,
Thou shalt not risk again to stray;
Secure, thy wanderings shall guide
A Coptic youth, of honour tried,
Who loves thy race, and owns thy God;—
One skill'd in every devious road,
That ever desert footstep trode,
From Zara's waste to Kolzoum's tide."

Hard 'twere to tell how Albert stood,
In marvel of that wondrous man,
So sternly kind, so nobly rude;
Or, how he spoke his gratitude,
It were a task as vain—

Enough to say, he strove to tell,
All his full heart might furnish well;
Enough, that, charm'd by simple men,
He half forgot his sufferings then;
Enough, that, at their humble fare,
He sate a grateful stranger there,
Nor long'd for higher sympathy,
Than of stern heart and untamed eye.—

It was, in truth, most novel sight,
That round the wavering flame was seen
Those meagre features, touch'd with light,
Whose shadowy gleams display'd more bright,
Each wild expressive mien.
And oft the Stranger's wandering ear
Was won, from his own griefs, to hear,
On some young Arab's plaintive tongue,
The magic tale, or Moal song:—
Of wonders, hid by Ocean waves,
Where Peris dwell, in emerald caves:
Of Afrit fierce, and loathsome Goul,
Flung to blue flames and torments foul,
In the dark domes of Istakar,

Beyond the dreary Kaf afar.—
And oft his inattentive gaze,
Was fix'd by the deep interest
On every face that seem'd to rest,
As lights and shadows o'er them pass'd,
From the loose flickering blaze;
While bending toward the passion'd tale,
Of woes that Arab youths befel,
Who loved too fondly and too well;
They acted o'er each feeling high,
And caught the glow of sudden joy,
Or paled with agony,
Till tears with rugged features strove,
And droop'd the hearts, no dangers move,
At Mejnoun's woes, and Leila's love.—
Thus pass'd the hour till needed rest
Its silence on the scene impress'd.

VII.

THE JOURNEY.

AWAKE, young Traveller, awake!
All nature speaks the morning nigh;
The swan unmoors her on the lake,
The light lark carols through the sky,
The lamps of Heaven are fading fast,
Where the blue concave bounds the waste.—
No need to bid that wanderer wake;
On sorrow's eye short slumbers stay:
So fortune's friends distress forsake,
Chased by dark dreams of woe away—
The dream that made his slumbers fly,
Shew'd Selma's woes and Osman's joy.

From his low bed has Albert gone,
The sad and lonely wanderer,

His full and farewell thanks to bear,
To Him who 'mid the desert shone,
In courtesies more bright and rare,
Than courts have often known.—
Short time for greeting there he staid,
But ere the last farewell is said,
Or he consign'd to Allah's power,
The aged Chieftain, from his store
A mantle dark and large unroll'd:
—"Christian," he said, "thy emprize bold,
In journey through this hostile land,
Must yield thee prey to foeman's hand,—
Then bear with thee this close disguise,
To hide thee from enquiring eyes;
This mantle dark and turban green,
The native dress of Bedouin,
Will o'er thee best protection throw,
From open force or unseen foe."

—And Albert goes in that strange dress,
Veiling the glow of western grace;
And far the Bedouins' wondering eyes,
Follow his footsteps as he flies:

As if they saw new comeliness,
In the uncouth disguise.—
Oft too their glance is cast upon
The desert Chieftain's Arab zone,
Where now the precious dagger shone,
Which late adorn'd the stranger's side,
There by his hand at parting tied.—
—Strange Men! whom promise high and birth,
Shut from the changing tribes of earth,
Bound by the sure prophetic spell,
Which marks the sons of Ismael,
By slavery ne'er to be defiled,
The untamed tenants of the Wild.—
Time rolls, and rends each work and name,
But leaves your Heaven-girt race the same.

Treads Albert once again the plain,
Bearing within his ceaseless pain:—
The hardy Copt, low, swart and dun,
Deep bronzed by many a burning sun,
Of dauntless soul, and limb alert,
Bounds at his side—as mountain hart,

Prints, with dark trace, the dews of morn,
At the first breath of hunter's horn.—

—Sweet Prime of day! how pure and fair
To Heaven thy incensed offerings are;
When, wakening from their soft repose,
The flowers salute thy coming ray,
And catch the fresh, cool gale, that blows,
To waft the tears of night away—
Dark, cold, and dead, the heart must be,
That gives not welcome kind to thee,
Nor beats with pleasure's throb, more strong,
Responsive to thy matin song.—
Even the slow pulses of despair
Though dull, as Sodom's lake they lie,
Beneath thy free and grateful air,
Feel the soft, dimpling stir of joy—
Even Albert's breast such movement feels,
As o'er him all thy gladness steals,
Lighter the glowing plain he press'd,
In thy first dewy lustre drest.—

From dawn to eve, thus side by side,

Young Albert and his faithful guide
  Journey unheeded and unknown,
O'er emerald mead and desert bare,
By hamlet lone, and village fair,
    Toward great Kahira's town—
Short rest they take, by day, by night,
Nor sight, nor sound delays their flight,
Though oft, upon their varied way,
Uptorn those giant Ruins lay,
Which peace and wealth once rear'd sublime,
To character their power to time—
If peace it might be call'd—the reign
Of despot priests, who this sweet plain
So piled with many a monstrous fane.—

Fair art thou, Egypt! yet thy soil
  Lost all its sweetness in the gloom
Of Priestcraft, which could coldly spoil
  Thy trees of balm, thy fields of bloom,
To rear, to man or monster vile
    A temple or a tomb.
—Where are the halls, the palaces,
That mark the Great of other days?—

—Temples and Tombs and Temples! nought,
Of gentler taste, adorns the spot,
Where Monarchs sway'd and sages taught.—
No—ye fair forms of use and grace!
Ye never sought such dwelling place—
The land where Superstition strode
O'er altars stain'd with human blood,
While dark and huge each monster God
Follow'd triumphing in his train,
Was not for you—beneath their shade,
Shut from the light, they loved in vain,
Meek taste and genius droop and fade.
—Even still, within each frowning pile,
The Demon seems to sit and smile
Upon the ruin he has made.—
—O Egypt! thou shalt dearly pay
The aid thou gavest that impious sway.—
Mother of monsters! from thy womb
The beastly race have teeming come,
Which, at their foul unhallow'd birth,
Chased every holier form from earth,
Darken'd the light, by mercy given,
And slaved, to brutes, the heir of Heaven.—

Woe ! to thy land,—already bent
Beneath its growing punishment !
Soon shall the Turk, unjustly just,
Trample thy towering pride in dust ;—
Soon shall the Mamluke's servile force,
To tyrants turn'd, in outrage rave—
As if dark Misraim, when he gave
Thy nation its first name and source,
Had enter'd on his Brother's curse,
To slaves that doom'd him slave.—

But pillar'd wild and ruin vast,
Alike unheeded, Albert pass'd—
Small power have objects strange, to bar
The anguish'd thoughts, that wander far,
Nor more avail than simple lay,
By Ulad pour'd to wile the way,
As thus he hymn'd, in plaintive tone
His country's sorrows and his own.—

THE COPTIC SONG.

Days of the great and wise !
Which once on this proud country shone,

Your light on story's distance, lies,
But, ah! it quits our darken'd eyes,
Where are ye gone?

Ye Works of wondrous power!
Whose ruins taunt us with your spoil,
Your glories set, on this dark hour,
Nor leave, on temple or on tower,
One parting smile.

Ye Deeds of mighty men!
Pass'd, like a vision of the night,
Which leaves the heart more joyless then:
Say, shall ye ne'er return again
From your long flight?

Ye Times! when Learning's flood
Stream'd o'er the earth from this sweet shore,
While other lands were dark and rude;
Are all your springs of truth subdued,
For evermore?

And thou, blest Liberty!

Which built us here a paradise;
Thy flight was fatal as the tree,
That made young Eden's infancy
Too sadly wise.

Can long oppression steep,
In such cold damp, this spirit free,
That it shall lose the will to weep,
Nor dream to break the iron sleep,
Of Slavery?

—At length the approaching banks of Nile
Announce some respite to their toil—
There many a struggling oar and sail
Strive with the stream, or court the gale,
That spoils of distant regions bring,
And o'er the land unsparing fling.—
—"To Masir—Ho!" from gliding boat,
Returns the hoarse assenting note.—
With sudden plash the bending oar
Nears the light vessel to the shore:
—"Aboard, aboard"—the steersman sings:
O'er yielding side each wanderer springs,

—"There rest ye, Sirs:—away, away."—
Dash'd from the stroke, the sheeted spray
Showers with its pearls, the glassy air,
And paints its rainbow lustres there.—

Low, bending, o'er the shallop's side,
Albert the surging waters eyed,
As round the rapid boat they curl,
In many a swift and giddy whirl,
And track with foam the flying Nile,
Where the gay bubbles dance awhile,
As each, in turn, just shines and dies,
Bright—transient—as our early joys—
Or, if at times his lifted eye
Turns to that vessel's company,
Yon Figure dark its glance has caught,
That sits apart, in gloom and thought,
And seems to shun the gazer's view,
Beneath his mantle's midnight hue.
—"That scowling eye, that turban green,
Somewhere, in other days, I've seen,
Though now forgot—but where or how,
I like thee not, thou gloomy Brow!—

Too well thy treacherous traces show
To Europe's faith a deadly foe."—

So Albert mused, as on her way,
  Springs to the stroke the bounding barge,
While round the circling wavelets play,
  And lightly lave the flowery marge—
Where'er they pass'd, the treasured ground
Flings wastefully its sweetness round:—
There happy Nature sports and smiles
Amid those odour-breathing isles,
Which, in their verdant drapery, seem
To float and frolic on the stream—
As the young Nymphs, in ancient song,
Flaunting on Ocean's breast along,
At eve, by pilot's eye are seen
To bask, and bathe their locks of green.
—High on the prow, in Arab tongue,
A minstrel's numbers lightly rung,
And cheer'd the rowers with his song;
Framing to lovers' thoughts his rhymes,
In the soft tones of Syrian climes.

SONG.

I love thee not, thou gaudy Flower!
That spread'st thy bosom to the day,
Courting each wanton gale and shower,
To waft or wash thy scents away.

But, let me find some blossom sweet,
Blushing beneath the silent shade,
Where never print of vulgar feet
Was on its meek retirement laid:

Thee I'll transplant, thou modest Gem,
To myrtle bowers, with perfumes spread;
And, when I pluck thee from the stem,
This breast shall be thy sheltering bed.

Lady! thou art that blushing flower,
In Nature's simple pureness drest—
Say—wilt thou deck my humble bower,
Or breathe thy fragrance on my breast?

The artless lay was word of power,
To rouse to pain the wanderer lone—
Came thoughts of Selma, in the tone:
The blushing sweet, the simple flower,
Seem'd emblem of that lovely one—
The bloom of field and grove has fled
From his sad eye, with anguish dim;
No more he marks the Willows' shade,
That bend and droop above his head,
As if they wept with him.—
Meek Plant! from thee the Captive's lay
Caught many a sad and plaintive tone,
When forced from Zion's land to stray,
He hung his harp thy trees upon—
And though the towers have ceased to shine
Where waved thy pensive boughs along,
That blessed sympathy of thine
Still lives and weeps in deathless song.—

Look round thee, Albert!—if there be
Aught, in sweet Nature's scenery,
To balm the pang of mourner's sigh,
Or light the lone and languid eye;

That balm, that light are round thee now,
In buds that breathe, and fruits that glow,
And wide their essenced perfumes blow,
Waving and wafting joy—
See, buoyant, on the glancing tide,
Sits the young Lotus in her pride,
Presenting to the festal year,
Pure, as if Hebe's own they were,
Her cups of nectar clear—
Waves here the flax-field's tender hue,
And graceful hangs its bells of blue;
There, the green Henna's buds prepare
Their golden stain, for Egypt's Fair;—
As if soft shrub, or blushing flower,
Could envy brighter beauty's power,
And strove a rival to disarm,
By lessening the enchantment's charm.

—They've pass'd reflected in the flood
The minarets of Semenoud:
Yonder, her honours Isis strew'd.
May now the weary eye, in vain,
Seek one lone column, on the plain,

Where Sebennyte the great once stood,
And where that wondrous Fane :—
As vain to seek Busiris' towers,
Amid those thick and arching bowers,
O'er which, in verdant network roll'd,
The Cassia hangs its clustering gold,
And pale the languid Tamarind lies,
Softening the deep Pomegranate's dies;
That deeper now its crimson shews,
At evening's rich and ruddy close,
And bending toward the tides that lave,
Paints its pure blushes in the wave.—

No Albert, no!—this glowing scene,
This Heaven of light,—this land of green,
Nor light nor joy upon thee cast :—
Dark o'er thy mind, their image pass'd,
More cheerless than the desert waste.
—Oh! 'tis less pain in fates severe,
To gaze on nature stern and drear,
On rugged forms and glooms profound;
Dark, waste and desolate around,—
To stand upon the storm-beat shore,

And hear the surging breakers roar,
  Climbing the rocks, with angry din,—
Than, flung amid those summer isles,
Where peace without, for ever smiles,
    To feel the war within;
—'Tis colder, lonelier suffering,
Because unlike each outward thing.—

Night comes:—and through her shadowy sky,
Her twinkling suns have mounted high,
And Nile with mimic glow aspires
To rival those undying fires—
From passing barge and shallop hung,
Unnumber'd lamps their radiance flung,
And o'er the tide diversely driven,
Shine in the stream, a second Heaven,
Till broken by the sweeping oar,
They dance and dimple to the shore—
As if gay feast of ancient fane,
Deck'd or disgraced these shores again,
While myriad lamps their splendour pour
On revels foul and rites impure.—

—With slacker course each moving boat,
On that gay stream is seen to float;
And soon, on Albert's heedless ear,
Bursts the shrill steersman's call, "to near."—
Then, mooring by a friendly isle,
The rowers cease their tedious toil.—
There, while a part securely slept,
The rest their faithful watches kept,
Lest the rude Fellah, from the land,
Steal on their sleep with plundering band.

—Pure is the rest that labour sheds
On the toil'd limbs and careless heads,
Whom never tyrant Knowledge taught
The torments of insatiate thought,
Nor keen refinement cursed with woes,
Beyond what simple nature knows!—
To such, night's friendly shadows bear
Release from toil, their transient care—
But respite none to Albert's eyes,
That sleepless gaze on those far skies;
But not to that sad heart repose,
Which wakes and weeps o'er Selma's woes.—

O Night! how dreary is thy shade,
To those to wretchedness betray'd!
Thou bear'st thy balms from sorrow's eye,
To fling them on the lids of joy—
Dark, though the day-dream pictures ill,
Far gloomier are thy visions still:
Robed in thy sad and sable dress,
Thou conjurest things of fearfulness,
And fill'st thy dread and solemn hour
With spectres of ideal power.—
Then sober Reason quits her charge,
And feverish Fancy roams at large,
Recalls those shapes of misery,
Which flit through day unheeded by,
And, on the drear and faithless night,
Paints goblin fears in magic light.—

Yet not to Albert's eyes alone,
Are Sleep's refreshing sweets unknown—
On other lids, on other woes,
Lights no soft languor of repose,
—The same dark form, which shrouded lay,

Wrapp'd from the scrutiny of day,
  Like wolf, within his noontide lair,
Shews now, unveil'd, those features wild,
By Passion's restless strife defiled—
  Still the fierce eye and threatening air
  On Albert turn, with deadliest glare:
Still the dark brow, where malice sate,
Speaks some deep debt of secret hate;
While, through the dusk, is fury seen
To writhe and wring the stubborn mien—
As if the Leopard's glance should spy
  The Lion, plunderer of his young,
And scann'd his strength with doubting eye,
  Ere on the spoiler fierce he sprung.—
—Mysterious Man! what passion foul
Thus desolates thy desperate soul?
Does bigot rage those shadows throw
Upon thy dark and deadly brow;
Or vengeance deep, or wild despair,
Flash, in that eye's fierce character?
  —Trust me, whate'er thy wealth and power;
Chief, were they named, at Egypt's court,

I would not be such feeling's sport,
But for one lone and little hour,
For all thy Master's treasures own,
For all that glitters round his throne.—

VIII.

THE CATACOMBS.

WHOE'ER he be, whose youth's fair prime,
Has pass'd, 'mid mountain scenes sublime,
  Where wandering oft by steep and wild,
He drank delight unspeakable,
When fancy waked her early thrill,
  To see those heights in grandeur piled;
And breathless gazed, while huge and vast,
Mound beyond mound seem'd endless cast,
As if the earth, in monstrous flood,
Upheaved to giant billows, stood;—
Or loved, amid the heath-bloom flung,
To list the breeze, that moan'd along
The deep and bracken-curtain'd glen,
Dreaming strange thoughts of that lone den.

—Yes—He may tell what Albert felt,
As into day those shadows melt;—
Yes—He may tell, how fondly strains
The eye, long worn with endless plains,
In rapture to that Summit high,
Which hangs upon the farthest sky;—
How stretch his arms, with eagerness,
As to some long-lost friend's embrace—
As if arose, to cheer his toil,
His own sweet mountain-studded Isle,
As if he saw the heath-flower bloom
Around his dear and early home,
And traced all things of bright and fair,
On rude Mokattam's aspect bare.—

Far—dark—that lonely Summit towers,
Close by Kahira's halls and bowers,
Heaving, athwart the early sky,
The bulwarks of that Castle high,
Which erst, the mighty Saladin
Hung on its brow, to shield his reign—
There, o'er the scene, it proudly stands,
The guardian of Elysian lands,

That calm, from gales of rudeness, rest,
Beneath Mokattam's rugged breast :
—Slow down the steep descends the light,
Redeeming half the world from night—
On the far dusk those spots that rise
Like stars upon the evening skies,
Mark where each massy Pyramid
In yet unwaken'd gloom lies hid,
While the high point, 'mid twilight grey,
Rends a bright speck from upper day.—

Hail, Remnants sole ! of those dark days,
  Where thought on guideless wing must soar
  The waste and countless ages o'er,
Through which no beam of History strays,
    To light your earlier lore—
To wake each race to memory,
Which ye have seen unfold, and die !—
The slow, sure stealth of ceaseless years,
  The shock of War,—the hand of Spoil—
All, all that rends what labour rears,
    Sweep harmless o'er your pile.—
Wrecks of a race unnamed, unknown!

Gleams of a world of glories gone,
—Ye stand indeed—but stand alone!—

—Already far upon her way,
Fann'd by the gales of early day,
The Shallop, with her eager crew,
Along the bounding waters flew.
And now, while sped the weary hours,
Burst on the scene Kahira's towers,
As from the gilded palaces
Her glories stream in dazzling rays,
And strike upon the straining eyes,
Like meteor lights, in northern skies.—
—"Bulak—Ho, Bulak!"—that gay cheer
Proclaims the rowers' respite near,
And soon the strange and treacherous shore,
Tread Albert and his Guide once more.—

Rash Youth! whom desperate frenzy throws,
Unscann'd the means, unguess'd the end,
Thus singly mid a host of foes,
Where every step thy danger grows,
And every hour more plainly shews,

Small aid one valiant arm may lend.
—And does he slumber o'er his fate?
Almost he wakes—wakes all too late,
To rend the veil that hides despair,
And see nor hope nor safety there;—
Yet as the Wretch 'mid ocean cast,
Still plunges onward to the last,
And grasps the sea-weed floating by,
As there some lingering hope might lie—
So, the last glimpse of comfort fled,
Courage, from depths of danger bred,
Gives seeming to unreal things,
And o'er his heart new promise flings.

Then first to Ulad's wondering ear,
Albert his hazard high explains,
By what wild chance he wander'd here,
And all that yet remains:
And bids his friendly cares arrange,
Some counsel meet for fate so strange.—
Heard was the tale, with fixed eye,
And look that spoke of interest kind,—
For faithful was that soul and high,

And wise was Ulad's mind—
Yet like his cautious Race he tries,
To hide deep thought in simple guise;
But not like them could patient bear
To bow beneath the Arab yoke,
And breathe, a slave, his native air,
Nor wish the bondage broke;—
And close and cautious though he be,
He pined in heart for liberty,
And wish'd, and watch'd a day of wrath,
On foes that scorn'd his name and faith;—
And, when he saw his country's shore,
Streamer'd with Europe's galleys o'er,
He hail'd the Franks with raptured eye,
As some new day-spring from on high,
And sigh'd to help, with heart and hand,
The Saviours of his native land.
—No wonder then that interest high
Flash'd at the tale in Ulad's eye:
No wonder then that answer came,
As cheering and as warm as flame—

—"Young Lord! thy story strange, shall rest

The nearest care to Ulad's breast:—
Ah! who, of Europe's noble race,
But there may find a brother's place?
Whate'er remains to do or dare,
Freely this heart thy fate shall share;—
  Yet, till some happier chance appear,
(For sure we tread on desperate ground,)
Count Albert cannot safe be found,
    This hostile City near;
But ill conceals that flimsy show,
A form, where Europe's graces glow.
—Trust me, I fear thee not unknown
To that dark Man who sate alone—
I mark'd him, on our Shallop's prow,
How frown'd on thee his angry brow:
—Look! where he glides across us now!"—

—Turn'd Albert rapid at the word,
And firmly grasp'd his ready sword:—
  For sooth to say, that Eye of wrath
Was fixed upon the stranger Pair,
But quick withdrew its deadly stare,
    And vanish'd from the path.—

—" Thank Heaven! the gloomy spirit flies!"
(Cried Ulad, as he strain'd his eyes,)
—" Yet though the spectre's laid, I find
Misgivings strange, within my mind.—
Some safe retreat must guard thee, then,
At present, from his treacherous ken.
—Hold!—let me see,—the Caverns deep,
Where Egypt's Dead in silence sleep,
May shade you from suspicion's sight:—
At least, you there can rest to-night;
We'll reach them yet, with evening's light.—
Thence to the city I'll repair,
To seek the good Abdallah there:
Hope whispers, Faith and Love shall hear
Some tidings worthy of their ear."—

How gently, o'er the sorrowing soul,
The sounds of human kindness roll!—
Seems Ulad now, to Albert's eyes,
Like pitying angel from the skies,
Sent down his fainting heart to bless,
With promise of assured success;—
And half his eager words begin

To speak the joy that stirs within,
Till, check'd by Ulad's graver air,
He feels how vain those visions were,
And, to the cautions sage, attends,
  Which long oppression taught to store:
Then, without stay, his journey bends
  Along the Nile's ascending shore.—

The live-long day, with rapid race,
  And hearts that mock at fear or toil,
The winding plain their footsteps trace,
Contracted now to narrower space,
Within those mountains' vast embrace,
    Which girdle in the Nile:—
And now, by twilight's lingering light,
  They stand a leafless rock below,
That darkly rears its rugged height,
And seems to frown upon their flight,
    In sign of future woe.—
And deep within its cavern'd breast
  Lie many a mortal hope and fear,
'Till that last Voice shall break their rest,
    Which every ear shall hear,

When rising myriads shall proclaim
His power, who once in weakness came.

—" Here ends our course," has Ulad said,
As at that rock his steps he stay'd,
And pointed where a cavern wide
Yawn'd in its steep and barren side;—
" Here ends our course,—and yonder Tomb,
To-night, shall give thee safest home:"—
He spoke,—and silent led the way
To where the mortal mansion lay.—

With wonder half, and half with dread,
Close to his leader Albert trode;
O'er his firm limbs the chill damp spread,
As slow and sullen sounds the tread
That yields the living to the dead,
In that terrene abode.—
Oh! it was passing strange, to see
The Pride and boast of Chivalry,
Who never shrunk from living wight,
How paled his cheek, how stared his eye,
On the poor mouldering bones that lie,

Seen faintly, in the doubtful light;
As gleam'd by fits, upon the floor,
The sickly lamp which Ulad bore,
Or through the arched cavern shone,
Lighting the deep recesses round,
Where thousand grisly spectres frown'd,
Wrapp'd in their cerements lone—
And stony eyes, so glazed and dim,
Start from their sockets' shrunken stay,
O'er fleshless features gaunt and grim,
To glare upon the Intruder's way,—
While that lone taper rose and fell,
Painting death's self more horrible.—

—Yet 't was a passing dread—that cross'd
Albert's young mind, confusedly toss'd,
Robb'd of its high and better aid
By the wild storm which o'er it stray'd.—
In that unguarded moment, came
One pale cold shudder to his cheek;
The next,—the crimson currents speak
The inward scorn, the manly shame,

Which, at chance thought or base or weak,
Turn the high heart to flame—
Then, with a firm and fearless stride,
He follows, where his forward guide,
As gay that den of horrors paced,
As if he trode the noon-day waste.—

—" Here's but a sorry rest, Sir Knight,"—
Said Ulad, as he placed the light,
And gave a rocky ledge to sight,
That level lay and bare—
And soon the low and rugged bed,
With couch of softest grass is spread,
From Nile's enamell'd border shred,
By his so gentle care.
—" Oh say not thus,"—the Youth return'd,
While a faint smile his lips adorn'd,
" Oft must the soldier's labour earn
His short repose, 'mid scenes as stern.
And bid the Providence be bless'd,
That yields his toils so sweet a rest.—
Besides, who dreams of high reward,
Breaks not his sleep for pillow hard."—

Then Ulad:—"May good Angels keep,
From fraud or force, thy peaceful sleep!
Oh! may their care these feet return,
Ere dawn, from this proud City's bourne,
With better hopes and better cheer—
For sooth! this fare, so poor and scant,
May ill supply thy present want."—
He said, and fled the mansion drear.

—Alone—unguarded—cheerless left—
Of the pure day and air bereft,
Lies Albert in that dreary den,
Flung 'mid the wrecks of former men,
Which as, before his weary eye,
Unreal objects seem to swim,
In horrid ranks are marshall'd nigh,
And float or sink, advance or fly,
Within the twilight dim,
As the weak lamp each figure shews,
Or bids the dark around it close,
—Oh! it might chill the joy of years,
And drain meek pity of her tears,
To see that manly form reclined,

With toil-worn limb and anguish'd mind ;
How gazed he on the hideous gloom ;—
Yet not, for self, could feel despair—
But Selma all his fear, his care—
Alas ! the only Inmate there,
Who finds no rest within the tomb !—

Ah ! in such sad deserted hour,
Thought he not once of that blest Power,
Which whispers peace to sorrow's breast,
And bids the weary be at rest ?
Thought he not once of comforts high,
Such as made earlier anguish fly ;
Such as he felt and loved so long,
So lesson'd by good Anselm's tongue ?—
Yes,—dawned at times Religion's gleam,
And burst by starts the words of prayer—
But wild, confused, irregular,
Like one who in a feverish dream,
Shrinks from strange sights of woe and fear ;
Anon—unlook'd-for friends appear,
And glad he hails the succour nigh,
But at his touch they shadowy fly,

And leave but horrors drear—
So wild, so sad, so inly torn,
Slowly his weary minutes roll,
Till nature, by long labour worn,
O'er him unhoped-for slumber stole,
And bade awhile, in grateful peace,
His sorrows and his sufferings cease.—

—Hark !—what rude noise amid his sleep,
Breaks on the silence, dread and deep ?
He wakes :—" 'Twas but some vision vain,
That wander'd o'er my troubled brain,
And made the fancies of a dream
So plain to outward senses seem.
—Yet still I dream,—for sure, mine ear
Seems whispers strange and wild to hear;
And now, methinks, to clearest sight,
Flit phantoms through the dusky night.—
Alas ! that grief and gloom should bind,
In weakness thus, the deathless mind.
—Yet, 'tis the strangest dream, that e'er
Was conjured up by gloom or fear :
—Why,—I can see them nod and move—

Though fiends should frown, the truth I'll prove."—
Starting, he spoke :—but, instant, then
A thousand torches bright,
Blazed broad and red the cavern through,
And gave to Albert's dazzled view,
The gleam of arms, the stir of men,
Seen in the flashing light.

And quick as glance of that fierce flame,
Forth from its sheath his falchion came :
For moment none he took to pause,
But all unhelmed as he was,
He lean'd against the arching rock,
Which best might shield him from the shock :
Nor sign he made, nor word he spoke,
But waited till the tempest broke—
For well he guess'd no doubtful foe,
Their fierce and threatening gestures shew,
No chance intruders on his way,
But lesson'd by that gloomy Spy,
Whose deep and deadly enmity
Had mark'd him for its prey—
And wild the shout of fury rose,

As rushing round the Youth, the foes
Pierce the far vault with savage scream,
Toss high in air the torches' gleam,
And make the sad and silent cave
With the mad yell of outrage rave.—

—Firm as the walls, that round him heave,
And calm as breath of eastern eve,
When yet, the fatal Simoom near,
Scarce sighs upon the startled ear;
With spirits mounting to the strife,
The last stern struggle now for life,
Stands Albert in that circle grim,
While lighter moves each pulse and limb,
As if he felt new joy again,
Roused from the indolence of pain.

Back,—back, the closing crowd is borne,
By that young warrior's bearing high—
But two shall never more return,
Their foeman's force to try.
And all the band in dastard fright,
Had left him victor in the fight.

But sternly follow'd on their flight
A voice, that to their senses spake,
As if the dead it might awake.—
Again it cheers their fainting souls,
Again their rage on Albert rolls,
Like mountain stream in sudden swell:—
While he, the rock within the brook,
Shelter'd beneath a friendly nook,
Far from his side the sabres shook,
Which thick as torrents fell.—

Though worn,—though weary, with the toil,
He gives not yet the contest o'er,
'Till, crimson'd round, the thirsty soil
Has drank from many a caitiff vile
No stinted stream of gore;
Yet he unharm'd, their fury bides,
Thanks to the cavern's circling sides—
At length his bare and shieldless breast
A lance's point hath lightly found,
Then sudden from his cautious nest
By anger and impatience prest,
He darts with rapid bound.—

Nor lights in vain his eager blow;
Death waits upon that fatal wand—
  But see! he falls upon his foe;
For close behind some ruffian hand,
That mark'd the loss of sheltering stand,
Has dealt a stroke, with well aim'd brand,
    And Albert sinks below.—
And soon a thousand sabres shed
Their fiery threatenings o'er his head,
  Ready to wreak their shame and spite:—
  But, ere a single stroke could light,
Their Chieftain's voice all harsh and loud,
Has given commandment to the crowd,
  To save and bind the stranger knight,
Who still, in trance unbroken, lay,
Stunn'd by the weapon's heavy sway.
—Swift, at their leader's sovereign word,
Drops idly down each angry sword,
And every thought, and every hand
Is lent to work his high command;
Joying, to know such cruel care
Toil'd to revenge, and not to spare.—

—Oh! with what newer, deeper pain,
Waked Albert now, in captive chain,
As, starting from his dizzy trance,
Fell the first wandering, 'wilder'd glance
On yon, yet dim discover'd Form,
The Front of gloom, the brow of storm,
That brings to memory's wavering eye
Past scenes of fear and agony,
Journeyings o'ercast with grief and ill,
Haunted by form accursed still.
—Sternly he speaks:—" Why waste ye time?
Come, Ruffians! consummate your crime!
Behold this guardless bosom bare,
What bids you one poor moment spare?"
Quickly the Leader dark replies:
—" 'Tis vengeance just that says, forbear,
Wait public deaths on secret spies
And traitors vile,"—" 'Tis false;" he cries,
" 'Tis false as foul,—no spy, I come;
To seize my right I hither roam,
That prize, which Osman's coward guile
Has pilfer'd, by unworthy wile.—

Oh! were he here with all the train
Which shrunk before our conquering power,
When base they fled from Damiat's tower,
And I, with my good sword again,
I'd place the prize more dear than life,
Upon that moment's precious strife."—
—" What! will but Osman serve, Sir Knight!
For champion of such wondrous might!—
Nay, speak what juster may appear:
Say, Osman haunts thy soul with fear:—
But wish, or fear accomplish'd, see:
—Dog—Christian,—Osman speaks in me."—

Bitter he smiled,—then fiercely said:
—" Think not, young Sir, thine arm I dread,
But Osman wise, as brave, will shun
To give, for nought, the field he won,—
He scorns thy boast and challenge high,
He scorns ignoble enemy,
Nor stoops to cope with captive spy.
—Guards! bear him to Mokattam straight,
In dungeon dark and desolate

We'll cool, betimes, his youthful flame,
And make this soaring spirit tame."—

Sullen and silent, Albert shows
No start of grief, no trace of care,
He sees the slaves their work prepare,
In that unvarying repose,
On which nor hope, nor terror rose,
The calm, cold languor of despair—
All chance of Selma's rescue o'er,
Scorns he or word, or question more;
Stay'd, by one comfort desolate,
The power to spurn at fear and fate,
And smile at ineffectual hate.—
—Thus steel'd in heart, nor glance, nor air,
Gave sign of feelings rising there:
While, bearing onward, through the night,
The guards their steady journey keep,
Till check'd, ere morning, is their flight,
Where frowns a fortress on the steep;
Within whose dungeon, dark and deep,
That gentle Knight must now remain;
Where never ray of hope may creep,

To dry the tears of them that weep,
Or still the pulse of pain:—
There must he mark the moments fly
By throbs of grief and agony,
Yet stoop not to complain.—

IX.

THE PRISON.

Ye, who, with bold and venturous sail,
Wandering and wide o'er ocean roam,
Changing your meek and tranquil home,
For treachery of uncertain gale;
And oft have seen the tempest lower,
Like that sweet Bard whose plaintive power
Has told, to harp of tenderest tone,
The seaman's sorrows, in his own—
Or Him, the messenger of Heaven,
O'er Adria's gulf, by whirlwind driven,
Who, when nor sun nor stars appear'd,
Not the wild war around him fear'd,
But, firm in faith, the sufferers cheer'd—
Say ye—when raged such tempest dread,

And waver'd hope, and safety fled—
Should the stretch'd eye in distance mark
A dawning gleam upon the dark,
And as the parting shadows fly,
Catch one soft speck of azure sky—
Say— how delicious were the dream
Of rest, that play'd in that young beam ;
How pleasant even the storm-toss'd view,
When gazing on that span of blue—
How bright the ray that came between,
To rest on some sweet isle of green,
Unfolding near a calm retreat,
A refuge for the fainting feet.—

Such, on the mind's destructive storm,
When stern affliction's wasting strife
Has darken'd all the day of life,
Bursts that pure spot serene and warm,
Which Faith unfolds to sorrow's eye,
A Vista glimpse of Mercy's sky.
—Oh ! how refreshing then appears,
Seen darkling through the cloud of tears,
And tempest cares that shake the breast,

The opening of that Heaven of rest!—
Then, then, rapt thought exulting springs,
Far from this troubled scene of things,
To that calm isle, that peaceful shore,
Where pain and tears shall come no more—
Then loves the soul to fix its sight
Unwavering on that land of light,
Lost to the present misery,
In that futurity of joy.—

Chill, damp and dark in dungeon cell,
Finds Albert now his dreary home,
By treachery doom'd, and malice fell,
Unknown, unpitied there to dwell,
Where never hope may come—
Where, but the Keeper's surly eye,
Is never human aspect nigh,
With show of life, the wretch to cheer;
Nor other footstep there is found,
Nor other voice may ever sound,
Save the sad groans of Captives bound,
To tell of torment near,
Which nightly, when that gloomy Guard

His dungeon leaves, a space unbarr'd,
Strike from each neighbouring cell and ward,
On Albert's shuddering ear.—

How eager then he listening lies,
The frequent shriek—that swells and dies—
As if those sounds of grief and ill
Seem'd joyous to the sullen still,
That hangs around so sad and dead—
As if he mourn'd the closing chain,
Which shuts him from the voice of pain,
And leaves but silence dread;
Leaves care's slow sting, and feelings fierce,
Hours of unbroken length to pierce
The soul with sense of punishment,
Beyond what tyrants could invent.
—'Twere better on the rack to know
The stern vivacity of woe,
Assured that rest is coming fast—
Than thus to lie, in anguish deep,
And feel each lingering moment creep,
More languid than the last,

Feel slow regret the bosom rend,
Without or respite, rest or end.

Day follows day, in that drear room,
If day's it can be called—the gloom,
On which nor dawn nor evening come—
And weeks have vanish'd in their flight :
—Oft there, in anguish exquisite,
That Prisoner ponder'd on his state,
And deeper still on Selma's fate.—
—" Where art thou Selma ? Loveliest, where ?"
(Burst these from his distracted tongue
As long he lay, in wildness flung,
On the cold dungeon) " Selma ! where ?
What ! with the heartless Saracen ?—
'Tis bitter—bitter.—Ruffian ! there
Thy torments strike :—all else were vain—
Oh ! were she safe—these massy links
Were light, as the young spider's thread ;
This gloom were glorious,—it would spread
As soft, as glowing round my head,
As the warm tints, ere evening sinks—

But now—but now.——'Tis horrible!
—Worse, worse than gripe of gloom or steel!—
And art thou lost?—Does then the Heaven
Desert thee too, thou lovely One?
Are all thy gentle graces riven,
Thy maiden sweetness gone?
Away, thou Devil—it is not so—
Thou prompt'st this thought of madness now,
To drag me to thy depths of woe."

—Breaks, on these thoughts of pain and care,
The opening door's now timely jar;
As by its harsh and sullen sound,
It marks the Keeper's nightly round,
Chasing those fearful visions far—
"Come, Prisoner! here's but scanty food;
'Tis e'en procured as Kaled could;
He'd pay his disobedience dear,
Wer't known, even such had enter'd here—
Strict order is, nor food nor air,
Save what life needs, shall Christian share—
'Tis risk, to run for Infidel,
To leave so long unclosed the cell:

Who knows if grace to Christian shown,
Bring not the Prophet's anger down?—
Yet to forbid free air were hard."
He said—and left the cell unbarr'd.

"Does thus (thought Albert) daring man
Forge creeds, that make sweet pity vain,
Till the blest tears to terrors turn,
Which for an erring brother mourn?"
—So mused he,—while his wandering gaze,
Through the dark cell's rude opening, strays,
Catching the straggling beams of light,
Which, from some distant casement's height,
Through grate or bar, have found their way,
Thrown dimly down by closing day,
And the sad passage lightsome made,
Seen from the dungeon's rayless shade:
—There lean'd he, with unwavering eye,
Plunged in unconscious reverie;
Save when some groan or shriek of fear,
Struck wildly on his wakening ear,
And call'd him by its voice again
To sense of that enclosing den.—

—Heard'st thou that sigh, so faint,—so long ?—
It died the cavern's cells among :—
Yet seem'd it not or shriek or groan,
But fell, like music's saddest tone.—
It comes again—more soft, more clear.—
—" Sure, 'tis some spirit's voice I hear,"
(Cried Albert, as he started round
At the so sweet, so solemn sound,)
" Those strains of angel minstrelsy,
Descending from yon upper sky.—
Hark !—do I dream of words too now,
Such as from Christian lips might flow ?
Like some pure maid at close of even,
Chanting her vesper vows to Heaven."—
Pressing its chain, his throbbing breast
  Strains eager toward the hallow'd lay
With forward lean and breath suppress,
  As if he feared one pulse's play
  Might waft the gentle tone away :
Then caught his ear those accents high,
Lifting his soul to extasy.—

EVENING HYMN.

Hail, heavenly Love!—Oh! may my heart
Thy holy warmth and light receive,
More ardent than the noon-day beam,
But milder than the Star of eve.

Like that sweet Star, the Gospel-hope
Most brightly aids the gloomiest way;
In dark despair, a saving light,
A holy guide to them that stray:

A light—a guide—which Heavenly love,
To cheer our course through life, has given,
To deck our twilight faith on earth,
And fade—but at the day of Heaven.

—O Love divine! thy bounteous hand
Sweet flowers of bliss on earth has sown,
Cleared of its weeds the mental wild,
And form'd new Edens of thine own.

No fragrant virtue from on high,
Or blooming truth that man could bear,
But thou hast planted in his heart,
And nursed the exotic feeling there.

Like roses pale, 'mid dews and thorns,
Repentance drooping there appears;
Such precious thorns her sweets increase,
And hope soon dries those matin tears.

From seed scarce seen by human eye,
Faith spreads within its sheltering form,
In Fortune's beam, a saving shade,
A refuge in Affliction's storm.

There Pity weeps, there Mercy streams,
Pure as Sabea's gums are pour'd;
And Prayer, with perfumed breath, ascends,
Sweet incense to Creation's Lord.

And Patience there, a tree of life,
Flings balm on every torturing wound

And Christian Temper, Heaven's own fruit,
Drops manna on the wants around.

Hail, heavenly Love!—Oh may my heart
Thy gifts, thy blessings still receive!
More rich than Eden's loveliest bloom,
More ardent than the noon-day beam,
But milder than the Star of eve.—

It ceased;—but still the listener's ear
Lean'd toward the sound, athirst to hear,
As 'mid the distant cells it died,
Leaving the soul unsatisfied
With bliss so short, that could have hung
Whole ages on such heavenly tongue.
—Ay! 'tis a joy the wretched know,
To hear the voice of feeling flow—
Even in those depths of misery,
'Tis sweet when sympathy is nigh;
It balms the very dungeon's breath;
It gladdens even the ear of Death.
—But 'tis a deeper joy, when they,
Who far from Faith's pure dwellings stray,

Catch, on some strange ungentle strand,
Sounds which recall that happier land,
That whisper to the aching breast
Words long unheard, of hope—of rest.—

It cheer'd—and yet it sadden'd too ;—
It waken'd thoughts in that lone mind,
Which long had fled from memory's view :
It shew'd how mad, how rash, how blind,
He follow'd passion's mazy clue,
Nor sought blest aid, that could unwind
The wandering ways it drew—
Came, in the swiftly growing thought,
The lessons by good Anselm taught—
Came, rising thence deep dread and shame,
To find himself such frenzy's slave,
To feel he wore the Christian name,
But long, in scorn of such high claim,
Had fled the strength it gave.—
'Twas now, that on his bosom press,
In this dark hour of loneliness,
His friends, his country, Europe's host,
The hopes, that led to Egypt's shore,

In one wild burst of passion lost,
All lost—and to be seen no more,—
'Twas now that on his memory roll'd
The truths, by Anselm frequent told,
How meek Religion's chastening hand
Binds the strong heart she can't command;
Sorrow, and tears, and changeless ill,
Uniting to transgression still.—
—Beneath such holier sadness bent,
He felt—he own'd the guidance high,
Which, joining guilt to misery,
Makes error its own punishment.—

Yet did that sorrow, to his mind,
Seem sorrow of a gentler kind;
—Even, with the conscious sigh, there stole
Like dawn of comfort o'er his soul;—
The very thought of guidance high,
Tells of a happier refuge nigh;
Correction speaks such watchful care,
As if a Father's hand were there,
Mingling, in the sad cup he gave,
The bitter, which alone could save.

—Oh! how his spirit joy'd to throw
There once again his care, his woe—
To lose the sense of grief and fear,
In that eternal Safety near.
—Seem'd then around the dark to shine;
As, when the blaze of light divine
  Broke glorious on that Captive's eyes,
Who, deep in Salem's dungeon, heard
The voice, which had his chains unbarr'd,
    And bade him free arise.—
Seems Albert too to hear a voice,
That bids his weary soul rejoice,
And whispers he shall soon be free
From this dark world's captivity—
Soon the poor flutterer, in his breast,
Shall spread its wing, and be at rest.—
Then longs he for that rest to come,
Sighs he to reach a gentler home,
And scarce a thought, that earth has given,
Was mingled in that sigh to Heaven.—
Yes,—scarce a thought,—yet there was one—
But such as heaven-ward mind might own;
—Came mingled, in that longing prayer,

A wish to meet his Selma there;
Came mingled in the wish, a fear
To leave such hope to hazard here.—

Yet was there more than sympathy,
More, too, than Christian feeling high,
That touch'd him, in that music's sound,
And made his spirits eddy round.—
Yes,—there was more:—a something too,
In that same sound, that waked anew
Feelings so strange, he scarce would dare
To breathe them to his cell's lone air:
—'Tis raving all!—thou canst not tell
What magic lies in that soft spell,
Nor why, or how, those accents brought
Volumes of sweet and bitter thought,
Restoring to thy wilder'd brain
Such dizzy dream of joy and pain.—

Or true, or vain—whate'er the bond,
That binds him to those visions fond,
There's many an hour and day has gone,
In thoughts of that so thrilling tone:

—Felt he, as if he well could give
All, that of life he had to live,
For one short hour of converse high,
With Harmonist so heavenly,
Nay, with far happier gift, would pay
To know who sung such lovely lay.—
—" Vain effort doubtless 'twere, to learn,"
(Thus mused he,) " from this Keeper stern,—
And yet, perhaps, a heart he wears
Not all so hard as it appears,—
Spite of its rude austerity,
There is some pity in his eye;
When next he comes, its touch I'll try,
—'Twill prove the power of Misery's tongue."—
The very thought a comfort flung,
Lifting him to expectance sure,
As thick the glowing fancies pour.
—'Twas but to wait the period drear,
'Till Kaled should again appear,
A period now too sadly known,
Measured, by many a weary groan:—
And never did the minutes roll
With heavier tediousness of soul:

And ne'er has darkness languor borne,
To eye more sleepless, sad and worn,
Than the long night, to Albert then,
(For all was night, in that dark den,)
Standing, as if immoveable,
To sense of his impatient will.—

—" Thank Heaven! the tedious time is o'er,"
Cries Albert, as the rust-bound door
Of opening cell, that distant lies,
Creaks through the echoing passages.—
Follows the foot-fall, slow and dead,
That marks the Keeper's coming tread,
And loud the sounds successive tell
His progress to each nearer cell:
—Starts Albert, from the cheerless ground,
Dizzy with fancies floating round,
Listening intense, with eager pain,
To every loosening bar and chain.—

—" What's this!—or fear or fantasy?—
Sure, he wont pass my dungeon by.—
Nay—in good faith, the steps are past;—

Yet still this cell is fetter'd fast;
And now, methinks I hear the sound
Come from the dungeons far beyond.
—Oh! 'twere a thought could not be borne.—
But it is false:—he must return—
Alas! I rave—all, all is still.—
I see it now;—they darkly doom
My death from want's slow waste, to come
Within this living tomb.—
Come then, thou last and sternest ill!
I fear thee not, thou torturer fell:
'Twere sweet, might life but vanish too,
When this last hope its light withdrew:—
Ah! what had I with hope to do?"—
—Flung rudely on the earth-cold floor,
He hears—he thinks—he feels no more,
Plung'd in such frigid apathy,
That scarce he marks the hours flit by.—

Sudden—a murmur low is heard,
To stir him on his bed of care,
And now the bolts of that dark ward,
With slow and cautious hand unbarr'd,

Announce untimely visitor.—
All stiff and chill'd, on couch so damp,
He turns with pain and lengthen'd sigh—
'Tis Kaled bears that languid lamp,
Moving with fearful step and eye,
And close behind his glance could mark,
Wrapp'd up from view, a figure dark,
Treading as slow and cautiously :—
But ere their purpose question broke,
Lowly and roughly Kaled spoke—
" I've kept my word ;—this is the hour ;—
In yonder nook is he you want.
—'Tis no slight fear could Kaled daunt,
But more than life is in your power.
—Anon I'll come,—till then farewell."—
He said—and glided from the cell.

Look'd Albert on with dauntless eye,
Fearless of force or treachery,
And raised his iron manacle,
Resolved his safety dear to sell—
Not that for life he felt a care,
For his high heart would ill afford

To buy it by one suppliant word;
But worse can lofty spirit bear,
To yield it to a ruffian sword,
Nor brave resistance dare.—
So stood he firm, with hand upraised,
As on the figure dark he gazed,
Anxious to scan what this might mean.—
Oh! who his wonder may express,
When, starting from that sable dress,
Is old Abdallah seen
To rush—to clasp that Prisoner,
Pouring his tears in torrents there?—

—"And oh! (he cries) do I thus find
My brave,—my benefactor kind?—
Ulad, thy fears were all too true!
Sad prophet, Selma, wert thou too!—
What! in this dark and loathsome cave,
Without one hand to cheer, or save
From fang of unrelenting foe."—
—"Cease, good old Man! this touching woe;
Thy tears but render bitterer
Griefs which this breast has learn'd to bear:

—But Selma—Selma—what of her?—
Speak—lives she?—loves—what agony—
What snares—what terrors round her be?
Nay—name her not as quite betray'd."—
—" Ay, tis a piteous tale!" (he said)
" Such tale as scarce a summer's day
Would serve its sorrows all to say.
—But be they briefly reckon'd now.—
Know then—that on that night of woe,
When, prey to Osman's traitor band,
The Maiden from thy tower they bore
Back to Kahira's walls once more,
Slaves to their baser Lord's command;
He sole remain'd, for other wile,
To plan new schemes of fraud and spoil;
Then traced the Nile disguised, alone,
As thou, by fortune sad, hast known.

" Twas when return'd from that dark deed,
And from the fear of Albert freed,
His heart its treacherous wiles essay'd,
Seeking with vilest arts the maid;—
But when he found that art or prayer,

All scorn'd and ineffectual were,
Nor on that spirit high prevail'd,—
He turned to force when falsehood fail'd;
And swore, by Allah, fate nor hell
Should longer bar his purposed will;
And bade his bridal slaves prepare,
To his cursed bed the Maid to bear.
—Who—who can tell her agonies?
To Heaven she lifts her streaming eyes—
Full in her ardent look is shewn
That there she seeks her aid alone,
—Seem'd too that aid around her spread,
And a new courage strangely shed,—
  On that sole strength, so firm she stood,
That she consign'd it to my care
To bid her woes young Eddin bear,
(Whose fate I then first taught to her)
  Nor risk for her his Egypt's good.
—The hour is named—the slaves appear,
To force her to those spousals drear:
  Then to the bath, like Eastern bride,
The weeping Maid the wretches bear;—
But lo! when they, with cruel care,

Her maiden garment had untied,
Starts back appall'd each trembling slave,
And a wild shriek confusedly gave,
At sight so strange and horrible,
As made their blood with terror chill.
—Bound to her lovely breast, she bore
The Book, that Christian men adore,
From which a glittering Crosslet fell,
The sign revered by Infidel!—

—" At that so fearful prodigy,
Fled the whole train with hurried cry,
Proclaiming Selma to their Lord,
Apostate to the Prophet's word;
—Thence by rude breaths more widely blown,
The fame reach'd even to Egypt's throne,
To wake anew the Tyrant's ire,
And fill him with suspicions dire,—
And, but that Osman's artful care
(Who felt her loss his hopes would mar,
And all his deep ambition bar,)
Had touch'd the avarice in his breast,
(The only feeling stirring there,)

With bribes and promises more vast,
That hour had died the gentle Fair.—
But so avail'd his treachery,
Vowing that either he, with ease,
Would change her maiden purposes,
Or would himself the avenger be,
That Malek Salah's cruel will,
Yielded to counsel baser still;
—And now she pines beneath his power,
Even in these very walls and tower;—
But firm, but dauntless of his wrath,
As she is true to her new faith;
As hostile to his earthly love,
As her heart hangs on that above."—

—"Now lead me to your deaths accurst!"
(Albert exclaims with sudden burst)
"Come—bloody ministers of woe!
Come, Fiends of torture—welcome now,
I scorn your arts, your cruelty;
Selma belongs to Heaven and me:—
A little hour our hearts disjoin,
Then yield her to be ever mine.

—What! even within this very tower!
Nay! 'twas no dream's delusive power;
Oh! well my prophet spirit guess'd,
What voice so shook this faithful breast:
—Ay, 'twas her voice—'twas Selma's own:—
Her own pure soul was in the tone—
It came a ministering angel here,
Whispering of hope and comfort near:
—But, good Abdallah! say again,
Say, that her faith will thus remain."—

—Mournfully on him the old Man gazed,
Then his shrunk hands to Heaven he raised,
—"Ah! that I now as sure might be,
That ye, poor souls! were safe and free,
As, that no power on earth shall change
Her mind from confidence so strange,
So wondrous—that its awful spell,
Turns this old heart half infidel.—
Ay! it might shake more faithfulness,
To hear the Maid such trust express;
To see her girt with foes and fears,
How calm, how steadfast she appears;

To mark what holy life she draws,
From her new faith, and its pure laws;
How when to Heaven she lifts her eyes,
Pardon to ask for enemies,
The very Villain's harden'd scowl
Shrinks awe-struck from their sweet controul.—

—"One way they found—one word alone,
Which seem'd her better trust to tame,
And for a time its strength o'ercame,
Making her heart's last weakness known:
That word was Albert's name.—
Through thee, they laid their darkest wile,
Told, that betray'd to Osman's power,
Thy hope of life or final hour
Trembled on Selma's frown or smile—
To Osman she her hand must plight,
In Moslem faith and spousal rite,
Or Albert fall like felon vile.—
—Oh! 'twas a trying hour that gave,
Her heart's last treasure to the grave:
—Nay Warrior! thou canst poorly guess,
What deep o'erwhelming tenderness

Made that high courage fail,
As Albert's name and Albert's fate,
Hung doubtful, inarticulate,
On lips so icy pale,
You might have thought the unliving come,
From its cold bed and earthy home,
To tell thee of thy doom,
To summon thee to that dread death,
Which lay upon her very breath,
Who would have pour'd its latest sigh,
Gladly in sternest agony,
Or given all earth can boast as free,
(All, but the faith she learn'd from thee,)
To lighten this so cruel chain,
Or still one throb of Albert's pain.

" 'Twas, when that fatal sentence pass'd
Her lips in sounds scarce audible,
Her summons brought me to the cell,
Where her sad soul seem'd ebbing fast :—
—' Go—seek that Youth,'—she faintly cried—
' Tell him that she, who would have died
One pang his noble heart to spare,

Now yields him to his murderer :—
Yet say—no power could e'er have wrung
Such word of fear from Selma's tongue,
Had not his own blest image rose,
  Her shield, her strength, in that dread strife,
Bidding her soul the thought oppose,
  To buy with holier hope his life ;—
Tell what the strife that heart must share,
Which doubts 'twixt horror and despair ;—
Say, all for him had been foregone,
Save Albert and his Heaven alone :
—Go,—say we'll meet, perchance in rest,
Sooner than fondest thought has guess'd ;—
Go,—Selma's last, worst trial tell.'
—Scarce murmur'd on her tongue ' farewell.'—
On her wan cheek no tear-drop fell,
  Burst from her breast no sigh of anguish,
Seem'd it as grief no more could wound,
As in despair all coldly drown'd,
  Even pain and passion languish.

" My cares, my tears,—all, all were vain ;
My very words but mock'd such pain.—

—Sadly I turn'd, with anxious mind,
Thy lonely prison-cell to find:
For Kaled's kindness had reveal'd
Where thou from day hast been conceal'd;—
'Tis a kind heart that rude form wears;
And though he knows the wretched fear,
That hangs upon our meeting here,
For pity's sake he danger dares.—
Here then I come from Selma now,
To bear to thee her final vow,
To tell thee, that by foes betray'd,
She, she herself, thy doom has said:—
This, the dread pledge, she bids thee take,
That nought her constancy shall shake;
The witness, what her soul can brave,
To keep unchanged the faith you gave."—

—Oh! what wild change of feeling ran
Through Albert's breast—as that old Man
Dragg'd on his tale through each slow stage,
With all the tediousness of age;
Till every nerve and fibre strain,
In lingering and minutest pain:—

While varying passions follow quick,
In contrast violent o'er his brow;
Like squalls and sunshine o'er the Wreck,
That rolls in the dark tempest's wake,
Then floats—a splendid Ruin now.—
So, with alternate light and storm,
Changed, Albert! then, thy wasted form,
As hope, as fear, as grief or joy,
As pitying love's quick agony,
Lighted or quenched the unsteady ray,
Within thy sunk emaciate eye,
That spoke, what language might not say.—

Labouring for breath—awhile he stood;
Then sad and solemnly he said:—
—"Bear to that dear devoted Maid,
Such thanks as this poor heart may give;
Tell her so precious now is death,
So hallow'd by her changeless faith,
I'd hate the voice that bade me live,
For aught but Selma's sake alone;
I'd spurn the hand my chains that brake,
Nor the world's empire would I take,

With that sweet hope foregone.—
Say—that her words my soul shall cheer,
In the last hour of hope and fear;
That their best blessing on her head
These dying lips shall warmly shed,
For faithfulness so dear,
So holy to my anguish'd heart,
That it can joy even there impart,
And bid my anxious mind believe,
That ne'er shall fraud her truth deceive,
Nor force o'ercome."—He paused—that thought
A cold and shuddering horror brought:—
"Nor force:"—but ere the trembling sound
Could reach the aged listener's ear,
The dungeon's fastening slow unbound
Announces Kaled near.—
—"Abdallah come;—make no delay:—
Creeps on the East, the dawning grey;
—I heard a footstep pass me nigh;
Perchance 'twas step of secret spy:
Osman has used such aid of late;
And were we seen 'twere certain fate.—
To-night you can return again;

But never, if you wait till morn."—
"Go—good old Man!" cried Albert then,
"Farewell! and oh! be sure return.—
Say—the dear Maid is satisfied,
And I shall bless whate'er betide."—
—Hung on the Youth that aged Man,
Pouring his tears like summer rain,
Then grasp'd his hand:—"In woe or weal,
Doubt not the poor Abdallah's zeal."—
—Choak'd was his voice—while Kaled drew
His tottering steps the opening through;
—Faint fall the feet,—and now they're gone—
And Albert is once more alone.—

X.

LOKMAN

KNOW'ST thou the dark and dizzying cloud,
That wraps the mind like sable screen,
When thoughts of bliss and anguish, crowd
Too fast to be distinctly seen?
When— as on some swoll'n rivers tide,
Which high o'er bank and fence hath gone,
All things that deck'd its treasured side
Roll floundering the dark eddies down,
And broken forms half seen, half hid,
Tumble the torrent's rage amid ;—
So on the toss'd unsteady brain,
Float half form'd shapes of joy and pain,
And hopes and terrors, wild and strange,
Confusedly roll in ceaseless change,

Nor fixedness nor order find,
In that rude flood-tide of the mind.—

—" Can such things be ?"—thus Albert mused
As memory's fragments rose confused,—
" What ! Death so near,—and Selma made—
'Tis chaos all; I am betray'd
By visions of a sickly brain—
—But Selma loves ;—Oh ! 'twas not vain—
The voice—the time—the tale combine;
Those words—She is for ever mine—
No—precious thought ! thou shalt not fly :
—Ah me ! I rave :—What then am I ?
A wretch,—a captive fetter'd round,
While this inexorable bound
Hangs, as though Selma ne'er had been,
Its everlasting walls between ;
Flings worlds betwixt my Love and me,
'Till death shall set its prisoners free.—
—I'll think no more ;—away, away,
Visions of horror !—hence, I say !—
Why shrink from earth's poor agonies ?
Soon to its rest my spirit flies ;

Death has no terrors for the brave,
And She is mine beyond the grave."—

Low, in that den of gloom and ill,
He sate—in thought immoveable;
One close clench'd hand its chain embraced,
One on his burning forehead placed,
Gather'd his brow; his eye dilate,
His features swoll'n and obstinate;—
Like Him, who, struggling near the shore,
(Whence oft the waves have backward bore)
And on lone rock a moment cast,
Collects him for one effort more—
Swells as the billow rushes fast,
For that stern strife—the best—the last.

Roll on, dark hours!—one hope to come
Still sparkles on your thick-spread gloom;
Your flight shall round the moment bear,
Abdallah promised to appear—
There Albert's anxious thoughts are borne,
As the toil'd seaman looks for morn.
—Yet, o'er your dark uncertainty,

Pass other gleams of fear and joy;
Hopes—that just flash and fade again—
But omen fears, with lingering train
—Came dread, that made his senses reel,
Lest that old Man, by his kind zeal,
To peril were already borne;—
Came sorrow, that he said "Return:"
And, with the chiding for delay,
Rose the faint wish, that bade him stay.
—So pass'd the weary hours away.—

—"Yonder! I hear the welcome tread,—
Yet seems their caution strangely fled:
—Hark!—nay, the Castle's outmost Guard
Those heavy echoes might have heard;
I tremble for their negligence—
Alas, if but one traitor stirr'd:"—
—Loud crash'd the fastenings, at the word,
As open flung, with violence,
The door upon its hinges jarr'd,
And shew'd,—not good Abdallah's mien,—
But the dark scowl, and savage grin
Of One, whose hard and ghastly eye

Redden'd with guilt and cruelty,
Roll'd horrible, in the wan light,'
Seeking its prey with keen delight.

—Seem'd it the wild ferocious stare
Of one, with human kind at war,
And, as o'er Albert's form it pass'd,
The bitter smile was gathering fast,
That, on the front of Malice, steals,
When writhing in its bloody fangs,
It measures all its victim's pangs,
And the fell joy of torturing feels.—

—" What art thou?—hideous Spectre? tell."—
Burst from the Wretch a fiendish yell,
That seem'd for savage laughter meant:
—" Sir Christian! I, to say, am sent,
To-morrow, you must bid farewell
To this, for you, unfitting, cell."—
—" But who art thou, in Kaled's stead?"
With hurried question Albert said,
" And whither will to-morrow lead?"—
—" Straight to the scaffold, gentle Sir!---

Perchance you'll meet kind Kaled there,
Or, should it please, of friends a pair.—
Lord Osman would not separate
Those, who, whole nights, so well can prate
Of gentle love and cruel fate.—
  He bids me say,—his courtesy,
Wishing you all the honour due,
Prepares, whate'er his zeal can do,
  To raise you in the public eye:—
And, might an humble man's desire,
Beyond his poor desert aspire,
  Here Lokman, at your bidding, stands,
With no mean skill, and practised sword,
Glad, at your Highness' sign or word,
  To execute your last commands."—

  Gazed Albert on that form, a space,
On which the taper feebly shone;
For well it might be gazed upon:—
  On the fierce look, and harden'd face,
  Strange mockery leaves more fiend-like trace,
Even when the demon scoff is done;
  Nor show'd it aught of Arab grace,

Nor victory spoke from virtue won,
But the dark stain of Afric's sun,
Mark'd, of vile stock, the viler shoot,
  Man in his native nakedness,
One, who away had sternly put
  All remnant fair of heavenly dress,
Sensual and foul, the human brute,
  Or only Man in wickedness.—

Starting at length from fixed surprise:
—"Hence—hence, thou Monster!"—Albert cries,
"Go to thy Master;—say, from me,
  Alike his taunts and threats I scorn—
Death is indeed a courtesy;
It were a pang, could worse be borne,
Had his vile hand set Albert free;
His next, worst wound he gives me now,
In sending such a thing as thou.—
Leave me:"—Oh! ill the base can brook
Of generous souls the lofty look;
  From Albert's glance, the Savage shrunk
Appall'd,—and all his members shook,
  As if to earth they would have sunk,

Then from the cell he tamely slunk,
And left the eye he could not bear
To wake and watch, till morn appear,
Musing upon his message drear.—

Some fears there be, which, seen from far,
The boldest scarce to look on dare,
That sink before a nearer eye :—
So uphill paths in distance scare,
And seem the traveller's way to bar,
Standing like walls against the sky,
Till, as he moves, their summits fly,
And easy to his journey lie.—
Thus death, without the soldier's fame,
And, sterner still, the death of shame,
Which, had the thought on Albert rose,
Would once the life-blood's tide have froze ;
Now, not in thought, but presence came ;—
It came—but found his soul prepared,
As when in glory's ranks he warr'd,
And turned with his good shield aside,
The deaths his dauntless heart defied :—
It came, and found him firmly stay'd,

But strengthen'd by far other aid :—
It found a spirit calmly roll'd
In fence of Adamantine fold,
  In faith, that made him all things dare,
To reach the Heaven its paths unfold ;
  In hope, assured of refuge there ;
  In trust, in a kind Father's care,
  Opening a way through dark despair.—

Yes, heaven-born hopes !—'tis yours to fling
  O'er hearts that mourn your gentle calm,
  Dropping your sweet and blessed balm
On the cold hour of suffering :—
Ye, to sad souls, your healing bring ;
  Ye brush the tear from sorrow's eye ;
Even from the grave ye snatch its sting,
  And death defraud of victory—
Yet there be pangs the Faithful feel,
Which ye can soothe, but may not heal—
Nor grieve, ye Angel ministers,
  Who guard the final hours of faith,
If the pure brow some sadness wears,
  Which tells of bitterness in death ;

Which says,—it is a trying thing—
From the dear ties of earth to wing
To worlds far off, and dimly known;—
It is a thought so cold, so lone,
  When All, who did our being bless,
Must in a moment be foregone,
  And left where snares and dangers press:—
Oh! 'tis a deep, a desperate strife,
To fling them to the risks of life,
  Or worse perhaps—to sure distress.—

Then marvel not, if Albert now
Feel the chance shadow cross his brow,—
Even He, who brake the funeral gloom,
Bade, when he wept at friendship's tomb,
The mild affections round us bloom,
  Hallowing the tear that dews the grave;—
And taught—how, not the Stoic's scorn,
But wreath from tenderest feelings torn,
  Must round the Christian's triumphs wave.—
Ah yes! too truly Albert found,
Circling his heart with many a wound,
Those friends about to be resign'd,

Parents, and King, and Anselm kind,
His early loves, his native soil,
The green and ne'er-forgotten Isle :—
  Abdallah's too, and Kaled's fate,
  Through him betray'd to lost estate,
Rise—and in sad perspective shew
Poor Selma's certainty of woe,
    That bears no final date.—
Came these, with deep and deadly smart,
Beyond the reach of Lokman's art.—

But, as the morning nearer draws,
  He feels his native courage rise,
  And every cord of love, that ties
His heart to Heaven's or friendship's cause,
  Binds him more firm for sacrifice ;
Girding his soul for efforts high,
With thoughts of generous constancy,
And hope, to grace ignoble death,
By manly scorn, and lofty faith.

—There is a stir of bustling feet,
That on the dungeon's pavement beat :

And hark!—their voices rising thick—
Nay! blush not, Albert! if the sound
Made thy strong pulses throb more quick,
Or whirl'd thy giddy senses round:—
Oh! who is he, that would not feel
One chilly shivering o'er him steal,
One gasp of short and difficult breath,
In such dread interval of death?
—But it is past:—the opening bar,
The sable guards, the torches' flare,
The crowding sabres' flashing glare,
And death's terrific pageantry,
Find him assured, and calm,—as when
Unmoved the Lion's generous eye,
Looks from the toils, on dogs and men,
As if he fear'd, 'twould satisfy
Their rage, to see his efforts vain.—

—"Unlock the Prisoner's girding chain;
His other shackles may remain:
Look straitly to his safety, Guard!"—
From surly voice, the order heard,
Has that rude girdle's grasp unbarr'd,—

Then, o'er his lofty form, they drew
A coarse pelisse of sable hue,
To screen him from the public view,
Ere from the prison foul and dread,
Their Captive to the day they led.
—Defiling thence in even rank,
The dungeon's passage drear and dank,
With slow and steady footfall rung:
While all between the fetters' clank
Its dismal jangling flung.—

Sweet smiles the day, on hill and plain,
Within the measureless domain
Of wealth, of waste, of industry,
That lay beneath the gazer's eye,
As, station'd on that Castle's height,
He sends abroad his searching sight,
And marks the floating tints of morn,
With downward course the earth adorn—
Now shift athwart the summits blue,
Now crown with rays, the lofty tower,
Now hang with gems the leafy bower,
Or bathe the vales in emerald shower,

Or with that nameless hue,
Which, on the landscape's edge is seen,
Sapphire and emerald between.
—But glistening in the orient red,
Kahira's wealth and wonders, spread
Along the lovely vale,
And all her Mosques and Palaces,
Deep in the crimson torrent blaze,
And every crescent pale,
And every minaret and spire,
Blushes within the ruddy fire ;
As if in sign of that sad tale,
Which must to-day crown Osman's ire—
As if, they bloody signal made,
For innocence and truth betray'd.—

Proud Queen of cities!—how thy glow
Burst gloriously on Albert now,
Dazzling his strain'd and aching sight ;
As issuing from his long, long night,
Beneath him all thy splendours lay—
Changing the hour of wretchedness
Even to intensity of bliss,

At the new gaze of day.—
Oh! that first breath of early gale,
Which, wafting from the pleasant vale
The odours of an Eastern spring,
Does such an indolence of joy
To tranquil bosoms bring—
What deep delirious extasy
Its pure refreshing fragrance sent
To Him, who late in dungeon pent,
Feels, at its touch his torments fly;
Feels, as if Earth's long labours done,
He waken'd in some world unknown,
Beneath a calmer sky,
And caught and breathed the heavenly gale,
Which purer Essences inhale.—

Now borne upon the tranquil air,
The City's early stir—the hum
Of thousands pour'd from sunrise prayer,
And man just roused to labour come,
To break the pageant fair.
Sounds long unfelt!—your voice again,
Shall many a pensive thought recal;—

Yet not ungrateful is your strain,
  Your solemn swell—your dying fall—
Heard in the calm of morn, so plain,
  Like the low hymn of funeral,
'Tis sweet—though it be full of pain.

  Charm'd, pain'd, oppress'd, there Albert stood,
  High on that Castle's rampart rude,
Encircled by his sable Guard;
Till, far beneath is sudden heard
The shock of heavy gates unbarr'd,
  And from their opening, pours a flood
Of dark-robed warriors, issuing fast,
With warlike clang and trumpet blast,
  Flinging their gloomy ensigns wide:—
Thence, as with steady step they pass'd
  Adown Mokattam's dangerous side,
  The weapons' clash, the martial pride
Made on his cheek the blood-tides start,
Wakening the soldier in his heart.—

Follows their march the Emir train,
  Glittering with gems and gay with gold,

As might the dazzled senses pain,
Their splendour to behold.—
Conspicuous by his port and mien,
And haughty step, and turban green,
Above the rest dark Osman stands,
And marshals stern the moving bands.—
Waves in his grasp the scymitar,
And shakes its threatening sparkles far—
While frequent, from his lifted eye,
Is sent such dull and satiate stare,
As marks triumphant treachery;
To where his Prey, with dauntless air,
Looks downward from his station high,
On all the varied scene below,
Calmly, as on some court-day show.

Lo! from Kahira's loftiest tower,
A crimson streamer hangs display'd:
Hark!—what hoarse trumpet rudely bray'd!
'Tis signal, that the next dread hour
Shall crop of chivalry the Flower,
And all its glories fade.—
Quick, at the sound, has Osman's hand

Given motion to the watchful band,
Which stood that noble captive round—
Then drawing close the mantle's fold,
That hid from view his stature bold,
Down the steep way they slowly wound.—

XI.

KAHIRA.

KAHIRA's streets are still and lone;
No voice of life is there:
In her hush'd ways is foot-fall none,
Or sound of passenger—
The lightest stirring of the breeze,
Is heard along her terraces—
'Tis calm—as if the desert blast
Had o'er the Queen of cities pass'd,
And left her habitations waste.—

Why is Kahira's shout so still,
Pausing thus sad and awfully?—
Where are the crowds incredible,
Which morning saw her bazaars fill,

And through each teeming entrance hie,
Thick as the early dew-drops lay ?—
Have they too shrunk before the day ?—
—Well, Stranger! may such change surprise:
But list !—where those low murmurs rise,
Like stir of men and neigh of steeds :—
Come—for to scene most strange it leads—
There thou shalt see the countless race,
Which late o'erspread this peopled place,
Condensed, within the enclosing space,
Of Maidan's ample square;
Whither, each street and alley broad,
Pours, from its throng'd and trodden road,
Such human tide, such living flood,
As makes Kahira bare.—
For there, to-day, they lead to death
Those who the Moslem power and faith,
With foul apostasies, defied;
And all who prize the Prophet's name,
And all who love the Moslem fame,
Have flock'd, to see such scorn and shame,
In vengeance satisfied.—

Yes, Maidan! vast though be thy bound,
Though royal gardens spread thee round,
With many a spacious terrace crown'd,—
  Yet all too narrow shalt thou be;
For that wild rout and martial train,
Which eager press within thy plain,
  To hold their savage jubilee;
Which stream along in ceaseless flow,
To the dark scene of death and woe.—

High on a throne of ivory,
That dazzled like an eastern day,
(So thick the gems of Indus lay,)
Or morning issuing forth from night,
As o'er it the dark standard swept,
Which the stern line of Abbas kept,
  Their signal 'gainst the Fatimite,
Sate Malek Salah;—in his eye
No sparkle lay of hope or joy;
No life-glow lights his frigid mien,
To mark one movement warm within;—
All there had ceased—cold Avarice,
The East's worst plague, the world's worst vice,

Which, with a touch so chill, so dead,
Can Feeling's pulses paralyze,
Had o'er his heart its torpor spread.
Wrapp'd up in Self, his changeless brow
Look'd coldly on the scene below.—

He look'd upon the wondrous sea
Of waving heads, whose ceaseless tide
Billow'd and floated far and wide;—
He look'd upon the pageantry,
And all the glittering pomp of war,
Where ensigns waved, and trophies hung,
And lance and spear their lustre flung,
And sabres flashing far,
And, mail'd in steel, the Mamluke band
Stay'd their hot steeds with steady hand,
Or toss'd the scymitar;—
He look'd upon those captives four,
Who, guarded, stand before his throne,
Shrouded, in their dark mantles, o'er,
And wait—till one short scene be done,
Till, like the earth he treads upon,
They feel him crush no more;—

He look'd—but thence no pity came,
Nor triumph waked a transient flame,
Nor regal pride, at such fair train ;—
Sullen and sad he seem'd to lower
On all the grace and pomp of power ;
So one dark Fiend even in such hour,
Could make him King in vain.—

Not so was Osman—his fierce ken
Swept proudly o'er the throng of men,
And radiant ranks, and chivalry,
That shrunk beneath his scornful eye,—
And triumph lighted in his stare,
And insult motion'd in his air,
As press'd he close his Sovereign's side,
And his snared prey malignant eyed ;—
But oft his glance impatient fell,
On spot more dread and horrible,
Where Lokman on raised scaffold stood,
Whetting his instruments of blood,
And spread his murderous arts to sight,
And grinned, with savagest delight.—

—There's many an eye, this moment, stares
On those devoted prisoners;—
But Albert! chief, thy stature bold,
Which, though conceal'd in sable veil,
Wild fancy paints of giant mould,
And hideous front,—they fix'd behold,
With dread expectance pale,—
Even as the trembling villagers,
Whose hamlet some stern beast has spoil'd,
Shrink, though in chains the monster wild
Before them bound appears;—
So these 'twixt awe and terror stand,
Waiting the sign at Osman's hand,
Till He, at whose dread name they quail'd,
Rise in his savage shape unveil'd.—

It comes—but oh! what wonder long
Fetter'd the breath, and chain'd each tongue,
When, from thy form, its dark robe fell,
And youth, and grace ineffable,
Young Soldier! round thee hung!—
There still, the glow of Europe shone,
Though many an early grace had flown;

There still, reposed that manliness,
Though with less force it towers,
And there the placid nobleness,
Shining more brightly 'mid distress,
Like sunbeams seen through showers.—
What! though from faded cheek and brow,
Sorrow has swept health's steady glow,
Yet there a livelier ardour burns,
Caught from the spirit proud, that spurns
The feeble grasp of tyranny.—
Oh! there's a swell of soul so high,
When the pure mind can look around,
And smile, even in its sternest hour,
On the poor impotence of Power,
And Wealth, that strives to wound,—
'Tis joy, sad Virtue only knows;
Beyond all triumph of its foes.—

Such Albert felt—yet wistfully
He turn'd him to those captives three,
Companions of his ruined state.—
Away, away, thou sable dress!
And give him all his wretchedness!—

Ah ! see Abdallah's wild distress,
And Kaled fetter'd there for fate—
On these he fix'd his anguish'd look,
While deep his labouring bosom shook,
Gazing all lost and mournfully :—
Till a low sob attracts his eye.—
Oh ! Albert ! how, around—within,—
Sight, sense, and thought, and reason reel'd,
When in yon partner of thy pain,
Thy Selma stands revealed !—

'Tis she :—'tis Selma's self, who stands
With such a meek and patient air,
Cross'd on her maiden breast her hands,
With look so calmly fair,
With such a stay'd and pensive grace,
That, but for the faint blush that strays
O'er the pure marble loveliness,
When given to the rude Vulgar's gaze,
And, for the eloquence of eyes,
That eager fix on those far skies,
You might have thought that gentle One,
Like Her to ancient story known,

Had wept herself to stone—
Her form was so unmoveable,
Her look so lovely—and so still.—

I will not say what feelings came,
If feeling be the frenzy's name,
That writhed in Albert's frantic stare—
I will not speak the triumph keen,
That waked in Osman's savage mien,
To mark the struggle there;
But rather let me pause—to bless
The look of touching tenderness,
By that dear Maid to Albert given,
As, turning from yon glowing sky,
Within her meek and pitying eye,
Spoke love, and hope, and purity,
Warm from their native Heaven.

Ay! in that glance there was a tongue,
Which told of peace unfelt before—
It said:—thy Selma was not wrong:
Said I not true—we meet ere long:
We meet—to part no more;

We meet, where grief may never be,
Where tyrants cease, and love is free?—
And though those eyes so softly fell,
  And scarce vouchsafed a moment's stay,
Yet mighty was their soothing spell,
The tumults in his heart to quell,
    And charm his woes away.—
Lost, in that look of tenderness,
He felt a transitory bliss,
Drank one pure moment's full delight;
Nor thought—how soon those eyes of light
Shall dark and dull and loveless seem,
As the cold hearts that quench'd their beam.

—Short was the calm o'er Albert cast—
For lo! the trumpet's signal blast,
And Herald's following voice is heard
Commanding silence—while the Guard
Lead their sad prisoners toward the throne;—
There Selma first, unveil'd, alone,
Reads in that Monarch's heartless scowl,
A fate so hopeless and so foul,
  That unknown terror thrills within;

And trembling in the fearful pause,
Which hangs her doubt and doom between,
Scarce she a glance from earth withdraws,
To cast upon the fatal scene.—
No breath the dreaded stillness breaks,
Through all the thick assembled space,
Till stern again the Herald speaks :—
—" Daughter of Egypt's royal race,
Thou stand'st arraign'd by witness high,
Lord Osman here, in presence nigh,
Of treason and apostasy—
That thou our Prophet's law hast scorn'd,
And to the hated Cross hast turn'd :—
Then here disclaim the accursed Faith,
Or dread the just Avenger's wrath."

He ceased—Oh then! what ardent streak,
Flush'd Selma's pale and sadden'd cheek!
What look of hope and constancy,
Lighten'd within that languid eye!
As, lifted to the dazzling day,
It seem'd to trace its upward way,
While her bent knee to earth she placed,

And fervent spoke, with clasp'd hands raised ;
—" My hope—my trust, shall ever be
In Him who died at Calvary—
He is my Saviour—King—and Lord :"—
No more she spoke—for at the word,
  Starts the stern Sultan from his throne :
—" Hence, hence, the vile Blasphemer bear,
With those who in her treason share,
  Hurl them to death and Eblis down !
Let torments fierce their members tear ;
Let their polluted flesh be cast,
To glad the hungry vulture's taste,
Till not a remnant shall disgrace
This cursed Apostate's royal race."—

Sullen he sate :—the sentence drear
Fell cold and dread on Selma's ear,
  Chasing the roses swift again—
Nay—name her not, as light or vain,
If, at the thought of threaten'd pain,
Through every creeping nerve and vein
    An icy shivering ran.

'Twas earth's and nature's treachery,
Their last poor hold on spirit high.—

Roll'd other thoughts in Osman's eye,
As high his glittering blade he swung
And loud his "Allah-Acbar" rung:
"God is victorious" was his cry—
But not a glance, or hand, or tongue,
In all the wide assembled throng,
Gave echo to his joy.—
No—though that mighty multitude,
From morning's dawn, had eager stood,
Impatient for the hour of blood,
Which there should glut their greedy eyes,
With vile apostates' agonies;
Now—when they heard the doom, that gave
The young, the lovely, and the brave,
To such foul death and fouler grave;
The fate, to infamy that flings,
The Daughter, and the Friend of Kings;
Vengeance is hush'd—from every breast,
The deep sob speaks the soul opprest—

Even stern unbending Bigotry
Feels his stone heart and iron eye,
By pity's touch imprest.—
And when they saw the air, the tone,
With which that sweet devoted One
To her high hope had firmly clung,—
They half adored the unknown Faith,
Which thus could nerve a soul to death,
In one so lovely, and so young.—
See! the rude Wretch, whose felon brow
Ne'er shrunk from deed of blood, till now,
Shakes, as he lifts his rugged hand
To grasp the meek and trembling Maid,
Standing irresolute, afraid,
At that so fell command:
And many a streaming look and groan,
To thee, grim Judge! for mercy crave;
And many a mutter'd curse's tone
Swells 'gainst the Tyrant, who alone
Has power, and will not save.—

But prayer or curse, in vain, may try
The sentence of that Judge to move;—

His soul's abhorr'd Idolatry
Has steel'd his heart, has closed his eye
To pity's tear or mercy's cry,
To all of tenderness and love.—
No—Avarice, no! thou wilt not share
The heart, with aught of good or fair;
Even like the Plant of eastern Isle,
Round which no bloom of life may smile,
Beneath thy foul malignant shade,
Breathing thy blight and influence vile,
The wholesome Virtues fade—
Till robb'd of health, of hope, of grace,
Thy bleak and blasted dwelling place,
Unblest, unblessing may remain,
A desert for thy deadly reign.—

Urged by that eye, and Lokman's yells,
Slow on, the Guard has Selma led;
While scarce one feeble pulse beat tells,
That aught remains to dread.—
Ah! what were Albert's feelings then?—
Calm—calm as death!—the very pain
Shed o'er this last, this worst of woes,

A still and horrible repose.
In his high look, that suffering scorn'd,
A dark and desperate courage burn'd:—
Like One—who sees his village home
By some wild earthquake's sudden doom,
Swept living to the tomb—
Sole Wreck of all he ever loved!
Who gazes on the waste, unmoved,
And longs, till the next earthy wave
Yawn wide for him—a welcome grave.

Silent they move—in murmurs loud
Speaks the wide burst of sympathy—
But Hark!—what tumult 'mid the crowd,
Has turn'd to the far Bound each eye?
See, see! through yonder surging throng,
A Mamluke Warrior speeds along,
Urging his rapid courser's bounds:
—Fearful and shrill the shout resounds—
—"To arms, to arms—the Foe is nigh!"
A thousand tongues have caught the cry,
Spreading the summons and their fears;
Ere prostrate at the Sultan's feet,

Breathless and faint he can repeat,
The unwelcome tale he bears.—

—" Dread Lord! thy Slave has hither sped,
Bearer to thee of tidings dread.
—In rapid march from Damiat's towers,
The Foe comes on with all his powers—
And deadly vow each Frank has sworn,
Even that Kahira's greatness they,
In ruin vast and wild, shall lay,
Or never more return;
In vengeance for a Christian Knight,
Captived, they say, by some base sleight.—
Not far, I saw their foremost band
Spurn, with hot hoofs, the eddying sand,
As hitherward they wheel'd;—
Then speedy let your arming be,
Or else to-morrow's sun may see
Their horrid threat fulfill'd."—

He ceased—then, then what clamour rude
Rose through the listening multitude!
To their scared sense, o'er Egypt's state,

Hangs ruin swift and desolate—
No more repress'd their furious cries,
In coarse accusing voices, rise
Against their Monarch's cruelty,
Indulged, his people's curse to be;
And round the Sultan's throne they crowd,
With threatening air and menace loud—
Not even such place despair appalls:
—"Back, Dastards! back—'tis Osman calls—
Let the Foe come—we scorn his boast;
Our spoil he comes, with all his host:
—The guilty to their sentence guard—
That work perform'd, we stand prepared."—

But Osman's voice has lost the power
To awe them, in this fearful hour;—
Nearer tumultuous myriads urge,
Roll'd on—like Ocean's storm-swept surge,
Breaking and eddying round the shore,
That shakes and trembles to the roar:—
So inly shook the Monarch then,
Before the tempest wild of men,
Slaves—whom his eye so late could quail!

How feebly stands the tyrant's power,
Was written in this treacherous hour,
On quivering lip and feature pale—
'Till, doubtful, if the circling hedge
Of Warrior guard and sabre edge,
For safety may avail,
He beckons quick, with trembling hand,
A leader from the Mamluke band.
—Starts forth a Youth of lofty mien,
And graceful air, and movement keen,
And bends before the Sovereign.—

" Musa !"—aloud the Monarch calls
" A deadly sentence justly falls,
On these most guilty prisoners—
Yet pity pleads for youth like theirs :
Then, till all other means be tried,
To quell this base Apostate's pride,
A respite let them now receive—
Their safety to thy care I give."—
In lower tone he added then,
" See ! that no kindness they obtain ;
Let them be kept in durance hard,

And thence be every comfort barr'd ;
—Look to my words,"—his hand the Chief
Raised to his head in answer brief,
And turn'd him to his charge—
While the loud shout which instant woke,
The joy of grateful thousands spoke,
Through all the circuit large ;
As if new hope o'er all were spread,
When death so foul no more they dread,
To royal blood or guiltless head :
Courage and peace returning shone
In all—but Osman's front alone.—
On Osman's brow no pleasure sate :
Muttering dark vows of rage and hate,
Sullen he stood, beside the throne,
Nor moved, until the hoarse Naccaire
Proclaim'd the swift array of war.—

—Cold on the scene had Selma stared ;
So rapt, no respite's sound she heard,
As hopeless of all aid she stood,
Yielding to Heaven her fears, her grief,
Till the firm grasp of that young Chief

Has roused her from her mood.—
Oh! one slight glance on Albert's eye,
And glowing cheek, and grateful air,
Shew'd bright expectancy and joy,
And hope relighted there.—
Then tremor, all unfelt till now,
Flush'd her pale cheek and burning brow,
And fluttering o'er her fainting frame,
The chill and fever changeful came,—
Till Musa, who with rapid eye,
Beheld her bosom's agony,
In one short word her fate has said:
—Bear up, bear up the trembling Maid—
Ah! see what deadly hue she wears!
Shall joy then crush the gentle flower,
Which so sustain'd grief's rudest power?
But it has found relief in tears,
And radiant now blest Albert cheers,
Through that serenest shower.—
Soon her pure mind's subsiding flood,
Her love, her hope, her gratitude,
Calm to their Heavenly home return,
To rest in that secure sojourn.

XII.

MUSA.

As turning slow from Ocean shore,
Dies on the ear its deafening roar;
So sinks the crowd's retiring shout,
The hoarse rude voice of that wild rout,
As back their hurried way they win;—
While o'er the plain, around, within,
The stir of arms, the warrior din,
Fill the short pause with sound more stern,
With drum and trump, naccaire and horn,
Which, far upon the still air borne,
Egypt's swart sons to battle warn.—

But who are they, that fair array,
Who thence have sudden bent their way,

Toward those deep groves and gardens gay ?—
  The far-seen Mamluke armature,
Their Leader's port and stature high,
His stately step and warrior eye,
  And, plainer yet, those Captives four,
Mark Musa and his company.
—With word nor question brief, have they
Broke on their wonder or their way ;
Such marvel strange their senses bound,—
But most Abdallah gazes round,
As one with sudden bliss astound ;
Then looks upon the youthful Chief,
  While the big tears drop silently,—
Tears may be signs of joy, not grief :
  Then clasps his hands in extasy ;
As if it were a thing to see,
Which made all other senses flee.—
—Onward, by that young Chieftain led,
Through alley green and fair arcade,
They wind, till near a Castle rose,
Which rampart fenced, and fosse, and mound,
And parapet and turret crown'd,
  Where Nile with cool refreshment flows ;—

And many a war-cry wild is sent
From that o'erhanging battlement,
And many a Sabre's idle gleam
Trembles upon the dimpling stream,
And Turk and Mamluke fierce display
Their polish'd mail, and trappings gay.

Swift, to the Chieftain's waving hand,
The Portal's massy valves expand.
—Ill may that Castle's pomp be told,
Its glories strange, its joys, its gold,
The fretted roofs, the gildings' glare,
Which high the columns vast uphold,
Whose polish'd shafts retreating far,
Arch, within arch involved, unfold,
And hall on hall as endless roll'd.—
O'er the bright pavement moved they on,
While round them thousand splendours shone;
Streams, that in jasper fountains fell,
Bright as the waves of Zemzem's well:
Pure, essenced currents cross'd their way,
In golden cisterns, taught to stray,
Or light in crystal lavers play;

And deep the damask tapestries
Daze, with their broider'd folds, the eyes ;—
Around their path, perpetual burns
The fragrant East, in silver urns ;
With every flower, and every tree,
Grateful to sense, or fair to see,
And birds of every song and die,
Warbled their native melody.

But little thought had Albert now
Of all this glory, light and glow :
One object sole his senses won,
Lovelier than all he look'd upon ;—
He sees a form, in grace pourtray'd,
Beyond what sculptor's art hath made ;
Gazes on lids of love and light,
That mock yon curtain'd noon's delight ;
  Sees blushes, which the roses dim,
And far outshin'd the living ray
Of this fair Fount's crystalline play,
  In eyes (oh bliss!) that turn on him ;—
No wonder then, joy, treasures, art,
Were lost upon his raptured heart :

No wonder, that, where splendours shone,
His eyes on Selma look'd alone.

Silent, their anxious way they hold,
  Through the vast space, that captive Band,
  Gazing on spoils of many a land,
Nor stay'd, till back the warriors roll'd,
    At Musa's high command,
And left them with the Chief alone ;—
—He stopp'd—he spoke—but 'twas a tone,
Which more than spoke—" Let Musa here
Chase from his Soul's best friends their fear."—
Oh, Albert ! how thy pulses beat !
  How burns thy brain with wild alarms !
What withering sight thy senses meet !
See ! ere the words he can repeat,
  Thy Selma in the Stranger's arms !

Forward he springs distractedly—
  But back, with sudden start, recoil'd
  At Selma's cry, so strange, so wild :
—" My Brother—Oh ! 'tis he—'tis he !—
The name—the place—my heart agree :

'Tis Eddin, all too long exiled
From Selma's soul—sad loss and mourn'd!
But now, in happy hour, return'd."—

The Chieftain's fond fraternal air,
As look'd he on that Sister fair,
To tell it were an idle toil;—
His feelings let the tear-drop speak,
(The first that ever glisten'd there,)
Which, dashing from his soldier cheek,
He changes for a smile;
And with such graceful courtesy,
Turning, his hand to Albert gave,
As marks a spirit brave and free,
And generous as brave;—
But, what a bright and rapid glow
Has started to his cheek and brow,
As Albert's answering hand came forth!—
It is, to see that hateful chain,
Upon such noble arm remain;
It is the conscious glow of worth,
To see high honour's stain:
—"Unjust, unworthy fetters hence!"—

He spoke—and rent with violence,
Far off the broken bonds he drove,
Then clasp'd him with a brother's love.
—And now Abdallah's voice is heard,
Where low at Eddin's feet he lies:
" Ah, my dear Lord!" the old Man cries,
" What wondrous chance our lives has spared,
When all of help or hope despaired?"—
" Rise, good old Man! why didst thou fear?
Knew'st thou not, Eddin's arm was near?
Ay! ere one crimson drop were shed,
To stain those aged temples' snow,
Or but one ringlet dark were shred
From this sweet Maiden's brow,
A gloomier day it would have been,
For that accursed Sovereign,
Whom never pity dawn'd upon:—
Then many a Mamluke cuirass there,
And thousand sabres flashing far,
Had quench'd in ruffian blood their glare,
And a brave rescue won."—

—" Yet oft one thought my purpose cross'd,—

'Twere deed of such a desperate cost;
'Twere my brave band against an host;
'Twere the proud hope more prized than life,
'Twere faithful hearts still dearer, lost,
In such unequal strife—
Pondering on this sad choice of woes,
When first your danger met my ear,
A thought of happier omen rose.
—Ulad the faithful messenger,
Swift at my call, to Damiat bore
How hazard hung Count Albert o'er,
Stirring his Monarch's generous soul
To snatch him from a fate so foul.—
By that dark tale of horror moved,
The eager hosts from Damiat pour,
To save from shame a knight so loved:—
Already, on the Nile's green shore,
And on the walls of Farescour,
Their prowess they have proved.
Meantime a choice and resolute band,
By secret ways have hither hied,
With Ulad their adventurous guide,
Beneath high Salisbury's command;

Return'd (so says the messenger,)
From Acre's walls, the strife to share,
At the first shout of glorious war,
Forgetful of the wrongs he fled—
These hold, not far, their secret stand,
To help us in the hour of need,
If so our final fate had led,
With dauntless heart and hand.—

—" Thanks to good angels! we have sped,
Without hard blows or sabre's aid—
Hastes therefore now the faithful Slave,
Who brought the timely tale to-day,
Brave Salisbury's swift retreat to crave,
From his so dangerous stay—
To chase for thee the Chieftain's fears,
My plighted faith and word he bears:
Musa a Soldier's honour gives,
That he with Albert dies or lives,
His safety or his danger shares,
Till for release meet hour arrives."—

Glow'd Albert's cheek with gratitude,

As, gazing on the Youth, he stood—
Yet something too of sadness came;
A word of grief, a glance of shame:
—"Alas! my noble Salisbury—
My Sovereign too, in arms—and I—"
Burst, from his heart, a struggling sigh—
Then Eddin—"Walk we warily,
For round us many a snare is spread:
Count Albert must a captive be,
Till to the field yon Host be led,
Then, when no overmatch we dread,
Thou shalt proceed secure and free,
Clothed, as becomes thy chivalry,
In arms, which ne'er from foe have fled,
Nor wearer blush'd to see;—
That duty done—to me remain
Purpose of heart, and act of hand,
Deeds, that may drive from Egypt's plain
The Invaders of my native land,
Then its true Sovereign's rights maintain,
Or die upon its strand."—

Some thought on Albert's spirit stirs,

That into voice is fluttering ;
Something, which love or feeling bars
His eager tongue from uttering :—
It stirs—as if that word of strife
Had waked the blood-tide into life,
The soldier pulse, that sleeping lay ;—
It seems upon his lip to swim,
Like evening sea-swell to the brim
Of bank, that bars its way,
Rising and sinking doubtful yet,
At length, at once, o'erfloating it—
Then thus —" Brave Youth ! thy generous breast
Will find within it utterance best,
For feelings such as now I feel ;—
Yet name not thankless or unwise,
One, who, as if insatiate, tries
To make deep debt even deeper still.
Free hast thou given, I ask as free :—
—Bid me not, more than needs, delay :
Oh ! let me fly, at once, to be
A friend, a rival, worthy thee,
My King's, my Country's stay."—

Proud was the glance by Eddin thrown,
And haughtier grew his answering tone,
As, on his lofty spirit, rose
Even the chance thought of Egypt's foes:
—"Count Albert shall have way, as soon
As he with safety may be gone;
Till then, this place from danger frees:
And here let warrior feelings cease,
We part at least in peace;—
Perchance, if we should meet again
On my own Egypt's battled plain,
Our greeting may be sterner then."—

That glance has Selma felt—that tone—
Has seen it too reflected thrown
On Albert's cheek, that ardent glow'd
With the warm flush of knightly blood,
And trembling at the strife begun,
Her maiden fears are half foregone:
—"Ah! might poor Selma's weak command,"
(And, at her words, shame, terror, streak
With blush and shuddering pale, her cheek,)
"Be, at her wish, a charmed band,

To bind high hearts in concord bland;
No force should e'er those souls divide,
Which sure sweet virtue has allied:—
Brothers in arms ye still should be,
As ye are one, in soldier pride,
In honour true and spirit free,
And knightly courtesy.—
Count Albert would not then essay,
In war's encounter wild, to tear
My new found bliss and boast away."—
—That look has utter'd volumes there—
"Oh never, never—even in the strife"
(Thus Albert cries all hurrying)
"Of warring hosts, shall Eddin's life
Be dear to Albert's heart—a thing,
Round which such holy feelings fling
Their shield, to bar encounter rude,
Firmer than mailed multitude;
That it shall be to him a care,
As if it were the amulet,
On which sweet Selma's fate were set,
And every pulse-drop issuing there,
Leap'd crimson from her bosom fair."

—Calm'd was young Eddin's haughty soul;
And o'er his lip the soft smile stole,
At Selma's gentle air and word:—
—"Forgive me, Chief—my Brother now!
Since Selma wills to call us so:
—Nay, I meant not to wake that glow
On thine, or this sweet Maiden's brow.—
But something, from Abdallah heard,
Whispers from whence such movement stirr'd"—
More too has said that Arab young;
Nor needs it second tale again:
It spoke the soldier's generous tongue,
That, touch'd with sense of other's pain,
Could gently soothe, and succour too,
Feelings his warrior heart ne'er knew:—
It shew'd a soul, for love too stern,
And yet, that thought not, slight or scorn
To tenderer natures due.

Oh! for one tone of his sweet tongue,
That sigh'd Valclusa's vales among,
To paint—not hearts, like his, distrest—
But the pure joy of lovers blest;

To shrine, for aye, in melting lays,
Love, feeling, transport, tenderness,
Happier, but not less deep, than his!—
And yet 'twere vain, if words could tell,
To speak the bliss, that brighten'd here;
Hearts that can love, will dream it well,
In pictures truer, tenderer;
And they would turn with scornful sneer,
The icy breasts, that cannot feel,
From scenes so gentle and so dear.

Say! canst thou speak, what he has known,
Who, in the desert many a mile
Has wander'd cheerless and alone,
Scorch'd by the noon of burning zone,
And feel what he has felt, when thrown
Athirst, despairing, faint with toil,
Upon some sweet and lonely isle,
'Mid the hot waste:—whose palmy screen
Beneath, he drinks the welling spring,
Breathes the young lime-tree blossoming,
And half forgets, in rest serene,
His toils, his home, his native scene,

And the wide wilderness between?—
This you may speak, and dream, and feel;
Yet feebly the full transport tell
  Of Albert's look, and words, and tone,
  As, gazing on that lovely One,
Stream'd from each glance and voice that fell,
    The hope which round him shone:—
Though, o'er the distance, shadows roll,
Nor shade, nor fear, can touch his soul:
While standing the loved Maiden near,
All, all is bliss, and brightness here.

Nor easy task it were, to paint
  Feelings as deep, though gentler sure,
Of that sweet Maid and innocent,
  When now, from ruffian rage secure,
She turns to Albert's speaking eye,
And tells the hope that's stirring high,
    In blushes bright and pure:
Then seems on Eddin's arm to rest,
  With calm, and now with changing hue,
As if some doubt has touch'd her breast,
  If all this trance of joy were true—

The gentle dove, that rash has fled
From the soft hand of Eastern maid,
When back by greedy vulture chased,
Such doubt may feel—so shrink with dread,
As fluttering, panting, safe at last,
It nestles in its Lady's breast.

'Twere contrast violent and cold,
To turn, from thoughts of such sweet power,
To say, how good Abdallah told
What hopes upon his spirit roll'd,
In death's all hopeless hour:
—"Flung 'mid despair, a desert wild,
I look'd but to my heart's loved Child—
Upon my fainting soul she rose,
Like that lone flower amid the waste,
Whose cup with nectar'd draught o'erflows,
To cool and quench the fever'd taste:—
Fever'd I sunk—her accents give
The cup of Faith—I drink and live.—
Yes—by her words so wondrous, awed,
I cast myself on Selma's God;—
'Mid earth's last wreck, and nature's loss,

I girt my spirit to the Cross,
And floating o'er life's stormy bound,
Touch'd the sweet shores that lie beyond.
—That moment's bliss, whate'er my lot,
Shall never, never be forgot.—
Oh my young Lord! if thou couldst know
This calm, this strength, this comfort too,
Then let Abdallah go in peace,
  For surely he has lived enough :"—
Then Eddin—" Good Abdallah! cease :
  Some hearts, for holy thoughts too rough,
Reck not of Cross or Koran word—
The Soldier's Faith is in his sword ;
His Temple is the tented field,
His Beads brave ranks, his Book his shield,
The shout, " To arms" Muezzin high,
And his best Hymn the onset cry—
Such is my creed—Count Albert! come !
Since here you must, perforce, have home,
We'll talk meantime of some brave thing,
  Which may of mutual aidance be,
And, if your high and generous King,
  Following his vow of Chivalry,

Yield but fair heart and vigorous hand,
To right the wrong'd, and Egypt's land
From cursed Tyrant free—
His arms (so says a Soldier's word)
Shall ne'er find let, from Egypt's sword;
Though Syria, with her spoils, enwreathe him,
And Damas' Crescent sink beneath him,
Till he has won his Prophet's grave,
And the proud Cross o'er Salem wave."—

NOTES.

I.

On Damiat's battlemented wall.—(p. 1.)

DAMIAT, called by Europeans Damietta, a town of Egypt, on the sea-coast. "It is built in the form of a crescent on a bend of the Nile."—*Browne's Travels.*

"Saint Louis had wintered in the isle of Cyprus, with the greatest part of his troops; the remainder of the army was to join him at the general rendezvous before Damietta. The day after Whitsunday, he set sail from the Point of Limazo, accompanied by eighteen hundred vessels, great and small. During the voyage, the Prince of the Morea, and the Duke of Burgundy, joined the royal fleet, which, after a passage of four days, anchored in the road of Damietta. From the fleet, the Egyptian army was seen drawn out, in good order, at two hundred paces from the beach. Their unfolded colours were flying in the wind:

their glittering armour reflected the rays of the sun. A confused noise of drums and trumpets was heard.

"On Friday, the 4th of June, 1249, the French army, getting into their boats, made towards the shore. The instant they landed, the enemy's cavalry poured down upon them; but the soldiers fixed their bucklers in the sand, and presenting their spears, formed an impenetrable wall of points. As soon as the King beheld the royal standard of France flying on the shore, he leaped out of his boat into the sea, and marched against the enemy sword in hand. The French, encouraged by his presence, fell on the Egyptians, and fought a bloody battle, in which they had all the honour.

"Two Emirs remained on the field of battle. In this manner was a city taken in one day, which, one-and-thirty years before, had sustained a siege of sixteen months."—*Savary's Letters on Egypt.*

Stay, Artois, stay.—(p. 2.)

The Count of Artois, brother of Saint Louis, whose real name was Robert, although, for poetical reasons, he is called Raimond throughout this tale. His fiery and impatient spirit was very troublesome to Louis, and injurious to the operations of the army.

Him morning saw.—(p. 3.)

"When the good king, Saint Louis, learned that the standard of St. Denis was landed, he quitted his vessel,

which was already close to the shore, without waiting until he could disembark from it, and, against the will of the legate, who was with him, leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and advanced to the land, his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and lance in hand."—*Joinville,* p. 126—*Translated by Johnes.*

The argent Cross their banner bears.—(p. 4.)

A white Cross seems to have been, in those days, the crusading colour of the English, as a red Cross was of the French.

"Provisum est etiam inter eos, ut omnes de regno Francorum cruces rubeas, de terris regis Anglorum albas, de terris comitis Flandrensis virides haberent cruces."—*Matt. Paris, anno* 1188.

The Arab courser taught to start.—(p. 5.)

"Whenever Saracen children cried, their mothers said to them—'Be quiet, be quiet, here is king Richard coming to fetch you;' and instantly, through the fear which these Saracen children had of the name of king Richard, they became quiet. In like manner, when the Saracens and Turks were riding in the fields, and their horses started at a bush or a shadow, and took fright, they said to their horses, sticking spurs into their sides—'What! dost thou think king Richard is there?' All this proves that he performed grand deeds of arms against them, to make him so much dreaded."—*Joinville,* p. 109.

Now, while degenerate Henry lay.—(p. 5.)

Henry the Third of England (whose alternate feebleness and violence of character Matt. Paris has so strongly pourtrayed) first assumed the cross at this time, and then compelled all his nobles, who followed his example, to purchase from him dispensations from going to Palestine. Those who set out, without his permission, suffered severely for their zeal. Among others, the Earl of Salisbury had his property confiscated.

A brave, bold, voluntary few.—(p. 5.)

About two hundred nobles and knights, with their followers, left England clandestinely, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, and joined the crusade with Saint Louis. "Christianissimus autem Rex Francorum, suscepit ipsum et suos veneranter, et cum suis specialibus annumeravit."—*M. Paris, anno* 1249.

He bears the wreath in Syria won.—(p. 6.)

Salisbury had accompanied, into Palestine, Richard Duke of Cornwall, the brother of Henry the Third, when he recovered Jerusalem from the Saracens, and so nobly ransomed all the Christian captives, of every nation, at his own private expense. This Richard is a very splendid character of British history, though but little spoken of by more modern historians.

'Tis he,—'tis princely Salisbury.—(p. 6.)

King Henry the Second of England had two natural sons by Rosamund de Clifford, namely—Geoffrey, who was chancellor of England and archbishop of York, and died in the year 1213; and William, surnamed Longepee or Longsword, who died in the year 1226. He married Ela, daughter and heiress of William Fitzpatrick, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had,—

1st, William Longsword, second of the name, who went to Palestine, in 1249, with the crusade of Saint Louis.

He left children by Idoine, his wife, daughter and heiress of Richard de Camville, whose posterity ended in Margaret Longsword, married to Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.

2nd, Richard, canon of Salisbury.

3rd, Stephen, grand Justiciary of Ireland, and Earl of Ulster, by Emmeline, his wife.

4th, Nicholas, bishop of Salisbury, who died in 1297.

5th, Isabella, first wife of William Baron de Vesci.

6th, Ela, married first to Thomas, Earl of Warwicke; secondly, to Philip Basset, who died in 1297.

7th, Ida, married to Walter Fitzrobert.

8th, Another Ela, married to William d'Odingselles.

Moreri's Dictionary, article Angleterre; see also Speed; Camden, &c.

The first Earl of Salisbury was a person of great bravery, and highly esteemed for his many valiant deeds of arms. He resolutely supported King John in his opposition to the

papal usurpations. Shakespeare has introduced him, as speaking with great spirit and nobleness. This brave man was supposed to have died by poison, administered to him by a nobleman, who had, ineffectually, endeavoured to shake the constancy of his excellent lady, during a long absence of Salisbury from England.

After his death, the noble Ela devoted herself to a religious life. She is celebrated, by the writers of the time, for her princely munificence, in founding and endowing monasteries, and for her saintly virtues, as prioress of the convent of Acoc, or Lacock, which was one of them. The name of Longsword was given to Salisbury, from the size and weight of the sword which he usually wore. This name gave occasion to an epitaph, ridiculous enough, which has been recorded by M. Paris, and translated by honest Speed, with something very like admiration.

Flos comitum, Willielmus obit, stirps regia longus—
Ensis vaginam cœpit habere brevem.

Royal born William, flower of Earls, lies here;
A sheath thus short, doth Longsword serve to bear.

The lonely bower of Rosamund.—(p. 6.)

"Our histories report, that King Henry II. being deeply enamoured with Rosamund de Clifford, whose extraordinary beauty and other great accomplishments made her commonly called *Rosa mundi*, the rose of the world,—to secure her from the restless jealousy of his Juno Queen,

built at Woodstock a Labyrinth, which none could approach but the king himself, or those whom he instructed. A clue of silk falling from Rosamund's lap, as she sate to take the air, the end of the silk fastened to her foot, and the clue, still unwinding, remained behind, which Queen Eleanor following, upon Rosamund so vented her spleen, as the lady lived not long after. A little nunnery was erected at Gadstowe, where her body was interred; *that these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers the souls of King Henry and Lady Rosamund.* But Hugh, the Saint-Bishop of Lincoln, coming to visit this house, thought the hearse of an harlot no fit spectacle for a choir of virgins to contemplate, therefore himself caused her bones in his sight to be cast forth of the church. But afterwards those chaste sisters gathered them and put them in a perfumed leather bag, which bag and bones, at the suppression of that nunnery, were so found."—*Camden in Oxfordshire; and Speed.*

The Moslem's final tower.—(p. 11.)

The assault of this tower, and the circumstances connected with it, are chiefly taken from the account in Matthew Paris, of the capture of Damietta by the French thirty years before.

There Osman's brow of wrath.—(p. 13.)

The real name of this Emir, who commanded at Damietta, was Fakreddin: Joinville calls him Sacedun. All

those of the Prophet's family or descent wear a green turban—a distinction not unfrequently affected.

From striplings blanch'd.—(p. 14.)

The language of Osman is not quite so strong on this subject, as that put into the mouth of a Saracen general in this crusade, by the good monk of St. Alban's: "Imberbes et tonsorati, imbelles et imbecilles, Hermaphroditis vel spadonibus, vel etiam mulieribus similiores quam viris, quid præsumant?"

By our Prophet's sword.—(p. 14.)

"The sword," says Mahomet, "is the key of heaven and of hell."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. 9.

"The Spirits of Martyrs, according to a tradition of Mohammed, rest in the crops of green birds which drink of the rivers of paradise."—*Sale's Prelim. Disc. to Koran.*

"According to Mohammed, the wicked will suffer both from intense heat and intense cold."—*Ibid.*

Thou, Beaujeu.—(p. 16.)

Sir Hymbert de Beaujeu, Constable of France.

"*Montjoye.*"—(p. 16.)

We do not read in our histories, that our kings had any other cry of battle, than simply that of "Montjoye St. Denis."—*Ducange, Dissert. on Joinville.*

Red streams the Greek fire.—(p. 17.)

The missile fire used by the Greeks in the decline of the Empire, and borrowed from them by the Saracens. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows or javelins, twisted round with flax and tow."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. 10; *where is a very particular and interesting account of this invention.*

And Erin's few will aid thee well.—(p. 18.)

Gibbon has noticed (not very honourably, indeed,) the rude Irish crusaders, in his account of the first Crusade. The "*iron flail*" is borrowed from the former siege of Damietta, in M. Paris. "Quidam juvenculus, turrim ascendens, flagellum ferreum tenebat, tale, quale granum excuti solet, sed ad pugnandum paratum; unde fortiter trans murum ad dextram percutiens hostes fidei et ad lævam," &c.

Heiress of Adhel's woes.—(p. 27.)

"The sultan Melikul Kamil died at Damascus, in the 635th year of the Hegira. Melikul Adil Seifeddin, one of his two sons, was proclaimed sultan of Syria and Egypt He was the seventh king of the posterity of the Eioubites, who descended from Saladin. All orders of the state called Melikul Salah Nedjm Eddin, his brother, to the throne. Melikul Adil was imprisoned after having reigned two years and eighteen days.— *Extract from Makrisi, in the additions to Joinville.*

"This prince," says an Arabian author, speaking of Malek Salah Nedjm Eddin, "would have eclipsed all his predecessors by his great qualities, had they not been tarnished by his cruelties and an insupportable pride."

But tell me, Mauclerc.—(p. 33.)

Mauclerc was a name given to the Earl of Bretagne, importing "bad clerk or scholar," from his ignorance of letters. He was a hardy soldier, but turbulent, having been the leader of two insurrections of the great barons against St. Louis. His light and humorous temper may be gathered from Joinville and Paris. The latter tells of him, that having been defeated and outlawed by the king, he became a pirate, and kept the sea against all nations, until taken again into favour. His real name was Peter de Dreux.

II.

Glides waveless to the Ocean's shore.—(p. 37.)

The invariably calm and gentle current of the waters of the Nile has been frequently noticed by travellers. It has given occasion to a singularly beautiful passage of Claudian :—

Lene fluit Nilus, sed cunctis amnibus exstat
Utilior—nullas confessus murmure vires.

* * * * *

Torrentes immane fremant lapsisque minentur
Pontibus, involvant spumoso vertice silvas.
Pax majora decet—peragit tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit—mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa Quies.—*De Cons. Manlii.*

As if from Eden issuing forth.—(p. 37.)

The unknown source of the Nile has been matter of question and wonder from the earliest times to the present. Thus Herodotus: *τοὺ δὲ Νείλου τὰς πηγὰς οὔτε Αἰγύπτίων οὔτε Λιβύων οὔτε Ἑλλήνων τὼν ἐμοὶ ἀπικομένων ἐς λόγους οὐδεὶς ὑπεσχετο εἰδέναι.*

And Claudian:—

Secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
Quærendus ratione latet: nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidisse caput.

Mr. Bruce thinks, indeed, he has seen it; but Brown assures us, he has in this boasted a little too rashly. The ancients supposed that the streams of the Nile flowed under the sea from some other continent or hemisphere, "alieni conscia cœli;" and Alexander imagined he had found its spring in India. The Arabs believe it to be one of the rivers which flowed from the terrestrial Paradise.

Alas! does heavenly Charity.—(p. 38.)

Perhaps the sentence of later times has been a little too severe on the objects and motives of the crusades. The

Mohammedans, being themselves conquerors, usurpers, and fanatics, could not very reasonably complain of the martial enterprise and enthusiastic spirit, the reaction of which they so powerfully experienced.

It was surely a noble and sentimental heroism, which could calm down at once the private resentments and jealousies of the Western princes, to turn them against the common enemies of Christendom. Nor can it well be doubted, that this was, politically, the very best and wisest direction, in which the military temper of the times could have been exerted.

That these Holy Wars were altogether inconsistent with the doctrine of peace, which they assumed to defend and propagate, is but too apparent; and the providential ill success, which throughout attended them, has plainly marked them with the Divine disapprobation, and borne ample testimony to the strictness of that judicial sentence, that he who, in a religious quarrel, "takes the sword, shall perish with the sword." Yet the revival of literature in the West, the rapid extension of European commerce, and, above all, the check given to the desolating progress of the Saracen and Turkish arms (and these are but some of our debts to them), might seem to imply that, however erroneous and mistaken may have been the enterprise, the motive and principle of it were not altogether unblessed and unapproved.

This wasting fire.—(p. 38.)

"But in another way the Turks did us great mischief,

by setting fire to all parts of the Soulde, where their merchandize and plunder had been deposited, which they burned for fear we might make any advantage of them. It would be the same thing if fire were set to the Petit Pont of Paris, which God preserve from such an accident."—*Joinville, p.* 126.

The scutcheon'd shields.—(p. 43.)

" Epulabantur autem in majori regiâ templi, ubi videlicet pendent clypei, quotquot possunt circumquaqua in quatuor parietibus, secundum consuetudinem ultramarinam.—*Matthew Paris, anno* 1254.

Thebais—Faioum.—(p. 44.)

Rich districts of Egypt. "Amidst the diversity of trees and plants, the traveller near the villages meets with groves of rose-trees: the rose-water distilled from its odoriferous flower forms a valuable branch of commerce: Faioum furnishes all Egypt with it."—*Savary, Let.* 29.

This Land's soft Queen.—(p. 45.)

"Cleopatra sailed along the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver, while boys, like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa."—*Plutarch in Antony—Langhorne's Translation.*

"Cleopatra, on this and other public occasions, wore the sacred robe of Isis. This robe was of all colours, to signify the universality of the goddess's influence."—*Ibid.*

And sister Queens.—(p. 46.)

The Count of Provence, one of the poorest nobles in France, had the singular fortune to have his four daughters married to four kings:—the eldest, Margaret, to Louis of France; the second, Eleanor, to Henry of England; the third, Cynthia, to Richard of Cornwall, Henry's brother, afterwards elected King of the Romans; and the fourth, Beatrice, to Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, afterwards King of Sicily. Margaret accompanied her husband to Egypt; and Joinville has reported some interesting traits of their noble attachment.

The Gallic Lilies.—(p. 48.)

The privilege of bearing the arms, or a part of the arms, of the Prince, has been at all times considered as a very particular favour, being only conferred on those who had deserved well of the State, and had done it signal services.—*Ducange Dissert. on Joinville.*

Why Lusignan.—(p. 50.)

Hugh de Lusignan Count of Marche was married to the widow of John, King of England. The connection arising from hence gave this crafty family an opportunity of imposing on the easy and affectionate temper of Henry the Third, on whose liberality they made frequent and large demands. To support them in their opposition to Louis, Henry was induced to lead an army into France.

Louis, after every concession in his power, for the sake of peace with "his Brother," was at last obliged to march against him, and conducting his operations with his usual energy and success, left nothing but his clemency to save the King of England and his whole army from destruction. The conduct of Louis upon this occasion, as reported by Paris and other contemporary writers, was noble beyond example. At the first appearance of ill fortune, the Earl of Marche deserted Henry, and betrayed him to the French King. Lusignan afterwards, with his two sons, followed Louis to the Holy war. The old Earl died at Damietta a few days after its capture, and his younger son fell afterwards at Mansura. We may suppose the Lusignan here spoken of to be Guy, the eldest, of whom M. Paris reports some anecdotes not very honourable.

As when on morning's mist-robed breast.—(p. 57.)

"Of all the phenomena exhibited by Nature in her various operations, there is none more curious or extraordinary than those represented by the reflection and refraction of light from fogs and vapours arising from the sea, lakes, &c., replete with marine and vegetable salts. For such vapours form various polished surfaces, which reflect and refract the light of the sun, and even of the moon, in various directions, thereby not only distorting, but multiplying the images of objects represented on them, in a surprising manner; forming not only images of castles, palaces, and other buildings, in various styles of architec-

ture, but the most beautiful landscapes, spacious woods, groves, orchards, meadows, with companies of men and women, with herds of cattle walking, standing, lying," &c. *From a Dissertation in the 13th vol. of the Philosophical Magazine, by Wm. Beauford, A.M.*

These appearances, commonly called Fata Morgana, are frequently seen around the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, in the Mediterranean, and various other parts of the world. They are called by the people on the northern coast of Ireland, the "Brasseels," and give rise to much superstition, as being supposed to be sudden unfoldings to human eyes of the wonders of Fairy-land. The appearance called by the French "le mirage," observed in the deserts around Egypt, seems to be of the same kind. Dr. Clarke witnessed it in his journey to Rosetta. "The sands had the appearance of water, and the buildings and groves of Rosetta were as if reflected on the surface of the plain."

Stir into life at Britain's name.—(p. 62.)

The perpetual jealousy of the French and English seems to have been equally ruinous in this Crusade as in the others. The French King did all in his power to restrain it. "Supplicavitque suis omnibus devotissime, ne solita superbia Francorum et invidia, discordiam inter ipsos et Anglos, prout auditum est in tempore regis Anglorum Richardi, suscitaret. Sed Diabolo, qui hominum successibus ab antiquo solet invidere, instigante, cum vidissent postea Franci Anglos præeminere, et in multis ad-

quisitionibus rerum et famæ proficere, invidebant, et obloquebantur, consuetas ironias cum cachinnis et blasphematibus juramentis ebullientes."—*Matt. Paris, anno* 1249.

III.

Where Nile's green bank his footsteps lead.—(p. 65.)

"Figure to yourself all the advantages arising from running streams, all the freshness of the most perfect verdure, all the perfumes of the orange flower, the transcendent voluptuousness of a soft sweet and balsamic air, the delightful spectacle of the most beautiful sky, and you will have an imperfect idea of this tongue of land between the great lake (*Menzalé*) and the course of the Nile."—*Savary, Let.* 23.

'Tis like the tyrant punishment.—(p. 81.)

This punishment, used by the Etruscan robbers, has been applied by Aristotle, and, after him, by Cicero, to illustrate a different subject. "Verumque est illud, quod est apud Aristotelem, simili nos affectos esse supplicio atque eos, qui quondam, cum in prædonum Etruscorum manus incidissent, crudelitate excogitatâ necabantur, quorum corpora viva cum mortuis, adversa adversis accommodata, quam aptissime colligabantur;—ita nostros animos cum corporibus copulatos, ut vivos cum mortuis esse conjunctos.—*Cicero Fragment. Philosoph.*

IV.

For now while France in cold delay.—(p. 93.)

Much of the ill success of this expedition is to be attributed to the long delay of the French at Damietta, in a state of total inaction. Damietta was taken in May or June 1249. The army did not make any movement whatever till November: nor does any thing of consequence appear to have been attempted till February of the following year. All this seems to have been owing to the little authority vested in the King over the feudal nobles whom he commanded. They would only march when and where they pleased.

Even the strong tower where many a dame.—(p. 94.)

The capture of this tower, and of the Saracen ladies, by Salisbury, and the consequent envy of the French, are related by M. Paris. "Quandam nempe turrim fortissimam, non procul ab Alexandria, idem Willielmus plenam dominabus, scilicet uxoribus quorundam nobilium Saracenorum, ceperat, illud Francis penitus ignorantibus, unde fama celebris et formido partes etiam remotas Orientalium de ipso pervolavit. Tamen Franci obloquebantur invidentes, et ipsum oderant persequentes."

Foul passion, that with leopard taste.—(p. 96.)

"It is reported at Soudan that the leopard, after he has

seized his prey, leaves it till it becomes putrid, before he devours it."—*Brown's Travels.*

It would appear from this that our modern gourmands *les hommes de bon gout,* have been long anticipated by their brother epicures of the forest, even in some of those tastes which might seem to lay most claim to the merit of originality.

The caravan for Mecca's shrine.—(p. 98.)

The capture of this rich caravan by Salisbury, is reported by M. Paris precisely as it is here given: the violence of the French — the generous offer of the British — the complaint to the King, &c. "Rex autem, prout erat spiritu et vultu piissimus, voce demissâ respondet. Willielme, Willielme, novit qui nihil ignorat, Dominus, de injuria et damno tibi illatis: formido vehementur, ne nos nostra confundat, cum aliis peccatis, superbia. Æquanimiter talia et etiam his majora necesse est in tali temporis discrimine tolerare."

He is no king whose royalty.—(p. 101.)

"Cui Willielmus: Ergo non es rex, cum non possis tuos justificare, et punire delinquentes. Tali regi de cætero non servio — tali domino non adhærebo — et iratus rege admodum contristato secessit, et Acon perveniens, &c."—*Mat. Paris, anno* 1250.

When Egypt's lovely Empress scorned.—(p. 104.)

"Cleopatra at the same time was making a collection of

poisonous drugs. Such poisons as were quick in their operation, she found to be attended with violent pains and convulsions — such as were milder were slow in their effect. At length she found that the bite of the asp was the most eligible kind of death; for it brought on a gradual kind of lethargy, in which the face was covered with a gentle sweat, and the senses sunk easily into stupefaction; and those who were thus affected, showed the same uneasiness at being disturbed or awaked, that people do in the profoundest natural sleep."—*Plutarch in Antony.*

"Quod ubi desperavit (Cleopatra), a principe servarique se triumpho vidit, incautiorem nacta custodiam, in mausoleum se recepit. Ibi maximos, ut solebat, induta cultus, in differto odoribus solio, juxta suum se collocavit Antonium, admotisque ad venas serpentibus, sic morte, quasi somno, soluta."—*Florus*, lib. iv.

V.

The crystal of Menzalé's lake.—(p. 109.)

The great lake Tanis, now called Menzalé, at one of the mouths of the Nile, near the shores of the Mediterranean, is highly praised by Savary for its beauty and variety. "This immense liquid plain, furrowed by the lightest breeze, — the islands, whose summits, gilded by the sun, show

themselves at a distance, the boats sailing from one another —the banks shaded with trees, lined with villages, and clad in an eternal verdure—all these objects present a charming spectacle "—*Savary, Let.* 24.

Far seen his snowy plume and crest.—(p. 110.)

"The waters of lake Menzalé are covered with widgeons, ducks, teals, plungers, and ibises. The birds which principally attract attention, are the swan with silver plumage, sailing gracefully on the surface of the waters; the flamingo, with his rose and black-coloured wings; and the superb pelican. This latter surpasses all the rest, by the majesty of his carriage, his lofty shape, and the whiteness of his plumage,—in which he may dispute the palm even with the swan. When he goes about amidst that crowd of birds collected on the lake, he raises his head, crowned with a plume of feathers, far above them all, and seems to be their king."—*Savary, Let.* 24.

There placed amid that Mamluke band.—(p. 124.)

"Mamluc," says Gibbon, "is defined servum emptitium, seu qui pretio numerato in domini possessionem cedit." "This name is given to the children, carried off by merchants or by robbers, from Georgia, Circassia, Natolia, and the different provinces of the Ottoman empire, and sold in Constantinople and Grand Cairo."—*Savary, Let.* 40.

"It was he (Salah Nedjm Eddin) who first instituted that militia of slaves, or of Mamlukes, Baharites. Called

by the Egyptians to be Sultan, in the place of his brother, Melikul Adel, he loaded those slaves with his bounties, and elevated them to the highest dignities."—*See Extract from Makrisi in Joinville.*

VI.

The camp of wandering Bedouin.—(p. 141.)

"The third class of Arabs is comprehended under the general name of *Bedouins*, inhabitants of the desert. These sovereigns of the desert, declared enemies of the Caravans, attack them wherever they can fall in with them, and compel them either to pay tribute or fight. If they conquer, they strip every body, and divide the booty; but they never kill any one, unless to avenge the blood of their companions.

"The traveller who puts himself under their protection, has nothing to fear either for his life or his riches, for their word is sacred. I have never read in history, I have never heard upon the spot, that an Arab ever violated his plighted faith. Hospitality among them is sacred. This honourable virtue is carried so far, that if the enemy whose death they have vowed can submit to come and take coffee with them, he has no longer any thing to fear for his life. This is the only circumstance wherein they forget their

resentments, and renounce the pleasure of revenge."—*Savary, Let.* 45.

"The ferocious Bedouins, the terror of the desert, embrace, without enquiry or hesitation, the stranger who dares to confide to their honour, and enter their tent. His treatment is kind and respectful. He shares the wealth or the poverty of his host, and after needful repose, he is dismissed on his way, with thanks, with blessings, and perhaps with gifts."—*Gibbon*, vol. 9.

A Coptic youth of honour tried.—(p. 149)

"The genuine natives of Egypt are the Cophts, or Coptis. These are the sole descendants of the Egyptians. Subjected to upwards of two thousand years of foreign princes, they have lost the genius and the sciences of their ancestors. After Amrou conquered Egypt, he permitted them the free exercise of the Christian religion. They mix in their worship a number of superstitious customs, which they have received from their ancestors. In other respects, the Cophts are gentle, humane, and hospitable."—*Savary, Let.* 45.

"The Copts are still the most numerous of its inhabitants, and their zeal led them to communicate to the French all the information in their power. They followed them both in person and with their good wishes to the confines of their territory."—*Denon's Account of the Expedition of Bonaparte to Egypt.*

The magic tale or Moal song.—(p. 150.)

"The Moals are elegiac hymns, where the death of a hero is bewailed, or the misfortunes incident to love."—*Savary.*

In these tales and songs the Arabs greatly delight, and the recitation of them forms the chief entertainment of the Bedouin's evening camp. "Having drank their coffee, all became silent, with the exception of their Sheik. By the light of the fire I could see his expressive gestures; his black beard, his white teeth, the various forms which he gave to his garments in the course of the narration. His companions listened with profound attention, all bending forward with their faces over the fire, sometimes ejaculating an expression of admiration, at others repeating with emphasis the gestures of the narrator."—*Chateaubriand's Travels in Syria, &c.*

In the dark domes of Istakar.—(p. 150.)

This city is the ancient Persepolis, once the capital of Persia, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It is the scene of much Eastern fable. Kaf is a name for the lofty mountains of Caucasus.

The Author has not thought it necessary here or elsewhere to enter into very minute explanations of the superstitions and religious fancies of Mahommedanism. He is inclined to suspect that the Theology of the Koran is quite

as familiar to a great proportion of the readers of modern poetry as any Theology whatever.

VII.

Bound by that sure prophetic spell.—(p. 154.)

"Thou shalt call his name Ishmael, and he shall be a wild man, (a man of the Wilderness,) his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."—*Genesis*, xvi. 12.—This Prophecy has been strictly fulfilled, in the habits, manners, and unconquerable spirit of liberty of the Arabs, the descendants of Ishmael.

"The separation of the Arabs from the rest of mankind (says Gibbon) has accustomed them to confound the ideas of stranger and enemy, and the poverty of the soil has introduced a maxim of jurisprudence, which they believe and practise to the present hour.

"They pretend, that in the division of the earth, the rich and fertile climates were assigned to the other branches of the human family, and that the posterity of the outlaw Ismael might recover, by fraud or force, the portion of inheritance of which he had been unjustly deprived.—The body of the nation has escaped the yoke of the most powerful Monarchies. The arms of Sesostris and Cyrus, of Pompey and Trajan, could never achieve the conquest of Arabia."—*Decline and Fall*, vol. 9.

Mother of monsters! from thy womb—(p. 157.)

The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, were the first who named the Gods, built temples to them, and sculptured images. *δώδεκα τε θεῶν ἐπωνυμίας ἔλεγον πρώτους Αἰγυπτίους νομισαι καὶ Ἕλληνας παρὰ σφέων ἀναλαβεῖν βωμούς τὲ καὶ ἀγάλματα καὶ νήους Θεοῖσι ἀπονεῖμαι σφέας πρώτους, καὶ ζῶα ἐν λίθοισι ἐγγλύψαι*—Lib. 2. c. 4. The same author tells how the Egyptians worshipped all kinds of animals, dogs, cats, serpents, crocodiles, birds, insects, &c. Antiquity is full of accounts of the fear and bondage in which they were held to these sacred animals. Ægyptiorum morem Quis ignorat? quorum imbutæ mentes pravitatis erroribus, quamvis carnificinam prius subierint, quam ibim, aut aspidem aut felem aut canem aut crocodilum violent.—*Cicero, Tusculan.* Lib. 5.

The language of Minucius Felix is disgustingly minute and powerful on this subject.

To this people is peculiarly applicable that declaration of the Apostle: "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Much ingenious conjecture and elegant literature have been thrown away by Plutarch, and, after him, by many moderns, in the vain attempt to give a metaphysical and allegorical turn to this vile "worshipping of the creature rather than the Creator."

The degrading superstition of Egypt has been alluded

to, with great animation, by the eloquent Chrysostom, in the commencement of his sermon on the Egyptian martyrs. Εὐλογητος ὁ Θεος, και ἐξ Αἰγυπτου μαρτυρες, Αἰγυπτου της Θεομαχου και μανικωτατης· και ὁθεν τα ἀθεα στοματα, ὁθεν αἱ βλασφημοι γλωσσαι, ἐξ Αἰγυπτου μαρτυρες.

Had entered on his Brother's curse.—(p. 158.)

"Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."—*Genesis*, ix. 25.

This has been literally fulfilled in the Egyptians, the descendants of Mizraim, the brother of Canaan. The Mamlukes, who so long ruled over it, were all the purchased slaves of the Turks; and it was an essential qualification of a Bey, that he should be a stranger.

"At present," (says Savary, speaking of the period in which he travelled there,) "none but these Strangers can have the title of Bey, and fill the posts of government. This law is so express, that even the son of a Bey can never attain that eminent station."—*Savary, Letter* 48.

This observation, of course, no longer applies.

There is a very ingenious account of the origin and progress of idolatry, in the accursed line of Ham, in the first volume of the Ancient Universal History. How the learned Bishop of Clogher, in his remarks on the hieroglyphics, could make Canaan the same with Melchizedec, "the king of righteousness," seems not very easy to understand. The opinion of Lactantius is surely much more probable,—"Hæc fuit prima Gens quæ deum igno-

ravit; quoniam princeps ejus et conditor cultum Dei a patre non accepit; maledictus ab eo. Itaque ignorantiam Divinitatis minoribus suis reliquit."

The sentence of prophecy is very strong respecting the judicial degradation of the Egyptians. "They shall be there a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of the kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations." "And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."—*Ezekiel*, xxix. 15, and xxx. 13.

From the time of Cambyses, Egypt has passed under the yoke of the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Turks. "A continued slavery of more than two thousand years (says Savary) seems to secure to them an eternal bondage."

"*To Masir ho!*"—*from gliding boat.*—(p.160.)

The Arabs have always given the name of Masr to the capital of Egypt. Memphis bore that title until it was ruined by Amrou. It was then transferred to Fostat, which preserved it until it was set on fire by Schaour, to hinder it from falling into the hands of the French. From that time Grand Cairo has received the name of Masr, and Fostat that of Masr-al-atik, the ancient Masr.—*Savary, Letter* 21.

Shaw says that Masr is a name taken from Mizraim the son of Ham.

Sits the young Lotus in her pride.—(p. 165.)

"It is there that the lotus, of which the Arabs have preserved the primitive name of Nuphar, exalts its lofty stalk above the waters. Its large calix blows either of an azure blue, or of a brilliant white, and it appears with the majesty of the king of the aquatic plants. The calix of the lotus blows like a large tulip, and diffuses a sweet smell like that of the lily."—*Savary.*

There the green Henna's buds prepare.—(p. 165.)

"The women in Egypt blacken the edge of their eye-lids and eye-brows with cohel, and stain the finger and toe nails with henna, which gives them a golden colour."—*Savary.*

As if gay feast of ancient fane.—(p. 167.)

Ἐς Σαιν δε πολιν ἐπεαν συλλεχθεωσι τησι θυσιησι ἐν τινι νυκτι, λυχνα καιουσι παντες πολλα ὑπαιθρια περι τα δωματα κυκλῳ . . . και τῃ ὀρτῃ οὐνομα κεεται λυχνοκαιη.—*Herodotus.*

The whole account which Herodotus gives of these nocturnal feasts, and their impure rites, powerfully confirms the assertion of the Apostle, that "the things which the heathens sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God."

Lest the rude Fellah from the land.—(p. 168.)

"The Fellah (the Egyptian labourers), who live upon the banks of the Nile, attack the boats under cover of the night, and, if they meet with no resistance, murder the passengers and take possession of their riches."—*Savary*.

VIII.

On rude Mokattam's aspect bare.—(p. 173.)

"The situation of Grand Cairo is not so advantageous as that of Fostat. The barren chain of the Mokattam surrounds it to the eastward. This mountain, totally without verdure, presents nothing to the eye but a dry sand, and stones calcined by the sun."—*Savary*.

Close by Kahira's halls and bowers.—(p. 173.)

"Elkahira (the victorious) was founded considerably above the great division of the Nile, by the first of the Fatimite conquerors. It is situated a little to the east of the river."—*Savary*.

" *Bulak* is the port where all the merchandise is landed which comes from Damietta and Alexandria. It is only half a league distant from Grand Cairo."—*Savary*.

The bulwarks of that castle high.—(p. 173.)

" In the year 572 of the Hejira, Salah Eddin built the walls that surround Grand Cairo, and the Castle situated on Mount Mokattam. To discover the extent of Grand Cairo, one must mount up to the Castle, which commands the town, that forms an immense crescent around it. The Castle of Cairo, placed on a steep rock, surrounded by thick walls, supported by large towers, was very strong before the invention of gun-powder."—*Savary*.

And deep within its cavern'd breast.—(p. 180.)

The practice among the ancient Egyptians of embalming their dead, and depositing them in caverns excavated in the rock, had its origin, probably, in some obscure views of the resurrection of the body, which had descended to them, by tradition, from original revelation. The avarice of the first conquerors of Egypt, and the curiosity of modern times, have intruded into these sacred receptacles, which are to be found in the neighbourhood of most of the ancient cities, and dragged from their silent repositories the mortal remains of the Pharaohs and their people.

Denon has given a very particular description of some tombs which he visited. "We proceeded (he says,) at first on our hands and knees. After we had crawled upwards of an hundred paces, on heaps of dead, and half consumed bodies, the vaults elevated and the place became spacious. . . . The lateral chambers, unornamented, were filled with bodies, the embalment of which had been performed with more or less care. . . . Bodies enwrapped, but without case, were placed upon the ground, and lay in regular order." With true French gallantry, Denon afterwards falls into raptures at the sight of a beautiful female hand, belonging to one of the mummies, which he describes with all the ardour of an impassioned lover.

IX.

Or him the messenger of Heaven.—(p. 195.)

The whole poetry, nautical skill, and minute detail of Falconer, does not perhaps convey a more lively representation of a storm and shipwreck, than the simple narrative contained in the 27th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

XI.

Which the stern line of Abbas kept.—(p. 247.)

Of the three lines of Arabian Caliphs, the Ommiades, the Fatimites, and the Abbassides, the two first are considered at this day as in some degree usurpers and schismatics. The last are, in the estimation of the Turks, the true orthodox Mussulmans.

The Fatimites, descended from Ali by Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, possessed Egypt till the year 1171. They were then dispossessed by Noureddin. "By the command of Noureddin, and the sentence of the doctors, the holy names of Abubeker, Omar, and Othman, were solemnly restored; the Caliph Mosthadi of Bagdad was acknowledged in the public prayers as the true commander of the faithful, and the green livery of the sons of Ali was exchanged for the black colour of the Abbassides. . . . In all subsequent revolutions Egypt has never departed from the orthodox tradition of the Moslems."—*Gibbon*, vol. xi.

XII.

Ulad, the faithful messenger.—(p. 273.)

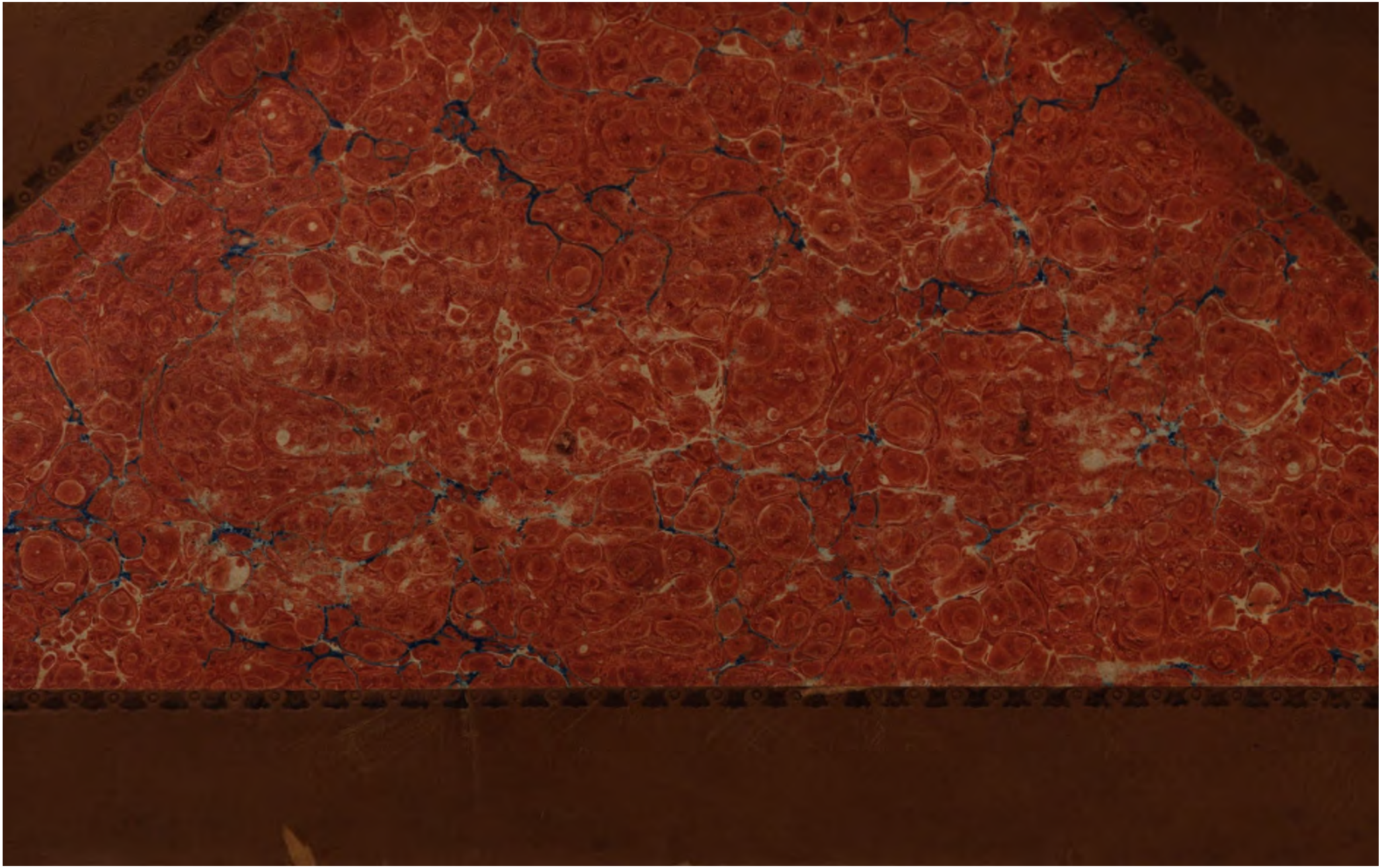
We learn from Matthew Paris, it was in consequence of a message from a principal officer at Cairo, whom the Sul-

tan had offended, (and besides, qui multo tempore antea, cor habuit Christianæ legi consentaneum, occulte tamen propter metum Paganorum,) that St. Louis was induced to move from Damietta.

The first movement of the French was to Farescour, where a body of Saracens was posted to defend a canal of the Nile. "They advanced (says Joinville) with great courage in a body towards the Templars, who had the van of the army. One of these Turks gave a knight in the front rank so heavy a blow with his battle-axe, as felled him at the feet of Sir Reginald de Bicher's horse, who was Marshal of the Templars. The Marshal seeing this, cried out to his men-at-arms, "Now, companions, attack them in the name of God; for I can no longer bear it." He instantly struck spurs into his horse, and charged the Saracens, followed by the whole army. I have since heard that not one of the Turks escaped being slain or drowned."—*Joinville*, p. 132.

Returned, so says the Messenger.—(p. 274.)

Matthew Paris tells us, that Louis, on hearing the offer of the Saracen officer to deliver Grand Cairo into his hands, sent immediately for the Earl of Salisbury. "Dolens autem rex, quod per absentiam Will. Longæ-Spatæ et suorum, qui injuriam enormem toleraverant, suus mutilaretur pro magna parte exercitus et scandalizaretur, misit festinanter pro eo, ut veniret, omnem de læsione sibi

illata satisfactionem suscepturus. Et addidit in fine mandati: *et jucundos rumores auditurus*.... Willielmus igitur, mandato tanti Principis, maxime propter finalem additionem, venit cum omni comitatu suo ad regem." He adds, that Salisbury, at his coming, overjoyed with the good news, frankly forgave the injuries he had received.

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