

"Prythee, tell unto me, thou weird auld man,
Whilk name this ford doth wear?"
"Tis the Corney ford" quo' the weird old man,
"And thou'lt cross it alive no mair!"

"Gin' this be Corney ford indeed,
The Lord's grace bide wi' me,
For I'll ne'er get hame to my ain dear land,
That lies far oure the sea.

"For I was told by a seer so auld,
That when I should cross this ford,
My hours were numbered ilka anc,
And to fa' beneath the sword."

"Then ride thee fast, thou knight sac braw,"
The auld man now did say,
"Thou'rt safe 'gin thou can'st reach Dunbar
Afore the gloaming grey."

Then Bawtie fled wi' furious speed
Awa' like the wintry wind;
But the fiery Home, and his savage band,
Hard pressed on him behind.

Many the lang brown on the stang moor,
Some fell, and some were slain,
But Bawtie spurred on wi' hot speed
The Lammer muir to gain.

Syne down the hills to the east of Dunse
He rode ryght furiously,
Till near the house o' lane Crane crook
Deep laid in a bog was he.

And the men o' the merse around him ran
Wi' their lang spears gleatin gray;
Grim Wedderburn with fury wild
Rushed into the bloody fray.

The fray went hot, and soon was past,
And some faces then lay pale;
And the herd-boy stood on the hill aghast
At the slaughterin' in the vale.

Their weapons good, were stained in bluid
O' the warden and his men;
Grim Home hew'd off poor Bawtie's head,
And left his body in the glen.

Then they stripped off his broidered vest,
His helmet eke and his mail,
Synce shroudless laid him down to his rest,
Where strife shall nae mair assail.

The leddies of France may wail and mourn,
Wail and mourn full sair;
For the bonny Bawtie's lang brown locks,
They'll never see waving mair.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Tho' a Christian banner from her walls
Waved free its lily flowers:
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feast they met
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touched it silently
Then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with drearous
Of slow defeat and fall:
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meckly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.

Popular Recitations.

Oh! roughly scalded was thy babe,
 'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
 And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen,
 Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
 Like a scene for wizard spell,
 Deep in Saracenic gloom
 Of the warrior citadel;
 And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread,
 And with banners curtained o'er,
 For the daughter of the minstrel land,
 The gay provençal shore,

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
 The star of court and hall!
 But the deep strength of the gentle heart
 Wakes to the tempest's call.
 Her Lord was in the Puyrin's hold,
 His soul with grief oppressed—
 Yet calmly lay she desolate,
 With her young babe on her breast.

There were voices in the city,
 Voices of wrath and fear;
 "The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—
 We will not perish here,
 Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam
 O'er tower and bastion high;
 Our distant homes are beautiful—
 We stay not here to die."

They bore those fearful tidings
 To the sad queen where she lay;
 They told a tale of wavering hearts,
 Of treason and dismay:
 The blood rushed through her pearly cheeks,
 The sparkle to her eye—
 "Now call me hither, those recreant knights,
 From the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers
 Stern iron footsteps rang;
 And heavily the sounding floor
 Gave back the sabre's clang.
 They stood around her—steel-clad men
 Moulded for storm and fight,
 But they quailed before the loftier soul
 In that pale aspect bright.

Marguerite of France.

Yes; as before the falcon shrinks
 The bird of meager wing,
 So shrink they from the imperial glance
 Of her—that fragile thing!
 And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
 Through the din of arms around—
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
 As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the lily
 Is in your hands to keep,
 And the banner of the cross for Him
 Who died on Calvary's steep:
 And the city which, for Christian prayer,
 Hath heard the holy bell;
 And is it these your hearts will yield
 To the godless infidel?"

"Then bring me here a breast-plate
 And a helm before ye fly,
 And I will gird my woman's form,
 And on the ramparts die:
 And the boy whom I have borne for woes,
 But never for disgrace,
 Shall go within my arms to death,
 Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the lance;
 Then go, and with the cross forsake
 The princely babe of France!
 But tell your homes ye left one heart
 To perish undefiled;
 A woman—and a queen—to guard
 Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
 When winds are in the wood;
 And a deepening murmur told of men
 Roused to a loftier mood;
 And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
 Unsheathed in many a hand,
 As they gathered round the helpless one—
 A gain a noble band.

We are thy warriors, lady!
 True to the cross and thee;
 The spirit of thy kindling words
 On every sword shall be.

Rest, with thy fair child upon thy breast—
 Rest, we will guard thee well;
 St. Denis for the lily-flower
 And the Christian citadel !”

 THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALEXANDER POPE

— ALL our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
 The young who labour and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
 Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 O say! what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
 Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
 And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
 Proved by the ends of being to have been.

 IVAN THE CZAR.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Ivan the Czar, or Emperor of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, from his passion and cruelty, when old besieged Novogorod. His Boyards, or nobles, perceiving his incapacity, entreated him to give the command to his son. He was so enraged at this request, that although his son threw himself at his feet, he struck him with such force that he died in two days. Ivan survived him only two or three months.]

HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar,
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war;
 He had cast his jewelled sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead—
 His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
 Was laid that form of clay,
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed
 Through the rich tent made way;
 And a sad and solemn beauty
 On the pallid face came down,
 Which the lord of nations mutely watched
 In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
 From his full bosom broke—
 A mournful thing it was to hear
 How then the proud man spoke!
 The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
 Burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done:
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien—
But on thy aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou were to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, Arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first, fair child
That in mine arms I pressed:
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead!

Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!

And leave me!—I have conquered,
I have slain: my work is done!
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of Heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

MRS. MACLEAN (L.E.L.).

[A charming English poetess. Born 1802; died, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 1838.]

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from an honest man,
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey moss on the apple-tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had pass'd
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child—
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's he had left
Buried in stranger lands; and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted her first English birth-day;
And he had train'd it up against an ash
Till it became his pride;—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was call'd
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,
In truth, a home of love: and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came

Among the first to church; and Isabel,
 With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes,
 Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
 And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:—
 Her father look'd so fond of her, and then
 From her look'd up so thankfully to Heaven!
 And their small cottage was so very neat;
 Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
 And in the winter there was no fireside
 So cheerful as their own. But other days
 And other fortunes came—an evil power!
 They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
 For better times, but ruin came at last;
 And the old soldier left his own dear home,
 And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,
 One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
 The butterfly, were on their brightest wings;
 The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
 The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
 And the old man look'd back upon his cottage
 And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
 And the dear child that would not leave his side.
 They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
 And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
 The windows shutting out the blessed sun
 With iron grating; and for the first time
 He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
 His Isabel's "good night!" But the next morn
 She was the earliest at the prison gate,
 The last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice,
 And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.
 She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
 But every morning could he see her cheek
 Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
 Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
 Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
 The sun shine through the grating of his cell,
 Yet Isabel came not; at every sound
 His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
 She came not near him. But one sad day
 He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars
 That shut him from the world;—at length he saw
 A coffin carried carelessly along,
 And he grew desperate—he forced the bars;
 And he stood on the street, free and alone!
 He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
 He only felt one want, to see the corpse
 That had no mourners. When they set it down,

Or e'er 'twas lower'd into the new dug grave,
 A rush of passion came upon his soul,
 And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
 Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
 He lay down by the coffin quietly—
 His heart was broken!

 DIMES AND DOLLARS.

HENRY MILLS.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
 Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
 As he sat by the side of an open box,
 With ironed angles and massive locks:
 And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
 And cried in delirious ecstasy—
 "Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
 Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
 Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
 Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
 And his laden coffer did quickly close,
 And locked secure. "These are the times
 For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
 A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
 The old tale—poverty—pshaw, begone!
 Why did he marry when I forbade?
 As he has sown so he must reap;
 But I my dollars secure will keep.
 A sickly wife and starving times!
 He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
 Doors and windows were bolted well.
 "Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad:—
 A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
 Money makes money; these are the times
 To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
 Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan;—
 Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
 And he fell to sleep with the midnight chimes,
 Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
 Into the miser's room found way,
 It moved from the foot till it lit the head
 Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
 And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake
 Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
 Up man, up!" How still was the place,
 As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
 Ha! the old miser at last is dead!
 Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
 And he left behind but an earthly clod,
 Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
 Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
 Men of the times! men of the times!
 Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
 Use them well, and their use sublimes
 The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
 Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
 Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
 Men of the times! men of the times!
 Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

DON GARZIA.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

AMONG those awful forms, in elder time
 Assembled, and through many an after-age
 Destined to stand as genii of the Place
 Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
 His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
 But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
 Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
 And they, that read the legend underneath,
 Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
 There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
 Would turn their admiration into pity.
 Half of what passed died with him; but the rest,
 All he discovered when the fit was on,
 All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
 From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
 Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
 (The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer),
 Went to the chase; but only one returned.
 Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
 O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
 And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
 Appeared not, and at close of day was found
 Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
 The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer;
 And, having caused the body to be borne
 In secret to that chamber, at an hour
 When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,
 Who little thought of what was yet to come,
 And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
 Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
 A winking lamp, and in the other a key,
 Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
 And, having entered in, and locked the door,
 The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
 And closely questioned him. No change betrayed,
 Or guilt, or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
 The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!" he cried.
 "Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
 Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
 What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
 The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."
 "Darest thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
 Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
 Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
 And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
 Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade,
 That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
 And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
 "Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
 Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,
 How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
 Grant me the strength, the will—and oh! forgive
 The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
 'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
 Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,
 Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly;
 And then, but while he held him by the arm,
 Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
 And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
 Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
 When in the train of some great embassy

He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wandered through
The ample spaces of an ancient house,
Silent, deserted—stop a while to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of Two in bonds of love,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude,
From the sad looks of him who could have told
The terrible truth. Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy, and deaf, and inarticulate,
Wrapped in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale,
His wife, another, not his Eleanor,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE ALCHEMIST.

N. P. WILLIS.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges: and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burned; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its sockets, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death! The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame.

He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

“I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—oh God! it seemeth, even now,
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow!

“And yet it is—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
Binding its pulse with an icy band.

“And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

“Yet thus to pass away!—
To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are—for this—for nought!

“Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would know something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

“Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! Oh God! If I might only live!
My phial—Ha! it thrills me—I revive!

“Ay—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

Popular Recitations.

"Earth has no mineral strange—
The illimitable air no hidden wings—
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compe

"Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—
To see the invisible spirits eye to eye—
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
To chase Day's Chariot to the horizon-walls—

"And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
To nurse and purify this human love—
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
To live!—oh God! that life is but a dream!
And death—Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eyes—
Cover me! save me—God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan,
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

Hohenlinden.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest.

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

BETH GELERT.

HON. WM. ROBERT SPENCER.

[Was the younger son of Lord Charles Spencer, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. In 1796, he published a translation of Bürger's "Lenore." He held the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. Born 1770; died 1834.]

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'return'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Popular Recitations.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

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