

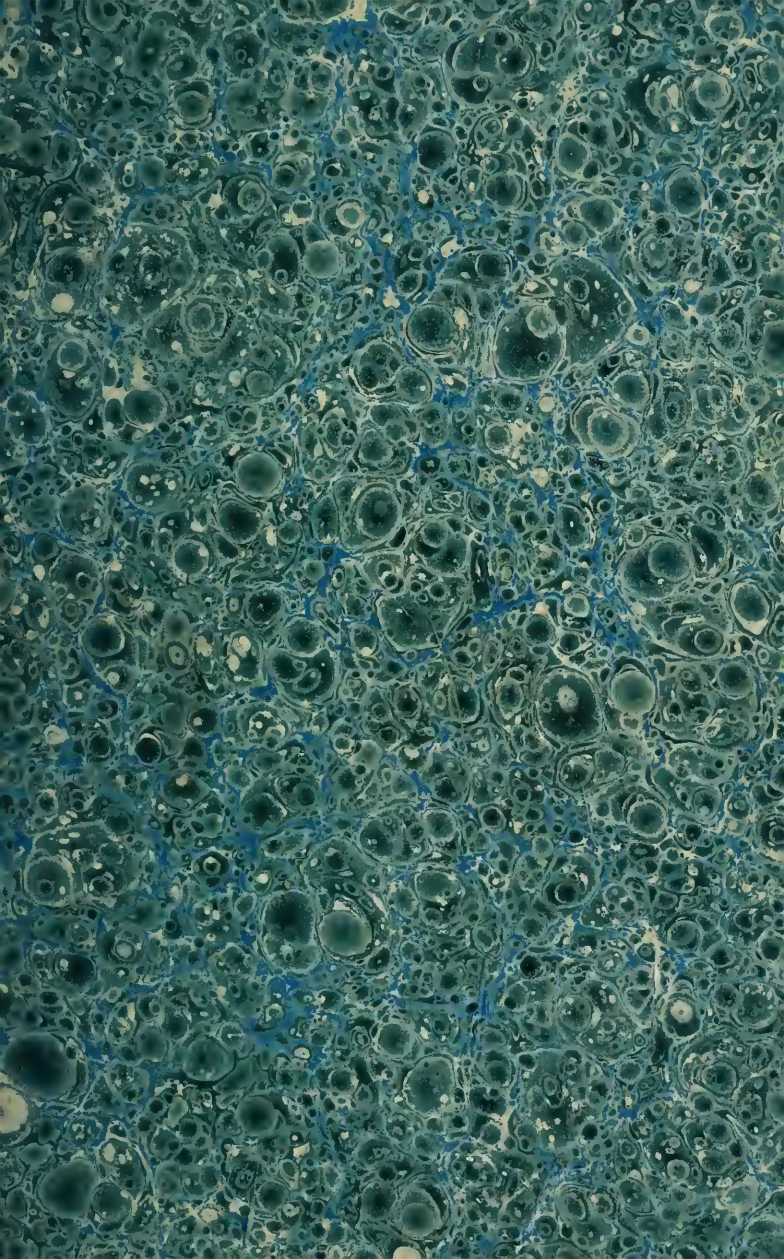
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ELLEN AND FRANCISCO.



# ELLEN AND FRANCISCO,

A BRAZILIAN TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACT,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

BY THE REV. JAMES L. COTTER, L.L.D.,

VICAR OF BUTTEVANT,

AND CHAPLAIN TO THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

---

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,  
In every work, regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend ;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults is due.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

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P R E F A C E

From olden times 'tis not a task of ease,  
When authors seek the public taste to please,  
The many minds to suit ; they must bow down  
To Hypercritics, and the low bred clown,  
Some will for Moore, some will for Byron fight,  
While some Sir Walter Scott alone think right,  
Crowds of Bombastos with inflated mind,  
Joy in the tempests of poetic wind,  
With heathen taste, each doth the muse invoke,  
Not to instruct, but passions to provoke ;  
Dazzle the heated mind with brilliant themes  
Of Infidelity and sensual dreams.

How oft do these with high poetic mind  
 Exalt the basest feelings of mankind,  
 Teach many stratagems their breasts to move  
 To baffle parents, but with spurious love ;  
 Love that in after life first cools, then flies,  
 Or in the foulest acts too often dies.  
 Far from their course I steer, such rocks I dread,  
 Where souls are lost and turned many a-head.

O gift most holy, from our God above,  
 Rapture of angels, warm unsullied love !  
 Thy gold is dross and all thy beauty's flown,  
 The diamond's changed, a counterfeit is shown.

But on the State "where souls each other draw,"\*  
 And Nature bows to God's eternal law,  
 Where parents' rights are held as links of love,  
 Connecting all with Purity above ;  
 Blessing through life on faithfulness descends,  
 And children's children heavenly love befriends

\* Pope's *Eloise to Abelard*.

Here in this work I clearly wish to show,  
 How heavenly grace can change the heart below ;  
 Nature's best gifts are not destroyed but shine,  
 When aptly suited to the will divine ;  
 That Will and Law the Heroine's thoughts control,  
 And rule as child and wife her faithful soul,  
 Her love, the emanation of her God,  
 Made her thro' fiery trials kiss the rod ;  
 And when suspected, persecuted, pained,  
 To wedded vows she faithful still remained.  
 A brilliant proof of parents' prayers and care,  
 Which brought God's blessing on a wedded pair ;  
 Made a dear wife act as an angel given,  
 To win an outcast for the joys of Heaven.

A work which may on Christian truth enlarge,  
 Is seldom valued by the world at large ;  
 Religious minds there are, who own no taste  
 For books poetic, which they deem time's waste :  
 Such subjects too, suit not the worldly mind,  
 Fiction beguiles—to truth alas ! 'tis blind ;



'Till changed by grace, the choice is always ill,  
The med'cines loathed save thro' a gilded pill.

I launch my Poem on the stormy sea  
Of Tastes like Time-pieccs, which ne'er agree :  
The chastened judgment of the good and wise,  
And that of Christian hearts I dearly prize ;  
Ah ! these for Christian worth will deeply feel,  
Softened by grace from hard, from worldly steel,  
Fail *with the world* I may, but hope success,  
When Christians praise and when our God may *bless*.

## INTRODUCTION

THE following Poem is founded on a story related by a gentleman who lately returned from the Brazils ; who added, that the tragical catastrophe (the subject of the poem), was the general topic of conversation, during his stay in Rio Janeiro.

The Poet has endeavoured to make it, not only interesting and amusing, but also instructive—shewing the important and happy results of early Religious Education, and the many proofs of the superintendence of Divine Providence over those who look up to Him for protection, strength and guidance, in all the trying vicissitudes of this perilous world ; answering their prayers offered up through the Merits and Mediation of our Lord

Jesus Christ, in His turning the hearts of the “Disobedient to the wisdom of the Just,” and that while the baneful effects of pride, jealousy, and unbridled passion, are often visited, even in this life, with their merited punishment, those who have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, are often found to show forth in all relations of life, and under all circumstances, a temper and demeanor conformable to their high and glorious destination.

## ELLEN AND FRANCISCO

---

WHERE Andes sits, crown'd with eternal snow,  
And proudly frowns o'er torrid climes below,  
Where dread volcanos burst, and earthquakes roar,  
And thunders echo loud from shore to shore,  
Regions where feathered tribes display rich dyes,  
And radiant suns for ever deck the skies,  
Where the year round the painted flowers are seen,  
And fields are clothed in never fading green,  
Where trees and shrubs wear an eternal bloom,  
And the rich orange sheds its sweet perfume,  
There far embosomed in a mountain-wood  
In eastern pride, a spacious mansion stood.

Here sheltered from the world, and scorching rays,  
 A Planter quaffed the evening of his days,  
 A man he was, enlightened, warm, and kind,  
 Of tender heart and firm undaunted mind,  
 He loved the African who earned his gains,  
 Dried all his sorrows and knocked off his chains ;  
 With him the outcast felt that grief could end,  
 The slave find freedom, mercy, and a friend.

O warm benevolence, thou gift of Heaven,  
 To tame the savage heart, by mercy given,  
 'Tis thine, at charity's divine command,  
 To stretch to suffering man, the friendly hand,  
 Teach us, our own, another's pains to make,  
 And love our brother, for the Saviour's sake.

But did a gracious God his face remove,  
 From his own work of faithfulness and love ?  
 Did he permit misfortune's sword to rend,  
 The heart of him, who all-resigned could bend,  
 Of him who took life's blessings as a loan,  
 And shared with man what God could claim his own ?

Ah no ! his crops, his fields, his fruits, his flowers,  
 Heaven's bounty tasted in refreshing showers,  
 Luxuriant clusters bent the climbing vine,  
 Swelled into richness for the choicest wine,  
 While flocks and herds in safety browsed the hills,  
 Or rushed in thousands to the mountain rills.

But tasteless all life's blessings God could send,  
 Were one denied the blessing of a friend,  
 One o'er whose face affection's smiles could play,  
 Wake with the morn, and charm the live-long day,  
 Give the true zest to every joy of life,  
 A friend from heaven, the blessing of a wife.

O such was once Alonzo's lot to share  
 His happy hours, his riches and his care,  
 Fresh in her bloom, a flower from foreign land,  
 His loved Matilda, gave her heart and hand ;  
 Her figure soft, her animated face,  
 Her lovely smile, her dignity and grace,  
 Her judgment clear, accomplishments refined,  
 Her converse sweet, the mirror of her mind ;

Ah ! these in early days his fancy fed,  
 And year by year, his best affections led,  
 With her kind Heaven seemed willing to restore,  
 Lost bliss to man, the curse could sting no more.

Two lovely babes had blessed this happy pair,  
 Varied their pleasures, and employed their care ;  
 Like the pale lily opening to the dew,  
 In infant loveliness, dear Ellen blew ;  
 Kind nature's sweetest flower she seemed to rise,  
 With Heaven's own blue reflected in her eyes ;  
 In youthful days her purse relieved distress,  
 And as she walked, the wretched kneeled to bless ;  
 While all admiring, saw in her combined,  
 The flower of beauty, and the pearl of mind.

O such was Ellen, as she often walked,  
 With young Alcander, as they freely talked  
 Of childish fetes, a sister's joy or fear,  
 All big with int'rest, claimed a brother's ear.  
 His boyish days, like her's were marked with truth,  
 While courage flushed the polished cheek of youth,



And every movement of the boy began,  
To bud perfection, as he grew to man.

Thus many a year in peaceful pleasures crept,  
And grateful hearts, contented woke and slept,  
Connubial bliss, life's weary way beguiled,  
And love parental trained, each beauteous child,  
The parent's eye had watched the tender flowers,  
The parent's prayer had blessed their cradle hours ;  
And when the lisping babes would anxious trace,  
The hard hard task, with sad enquiring face,  
Affection's zeal the lovely lambs would lead,  
And tender minds, with tender subjects feed ;  
Shew them their Maker's book, the field, the flower,  
The beast, the forest, speaking loud his power :  
Taught them how sin and fell decay began,  
And sorrow's tears, all, all, by rebel man,  
How Jesus bled, lost nature to restore,  
Draw us with love, and bids us sin no more.

But while Alonzo viewed, with anxious joy,  
The growing greatness of his lovely boy,

His speculating mind a pathway traced,  
 That led to wealth, which early he had paced,  
 In China lived a brother far removed,  
 From friends and relatives, he dearly loved,  
 His wealth, his talents, made him long the boast,  
 Of merchants, trading to that hostile coast,  
 And all to him who could their footsteps bend,  
 Found counsel, wealth, a welcome, and a friend.

To him at length, Alcander was consigned,  
 Glowing with youth, with manliness and mind,  
 A distant port, his friends received of late,  
 Where lay the ship, to take the precious freight,  
 The sigh was heaved, the parting tear-drop fell,  
 And his loved parents took their last farewell,  
 Long had they kept the ship from day to day,  
 That soon must bear their dear loved boy away,  
 Hung on his manly neck, midst hopes and fears,  
 And broken sobs, and deep drawn-sighs and tears,  
 Or kneeling, raised to Heaven their suppliant hands,  
 To guard their child o'er seas and distant lands.

But ah ! long time the grief-struck Ellen stood,  
 In awful silence, bent in mournful mood,  
 With parting kiss, she seemed her soul to send,  
 With him her all, her brother, and her friend ;  
 With grief she eyed the ship, with sails unfurled,  
 That snapped the link that chained her to the world,  
 'Till all convulsed, and torn with dread alarms,  
 She sunk in anguish in a mother's arms.

Ah ! speak my mother to thy weeping child,  
 " O raise thy head." she stammered loud and wild,  
 One kiss, my own sweet mother one embrace,  
 O God ! she breathes not," cold her languid face,  
 O fly for water, call my father here,  
 O speak my mother ! hush thy daughter's fear ;  
 She stopped—she looked, in grief her hair she tore,  
 On Ellen now her mother smiles no more.

From the first dawn of childhood, all her care,  
 A mother's hopes, did loved Alexander share,  
 With many a sigh, she long foresaw her joy,  
 Must all be blighted with her parting boy ;

For him a deeper interest long had led,  
 Grew in her heart, and on her life-blood fed,  
 Full many a night when winds were heard to sigh,  
 Quick was she known through all the house to fly,  
 Sit near his cradle, weep the night away,  
 And hail with plaintive songs the dawning day.

Thus did her duties, all her thoughts employ,  
 Her loving husband, Ellen, and her boy,  
 'Till her soft nature, yielding by degrees,  
 Surrendered loveliness, to sore disease,  
 Then the same wind that bore her boy away,  
 Her spirit winged to everlasting day.

O in what spot in this cold world around,  
 Can all the dearest charities be found?  
 Who dries the tear affection's children shed?  
 Who smooths for suffering man life's thorny bed?  
 Or feels despair when objects lov'd depart,  
 Dear woman—yes—a mother's bleeding heart.

See at his meals the sad Alonzo placed,  
 (As the lone pair, again the mansion graced,)

His child attempting every art to cheer,  
Her sinking parent, charm away the tear ;  
Oft did they catch, each other's anxious eyes,  
Oft gently chide, for stifled sobs and sighs,  
Cast each the well-known look, of deep despair,  
The lonely table, and each vacant chair ;  
Fall in each other's arms, and fondly prove,  
The child's affection, and the father's love.

Full many a sun had gilt the morning sky,  
Full many a moon, had hung her lamp on high,  
Full many a flower, had opened to the day,  
And ah ! like bliss had withering passed away ;  
With all his farms, Alonzo grief beguiled,  
Laboured for health, or riches for his child ;  
Watched to anticipate her fondest will,  
Grant every prayer, and every wish fulfil ;  
And daily learned, no joy could bless the place.  
His Ellen charmed not with her smiling face.

One day, as passing to her garden bower,  
She stopped, admiring each gay shrub and flower ;

The sloping woods, cloth'd in luxuriant green,  
 Beneath her feet, in distance far were seen,  
 Whole flocks of birds, of every brilliant dye,  
 Delight her ear, or round their mistress fly;  
 While the thick branches, seemed to form a shade,  
 Or bend their fruits, to greet the lovely maid;  
 Far in the distance up the mountain's side,  
 She thought she saw a troop of horsemen ride,  
 Their feathered plumes, wave on the heated wind,  
 While clouds of dust, rose thick and far behind,  
 Swift as a wild gazelle, she turned and fled,  
 Along the path, that to her mansion led,  
 Entered in haste, the tidings to relate,  
 When lo ! the horsemen thundered at the gate.

Who knocks so loud ? the Moorish porter cried,  
 " A man on friendship bent," a voice replied :  
 Go tell thy master, that Francisco here,  
 Awaits his pleasure, let him banish fear ;  
 Say that a friend seeks shelter at his hand,  
 And courts his favor, with his faithful band ;

The duteous slave, departed quick to bear,  
 The message to the slave behind the chair,  
 And soon conveyed with all accustomed state,  
 His master's welcome, to the mansion gate.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to this calm retreat,  
 (Exclaims Alonzo, rising from his seat).  
 Come on Francisco! open I extend,  
 A faithful hand, and bosom of a friend;  
 I knew thy parents once, a happy day!  
 But ah! like mine, their bliss soon pass'd away:  
 Those long-lost friends, whose sand was quickly run,  
 I hail in thee, and own thee as my son;  
 Summon thy friends, thy home my mansion make,  
 The road was long, let all refreshment take;  
 My lovely daughter too, will kindly try,  
 To make our hours, with mirth and music fly,

I thank thee sire, I feel elated proud,  
 (Replied Francisco, as he lowly bowed),  
 Proud, that Alonzo thus, should condescend,  
 To own an orphan, for his child and friend;



Gladly I take thy favor, sire, and swear,  
 To gain thy love, shall be Francisco's care ;  
 My friends are gone, as strangers all to thee,  
 Anxious our gallant Emperor to see ;  
 Trained to the chase, inured to hard fatigues,  
 To court his favor, they'll ride many leagues.

“ Come here my Ellen,” cried Alonzo mild,  
 “ Say what detained my heart's beloved child ?”  
 Well doth this stranger our regard command,  
 Give him, my child, thy dear, thy friendly hand,  
 Bright as a sunbeam, after morning shower,  
 Or as the dew-drop glittering on the flower.  
 With graceful step, advanced the lovely maid,  
 While she with curious eye her guest surveyed ;  
 And as the blush, stole softly o'er her face,  
 Her hand she gave, with dignity and grace.  
 “ It well becomes me, sir,” she added sweet,  
 “ My father's guest, with friendliness to greet,  
 “ O take refreshment, it will soon restore  
 “ Thy youthful vigour, a siesta more ;

“ My anxious service, sir, in kindness take,

“ And pardon errors, for my father’s sake.

Thus in sweet converse, passed full many a day,  
Or charmed with music, moments winged away ;  
In growing fondness, as she talked or sung,  
O’er his dear Ellen’s chair, Francisco hung,  
Fed on her smiles, let love unguarded rise,  
And basked beneath the sunshine of her eyes ;  
With her he climbed the hill, or walked the grove,  
Dear was the spot, where smiled his lady love ;  
While many a sigh, and many a blush confessed,  
The warm, the tender weakness of her breast.

One evening late, as Don Alonzo talked  
With young Francisco, forth dear Ellen walked,  
With hurried step, she sought her summer bower,  
And seized her lyre, to greet love’s favorite hour ;  
Through woods and groves, the music floated long,  
While sweet, the mountains echoed back the song.

Fly, my lover ! here to meet me !

Come, O, never more to part,

Warmly with this bosom greet thee,  
 Come and share thy Ellen's heart.  
 Ah ! these tears, my cheeks embalming,  
 Truly shew my bosom's pain,  
 But sweet hope, the tempest calming,  
 Tells me we shall meet again.  
 As the showers, from heaven descending,  
 Temper rays, that scorching glow,  
 So love's tears, with sorrow blending,  
 Soften all the pangs of woe.  
 Pains of absence more endear thee,  
 To this fond, this aching heart,  
 O, 'tis heaven, to be near thee,  
 O, 'tis misery to part.

" Who sings so sweet ?" Francisco starting cries,  
 Slow stealing on, and listening with surprise,  
 " O, 'tis my Ellen's voice, the scented grove,  
 " Rings with the music of her bosom's love,  
 " Fly soft, ye breezes ! to my Ellen dear,  
 " And breathe this song, melodious in her ear."

Come ye birds ! that fly above me,

Witness here my plighted vow,

Ellen dear ! I swear to love thee,

Never, never, less than now.

Pure as dew-drops fall, to greet thee,

Softened as yon setting ray,

Is his love who flies to meet thee,

At the peaceful close of day.

Oh ! thy lyre, and voice have charmed me,

Ellen's smiles my soul have won,

Ellen's eyes have power to warm me,

Stronger than the burning sun.

Now my love ! I fly to greet thee,

Freed from all my doubts, alarms,

O 'tis bliss ! 'tis bliss ! to meet thee,

Bliss ! to fold thee in these arms.

Emboldened, charmed, the lover quickly flew,

And his whole soul at Ellen's feet he threw ;

Dismiss, he cried, for ever cold alarms,

And fly my true love, to these faithful arms ;

Francisco swears, thy every wish to meet,  
 Himself, his all, he prostrates at thy feet ;  
 Love's silken banner, deign to hold unfurled,  
 And crown Francisco, Emperor of the world.  
 Oh ! yes ! my Ellen, to ensure thy hand,  
 My burning love, shall seal to thee my land ;  
 Be thine my mountains, groves, plantations, hills,  
 The wooded vallies, and the chrystal rills ;  
 My flocks, my herds, no evil can befall,  
 My Ellen's smile will consecrate them all.

Covered with blushes, stunned with dread surprise,  
 The lovely Ellen sat, with downcast eyes ;  
 Her fluttering bosom, seemed to heave no more,  
 Her broken lyre, lay dashed upon the floor ;  
 At length with faltering tongue, and broken sighs,  
 And mantling blushes, softly she replies.

Oh ! let the sigh, the tear, these blushes tell,  
 The thoughts of her Francisco loves so well :  
 Thy candour merits a sincere reply :  
 And Ellen gives Francisco sigh for sigh ;

Her heart is thine, Oh ! seek thy Ellen's hand,  
 To her thy heart is treasure, not thy land ;  
 True love's far brighter than the golden ore,  
 And ah ! when tarnished kingdoms can't restore.  
 Go seek my father, sooth his anxious brow,  
 O yes, to him, his child will lowly bow ;  
 In her loved parent, heaven itself will speak,  
 To him she bows, although her heart should break.  
 Francisco ! rise ! that posture can't accord,  
 With Ellen's true knight, and her bosom's lord.

Swift as a mountain deer, when morning breaks,  
 The joyful lover old Alonzo seeks,  
 Before his mind, made land and riches roll,  
 And touched the feelings of a father's soul ;  
 Told all his gratitude, his faithful love,  
 His Ellen's wish, this, this alone could move.

My Ellen's wish ! my sweet ! my lovely child,  
 Heaven's gift, when fortune on Alonzo smiled,  
 My Ellen's wish, the weeping father cried,  
 Her wish is mine, though old Alonzo died ;

Oh ! yes, my child ! thy happiness is here,  
Wound round my heart, full many a lonely year,  
Thy playful smiles, have brightened many a care,  
Thy bridal bed, thy father will prepare.  
I thank my God, my life is spared to see  
My Ellen's bliss, for griefs she shared with me ;  
Francisco come ! I'll shew thee no reserves,  
My child is thine, thy love she well deserves.  
Give her thy heart, and with my Ellen's hand,  
Thou'lt share my gold, and choicest of my land ;  
Her mother's diamonds, to my Ellen fall,  
But Ellen's heart is diamonds, land, and all,  
Oh ! live her guardian, open, warm and free,  
Alonzo's daughter will be true to thee.  
But oh ! remember well the faithful dove,  
Pines, if deserted by her wedded love,  
That he who rules in heaven, with horror loathes,  
The faithless husband, and love's broken oaths ;  
In a few weeks, by God's all favoring gale,  
To foreign shores, with freighted ships I sail,



Meanwhile, I'll bless the morning of thy life,  
And Ellen thine, an angel is thy wife.

When lovers sigh,—how sweet the fair one sings,  
When lovers sigh, too quick time moves his wings,  
When lovers smile, still sweeter is the song,  
And time too slowly drags his wings along.  
'Twas thus dear Ellen sung, and loved and smiled,  
And sighs were hushed, and mirth the time beguiled;  
The wedding day came slowly on, apace,  
That awful day, of misery—or grace.

The morn arrived, dark clouds obscured the sky,  
Wild threatening tempests hung in sweeps on high;  
The day advancing, loud the thunders roll,  
And pealing echos burst, from pole to pole.  
The forests groan, the lofty mountains shake,  
The birds and beasts, in dreadful horrors quake.  
The rain descends, the streams to torrents grow,  
And tumble foaming, on the rocks below;  
Nature convulsed, in furious tempests roars,  
And winged with death, the flaky lightning soars.

Thus, six long hours, the elements engaged,  
And mingling earth and skies, in fury raged.

O ! kneel my child ! the grief-struck father cries,  
Kneel, kneel, thou lamb, marked out for sacrifice ;  
O ! let us all, with lowly hearts, implore,  
Our gracious God, to frown on us no more ;  
Chase the black clouds, and angry storms away,  
That mar the brightness of thy wedding day.

As when with fears alarmed, the tender lamb,  
Flies for protection to its anxious dam ;  
Or led by hunger, to the parent kneels,  
And bleats dependance, on the heart that feels ;  
So knelt dear Ellen, breathing all her care,  
To Him she never sought in vain in prayer ;  
Begged for her father, and with humble voice,  
Implored protection for her bosom's choice.  
The tempest ceased—the sun came forth anew,  
The joyful birds, announced it as they flew ;  
Bright, through the fleecy clouds, peeped out the day,  
While thunders murmuring, gently died away ;

In Nature's lap, confusion laid its head,  
And every torrent hastened to its bed.

O haste Francisco, to the Orange bower,  
Alonzo cries, Heaven speeds thy bridal hour ;  
To God be glory, who has heard her prayer,  
Appeased the storm, and banished all my care ;  
In yon bright sky, I see sweet mercy's hand,  
I'll give my child, as by divine command.  
The Priest awaits, fond hope exalts my soul,  
And Ellen's prospects, 'fore my fancy roll ;  
Ah ! blest the man who e'en with tearful eye,  
Looks up in grief, beyond yon burnished sky ;  
Sees, by a gracious God dark clouds upfurled,  
And owns the love that cheers his little world.

Francisco quick obeyed the kind command,  
And gently took his Ellen's silky hand,  
Led her along, with manliness and grace,  
Affection glowing in his sun-burnt face ;  
And soon amidst his Ellen's heaving sighs,  
The conquering lover gained his bosom prize.

And must Alonzo with his daughter part,  
 Ah ! will Francisco break a father's heart ?  
 So soon my son, to fling me to despair,  
 And from these feeble arms, my child to tear ;  
 Oh ! kindly stay ! the Priest that blessed each hand,  
 Will say a father's wish, is heaven's command ;  
 Let bliss still longer o'er a father rise,  
 Light Ellen's bower, and cheer her native skies.

Thus spake Alonzo, as they left the bower,  
 And begged his child, with grief's persuasive power ;  
 Told his dear Ellen, how his heart would bleed,  
 And prayed his child a parent's cause to plead.  
 To plead thy cause, my honored father here,  
 Thy cause is Ellen's, neither grief nor fear,  
 Would she bring down on him, whose wish, whose call,  
 Is law to Ellen, husband, land and all.  
 Here my loved father, on thy daughter's breast,  
 Lay thy loved head in peaceful happy rest ;  
 I know my own Francisco, now too well,  
 To think he'd wish affliction here should dwell.

For me Francisco, wilt thou change thy plan,  
 And act the son, the husband and the man ?  
 If business calls, O still a father's cares,  
 More precious should be, dear his silver hairs ;  
 And if thou cans't thy Ellen's tears withstand,  
 Oh ! bend to him who gave thee Ellen's hand.

Oh ! dear to me, Francisco meekly cried,  
 Thy wish my father, and thy tears my bride ;  
 With his whole soul, Francisco would abstain  
 From wounding hearts with sorrow or with pain ;  
 But dire the summons, and he must obey,  
 No choice is left, he cannot, dare not, stay ;  
 The rueful tidings, allow no debate,  
 My bands await me at the mansion gate ;  
 But hold ! I'll read, that Ellen and my sire,  
 May free Francisco from a base desire.

THE LETTER.

“ Great Don Francisco, thy departure haste,  
 “ A hostile force, has all thy lands laid waste ;

“ Some slaves are murdered, nothing can withstand,  
 “ The cruel fierceness of this plundering band ;  
 “ Their Captain swears, that e’er his bands retire,  
 “ Thy woods, thy mansion, he’ll consign to fire ;  
 “ E’en in thy blood, his murderous hands to steep,  
 “ And off the earth, Francisco’s race to sweep.  
 “ With all thy bands, ride, ride sir, all the night,  
 “ For death awaits us, e’er the morning light ;  
 “ Farewell, farewell, may heaven thy cause defend,  
 “ And spare thee long !

“ GONSALVO, is thy Friend.”

Heaven’s will be done, the sage Alonzo cries,  
 I bend my will, to him who rules the skies ;  
 But fain would I, my Ellen here detain,  
 A bloody fight will give her bosom pain.  
 Spare her my son, in peace she here can stay,  
 Wait thy return, and for thy safety pray ;  
 Yet why this wish ? I know my duty well  
 No selfish wish should in a parent dwell ;

Oh ! has a mighty God just linked each heart,  
 No man shall dare, whom God hath joined to part.  
 O no my son ! and thou my child his choice,  
 Obey thy husband, O 'tis heaven's own voice ;  
 Alonzo's child, when duty calls, through grace,  
 Will for her husband, sorrow, danger face ;  
 Sooth all his cares, and soften every pain,  
 Be all his pillow, wounded on the plain.  
 Or should a foe, her loved Francisco take,  
 His life he'll spare, Oh yes, for Ellen's sake.

Without thy blessing, nought on earth could please,  
 Cried Ellen, weeping, sinking on her knees ;  
 Oh ! let my father bless a wedded pair,  
 Cast on a world, of misery and care ;  
 Invoke the Power, who tempers every breeze,  
 To guard our vessel safe, through life's rough seas,  
 Bid every sorrow, every trouble cease,  
 And steer us safe, to happiness and peace ;  
 And if our God, whom Ellen seeks shall give,  
 A willing ear ; O may my father live,

Long, long in health, may cares no more annoy,  
 May Ellen's God, her father crown with joy.

Oh! yes my child, my suppliant hands I'll raise,  
 And ask of God to bless thee all thy days ;  
 Keep thee thro' life, from grief and earthly harms,  
 And crown with victory Francisco's arms.

Your old Alonzo, like a temple here,  
 In ruins, yet may stand full many a year,  
 While from his bosom's warm and burning shrine,  
 His prayers will rise for thee, my child, and thine,  
 Ask for thee health and life, 'till wrapped in clay,  
 He loves his children in eternal day.

Now fare you well, let each be kind, be true,  
 O give to God, what God must claim his due,  
 Live close to Him who every sorrow bore,  
 Whose arm alone, can steer you safe to shore ;  
 My grief, my children, words can feebly tell,  
 May God preserve you both ! Farewell, farewell.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.



## CANTO II.

WHO knocks so loud ? and wakes the slumb'ring morn ?  
O ! stop the echos of that winding horn,  
Art thou my master ? cries Gonsalvo loud,  
Or his dread spectre, travelling on a cloud ?  
“ Come ope the gate,” Francisco cries, “ give o'er  
Thy vain conjectures, waste the time no more.”

Welcome, my Liege, but hold, due silence keep,  
The Robber bands, lie buried all in sleep ;  
Come on my lady, from thy mule descend,  
Enter this lodge, thy slave I am, and friend ;  
Let Massa go, his troop with his command,  
Will soon o'ercome a murderous robber band ;  
All drunk they lie, their base design forget,  
We'll slay the tigers in their bloody net.

My Ellen here, Francisco cries, sojourn,  
 Refresh thyself, and sleep 'till my return ;  
 Adieu my Love ! may Heaven our battle fight,  
 And crown with victory our weary flight.

“ Can I,” cried Ellen, “ free from all alarms,  
 “ Sleep close to danger, and the crash of arms ;  
 “ Ah ! say could Ellen, from her husband stay ?  
 “ His life in danger ! no, she can't obey !  
 “ She'll face the foe, tho' feebly, help thy hand,  
 And at thy side, through all the battle stand.”

Hurra ! Hurra ! the victory is ours !  
 Exclaims a voice—see how each robber scours,  
 O'er hill and dale, in dread surprise they woke,  
 Thy words o'erheard, such confidence bespoke ;  
 Haste on my liege, the bloody tigers chase,  
 These mules are fresh, the right will win the race.

Ah ! hold my friend, I feel too faint to go,  
 Full twenty leagues I've sought this bloody foe ;  
 An urgent letter, winged our rapid flight,  
 My bride alarmed, and marred our nuptial night ;

'Tis mine to know what faithful slaves are dead,  
 And what my losses, e'er the robbers fled ;  
 Or if a slave be wounded, or distressed  
 Give him relief, or see his wounds are dressed.

My Ellen look, beyond yon upland green,  
 My mansion stands, for thee my bride and queen ;  
 Come on ! Heaven gilds the morning of my life,  
 And blessed my arms, for sake of thee my wife.

Quick they advanced, when lo ! confusion dire,  
 Reign'd in the mansion, smoke and crackling fire,  
 Rose in thick volumes, mounting up on high,  
 While burning beams burst flaming to the sky ;  
 The hurrying slaves, as mournfully they sung,  
 In quick succession, torrents ably flung ;  
 And scarcely had the dread event ensued,  
 When anxious faithfulness its force subdued.

'Mid smoking ruins, as they entered slow,  
 In every room they traced the barbarous foe ;  
 Six faithful slaves lay murdered in a heap,  
 The mansion guards, they fought their charge to keep ;

While many a foe, they marked with equal doom,  
 Lay ghastly pale, and grinned from room to room,  
 My Ellen, turn away, these horrors leave,  
 Such scenes as these, thy artless bosom grieve ;  
 It pains me much, the prospects of our life,  
 Disclose unvaried scenes of blood and strife ;  
 Here is the state apartment free from fire,  
 Obey me now, my own sweet Love retire ;  
 My lovely Ellen, lay thee down awhile,  
 And sleep 'till night, when Heaven again will smile.

O yes, Francisco ! gladly I obey,  
 Thy kindness charms me, like the beams of day ;  
 Rising in radiance, after darkness drear,  
 And storms that filled the sailor's heart with fear ;  
 I go my love, to sleep away my pain,  
 And ope these eyes, to smile on thee again.

Francisco now, his mansion to repair,  
 From day to day, bent anxiously his care ;  
 Reviewed his spreading woods and fields of rice,  
 Sweet cane plantations, and his groves of spice ;

In fond possession with his Ellen walked,  
 And of past days of love, or sorrow talked ;  
 Time flew apace, each opening day disclosed,  
 Some traits unknown, that in his heart reposed ;  
 Where'er she walked, dear Ellen, soft and warm,  
 Seemed to convey, a bright, a heavenly charm ;  
 While her Francisco, loving still and kind,  
 Let cold suspicion, darken all his mind ;  
 Oft as his Ellen's charity had led,  
 To soothe affliction, or the dying bed,  
 He'd watch her steps, and blame her pious zeal.  
 Upbraid, then grieve, and for forgiveness kneel ;  
 Time after time, he owned his false alarms,  
 And sunk convicted, in his Ellen's arms.

"Six months, my Love, how quick they seemed to roll,"  
 Francisco cried, " have bound each soul to soul ;  
 " His Ellen's faithfulness, Francisco knows,  
 " While warm his heart, with fond affection glows ;  
 " When true-love errs, the pardon should be free ;  
 " Ah ! love is all Francisco's crime to thee ;

“ Then O ! from memory, all my frailties cast,  
 “ Bright days to come, will chase away the past ;  
 “ Rouse up the feelings of thy constant heart,  
 “ Heaven for a while, now wills that we should part ;  
 “ My distant farms, their master’s care demand,  
 “ Far off they lie, in wild and mountain land ;  
 “ I start e’er dawn of day, and there sojourn,  
 “ One month mayhap, O pray my safe return ;  
 “ My slaves I leave, and mansion to thy care,  
 “ May Heaven protect thee, is Francisco’s prayer.”

“ And must Francisco from his Ellen go,  
 “ So soon to cloud her happy days with woe !  
 “ O does her wedded love for pardon sue ?  
 “ This heart devoted gives thee all thy due ;  
 “ Thou hast thy Ellen’s heart, thy pardon stands,  
 “ In Heaven’s record, at thy Ellen’s hands ;  
 “ I’ll weep thy absence, wish thy short sojourn,  
 “ Count every hour, and pray thy safe return ;  
 “ Alonzo’s daughter, undertakes the charge,  
 “ And will her duty, faithfully discharge ;

“ For her Francisco, cherish all her charms,

“ Till heaven again restores him to her arms.

“ O cease my tears,” the weeping Ellen cries,

“ He’ll soon return, my bosom cease thy sighs !”

To Ellen, dark and cloudy rose the sun,

To her his mid-day course, in clouds he’ll run ;

O why was Ellen wrapped in careless sleep,

Her husband gone, poor Ellen woke to weep.

Thus till the morn’s repast, she spoke her pain,

And wept and sighed, and sighed and wept again ;

“ Come here my lyre, how sweet thy sounds appear,

“ When sorrow turns a fond, a longing ear ;

“ Come wing my thoughts, this care-worn earth above !

“ And waft them sweet, to him I mourn and love :

#### SONG.

In downy rest once sleeping,

A Dove securely lay,

But, soon she wakened weeping,

Her Mate had winged away.

In grief she coo'd her sorrow,  
 To all the birds around;  
 Alas ! upon the morrow,  
 Her feathers strewed the ground.  
 A stranger's sweet love's token,  
 Snared all his love away,  
 The little Dove's heart broken,  
 Soon crumbled into clay.  
 And now her mate relenting,  
 Strews leaves upon the spot,  
 His cruelty lamenting,  
 But ah ! she heeds him not.

Lie there my lyre, thy sounds increase my pain,  
 Let dust o'erwhelm thee, 'till he comes again ;  
 O ! could I leap the gulf, times weary space,  
 Ah ! who's that stranger, at so quick a pace,  
 Fast bounding towards me, like a mountain deer,  
 Shall I await him ? why should Ellen fear ?

“ Ellen ! my Ellen ! fly to these fond arms,  
 “ No strange embrace, now calls thy heart's alarms ;



“ Turn round thy head, thine eyes my Charmer raise,

“ These features trace, on which you loved to gaze.”

“ O ! ’tis my dear Alcander long deplored,

“ O yes ! my brother to my arms restored ;

“ Then let me fondly gaze, the features trace,

“ Of that long dear, that kind, that friendly face ;

“ Come to my bosom, share thy Ellen’s heart,

“ What God restores, O nought but Death shall part ;

“ Alonzo’s daughter, and Francisco’s wife,

“ Thy sister too, will cheer Alcander’s life ;

“ In my Francisco, love and kindness meet,

“ And plenty rolls beneath thy Ellen’s feet.

“ Ah why so pale ? why dark thy youthful brow ?

“ Fatigue, mayhap, overcomes Alcander now ;

“ The day is long, O lay thee down to sleep,

“ A sister’s love, the fondest watch will keep.”

“ O ! let me hold thee to my burning heart,”

Alcander cries, “ O would we ne’er could part ;

“ Condemned I was, a long long way to roam,

“ In search of thee, of happiness and home ;

" I've found my Ellen, but Alcander's peace,  
 " Is gone for ever, sorrows ne'er will cease :  
 " The tale is long, 'twill sting thy heart with pain,  
 " To know that here Alcander can't remain."

" Ah ! must thou leave me, and alas, so soon ?  
 " Oh tell me all, the day is young, 'tis noon ;  
 " Come lay thy head upon a sister's lap,  
 " Relieve my heart, then take a gentle nap ;  
 " O my sweet brother, how thy smile, thine eye,  
 " Remind me of the saint, that lives on high ;  
 " Our long lost mother, and thy auburn hair,  
 " Thy brow like her's all clouded o'er with care ;  
 " O 'tis too much, I'll dry these starting tears,  
 " Come tell thy tale, and banish Ellen's fears."

" Here will I stretch me on the polished floor,  
 " My Ellen ! ope the long verandah door ;  
 " Come sit thee down, I'll court a gentle nap,  
 " And lull my griefs on Ellen's downy lap,  
 " I'll tell thee first my cares, they're sad, they're long,  
 " Then thou my love wilt sooth me with a song ;

“ A few dull hours we'll harmlessly beguile,

“ Alcander lives again by Ellen's smile.

“ Seven years have rolled, as by divine command,

“ Since love consigned me to a foreign land ;

“ Such love, as in Alonzo's bosom dwelt,

“ Such love, as once the fondest mother felt.

“ O Ellen ! couldst thou know, how nature failed,

“ How his heart sunk the hour Alcander sailed ;

“ Ah ! long these eyes were anchored on the shore,

“ His soul still grasped dear friends he'd see no more ;

“ Life's anchor weighed, no hope to light his sky,

“ The world's rough billows, heaving up on high ;

“ 'Till shades of night, like Death's last stern command,

“ O'erwhelmed Alcander's dear loved spot of land ;

“ But come, I grieve thee, soon we furled the sail,

“ Arrived at port, I hasten to my tale.

“ Our uncle's daughter, young and born to please,

“ Grew with my growth, and won me by degrees ;

“ She blushed, she smiled, I long opposed the pain,

“ I looked, I sighed, I sighed and looked again ;

“ ’Till struggling nature brought our eyes to meet,

“ And sunk Alcander prostrate at her feet.

“ O Emma ! Emma ! close those winning eyes,  
I cried despairing, “ yet my Emma sighs ;

“ O ! for Alcander does her bosom feel,

“ For him whose love his Emma’s bliss shall seal ;

“ For him whose days, and nights, and lengthening years,

“ Witnessed his sorrows, all his sighs, and tears.

“ O Emma ! give thy heart, thy hand, thy word,

“ My father’s love Alcander will reward ;

“ With Emma’s heart, and radiance of her eye,

“ The smiles of heaven will light my happy sky ;

“ Years if we’re spared, affection will renew,

“ While his heart beats, Alcander will be true.”

“ O rise Alcander, true these sighs declare,

“ Thy Emma’s fondness and her bosom’s care,

“ She owns her weakness, that thy worth had led,

“ To win thy heart, her form her fancy fed ;

“ Would that her love, without a spot would shine,

“ Would that her will was unconfined as thine ;

“ Black clouds, alas ! between our wishes stand,  
 “ Those clouds remove, Alcander wins this hand.”

“ To win thy hand, the world I’ll traverse o’er,  
 “ To win thy hand, I’ll sail from shore to shore,  
 “ To win thy hand, to torrid climes I’ll go,  
 “ Thro’ deserts wander, or o’er hills of snow ;  
 “ For thee I’ll fight, for thee be great, be vile,  
 “ An Outcast too— all, all, for Emma’s smile !  
 “ O speak the terms, relieve Alcander’s pain,  
 “ Say at what price, he may his Emma gain.”

“ Alas !” cried Emma, “ e’er Alcander’s truth,  
 “ Won all our hearts, a brother led my youth ;  
 “ With him I thought, wild nature sweetly smiled,  
 “ A brother’s love my childish cares beguiled ;  
 “ But ah ! he loved a maid of low degree,  
 “ A tender maid, but one unknown to me ;  
 “ My father heard, he frowned, by anger led,  
 “ The prison threatened, but my brother fled ;  
 “ From me, from all, and O ! to ease his pain,  
 “ He fled a sea-boy on the boisterous main ;

“ At length, I saw the maid, with bended head,  
 “ Her hair dishevelled, and her beauty fled ;  
 “ I heard her sighs, her fate I’ll now rehearse,  
 “ And my poor brother’s, both in simple vese.”

THE MAIDEN’S GRAVE.

I saw the blush rise high  
     O’er beauty’s youthful cheek ;  
 I heard the deep—deep sigh,  
     Upon the night-winds break ;  
 I saw the tear-drops flow  
     From eyes, once gay and bright—  
 Soon shrouded o’er with woe,  
     As clouds obscure the light.  
 And long and loud the cry  
     Out-wailed the rolling sands,  
 While echo’s bore on high,  
     The clapping of her hands—  
 “ O, woe ! O, woe ! is me !  
     “ I’m left behind to mourn,  
 “ Ah ! far away at sea,  
     “ My Lover wont return.

- “ His raven locks that curl’d,  
“ So sweetly o’er his face ;  
“ Each eye that seemed a world  
“ Of brilliancy and grace—  
“ His smiles, his sighs, his pain—  
“ His tears I griev’d to see :  
“ They’re all—they’re all in vain—  
“ He’ll weep no more for me !  
“ And yet, ‘by heav’n above !’  
“ He vow’d we ne’er should part—  
“ He sought my first young love,  
“ And, ah ! he won my heart ;  
“ But, cruel was the gale  
“ That would not let him stay—  
“ The captain and the sail,  
“ That bore my boy away.  
“ Tho’ hapless is my lot,  
“ No more my tears shall flow—  
“ My lover sees them not,  
“ Nor heeds my bosom’s woe :

“ Ye winds disperse my sigh,  
     “ In whispers thro’ the shore,  
 “ For here, in death, I’ll lie,  
     “ And live, and grieve no more !”

She search’d, in mad despair,

    A lonely spot to find,

While wild her silken hair

    Was scatter’d in the wind :

“ Breathe soft,” she cried, “ above !

    “ Ye storms that chilling, fly—

“ Tell him who once did love,

    “ That true to him I die.

“ And when the breeze shall bring,

    “ My lover to this shore—

“ Ye birds in sorrow sing,—

    “ His true-love is no more !”

She groaned in death,—she fell,—

    The wailing night-winds blew,—

Wild sea-birds scream’d the knell,

    Of her who lov’d so true.



And when Spring decks the flowers,  
     And Summer gilds the sky,  
 Fair Maidens strew sweet flowers,  
     Where her cold ashes lie :  
 And every rolling wave,  
     In silence, steals above,  
 And ne'er disturbs the grave  
     Of constancy and love.

#### THE SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

It was a dreary night !  
     When storms were sporting high !  
 And clear the moon's pale light,  
     Was wandering through the sky ;  
 The boisterous main far o'er,  
     Was glittering in the beam,  
 All silvered was the shore,  
     And spangled was the stream.  
 What means the green-grass mound ?  
     That heaves its length along ?

What means the mournful sound ?

The sea bird's plaintive song ?

Why do these flowers appear ?

Strewed o'er a spot so lone ?

Mayhap a maid lies here ?

How speaks this marble stone ?

Thus spake a sailor boy,

And sunk upon the shore ;

Farewell ! he cried, my joy !

My true-love is no more ;

Oh ! far o'er lands and sea,

I was compelled to rove,

My heart still turned to thee,

In constancy and love.

You loved, I could unfurl,

The sail through storms and snow ;

You loved, I fierce could hurl,

Death at my country's foe ;

You loved, I toiled with joy,

To earn a golden store,

You loved, your sailor boy,  
    Could love for you, the shore.  
Now thro' the world I'll fly,  
    And weep my life away—  
And broken-hearted sigh,  
    My true-love's wrapped in clay.  
You thought me false, you sighed,  
    Grief stole your heart's sweet joy ;  
But cruel fame belied,  
    Your faithful sailor boy.  
He seized his light guitar,  
    In wild—in sad despair,  
And carolled loud and far  
    This mournful plaintive air :—  
Ye waves ! restrain your surf !  
    Ye sea-birds ! cease your cries !  
Approach not this green turf,  
    Where cold my true-love lies.  
The rose's brightest hue,  
    Did thro' her blushes fly,

The sky's own lovely blue,  
     Gave softness to her eye.  
 But ah ! the summer's rose,  
     Was short-lived as the dew—  
 And clouds thro' heaven arose,  
     And darkened all the blue.  
 O come my Love ! we'll roam  
     O'er ocean far away,  
 I'll see thee in the foam,  
     And in the beam of day ;  
 O far we'll sorrow fling,  
     In mirth the world outdo,  
 We'll laugh, we'll dance, we'll sing,  
     We'll love, Oh ! love so true.  
 He ceased, and slowly crept,  
     Where lay his maiden dead ;  
 And long he sung and wept,  
     For ah ! his mind was fled.  
 And now, in misery hurled,  
     He sings his cares away,

And weeps through all the world,

His maiden wrapped in clay,

“ Alcander hear, his brain in darkness hurled,

“ Thy Emma’s brother wanders o’er the world ;

“ My father pines in secret, shows no joy,

“ Grieves for the maiden, and his lovely boy ;

“ Visits her grave, lifts pious hands above,

“ And weeps the fate of constancy and love.

“ Go my Alcander ! search the world around,

“ But here return not, ’till our Henry’s found ;

“ My father knows thy passion, and has borne,

“ My fond entreaties, but has sternly sworn,

“ He’ll ne’er consent, till rescued safe from harms,

“ My lover brings his Henry to his arms.”

“ This to thy inmost soul thou villian take,”

(A voice of thunder roars,) “ thy fury slake ;

“ My dagger, in his guilty base heart’s blood,

“ Drink to thy fill, and glut on luscious food.”

“ My God ! my brother dies ! O help me slave,

“ O thy poor mistress, from his fury save ;

“ And my Francisco too, the murderer vile,  
 “ Thou’st slain my brother, why that ghastly smile ?”  
 “ My ghastly smile, thou hateful woman ! hold  
 “ Thy serpent tongue ! thy brother ! yes ! thou bold,  
 “ Thou treacherous viper, there, there prostrate lies,  
 “ Thy husband’s rival, ah ! in dread surprise ;  
 “ His eyes he closed, hark, hear his dying moans,  
 “ Drink thou his blood, and quaff his parting groans ;  
 “ Ah ! that pretended swoon, thou treacherous beast,  
 “ Sleep on I’ll cook a nice a dainty feast ;  
 “ Bring here the knives, here his base bosom part—  
 “ Probe deep, cut on, root out his treacherous heart ;  
 “ O yes my dagger, thou hast drunk thy fill,  
 “ And Ellen lives with blood to glut thee still ;  
 “ Ah ! here’s the heart, thou purchased with thy life,  
 “ Yes here’s the heart, fit food for thee my wife !  
 “ Come rouse thee up thou hypocrite ! here turn—  
 “ Thy wanton eyes, I’ll let thy candle burn ;  
 “ Some moments more, thine eyes deceptive light,  
 “ The damps of death will veil in endless night ;

- “ Off ! off ! thou fiend, avoid my jealous hate !  
“ Dead there he lies, ah ! soon thou’lt share his fate.”  
“ Francisco ! O, Francisco, let me kneel !  
“ Once more, my husband, for thy Ellen feel,  
“ O ! turn thee here, with one sweet favoring look,  
“ O ! be again thyself, who ne’er forsook  
“ The wretch in misery,—bid thy Ellen live—  
“ O, Ellen’s heart can all,—all,—all forgive !  
“ No, no ! thou art a murderer ! I spurn  
“ Thy smiles, thy looks, from guiltless Ellen turn ;  
“ Here strike thy poignard, Ellen knows her part,  
“ Alonzo’s daughter may expose her heart ;  
“ But, no ! call up thy promises—thy tears ;  
“ Call up thy love,—O ! share poor Ellen’s fears !  
“ No ! fly me ! fly me ! why my brother slay ?  
“ And with base murder close the guiltless day ?  
“ Ah ! that base look, Francisco never wore—  
“ That frown that Ellen never felt before,  
“ Come to this heart, my own Francisco warm,  
“ Has Ellen yet, for thee one winning charm ?”

“ With Ellen’s charms another can repose,  
 “ Thy heart,” Francisco, cries, “ deception knows ;  
 “ Thy brother, surely ! ah ! that settled name,  
 “ To hood thy husband, and to hide thy shame—  
 “ Yes, let him be thy brother—his warm blood  
 “ Shall be thy drink—his loving heart, thy food ;  
 “ Francisco lov’d, once could to Ellen bow,  
 “ A bed profaned, makes Ellen hateful now ;  
 “ Thy father pawn’d thee on Francisco’s youth,—  
 “ Thy serpent smiles would gull the force of truth.  
 “ Francisco dreamed, and O ! bewitchments, smoke,  
 “ Almost o’erwhelmed him, but in strength he woke—  
 “ His eyes now open, he can shun the arms  
 “ Of a base Syren, and despise her charms.  
 “ Avaunt ! thou fiend ! thy supper I’ll prepare—  
 “ Go to thy cell,—ye slaves secure her there !  
 “ Chain ev’ry limb !—be true, be true to me—  
 “ The chains fast lock’d, bring here each trusty key ;  
 “ And hear thou, madam ! turn thy heart to prayer,  
 “ For die thou must, to-morrow night ! prepare !”



See in her cell poor Ellen now reclined,  
 Her limbs enchained, but free her spotless mind ;  
 “ Shade of my sainted mother ! hear ! ” she cries,  
 “ If shades can hear, thy child unjustly dies.  
 “ Oh ! no ! an all-seeing God his time will choose,  
 “ He sees the heart, with grief the Saviour views  
 “ The captive’s cause, Oh ! come my God and King,  
 “ A suppliant sues, let pity speed thy wing ;  
 “ O Lord ’tis thine the raging seas to calm,  
 “ The wind to temper to the bleating lamb ;  
 “ Stretch forth thy hand, if love the deed allows,  
 “ Thy will be done, thy Ellen meekly bows ;  
 “ The crime of ignorance, forgive, forgive,  
 “ Let Ellen die ! let poor Francisco live —  
 “ Live to repent, and tho’ the crime be great,  
 “ Prolong his days, to weep his Ellen’s fate ;  
 “ O snatch him from the Fury’s blood-stained rod,  
 “ And let him feel the mercies of his God.  
 “ Ah ! Ellen heeds not this disgraceful chain,  
 “ These prison doors for her are clos’d in vain,

“ The damp refreshing as the dew-drop falls,  
 “ No darkness glooms these solitary walls ;  
 “ Ah ! no, a guiltless heart sheds glorious light,  
 “ Adorns a prison, and makes fetters bright,  
 “ Wakes up fond hope, when madness shakes the rod  
 “ And fills the temple of sweet mercy’s God.  
 “ To thee alone I fly—Thou yet can’st save,  
 “ And snatch the guiltless from the yawning grave.  
 “ I humbly beg a few more days to see,  
 “ Alone to win my husband’s soul to thee !  
 “ Then let me die, and reach that blissful place,  
 “ Where mercy crowns the faithful child of grace !”  
 “ Gonsalvo, Jacques, and Mungo, haste ye here,”  
 Francisco cries, “ this room of carnage clear ;  
 “ Take off these bones, and lay them in a heap,  
 “ Close to that cell, they’ll sweet remembrance keep,  
 “ Of one that pleas’d a faithless wanton wife ;  
 “ She can’t but love, what love inspired in life.

### CANTO III.

- “ WHO rapps,—who rapps so late ? Gonsalvo, see,  
“ Ask ! who’s the stranger ; what he seeks with me ?”  
“ A traveller seeks,” a voice replies, “ a shed—  
“ A kind reception, stable and a bed ;  
“ A reverend father travels on his way,  
“ But fears yon mountains at the close of day.  
“ He learn’d thy master’s goodness through our ride—  
“ His name is honor’d as the church’s pride ;  
“ The Priest entreats kind shelter for the night,  
“ And will away, e’er dawn of morning light.”  
“ My master,” cries Gonsalvo, “ bids me say,  
“ The Priest is welcome, and his gracious stay  
“ Confers a favor, ’tis a grateful treat—  
“ A heart, a welcome, and a bed he’ll meet.”

“ Come, reverend father,” Don Francisco, cries,  
 “ I own the priest an angel of the skies !  
 “ Send round thy mules and servants to the shed,  
 “ My friend shall feast, and find a royal bed ;  
 “ My dinner’s serv’d already—come, be free,  
 “ The Church’s son shall feel he’s dear to me ;  
 “ Come, give thy blessing o’er these viands few,  
 “ Tho’ keen thy appetite they’ll serve for *two*.”

“ For *two*,” replies the Priest, “ then why this chair,  
 “ This plate, too, tells a *third* was look’d for there ;  
 “ Hast thou a wife ? thy bosom’s faithful friend ?”

“ O ! yes, my sire ; soon will my wife attend,  
 “ E’er long thou’lt know a tale of hellish wrong :  
 “ A guilty conscience shunned our presence long.  
 “ Come sit thee here,” Francisco cries, “ thou beast,  
 “ Go ! Mungo ! fetch thy Mistress’ love feast.  
 “ Yes, madam ! bow thy head ! turn off thine eyes,  
 “ Touch nothing here, but what that slave supplies.”  
 Thus muttered low Francisco, as he scowled,  
 With stifled voice, as if a blood-hound growled.

For ah! the gentle Ellen entered slow,  
 In mourning weeds, and veiled, and bending low ;  
 Chains rattled loud, a long, an iron train,  
 Her ivory wrists held up a lengthened chain ;  
 Her eyes tho' steady, yet poured forth the tear,  
 And tried the look, Francisco once held dear ;  
 But ah ! in vain, in grief and half afraid,  
 She turned her round, and silently obeyed.

“ Come ! madam ! no disgust, right dear that meat,  
 “ To Ellen’s taste, dare not refuse the treat !  
 “ ’Till all that flesh, thy hateful mouth shall taste,  
 “ No better viands shall a wanton waste.”

“ Oh ! mistress dear, I’ll take that meat, beware,”  
 (Soft whispered Mungo,) “ and with thee I’ll share,  
 “ My own !” quick he exchanged the hateful meat,  
 E’er she could touch it, and gave his to eat ;  
 ’Till the poor faithful slave, unseen by all,  
 Removed the whole and waited for a call.

“ Give us thy grace,” Francisco speaks, “ my sire,  
 “ Come madam ! rise ! and to thy cell retire ;

“Go! Mungo! lock thy hateful mistress there,  
 “Madam! thy death to-morrow night—prepare.”

“Prepare for death! O sternly dost thou say,”  
 Observes the Priest, “and that ere close of day  
 “To-morrow? O, Francisco tell the whole,  
 “I may be wrong, I tremble for thy soul.”

“No! Reverend sire, thy judgment steers not wrong,  
 “Truth’s voyage is safe and won’t detain thee long;  
 “I loved that fiend, thou pitiest in her pains,  
 “Those links are ornaments, I wear the chains.  
 “I thought she loved, Francisco played the fool,  
 “But wiser grew, in Nature’s useful school;  
 “Her syren looks, her smiles, her eyes, her tears,  
 “When waked suspicion, hushed my jealous fears.  
 “I closed these eyes, I wished my Ellen pure,  
 “And bore in silence, what I failed to cure;  
 “But to be brief, a journey I arranged,  
 “Set out, but soon my first intention changed;  
 “A month was thought, to part me from those arms,  
 “A month it might be, but for just alarms;

“ Twelve hours elapsed, my soul suspicious burned,  
 “ A spirit whispered, back Francisco turned ;  
 “ I neared my mansion, powers of earth or sky,  
 “ Stay not an arm, when crime e’er meets the eye ;  
 “ O ! no, reclining in love’s wanton nap,  
 “ I saw a lover fondled in her lap,  
 “ His face upturned to her’s, she bending o’er,  
 “ With smiles, as if Francisco breathed no more ;  
 “ Wrought up to madness, with a murderer’s start,  
 “ I pinned my prize, and stabbed him to the heart ;  
 “ My faithless wife, to hide her graceless flame,  
 “ Called him her brother, adding lies to shame ;  
 “ She loved him living, eat him dead, prepared,  
 “ His blood refreshed her, while his heart she shared ;  
 “ To-morrow night, I swear by heaven, the grave,  
 “ Receives her corpse, no power on earth can save.”

“ O hear my son, thy pardon would I sue,”  
 Replies the Priest, “ the Churchman should be true ;  
 “ True to his trust, wild nature to control,  
 “ Preserve a life, or save a dying soul.

“ Inquire my son, be loathe more blood to shed,  
 “ A foul mistake may sting thy dying bed ;  
 “ O ! think good sir, should light of Heaven disclose,  
 “ The fatal truth, Omnipotence now knows ;  
 “ Should a pale spirit all thy steps pursue,  
 “ And he thy brother, whom thou madly slew ;  
 “ But ah ! should she doomed hastily to die,  
 “ Rise in thy fears, and thro’ thy conscience fly ;  
 “ Should she all pale, and wounded reach that hand,  
 “ Pressed to thy heart when love could once command ?  
 “ But should the outraged laws demand thy life,  
 “ And seek thy brother and thy murdered wife ?  
 “ Where find a man, a pitying ear to lend,  
 “ One like thyself, a villian to befriend ;  
 “ Wh en the stern judge, the hellish fact shall try,  
 “ And fiercely doom a murderer to die ;  
 “ O ! shouldst thou then, crouch down, and weep and kneel  
 “ Will justice bend, when love refused to feel ?  
 “ I tell thee nay, around thy Lady’s face,  
 “ I saw a radiance bright, of heavenly grace ;



“ Those sable weeds appeared an Angel’s dress,  
 “ A sacred robe that sanctified distress ;  
 “ Those clanking chains, to her were links of Love,  
 “ Their sounds re-echoed in the courts above ;  
 “ Made pitying Angels, feelingly to know ,  
 “ No curse can sting like jealousy below.  
 “ But wretched mortal ! when on Nature’s bed,  
 “ Man’s last sad couch, what tears may memory shed ;  
 “ The racking truth, thy conscience may convey,  
 “ When anguish kneeled, sweet mercy turned away ;  
 “ Turned from a bleeding lamb, a pitying face,  
 “ And spurned an Angel, God’s own gift of grace ;  
 “ But come my son, O call thee up once more,  
 “ Thy noble soul, O deep the past deplore ;  
 “ O be Francisco, from foul fiends depart,  
 “ And press thy guiltless Ellen to thy heart ;  
 “ Angels look down, Heaven waits thy soul to prove,  
 “ And harps are strung, to ring, thro’ Heaven thy love ;  
 “ Thy joys on earth will ne’er thro’ grace, decrease,  
 “ Blest with thy Ellen, and thy bosom’s peace.”

“ Churchman ! no more ! to Heaven I lift this hand,  
 “ From taunts, and threats, thy silence I command !  
 “ Heaven limits patience, fly Francisco’s wrath,  
 “ He spurns thy person, but reveres thy cloth ;  
 “ Earth’s not the stage, for meddling priests to play,  
 “ Go to thy beads, in prayer talk down the day ;  
 “ Francisco bows not to a babbling fool,  
 “ His lordly heart, disdains to be thy tool ;  
 “ A spacious region, owns his proud domain,  
 “ Francisco’s pleasure here, alone shall reign ;  
 “ Strong laws were made, all drivelling fools to check,  
 “ Pride when they strike, lifts high the stubborn neck ;  
 “ Thanks, to thee Father ! for the murderer’s name,  
 “ The axe of justice, take thyself the shame ;  
 “ Well do I know, that Priests themselves can play,  
 “ The shameful game, and dally thro’ the day ;  
 “ A Churchman too, can take a wanton’s part,  
 “ Mayhap her eyes, have kindled in thy heart ;  
 “ A flame, the Church should banish with a curse,  
 “ If not kept glowing, with the ready purse ;

“ A favourite cause, too often, friends will plead,  
 “ But tongues may cause the wounds afresh to bleed ;  
 “ Talk not to me, of laws of earth, or sky,  
 “ Of ghosts, or beds, for mortal man to die ;  
 “ I heed them not, on one grand deed intent,  
 “ I leave alone to cowards to repent ;  
 “ I read thy wishes, glaring in thine eye,  
 “ Thy wanton client and thy hopes shall die ;  
 “ Rash were thy words, thy weakness I despise,  
 “ But charge thee, Father, rule thy heart and eyes ;  
 “ My roof alone protects thee from my knife,  
 “ Thy game was hazzard, and thou staked thy life ;  
 “ Avoid my rage, in silence be thy stay,  
 “ Or death o’ertakes thee e’er the dawn of day.”

Enough my Liege ! thy roused resentment stay,  
 His duty done, a Priest, respect should pay ;  
 Should smooth, not ruffle, anger’s sovereign brow,  
 Know when to preach, and when convinced to bow ;  
 With pious zeal, I pleaded misery’s cause,  
 I neither judged thee, nor defied thy laws ;

A Judge there lives, to him events I leave,  
 Man gulls himself, but God he can't deceive ;  
 " I'll now no more, by dear bought prudence led,  
 " Weary and faint, I court a timely bed ;  
 " But e'er to rest, I lay my anxious care,  
 " I'll see how Sancho, and my mules now fare ;  
 " An urgent duty calls, e'er morning light,  
 " May Heaven protect the innocent, good night !

    " Sancho ! arise ! saddle the mules again,  
 We must away, time flies, we're murdered men ;  
 Buckle on, make haste, lead on, this pathway try,  
 Dash in the spurs, we must like eagles fly ;  
 Hold on, the mules seem fresh and spurn the ground,  
 Heavenspeed our course, straight to the court we're bound'

    As when two mighty eagles on the wing,  
 High on the vast expanse, their plumage fling ;  
 Through clouds, thro' mists, they hold their rapid flight,  
 And glare undazled, on the orb of light ;  
 So rode the holy man, devoid of fear,  
 His faithful Sancho, pressing on his rear ;

O'er hill and dale, through mountain glens they pushed,  
 Through forests thick, and deep ravines they rushed ;  
 'Till, as if winged by Heaven, e'er dawn of light,  
 They foaming, panting, at the court alight.

Francisco too, by fainting nature led,  
 Retired to rest, and flung him on his bed ;  
 He tried to sleep, and closed his weary eyes,  
 But in dread terror starts, and deeply sighs ;  
 " What means this tremor," plaintively he moans,  
 " Ah ! did I hear a voice ? who weeps ? who groans ?  
 " No ! 'twas the wind ! I'll lay me down to sleep,  
 " How beats my heart ! how cold my feelings creep !  
 " O ! thou dead man ! I saw thee in my dream,  
 " Wast thou her brother ? now my feelings teem,"  
 " With painful doubt, O ! coward heart beware,  
 " Of woman's fears, o'erwhelming thee with care ;  
 " O ! Ellen ! Ellen ! dare I now relent ?  
 " Is Ellen wronged ? can cruelty repent ?  
 " O ! say shall I, my jealous fears dismiss,  
 " And make one grasp at peace and earthly bliss ;

“ Shall proud Francisco deign his fault to own,  
“ And found in Error, for a crime atone ?  
“ No ! I’ll persist, she’s guilty, I was right !  
“ I slew her paramour ; she’ll die e’er night !  
“ Yet, did the Priest command me to enquire ?  
“ O ! did he try my bosom to inspire  
“ With mercy sweet ? paint all the murderer’s fears,  
“ My Ellen’s innocence, her wrongs, her tears ?  
“ And shall my Ellen, whom I once could love,  
“ To whom my vows are registered above,  
“ Shall she then fail, her husband to regain,  
“ By fond entreaties, and a victim’s pain ?  
“ Forbid it Heaven ! Francisco breathes once more,  
“ His heart is easy, all his fears are o’er,  
“ I’ll to her cell, I’ll fling me at her feet,  
“ I’ll ask her pardon, her sweet love intreat ;  
“ Say a delusion her Francisco slew,  
“ His heart now changed, he’ll promise to be true ;  
“ Now to her cell, but soft I’ll ope the door,  
“ Ah ! she’s asleep, I’ll gently tread the floor ;

- “ Sleep on my Ellen ! what a heavenly smile,  
 “ Nature’s best jewel, shines not to beguile,  
 “ How sweet, how tranquil, like a saint she lies !  
 “ Hush ! Hush ! my presence may to fear give rise !  
 “ I’ll wake thee not, in Heaven thy thoughts now soar,  
 “ That brow unmans me, Ellen I’ll restore ;  
 “ My wedded wife, to fond, to faithful arms,  
 “ And swear to banish jealousy’s alarms ;  
 “ I’ll now retire, adieu my sainted wife,  
 “ My love hath saved thee, hath restored thy life.  
 “ Softly I’ll steal now o’er the creaking floor,  
 “ And close or bolt my Ellen’s cell no more.  
 “ What sound was that,” (the waking Ellen cries)  
 “ Was it the wind ? or Angels from the skies ?  
 “ I thought a voice I heard, and footsteps near,  
 “ Ah ! why should Ellen, guiltless Ellen fear ?  
 “ Mayhap my sainted mother, come to shed,  
 “ The funeral tear, make Ellen’s last hard bed.  
 “ No ! no ! my own sweet mother ! soft I lay,  
 “ With thee full many a night and happy day ;

- “ O could thy lap now cradle all my woes, ?  
 “ Could thy heart bear all Ellen could disclose ?  
 “ O No ! my mother ! true thy love once spoke !  
 “ Thy bleeding heart, dear, dear Alcander broke ;  
 “ O yes Alcander ! thy sweet name revives,  
 “ Thy dying Ellen, still in memory lives ;  
 “ Thy look, thy smile, thy innocence, thy fate,  
 “ All, all could fill a sister’s heart with hate ;  
 “ For him who murdered thee ! but O ! let grace  
 “ Disperse the thought, my husband I’ll replace ;  
 “ In duty’s bosom, once more try to save,  
 “ And prove my love, tho’ kneeling at my grave ;  
 “ I’ll turn me round again, and court repose,  
 “ And on Alcander’s name my sorrows close.

“ Alcander’s name ! ah now I know thee well,”

(Rejoins Francisco, rushing to the cell)

- “ I know thy crime, thy base, thy wanton heart,  
 “ Francisco’s right, ’tis his to act his part ;  
 “ I heard thee, ingrate ! on that villain call,  
 “ Name him thy treasure, and thy love, thy all ;



“ My soul relenting, floated on the wing  
 “ Of mercy sweet, but now I mercy fling  
 “ ‘To drivelling cowards, who resolve, then change,  
 “ And thro’ the maizes of base terror range ;  
 “ I’ll fling thee from me, as a wounded hand,  
 “ Flings off the snake at agony’s command ;  
 “ Thy days are numbered and thy nights of care,  
 “ Expect no mercy, die thou must, prepare !

“ Rapp on ! rapp on ! loud thunder at the gate !  
 “ Rouse up the sleeping minister of state ;  
 “ How hard to wake the State’s besotted heads,  
 “ In bloated grandeur snoring on their beds ;  
 “ Thunder good Sancho ! make the palace shake,  
 “ Shall pity sleep, while murder lies awake ?  
 “ Sancho (the Priest continues) cease, now hear,  
 “ Methought I heard a growl half stifled near !”

“ Begone ye villains,” (roared a grumbling voice)  
 “ Let timely hours be your respectful choice ;  
 “ Disturb me not, I’ll call the guard to take,  
 “ Villains that thundered ’till the buildings shake.

“ O help my liege ! a murder is devised,

“ Lose time no more, your Highness seems surprized !

“ A man has sworn to sacrifice his wife,

“ I rode like lightning to preserve her life.

“ Go save her life, ye villains if you can,

“ I'll not be plagued, nor can I spare a man

“ The state requires them, open wide thy purse,

“ If money fails, bestow the Church's curse ;

“ A reverend father now I plain descry,

“ Be off, be off I'll to my bed, good bye ;

“ O Massa ! Massa !” Sancho cries, “ that brute,

“ Would strike sweet charity, and mercy mute ;

“ O hold” replies the Priest, we'll not delay,

“ But to the royal presence make our way.

“ Stand !—who advances ?” cries a sentry, “ say,

“ None dare approach, before the break of day ;

“ We're friends” ! advance then friends, avoid your fate,

“ Call said the Priest, a Page to ope the gate ;

“ But let me knock—I seek our Monarch here,

“ Your royal master will our story hear”—

“ Admit the Priest, the Monarch gently said,  
 “ Tell him to wait, I’ll quick arise from bed ;  
 “ I heard the knock, he comes no doubt with news,  
 “ A Monarch ne’er his presence should refuse.

“ Pardon my sovereign Prince ! I humbly crave,  
 “ I come a woman, and a soul to save ;  
 “ Up in yon mountains far, the parties dwell,  
 “ A murder’s planned, I know the fact full well ;  
 “ One Don Francisco took a young man’s life,  
 “ In fell suspicion of his lovely wife ;  
 “ She called him, brother ; this he stern denies,  
 “ And swears, by Heaven, this night she surely dies ;  
 “ My prayers he spurned, I galloped for my life,  
 “ For O ! he swore he’d slay me with his knife ;  
 “ A lamb’s pure blood already may be spilt,  
 “ Save her my liege, I’ll prove the Monster’s guilt.

“ If truth” replied his Majesty “ now wings  
 “ Thy dreadful tale, the crown of sovereign kings  
 “ Is even handed justice, and no mine  
 “ Can shew a diamond with such light to shine,

“ As that bright gem, which glares in every part,  
 “ Sweet mercy beaming from the sovereign’s heart.  
 “ O! yes, if true thy tale we’ll help thy cause,  
 “ And seek atonement, for our injured laws ;  
 “ Twelve horsemen armed, led quickly on by thee,  
 “ Must bring the Don, his wife and slaves to me—  
 “ I trust the lady still enjoys the air,  
 “ O! if she lives, be her’s thy gentlest care ;  
 “ By easy journeys safe, the sufferer bring,  
 “ She’ll find redress, and comfort from her king ;  
 “ May Heaven, a favoring hand vouchsafe to lend,  
 “ And grace divine our righteous cause befriend ;  
 “ If all the facts, shall justify thy word,  
 “ A lordly mitre is the Priest’s reward.

Meanwhile the morn arose with cloudy sky,  
 To light the cell, where Ellen woke to sigh ;  
 “ Dear light of Heaven ! thy glorious beams I hail !  
 “ ‘Thy loss,’ she cried, “ poor Ellen must bewail,”  
 “ In happy days, of innocence, and youth,  
 “ I loved the emblem bright, of heavenly truth ;

“ And heaven will pardon, if I love thee still,  
“ I’d live to love, could Ellen have her will ;  
“ I’d live, to serve the saviour of my life,  
“ I’d live, to prove the virtue of a wife ;  
“ To snatch a husband, from his guilty fears,  
“ And save his soul, from hell and endless tears ;  
“ But hold, I bow to heaven’s correction mild,  
“ Alonzo’s daughter and Matilda’s child ;  
“ Taught, to adore her Saviour and her God,  
“ Can meekly bear sweet mercy’s wholesome rod ;  
“ O yes ! I’ll now Francisco’s wife adorn,  
“ With gear viewed once with love, but now with scorn ;  
“ These weeds I wear speak sorrow for his hate,  
“ These chains are emblems of a murderer’s fate ;  
“ Their useful lessons now, are lost are fled,  
“ This night I die, my mighty God to wed ;  
“ I go to thee, my mother, and thy son,  
“ Come ! death ! release me, now thy prize is won ;  
“ Wash my foul soul, O Lord ! and strength impart,  
“ And snatch, O ! snatch me bleeding to thy heart ;

“ But who approaches ? Mungo comest thou here,”

“ To bring me death, or drop the pitying tear ?

“ O ! my sweet mistress” ! Mungo cries, “ I see,

“ Thy griefs with misery, O ! I’ll die with thee ;

“ Ah ! mistress ! mistress ! I heard Massa swear,

“ That every slave that favours thee shall share

“ Thy bloody fate, poor Rosa too thy maid,

“ Wrought up to madness, faithful not afraid ;

“ Rushed to his presence, every effort tried, [cried ;

“ Begged, prayed, besought, and threatned, swooned and

“ But all in vain, he flung her to the ground,

“ No answer gave, but faithful Rosa bound

“ In iron chains, the victim of his hate,

“ And now in loathsome cell she waits thy fate ;

“ But O my lady ! rouse thy heart to hear,

“ The fatal truth, poor Mungo tells with fear ;

“ Beyond the garden, in the myrtle grove,

“ Where cruel Massa once, could talk of love ;

“ Forgive my tears, Mungo would mistress save,

“ But Ah ! he cannot, there I saw a grave ;

“ Dug deep and long, O ! could poor Mungo serve  
 “ His lady dear, his lady he’d preserve ;  
 “ I stole here madam ! to thy lonely cell,  
 “ These woeful tales unwillingly to tell ;  
 “ But mistress, God will save thee yet I think,  
 “ For O poor Mungo dreamed, that at the brink  
 “ Of a deep river, he saw mistress stand,  
 “ And Massa there with dagger in his hand ;  
 “ That hand he lifted high to do thee harm,  
 “ When from a glittering cloud, I saw an arm  
 “ Stretched forth, that turned my cruel Massa round,  
 “ And laid him lifeless—bleeding, on the ground ;  
 “ Angels in crowds, arrayed in dazzling light,  
 “ Snatched thee, my lady ! from my longing sight ;  
 “ I woke to find thee, hope subdues my care,  
 “ Tho’ Mungo dreamed, O lady ! dont despair !  
 “ To God I leave thee, mistress ! he can save,  
 “ His arm alone, can snatch thee from the grave.  
 “ Gonsalvo ! Mungo ! haste ye here, make sure,  
 Francisco cries, “ and with strong chains secure ;

“ Each slave and servant, lest they may dispute  
 “ My sovereign will, to you I now depute  
 “ To guard your Lord, his future favor gain,  
 “ For here my sovereign will alone shall reign ;  
 “ Your master, with good nature, condescends,  
 “ To call his slaves, his servants, and his friends ;  
 “ Tells them his secret will, dispels their fear,  
 “ Tries to reclaim them, and their hearts to cheer ;  
 “ I meditate an act of justice, soon  
 “ As the sun sets, already past is noon ;  
 “ Go guard the slaves, the deed you well may guess,  
 “ It grieves me not, and slaves it can’t distress ;  
 “ When I shall call, my heart Gonsalvo gains,  
 “ If safe, he brings the culprit here in chains ;  
 “ Obedience seals thy liberty one day,  
 “ Enough,” Gonsalvo cries, “ I power obey”——

Thus fired with jealousy, yet half afraid,  
 Francisco sought Gonsalvo to persuade ;  
 His fears to lull, his scruples to subdue,  
 Lest the foul deed, may turn his heart untrue ;



That heart now gained, by freedom's gift one day,  
 Remorse and fear for ever winged away ;  
 Then wrapped in thought, with hurried steps, he stalk'd  
 The hall, and with his guilty conscience talked ;  
 " This night, Francisco finishes the plan,  
 " That shews a woman, power once given to man ;  
 " That outraged vows, and broken oaths beneath,  
 " Give man his privilege, award of death ;  
 " Death, for a crime against the laws of God,  
 " A sovereign's sceptre is death's wholesome rod :  
 " A sovereign true, a husband takes a wife,  
 " His broken laws claim forfeiture of life ;  
 " Ellen ! I'll try thy cause, no sudden start,  
 " Of passion now, strikes at thy faithless heart ;  
 " No ! if I thought thee pure, my life below,  
 " Should speak my sorrow, tears of blood should flow ;  
 " And while this heart, this cruel heart should beat,  
 " My pride, my hate I'd prostrate at thy feet ;  
 " But no ! thou'rt guilty ! did a Lover come,  
 " Just as the husband left his peaceful home ?

- “ Thy brother sure ! Francisco never knew,  
 “ Thy brother lived, guilt never can speak true ;  
 “ Thy father never boasted of a son,  
 “ Thou never named thy brother when thou won  
 “ This wayward soul, thou played a wanton’s part,  
 “ And law divine made forfeit of his heart ;  
 “ I snatched it legally, and heaven approved,  
 “ I gave thee freely, what thou dearly loved ;  
 “ Now to thy death,—’tis law, ’tis high command,  
 “ I pass the sentence, death ! Francisco’s hand  
 “ Will justly loose man’s earthly brittle tie,  
 “ Thy sun goes down, false woman thou must die.  
 “ But hold ! Francisco now has courage gained,  
 “ Go ! see Gonsalvo if the slaves be chained !  
 “ And are the doors secure, and every gate ?  
 “ Go ! say the slave that bolts, shall meet his fate ;  
 “ A cruel fate, in tortures he shall die,  
 “ His corpse unburied, for the dogs shall lie.—  
 “ By thy allegiance, now Gonsalvo lead  
 “ Up from her cell the culprit, as agreed ;

“ Make fast her chains, her fate she may oppose,

“ Her blood alone extinguishes my woes.

“ Now to her cell,” Gonsalvo mutters low,

“ Would I could shield my mistress from the blow ;

“ But ah ! I dare not, doomed I am to bear,

“ Ah ! woe is me ! a message fraught with care ;

“ O Lady dear ! the cruel sword of death,

“ Already gleams, to stop thy Angel breath.

Entering her cell he cries, “ could I befriend,

“ My dear sweet Lady, ah ! could I defend

“ Thy precious life, and tho’ for thee I died,

“ Make Massa know an angel is belied ;

“ But O ! my Mistress ! armed at every point,

“ He like a tiger stands, who’ll disappoint ;

“ His thirst for blood, he couches at thy life,

“ He springs at prey, no meaner than a wife ;

“ Rise madam ! rise ! thy presence he demands,

“ A slave alas ! must act as he commands ;

“ But nature Mistress, gave thee every charm,

“ To win a tyrant, and his wrath disarm ;

“ Try them once more, the wound may still be healed,  
 “ His heart is good, to truth he yet may yield ;  
 “ Come on, come on, ’tis death to disobey,  
 “ A spark of pity dies by long delay.

“ Lead on ! Gonsalvo ! none alas can save,  
 “ Thy wretched mistress from the yawning grave ;  
 Adds Ellen mild, “ thy life I’d not expose,”  
 “ To save a victim, from less bitter woes !  
 “ I tell thee, think, Gonsalvo ! o’er and o’er,  
 “ On those true lessons, I shall teach no more ;  
 “ When thy poor mistress moulders in the grave,  
 “ Let memory keep, that Christ alone can save !  
 “ O pray that grace thy master may control,  
 “ He wants a prayer who cares not for his soul ;  
 “ But come, I’ll not detain thee, help this chain,  
 “ Lead on, lead on, these links now greatly pain.”

“ Here guilty Prisoner, at thy peril kneel, !  
 “ Thy heart shall taste the bitterness of steel,”  
 Francisco roared, his voice half choked with ire,  
 His eye-brows knit, and eye-balls flashing fire ;

“ Kneel here, thou Wanton ! humbly at thy grave,  
 “ Pray for thy soul, then die ! no power shall save.”

“ O yes ! Francisco ! at her grave she kneels,  
 “ Thy Ellen still, the power of duty feels ;  
 “ For thee, for thee alone, these tear-drops flow,”  
 “ Thy heart will bleed, not her’s, to feel the blow ;  
 “ Why did I love thee ? fondly call thee mine ?  
 “ Grasp a black shadow and my bliss resign,  
 “ A shadow ! no ! foul man I took thy word,  
 “ A Demon wedded, grasped a poisoned sword ;  
 “ Yet no ! I’ll not upbraid thee, where’s thy soul ?  
 “ Hast thou no grace ! thy malice to control ?  
 “ O why give way to jealousy and fears ?  
 “ Ah ! how withstand thy Ellen’s sighs and tears ?  
 “ It must be so, but oh ! Francisco bow  
 “ In time to Him, who strengthens Ellen now ;  
 “ Here’s my last bed, my couch of happy rest,  
 “ A sweet exchange for man’s obdurate breast,  
 “ Come my soft bed ! poor Ellen longs to sleep,  
 “ To close these eyes that hourly woke to weep.

“ Take wing my Angels, bear my soul to bliss,  
 “ And Jesus guide them, lest thy heaven they miss ;  
 “ And thou my Mother, safe from earthly harms,  
 “ O hold my hand, and take me to thy arms,  
 “ I mount, I fly, Francisco strike the blow !  
 “ Be Ellen’s friend, detain her not below !  
 “ Ah ! thou foul murderer ! of a brother dear !  
 “ Alcander’s ghost, will ever haunt thee here ;  
 “ Ah ! no, my husband ! in that place above,  
 “ I’ll keep his spirit, in the arms of love ;  
 “ He sha’nt offend thee, let thy conscience speak ;  
 “ On thy last bed, it will thy heart strings break,  
 “ Farewell ! one day a merc’less Judge thou’lt see !  
 “ No mercy find, as none thou felt for me.”

“ I called thee not,” Francisco cries, “ to hold  
 “ A useless parley, with a Wanton bold,  
 “ I gave thee time, that time thou dost employ,  
 “ To taunt my woes, and all my peace destroy ;  
 “ That hateful man, ah ! darest thou still to name,  
 “ Who brought thee death, and caused my endless shame ;

“ In golden days thy love, was all my theme.  
“ But ah ! that love was short-lived as a dream ;  
“ What means this gay attire, this wedding veil,  
“ Ah could'st thou think this tinsel could prevail  
“ To shield thy bosom from the righteous stroke ?  
“ Oh ! at thy grave darest thou to sport or joke ?  
“ Once Syren, I was tangled in thy wiles,  
“ But now this heart is steeled against thy smiles ;  
“ O yes ! I'll send thy spirit to its rest,  
“ 'Twill find repose, denied Francisco's breast ;  
“ Thy lot I envy, in that grave thou'lt sleep,  
“ While my lost spirit lives its shame to weep ;  
“ Weep did I say ? Francisco never deigns,  
“ To tell the world, his wrongs, his woes, his pains ;  
“ Once soft submissive, I became thy tool,  
“ Threw off my nature, learned to play the fool ;  
“ But now grown wise, from dreams Francisco woke,  
“ Pounced on his prey, that would his rage provoke ;  
“ Expect no mercy, Fiends now drive my soul,  
“ I own their power, their guidance, and control ;

“ Revenge and hate, their hellish spells I feel,  
 “ A magic circle drawn by poisoned steel ;  
 “ I eye thee, as a vulture eyes the blood,  
 “ Or tigers growling o’er their gory food,  
 “ Now courage lights me with the fire of Hell,  
 “ I dare to strike, to break the magic spell ;  
 “ Go to thy lover ! live no more apart,  
 “ No steel can fathom, woman’s wily heart ;  
 “ This to thy life ! ”——“ O hold thy hellish arm,”  
 A voice exclaims, “ the murderer I disarm ”  
 “ Villain ” ! Francisco cries, “ thou elf of hell !  
 “ Thy base and wanton views I know full well ;  
 “ Off ! off ! thou fiend, and let this arm be free,  
 “ I’ll turn this poignard and my wrath on thee ;  
 “ Here to thy heart ! why grasp me like a slave ?  
 “ Thy corpse with her’s, shall mingle in one grave ! ”  
 “ Help ! Captain help ! ” loud cries the Priest, “ in chains  
 “ Bind him who felt not for another’s pains ;  
 “ I’ll grasp thee tight, thou wretch, and firmly bind  
 “ Vain are thy struggles, and thy threats are wind ;



“ This collar fits thy proud, thy stubborn neck,  
“ Who chains another, chains himself shall deck ;  
“ See to the Lady, loose each iron ring,  
“ She only swoons, fly quick ! fresh water bring.  
“ She breathes, he hurt her not ; she opes her eyes,  
“ Thy Priest my Lady ! God has saved thee ! rise !  
“ Rise to enjoy full many a happy year !  
“ For dreary hours thou passed in misery here,  
“ There lies the merciless author of thy woe,  
“ His blood not thine, by justice soon shall flow.  
“ Bound hand and foot he struggles to be free,  
“ He’s powerless now, no more to injure thee ;  
“ Go to thy mansion, lay thee down awhile,  
“ We’ll soon away, to travel many a mile ;  
“ The monarch waits thee in the hall of state,  
“ While dungeons darken for the murderer’s fate ;  
“ Gonsalvo, Mungo, set the prisoners free,  
“ Summon the slaves, they now must wait on me ;  
“ Tell them the tear is dried, and broke each chain,  
“ For God has crowned dear Ellen here to reign ;

“ His power has saved her life and given her days,  
“ To him be all the glory, all the praise !”

Some with fatigue, and some with grief oppressed,  
The motley group at length retired to rest.  
Poor Rosa freed, her fainting mistress led,  
And watched and prayed beside her sleepless bed ;  
The royal troops by turns the mansion kept,  
Surprise suspecting if too sure they slept.

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.

## CANTO IV

“ OH! haste my friends ! our cause forbids delay !”

The Priest exclaims, “ tis morn, we must away !

“ Go ! call the Lady ! quick she must appear,

“ Summon the slaves, and every witness here ;

“ Captain ! array the troops, to guard the road,

“ The mules, Gonsalvo ! with provisions load ;

“ Lock up the house, from crime now happily freed,

“ Are we all ready, give the word, ! proceed !”

High on a funeral car, with woe-worn mind,

In mourning weeds, poor Ellen lay reclined

With grief, the long extended train she eyed,

In solemn silence all, she wept, she sighed ;

Wept her unhappy husband's certain fate,  
 Wept for his sorrow, now mayhap too late ;  
 If haply sorrow now, could fill a breast,  
 With hate so long, and jealousy oppressed ;  
 Deeply she wished the sword of justice sheathed,  
 Love sighed no more, but still her pity breathed ;  
 She wished him life, who wished herself a grave,  
 But ah ! her brother ! could she, should she save ?  
 Thus thoughts conflicting all her feelings goad,  
 Lengthening with pain, the long, long, dreary road.

Francisco too, surrounded by the throng,  
 In sullen mood, was slowly dragged along ;  
 Chained on a hurdle, round he fiercely scowled,  
 Or vainly struggled, or in fury growled ;  
 Like a fierce tiger, who with hungry jaws,  
 Had caught a lamb, live, trembling in his claws ;  
 The anxious shepherds, quick surround the beast,  
 With dogs and guns, to stay his bloody feast ;  
 Fearful of death, he drops his trembling prize,  
 Falls in the pit, and growling prostrate lies ;

In chains he's dragged to expiate his crimes,  
 Or die a captive dread in foreign climes.  
 Thus, slowly on they held their weary way,  
 Thro' the cool night, and thro' the sultry day ;  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er mountains high and steep,  
 O'er spreading plains, o'er rocks, thro' rivers deep,  
 'Till fortune closing the long dreary hours,  
 They happ'ly spied the city's lofty towers.  
 Arrived at length they seek the palace gate,  
 And soon are summoned to the hall of state.

High on a throne, on iv'ry pillars raised,  
 That bright with gems, and burnished gilding blazed,  
 The monarch sat with majesty and grace,  
 Soft kindness beaming in his royal face,  
 The group on entering, awful reverence felt,  
 As in obeisance round the throne they knelt ;  
 " Rise ! madam, rise !" the monarch kindly speaks,  
 " That sabled dress, thy troubled heart bespeaks,  
 " Tell all thy wrongs, the truth our law demands,  
 " The guiltless here find favor at our hands.

“ I thank thee sire,” the gentle Ellen cries,  
 With beating heart and downcast tearful eyes ;  
 “ ‘Thou see’st, my Liege ! a group of mourners here,  
 “ Long time the prey of misery and fear ;  
 “ My wrongs, my Liege, my duty bids me seal—  
 “ A husband’s faults, a wife should ne’er reveal,  
 “ Fatigue o’ercomes me, and I leave the cause,  
 “ Thro’ royal favor, to those versed in laws ;  
 “ To act accuser would this bosom rend,  
 “ I’ll fondly stand, Francisco’s wife, and friend ;  
 “ O ! if his crime demands my husband’s life,  
 “ He’ll find his Ellen still, no treach’rous wife ;  
 “ She’ll humbly kneel, for mercy still she’ll plead,  
 “ His death awarded, long her heart will bleed ;  
 “ Hear him, my sire, his wretched cause defend,  
 “ O be his Monarch, Advocate and Friend.”—

“ Lady approach, such feelings we admire,  
 “ A room’s prepared, ’tis right thou should’st retire ;  
 “ We’ll try thy husband, mercy shall befriend,  
 “ We’ll act for thy sake, counsellor and friend.

Worn down with grief, and with fatigue oppressed,  
 The gentle Ellen, soon retired to rest ;  
 She felt secure, that none could stand bereft,  
 To royal justice, royal mercy left.

Each witness called, clear testimony bore,  
 And spoke to facts, the world ne'er heard before ;  
 The royal heart was pained, and scarce believed,  
 Still leaned to mercy, some might stand deceived ;  
 'Till the last scene, appalling, came to view,  
 And murder stood, in malice cold and true ;  
 Where chained appeared a fond a guiltless wife,  
 Abused, imprisoned, begging for her life,  
 All by a husband, sworn to love, to save—  
 Prepared to stab her kneeling at her grave.

“ If true O prisoner ! all these bloody deeds,  
 “ Thy heart that never bled, to-morrow bleeds !  
 “ What sayest thou now ? these facts canst thou deny ?  
 “ If false they prove thy foes thou mayest defy !  
 “ Rise up, hold up thy hand, consider well,  
 “ The truth I warn thee, at thy peril tell.”—

Thus spake the monarch, when by slow degrees,  
 Uprose the Don majestic, from his knees ;  
 High in the air he raised his hand, fast bound  
 With a long chain, and threw his eyes around ;  
 Like a tall cedar, straight, and firm, he stood,  
 While scowling frowns, betray'd his angry mood ;  
 With a loud voice, that confidence expressed,  
 He thus the Emperor and the Court addressed :—

“ Here at thy bar, O mighty Prince, I stand,  
 “ And raise to heav’n, this proud—this guiltless hand ;  
 “ I dare the world to show, from any clime,  
 “ A man—a Lord, more free from taint or crime ;  
 “ Proudly Francisco’s name will banish doubt—  
 “ His noble Race—his honor bear him out.  
 “ Such deeds, my Prince, I treat with proud disdain—  
 “ A husband’s wrongs will cause a husband pain,  
 “ Heaven made thee such—thy honor is thy life,  
 “ Thy Queen its guardian—all in all, thy wife !  
 “ On thee ! my Prince ! a husband, here I throw,  
 “ Myself, my wrongs—thy truth, thy heart, I know.



- “ Then truth and mercy come ; each heav’nly flower  
 “ Bloom on his royal brow this awful hour ;  
 “ Let all your perfumes to my prince reveal  
 “ Your essence sweet, let him your influence feel.  
 “ O think, my Liege, thy brother guiltless still,  
 “ And God’s vicegerent, execute his will.  
 “ I own, with shame, that wanton is my wife ;  
 “ I own, with pain, I sought her guilt-stain’d life ;  
 “ I spurn a lie—a man, in wrath I slew—  
 “ These bloody facts, Francisco owns are true !  
 “ Shew me a man, my Prince, who owns a heart,  
 “ That can, with ease—with all his honor part !—  
 “ Can tamely see a rival in the soul,  
 “ Where he alone should reign, with Love’s control ?  
 “ Who lov’d as I did ? what I deem’d a prize—  
 “ A star, the brightest that e’er deck’d the skies.  
 “ Would not a demon slay ? by madness driven,  
 “ Who’d fly to tarnish the best star of heaven ;  
 “ ’Tis true ! my Sire ! that man I sternly slew,  
 “ And gave his flesh for food—’tis all—all true !

“ Here is no guilt !—’tis shadow ! only name !  
 “ A mean exchange for honor, and for fame ;  
 “ From forethought free, I plunged the fatal steel ;  
 “ Should I believe what wanton lips reveal—  
 “ She nam’d him brother—for the proof I call—  
 “ On this I stake Francisco’s life—his all !  
 “ What ? now believe, what never was reveal’d,  
 “ They—they are guilty who the truth conceal’d ;  
 “ Send for her father, Don Alonzo, he  
 “ Alone can clear—alone can pity me ;  
 “ Why should I suffer ?—ignorance I plead !  
 “ Justice I beg, my Liege—I justice need ;  
 “ Let Justice hold, my Prince, the heavenly scale,  
 “ And truth and mercy will alone prevail.”

“ Thy bold defence,” the monarch, frowning, cries,  
 “ Prisoner, I heard with horror and surprise,  
 “ Confessions made, of acts, as black as hell—  
 “ Of guilt, thy heart one day, will know full well ;  
 “ ’Twas murder base, to take a precious life—  
 “ Without enquiry, wrong a spotless wife ;

“ O ! yes, to wrong her, every reason start—  
 “ To spurn her tears and wring her loving heart—  
 “ To drag a lamb, relentless to the grave,  
 “ And lift that arm, to stab her—not to save !  
 “ I see thy guilt, clear as the mid-day sun—  
 “ She found no mercy, thou can’st look for none ;  
 “ I’ll see her father, there we both agree,  
 “ To please his daughter, Prisoner ! not for thee !  
 “ Summon’d he shall be, and ’till he appears,  
 “ In chains thou’lt lie, for deep remorse and tears,  
 “ Mayhap, e’er life shall close, thou’lt find a cure  
 “ In Godly sorrow, here on earth endure  
 “ Those pangs, thy crimes, thro’ mercy may inspire,  
 “ Lest endless pangs thou’lt feel in endless fire ;  
 “ For her who lov’d thee, pity had no spark—  
 “ Thy heart is black—thy dungeon shall be dark.  
 “ Jailor ! chain fast the prisoner ! guard with care !  
 “ Let bread with water, be his humbling fare !  
 “ Prisoner ! thy wife more bitterly was fed—  
 “ Tears were her drink—affliction, all her bread !

“ Send for a Priest, he’ll place before thine eyes,  
 “ The blazing sun, of mercy, in the skies—  
 “ The Saviour God ! who shed his blood for thee !  
 “ E’en from these crimes a Penitent to free !  
 “ Thy time employ—thou standest on the brink  
 “ Of dread Eternity, we’ll never shrink,  
 “ When Don Alonzo shall our darkness clear,  
 “ To deal to thee what thou dealt others here.”

Now see poor Ellen in retirement’s shade,  
 Beneath the wings of Royal kindness laid ;  
 Her heart of vain regret, and grief, the prey—  
 All night she wept, and sigh’d the live-long day ;  
 Oft to the Power that sav’d her did she kneel—  
 Her God that snatch’d her from the merciless steel.

“ Receive, O Lord,” she cried, “ the grateful prayer  
 “ Of a poor sinner—save her from despair ;  
 “ Forgive the thought, thy mercy let me sing,  
 “ None can despair beneath thy heav’nly wing !  
 “ Thy glorious presence, all around me shone,  
 “ When earth and friends, and nearly life were gone.

“ From heav’n thy glorious arm was stretched to save—  
 “ Thy Mercy snatch’d me, sinking to the grave ;  
 “ ‘Thou hast prolong’d a worthless sinner’s days—  
 “ ‘Thro’ grace preserv’d, my tongue should speak thy praise.  
 “ Ah ! my poor husband, grant that he may see  
 “ His many crimes—O, turn his heart to thee ;  
 “ But at thy will, thy child should never grieve,—  
 “ O Lord, to thee, my husband’s cause I leave,—  
 “ O, grant us both thy righteous arm to see,  
 “ And bend resign’d, in holy love to thee.”

Thus pray’d poor Ellen, as each night, each day,  
 In weary progress, slowly crept away ;  
 When sitting late, at Evening’s tranquil hour,  
 The prospect viewing from a lofty tower,—  
 The sea beneath, bright in the moony ray,  
 Clear as a glass, in settled smoothness lay ;  
 The various ships, from every foreign land,  
 At anchor some, some hauled upon the strand ;  
 Doubling the Cape, she suddenly espied  
 With swelling sails, a vessel skim the tide ;

She watched it pushing on its foamy way,  
 When furling sails it anchored in the bay ;  
 A boat she saw the sailors quickly lower,  
 Which soon came dashing to the sandy shore ;  
 When two tall youthful figures landing near,  
 Quick round the walls in darkness disappear :  
 “ What sounds are those ? ” she said, “ so near, so sweet,  
 “ Responsive songs, my ear distinctly meet ! ”  
 In strains melodious, then, a youth began,  
 The smoothened verses thus, in measure ran :—

“ Beneath a green grass mound,  
     Cold lies my Maiden dead,  
 I’ve wept the world around,  
     The cold, cold earth my bed.  
 And long those eyes will weep,  
     For youth and beauty gone,  
 ’Till Henry sinks to sleep,  
     Beneath the marble stone.”

Poor Ellen all entranced, contained her breath,  
 While wilder notes rose softly from beneath :—

" I'll broken hearted wander,  
     All the world around,  
 To find my lov'd Alcander,  
     Alive or under ground ;  
 Poor Emma's heart is burning—  
     The ships that left the shore,  
 Are all—all, all, returning,  
     But he returns no more."

" O ! Emma," from the window, Ellen cries,  
 " Ah ! here thy sister sits and weeps and sighs ;  
 " And thou, my Henry, well thy tale I know—  
 " Thy Ellen heard the cause of all thy woe ;  
 " Here in my heart you both shall find redress,  
 " Long schooled in grief, I learned to help distress,  
 " I'll seek the page, he'll ask the sovereign's leave,  
 " That gained for my sake, kindness you'll receive,  
 " United now by misery's chains below,  
 " I live a sister to each child of woe."

Wide flew the gates, ah ! easy are the stairs,  
 To those ascending, to be freed from cares,

The bosom pants, and every step they move,  
Is winged with hope, with gratitude and love.

“Fly to my bosom, O! my Emma dear,”  
Says Ellen joyful, “say how cam’st thee here ;  
“Escaped the storms and dangers of the sea,  
“And thou poor Henry, dear thou’lt be to me ;  
“I’ll try to keep such mourners from despair,  
“The world alas! has plunged us all in care,  
“But O! my friends, a Power above us reigns,  
“Who’ll calm the storm, and ease the mourner’s pains,  
“’Twas He alone who saved me from the grave!  
“And ah! He’ll comfort those He seeks to save—  
“Seek Him my brother, for an humbled mind  
“And Emma dear, to Him be still resigned.  
“The tragic scenes, that baffled all relief,  
“Sting deep this heart, o’erwhelming it with grief;  
“But God alone, can give us strength to bear,  
“Of Life’s misfortunes our allotted share.

“O! pull the bell, Page—fly, fresh water bring—  
“Wake Emma, Love! why thus our bosoms wring?



“ Thy lovely face, O ! lift my sister dear !

“ O Lord ! assist me—Ellen dies with fear !

“ Why did I tell the cruel—cruel tale ?

“ But fruitless now, my sorrow can’t avail !

“ Here Henry help, our hearts we must resign ;

“ Ah ! say can anguish ever equal mine ?

“ Awake ! my Emma ! ah ! I broke thy heart !

“ She breathes ! but ah ! convulsive is that start.

“ Alcander ! O ! Alcander ! let me fly,

“ Mad thro’ the world, I sent thee here to die ;

“ O ! ’tis my due, thro’ life I must deplore,

“ In dread despair my Lover now no more.

“ What do I say ? deplore in dread despair ?

“ His Emma longs, her Lover’s fate to share ;

“ Where is Francisco ? let his murderous knife

“ Be kind to Emma, and release her life ;

“ But ah ! why call I on a murderer’s steel ?

“ His bloody arm poor Emma’s fate to seal ?

“ Forbid it heaven ! with firmness I’ll stand,

“ When righteous judgment shall his death command ;

“ Dip in his blood these hands ! act Emma’s part,  
“ He tore my Lover’s, O ! I’ll tear his heart !  
“ No, no ! Heaven teach me other thoughts to prize,  
“ Subdue my hate and mould me for the skies :  
“ I faint my Ellen, O ! assistance give,  
“ Support poor Emma, soon she’ll cease to live,  
“ O God forgive, what wrongs had bid to start,  
“ Forgive despair, forgive a bleeding heart ;  
“ This little ring, my own sweet Ellen take,  
“ Ah ! fondly wear it, for poor Emma’s sake ;  
“ And thou my Henry, here’s our mother’s hair,  
“ Think of thy sister, keep that lock with care.  
“ Farewell ! farewell ! no more my sister weep,  
“ Death comes to soothe me, ah ! I feel him creep,  
“ Cold thro’ my veins, yes, Lord I long to fly,  
“ In mercy take a sufferer to the sky,  
“ Where dwells the wretched mourner’s only friend,  
“ Where sorrows cease, and mercy knows no end,  
“ Farewell ! farewell ! ah her dear spirit flies,  
“ To bliss” cried Ellen, “ while her sister dies,”

- “ Dies while she drags a weary life of care,  
 “ Denied the Mourner’s happy lot to share.  
 “ O yes my Emma, wrapped in balmy sleep,  
 “ Now lives to joy, while Ellen lives to weep,  
 “ O my loved father, for one pitying friend,  
 “ To sooth, support, a sufferer to befriend,  
 “ Yet no, my hopes in sorrow should arise,  
 “ To Him, who sees me from yon starry skies.  
 “ He has the power my bosom’s wounds to cure,  
 “ Misfortune’s flames he made me to endure ;  
 “ I still must rouse me, and act Ellen’s part—  
 “ My life is God’s, and He shall have my heart ;  
 “ Come, Henry, speak ! why fix thy glaring eyes ?  
 “ But weep, thou dost not, nor heed Ellen’s sighs !  
 “ Ah ! why that lengthen’d, deep, and frightful groan ?  
 “ And why leave Ellen helpless and alone ?  
 “ Go, Page, and tell the Emperor how fare  
 “ His wretched guests, now Victims of despair.”  
 “ Who art thou, woman ?” Henry wildly cries,  
 “ Turn off thy head, and close thy weeping eyes,

“Thou’rt not my maiden, nor my sister—no !

“ I’ll sing and weep thro’ all the world my woe !

“ Come here, my Emma, why delay so long ?

“ Come, let us greet the lady with a song !

“ Lady ! this lyre all sorrow will remove,

“ It sounds so sweet, when swept for hearts of love !

“ Ah ! dost thou love, sweet lady ? then thy pain

“ Is all, all sorrow—Henry lov’d in vain :

“ The breezes sigh it—ah, the sea-bird cries !

“ Heaven guards the spot, where cold his maiden lies.”

“ Lady,” a Page exclaims, “ a stranger seeks

“ A word with thee, he’ll soon return, he speaks

“ Close with the royal minister of state,

“ May I admit him if he comes not late ?

“ He raps, he raps, will Lady see him here ?

“ O Yes, my Page,” cries Ellen, “ I’ll appear.”

“ Now with life’s spark, let old Alonzo part,

“ Since God restores his Ellen to his heart.”

(An old man cries, on entering—gravely drest—

While Ellen, fainting, sunk upon his breast) :

- “ O, let my longing eyes again be fed  
“ With my sweet child now rescued from the dead ;  
“ Cheer up, my angel! live to sooth my cares,  
“ O live to cherish these few silver hairs ;  
“ Content now let me on thy bosom die,  
“ My child restor’d, no more my heart will sigh.  
“ O! she revives! thy father, child, see here,  
“ To cheer thee spared, O! yes! he’ll fondly cheer,  
“ Cheer all thy days, and lead thee to the sky ;  
“ First in the road, he’ll help thy wings to fly ;  
“ Fly from a world of trouble and despair,  
“ To realms of bliss, where dwells no pain, no care ;  
“ Where freed from man, no misery can befall  
“ For thee, for me, where Christ reigns all in all.”  
“ O Yes! my Father! Ellen feels once more,  
“ A ray of bliss, like that that shone before ;  
“ Thy fond affection in these dreadful days,  
“ Her care-worn heart for misery well repays ;  
“ O Yes my sire ! my God has made me stand,  
“ Love’s weeping statue, marred by human hand ;

“ The hand thou gavest me, a frigid stone,  
 “ That showed a man a flinty heart could own ;  
 “ Those tears betray, thou know’st Alcander’s fate,  
 “ My woes, O heard’st thou in the hall of state ?  
 “ Francisco’s madness too, his reason gone,  
 “ For ah ! what’s madness ? like a heart of stone ?  
 “ O Pity ! father ! Oh ! thy kindness lend ;  
 “ Ah ! when he sees Alonzo still his friend,  
 “ The spark of love with reason may return,  
 “ His Ellen then, he may not, will not spurn ;  
 “ I mourn my brother, I abhor the deed !  
 “ But could I wish, my husband’s heart to bleed ?  
 “ He sought my life, unconscious sure of ill,  
 “ Thou gavest that hand, and Ellen loves it still.  
 “ But, O ! forgive the weakness of a wife,  
 “ Who, from a Parent, begs her husband’s life.  
 “ Ah ! my lov’d Father ! in yon corner laid,  
 “ There lies our dear Alcander’s lovely maid ;  
 “ Her faithful heart, the deadly story broke,  
 “ Just now, dear Emma, her last death-word spoke.

- “ Did she for him in grief her life resign ?  
 “ And for Francisco should I death decline ?  
 “ But no, urged on, for death poor Ellen long’d,  
 “ While Heaven’s high will, her worthless life prolong’d.  
 “ Since then, her God, thy Ellen’s life directs,  
 “ ’Tis her’s to prize, what heavenly love protects ;  
 “ Then let me live, to lighten all thy cares,  
 “ To smooth thy wrinkles, and those silver hairs !  
 “ Watch near thy couch, charm every poignant ill,  
 “ Ah ! once thy child—thy child is Ellen still,  
 “ O come my Father now, with cares oppressed ;  
 “ Weak nature calls us to refreshing rest ;  
 “ In mercy’s arms, we’ll lay our weary heads,  
 “ Tho’ grieved at night, e’er morn, God comfort sheds.  
 “ He wills to-morrow, each should act his part,  
 “ When pity pleads, ’tis He makes soft the heart,  
 “ Justice will guide thee, mercy bend thy will,  
 “ For Ellen’s sake, O ! be Alonzo still !  
 “ Ah, pity ! doubt ! extenuate ! defend !  
 “ All in one little word, Befriend ! Befriend !

- “ Restore his life, in gratitude we’ll kneel,  
 “ The gift of mercy, Heaven itself will seal.”  
 “ O Yes,” Alonzo cries, “ I gladly see,  
 “ Thy mother’s image, lovely child in thee  
 “ In heaven, the Galaxy alone hath shone,  
 “ Like thee, kind nature’s duties, all in one ;  
 “ The child, the sister, wife in mercy given,  
 “ The patient saint, not formed for earth, but heaven.  
 “ But, ah! my child! I own thee still to blame,  
 “ Tho’ nature’s weakness ’tis, and not her shame ;  
 “ Thy brother’s murderer, why thus defend ?  
 “ A wolf, my Ellen, tried in vain to mend ;  
 “ Wolf do I say ? ah, no! a viper curs’d,  
 “ Hugged to thy heart, and in thy bosom nurs’d !  
 “ Ellen ! call up thy soul, thy brother see,  
 “ In fancy ope, his wounded breast to thee !  
 “ And say, my sister ! did I this deserve ?  
 “ My murderer canst thou find, a heart to serve ?  
 “ Thy dear Alcander, late he madly slew  
 “ But ah! at thee, the merciless tiger flew.



“ Were he on earth, he’d every power defy,  
 “ Who’d hurt his Ellen, ah ! that fiend should die.”  
 “ No,” cried Alonzo, lifting high his voice,  
 “ I know thee well, the right is Ellen’s choice ;  
 “ Pure is thy thought, as stars thy judgment bright,  
 “ Her heart may break, but Ellen will do right ;  
 “ Francisco once, thy heart may justly move,  
 “ He sought thy life, and forfeited thy love.  
 “ Thy cause is not thy own, for every wife  
 “ In Ellen sees, the jeopardy of life ;  
 “ Yes every wife the perjured villian loathes,  
 “ And prays Heaven’s curses, on love’s broken oaths ;  
 “ Ellen, to-morrow I expect to see  
 “ Alcander’s sister, and my child in thee ;  
 “ Thy heart divorced in loveliness and youth  
 “ From murder base, and wedded firm to truth ;  
 “ Thy love cast off ! be firm, and act thy part,  
 “ The God who saved thee, should have all thy heart ;  
 “ But He, my Ellen ! will desert thy cause,  
 “ If thou for man, can spurn His sacred laws ;

" Let us away, with faint and weary breast,  
 " We'll ask of Him, to grant refreshing rest ;  
 " His guardian eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep,  
 " Will all His children safe from danger keep ;  
 " Farewell, my child, God save thee thro' the night,  
 " And wake thee long to life, to health, to light."

" Madam !" a Page exclaims, " our Monarch sends  
 " His royal wish, that thou, and all thy friends  
 " Should here remain to-night, attention kind,  
 " His majesty directs that all shall find ;  
 " By royal orders now, the servants stand,  
 " In due obedience ready at command.  
 " Say what's thy will ?——" " See here a lady dead,"  
 Poor Ellen cries, " a youth, his senses fled,  
 " Yon sits, in gloomy wildness, staring sad,  
 " We mourn the dead, may God protect the mad !  
 " He's quiet, gentle, never made a foe,  
 " He'll only sing thee sweet, his tale of woe ;  
 " My faithful Page ! direct thy kindness here !  
 " To soothe my Henry, and wipe off the tear.

“ When reason’s star shall rise again to give  
 “ Heaven’s radaint light, O ! in his heart thou’lt live ;  
 “ For kindness shown in darkness drear and wild,  
 “ To Love’s poor victim, grief’s benighted child ;  
 “ Almighty grace, who took the heavenly prize,  
 “ Will give thee brighter far in happier skies ;  
 “ Rosa lead on, I’ll seek my couch for rest,  
 “ To still the murmurings of this aching breast.  
 “ Come balmy sleep ! my grief-swelled eyelids close,  
 “ O grant one hour’s oblivion to my woes ;  
 “ Come silent Power ! and bid my troubles cease,  
 “ And gently hush my mourning heart to peace ;  
 “ Ah yet ! tho’ sleepless are poor Ellen’s eyes,  
 “ Soft on dear freedom’s couch her sorrow lies ;  
 “ No guilty fears disturb her anxious breast,  
 “ No blood-stained phantoms, glare upon her rest ;  
 “ Ah ! no, more galling are another’s pains,  
 “ A husband’s sorrows, ah ! a husband’s chains ;  
 “ His sighs come moaning on the murmuring wind,  
 “ His clanking chains, ring painful thro’ my mind ;

“ Hard task Francisco now, to love thee, yet  
“ Past days of Love, thy Ellen can't forget ;  
“ No ! could I love thee once in days of joy,  
“ And hate thee now, when grief and chains annoy.  
“ Oh ! no Francisco ! Ellen is thy wife,  
“ Her truth is still the guardian of thy life ;  
“ A monarch's will may with a nation stand,  
“ The law may frown, a Parent may command ;  
“ On wings of truth, a wife's affections rise,  
“ To hold communion, far above the skies.  
“ Revenge and hatred, both she proudly spurns,  
“ Her husband weeps, in hope, in love, she turns ;  
“ If seventy times Francisco pain should give,  
“ Ah ! seventy times his Ellen can forgive.  
“ Then let me rise ! no more should love delay,  
“ I'll to the prison fondly make my way ;  
“ Duty, and Love, shall once more try to save,  
“ I'll wrongs forget, the dagger, and the grave ;  
“ I'll call the Page ! here Rosa ! quickly rise !  
“ Summon the Slave, that near poor Henry lies ;

“ O Page ! canst thou with certainty of mind,  
 “ Point where the Don’s dread prison we may find ?  
 “ Say will the Jailor let a Lady see  
 “ A friend in chains ! and is he known to thee ?”  
 “ The way, my Lady ! well thy servant knows”  
 Replies the page, “ and nature will disclose,  
 “ A Jailor’s heart, it only wants a key,  
 “ A golden one, my Lady ! open, free,  
 “ The heart, the prison, and the feelings stand,  
 “ When royal gold is glittering in the hand.”  
 “ Enough ! my Page,” cries Ellen, “lead the way,  
 “ In haste proceed, already dawns the day.”

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.

## C A N T O   V

· Soft down the stairs, the anxious Ellen crept,  
And breathless, swiftly thro' the court-yard stepped ;  
And passed the gates, her Page far on the way,  
While hushed in sleep the clamorous city lay.  
Thro' streets they pushed, o'er bridges, many a lane,  
'Till faint, at length, the prison gates they gain ;  
They knocked ! “ who's there ? ” a voice, in anger cries,  
“ Admittance here, to all the law denies ! ”

“ Reach,” quoth the Page, “ thy friendly hand to me !  
“ This Royal livery, and this Lady see ! ”  
“ Talk not,” the Jailor cries, with angry brow  
Sharp thro' the casement peeping, “ vainly now  
“ Thy livery here, before the dawn of day,  
“ I don't to ladies, or their tears give way ! ”

“ Good sir,” cries Ellen, “ patient, here I’ve stood,  
 “ Thou’rt kind I know, I seek to do thee good !  
 “ Extend thy hand ! I’ll quickly take my leave,  
 “ If Ladies’ kindness Jailors’ can’t receive !”

“ Lady,” replies the Jailor, “ that sweet hand  
 “ Is soft and warm, and proves thy lineage grand !  
 “ O ! ’tis replete with reasons dear as life,  
 “ Such golden reasons, end debate and strife !  
 “ I’ll ope the gate, walk on thro’ yonder halls,  
 (They’re soon enclosed by gloomy bars and walls)  
 “ Now down these steps, beware, I’ll hold the light,  
 “ On lower still, my Lady ! one more flight,  
 “ Come ! come ! no fear, the prison I know well,  
 “ You say you seek one Don Francisco’s cell !  
 “ Yonder’s the door, the key I’ll soft apply,  
 “ Mayhap, he’ll think we summon him to die.”

“ To die ?” cries Ellen, “ Page support me here,  
 “ I faint indeed, I die with grief and fear.”  
 “ With fear,” the Jailor cries, “ I fain must tell,  
 “ No business hast thou, in this gloomy cell !

“ So turn thee back, no faithfulness, no wit

“ Will save, if I a coward should admit !

“ Oh ! not admit me now,” poor Ellen cries,

“ Her heart with pity, not with terror dies ;

“ I’ll stay not long, ah come, unlock the door,

“ Short is our time, O torture me no more.”

“ Unlock the door ? forsooth ! and short the time !”

Replies the Jailor, “ words but badly chime,—

“ But, come ! I’ll try to help thee ! let me see ?

“ To ope this cell, requires a second key !

“ A master-key, I think thou hast the best,

“ To ope the world, if lost were all the rest !

“ Come try, my Lady !”—“ Here ! this silver take !

“ And now my friend ! no more excuses make.”

“ Thank thee, my Lady ! bribes a Jailor spurns !

“ But yet, with this, the key to wonder turns.”

“ Who art thou ” ? groans a voice, “ by pity led,

“ Or idly curious ? comest thou from the dead ?

“ A dying man to scare from dreary life ?

“ Art thou Alcander ? or my wanton wife ?



“ Ah no ! that creaking hinge, deep sorrow flings,  
 “ It tells me, she in palaces now sings  
 “ In careless joy, released from guilty pains,  
 “ Ah yes ! she stings, and faster bolts these chains.  
 “ Who art thou say ?”

“ Lady ” ! the Jailor speaks,  
 “ I’ll leave thee here awhile, my business seeks  
 “ My eye elsewhere, one hour I’ll leave thee, then  
 “ Refuse thou must not, to return again.”

“ Francisco ” ! Ellen cries, “ ah ! ’tis thy wife,  
 “ Whom heaven has sent, to woo thee back to life ;  
 “ Yes ! heaven has seen, how truly faithful, pure,  
 “ Thy Ellen’s love was, or could she endure  
 “ What thou in madness, made her bosom feel  
 “ By threats, by chains, by cruelty, by steel !  
 “ O no ! my husband ! hear thy wife once more,  
 “ Thy Ellen sings not ! deep she doth deplore ;  
 “ Thy fate, thy stubbornness, thy haughty pride,  
 “ Ah ! these, my efforts of affection chide ;  
 “ They make thee callous, flinty as the stone,  
 “ O think no more Francisco pure alone ;

“ ’Tis christain, manly, to confess our guilt,  
 “ Believe ! believe ! my brother’s blood was spilt.  
 “ I come to counsel thee, I come to save,  
 “ A husband pitied, sinking to the grave ;  
 “ O yes ! I pity thee, for Ellen’s love,  
 “ Thou didst thyself disdainfully remove ;  
 “ Yes ! flung it from thee, as a useless toy,  
 “ And now thou’rt left the dalliance to enjoy  
 “ Of hateful demons, thirsting for thy life,  
 “ Their love preferring to thy virtuous wife.  
 “ But calm my husband, do’st thou hear me now,  
 “ And shall thy Ellen make thee knit thy brow ?  
 “ Ah ! no Francisco ! could the morning’s glow,  
 “ Shine on these gloomy walls, ’twould serve to shew  
 “ Thy Ellen’s heart all glittering in her eyes  
 “ With hope, with lingering love, believe, she dies  
 “ To see her husband, her Francisco here  
 “ In chains, in darkness, in death’s hopeless fear ;  
 “ Summon thy reason, call thee up thy mind,  
 “ Our Monarch’s heart is princely, warm and kind.

“ Beg for thy life ! admit a foul mistake !

“ O ! say 'twas madness ! all for Ellen's sake ;

“ Ah ! my loved husband ! every prayer I'll join

“ For thee, thy Ellen will her life resign ;

“ She'll kneel, entreat, yes stake this worthless life !

“ Act Ellen's husband, and she'll act thy wife.

“ Then, if the wings of mercy, o'er thee spread,

“ And back restore my husband from the dead,

“ For him who saved us both, my all I'll spend,

“ In alms and prayers, 'till life itself shall end.

“ O ! would that Heaven,” Francisco cries, “ ordained

“ That creaking door unbolted had remained,

“ Would that those hinges one great mass of rust,

“ Would wait the Judgment day for wrath to burst ;

“ E'er thou a wretched husband's gloom alarmed,

“ Unmanned him thus, and all his soul disarmed ;

“ Say is it love that brings thee to the cell

“ Where conscience knaws and where the furies dwell ?

“ Say is it love to him that face to face,

“ Thou temptest with the hope of Royal grace ?

“ O ! Ellen ! Ellen ! now Francisco see,  
 “ No more Francisco, all, all, all for thee,  
 “ His hatred gone, his jealousy all fled,  
 “ His haughty spirit numbered with the dead.  
 “ Oh ! see him prostrate, chained before thine eyes,  
 “ But ’fore that Heaven his soul more prostrate lies,  
 “ Doubt drags his heart down to the shades beneath,  
 “ Ah ! tears of blood he weeps, he sought thy death ;  
 “ He spurned thy love, base malice closed his eyes,  
 “ He marred, he marred a planet of the skies ;  
 “ God will forgive, ah ! deep I now repent,  
 “ I loath, reproach myself, yes sore lament  
 “ My hapless fate, but Ellen chiefly thine,  
 “ But ’tis too late, I dare not now repine !  
 “ These prison walls, have heard my groans, my sighs,  
 “ My prayers were borne by angels to the skies ;  
 “ But yet these walls, built up to cure man’s ill,  
 “ Must witness me, proud Don Francisco still ;  
 “ The monarch too, the court, the rabble throng  
 “ That sought my death, to glut their hatred long ;

“ That wayward tempest, O that furious tide !  
“ Like ocean’s rock, Francisco must abide ;  
“ But ah ! my wife ! to thee ’tis justly due,  
“ That here Francisco’s heart and tongue speak true,  
“ To thee ’tis due, confession free, to make  
“ Of all my faults alone for Ellen’s sake ;  
“ But hold thee there, Francisco will not deign  
“ To act the coward for a prison chain ;  
“ No ! Ellen ! keep thy counsel, still this mind  
“ Misgives me much, if witnesses they find  
“ To prove that man thy brother, free from thought,  
“ His life I took, admit I can’t that fault ;  
“ But ah ! I sinned in that I flung thy love,  
“ And all thy tears that flinty heart could move  
“ Behind my back, wrung thy soft heart with grief,  
“ Flung thee to chains, denied a saint relief ;  
“ Tell not I said it ! act the prudent wife,  
“ Betray me not, my honor is my life ;  
“ Defence I made, I staked Francisco’s word,  
“ More dread is falsehood, than the axe or sword,

" No more unman me, leave me to my fate,  
 " I'll still defend me, free from jealous hate.  
 " Thou know'st 'twas ignorance ! aye that's my plea,  
 " And wild delusion, when I tortured thee ;  
 " Away ! away ! the monarch's bar I'll stand,  
 " And raise, once dear to thee, this faultless hand.  
 " If Death pursues me by the sentence given,  
 " Bold is my heart to him, but meek to heaven ;  
 " Bold did I live ! bold, did the world defy !  
 " And true to knighthood, will Francisco die."  
 " O Let me kneel, and bless my God who gave  
 " His Spirit free, thy precious soul to save"  
 Cries Ellen, mildly, " turn thee to my prayer,  
 " O fling thou not, thy Ellen to despair ;  
 " Despair ! O weak ! O wretched word ! 'tis death  
 " Already creeps, to snatch thy Ellen's breath.  
 " Why is my husband prodigal of life ?  
 " A drug to thee, a diamond to thy wife !  
 " O ! let me move thee, win thee to this heart  
 " O with thy life, thou can'st not, shalt not part.

“ Again I pray thee, beg, beseech, entreat,  
 “ I’ll help thee humbly, at the monarch’s feet,  
 “ What Royal mercy gives, O kindly take,  
 “ If not for thine, ah ! for poor Ellen’s sake ;  
 “ To me the gift, will cancel all the past,  
 “ My thanks shall cheer thee, while this life shall last ;  
 “ I’ll warm return thee, love so fondly shown,  
 “ And feel Francisco, tenfold more mine own.  
 “ But, if to die, thy dread resolve be fix’d,  
 “ O ! if poor Ellen’s cup already mix’d,  
 “ So bitter black, she’s now constrained to drink,  
 “ And leave her earthly treasure on the brink  
 “ Of dread Eternity, her faithful love,  
 “ E’er that the cup she drains, she’ll fondly prove—  
 “ She’ll act for thee a more than earthly wife,  
 “ For heaven she’ll train thee, not for earthly life ;  
 “ She’ll train thee while her soul in misery dies,  
 “ With saints to reign, in realms above the skies.  
 “ With pride,” Francisco ! “ sin and woes began,  
 “ Ah ! ’twas the curse, and never made for man ;

“ O stoop to heaven, in bright or dreary days,  
 “ And heaven thy soul, to happiness will raise ;  
 “ While earthly wreaths of triumph, all are torn,  
 “ There wil’t thou gain a crown, by Angels worn,  
 “ O stoop thy soul, ’tis honour to confess,  
 “ If man shall curse, Omnipotence will bless !  
 “ O if thy Ellen finds thee, all resigned—  
 “ If Ellen’s Saviour, helps thy fainting mind,  
 “ If Faith’s sweet music, in thy accents rings,  
 “ O if she knew thee now beneath the wings  
 “ Of mercy’s God, O could her heart rejoice,  
 “ She’d sing her joy, tho’ death be thy dread choice—  
 “ Ah yes ! she’d strengthen thee and fondly try  
 “ To win thy heart a penitent to die ;  
 “ But ! love thy life ! alone for Ellen’s sake,  
 “ Again she begs, the Monarch’s mercy take,  
 “ Here will I fondly kneel, and hug thy chain,  
 “ Give Ellen hope, for all her days of pain !  
 “ Let her return to pray thee all success,  
 “ The work of grace, Omnipotence will bless.”



“ Relieve me from remorse’s poignant care,”  
 Francisco cries, “ Lord ! keep me from despair !  
 “ Ellen ! for thy dear sake, I’d wish to live,  
 “ To bless a heart, that could so much forgive ;  
 “ Bask ’neath the radiance of that heavenly face,  
 “ And taste from thee the essence of that grace—  
 “ That grace that kindles in benighted man  
 “ A flame, that once on Jesus’ cross began,  
 “ And now to trembling sinners kindly given,  
 “ To light sweet gratitude, from earth to heaven.  
 “ Great God I know thee, terrible as fire,  
 “ Dread in thy courts of Holiness, O higher  
 “ Far thy thoughts than ours, thy all-seeing eyes  
 “ Deep probing hearts, tho’ reigning in the skies ;  
 “ But yet, the ray of mercy warm and bright  
 “ Darts down on earth, dispelling gloomy night ;  
 “ Dazzling the fiends wild driven from their seat,  
 “ And making man thy temple clean and sweet ;  
 “ That radiant influence, Francisco feels,  
 “ As now repentant, ’fore heaven’s throne he kneels ;

" Hear me again my Ellen, fain I'd live  
 " For thy sweet sake, who could so much forgive,  
 " Tell thee that jealousy and hatred dread  
 " That held my chains, are both like cowards fled ;  
 " But let a witness say, there once did live  
 " Dear Ellen's brother—Ellen may forgive ;  
 " And mercy's God, a brother's name once spoke,  
 " The charm that held Francisco's hope is broke !  
 " Death is his due ! his honor, O ! his name,  
 " His Ellen's murderer, both marked with shame.  
 " Then, let me die, the axe, the rope, the sword,  
 " Are harmless toys, no fear they now afford ;  
 " Ellen I loved thee, proud to feel thee mine,  
 " Thy death I sought, this life I must resign.  
 " Could'st thou confide in one as frail as dust ?  
 " The sport of winds, Francisco could not trust ;  
 " Rash woman, no ! kind Heaven relieves thy pain !  
 " Hug not the link, when heaven would break the chain ;  
 " Should Ellen weep at her Francisco's fate,  
 " School'd at her grave, to act the martyr great,

“ And patient, meek, courageous too, and mild,  
 “ And taught by grace, to act her God’s own child ;  
 “ Ah ! no my wife ! I’ll see not axe, or rope,  
 “ All will be radiant, from the orb of hope,  
 “ No rabble, or crime’s instruments, I’ll see  
 “ Wrapped in a trance of heaven, of grief and thee,  
 “ Resigned, I’ll leave a guiltless, lovely wife,  
 “ And for her sake alone, resign my life.  
 “ Farewell ! farewell ! ” —

“ Lady ” the Jailor cries

“ Thy time is out my call cannot surprise—  
 “ I told thee, here I could not let thee stay,  
 “ Past is the hour, already wears the day ;  
 “ The Judge’s trumpet summons all to court,  
 “ To some the sound is death, to others sport,  
 “ Come ! come along ; I tell thee ! talk no more !  
 “ Come get thee up, I can’t speak o’er and o’er.”

“ Oh ! Jailor ! Oh ! Francisco which will speak  
 “ One word of peace ? this wretched heart will break :  
 “ One minute Jailor ! Oh ! Francisco ! hear,  
 “ Let Ellen plead, ah ! then dismiss thy fear ;

" Fear do I say, thy negligence of life,  
 " Give it to Ellen and she'll prove thy wife."  
 " Madam, I tell thee rise."—" O Jailor ! wait,  
 " My loved Francisco ! let me change thy fate,  
 " Turn to my prayer ! O ! bend to love like mine,  
 " The gift of life, O tremble to resign !  
 " Bend to that God, who fills this gloomy place,  
 " And makes thy wife an instrument of grace,  
 " To change thy bold resolve, to make thee prize  
 " Thy life a boon, the richest of the skies !  
 " Thoul't soon be summoned to the judgment bar,  
 " But like a glimmering, solitary star ;  
 " Set in dark horizon, I'll attend,  
 " Light thy dark cause, my friendly influence lend  
 " To steer thee safe, thro' all thy soul's alarms,  
 " And win my knight, to triumph in my arms."

" Come haste thee ma'am, I cannot, will not wait,"  
 Loud roars the jailor, " Come ! 'tis now too late ;  
 " I must use violence," " Francisco ! swear,  
 " Thoul't now from all thy haughtiness forbear !

“ Jailor ! I’ll soon be with thee, one more word,  
 “ I’ll to the court, no axe I’ll fear, or sword,  
 “ With lowly heart, I’ll beg on bended knee,  
 “ And life and all resign to rescue thee :  
 “ Farewell ! my Love ! my Life ! on Jailor lead !  
 “ I’ll to the Palace, with the utmost speed.”

“ Thy Page, my Lady, in a woeful state,”  
 Remarks the Jailor, “ stands outside the gate,  
 “ Come on ! come on ! here Page the Lady lead  
 “ Quick to the Royal Palace, she’ll proceed :  
 “ Farewell ! I lock the gates.”—

“ Oh ! haste away,”

Cries Ellen breathless, “ quickly wears the day ;  
 “ Ah ! yon Procession, makes my heart to sink,  
 “ In misery now stands Ellen, on the brink  
 “ Of sorrow’s gulph, wide opening, ne’er to close,  
 “ All black and dreadful with poor Ellen’s woes ;  
 “ Alas ! those fatal trumpets ! how their sound  
 “ Thrills thro’ my soul, and does my sense confound ;  
 “ Haste on my Page, the palace gate to gain :  
 “ Ah ! we approach, I’m half relieved from pain.”

“ Now loudly knock ! ” — “ Welcome my Lady dear ”  
 Says Rosa trembling, “ ah ! thy Father here  
 “ Impatient asked, which way his lovely child,  
 “ For so he called thee, went, he said, beguiled  
 “ His daughter must be, by some spirit dread,  
 “ Tears for thy brother’s murderer to shed.”

“ O say,” cries Ellen, “ where my Father stays ?  
 “ He now,” quoth Rosa, “ in the court delays,  
 “ Summoned by Royal law, he fain must prove  
 “ Thy brether’s murder by the man you love !

“ I must to court,” the weeping Ellen cries,  
 “ O ’tis my grave, my heart desponding dies ;  
 “ Lord help thy child ! O bend my will to thine !  
 “ I life and soul, and all to thee resign !  
 “ O let thy Spirit from thy throne take flight !  
 “ From evil guard, and guide me into right.”

The Court assembled ! Councillors of State,  
 Beneath the throne, in awful silence sat,  
 The murmuring throng, still crowding more and more  
 With eyes impatient, watched the creaking door,

At length led on, in chains, and bending low,  
 The Prisoner entered, stepping firm and slow,  
 His down-cast eyes, betrayed the grief he felt,  
 As bowing humbly, to the Court he knelt.

“ Prisoner !” exclaims the Monarch, “ rise and say !  
 “ What happy change, thy heart has felt this day !  
 “ Thy guilt, alas ! is clear as mid-day sun—  
 “ Oh ! wretched man, thy sand of life is run !  
 “ The bitterness of death did others feel !  
 “ Unhappy victims of thy murderous steel !  
 “ Rise from thy knees ! Prisoner ! confess thy guilt !  
 “ We’ll prove whose blood, thy jealous fury spilt !”  
 “ No words, my Liege ! alas ! can now reveal  
 “ The poignant sorrows, I so justly feel ;”  
 Replies Francisco, as erect he stood,  
 “ But still I’m guiltless of a brother’s blood ;  
 “ Here lies my doom, shew proof, my dagger spilt,  
 “ A brother’s blood, in haste, my shame, my guilt  
 “ This high—this haughty spirit can’t outlive,  
 “ And blood for blood, will proud Francisco give.

“ O ! if ’twas Ellen’s brother that reclined  
 “ In sweet fraternal innocence of mind !  
 “ How dared I hastily to lift this arm ?  
 “ And then pursue a guiltless wife with harm ?  
 “ Proof ! proof ! I call, weary of life I rave,  
 “ Death’s no disgrace, and shameless in the grave !  
 “ Alcander bleeding stern demands my life,  
 “ Not royal mercy, not a kneeling wife,  
 “ If proof be brought, despair can now abate,  
 “ No earthly power shall stay Francisco’s fate !

“ Prisoner, rejoiced we feel that heaven has bent  
 “ Thy haughty spirit, and given thee to repent  
 “ Thy bloody deeds !” the Monarch mildly speaks,  
 “ ’Tis God alone, the penitent that seeks :  
 “ For death prepare ! the witnesses await  
 “ Our Royal mandate, they’ll decide thy fate ;  
 “ Call Don Alonzo here ! good Sir ! come on !  
 “ O speak thee up ! know’st thou the Prisoner Don.

“ O yes ! my Sire ! exclaims Alonzo wild,  
 “ Alas to him, I gave my guiltless child !



“ I’ll speak the tale, as briefly as I can,  
 “ And prove the guilt, the treach’ry of the man ;  
 “ Seven months have nearly passed, since soft and kind  
 “ To Don Francisco, I a lamb consigned,  
 “ Lamb do I say ? O ! in her Father’s eyes,  
 “ There lives no saint more faithful in the skies ;  
 “ Her God’s own child, she yields submission due  
 “ To Heaven, to Parents, and to Husband true ;  
 “ That Prisoner, e’er he wedded, o’er and o’er,  
 “ Love to my child, and due protection swore ;  
 “ Alas ! my Liege ! the story came too late,  
 “ My Daughter’s misery and her Brother’s fate ;  
 “ My son Alcander, was the dearest boy,  
 “ That e’er gave father hope or mother joy ;  
 “ I placed him, far I thought from care or pain,  
 “ His mother’s death alas, was all my gain ;  
 “ Oh ! had I known, what cost her soul to part,  
 “ Her son should ne’er have broke a mother’s heart ;  
 “ But come ! the tale I’ll shorten ! now I know  
 “ How Heaven in anger marked my lot below !

“ How, on the morn my child her vows exchanged,  
 “ The face of Heaven, from smiles, to frowns was changed,  
 “ Loud roared the winds, the elements engaged,  
 “ Furious the seas, and dread the torrents raged ;  
 “ Heaven spoke in thunders, as they pealing roared,  
 “ And winged with death, the forky lightning soared ;  
 “ Alas my Liege ! the earth, the sea, the skies,  
 “ Proclaimed my child, a lamb for sacrifice !  
 “ My Children rather, at my Son he flew,  
 “ Like a fierce tiger, and remorseless slew !  
 “ Yes ! hateful monster ! in this foolish breast  
 “ I nursed a viper, Heaven must now detest ;  
 “ Ah ! still my Ellen, while her bosom bleeds  
 “ For thee, her own and brother’s murderer pleads !  
 “ But die thou must, for perjury must die,  
 “ A murderer for dogs to tear should lie ;  
 “ For, who can pity for a husband feel,  
 “ Who chained a wife and made her humbly kneel—  
 “ O ! yes ! my angel daughter kissed thy feet,  
 “ Her brother’s flesh, while giving her to eat ;

“ O gracious Sovereign ! issue thy commands,  
 “ A Father’s love claims justice at thy hands !  
 “ To each my children dear, his heart was stone,  
 “ A heart as hard, to him must now be shown ;  
 “ Give man to know, with death who others serves,  
 “ That chains and death, that man himself deserves ;  
 “ That great Jehovah, hath in thunders said,  
 “ Who sheds man’s blood, by man must his be shed. ”

“ My Lords and Gentlemen ! with grief I own !  
 Observes the Monarch, “ rising from the throne ;  
 “ That human frame, could harbour such a heart !  
 “ And man be found to act a Demon’s part ;  
 “ But so it is, Prisoner ! we fain would add  
 “ Our kind conviction, to suppose thee mad ;  
 “ O no ! deliberate were thy acts and base,  
 “ Thy heart was flint, and iron was thy face ;  
 “ Would that our Royal mercy now could bend  
 “ To view thy case with feelings of a friend ;  
 “ We feel disposed, thy penitence, thy wife  
 “ Have all conspired, to save thy worthless life.

- “ But no ! in place of her thou once did'st wed,  
“ Had'st thou a tigress taken to thy bed ?  
“ Ah ! did she plot to catch thee in the claws,  
“ Of evil men, or mazes of the laws ;  
“ Did she portray a thirst for husband's blood,  
“ Or claiming justice, had she merciless stood ?  
“ We might extenuate, may pity, doubt,  
“ A husband's rights, might clearly bring thee out ?  
“ O no ! my Lord's ! and Gentlemen ! thro' life,  
“ I ne'er have known, so mild so fond a wife !  
“ Her brother absent long, a lovely youth,  
“ Dear to a sister's heart, a heart of truth ;  
“ Weary and wrapped in Nature's peaceful nap,  
“ He basely murdered in affection's lap !  
“ Without enquiry, was there justice there ?  
“ Or feeling for one moment to forbear ?  
“ What do I say ? a Demon held the reigns !  
“ And flung a wife, to dungeons bound in chains ;  
“ But O my friends ! a righteous God beheld,  
“ And from a crime more black his fury held !

“ Nature revolts to speak a tale of hell,  
 “ He gave her food, I cannot, dare not tell,  
 “ My soul forbids me ; come we to the grave,  
 “ No friend but God, to strengthen or to save !  
 “ A holy man, a goodly angel like,  
 “ His arm just caught, prepared the blow to strike ;  
 “ He found her kneeling, patient and resigned,  
 “ Strengthened by Heaven, alone, in soul and mind ;  
 “ But I’ll no more ! Prisoner ! that word, “ Prepare ! ”  
 “ Flung to the victim of thy pious care !  
 “ I now return thee back ! with righteous force,  
 “ No other shelter hast thou, or resource ;  
 “ Go then base felon ! Nature’s useless wreck !  
 “ The rope befits a proud a stubborn neck !  
 “ I joy to find thee act a Christian part,  
 “ Tho’ late it is, let Christ now have thy heart ;  
 “ ’Tis He can make thy soul, in truth repent,  
 “ And weep a life in murderous actions spent ;  
 “ From this, my heart at length has mercy flown,  
 “ Justice to guilt assumes a heart of stone !

“ Jailor ! remove him, now from greatness hurl’d

“ And o’er him draw, the curtain of the world !

“ To-morrow night.”—

“ Assist me now my God !

“ Or stretch ! O stretch me lifeless on the sod ;

(Exclaims poor Ellen, entering in despair,

With heaving bosom, and dishevell’d hair.)

“ Oh ! at thy feet, my Father ! let me throw,

“ Thy Ellen’s hopes, her misery, her woe ;

“ O ! save him ! save him ! on thy heart I call !

“ I throw myself, my fortune, life, my all ;

“ Down to the grave ! ’till death a faithful wife,

“ One gift my Father grant ! Francisco’s life !

“ No ! let me turn to Royal mercy here !

“ Ah ! for a wife, a King may shed a tear !

“ ’Tis manly, O ’tis great, ’tis Heavenly, rare,

“ To save a bleeding woman from despair !

“ This tongue, my Sovereign, never can reveal

“ The miseries long, this heart was doomed to feel ;

“ Yet blacker this, thro’ widowed life I’ll rave,

“ Give me to die, be mine my husband’s grave ;

- “ Spare him, spare him, he deeply now repents,  
 “ Ah! see his tears, no words he now resents!  
 “ Speak to my Father, to forgive the past,  
 “ Our grateful hearts, will serve thee to the last;  
 “ Francisco! rise! petition for thy life!  
 “ Second the efforts of thy faithful wife;  
 “ My Liege! my Father! what can woman do?  
 “ By Heaven, by earth, by all that’s dear I sue!  
 “ O take my Life! a widow is a wreck,  
 “ Yes to the rope, I’ll give my guiltless neck!  
 “ Come take my life! I loved him once and here  
 “ I own my love, and feel no hate, no fear!  
 “ O! Pity! Pity! let my tears assuage!  
 “ O! let my heart’s-blood, wash away thy rage!  
 “ His life, my Father dear, once more restore!  
 “ His Ellen, will Francisco grieve no more;  
 “ Then, spare his life, we’ll well the gift repay,  
 “ And for our Monarch, and a Father pray!  
 “ His Country’s foes to fight, prepar’d he’ll stand,  
 “ And help her cause, with sword, with heart and hand;

“ My God ! assist me ! soften every heart,  
 “ And make thy children act a righteous part !  
 “ Thou know’st, O Lord, a wife’s distress, despair,  
 “ O come support me, or my heart prepare  
 “ To take thy will, but ah ! I cannot see,  
 “ A husband die, once all the world to me !  
 “ Francisco ! rise ! petition for thy life !  
 “ Mercy for thee, and pity for thy wife ;  
 “ O take me, take me, soon a corpse I’ll lie,  
 “ I faint ! with dying lips ! I mercy cry,  
 “ Mercy ! O Mercy ! ”

“ O for water run,  
 “ My Ellen dies, her Father is undone.”  
 (Exclaims Alonzo,) “ bear her from the Court,  
 “ Here take her Guards, her dear, dear head support ! ”  
 “ Prisoner ! ” (the Monarch cries,) “ O hear thy wife,  
 “ Thy wretched victim ! begging for thy life !  
 “ No deadlier sting, my heart could wish thee here,  
 “ Remorse is hell, a wife, a wife so dear  
 “ So good, so loving, faithful, so resigned,  
 “ Her wrongs should sting thy soul, corrode thy mind.



“ In her, God’s own avenging angel see,  
 “ Thro’ life may’st thou feel, what she felt for thee ;  
 “ For her, for her alone, I’ll change thy fate,  
 “ Knock off thy chains, restore thee to thy state.  
 “ The gift to prove the Royal mercy serves,  
 “ The gift is less than her dear heart deserves ;  
 “ But such she has it, hence thy sorrow prove,  
 “ Give her, she merits it, thy grateful love :  
 “ To God give glory, who now stoops to save,  
 “ Give him thy heart, who saves thee from the grave,  
 “ From shame, disgrace, the halter, and the knife,  
 “ Restores a felon, to the world, and life.”

“ Accept my thanks, my gracious Sovereign here ”  
 Francisco cries, “ thy justice I revere,  
 “ I feel thy mercy, meant a wretch to serve,  
 “ My life is forfeit, death I well deserve ;  
 “ Haughty and proud, disdainful too of all,  
 “ Francisco lived, but God gives pride a fall ;  
 “ Unbridled passion, is the curse of man,  
 “ With jealous hate, base murder first began ;

“ A brother loved, I hurried out of life,  
 “ His flesh I gave to feed a faithful wife ;  
 “ No pity moved me, no entreaties turned,  
 “ With jealous fears, an angel wife I spurned ;  
 “ I now repent, my crimes are deep, are great,  
 “ I can’t survive them, send me to my fate !  
 “ I pray, my wife may long, long happy live,  
 “ I wronged her, yet my Ellen can forgive.  
 “ E’en such a Wretch, my Ellen will lament,  
 “ The doom of him, she taught to weep,—repent ;  
 “ To her I leave my mansion, rich estate,  
 “ My slaves, my treasures,—gifts, alas ! too late ;  
 “ But justice love, and feeling, now command,  
 “ With truth and love, Francisco won her hand ;  
 “ Pure was his love, and heavenly was the prize,  
 “ In Ellen reigned the virtue of the skies ;  
 “ Such virtue now a Felon dare not face ;  
 “ His Ellen pure, a Felon would disgrace ;  
 “ But in yon sky fond mem’ry will restore,  
 “ A saint on earth, these eyes must see no more :

“ Oh ! there I'll sing, removed to heavenly life,  
 “ My Saviour's praise, but still hold dear a wife,  
 “ Sweet mercy's child, a gracious God had given  
 “ To win an out-cast for the joys of heaven !  
 “ There will I wait her change, from earthly charms,  
 “ And fold her in a saint's more faithful arms.  
 “ Come ? Jailor ! do thine office ! lead me hence !  
 “ Francisco dies ! too great his foul offence,  
 “ The world to teach, that passion like a flood,  
 “ The face of Nature deluges with blood ;  
 “ That life for life, is righteously decreed,  
 “ And murdering man, by earthly laws must bleed—  
 “ Must quit a world, he injured and distressed,  
 “ And find in Jesus, pardon, peace and rest ! ! !”

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O righteous God ! 'tis Thine to visit wrong !  
 Tho' patience holds, Thy arm in mercy long !  
 Rebels may strut in pride and hate, awhile,  
 And precious hours of life, with sin beguile,

The “ *still small voice*,” the sleeping conscience wakes,  
 The “ Spirit’s power” the heart obdurate breaks ;  
 Remorse at length, in all its horror burns,  
 The Captive freed, now Love for Love returns.

O ! bless’d by Thee, thy Instruments of Grace,  
 Achieve fresh victories in every place ;  
 When gifts of goodness, are of no avail,  
 These with Thy heavenly blessing never fail ;  
 The Sire, the Wife, the Child, when love shines bright,  
 Are Lamps in darkness, leading into Light ;  
 Their faithful prayers are heard, Thou stoop’st to bless,  
 Thou crown’st Thy Children’s Children with success ;  
 None ’neath Thy heavenly wing need feel bereft,  
 A Saint is taken, but a Saint is left.

THE END.

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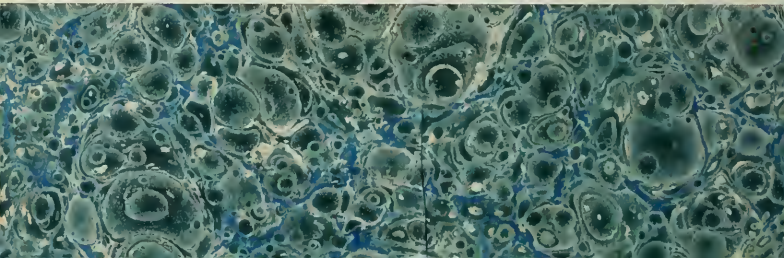




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