

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire,
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamer's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves :
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night, from Bristol town
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.
 And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each rousing street :
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
 And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent :
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright coursers forth ;
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light.
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain :
 Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

V. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIE'S HOST AT JERUSALEM.

BY LORD BYRON.

"The Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria: so he returned with shame of face to his own land."—2 Chronicle xxxii. 21.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
 That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
 That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.