

In dreams a monarch, he did own
 Valley, and lake, and hill;
 His banner on the breeze was borne;
 His arm in battle feared;
 At noon and night, at eve and morn,
 A crowd of suppliant slaves appeared,
 Bending before his jewelled throne.
 He 'woke—and, save the murmuring rill,
 And bleating of his sheep alone,
 No sound the mountain gorge did fill:
 In anger then he raised his staff,
 And hurled it, quivering, at the rock,
 While rose a wild unearthly laugh—
 The mountains trembled at the shock,
 Straight where the narrow stream came forth
 The shepherd's staff unerring went;
 The bubbling fountain ceased to spring;
 No more in silver course was bent
 Tow'rd the fair lake that lay below:
 The shepherd heeded not, but took
 His homeward way, and murmured sore,
 Repining for his ancient crook,
 Which from his boyhood's years he bore.
 Months flew along—the burning sun
 With summer heat came fiercely down;
 Strange murmurs through the country ran—
 'The ancient Nile they said had flown!
 Soon couriers came from Egypt's King,
 And did through all the land proclaim,
 That he who back the Nile would bring
 To its old bed, the hand should claim
 Of the King's daughter, young and fair,
 And should o'er Abyssinia reign,
 And half his mighty kingdom share.
 The shepherd youth the story heard,
 And then high dreams his heart did fill:
 The couriers of the King he led
 Up to the oft frequented rill;
 But now no stream fell trickling there;
 All was a lone and dreary waste;
 The lake that once gleamed white and fair,
 By a deep gully was replaced.
 Lo! when he reached the ancient spring,
 He drew from thence a shepherd's staff,
 And saw a bubbling streamlet fling
 Its waters forth with jocund laugh;
 And on—and on—and on it flowed,
 Nor ceased at eve or dewy morn;
 And soon the fairy lake appeared,
 With the bright look it erst had worn.
 Osiris, in his temples grins,
 'Twas thought in Egypt, wore a smile
 To welcome the life-giver back—
 Father of rivers—glorious Nile!
 At length the shepherd's dream came true;
 He bore away the princess fair;
 And, born to rule, his kingdom grew,
 Wide as my own dominions are.

Laïza reaches the island, on the morning that was to have witnessed his bridal, only to find the dwelling of his betrothed in ashes, her father murdered, and herself carried off by the merciless Hoti.

The opening of the second Canto, shows us Zillah, in Berbera, the capital of Hoti's petty kingdom, still persecuted by the addresses of that chief, but still repulsing them with aversion. Laïza has summoned his warriors to his side, and

encamping under the walls of Berbera, claims his bride from Hoti. The claim is haughtily rejected, and a battle ensues, which is detailed with considerable vigour. It closes, however, without very decisive success on either side, and in a council of his chiefs held that night, Hoti unfolds his wily plan for the destruction of their enemy.

"Chieftains!" he said, "this night I send
 This message to the coward foe:
 Once more be Hoti Laïza's friend—
 No more our people's blood should flow:
 To Laïza's camp, to-morrow's dawn,
 Zillah, the Nubian girl, returns;
 For now I know for him alone
 Her spotless bosom purely burns;
 This done, let Laïza's troops retire,
 Nor longer waste with sword and fire
 This realm we call our own:
 And Zillah, too, shall send him word,
 That she, when morning dawns, is free
 To fly to him: his heart, thus stirred,
 Lulled into trusting faith will be:
 Then, when the midnight hour has come—
 When sleep his wearied men o'erpowers—
 Laïza, and all his hated host,
 And vengeance, too, are mine—are ours."

The plot succeeds; Zillah is made the unconsentuous betrayer of her lover, and Laïza falls into the hands of his rival, while his followers are overpowered, slain or captured. Ere this consummation, however, a new party has appeared upon the scene:

Scarcely had the moon an hour to show
 Her disk, until her light should fade
 Below th' horizon, when a bark
 Was silently at anchor hid
 Below the town, and from her side
 A boat, by six good oars propelled,
 Did swiftly o'er the waters glide;
 Nonsuited her course, and shoreward held:
 Above the bark, a moment more,
 The fair white canvas drooping hung:
 Soon, a shrill call, that reached the shore,
 Was o'er the rippling waters rung;
 Then by the moonlight pale were seen
 Dark forms outlying on the spars;
 And when, upon the waters green,
 Naught glimmered save the twinkling stars,
 The long dark hull lay lone and still;
 The thin light yards looked bare and white;
 The sails were furled: the vessel seemed
 Ill-omened as the lowering night.

To the captain of this vessel, the victor chief sells his captives, with other slaves, whom he had collected in expectation of his arrival:

'T was noon, when 'neath the sun's hot beam
 There 'rose to Heaven a piercing scream,
 A cry of mingled fear and pain,
 As some poor wretch implored, in vain,
 Death from the sullen victors' hands,
 Who, gathered then in swartly bands,
 Their barter made; with careless eye
 Prostrate beheld their victims lie;
 Saw from her husband's arms the wife