

GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA!

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR!

IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

There's a love-lorn bulbul singing in the dark mimosa tree,
But 'tis not for the Naiad's dream—nor Gul's idolatry;
But from the Oda's lattices he mourns the moon-eyed girls
That glimmered through the vine's festoons like ocean's virgin pearls.
Whose lips as henna crimson, made the musk-rose turn away,
And the lucciola from their eyes fly, winking, as from day.

Silent the harem kiosk now, as Monkir's drear domain,
No sound save of the trickling fount or bulbul's wailing strain,
That still breaks forth anon—anon, with a loftier, wilder tone,
Like one the early dead have left deserted and alone.
Where late the amber lamps were swung and chimed the crystal bells,
As the Odaliques through mazes green pursued their lithe gazelles.

Oh! fell and deadly is the thrust that leaves no dripping wound,
And chillier than Nevada's breath the grief that lacketh sound—
The heart's warm currents stagnate, and its pulse's joyous play,
Sinks to a slow and weary knell that lingers on decay;
No tears, like blessed springs, rise up to cool the desert air,
No sigh to heave from off the breast its burthen of despair.

The Harem Flowers that smiled beneath the dark majestic oak,
Still clung around him when he fell beneath the thunder stroke.
The spring may come and greet them with her dews and gentle rain,
But the verdure of the heart is gone—they ne'er shall smile again;
The home that, like the halcyon's nest, o'erflowed with dear delight,
Must cast them—even as Hagar—forth, beneath a rayless night.

And she—the royal mother—Mauritanian Schirene,
Silent as Isis—dark and stately ruin of a queen—
Stood with blent arms and glaring eye amid her prostrate train,
Clasping the vulture, Spartan-like, in motionless disdain;
Firm as her native Atlas still, she towered above the blast,
And taunted with a brazen smile the storm-fiend as he passed.

And round her feet, like some lone flower that clasps a column's base,
Ayesha—bird of beauty—twined with desolate embrace.
She scarce that seemed a thing of earth, so spiritually fair,
That Eden's glory lingered in her clouds of golden hair;
While graceful as the aigrette round and round the heart she drew,
Till it opened with sweet fragrance, like the red rose drinking dew.

And when to some glad Georgian lay the viua's wires she swept,
The bulbul burst her envious heart—the fawn delighted wept;
While at her feet—her monarch slave—with rapture swimming eye,
Cried, "Were it not sweet—my Peri—on such waves of sound to die?"
And worse than death is round them now, though still with pride elate,
Schirene—like Lucifer at bay—defies and dares her fate!