

Hither, bearing England's message, bringing England's just demand.
Under England's ægis, came ye to the chieftain of the land:
To these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with life away,
Faint, and bleeding, and forsaken, in your helplessness ye lay.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood, will raven still for more:
From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage roar.
Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering murderous crew,
Tremble round those helpless couches, an unarmed but faithful few:
"Profitless is all resistance, let us then this white flag wave,
Ere it be too late, disdaining not mercy at their hands to crave."

But to no unworthy pleading, would descend that noble twain:
"Nay, for mercy sue not; ask not what to ask from these were vain.
We are two, betrayed and lonely; human help or hope is none;
Yet, O friends, be sure that England owns beside us many a son.
"They may slay us; in our places multitudes will here be found,
Strong to hurl this guilty city, with its murderers to the ground.
Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foundations strong,
Rather than to leave unpunished, them that wrought this treacherous wrong.

Other words they changed between them, which none else could understand,
Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in hand.
So they died, the gallant hearted! so from earth their spirits past,
Uttering words of lofty comfort, each to each, unto the last;
And we heard, but little heeded their true spirits far away,
All of wrong and coward outrage, heaped on the unfeeling clay.

Lo! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised ones appear,
England's pledged and promised thousands, England's multitudes are here.
Flame around the blood-stained ramparts swiftest messengers of death,
Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath;
Ceasing not, till choked with corpses low is laid the murderers' hold,
And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath enfold.
Well, oh well—ye have not fail'd them who on England's truth relied,
Who on England's name and honor did in that dread hour confide:

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the brave,
What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a worthier grave.
Oh then, bear them, hosts of England, up the broad and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city till their resting place they reach.
In the costly cashmeres folded, on the ramparts' topmost crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down!

III. THE ISLESMEN OF THE WEST.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

There is mustering on the Danube's banks such as Earth ne'er saw before,
Though she may rifle where she may her glory-page of yore:
The bravest of her children, proud Europe stands to-day,
All battle-harnessed for the strife, and panting for the fray.
No jewelled robe is round her flung, no glove is on her hand,
But visor down and clasped in steel, her gauntlet grasps the brand;
Oh! lordly is the greeting as she rises from her rest,
And summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West.