

When last they saw them rearward in retreat,  
 Fronting the enemy with blow for blow.  
 But one name was unmentioned. All the while  
 It trembled on the lips of that fair girl,  
 Like moonlight on a ripple. Could you read  
 Love's language in its own true syllables,  
 As angels speak it, or as men once spake  
 The speech of Eden with one tongue, ere they  
 Fell into discord upon Shinar's plain,  
 You might have read that name on Isa's lip—  
 The name beloved of Basil of "The King's."

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 PART SECOND.

Next day the army came in slow retreat,  
 With stubborn ranks, like the ten thousand Greeks,  
 Though scarce ten hundred, numbered man by man.  
 They pitched their camp, and turned and stood at bay,  
 Across the Isthmus sheer on either side,  
 Amid the marshes (more than mountain tops  
 The refuges of freedom in all time),  
 And there bade stern defiance to the foe,  
 Who followed with wild fanfare of parade  
 And banners, drums, and proclamations thick  
 As snowflakes when the flocks are driving down  
 The mountain side—a noisy rout—nor know  
 What doom awaits them in the lowland plains.

The father now, and brothers, for a day  
 Had leave to quit the camp to visit home,  
 To fold and be enfolded in the arms  
 Beloved and loving of the dear ones there,  
 Who met them at the gate far down the lawn,  
 With tears of joy and kisses. One short hour  
 Of such a meeting to those loyal hearts,  
 Repaid them for all toils and dangers run.

And one more came and joined the eager group  
 Upon the broad verandah, where the theme  
 Was of the war, its losses, glories, gains,  
 And all the incidents of land and lake,  
 With sighs of tender pity for the maimed  
 And dead of their defenders, whom they knew;  
 With many a heart-throb of a hope assured  
 Of victory ere long, upon their foes,  
 Now drawing nigh to meet their sudden doom.

The one who came was Basil of "The King's,"  
 And Isa blushed, and drooped an instant down  
 Her dark, soft eye-lashes, in hope to hide