

And proud was France; should her spirit quail,
For the tyrant of an hour?
Should her conquering banner stoop to trail?
The fame of gallant Frenchmen fail
At Prussian insolence of power?
The Czar looked on,
Perhaps he smiled
To see the War Storm lower.

The prize between the nations lay;
But who dared stretch forth his hand
To take by storm, or the price to pay,
Drew on his head the fierce affray,
And blasting and ruin on his land.
With jealous throb
They stood at bay,
And the fires of hate were fanned.

Remembered hopes that had been delayed,
And remembered wrongs from their silence crept,
And revenges deep that for time had stayed
Came out of the darkness where they slept.
So the eagle, that swoops to seize its prey
Starts the Vulture's ravenous brood;
Nought boding good
In the darkened horizon lay.

The air grew rife with the stealthy sound
As ships from their moorings creaked,
With the wide-mouthed cannon bristling round;
And arsenal doors on their hinges ground

Russian Government, which had not recovered from the mortification of the part taken by France in the Crimean war, and the inflammable state of public feeling generally at the close of the Austro-Italian conflict, when men seemed to be standing yet with their right hand upon their sword-hilts—these were the general circumstances of the time. It was at this crisis, when all parties augured, from appearances, the most sanguinary war of modern times, that Her Majesty interfered, and by her personal influence averted so dire a calamity.