

feelings in verse. It would be quite impossible to give a translation of this famous effusion with its oriental load of imagery, but in modifying it to the spirit of our language, (giving little more than its thread of thought,) the reader may see glimpses of the material from which the great Irish lyrist spun his woof of sweet fable. Fixing his keen eyes upon the bright lips just closed, Le-pih sang :

When first from Heaven's immortal throngs

The earth-doom'd angels downward came,
And, mourning their enraptured songs,
Walked sadly in our mortal frame;

To those, whose lyres of loftier string
Had taught the myriad lips of Heaven,
The song that they forever sing,

A wondrous lyre, 'tis said, was given.

"And go," the seraph-warrior said,

As from the diamond gates they flew,

"And wake the songs ye here have led

In earthly numbers, pure and new!

And yours shall be the hallowed power

To win the lost to Heaven again,

And when earth's clouds shall darkest lower

Your lyre shall breathe its holiest strain!

Yet, chastened by this inward fire,

Your lot shall be to walk alone,

Save when, perchance, with echoing lyre,

You touch a spirit like your own;

And whatsoever the guise you wear,

To him, 'tis given to know you there."

The song over, Le-pih sat with hands folded across the instrument and his eyes cast down, and Taya gazed on him with wondering looks, yet slowly, and as if unconsciously, she took from her breast a rose, and with a half-stolen glance at her father, threw it upon the lute. But frowningly Kwonfootsee rose from his seat and approached the poet.

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily, as the bard placed the rose reverently in his bosom.

"Le-pih!"

With another obeisance to the emperor, and a deeper one to the fair Taya, he turned, after this concise answer, upon his heel, lifting his cap to his head, which, to the rage of Kwonfootsee, bore not even the gold ball of aristocracy.

"Bind him for the hastinado!" cried the infuriated mandarin to the bearers of the canopy.

The six soldiers dropped their poles to the ground, but the emperor's voice arrested them.

"He shall have no violence but from you, fair Taya," said the softened monarch; "call to him by the name he has just pronounced, for I would hear that lute again!"

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" cried instantly the musical voice of the fair girl.

The poet turned and listened, incredulous of his own ears.

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" she repeated, in a soft tone.

Half hesitating, half bounding, as if scarce believing he had heard aright, Le-pih flew to her feet, and dropped to one knee upon the cushion before her, his breast heaving and his eyes flashing with eager wonder. Taya's courage was at an end, and she sat with her eyes upon the ground.

"Give him the lute, Kwonfootsee!" said the emperor, swinging himself on the raised chair with an abandonment of the imperial avoidance, which set ringing violently the hundred bells suspended in the golden fringes.

"Let not the crow venture again into the nest of the eagle," muttered the mandarin between his teeth as he handed the instrument to the poet.

The sound of the bells brought in the women and courtiers from every quarter of the privileged area, and, prelude upon the strings, gathered his scattered senses, while they were seating themselves around him. Le-pih at this fixed his gaze upon the lips of Taya, and commenced his song to an irregular harmony well adapted to extempore verse. We have tried in vain to put this celebrated song of compliment into English stanzas. It commenced with a description of Taya's beauty, and an enumeration of things she resembled, dwelling most upon the blue lily, which seems to have been Le-pih's favourite flower. The burden of the conclusion, however, is the new verse every thing assumed in her presence. "Of the light in this garden," he says, "there is one beam worth all the glory of the moon, for it sleeps on the eye of Taya. Taya looks on a flower, and that flower seems to me, with a pure eye to gaze after her for ever. Taya's jacket of blue silk is my passion. If angels visit me in my dreams, let them be dressed like Taya. I love the broken spangle in the slipper better than the first star of evening—Bring me, till I die, inner leaves from the water-lily, since white and fragrant like them are the teeth of Taya. Call me, should I sleep, when rises the crescent moon, for the blue star in its bend curves like the drooped eye of Taya. &c. &c."

"By the immortal Fo!" cried the emperor, raising himself bolt upright in his chair, as the poet ceased, "you shall be the bard of Taya. Those are my sentiments better expressed."