

Where, with rods, they skimmed and whisked
 The dross and rubbish, burned and bisqued.
 The flames' reflexion heavenward shot
 And the rushing flame-wings whirled
 Ever as the gnomens stirred
 Round the cauldron of plumbago,—
 And the light rose higher, higher,
 Higher,
 Till the soldier at San Jago,
 And the watch on Jose's spire,
 Cried "Madrida is on fire!"
 For the red flame flickered and flit
 Till the ruddy sunrise mixed with it,
 And the metal was molt and fit
 For the forging of Tisona.

When the mass from out the fire
 Cooled, the gnomes among the hills
 Took the flexile metal sills,
 Warped and welded oft and well
 Into one resplendent bar
 That tinkled like a silver bell
 And shone and shimmered like a star.
 Three feet long, by half, they wrought it,
 Then upon the anvil smote it,—
 Smote the blade upon its face
 Till the twistings they could trace
 Like written lines, and then with sledges
 Hammered the blade upon its edges,—
 Ground it on an emery wheel,
 Dipped it in a golden bath
 Till its weight was light as lath,
 Till no file could scratch the steel,
 Yet it bent from point to heel.
 While the gnomens forged the ore
 Ranged were they in double rank,
 One struck three and three struck four
 Alternate striking, "Clank—clank—
 Clank!"
 And throughout the land of Spain
 All night long the bells vibrated,
 Every clank their tongues struck "one,"
 And the Moslem in Alhalma
 Said in fright: "Our reign is done,"
 And a voice cried in Guaralma
 Three times through the midnight murk:
 "Woe to Sarazin and Turk,
 For the gnomes have done their work
 In the forging of Tisona."

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* has written to that paper that the Pope will take up his residence in the United States if it should become impossible for him to remain in Rome, and says it was with a view to such possible emergency that Archbishop McCloskey was elevated to the Cardinalate.