

Turn, 'rest of all save worthless life ;  
Beheld the old and trembling sire  
Beneath the burning brand expire,  
While near him lay his gallant boy,  
His pride, his hope, his father's joy,  
From ev'ry hope of honour torn,  
Mute, weeping, joyless, and forlorn :  
Yet never to one eye arose  
A tear to mourn the fate of those  
Who thus were borne, in grief and chains,  
From their own Afric's burning plains,

Laïza alone now remains. Hoti summons  
Zillah to his presence, and producing her lover,  
pronounces the doom of slavery upon him.

Zillah beheld, with haggard air,  
Her lover bound, and captive there ;  
Then kneeling down at Hoti's feet—  
"O, as thou hop'st," she cried, "to meet,  
Whene'er shall come thy fatal hour,  
Humbled, beneath another's power,  
With mercy, and the boon of life,  
Grant Laïza's liberty, and I—  
O, horror!—I will be thy wife,  
Though the next moment I should die."

But Laïza implores her not to sacrifice herself  
thus in vain, and vows that she shall never be the  
bride of his rival :—

Then rage possessed King Hoti's soul :  
Wildly his eyeballs 'gau to roll :  
He sprang to Zillah, kneeling there,  
And fierce exclaimed—" Fool, you may spare  
Permission, which I need not now ;  
Hast thou not heard thy Zillah's vow ?"  
Thus speaking, 'round the maiden's form  
His arms he cast ; and then a storm  
Of fury rose in Laïza's breast ;  
His teeth were set, his lips compressed ;  
With mighty struggles heaved his chest.  
Meanwhile, in Hoti's arms, the maid  
Convulsive struggled, wept, and prayed ;  
But all in vain, his wiry arm  
Tressed her upon his bosom warm :  
Breathless, bewildered, then she cried—  
"O, Laïza, save me—save thy bride !"  
Alas! he could not, though he tried  
To break the rope his hands that tied :  
Just then there flashed on Zillah's mind  
The dagger, and she strove to find  
The glit'ring steel, her only shield,  
That 'neath her robe she had concealed ;  
She grasped the hilt, and backward leant,  
So that her form from Hoti bent ;  
Then, with a quick, convulsive start,  
She plunged the dagger in his heart.  
With one loud curse and dying yell  
The cruel Hoti backward fell ;  
One moment lingered still the life,  
And quivered 'neath the reeking knife,  
His stalwart limbs ; then with a groan,  
His soul to other worlds had flown.

The chiefs rush to revenge the death of their  
king upon Zillah and her lover, but the hapless  
pair are saved by the captain of the slaver, who  
interposes, and by the aid of his crew, carries  
both off on board his ship.

In the Third Canto, the slave ship, after a  
perilous voyage, reaches her destination in one of

the West India Islands. The Captain, Bernar-  
dez, has been moved to feelings of unwonted  
compassion, by the sale of the lovers and secures  
for them the patronage of a kind-hearted plan-  
ter, under the shelter of whose friendly roof, they  
pass many months of new happiness—happiness  
too bright to last.

Morn in the tropics—glorious morn,  
The dim stars fading, wan, forlorn :  
Aloft the great magnolias rear  
Their heads to bid the sun good cheer ;  
The cocoa palm, with graceful head,  
Smiles that the sombre night hath fled ;  
The broad-leaved plantains, far below,  
Soon with a flood of radiance glow :

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Bright birds now greet, upon the wing,  
The sun, that light and life can bring ;  
The parrot, and the paroquet,  
And gay macaw, the sunlight greet :  
The red flamingo, from the marsh,  
Starts with a cry prolonged and harsh ;  
And all that teeming land is rife  
With colour, song, and light, and life.

Alas ! that such a morn should rise  
On pallid cheeks or tear-dimmed eyes ;  
On youthful bosoms full of care,  
Or young hearts loaded with despair :  
Yet it was so : that morn beheld  
The planter's head by Laïza held :  
Stretched on his bed, the dying man  
Looked ghastly pale, and worn, and wan :

The benevolent planter dies, and is succeeded in  
his possessions by his son, the brutal Alonzo,  
whose tyranny drives Laïza to conspiracy and in-  
surrection. Aided by his former warriors, Laïza  
succeeds in the contest, and the poem thus  
closes:

The warriors of Amhàra kneeled  
As Laïza swore their rights to shield :  
But when the King and Queen exchanged  
Their nuptial vows, their posture changed ;  
They rose, and from that countless throng  
Swelled shouts of triumph, loud and long.  
So, with the tale, my lay is ended,  
While thus the victor's cheers ascended  
To Heaven, they hailed their former King  
With shouts that made the welkin ring ;  
And as the Island Queen stood there  
By Laïza's side, with joyous air,  
Graceful, majestic, proud of mien,  
They owned her, as of right, their Queen.

The plot it will be seen, is not one of very in-  
tense interest, but it admits of great variety of  
description, of which Mr. Breakenridge has cer-  
tainly made the most.

There is another rather long poem in the vo-  
lume, from which we would have wished to pre-  
sent a few extracts—"Napoleon Bonaparte, and  
the French Revolution," but as we fear we have  
already exceeded our limits, we must forbear.

The typography and binding, we must not  
omit to notice, as highly creditable to the pub-  
lisher, and altogether the work is one which we  
may justly claim as an ornament to Canadian  
Literature.