THE MAGIC GLASS.

BY [illegible]

"Come hither, Mither, maidens,
Look in the magic glass,
And tell me, as thou lookest,
What sights before thee pass."

"I see a field of battle,
Where two gallant armies stand;
Each soldier's musket ready,
Each waiting his command."

"What's in the cartridge-box, lad?
The thickest sorms is hid."
"Where I see a goodly regiment
In royal state arrayed
Where some, and lovely ladies
Stand near to the sculptured doine,
And by the sacred altar
Kneel the Priest-King of old Rome."

"And some that aged Pontiff,
Who with his white locks flowing,
Prays that victorious warrior
Who tried the tomb's storm
In robes of gold and purple
That warrior now is dead;
But his ghost is unstirred,
While all that lustrous scene
Has sunset is scattered,
And the last green leaves leaf
Is no lighter now than ever
Than the pale bones of the dead!"

"I see a little island
Amid the wild blue sea;
No other land is near it,
Alone it seems to be.
I see the wild waves lashing
Its stern and rocky shore,
And the seething sea-bird sapping
The foaming waters o'er."
"I see, within its bosom,
A little lonely town,
Above whose clustered buildings,
Rocks high and rugged frown.
And on the very highest
I see a figure stand:
'Tis the same—the same—the WARRIOR
Who lived but to command!"

"He soldiers now surround him,
With wreaths of laurel bright;
But a pallid look is on his face—
It never is in his sight!
He shouts of joy and triumph,
As some of pride are there,
Above—below—is sadness
On that at E so bold and bare;
He looks o'er the waters—
He looks around the sky—
He sees the sun—the water—every sight
But the same—the same—the sadness
That's written on his brow!"

"Forever lost the Crown;
Ambition placed them on his brow—
Ambition hailed them down!"

"Come hither, Mither, maidens—
Let me once more change to here;
Tell me what sights before thee,
Now, in the glass, appear."

"I see a little island
Amid the wild blue sea;
No other land is near it,
Alone it seems to be.
I see the wild waves lashing
Its stern and rocky shore,
And the seething sea-bird sapping
The foaming waters o'er."

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Above whose clustered buildings,
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That's written on his brow!"

"Forever lost the Crown;
Ambition placed them on his brow—
Ambition hailed them down!"

"Come hither, Mither, maidens—
Look in the glass again,
And say what thou beholdest—
Thou will not look in vain."

"I see a mighty army
Of wide and wild extent—
With mane of lions and palms
In stately grandeur gleaned.
I see, from every quarter,
Red rushing flames arise,
Lighting the midnight darkness
That wraps the earth and skies.
I see them spreading wider,
Till it burned, ashes there,
Of people's every building,
Of temple every street.
I see wild figures flitting
Mid the darkness and the glare,
While parented cries of horror
Rise on the startled air!
I see a pile of towers
Looming darkly o'er the rest,
Among, above the ruined,
Like a rock from ocean's breast.
I see a noble temple
Rising proudly on the wave,
And on many sacred of people
Come crowding round the grave.
I see, then, it is the tombstone,
With sorrow and impious force,
Which dares to raise a sofia
In which there lies a corse.
I have seen it once that figure—
I have surely seen that face—
'Tis the same—the same—the warrior
Who lived in strife and storm!"
"Take him from his slumbers
In that lone and rocky bed—
He could not rest when living,
And he may not rest when dead!"

"They bear him to that vessel—
They bear him from that isle—
And he: the scene is shifting
To a scene and sunlit pile.
Where a night of regal splendor
Is shining on the assembled eyes,
And from a mighty multitude
Re-echoing shouts arise.
They tell of his many victories,
They retell the noble deeds
Which, amid regal banners,
A long procession comes,
While proudly, boats are bending
In reverence deep and dumb—
Now 'tis the voice of weeping
Now 'tis the shout of fame.
They tell of his high station
And of his many days
Of exile and of sorrow and gloom—
Will it cause his parted spirit
Will it bring to life again?"

"The many, many thousands
Of his said ambition slain?
Will the tears of those cold temples—
Those the tears of blood—
Will he shrink in them now?
Will he quail in them now?
Will he flinch from the blood?"

"Come hither, Mither, maidens,
Look in the glass again,
And say what thou beholdest—
Thou will not look in vain."

"I see a mighty city