

STANZAS.



O'er Ilion's plains, where once the warrior bled,
And once the poet rais'd his deathless strain,
O'er Ilion's plains a weary driver led
His stately camels : For the ruin'd fane

Wide round the lonely scene his glance he threw,
For now the red cloud faded in the west,
And twilight o'er the silent landscape drew
Her deep'ning veil ; eastward his course he prest :

There, on the grey horizon's glimm'ring bound,
Rose the proud columns of deserted Troy,
And wand'ring shepherds now a shelter found
Within those walls, that rang with princes joy !

Beneath a lofty porch the driver pass'd,
Then, from his camels heav'd the heavy load ;
Partook with them the simple, cool, repast,
And, in short vesper, gave himself to God.

From distant lands with merchandise he came,
His all of wealth his patient servants bore ;
Oft deep-drawn sighs his anxious wish proclaim
To reach, again, his happy cottage door ;

For there, his wife, his little children, dwell;
Their smiles shall pay the toil of many an hour.
Ev'n now warm tears to expectation swell,
As fancy o'er his mind extends her pow'r.

A death-like stillness reign'd, where once the song,
The song of heroes, wak'd the midnight air,
Save, when a solemn murmur roll'd along,
That seem'd to say—" For future worlds prepare."

For Time's imperious voice was frequent heard
Shaking the marble temple to its fall,
(By hands he long had conquer'd, vainly rear'd)
And distant ruins answer'd to his call.

While Hamet slept, his camels round him lay,
Beneath him, all his store of wealth was pil'd ;
And here, his cruise and empty wallet lay,
And there, the flute that cheer'd him in the wild.

The robber Tartar on his slumber stole,
For o'er the waste, at eve, he watch'd his train ;
Ah ! who his thirst of plunder shall control ?
Who calls on him for mercy—calls in vain !

A poison'd poignard in his belt he wore,
A crescent sword depended at his side,
The deathful quiver at his back he bore,
And infants—at his very look had died !

The moon's cold beam athwart the temple fell,
And to his sleeping prey the Tartar led ;
But soft !—a startled camel shook his bell,
Then stretch'd his limbs, and rear'd his drowsy head.

Hamet awoke ! the poignard glitter'd high !
Swift from his couch he sprung, and 'scap'd the blow ;
When from an unknown hand the arrows fly,
That lay the ruffian, in his vengeance, low.

He groan'd, he died ! from forth a column'd gate
A fearful shepherd, pale and silent, crept,
Who, as he watch'd his folded flock star-late,
Had mark'd the robber steal where Hamet slept.

He fear'd his own, and sav'd a stranger's life !
Poor Hamet clasp'd him to his grateful heart ;
Then, rous'd his camels for the dusty strife,
And, with the shepherd, hasten'd to depart.

And now, Aurora breathes her fresh'ning gale,
And faintly trembles on the eastern cloud ;
And now, the sun, from under twilight's veil,
Looks gaily forth, and melts her airy shroud.

Wide o'er the level plains, his slanting beams
Dart their long lines on Ilion's tower'd scite ;
The distant Hellespont with morning gleams,
And old Scamander winds his waves in light.

All merry sound the camel bells, so gay,
And merry beats fond Hamet's heart, for he,
E'er the dim ev'ning steals upon the day,
His children, wife and happy home shall see.