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NIGHT-FALL IN HUNGARY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH

As when the sun in darkness sets,
And night falls o'er the earth,
Along the azure fields above,
The stars of heaven come forth.

So when the sun of Liberty
Grows dim to mortal eyes,
From out the gloom like radiant stars,
The world's true heroes rise.

The men of human destiny
Whom glorious dreams inspire;
High-priests of Freedom in whose souls
Is shined the Sacred fire.

The fire that through the wilderness
In steadfast lustre gleams,
That on the future, dim and dark,
Sheds its effulgent beams.

Thus, oh, Hungaria, through the night
That wraps thee in its gloom,
Light from one burning soul streams forth,
A torch above thy tomb.

Thy tomb! ah no, the mouldering shroud
The worm awhile must wear,
Ere from its confines springing forth
He wings the upper air.

Thy tomb! then from its door ere long
The stone shall roll away,
Thou shalt come forth, and once again
Greet the new risen day.

That day, that, prayed and waited for
So long, shall surely rise,
As surely as to-morrow's sun
Again shall greet our eyes.

What though before the shape evoked
The coward heart has quailed,
And when the hour, the moment came,
The recreant arm has failed.

What though the Apostate wields the sword
With fratricidal hand,
And the last Romans wander forth
In exile o'er the land.

What though suspended o'er thee hang
The Austrian's glittering standards,
What though thy heart is crushed beneath
The Imperial Cossack's heel.

Not to the swift is given the race,
The battle to the strong,
Up to the listening ear of God
Is borne the mighty wrong.

From him the mandate has gone forth,
The giant, Power, must fall,
Oh Prophet! read of thee not the doom,
The writing on the wall!

The slaves of Power, the sword, the scourge,
The scaffold, and the chain,
Awhile may claim their hecatombs
Of heroic martyr slain.

But they that war with Tyranny
Shall neither weapons bear,
Winged, among the spirits that pierce like light,
Invisible as air.

Though they strike through the triple mail,
That scald, and burn, and glow,
More speechless than that fire the Greek
Ranged on his Moslem foe.

Rest, rest in peace! heroic shades,
Whose blood like water ran;—
For every crimson drop ye shed
Shall rise an armed man.

Rest, rest in peace! heroic hearts
That wander still on earth:
Tarsars, your immortal messengers,
Are on your mission forth.

The pioneers of Liberty
Invincible they though;
They scale and undermine the towers
And battlements of Wrong.

Speak, Sages, Poets, Patriots, speak!
And the dark pile shall fall,
As at the prophet's trumpet tones
Once fall the city's wall.

The following lines appropriately concluded Mr. Mathews's speech (a well stated view of the Nationality question) at the Press Dinner to Kossuth:—

Kossuth! thy days of glory are not past,
But have begun; immortal is their light—
As long as thou a radiance they shall cast,
Nought shall dim, nor history slight,
Nought dash the cell, and slow each minute's flight,
And thou with treacherous fetters truly wronged,
Thou ruledst still with undiminished might,
As when about thy steps the millions thronged,
And in thy single arm Hungaria's strength belounged.

Onward on high still waves thy flaming sword,
For 'mid men thy spirit thrills undying,
For thou hast breathed the everlasting word
Which, shone to shore and hill to hill replying,
Death, numbers, treason, slander, all defying,
No power on earth can silence or unseal.
In lightning through the cloudy chaos flying,
The slighly voice shall cleave its way,
And speak the nations out of darkness into day.

n. y. Mathews