

1849

From the Examiner.

HUNGARY IN OCTOBER, 1849.

As one that should behold, driven up and down
The skyey fields, some weaker bird hold fight
With eagles twain—so, land of old renown,
In dreadful silence Europe saw the light
Of battle hung above thy plains, and crown
Thy hills like a red meteor; till thy right
Yielding to power, swift thoughts and words again
Leap from the unbarred caverns of the brain.

From the Tartarian limits of the world
The northern darkness is rolled over thee,
Strangling thy men, whose feeble star is hurled
Beneath the founts of Truth's retiring sea:
The Imperial dragons round thy sons are curled,
And the air saddens with their dismal glee:—
From tongue to tongue gabbles the brutish hiss,
Schoed afar from kingly palaces.

Yet, Hungary, thy freedom is not dead;
It does but sleep, and soon itself will rear:
Liberty, girt with stars about its head,
Walks in the light of God's unwaning year
Secure and calm; while despots, victory-fed,
Still tremble on the brink of some vague fear
Triumphant kings grow pale, though nations
greet

Their thrones! but Truth is glorious in defeat,
Storm comes, and noon-day darkness; yet, un-
shaken,

The blue and quiet heavens look behind:
Bleak winter comes; yet dawns of spring awaken
Beneath the murmurings of a wrong wind:
Death comes; but a new path, like fire unslaken,
Kills with its dawn the night of humankind.
Evil is transient:—wrong, and force, and fraud,
By the great future still are overawed.

Thrones, Kingdoms, Empires, Dominations, fade:
They are as sand before the blast of Time,
Which, in quick sport of what itself has made,
Scatters to oblivion their frail shapes; they
climb
Through their brief day—then huddle in blank
space.

Yet earth remains as in its freshest prime:
Good things, and pure, and simple, keep their
bloom

Through the long years; all else is its own tomb.
Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece,
Rome, and Arabia, held in turn men's fears—
Black masses in the golden light of Peace,
Casting wide shadows; but the fate-ful spheres
Wheeled round, and they were gone. Far longer
lease

Has Truth, which, fed with dew of human tears,
Makes music with the winds and tempests rude,
Turning to sweetness their ungentle mood.

Therefore, high-hearted sorrowing one, look forth;
Look forth upon thy heritage awhile!
Two comforters, at least, hast thou on earth:—
The eastern Moon of Mahomet doth smile
On thy brave sons, and on thy suffering worth;
And all the cities of our western isle

Answer the voice of thy great agony
In words of fiery hope that shall not die.

Thou blood which dost pollute with hideous dew
The fields, be fruitful in great deeds: be quick
O'er all the land, ye martyred hosts that strew
The valleys and the mountains, making sick
The general air with death, and Heaven's clear blue
A night of poisonous vapors cool and thick!
Be loud within the soul's intensest life,
Thou silence dwelling where has been fierce strife.

A deadly sleep is on the nations—Might
Rears its crowned head triumphant; but the flame
Of thy uprising, Hungary, shall make bright
The mourning earth with new-born life and
fame,

As the stars fill with ever-flowing light
Their pure, cold crystal heavens; and thy name
Shall hang above our era's dismal story
Like dawn on some out-looking eastern promon-
tory.

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