

LITERATURE.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Shall tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plata's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.
An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"
They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.
Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come consumption's ghostly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land,
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and peagantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb,
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings her birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow,
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE GHOST OF A STORY ABOUT A GHOST.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.
(Concluded.)

"Fatigue, and the warmth of the blazing logs, soon drew our eyelids together, and our conversation became broken murmurs. At last my friend appeared, by the light of the lamp, to have taken to dance up and down in the most eccentric manner. He then became more indistinct. I heard one satisfactory snore from him, and then I slept.

"A shriek of most powerful shrillness, like a trumpet blast, pierced the very depths of our slumbers. We both started to our feet with the blood throbbing and tingling through our frames, at the suddenness of the alarm. We listened hardly conscious of where we were, when our ears were struck by another shriek, which seemed to hover around us, and then with faint echoes die away with most mournful cadence, through the distant corridors.

"By this time our senses became a little clearer. We looked at each other, and without a word prepared for action. De Courcy quickly replenished the fire, so that we might have the full benefit of the blaze, whilst I trimmed the wick of the lamp, the melancholy state of which, told plainly the length of our slumbers. We looked to our pistols; then, quietly, resumed our chairs.

"A deep groan, of a most sepulchral nature, sounding in close proximity to the door of the chamber we occupied, put us on the alert. We peered cautiously over the backs of the chairs in the direction of the sound, and I confess for the moment, our young nerves were startled by seeing the chamber door move noiselessly on its hinges, as if to give entrance to some supernatural visitor.

"We waited with beating hearts the entrance of our unbidden guest. I thought it turned out to be some poor injured ghost, he or she might have been legitimate enough to have walked in after a fashion of its kind, without opening the door, which had a sad mortal effect.

"We soon heard footsteps echoing along the passage, in rapid approach towards our chamber.

"Reserve your fire," said De Courcy to me in a whisper. "If it is a genuine ghost, it is of no use, and if it is not, I do not see the fun of making it one."

"I determined to follow his advice, feeling that something must be intended either by mortal or ghost, which as yet was a mystery, and mysteries always pleased me, so I withdrew the muzzle of my pistol from its point, and my finger from the trigger.

"Now I have already said that we were both young, and in the full vigor of life, with all the devil-may-care naturally concomitant; used to death in all its most frightful shapes on the battle field; nerves strung to meet surprise, and minds made up to meet death at a moment's notice, in all which little philosophies we had been properly initiated during our Peninsular campaign. But I must own that our breathing grew rather short, and an odd sort of chill crept to our very marrow, as we beheld a face of the most pallid and unearthly cast peer round at us with lack lustre eyes.

"It was that of a female, with large folds of black, dishevelled hair, thrown back from her brow, which, at that distance, showed stains of dark crimson blood. It continued to gaze on us with the same mournful expression, and from which it seemed impossible to withdraw our eyes: we were fascinated.

"After some few moments, which appeared an age, the figure seemed to glide into the room, gazing around the chamber as if in search of something. It was arrayed in what was apparently a night dress, which was pressed tightly to the breast by her clasped hands. Having gained nearly the centre of the chamber it stood still: we felt we could not speak, and the figure, from the intensesness of our gaze, appeared to vibrate before us.

"At last De Courcy seemed to be summoning up courage to address it, for I saw that his lips were getting into form to say something; but his eloquence was stopped by the entrance of a figure so completely enveloped in a dark cloak that no feature was distinguishable. An extended arm clasped the female by the hair, and dragged her noiselessly from the room; the door slammed violently, and again we heard the dreadful shrieks and groans ring through the passages.

"We both leaped from our chairs and rushed towards the door; it quickly yielded to our touch; the dark corridor yawned before us, but nothing was to be seen. Without a word De Courcy discharged his pistols in the darkness, but no other sound met our ears than its echoing reports.

"We closed the door and returned to our seats.
"We are unwelcome visitors here, it would seem," said De Courcy; "but I never could make out the dog in the manger feeling of ghosts, who won't let others enjoy what they can't enjoy themselves. Why a dis-

embodied spirit should feel bound to annoy honest christians, who take a bed or chair in the house to which they have been a disgrace, I can't see. It is said they never rest, consequently they cannot want the chair to sit down in, or the bed to lie in; but its a Red Sea I'll lay them in, if there is any faith in rifle barrels. I've an idea; mum—say nothing on parade, or to that thief of a landlord. We'll circumvent them yet; these are much too good quarters to be so resigned."

"Daylight broke in upon us as we sat talking over our schemes, of which more anon. We went quietly to muster, and made every arrangement necessary for the comfort of our men.

"The landlord followed us about with officious assiduity, as if he longed to ask us how we fared during the past night, expressing a decided belief in our being nothing less than saints in horsemen's boots to be shielded, as we evidently had been, from the interference of bad spirits. We should have taken all this in good faith, if we had not perceived a waggish curve about the corners of his mouth.

"Wait till it is our turn to play," whispered De Courcy, "and if we don't rub off scores, carbonado us."

"We turned our attention, during the day, to the outside of our quarters, saw no appearance of any other entrance being used but the one by which we had entered, and carefully barricaded upon our host's retiring the night before.

"We laid in stores during the day for our night's entertainment, repelling every attention from the landlord, who seemed rather surprised at our coolness. Amongst other things, I saw an old hamper conveyed by De Courcy's direction late in the evening to the haunted mansion by our Irish drummer. We quickly followed him, and resumed our position of the previous night. The drummer departed, after receiving instructions to keep a good look out in case of any alarm from us.

"After everything was quiet, and preparation made against surprise by peeping into all the nooks and corners, De Courcy opened the before-mentioned mysterious hamper, and out crept a large bull dog, which I recognised as belonging to the drummer, and a beautiful specimen he was of his kind, and a great favorite of the regiment.

"De Courcy laughed at my surprise. I immediately saw his design, and applauded his judgment, for they must be quick of foot who would escape our canine friend. He stretched himself out before the blazing logs; and after an intelligent look, as much as to say 'call me when you want me,' sank fast asleep with his nose on his paw.

"Our evening passed much as the last, excepting only the sleeping, which we had guarded against by taking a long siesta. We watched anxiously for the expected natural or supernatural visitors, and as the hour of midnight approached we laid back in our chairs, as if sleeping. Scarcely had we done so, when our ears were saluted by the most horrid din of shrieks and groans, banging of doors, and every other noise in the catalogue of ghostly annoyances.

"The dog sprang to his feet, and uttered a low growl, but was quickly silenced by a sign from De Courcy's hand; he sank slowly to our feet, with his ears pitched and his tail erect, a beautiful picture of watchfulness.

"The door, as before, slowly revolved on its hinges; then with almost imperceptible motion, the same figure of a female entered the room. The appearance was ghastly and startling. It did not venture so far into the centre of the chamber as on the previous night, but kept a wavering noiseless motion at some distance in the obscurity.

"The dark figure, enveloped as on its former appearance, glided after her with its arm extended as if to clutch her. Upon its nearing her, the same appalling screams vibrated through the chamber. De Courcy seized the dog by the neck, hardly able to restrain his efforts to spring upon the intruders; but the moment he saw the female figure glide from the room, he loosened the dog upon the retreating male. He vanished with most ghost like rapidity. Upon our following to the door through which the dog had pursued him, he rushed back with something in his mouth, which he was shaking savagely. We closed the door, and disengaged it from his jaws, when we perceived our prize was the lappet of a most natural-looking jacket.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed my friend; "so you see these ghosts have excellent tailors; and, if I mistake not, I have seen this jacket before."

"Having wheeled a heavy piece of furniture against the door, we sat down to deliberate, and morning found us resolved.

"Upon issuing from the back door at daylight, we were surprised to find a small keg of spirits, a roll of cigars, and various condiments, such as olives, savalois, &c., packed in a basket, to which was attached a label, on which was the following:

"Dejarnos y les dejaremos,"

which, freely translated, meant, 'Let us alone, and we'll let you alone.' We picked up our prize and returned to stow it away; which, having done, we pursued our way to the posada. The host's face wore a look of quaint cunning when he gave us the morning's greeting; and, as he turned to leave the room, he showed the less of half the lappet of his coat.

"Our invisible commissariat department went on from that day in most glorious style. Our brother officers wondered at our luck, the secret of which we ne-