

A
TALE

FOR
JEALOUSY.

A Recent Event in CATALONIA.

LOUD shriek'd the wind ; hoarse struck the hour,
When from his couch, *Alphonso* rose ;
Bedeck'd with gold his splendid bower——
Gold, had his couch, but not *repose* !

The Night sat brooding on the hill :
Beneath, the sable rivers roll'd,
Not *glist'ring*, now, the tinkling rill ;——
Its stream opaque, its spirit cold.

His chamber, long with restless feet
The Lord *Alphonso* travers'd o'er ;
Here once he tasted slumbers sweet,
But slumber sweet he knows no more !

His rous'd domestics strait obey
The signal of their Lord, unloved ;
Their torches flash a second day,
As thro' the costly rooms they moved.

His favourite, from th' obsequious train
Was to his inmost closet led ;
There heard confess'd the am'rous pain
Which tore him from his midnight bed.

Oh, thou wert near, *Alphonso* cries,
When in the progress late we made,
Gonsalvo's daughter in our eyes
Made every other virgin fade.

Her noble mien, her blushes mild,
The burnish of her tresses bright ;
Her age—but just no longer Child,
Her rosy mouth, her graceful height ;

All these have in my time-worn heart,
Lighted a youthful, am'rous fire—
I sink beneath the poignant smart,
I faint with eager, strong desire.

Oft did I try her soul to melt,
But ign'rant she of Cupid's pow'r—
His ecstacies she never felt——
But now is come her fated hour.

With flames illicit I essay'd
To touch her iced, unwaken'd heart ;
Let Hymen sooth the bashfull maid,
She'll *waken'd*, play a softer part.

Strait to her father's, speed thy way,
The fleetest mules with haste prepare ;
And ere to-morrow scants his day,
Thou'lt reach the village of my fair.

These pearls, these di'monds, speak my truth,
Woo her with *treasures* to my arms ;
When love no longer boasts of youth,
Riches may plead their meaner charms.

Oh how unlike the rapturous hour,
When love is bought by love alone ;
When a soft look, a touch, a flower,
Is prized beyond IND's brightest stone.

But go, and to her parents bear
Thy Lord's designs—his hopes unfold;
Plead with due force his meaning fair,
And in thy promises be bold.

Much more, the Lord *Alphonso* spoke;
His servant's mind the whole retains,
Whose lashes soon the mules provoke;
The mules skim o'er the distant plains.

Th' awaken'd night with streaks of gold
Her jetty robes begun to lace;
Her drowsy car far off she roll'd—
The blithe Sun urging to the race;

And ere his wheels had run behind
The western mountain's giddy slope;
Julia, with meekness all resign'd
Had listen'd to *Alphonso's* hope.

Not so resign'd, but that her thought
Recoil'd at such unequal love,
Till by parental wisdom taught,
She learn'd to bear, and then approve.

The Sire attends his darling child,
For so *Alphonso's* pride allows;
And with the transport almost wild,
Saw her receive a Grandee's vows.

He saw that form where speaking grace
Gave soul to beauty most refin'd,
The robe of dignity embrace,
By taste magnificent design'd.

Her hair, which floated o'er her dress,
A dress, which to be *seen* demands
Its rich-luxuriance to repress,
They tie in folds with diamond bands.

But the soft curls which hap'ly fell
Upon her bosom's heaving snow,
Were suffer'd there, unbound, to dwell,
And spread their wavy golden glow.

Thus the fond parent saw her rove
Thro' gaudy halls and rooms of state;
Whilst humble trains at distance wait,
And from her nod receive their fate.

Succinct the time in which such joy
Around his aged heart might play ;
Bitter, oh ! bitter the allay !
And set full soon is Pleasure's day :

For Lord *Alphonso* names the hour,
When he the sumptuous dome must quit,
And seek again the humble bower——
For birth like his a mansion fit :

Tells him to take a last farewell,
Of her more dear than sense or light ;
Bids him ne'er hope again to dwell
Where filial *Julia* bless'd his sight.

His daughter, overwhelm'd with woe,
The haughty cruel order hears ;
She sees her mournful parent go,
And bathes his last steps with her tears.

Now slow, and sadden'd, rolls the time
Which late flew rapid with delight ;
Heedless is she of Morning's prime,
Nor hails the soft approach of Night.

Her only solace was to roam
Midst the deep wood's embosom'd calm,
Where distant from her gaudy home
Meek solitude bestow'd its balm.

There, on a river's fringy side,
Which snatch'd her breath as stealing by,
She'd watch its curl'd, unequal glide,
And swell with her's the zephyr's sigh:

Mark with what truth it objects drew,
When *ruffling zephyr* ceas'd to breathe,
Its surface polish'd to the view——
A phantom forest underneath.

Two drooping willows there display'd
Their foliage to the painting wave ;
Which in their pensive green array'd
Would still their jutting bare roots lave.

These, by her hands, in garlands dress'd,
She'd sometimes chide the low bent branch,
Which would its blooming fragrant vest
Upon th' escaping river launch.

Thus was she one bright eve employ'd,
Whilst carols sad her sweet voice sung;
Evening's own bird her note enjoy'd—
When from its shades a soldier sprung.

His form, like that *Apollo* wears,
When from his bow the swift dart sings;
Or when the discus thro' the air
With equal force and grace he flings.

Martial his step; his beamy eye
Bright as fair *Julia's* own appears;
Strait to each others arms they fly—
They mingle joy—they mingle tears.

'Twas *Julia's* brother whom she saw,
'Twas *Julia* whom her brother press'd;
Both dear by Nature's dearest law,
For twins they were, who thus caress'd.

From *Calpe's* glorious rock he came—
Immortal monument decreed
Of English *ELLIOT's* laurel'd name;
Where English heroes oft shall bleed.

And there his blood did *Gusman* shed
Amongst the boldest ever found,
By sacred thirst of honour led——
Nor shun'd the deaths that flew around.

But when bright Peace her silver flute
Had sounded thro' wide Europe's skies,
And when the voice of war was mute,
Sped by fond duty, home he flies.

There he first learn'd his sister's fate,
How elevated——and how curst!
Heard, that amidst her brilliant state
Her heart consuming sorrow nurst.

Her husband's tyrant law reveal'd,
No dear relation to behold;
Oblig'd him thus in shades conceal'd,
His sister to his heart to fold.

And oft he mourn'd her cruel lot,
And oft he dried her tears away,
When from th' interesting spot
They each were warn'd by closing day.

Adieu, my *Gusman*, *Julia* cries!
Yet let me see thee, once again;
To-morrow bless thy sister's eyes,
Then seek our dear paternal plain:

From forth my little treasur'd hoard,
Fond tokens to my mother bear;
No miser is my cruel Lord,
And gifts, like these, I well can spare.

Gusman, with pure, fraternal love,
Kiss'd either beauteous, *fading* cheek,
Vowing, when Morn shou'd light the grove,
In its mild haunts her steps he'd seek.

Now Evening hung its silv'ry dews,
On every shrub that deck'd the glades;
And fainter scents the flowers effuse——
As loth to greet with sweets, her shades.

Oft had fair *Julia* linger'd there
In hours like these——and traced the beam,
Which sent from Luna's brilliant sphere,
Shot thro' the wood a *shiver'd* gleam.

Mark'd how each sound, stole soft away,
As gliding off to shores more bright ;
Bribed by the gaudy tumid day,
To fly the dove-eyed, tender night.

By *Julia* these are all forgot,
For pleasure hath her soul suffused ;
Blind to the beauties of the spot,
She deigns not now to be *amused*.

Braced with young joy, the sportive fawn
Pursues her dam, with motion fleet,
Regardless of the sprinkled lawn
That weaves its flowers around her feet.

So speeds the fair one to her home,
Whose towers return the moon's broad glare ;
Whilst to point out the distant dome,
They flash their gold vanes thro' the air.

On her soft pillow soon reclined,
Round her, the slumbers spun their veil ;
And o'er her placid gentle mind,
The softest dreams their phantoms steal.

At Morning's dawn, her Lord commands,
Her placid slumbers must be broke ;
He grasp'd in his her trembling hands,
He led her forth, but never spoke.

And oh ! these horrid sounds, she cried——
Those piteous shrieks, which tear the ear !
With terror struck, she faintly sigh'd,
And sunk, at length, o'erpower'd with fear.

He dragg'd her on; the screams of pain,
More piercing as they nearer grow,
Left her scarce power to sustain
Her crimson life's unequal flow.

There, wretch, behold ! *Alphonso* cried,
As wide he threw the grating gate :
There feast thy loose adulterous eyes,
See there, thy paramour's just fate !

There, stretch'd upon the racking wheel,
She saw her brother's tortur'd form ;
From his torn flesh the jagged steel,
Bad rush the blood, with life yet warm.

She *saw*—but oh! she spoke no more!
The agony too fierce to bear;
Groaning she sunk upon the floor,
And breath'd her spirit on the air.

Sister! the writhing *Gusman* said—
Oh, Sister! plead—then swoon'd with pain!
On his gash'd bosom sunk his head,
His limbs convuls'd, the cords still strain.

Alphonso, when he heard the sound,
Leapt sudden to the deathful wheel;
With eager haste the youth's unbound,
And stern *Alphonso* learns to feel.

He raves, he sinks, he strikes his breast,
But oh! the guilty deed is past,
The victims pure are now at rest—
Thy tortures shall for ever last!

Vain is all art, for life no more
Can lift their pulse, their cheeks can paint;
Thou'st freed their souls, they quit the shore—
Each seeks its God—a murder'd Saint!

There, tyrant, lie! and let the fangs
Of deep remorse thy bosom tear!
Each wak'ning morn awake new pangs—
Teach thee to pity, and despair!
