



ABS. 1. 8. '367

John Durham





LAYS

OF

ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME;

WITH

FORFEL'S SAGA.

By W. R.



GLASGOW:
JAMES HADDEN, 129 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

MDCCLXXVIII.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM MUNRO,
81 VIRGINIA STREET.



P R E F A C E.

THE cause which led to the composition of these Lays was quite unexpected, having arisen through other work of a different kind. They are an attempt to pourtray phases of feeling, thought, and action which, probably, might have been possessed by those two ancient peoples, to whom the world owes so much. It has been the endeavour of the Writer to be as true to nature as his conception and imagination would permit. They are treated from an independent point of view, while still adhering to historic fact. With these remarks the reader as well as the critic is left to form his own judgment upon them.

W. R.

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LAY OF THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

LAY OF MARATHON.

B.C. CCCCXC.

“The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.”

“Ho ! list intent both old and young of ev'ry rank
and station,
Ye freemen all, you slaves no more, each less and
greater nation ;
The theme is old, has oft been told in many a grand
oration
Whence history keeps its mem'ries green by clear
and terse relation ;
But Poesy fair beyond compare in thy own thrilling
strains declare
As often thou hast done before and will to freemen
everywhere,
 No luckless, ill-starred Rubicon,
 But ever, ever Marathon.”
When russet hues bedecked the groves of ev'ry
Grecian shore
And leaves dripped with the glancing drops of infant
frost or hoar ;

High, in the azure heaven serene the glorious sun
shone bright
O'er land and sea and rocky isles all sparkling in
his light.
But brighter were his Attic beams and dearer far
to me,
A free-born son of Athens fair, my home of liberty !
As standing on Parnassus' heights a year before they
came,
The Persian hosts from o'er the sea in dread Darius'
name,
I thought upon the future dark, the melancholy past,
When deeds long done and deeds to come rose to my
fancy fast :
In fear and doubt I worked them out, for still my
mind was free :
No fetters yet had bound my frame, nor could such
ever be ;
For by the Gods that know no wrong, those in great
Homer's epic song,
Anew they filled me with delight, I felt that right
was ever strong.
Then longing for the far-off day, new thoughts arose
and thus they rung,
On spirit steeped in lyric fire, 'twas then the Muses
with me sung.—
O Athens dear! thou wilt not fear
The Persian hosts or far and near ;
Though they be great in martial power,
Before your freemen they shall cower

When Spartan valour backs your aid,
A stuff of which no slave is made ;
But be united all in arms,
Dread not the tyrant's threats, alarms ;
Have trust, and by the Gods you'll see
Athenians shall be ever free.

Ye lovely isles and pleasant vales
Swept by the strong Cycladean gales,
Which rise in prospect to my view—
Yes, Freedom yet will smile on you,
And you that feel oppression's pains
Shall break once more your galling chains :
So let it be ; as come it may ;
The Muses sung: I sang as they.

Until the visioned dream was o'er when citywards
I bent my way ;

Refreshed anew in spirits gay till came the Fate-
appointed day.

It was a witching morn in truth, the sun glanced
like a jocund youth,

Right down upon ten thousand men of whom few
were the least uncouth :

Arrayed in glitt'ring ranks by tribes they stood a
rare and proud display :

The free-born sons of Athens dear, the flower of her
majestic sway :

Each headed by its General brave, all long yore-tried
and trusted men,

With brave Callimachus besides, who was our
worthy Polemarch then.

While, like an eagle on the wing, Phidippides flew
o'er the ground,
Our courier to Sparta far to ask for aid he truly
found :
Cheered by the long-neglected Pan upon the steep
Parthenian hill,
Who buoyed his hopes and stayed his fears, and
urged on more his eager will.
Such nerved our arms, such gave us strength in ev'ry
rank through ev'ry grade :
Resolved to conquer or to die, for slaves we never
would be made.
Soon, soon we left our homes behind, and over hill
and over plain
We onward marched, until we saw the glorious open
sea again ;
And then on Marathon we stood, and there, indeed,
we would remain
To wait our Spartan allies true of great and most
deserving fame ;
But ah ! to their regret and grief, too tardily at last
they came,
When, unexpected from afar, one thousand warriors,
tried and brave,
All heavy armoured, like ourselves, each tended by
a willing slave,
And o'er the mountains many a mile they gallantly
had trode,
Unwearied with the toilsome march as fresh as they
had rode :

To be with us, and side by side, those Plateans strong
and true,
Who would, by valorous feats and deeds, soon show
what they could do :
And when we saw them top the hill and down the
hollow go
A shout arose from every throat, and hearts beat
quick and slow.
Now thick o'er beach and grassy plain the Persian
hosts were strewn,
Of many a hue and many a garb, like corn fit to be
mown :
Their horses prancing free again and neighing to the
breeze :
A thrilling sight for valiant men who fear but what
they please.
In meeting soon our leaders sat debating what to
do,
The value, both in war and peace, of concord they
well knew.
And great Aristides, the just, whom all Athenians
dared to trust,
He there was seen, whose voice in council ne'er was
hushed ;
And likewise one of future fame, the bright, the
young Themistocles,
Moved by the glowing arguments of our most famed
Miltiades ;
With others more to name would be a faithless,
graceless act in me.

At length each vote was freely given, but Fate
 would have it so,
Five for delay till Spartans came, and five to fight
 the foe :
'Twas then Miltiades addressed, entreated with a
 glowing zest
Callimachus, our war-chief still, who gave his vote
 for what was best ;
Whilst shield and helmet glitt'ring shone, and spears
 glanced every one,
And not a cowardly heart was there that wished the
 fight to shun.
O'er every hill the setting sun diffused a gorgeous
 glow,
Whose golden tints reflected far among the vales
 below :
The ev'ning hymn then swelled aloft, our votive
 off'rings given,
Soon soft and sweet the answer came, we were in
 league with heaven.
Ye Gods be praised ! for now at last the welcome
 word was passed
Among the tribes from rank to rank, prepare ye sure
 and fast ;
To-morrow we them battle give, when you shall
 face the foe ;
And may your spears do deadly work ere they can
 strike a blow.
That night we lay upon our arms till early break of
 day,

But few, few slept as they were wont, they wiled
the time away.

We looked to sun, we looked to sky, the last look
we might see,

And then upon the troubled bay, a cheering sight
to me.

All marshalled now in steady ranks, right down
upon the foe

We swept, like warriors greeting the pomp of
battle's show ;

And wives and children was the cry, and home and
altar's call,

And freedom, that eternal joy, transcending far
them all.

And, in a line unwavering, our spears firm-pointed,
so,

That at the coming of the shock their front rank
down must go.

Thus on we pressed and steadily, till furiously we
rushed,

And in one instant bore it down, their front rank
almost crushed.

Still long they tried to pierce our line with reckless
fury's glow :

We hurled them back in scores that fell from each
incessant blow,

Till, in one fusing mass they charged and broke our
centre sure,

Who swift of foot were forced to run a rally to
secure ;

Pursued by veteran Persians and Sakers 'mongst
the foe,

And swifter and more closely still was interchanged
each blow.

But when our wings had triumphed sure and closed
in one once more,

Then came the tug that fired the blood, thick flowed
the ruddy gore,

Until they turned about and fled for refuge to the
shore.

Down to the water's edge, in truth, we slew each
laggard one,

Until the waning of the day or setting of the sun.

Then swift an agile warrior sped o'er the reeking
plain

To Athens dear, our own loved home, where soon
he stood again,

The bearer of the glorious news the Medes were
routed, slain,

While to their ships were forced to flee those that
had fought in vain.

"Rejoice ye with the victors now for Attica is free,"

He cried to Athens' sons and all, "Ho, brothers, vent
your glee!"

But ere the joyous shout arose the vet'ran warrior
died:

A martyr to his country's cause, for whom his
country sighed.

We followed, too, and all the night with eager might
and main,

And by the virgin light of day in Athens were
again :

But where were left Aristides, his tribe, and Plateans
true !

To watch o'er our heroic slain, ye Gods, but they
were few !

And Hippias, the tyrant, fell, that traitor to the free,
And may all tyrants everywhere be smitten such as
he,

And while the everlasting hills look down on where
they lie

The Gods be their protectors still, their fame can
never die.

“ Rejoice, rejoice both young and old of every rank
and station,

Ye freemen all, you slaves no more, each less and
greater nation ;

The theme is old, has oft been told in many a grand
oration,

Whence history keeps its mem'ries green by clear
and terse relation ;

But Poesy fair beyond compare in thy own thrilling
strains declare

As often thou hast done before and will to freemen
everywhere,

No luckless, ill-starred Rubicon,
But ever, ever Marathon.”

THE BRUTIAN LAY OF REGAL ROME.

THE BRUTIAN LAY OF REGAL ROME.

“ A piece of work that will make sick men whole.”

How glorious is the prospect now through all the
sunny air,
Bright nature revelling in her glee and lavish of her
care :
The hills aglow with sparkling light, their hov'ring
shadows throw
Reflected hues of golden tints o'er all the vales be-
low.
The yellow Tiber gath'ring rolls on to the breezy
sea,
While laving in its winding course loved Rome that
once was free :
There lies it wrapt in stilly sleep, o'erlapped with
glis'tning dew,
But ah ! too soon will strife begin and terror stalk
anew.
Ye Gods ! how long will Romans bear the galling
chains they show :
Those Romans that were freemen once shall they
not strike the blow !

This summer-morn that greets the sun remembered
must be borne :

Three years agone this very day, dear friends, from
me were torn

By that fell king, Tarquinius, who lords it in his
pride :

A tyrant dark in all his ways, in whom none dare
confide.

My kinsmen to the death he put and I am forced to
feign

A weakness in my consciousness to save me from
like pain.

The dullard many call me now in ignorance of my
sense,

Though by the Gods' immortal right I have it most
intense.

A Lucius Junius may be mad to those who cannot
see,

But to the penetrating mind such never can he
be.

Then while I live by ev'ry means, with all my
strength and will,

Before high heaven I vow it now on this eternal
hill,

That guards the Forum freedom's hearth where
freedom's fire is won ;

Which glows in ev'ry manly heart, bequeathed from
sire to son,

I shall them rouse to mutiny, the suff'ring people
all,

The Gods will aid me in the work to perfect his
downfall.

A snaky fear torments his breast, his mind is ill at
ease,

For he to Delphi sent his sons the God with gifts to
please ;

And I accompanied them as well to his Parnassian
seat,

But little did they know the man when Brutus they
did meet.

'Twas vain the oracle declared, Apollo's bright and
pure,

That he who kissed his mother first would gain the
crown secure.

I fell and kissed my mother earth and thus divined
its truth,

By chance unsought, they lightly thought, tripped
like an idling youth.

To-morrow I shall take the way to join the martial
throng,

Where Rome's enduring legions lie round Ardea's
city strong :

Weeks have been passed already there, still more
will come and go

Around it yet before the troops again in Rome can
show.—

To-morrow came, and I was off and on the road
alone,

And in some hours I reached the camp and while
the strong sun shone.—

“Ho! Brutus, you have come at last, a friend I
longed to see,
And unexpectedly to me. Is't well with thine and
thee?”

Tarquinius Collatinus, all's well, have you no fear,
Though things at Rome might better be than they
seem to be here.

How have the troops behaved themselves and does
the siege proceed?

Has Tarquin been distinguished more by some un-
manly deed?

The king has never cared himself to take life in its
bud,

Still tyrants feel a strange delight in scenes of death
and blood.

“Come, Brutus, come, come to my tent and sup with
me to-day,

And I will tell thee all I know, how time has passed
away.

See, yonder, on a knoll it stands, soon in it we will
be,

Then by ourselves and o'er the wine we'll speak
more frank and free.”

* * * * *

Yes, Collatinus, what may be the Gods can well
foresee,

But ere the wine has been brought in your news
tell unto me.

“Know, Brutus, time has passed thus far with
leisure on our hands:

The Ardeans all secure within have spurned the
king's demands.
The troops have settled round it now with little else
to do
Than feasting live with dance and song just like a
merry crew
Who have come into port at last to hail their native
shore,
From off a long and stormy cruise and hardships
which they bore.
The king himself and his own sons have set them-
selves to show
That they can lead a sumptuous life in face of any foe.
'Tis but a week ago since I supped with the
king's sons three,
And for a while all merry were as men betimes will
be ;
O'er the strong wine that warms the heart and
makes the head inflamed,
And steals the senses oft away to make us feel
ashamed.
At last they railed and strong assailed, and with
wild humour free,
And challenged me with sneer and taunt that all
should go and see
That their own wives were better far than mine
could ever be.
None but a coward would have sought their chal-
lenge then to shun,
And I retorted, dare you go, this instant be it done.

We mounted quick our fleetest steeds and o'er the
ground we flew,
And ere the twilight sweet had fled in Rome our
reins we drew ;
Then hastened off to Sextus' house, and as we came
more near
Soft music charmed our willing cars and roused
their latent fear ;
And when we entered in we saw the banquet and
the cheer.
Their sat their proud wives gaily dressed with other
ladies more,
Whose looks affectedly disclaimed the modesty they
bore.
We stayed but to salute their own, which caused me
little pain,
Then soon on our fresh steeds again we rode for
mine and gain.
'Twas late at night when we got there, the stars were
twinkling bright,
Although no moon was in the sky they cheered it
with their light ;
And when let in, to their surprise they saw another
sight :
Lucretia, with her maids around, all spinning the
fine wool ;
The distaff in each hand was seen at work which
showed her rule.
Soon they admitted frank and free she was beyond
compare,

At which I did not boast the least, nor seemed to
have a care.
She rose and entertained us well, as all good women
will,
And there we passed the night and slept without a
fear of ill.
Then with the morning's virgin light we mounted
fresh and strong,
And back on our well-rested steeds we rode to camp
and throng ;
But ever since in Sextus' looks I've seen a serious
change,
And often I have thought and felt 'tis something
very strange ;
And yet I hope it bodes no ill to him or e'en to
any,
For ills enough there are in life to both the few and
many."

Tarquinius Collatinus, hark, strange things are being
done,
No wonder then if Sextus should turn out an impi-
ous one :
Time will it show, or soon or late, the truth will
surely come
Like deeds that shock the manly mind, to strike the
cowards dumb.
But see thy slave, he nears the tent, some missive in
his hand,
I wish it may be joyful news from her and no com-
mand.

“Yes, Brutus, you have rightly guessed, the writing
is her own,

And thus it reads of urgent needs o'er heavy in it's
tone:—

‘Dear husband, ever yours in truth, if thou hast love
for me,

Come, quickly come and tarry not, yourself I long
to see.’

Come, Brutus, come, we shall away without the
least delay :

I'll need thy aid and counsel wise since they have
been my stay.

A creeping fear affects my mind, I feel not as I
would,

And yet it may be but a phase of life's oft changing
mood.”

Then let us go this very night, 'twill bring the
certain meed ;

The kernelled truth oft darkly blurred with many
an evil deed.

In haste we mounted and soon cleared the camp
and marshy plain,

And then our steeds we forward urged without in-
flicting pain.

Uphill and down, o'er rutty ground along the weary
road,

Beneath the moon's alluring light and all that doubt
forbode.

The darkling hills showed far and near, their tops a
silv'ry hue,

Where mocking shadows wav'ring peered, o'er them
their halos threw.

All, all was still and not a sound but that which
clanged the ground :

Our horses' hoofs as on they sped at gallop or at
bound.

The hours were guessed as we could best until the
moon's decay

And straying light had tinged the sky, the monitor
of day,

'Twas then its cheer benumbed our fear, Collatia
was near,

And man and beast hot entered it at early mornings
clear.

Then on we hasted to the house and soon it we did
win,

When in a very little more we greeted those within ;
And to the fair Lucretia we thus the silence broke :

" Oh, is all well with thee and thine ?" so anxiously
both spoke.

A sorrowing look was in her eye and pallid was her
hue,

Yet beauteous she shone the more like heaven's
clear fallen dew.

Then in her father softly stepped, the sweat upon
his brow,

With Publius Valerius, from Rome they had come
now.

" All welcome, husband, father, friends," she breathed
in placid tones,

As if her heart were heaving sighs it could not vent
in moans.

“ My sad request is you to tell the truth in my sore
need,

The greatest crime, the foulest wrong, a dark, un-
manly deed

Against the pure and innocent when none were nigh
to shield,

The guiltless one against her will, alas, was forced
to yield!

Without a hope and no escape from dread dishonour's
name :

O what a monster must he be that lusted for such
shame!

This May upon its nonalday, three days have
scarcely gone :

A lovely day while happiness in all our household
shone.

I felt in peace and knew no ill with thoughts on
Ardea bent :

One only want to seal the bliss and perfect my con-
tent.

This way your kinsman, Sextus, came, king Tarquin's
wicked son,

About the stilly time of eve when twilight had
begun :

Fain was a wife to hear his news and glad to see
him come,

Nor base suspicion crossed her mind, such would
have made her dumb.

He told his tale with specious art that filled my
heart with joy,
The welfare of mine absent lord, his son, my darling
boy ;
And then he asked my leave to stay until the
morning's light :
I gave consent, he looked so tired and threat'ning
was the night.
And then, how hard it is to speak, when all were
gone to rest
And I was lying in my bed and dreaming of the
blest ;
At midnight as the first watch run, 'twas then, O
Gods, look down !
And pity a poor wretched heart on such you'll
never frown.
He roused me out of gentle sleep and to my bed he
came
And laid his hand upon my breast which felt a
scorching flame ;
Then bade me yield to his desires, which I resisted
all ;
Although he swore to take my life it did not me
appal ;
But when the fiendish thought he spoke in all his
wicked pride
That he would slay your fav'rite slave in whom you
could confide ;
And in the bed his body lay by my own body's
side ;

And then to thee more callously he would invent a
lie,

That he had found us both intwined and therefore
made us die.

With fears and tears and broken moans, and many
a heavy sigh,

I yielded then without a will for no escape had I.

Avenge me all, if ye be men, though he my body
pained,

My spirit and my heart are pure, no evil these have
stained ;

And as the wretch no mercy showed, no mercy
show to him :

Farewell, ye all, farewell, my lord, my sight is
growing dim :

And lest that any matron think one so can act as I,
I hereby my example show 'tis better still to
die."

She plunged the knife deep in her heart, fell lifeless
to the ground,

And thus a pure and guiltless life with glory then
was crowned.

But oh ! the sight unmanned them both, in grief
they cried aloud,

Like as the gath'ring thunder-storm breaks through
the dark'ning cloud.

I felt it deep as well as they, yet with a swelling
heart

And sense of wrong, deep-rooted wrongs, caused by
such fiendish part,

I plucked the knife from out the wound and raised
it reeking bare
With my right arm stretched at its full, inclining to
the air :
By that pure blood upon this knife I swear to know
no rest
Until I visit this foul deed, with all my strength
and zest,
Upon the king Tarquinius and his accursed race,
Who by their many dastard deeds have brought
Rome to disgrace ;
And lest like wickedness be done not any man shall
reign,
Or evermore hereafter be a king in Rome again.
Now, Collatinus, take the knife and swear by your
dead one,
And thou her father, Spurious, next that justice
may be done.
And thus they swore, as wronged men should, and
freemen ever do :
Those suff'ring from a tyrant's crimes which make
the guiltless rue.
" I swear by every tie that binds a husband to his
wife
That I will vengeance ever seek while he is left in
life."
" And I, the childless father, swear, bereft of his
dear child,
By her heart's blood that stains this knife, the
victim he defiled,

Through ev'ry varying scene of life no danger will
 I shun
 Till ev'ry father knows in Rome that justice has
 been done."

Publius Valerius, come, be thou a witness now,
 And seal it with thy honour's word to thee a sacred
 vow.

Hence, bear her to the Forum, men, and let all see
 her face :

The wicked deed of Sextus base shall have its
 proper grace :

They shall be stirred this day indeed their feelings
 to reveal,

Else I am not a Brutus called or hearts can never
 feel.

* * * * *

Speak, Collatinus, like a man, the truth needs scanty
 care :

Expectantly all wait thy voice to hear the deed laid
 bare :

Strong men shed tears and matrons weep o'er their
 illustrious dead :

The lovely, true, the good and pure, the great in
 heart and head.

And thus he spoke most powerfully, his thoughts to
 great words wed.—

"Collatians, my countrymen, you who are all my
 friends,

Forgive me if this faltering voice before heart's
 sorrow bends :

My heart is torn, the mind is racked with grief and
pangs and pains,
Hard was the stroke and sharp the shock that
pierced those swelling veins.
Last month upon the second day before the kalends
came,
Late in the eve within my house reigned peace and
joy and fame,
And on the morrow when we left 'twas still, 'twas
still the same.
Lucretia, my dear loving wife, behold her lifeless
now !
Bade me good bye with blessing sweet, I fondly
kissed her brow,
And then her cheeks and ruby lips as cheering as
the sun :
No mortal could have happier felt than I that had
her won.
But ah ! a snake with poisoned fangs and deadly
eye did glide
From out the grass all stealthily to pure Lucretia's
side,
When none knew of its horrid trail and none near
to defend,
The viper darted, struck and stung and death be-
came the end.
Whom do you think this viper is, the tyrant
Tarquin's son,
Base Sextus who defiled my bed and killed my dear
loved one.

See where she pierced her tortured heart for me and
honour's sake:

Bear with me husbands, matrons, feel my own is
like to break,

O! let the Gods' avenging power strike all his
house and race:

Accursed be they and perish he in his foul-stained
disgrace.

Her blood to heaven for vengeance cries, these once
light sparkling eyes,

Which still in death unclouded look as there in
peace she lies:

Collatians, acquit yourselves, if you would find relief
In action lies the remedy for sorrow's bitterest
grief."

And now their voices swelling rose in chorus and
refrain,

And thus they sang a mournful dirge in sorrow for
the slain.

"Lucretia's dead, as fair a flower
As ever bloomed on earth;
The house is lone, its light is gone,
And all our joy and mirth.

The sun that floods the spacious sky
With his surpassing light;
Whose sunny beams and streaming gleams
Delight the raptured sight.

The august moon, supremely queen,
That woos the dark'ning night;
And weds it in a peerless way
To all her silv'ry light.

The sparkling stars that round her shine
In all their bright array,
No dearer to the eyes can be
Than she who was our stay.

In innocence and purity
Her simple life was led;
But she is gone, with wail and moan,
To mother earth, her bed.

Lucretia pure, as fair a flower
As ever bloomed on earth,
The house is lone, its light is gone,
And all our joy and mirth."

The greatest treasure of the heart, its own life-
giving cheer,
Is the immortal song divine the ear delights to hear.
Now let us hasten on to Rome while fresh the corpse
remains,
I'll make its very stones to rise and Romans break
their chains.
Upon the bier the couch was placed on which her
body lay,
And then aloft they raised it light before the noon
of day,

When brawny shoulders, three to three, supported it
 along:
All headed by the manly youth and the Cornician
 throng.
And on each side twelve matrons walked beside the
 draperied bier,
All in dark mourning robes arrayed from whose
 eyes dropped the tear.
On, on it moved and o'er the ground with slowly
 quick'ning pace,
Until within two miles of Rome I left my sorrowing
 place,
And gainly rode free from forbode and at my ut-
 most speed;
My thoughts alone bent on the mode, the purpose
 and the need.
To call the knights and citizens, and matrons most
 around,
To gather in the Forum all and on its sacred
 ground:
There for themselves to see and hear the murd'rous
 deeds long done,
And this the direst of them all, for guilt surpassed
 by none.
Soon they were there awaiting keen with all
 expectant hearts,
The cortege and its solemn pomp defile into its
 parts.
Before the rostrum then was set the body and the
 bier

The sight of which made women weep and strong
men shake with fear ;
For such a scene was never seen in all the Roman
time,
Or that which on both sense and eye imprinted
such a crime.
Again the swelling chorus burst among the breath-
ing throng
Who thus extolled her virtues bright in thrilling
mournful song—

“ Lucretia fair lies pale and wan,
Her eyes are closed in death,
Cruel murdered by an impious man,
Gone is her heavenly breath.

She who in life was pure and good
And like the bright sun shone ;
And in her every way and mood
Unequaled all would own.

O ! hear we not her heaving sighs
And all her wailing moans !
The tears that burst her lovely eyes
We see yet wet the stones.

Her heart was broken, Oh ! she cried,
Come welcome death to me !
And then all willing calmly died
Through this deep wound we see.

The peerless matron, faithful wife
Would not permit a shame
To dim the bless'd connubial life :
Immortal is her name.

Lucretia fair lies pale and wan,
Gone is her heavenly breath,
Cruel murdered by an impious man,
Her eyes are closed in death."

The sun shone with a glowing light, a soft breeze
cooled the air,
And fanned a sea of faces then whose hearts were
beating rare :
I could no longer dare restrain my spirit and its
thought,
With glistening eyes and swelling force they thus
an utterance sought.—
Friends, countrymen, and Romans all, I speak not
to your fears ;
Let him who wears a coward's heart seal his un-
willing ears.
This is no place for such a slave 'mong slaves he
ought to be,
Or when the flashing lightning darts found crouch-
ing 'neath some tree.
To those I speak, free Romans born, of free-begotten
sires,
And whose heroic spirits once all glowed like
Vulcan's fires ;

And you who have the precious blood which men
from nature claim,
That blood-producing manly worth and fired with
freedom's flame.
To you I speak, a Brutus hear, ye Roman matrons all,
The theme is dark and sorrowful which may your
hearts appal.
'Tis of the king Tarquinius, that tyrant steeped in
crime,
The like of whom was never known in all the
Roman time.
First, on the file where shows his guile his murdered
wife appears,
Then next there stands, O horror, shame, too loath-
some for your ears !
The good king Servius in old age no mercy did he
show,
But hurled him from the senate's steps by one most
treach'rous blow.
And then his hired assassins base, came speedy and
to do
The deed that he had planned before, the good old
king they slew.
And my own brother dear to me, he took his life away,
And then I swore to be avenged when came the
favoured day.
He gave to strangers what was yours and filched
from you your rights,
And made you but a prey for death like carrion for
the kites ;

While many he tormented so that they found rest
in death :

They could not live, for none can live without in-
spiring breath.

And now this deed that greets all here by wicked
Sextus done,

A deed that shudders ev'ry heart but shows their
race is run.

Rise, Romans, rise in all your might, lay the usurper
low ;

For they who would win freedom back themselves
must strike the blow :

Let freedom, truth, and honour be the watchword
and the cry,

And if unconquering we fall, we shall heroic die.

Then in acclaim and unison they shouted strong and
free,

The men the most determined all, the matrons in
their glee :

Woe to the tyrant and his race, the gates are closed
this day,

And Rome will know a king no more while freemen
in it stay :

The spirit of a Brutus lives ; for it can never die

While there are men upon this earth and Gods above
the sky.

* * * * *

APOLLO AND DAPHNE IN THE VALE
OF TEMPE.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.

“ Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In another's being mingle.”

O DELOS, blessed, thou favoured isle !
Queen of the fair Cycladean throng,
Which envy not thy happy lot :
Apollo whom none dare revile,
Avenger of all ill and wrong,
The bright, the pure in deed and thought,
A cherished and a hallowed name,
Leto and great Zeus' son, Cynthus, of immortal fame.

A holier spot in Hellas grand
Hellenes know not anywhere :
The sacred shrine of their bright land
Still ever dear beyond compare.
Where hoary Cynthus beetling swells,
A jagged and a ragged rock,
With jutting crags and mossy dells,
Beneath it Zeus' son was born and first to wondrous
life awoke.

From jealous Here safely kept
 Under the dark-leaved olive tree
 Round which in vain fell Boreas swept.
 In peace he grew, was nourished free
 By Themis' soft and tender care,
 On nectar the Immortals' fare,
 A growing infant budding rare, a lovely child of
 heavenly air.

Inopus in its rise and fall
 Flows murmuring through thy flow'ry vale,
 Where graceful palms bright greet the sight,
 A far bewitching stream to all:
 The scene of many an oft-told tale,
 Where Artemis first saw the light,
 The goddess-child, Diana fair, Apollo's sister, Jove's
 delight.

Hail, Delos hail ! and bid farewell,
 No more thy sea-girt shores they'll see :
 They're gone at last by right to dwell
 With heavenly Zeus ever free.
 Olympus tow'ring to the skies
 With aspect awful and sublime,
 Beneath which lovely Tempe lies,
 The loveliest vale of all our clime,
 Now they are there and they will be through all
 the cycling rounds of time.

But, Delos, hear as we revere
 Apollo pure and bright,

How once he loved a maiden dear,
The fairest to the sight.—

Bright Helios rises from the sea,
His fiery steeds proud prancing,
And o'er the spacious heaven free
Their flashing eyes are glancing.

Aurora's dew drips from their manes
In ruddy beads entrancing ;
While in his hands the golden reins
Are held, his car advancing.

Away, away they peerless speed
Till lost in streams of glist'ring flame,
They vanish in the light indeed,
And thus the glorious sun proclaim.

Olympus then superbly bright,
Safe in his keep high swelling soars ;
And Ossa nigh suffused in light
And far beneath where Peneus pours.

The vale, the lovely vale again,
Sweet Tempe decked in hues serene,
Now Daphne with her nymphic train
Becomes Cynosure of the scene.

All in the bubbling waters light
They lave themselves with joyous glee :
Their beauteous forms of pearly white,
While Gods look down and ravished see

Jove's daughters of the grove and stream,
 Bewitching in their charming ways,
Like Naiads in a heavenly dream,
 Who pass a life of halcyoned days.

And up the vale and down they sail,
 So swan-like are their motions made,
In fairy groups supremely hale,
 Now in the sun then in the shade.

Nor ever weariness nor care
 Disturbs their sleep or waking eyne :
All jocund as the wanton air,
 They never know what is decline.

Excelling beauty shines in all
 Like new sprung lilies fair to see ;
Or like the leaves that never fall
 From off the year-worn, weary tree.

But fairer still is Daphne far,
 For comeliness and graces sweet
She rivals Venus, that bright star
 Which dewy eve and morning greet.

Their waists are gimp, their anklets rare,
 With shoulders full, an oval round,
And snowy breasts and glancing hair
 In tresses bending to the ground.

They skip and dance with glowing measure,
In couples then all in a ring :
An artless maiden's fondest pleasure,
While hand in hand they choral sing.

To see them then life death became
Unless her true love one would gain :
She fired the heart with such a flame,
Or in her presence could remain.

Leucippus, son of Oenomaus,
First tried the task her love to gain,
And for her sake became, alas !
The loveliest nymph of all her train.

And as they wandered up and down,
By fairy night and dazzling day,
Among the rustling groves so brown,
Moist with the glist'ning dew and spray.

The breezy sea as murmuring sweet,
Or hymning to Poseidon's sway,
Till swelling came its chorus meet
To greet the charms of Tempe's May.

'Twas thus he won her simple heart
Which made his happy soul to swell,
Till in Olympus' heavenly part
Apollo heard the Muses tell :

While playing on the tuneful lyre
Before the Gods in ecstasy,
The music of Parnassus' fire
Surpassing all that ere could be.

How Daphne fair would never wed
Nor by man's love be overcome:
She lived for those she featly led,
And then Apollo's lyre grew dumb.

His heart was stung with fond desire,
The beady sweat shone on his brow,
He turned on heel all full of fire,
And down to Tempe he is now.

O never was a God more fair!
Perfection in his form and mien,
Which matchless matched his heavenly air:
Sublime, majestic, and serene.

The Muses by his side are seen,
And in the vale they sweetly sing,
Dressed, like young maidens, all in green,
While through the groves their echoes ring.

"Hail, Daphne, hail! thou fairest seen,
Afar and near thy praises ring:
Apollo comes to hail thee queen,
From regions of perpetual spring."

And Daphne heard the rapturing strains,
And nearer drew within his view,
Attended by her virgin trains,
Who lovelier all in beauty grew.

Apollo, swelling at the heart,
Then sweetly touched his tuneful lyre ;
And, with a far surpassing art,
He sang to her with heavenly fire :—

“ O Daphne, fairest of the earth !
My love is thine, accept it free :
Apollo loved thee from thy birth,
And all he asks is love from thee.”

But trembling Daphne soft replied—
“ Alas, alas ! it cannot be ;
My maidens fair, the brightly eyed,
I've given it them, heartfull and free.

As happy now as I can be,
Apollo could not give me more,
With my companions dear to me,
Through night and day the seasons o'er.”

“ Is't true—fair Daphne, why dissemble ?
Thou lovest one you would conceal.
Why does thy lovely frame so tremble ?
Leucippus here I now reveal.”

Then faster far than fleeting sound
That fills the ear to guide the eye,
Leucippus' sex was barely found
Until her maidens made him die.

When off alarmed she swiftly sped,
Apollo soon in hot pursuit,
While her fair nymphs through Tempe fled,
Away, away as swift of foot.

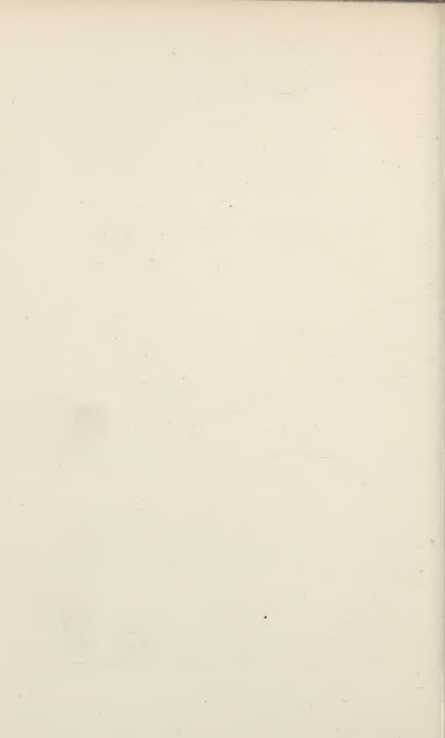
And gaining on her more and more
Till she was nearly within reach,
He slacked the pace he lightly bore
And lovingly did her beseech.

But then she prayed for aid to Ge,
Who heard her plaint and yielded free :
Far from her maidens, far away,
She changed her to a laurel tree.

Apollo thus from love relieved
Thrice blessed and kissed it o'er and o'er ;
For Daphne now he sorely grieved,
All sacred to him evermore.

Then to Olympus hies he on
Still trilling sweet the tuneful lyre :
The Muses singing, sad and lone,
The dirge of Daphne to her sire.

CORIOLOANUS.



LAY OF CORIOLANUS.

“ Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.”

I HAIL thee, lovely June, with new delight,
Thou flow'ry month that hardly knows the night!
Now in the Forum gay, this festal day,
Again I chant the stately Roman lay,
Like famous bards in far heroic times,
Of our loved land and other sunny climes.
Attend, ye Plebs, and lend the list'ning ear,
Who heroes love, and who the Gods revere:
The lay be just to Coriolanus' fame,
Or Caius Martius' great and honoured name:
He who to mortal none would deign to bow,
So dearly held by ev'ry Roman now;
Whose haughty spirit fanned the people's fire,
And roused to fury their indignant ire.

In errant youth he daring prowess wrought,
When at the gory Regillus he fought,
Where foot and horse and all the ranks did show
An eager courage and the fiery glow:
Surpassed by none, and foremost in the van,
He won his crown as only Romans can.

Still later yet, when raged the Volscian wars,
And Roman brows were marked with valour's scars,
Which they with pleasant mien so lightly bore,
As their great ancestors had done before :
Like badges that well told how they had fought
Their valiant foes, who rarely quarter sought ;
As fiercely they in mortal combat closed,
With blood-stained swords and shields to shields
opposed.

The sun appeared high o'er the Sabine hills,
And brightly laved them in his beaming light,
While sacred temples on Rome's heights shone
dight :

Those cheering safeguards 'gainst life's stifling ills.
And joyous Rome revered by every heart,
Beheld the throng of her own martial sons,
In glitt'ring ranks arrayed all valiant ones ;
Her agile cohorts and her knights apart.
Then trumpets sound when legions march away :
The echoing thud of feet resounds afar
And patt'ring horses in their close array.
Bestirring thoughts of deeds and feats of war
Their swelling hearts exuberant display,
Which truly tell how great their wishes are.

Lively they march along the rough-hewn road,
With measured pace, to greet the distant foe ;
While from their brows the glist'ning drops light
flow
Through vig'rous action and the martial load.

Soft, flow'ry dells and leafy groves are passed,
Then winged music sweetly thrills the ear
From warbling lark that soars to heaven's gate clear,
Until the wished for spot is reached at last.
The camp is formed, no lingering delay
Mars their intent, but order takes its place,
Obedient to their own superior sway :
Inured to discipline and all its hardy grace.
And then they rest till comes the stirring fray
Which soon for good or ill they manly face.

In battle-lines arrayed the ranks advancing meet :
Their clanging swords and shiv'ring spears resound
On bossy shields, while round on all the ground
They thick'ning mingle then confused retreat ;
Until fresh ranks arrest their backward speed,
Who rushing forward charge the pressing foe.
While daring feats on ev'ry hand they show
The ruddy gore flows without stint or heed.
So fiercely thus for long it cannot last :
The Roman ranks once more are hotly pressed
By foes exulting as if death were past.
Now Coriolanus and his few contest
Heroic like the Volscians thick and fast,
And force them back to Corioli's rest.

The gates are won, and now within the town,
They must'ring throng and fiercely fight around ;
Where Coriolanus foremost on the ground,
Selects his foe and quickly cuts him down.

Till one by one they fall and few are found
 But veterans who still our cohorts dare :
 No quarter seeking as in wild despair
 They rush on death with fury's madd'ning bound.
 And all is o'er-walled Corioli won,
 While victory achieved is welcomed most ;
 Its dangers over but new toils begun :
 The spoils they share and bury those they lost,
 Then strike their camp and with the rising sun,
 Homeward they turn to Rome, their love and boast.

Their spirits breaking like Aurora bright
 O'er the pale sky with darkling tints bespread,
 Which starry night and shadowy light had bred,
 That disappear before his splendid sight
 Till swelling they attain ethereal height.
 Then bursts the chorus and the joyous song
 Which thrill their hearts with rapture and delight.
 Strong ringing on the air they speed along,
 While echo wafts them through each neighb'ring
 grove,
 Where ling'ring they resound with waning notes :
 Low trembling far ere they have died away ;
 Or like Apollo, who before great Jove
 Trilled his sweet lyre to high immortal thoughts :
 The Muses aidant with their mast'ring sway.

And time glides by while Rome enjoys sweet peace
 Till fair-faced tyranny resumes his reign,
 And skulking selfishness supports his train ;
 Like wolf that eyes askance the lamb's rich fleece.

Then baneful passions warp the gen'rous heart,
Which cause the noble mind to wander far,
And yoke itself to mad ambition's car ;

And thus the wretch fulfils a traitor's part.
When Coriolanus reckless did declaim,

Once in the Senate with a fiery speech,
The fathers heard, applauded, and profane
Denied the people in the people's name ;

Still more to widen the unhappy breach ;
And showered upon them their inane disdain.

Alas ! that his proud spirit blinded him

To right and reason and the common good.

'Twas surely from some dark splenetic mood
That strained his mind and made his feelings grim ;

Or some wild fancy airing its young brood.
Heedless of truth and scorning hardy fact ;
Untempered by the judgment's warning act

Which still refines the thought however crude.

He suffered for his rashness and our need :

The Tribunes reached him through the people's law,
Born of despair and many a telling shock,
Which worked new strength in our Plebian breed.

Impeached and tried, the judgment he foresaw :

Death was his doom but doomed he still could mock.

An exile he became from home so dear,

His wife and children then left sad and lone,

To mourn the husband and the father gone,
With many a sorrow's ache and swelling tear,

In sad misfortune and tormenting fear.
 The Volscians whom he once so sorely pressed
 With dauntless courage and a hero's zest,
 Now willingly their friendship does appear ;
 While Attus Tullius kingly like commends
 All his brave acts and marks him thus a friend ;
 To mould him to his purposes and ends
 In which the good and evil often blend ;
 As woman's potent influence prevails
 To bring life's calms or its distressing gales.

Soon made their captain and entrusted free
 With high command that he could wield so well,
 Then by design our country ill befell ;
 Nor darker ill did ever Roman see.
 The festal games of Jupiter had come ;
 And from all neighb'ring parts around
 The people flocked to Rome's own sacred ground ;
 Where they with right might their devotions hum
 To thund'ring Jove, immortal sire supreme
 Of Gods, and men in all their bright array
 Of lusty life, so like a happy dream.
 Their temples crowded where the priests inspire
 The hallowed worship that our rites display,
 With sounding music and the thrilling lyre.

Peace, blessed peace and boundless joy reigned then,
 And not a Roman heart but felt its gain,
 While our twin Consuls and our Tribunes twain
 Became good friends and acted like strong men,

To urge the people, and direct them when
 To choose the good things, and avoid their bane ;
 As in all pleasure lurks the seed of pain,
 Which wounds the heart and makes ill minds com-
 plain.

They ran their course with all the pomp and stir
 The great games always bring so wisely wed ;
 Since to enjoy sweet life is action's flow :
 A whirling, skirling, humming all a whir :
 But, ah ! some guilty deed brought evil dread :
 Great Jupiter was wroth with them below.

'Twas not the Volscians, nor the Latin men,
 Nor Tuscans, Æquians or Sabini, no !
 Rome's own proud Consuls they must truly show
 Respect to Jove through one of his sons then :
 Titus Latinius, right good pleb was he,
 Known for his honour, honesty, and truth
 Through all his life, ev'n from his early youth ;
 And of sweet temper, genial, kind, and free,
 Yet grave betimes a father oft displays
 At home among his family and peace,
 And sweet content away from vulgar gaze,
 In which from daily toil he finds release.
 One sleepless night a vision then he saw
 Of Jupiter, who thus made known his law.—

“ Wake, mortal, wake ; God calls on thee,
 'Tis Jupiter thy father see !

Whose brightness shows to thee the right,
Because it is celestial light.

Be calm, be still, and list to me,
For sore offended I can be
By ev'ry ill deed that is done,
Which mortals ever ought to shun."

"O father Jupiter, I hear!
With trembling heart that makes me fear:
Thy presence bright my eyes behold,
Surpassing far what hath been told.

I am thy weak and erring son,
Thine is the power; thy will be done
In thy unseen, mysterious ways:
Supremely God, all mortals praise!"

"Go thou, my son, this very day,
And tell the Consuls what I say:
Heed not the taunts of mortal man;
Serve thou thy God, and let them ban.

Tell them to celebrate again
Those honours that they offered vain,
With worship penitent in heart,
From all polluting things apart."

"Thou then art Jove; oh, can it be?
My eyes are dim, they darkly see,
I know not yet if thou art he,
My falt'ring mind and heart fail me."

“ This be a token of its truth ;
If thou me disobey, forsooth,
Thy own loved son shall surely die,
Then thou in grief wilt know for why.

Wake, mortal, wake ; God calls on thee ;
’Tis Jupiter thy father see !
Whose brightness shows to thee the right,
Because it is celestial light.”

But when Aurora brightened all the sky,
And virgin morning came, he careless grew :
Absorbed in things which dulled his conscience
true,
And put it off until inclined to try ;
Thus ling’ring with the promise in his heart,
He feared reproach and shame of other men,
And scathing scorn before his duty then,
Till Jupiter brought grief and death’s dread part,
Struck down the son, and doomed him soon to die :
A suff’rer for his father’s wilful sin,
Who felt the blow though yet he dared its bane,
The God’s command and conscience pricks within.
Then thund’ring Jove made known himself again,
And thus he spoke to righten wrong by pain.

“ Thy son is gone, and lowly laid,
The penalty for thee he paid ;
Yet, for his innocence and truth,
With heaven I will reward the youth,

But thou, most disobedient son,
 Feel'st thou the evil thou hast done ?
 Why didst thou heedless dare to shun
 My just commands, impelled by none ?”

“ On me have mercy, father Jove,
 I own my guilt ; but when I chose
 To disobey thy just commands,
 It was the work of other hands.”

“ Dar'st thou before my presence still
 Deny the truth, to test my will ?
 For such be thou infirmly laid,
 This instant thou art palsied made.

No more in life shalt thou me see ;
 One other chance I give to thee,
 To do thy duty and serve me,
 Or else more wrathful Jove will be.”

Affliction breaks the haughty spirit's rein,
 And makes the hardened heart to feel ashamed :
 'Neath stroke and blow the strongest frame is
 tamed,
 While racked and tossed with sore tormenting pain.
 So Titus, in his sad, afflicted state,
 Called for a litter, that it might be known
 The will of Jove, and to all clearly shown.
 Friends bore him to the Consuls, to relate
 What he had heard, and which they well believed ;
 Who promise gave the games should be again,
 At Jupiter's command, all gladly then received.

Soon forth the mandate went, and soon returned
their reign ;
And multitudes came flocking o'er the plain,
To grace the games so lately held in vain.

The Volscians thronged, and Attus Tullius came
And sowed dissension with his wily tongue
By lying tales from his invention sprung,
That set the Roman Consuls in a flame,
Who bade the Volscians begone away,
In Rome no longer must they dare to stay.
So, when they reached their homes, their hate became
Fanned to a blaze by Attus Tullius' speech,
And war was rash proclaimed 'gainst Rome and
right,
For Coriolanus was a chief to fight.
The mighty general was meekly owned,
Who spared no town, howe'er it might beseech,
Until his swelling legions came in sight
Of Rome with fugitives most fully thronged.

'Twas in the mellow autumn of the year,
A sunny, swelt'ring day, serene and clear ;
The fields around were laid with golden grain,
The fruit of rustic toil, and heat and rain ;
The earth was glad, bright nature soothed her care,
Yet Rome in grief lay seized with vain despair.
Beyond the city and its seven hills
There was encamped the maker of her ills,

With his proud legions lusting for their prey,
Her all-sworn foes ill brooking his delay ;
And none to fight, her Plebs were surly then,
Faith they had lost in their Patrician men.
All seemed afraid to cross the lion's path,
And brave the dangers of a lion's wrath.

When other means had failed of telling force,
One hope remained—a patriot's last resource.
The deepest feelings of the manly breast
In love of country are the best expressed ;
So they resolved to make that sad appeal,
The Senate for its own and Rome's best weal.
For him who lay by our Cluilian wall,
The pontiffs and the priests assembled all,
Besides the Augurs and the Senate's few,
With pomp and solemn show and emblems true,
Who bore the Lituus with dexter hand,
Robed in the Toga and Trabea grand :
Rome's embassy to Coriolanus' camp,
To plead her cause with him of kindred stamp.

They went and humbly pled but still in vain,
For his demands were all for Volscians' gain ;
Then downcast they returned without relief,
And fear increased and hope was changed to grief.
The women weeping and lamenting more,
Impending ills that hovered near their door,
Sped to the temples and the Gods adored,
And there with heavy hearts their help implored,

Jove's sacred altar and himself beheld,
The pitying scenes to pity more impelled ;
While there was seen whose eyes were swelled with
tears

Valeria, the noblest 'mongst her peers ;
On bended knees and weary and apart
In gentle prayer she thus poured out her heart :

“ O Diespiter ! Jove, our God !
One who has ever mortals blessed,
Thou hear'st the groans that rend this breast,
Remove afar its heavy load.

Thy people who all worship thee,
And to thy image bow the knee,
With hearts sincere and off'rings meet,
Let not thy children feel defeat.

O ! grant it as becomes thy power,
To turn the vengeance of the foe,
Forbid thy people's blood to flow,
To whom thou art a strength and tower.

Thy young and little tender ones,
My country's daughters and her sons,
Are thine own children like to me,
O never let them horrors see !

Save us from ills and dire dismay,
Turn Caius from his dark design,
A simple, erring son of thine,
And in him mercy's power display.

My heart can ask no more from thee,
 If thy will let me suff'rer be,
 My country from destruction free,
 O father Jove, hope wells in me !"

Thou good and faithful one give ear,
 Thy father, Jupiter, 'tis he !
 Valeria, be of good cheer,
 Whose voice thou hear'st shall grant it thee.

Go to his mother without fear,
 And show her all thou knowest now,
 And with thee take thy sister's here,
 To Jove and her he'll surely bow."

Calm, calm she rose with gentleness of air
 Then thus addressed her sister matrons there :
 " Come, mourners, come, the God has sure revealed
 Good news to us from men he hath concealed :
 Be of good cheer, dismiss your griefs and fears :
 Henceforth for joy we all shall shed our tears :
 Let us away to Caius' mother now,
 To Jove and her her son will truly bow."
 " God's will be done," they softly all replied,
 Then straightway to the mother's house they hied :
 " Volumnia, we now are come to thee,
 No man hath sent us nor the Senate free ;
 But of our own accord by Jove impelled :"
 'Twas thus she spoke as with bright hope she
 swelled.

“ Come join with us, thy sister matrons here,
And let us all before his camp appear ;
When men have failed then women may succeed,
And should we do, oh what a glorious deed !
Fit to compare with those Sabinian wives
Who rushed between, regardless of their lives,
Their kinsmen fierce as each with each engaged,
Quelled the wild tumult and their ire assuaged.
Be thine the duty with thy son to plead,
Jove hath revealed, to you he will give heed.”
“ Valeria and noble matrons all,
We'll go with you, Volumnia's at your call,
My son I love as strong as mother can,
But duty true and country more than man.”

The lone procession as it moved along
To see proud Caius and his martial throng,
Was sad and solemn, free from foolish art,
All deeply striking to both eye and heart.
His wife, Virgilia, with her children two,
A robust boy and girl of comely hue.
The elder matrons in their pairs apart,
In vain concealing sorrow's poignant smart.
Behind the younger moving like the rest,
Downcast in looks and even more depressed ;
And leading all the two great matrons came,
Volumnia, Valeria of fame.
Thus on they moved until the camp was gained :
The camp which Rome's most threat'ning foes con-
tained.

The Volscian soldiers whose rough feelings flashed,
 Those hardy men stood silent as they passed,
 And gazed on all, unmoved, with prying eye
 At the strange sight, frail women come to try,
 While Caius resting on his seat was seen :
 His chiefs around him with their martial mien,
 Who wistful looked to think what it could be,
 Though none so wistfully and cool as he,
 Anon he knew it was his mother dear
 Then quick he rose and ran to greet her near ;
 But ah ! she thus replied as thus she spoke
 In tones that seemed his very love to mock.
 " Ere thou a mother kiss make known thy part :
 Mine is a mother's with a mother's heart.

Is it to foe or to a son I speak
 And here appear thy poor prisoner meek ;
 Or as thy mother whom thou didst obey
 Long in a dutiful and filial way ?
 Shall it be said had I ne'er bore a son
 Rome had ne'er seen the evil that is done ?
 Had I been childless or remained a maid,
 Whose bloom upon the desert air will fade,
 That then I should have died alone and free,
 And undishonoured and unknown to thee ?
 But now I am too old to bear much more,
 Either thy shame or my unhappy store.
 Look to thy wife and thy own children now :
 'Tis thine to save them and thou knowest how."

She had but finished when he called her name
And cried aloud while shook his stalwart frame :
“ O mother, mother ! thou the gain hast won,
But shame and ruin comes to thy lost son ! ”
And then her trembling hand he trembling grasped :
Fell on her neck and fondly her enclasped ;
And next his wife and his dear children two :
Those that he would be doomed no more to view.
The weeping matrons gave their feelings vent
And thanked their God that had them mercy sent ;
While hardy soldiers in their silence stood
And viewed the scene intent with kindred good.
He sent them back, then led his troops from Rome,
No more to see her temples or his home.

And time rolled on till in his weary age,
With whitened locks, and in his looks a sage,
Then thus he sang a Roman's sad lament :
His own hard fate, those years in exile spent.—

“ My heart is weary with life's cares,
And I must bear them all alone :
Dear friends and wife and children gone,
Time but these sorrows deeper wears :
To me it yields no glad relief.
Nor tempers more my lonely grief.

Far from my country and my home,
An exile in a foreign land,
Deserted and forlorn I stand,
No more to see my native Rome :

Oh, had I but more prudent been,
Such woe in life I ne'er had seen !

But now I'm old, and blood runs cold,
Oppressed with such a heavy load,
Still I must walk life's weary road
While only strangers me behold :
What Roman hearts in exile feel,
Bright, burning words but dim reveal.

O Rome, my country, ever dear !
Coriolanus still will dream,
Far from his native Tiber stream,
Of thee and home, now all his cheer :
Till death brings him the long, sweet rest,
Thy name and fame must fill his breast.

My aged limbs grow stiff and frail,
Yet while a spirit in me burns,
To my loved home my love returns ;
The bright marks in life's chequered tale,
Like fragrance to a dying breath,
That subtle spell which sweetens death.

The patriot's joy is bliss to all,
When he must die and go to rest.
His country is that joy confessed ;
The latest wish he will recall,
Which none but patriot may tell,
Who is denied its last farewell."

LAY OF CRÆSUS.

LAY OF CRÆSUS.

“ By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.”

O MUSE, sing of King Cræsus famed, great Alyattes' son!
The monarch of rich Lydia, and kingdoms fairly won,
Who reigned about 560 before a certain date,
Long after fleet Coræbus ran and gained his vict'ry great.
The happiest man of all his time he thought himself to be,
More favoured far than other men, by Jove's divine
decree :

A mighty man of war to boot, of valour and renown,
Right worthily he wore the sword, still better bore the
crown.

No hate was in his noble breast, nor tyrant's gnawing fear,
But kindly and forgiving, just, with sympathy sincere.
Magnanimous in victory, he pardoned free of care,
The fallen foe lamenting sad his evil fate and fare ;
And conquered many peoples brave, took many a strong
walled town,
Yet never showed them any grudge, or vengeful ground
them down.

Wide his domains extended far, to many a river's mouth,
With Halys on the eastern side, and Taurus on the south ;

Comprising little Asia, a rich and fertile part,
Whose capital was Sardis strong, its guiding head and
heart.

Such various races owned his sway, or paid him tribute
full :

The Mysians, the Thracians, the Phrygians of rude rule,
And Dorians, Ionians, Æolians as well,

Pamphylians and Carians, and others hard to tell.

Oh ! never was his like before, nor ever since has been,
Though only in one hist'ry now can such a fact be seen.

His treasures were a mountain-heap of gold and silver ore,
With precious stones and other gems, and lands of ample
store,

All tilled to high perfection then, by ox and patient hind,
And yielding fruits and staple grains, and spices of each
kind.

And far and near his fame had spread for many hundred
miles,

To Sparta and to Athens fair, and all the Grecian isles.

The wise, the rich, and some that bore in truth a famous
name,

Attracted by his power and wealth, in godly numbers
came

To visit his famed capital, for good and other gain,
And with keen eyes that clearly saw, and dispositions sane.
And whom sage Solon was among, first of the seven
crowned,

Great Athens' legislator good, who gave it laws renowned ;
To whom King Cræsus granted free his favour full and
kind,

And showed him all his countless wealth, then spoke
with willing mind.—

“Athenian stranger, we have heard much of thy mother-wit.

Thy love of knowledge, its true worth, and prudence
always fit;

Come, tell us now who really is the happiest man on
earth?”

To which the sage thus answered calm, and with a little
mirth,

“He who is happy at his death, whatever be his birth.”

No more was said upon that head by Cræsus’ honoured
guest,

While in his palace he remained, a trav’ler taking rest,
Which grandly looked on all around, high from the
beetling rock,

A spur of Mount Tmolus’ range, upheaved by Tellus’
shock,

Where Hermus’ soft and charming vale lay nestling
bright below,

All mantled in its sylvan robes, and hues of radiant
glow,

Through which Pactolus murmured sweet, a stream of
sunny gleams,

Now bright’ning light, then dark’ning slight, like Fancy
in her dreams.

No wonder that King Cræsus’ heart was filled with
honest pride,

But which he ostentatious showed, and took no pains to
hide.

Yet pride unchecked degenerates the noble heart and
mind,

Till arrogance brings in its train the fall that makes it
blind.

Now Cræsus, when sage Solon left, had dreamed a
shocking dream,

Which changed his equanimity, and made him stricken
seem.

He dreamed his son he dearly loved would surely meet
his death

By some iron-pointed weapon sharp depriving him of
breath.

Fair Atys, fearless, good, and true, a young and comely
man,

Excelling all in manliness, and always in the van

In field and sport of every sort, with brightly quickened
mind,

His like in all his father's realms not one could any find.

No wonder that he anxious was, and took the greatest
care

To keep him safe from ev'ry harm, nor more would let
him dare,

But got him married sure and well, as most men like to be,

Though few e'er bargain for its cares, its joys are their
decree.

Then came a deputation far, from Lydia's mountain-parts,
To crave his aid and countenance with sad and heavy
hearts.

A wild and savage boar, they told, made havoc far and
near

Upon their flocks and little ones, that filled them with
great fear ;

Destroyed the corn when it was ripe, thus making more
distress ;

Which they had often tried to slay, but never with success.

The Mysian Olympus hoar concealed its dreaded lair ;

Safe from pursuit and other brute, it reigned a monarch
there,

A scourge to all the country round, a terror to the lone,
Whene'er they heard its savage grunt, or yell-like sound-
ing groan.

They pled that manly Atys brave, the fearless of his
race,

Famed for his feats of daring both in war and in the
chase,

Should head an expedition strong ; then they would feel
secure

That it would be surrounded soon, and slain as quick
and sure.

But, ah ! the father's heart was touched, he would not
give consent.

But promised them, in his son's stead, their wish to full
extent.

With such they looked well satisfied, their spirits rose
aglow,

Their hearts had burst grief's galling bonds, and hope
began to show.

With brightened looks and springy step then down the
rock they went,

To wait the coming of the men and dogs with meek
content.

But when the fearless Atys heard what they had come
to seek,

He went before his father glad, and asked him frank and
meek,

“Why he should be forbid to go, his most obedient son,
When foremost once he urged him on in many a fight
and run ?

As proud to see him take the lead in ev'ry manly sport :
O ! surely there's some reason grave that keeps him now
at court ?"

His father answered : " Yes, my son, a vision I have had
That bodes no good to thee or me and almost puts me
mad.

Thou art to die as it foretold, O may it never be !
By some iron-pointed weapon sharp, through head or
heart or knee."

He flouted it and scouted it and fast dispelled his fear,
And worked him into merry mood and hope and light-
some cheer.

He showed him by hard logic more, how such could
never be

Since the wild boar had only tusks, tusks which they
would well see.

There could be but small danger then, his father saw it
clear,

And gave him his consent to go, yet with a ling'ring fear
He charged the grave Adrastus more to guard him safe
and well :

To see that no dread accident his dearly loved befell.
Adrastus, who had grieved for long for having killed his
brother :

Expelled the kingdom by his sire, deprived of home and
mother ;

Although without intent 'twas done it bred both pain
and grief

Which Cræsus nobly tried to stem by granting him relief:
A shelter and a welcome kind in his own home to dwell
With many other favours more which few knew or could
tell.

But yet the fratricide must feel a life-long gnawing pain ;
For oh ! a brother's love is deep, like the poet's sweet
refrain.—

From near and far they gathered soon upon the plain
below :

A sight that made the heart to thrill, the longing eyes to
glow :

With spear and dart and javelin sharp, and swords that
shone to view :

Their studded hafts all glitt'ring bright with gems of
rarest hue.

And chargers gay caparisoned with swelling neck and
mane,

That pawed the ground with restless foot and snorted
loud and fain :

A numerous, gallant company all worthy of his name :
Tried men of war and others bent to catch a breath of
fame.

With steady pace they onward went but quickened more
their speed

When they had cleared the city's bounds which they did
with good heed :

And past the lone Necropolis near by the Gyges' lake ;
Across the plain on to the hills, through bramble, bush
and brake,

Until they bayed it in its den and forced it furious out,
Which made dogs helter-skelter run and quickly beat
about.

And then away with hue and cry they bounded on its
track

Like hunters hunting reynard sly, hounds leading strong
and pack,

Till slowly but as surely then they hemmed it in at last,
 Or drew a circle round it sure and made the cordon fast;
 Then brought to bay it grunting lowered, its slimy eyes
 aghast,

And charged in vain stung with fresh pain by javelins
 deadly cast,

Till one swift cutting through the air another victim hit
 Which changed to grief and many a pang their gaiety
 and wit.

Bright Atys fearless, good, and true, alas ! was doomed
 to die :

Pierced by Adrastus' javelin fell deep in the groin thigh.
 "O woe is me !" he cried aloud, and beat his heaving
 breast,

But Atys calm forgave him kind and manly sank to rest.
 They lingered on a little while, till past the noon of
 day,

Then bore the body shoulder-high and sorrowing went
 their way :

While one before them fleetly rode to break the tidings
 dread :

A sacred duty to the quick as always to the dead.

And weeping and lamenting wild, Adrastus in despair,
 Unconscious moved, a harrowing sight, with more than
 he could bear :

The others all in silence deep with thoughts beyond con-
 trol,

Until they passed fair Hermus' vale and through the city
 stole.

When they dispersed each to his home to grieve and
 weary mourn

Except the body-bearers lone and him the most forlorn

Who to the palace of the king their solemn march began,
And soon before his presence stood, a sorely-stricken man.
"My son, my son," he sobbed aloud and kissed him with
a sigh,

"And I am left to grieve for thee, O had it been but I!
A father's love would then have proved how willing he
could die.

A malediction's on my head, the Gods have willed to show
And try me with sore suffering more I never thought to
know."

'Twas then Adrastus trembling spoke in agony supreme,
While down his cheeks the hot tears rolled in an incen-
sant stream :

"Relieve me of my misery, my life is now but gall,
For him I loved so dear and true bereaves me of its all :
Cursed of the Gods and doomed by Fate it is relief to die :
A wretch who thus disowns himself deserves no pitying
sigh."

Those burning words relieved the king, his heart with
pity stung,

He free and full forgave him then, the wretched misery-
wrung.

The dead they buried in due time, lamenting his sad
doom,

But none more than Adrastus mad who perished on his
tomb.

For two long years the great king mourned the loss of
his dear son,

A sadder and a wiser man and an unhappy one :
Still doomed to meet reverses more, even an impending
death

When pyre was lit to burn him up and loose him of his
breath ;

He then remembered in despair the words that Solon
spoke

Which Cyrus heard to good effect and to their truth
awoke :

“ He who is happy at his death whatever be his birth ”
Has lived to purpose not in vain on his own mother-
earth.

CORNELIA MAXIMILIA:
THE VESTAL VIRGIN.



LAY OF CORNELIA MAXIMILIA.

A. D. LXXXIX.

“There is another and a better world.”

IN the year of our Lord but ninety-one
Not reck'ning by time from the A. U. C.,
When Rome was the greatest beneath the sun,
What think ye then did its lord decree !

He made a decree that brought grief and pain
And fear and terror to many a heart ;
And most to the virgins of Vesta's reign
Since against them it bore a deadly part.

His mandate he issued through all the land
To test their morals, the vows they had made ;
And see if he could not by fraud demand
A penalty dire which his heart wished paid.

In the Forum so grand the Senators sat,
How unlike were they to the ones of old
Who regarded the truth and fought for that ;
And saw justice done like champions bold.

While a throng of spectators from palace and den,
 From east and the west, from south and the north,
 With a sprinkling of good and true honest men,
 By day to the Forum came leisurely forth.

But sore disappointed and galled at heart
 After various talk among them free,
 No option had they but again to part,
 Since those were not there they had come to see.

Accusers, pleaders, witnesses fair,
 With soldiers to guard the emperor sure,
 Who would sit above in his curule chair :
 The chief justice then of the rich and the poor.

Oh no ! a tyrant can upset the whole,
 Or every custom most dear to a race,
 When it suits his humour and hardened soul,
 With an iron will and a brazen face.

And so Domitian harsh and stern,
 To his Alban Villa his minions called :
 The informers all without concern,
 Those wicked perjurers bold and bald.

But not the accused, she must not hear
 What those false speakers were going to swear
 At the bidding of him whose heart was sere,
 Which for no one's blood but its own did care.

The trial began and soon was o'er,
 And the innocent one they guilty found ;

Though all had condemned her surely before :
Accurs'd were they when that word they did sound.

The order at once to his minions he gave
To seize and meet out, with every care,
A living death to her pure and brave :
The vestal virgin, Cornelia fair.

And quickly they seized and bound her tight
Ere she could know with what crime she was stained ;
Then hurried her out of her sister's sight
To scourge her deeply till she sore was pained.

The night passed away and the day came round,
And the sun shone bright in a clear blue sky ;
Yet all Rome was still, not even a sound
Was heard but the old Tiber rolling by.

But soon, ah too soon ! its great streets were thronged
By motley people of the sexes both :
The Patrician, the Pleb, and the slave so wronged,
The good, and the bad with the females of sloth.

And what were their thoughts no Augur could tell,
But the feelings they vented an index became
To their ebb and their flow, their pitch or their swell,
That glowed in their hearts like an ardent flame.

They wended their way in groups and alone
To the Forum of old that sacred place,
As dear to these Romans as those long gone,
To gaze on a scene of dire disgrace.

A deep silence reigned and the crowds grew pale
 As the mournful cortege filed out in its square,
 With the darkened litter which none did hail,
 But scanned it keenly with a glaring stare.

In torment within the sufferer lay,
 Arrayed in her death-dress, the one she wore
 Ere her fate she knew, or the evil day
 When the sceptre of Vesta she worthily bore.

The procession was formed, the priests before,
 And sorrowing kinsmen and friends behind,
 With all the grim pomp as often of yore,
 And the surging crowds half out of their mind.

By the Capitoline it moved along,
 And through the Curs'd Street and on the Long Way,
 And close by that hill the Quirinal strong
 Till it stopped at the Colline Gate that day.

The loathed Wicked Field was reached at last,
 So named from some Vestals first buried there,
 Who had broken their vows in the time long past
 By ill deeds done, as the annals declare.

From the litter she stepped to the dismal grave,
 When the chief priest whispered a silent prayer
 Alone in her ear by that dreadful cave,
 Shut out from the sun and life-giving air.

“O Cæsar!” she cried, “could'st thou think defiled
 Me who had ministered to Vesta long,

So unjustly doomed and falsely reviled,
But welcome, sweet Death, thou ender of wrong."

To the deathman then she was handed o'er,
Who by a short ladder soon led her down,
When like a true hero she sighed no more,
But bore herself like a queen with a crown.

There left all alone with a table and light,
And water to drink and a morsel of food,
The earth closed o'er her for ever from sight:
Her tormentors had done the worst they could.

And she lay on a couch to ease her breath,
Which they had put there from a mast'ring fear;
All calmly awaiting the call of death
Which she knew would come and she felt was near.

While like an angel with panting heart,
She prayed and she sang to the Gods above
Till her spirit had fled from its mortal part,
Away to its all-seeing Father of love.

O! silent and sad was the city that day
As again to their homes the crowds dispersed;
When the good and the true wept their griefs away;
While one to another in secret rehearsed
The murderous deeds of Domitian's sway
That filled all with horror and dumb dismay.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

B.C. CCCCLXIX-XXIX.

“The choice and master spirit of this age.”

Now Boreas has ceased his strife, the stormy winter's o'er,
And quick'ning Spring has come again to ev'ry Grecian
shore.

Sweet flow'rets deck the pleasant meads, the grass is
springing green,
While those dark, clust'ring olive trees anew are
bright'ning seen.

This day has proved her merry mood since Helios
scanned the sky,

And charmed the dawning Eos red with hues of golden
dye ;

And here upon the Pynxian hill in solitude I stand
To view the sunset once again, which sets at his com-
mand.

O Pericles ! be true alway to what the Gods dictate,
And love the truth, and do the right, whatever be thy
fate.

'Tis Conscience speaks, I shall obey while life to me
remains ;

Through weal and woe, 'mong friend and foe, success
will be my gains,

As I look back on dreamy youth, those days of boyhood
 gone,
 And prattling childhood and its ways, which mind can
 little own,
 Emotions thrilling to the heart, and scenes long passed
 away,
 By fancy bright and memory's aid, resume their wonted
 sway.
 When deeds were done to chill one's blood, and Athens
 suffered sore :
 My native home, my well-beloved, which stirs me to the
 core,
 High swells my emulation keen, to do as those have
 done,
 Her men of worth, Aristides, and each heroic son.
 Philosophy, be thou my guide in all my acts and plans,
 Of calm and deep reflective thought that ever rightly
 scans.
 Immortal Jove is he from whom all heavenly blessings
 flow :
 Intelligence beyond man's ken for ever he doth show.
 Among the minds that have it most I'll be with day by
 day,
 And listen with attentive ear to all that they may say.
 Pithocleides has taught me pure the charm of music's
 power,
 And Damon, my preceptor dear, has added to its dower ;
 While Anaxagoras, the sage, with mind surpassing bright,
 Has crowned my training more than all with truth and
 reason's light.
 And yet I wot I am not fit to do as I should do :
 A few more months in study ~~passed~~ is little to pursue,

To give me confidence and strength and will firm to defend
The right and good against the wrong, as fearless to
contend ;

For few should enter public life until with knowledge
stored,

Or mellowed by hard study borne, and self has well
explored.

The worth of race and lineage, and sprung from noble kind
Gives surely to their favoured ones advantage to the
mind.

These I can boast, on both the sides a noted pedigree :

The Buzygae, my father's clan, that yoked the oxen free,
And watched the bright Palladium borne from the plain
of Troy :

Athenian Pallas, ever dear, old Athen's pride and joy.

My mother, Agariste, next, how sweetly smells her name,
Sprung from the old Eupatridæ of most illustrious fame;
Niece of the great Clisthenes brave who did his country
good,

And made the people's happiness his aim as leaders
should :

Thus I can boast of sires renowned, a lineage great and
free,

Though such betrays a little mind, if boasting it but be.
The wheels of state he best will guide and make them
smoothly run,

Who has his own wheels well arranged in grooves far
from his tongue.

But see, how glorious Phœbus swells o'er all the glitt'ring
sea,

Whose sparkling wavelets dashing light bring back fresh
joy to me ;

Where clust'ring isles all brightly rise among its chang-
ing blue :

A peerless scene as e'er was seen, of many a faultless hue.
While on the plain, around me clear, as far as eye can
see,

Are hills that compass Athens grand and those that win
it free :

Hymettus and Pentellicus and Parnes how they glow,
And swelling mount Aegaleos that frowned upon the foe-
There, Lycabettus in the east, whose shadow courts the
sky :

Here, west the Arieopagus, so sacred to the high ;
Then the Museum to the south its stately summit
crowned

With structures of a hoary look that well become its
ground :

And last within the city's heart the great Acropolis,
The templed home of Athens' Gods, Athene's rock of bliss:
How hoar the wall that guards it well, the old primæval
wall

Built by the heroes Theseus and Cecrops for us all.
See Helios has kissed the sea, Erebus' shades draw near,
And twilight sweet is waning fast the distant mountains
leer.

'Tis time for home, 'tis time to leave this lonely, darkling
hill

Which for the sake of sacred right I love and always will.

* * * * *

The day breaks bright o'er Athens dear, the Demus
eager throng

The narrow streets with agile step and quickly push
along :

Who soon will fill their own proud Pynx in one compact
array,
The rank and file of Athens' worth, the glory of hersway.
'Tis nine years and a month nigh gone since I stood here
alone
Communing with myself in thought what I should ever
own.
And this is May, the merry month, when all is bloom
and green ;
And groves with song-birds gaily ring to hail their Attic
queen.
O'er all the sky the blue prevails with not a cloud in
view :
The trembling air is lightly waked in all its sunny hue.
And everything looks life and joy far as the spreading
clear :
Each lovely scene that charms the eye and swells the
heart with cheer.
Now Kimon, the Conservative, this day will surely speak,
The leader of the noble few, the haughty and the meek.
With Ephialtes, brave and true, the people's foremost
friend,
'Twill be a sight to stir the blood to see them both con-
tend.
I shall not, will not, stand aloof, but mount the Bema
strong,
And let them know how Pericles can speak against the
wrong.
Now I must off, the time is near, so brisk I walked and
well,
And soon I stood amongst my friends and by the throng's
great swell ;

When calm and hushed the Demus grew expectantly to
hear

The Prytanēs the programme read and call the speakers
near.

I fixed my gaze on Kimon then, his look I did not fear,
I saw he was both firm and strong, and surely as sincere.
Soon on the Bema as he stood there burst a ringing cheer,
When thus he spoke in accents sweet, sonorous, full, and
clear :—

“ Hellenes know what Kimon is he needeth not to tell,
The cause of our assembly here is Sparta’s tale to tell.
She asks your aid in her distress against a risen foe
That fight her free-born citizens without a right to show.
Already they have suffered much by Helots’ blood-stained
hands ;

So numerous and well equipped are their usurping
bands ;

While some entrenched and fortified impregnable appear,
Whom to reduce without your aid will cost the Spartans
dear.

Aimnestus slain that hero bright at Plateæ with you,
And his three hundred gallant ones, alas, they were too
few !

You may refuse, I cannot tell, the Gods can only know,
But never will I that believe until you shall it show :
Consent not then that Hellas should be lamed of one
good leg,
And Athens drawn without her yoke some weaker one
to beg.”

Then Ephialtes took his place, and with a steady eye
He turned his eyes an instant up and looked upon the sky ;

Then breaking forth with ardour keen in tones that
 rolled along,
He thus impelled the stirring crowd, the eager listening
 throng :—

“ Citizens, Hellenes free, who love your native clime,
The country whence your fathers sprung, the heroes of
 all time,
Is Athens only to exist that some in't may be great,
And Sparta that would lord it strong o'er ev'ry Grecian
 state ?
Does she deserve the aid she asks while secretly she
 thwarts
And openly with studied care the wishes of your hearts?
Have you not will, have you not strength to make your
 Athens great,
And will you disobey the Gods, the Gods of whom some
 prate ?
I know you well, you Demus all, no doubt is in my mind
That Athens' freedom is your joy, the highest cheer you
 find.
Then why should you grant aid to her you never may
 subdue,
And who for former benefits would rend you but anew ?
'Tis vain to hope for justice now if feeling has the sway ;
O brothers ! men, Athena's sons, cast not your bread away
To feed the hungry prowling wolf that would upon you
 prey.”

'Twas my turn next, I could not tell what made me feel
 so sere :
I never felt the same before through all the rounding year.



Speak Pericles and do not fear, the truth will you sustain,
And clothe thy reason in few words, words that can
make them plain,

Know fellowmen and countrymen what Kimon has ad-
vanced,

'Tis you that must consider well as Ephialtes chanced,
The Spartans are your allies still, and Sparta's in dis-
tress,

But, from your past experience, know she envies none
the less

Her rival and competitor, your own Athenian land,
That needs now all your care and strength, more than
you may command.

Is't wise, is't politic to do what you may bitter rue?

Take time to think a little more, and time will show it
you :

The Gods above are wise and just, the Gods whom we
obey ;

Then wisely think with all your power, decide then well
you may.

The call was made for show of hands, and soon a forest
rose :

The Spartans gained what Kimon wished before his
friends and foes.

Four thousand of hoplites then it was resolved to send,
With Kimon to command them all, to gain the wished-
for end.

And all was o'er, and all dispersed, each in his own free
way :

Some disappointed and surprised, but most with hearts
more gay.

Such is the feebleness of man, how little he can see,

Till ripe experience sets him right he wots not what
may be ;

Yet what is given to youthful mind like figures on the
clay

Will show in after life through time the wear of its
decay :

Then wake the virgin powers to life, and train them with
a will,

By bright example, precepts apt, and tempered judg-
ment's skill.

What news portends our hoplites, 'tis now two years
and more

Since they and Kimon proudly left their homes for
Sparta's shore !

What do you know Evangelus ? " Yes, Pericles, they
come,

Their advance-guard, now far ahead, approach the
Dipylum."

I'll off to Ephialtes then, and counsel him with tact,
To take advantage of the time—more prudently to act.

The proud, insulting Spartans' deed and Kimon must be
met :

To-morrow, then, shall see it done, long ere the sun has
set.

O soothing is the morning air, when Phoebus decks the
sky !

Then all looks calm and rarely bright, bewitching heart
and eye.

The twitt'ring swallows, light on wing, how gracefully
they fly

All swiftly through the scented air, athwart the earth
and sky !

The Pynxian hill will see to-day what it has rarely seen :
 The fall of Kimon and his few from indignation keen ;
 Already they are gathering strong, the work will soon
 begin,

I must be off to dare my part, for sureiy we will win.
 It was a striking scene to see, and one none could forget
 The fire and energy displayed, each burning word well
 met ;

Then eloquence and vehemence shone with an artful skill :
 The Demus in such fiery mood, whose passions who
 could still ?

It ended as I wot it would, in Kimon's certain fall :
 His party and their policy before their friends and all.
 O Pericles ! keep thee in mind that you are leader now
 Of Athens and her freemen great, Hellenes never bow.
 Guard thy tongue well, no useless word have ever to
 recall :

Words are the counters of wise men by which they stand
 or fall :

When from the inner ken they spring the witty phrases
 tell,

Flashed by the animated soul to language like a spell.
 I'll off to my Aspasia dear, the light of all my joy,
 To rest from duties well discharged in music's sweet
 employ.

Her mind is far above compare, that which the Gods can
 prize

Glowes in her charming countenance and flashes in her
 eyes.—

Come, sing me sweet the simple air Apollo oft has sung :
 The hymn that swelled my heart to praise in days when
 I was young.

“Immortal Zeus, sire divine,
From whom all blessings flow,
And everything that is and will
Or mortals ever know.

Hyperion, the joy of day,
The stars that shine by night,
Around Selene's glist'ring throne,
Are thy reflected light.

And love, the brightest sun of all,
Thou art its fountain too :
Love, hallowed love that ever is
Eternity to you.

Which gives the virgin heart its joy,
The manly spirit bliss :
The star of life, and hope and cheer
Is symbolized by a kiss.”

Sing on thou sweet, my gentle fair,
Aspasia robs one of his care,
Whose breath is like the morning dew
Evanishing with peerless hue.

Her voice is as the Muses bright,
A melody of rare delight,
The lovely rose that scents the air
Is like unto its perfume rare.

But press the flower and forth will burst
The bloom it has so sweetly nursed :
Sing on my sweet, my gentle rose,
The nightingale's no sweeter flows.

“ O Pericles ! my liege lord true, I do whate'er you will,
 Aspasia finds in lordly minds her highest pleasure still :
 Alas ! the common, vulgar crowd are fickle in their ways :
 Much given to superstition's awe and lavish of their
 praise :

Too oft cajoled or high inflamed by blust'ring demagogue
 Who simulates the nobler part to act the arrant rogue.
 Teach them to know the purer flow that runs through
 cultured mind,

Their senses make by sensuous means more apt to be
 refined :

A weary and a dreary work to all but those who love
 The truth, the everlasting truth, the Gods that are above :
 To Socrates, as 'tis you, 'twill be a work of love.”

Aspasia finely said, indeed, thou bright'ner of my heart !
 The cultured mind is always found a lover of true Art.
 He needs no outward stimulus but what he has within,
 Right understanding and good taste are to each other
 kin.

The deepest wish of all my heart has been to do them
 good

By every means within my reach as far as e'er I could :
 The Demus know that Pericles has never done them
 wrong

But strained himself by labour long to make them great
 and strong.

I've dreamed a glorious dream oft times, I think it might
 be fact,

To join Hellenes every one in one great, grand compact ;
 Then would the world soon see a sight it never saw
 before,

A mighty people all combined to add unto its store.

'Tis surely right and seemly, then, that Athens should
be made

The first of cities in fine Art—so Phidias shall us aid ;
That genius of unrivalled skill, who has so nobly won
The highest excellence in art—through him it shall be
done.

And on our loved Acropolis, Athene's sacred own,
We'll build a home beyond compare in all-enduring
stone :

The Parthenon it shall be called, Athene's virgin name,
With other works in harmony, all symbols of her
fame,

Until Hellenes say with pride, wherever they may be,
The citadel of Athens shines a gem among the free.
Thus will the senses by such means more aid the subtle
mind :

The noblest gift, above them all, the glory of all kind :
A woman's heart, a woman's love—when virtue nestles
there—

Are priceless jewels, its fitting mates : but oh, they are
too rare !

Adieu, my jewel, may slumber sweet
And innocence guard our retreat,
Till morning breaks and we arise
To greet once more our peerless skies.

The virgin air of morning bright
Awakes the mind to new delight ;
More precious than the nectared flow
The Gods immortal only know.

Adieu, my star, sweet rest to you
 By day the body's apt to do
 Its work, and then by night to rest :
 What's wise designed is for the best.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Full twenty years have passed away, and I must face the
 storm,
 The libeller, Hermippus, now has put his charge in
 form :
 Oh ! had he but attacked myself, like any other foe,
 The venom'd reptile would have felt at once the crush-
 ing blow ;
 But to accuse the fairest mind since Athens ere has been
 Of unbelief, impiety against the Gods unseen,
 Unmans me most and fires my blood, Aspasia, do not
 fear !
 They'll burst the heart of Pericles ere you shall shed a
 tear,
 And Phidias has pined away, a victim to their ire :
 Thus acts the giddy populace surcharged with passion's
 fire ;
 Yet Anaxagora is safe, though in exile he be ;
 The best of minds, the best of friends, a comforter to me-
 I'll do my best, none can do more, if fairness rules the
 court,
 And judges are impartial found—acquittal they'll report ;
 Yet prejudice in man is strong, and hard to put aside,
 When it gives pleasure to the heart then reason's forced
 to hide.

If Pericles should fail or fall the Demus most will say,
The Gods' dread grudge has come at last, such is the
people's way.

The Dicasts may be moved by tears, alas should it be so!
I'll not deny them such a scene to let them see my woe.
But why thus speak! I must away the time is drawing
near :

This day the Areiopagus will hail no welcome cheer.
The time has come that I must plead, hear Dicasts,
judges free,

Immortal sire of Gods and men, O make them just to me!
One has to do with erring men whose view of right is
weak ;

More prone to look for little blots than calmly truth to
seek.

I trust, I know you'll bear with me for I am weary worn,
The anguish of my mind for days has made my heart
forlorn :

Not that I dread the fearful charge, far less by whom 'tis
made,

Nor all his witnesses besides whose words are doomed to
fade.

This is free Athens, all are free to speak as they may
choose,

And clothe their thoughts in any garb the Gods will not
reprove ;

Hermippus, the accuser here, has used that right in full
And misabused it more than most of his licentious
school ;

And still, forsooth, he makes so bold to make a groundless
charge,

And suborns people like himself the more it to enlarge :

Why did he not arraign myself? for me he, too, intends;
 He knew the charge would not succeed to serve his
 wicked ends.

Within my house he wormed himself and acted like a spy
 When I was absent and knew not, and not a Demus by-
 The very slaves declare themselves he tried to bribe their
 ears,

While some of them he threatened so they yielded to
 their fears.

How base must be the man who would do such a
 cowardly act,

Since all know well the law forbids a slave to prove the
 fact.

'Tis not for me to arrogate or boast of what all know,
 Yet still it well becometh one with modesty to show
 Since you entrusted to my care to guide the helm of state
 In which your past achievements all have shown so very
 great :

The benefits we all enjoy, the welfare still assured
 By the immortal Gods above from whom you ne'er were
 lured.

And Athens, your own city dear, look how she now
 appears,

With your beloved Acropolis, the quencher of your fears.
 The Parthenon, Athene's own, in which all have a share,
 There is her likeness to be seen all that we mortals dare:
 Reminding us with solemn awe the Gods are everywhere.
 And then the great Erectheum in honour of your sire,
 Stands side by side, the hero's own, to fill you with his fire;
 And see the Propylææ grand the sacred rock commands,
 Which shows the whole in unison, the work of Athen's
 hands.

But who of right deserves the praise of causing them to
be ?

One only knows and he can tell it is not claimed by me,
But by a spotless woman's mind, Aspasia, good and true,
Who both reveres and loves the Gods with fervour like
to few.

O ! what a libel on the truth, what insult to their fame,
When rash and wicked mortals dare to mock them with-
out shame.

As he has done Hermippus most who better ought to
know

Before accusing innocence himself should firstly show
His piety and rev'ence more with deeds that prove
them sure ;

For the immortal Gods above abhor all who allure.

But such a heart as he now owns could surely never feel
The greatness and the good derived from aiding others'
weal.

My heart is sore even to its core, 'tis like to burst with
pain ;

Tears from those eyes that never wept now freely fall
like rain,

As I recall what that pure heart has done for you and
me,

And all the Demus by her acts although some may not
see.

I feel my voice is failing fast, the words come falt'ring
now,

To you and justice I succumb, I cannot farther bow :

Relieve me of this dread suspense, condemn me if you
will,

But guard the innocent and good, the ever blameless still.

'Tis over and I feel again what I was wont to be,
 Though weary from exertion made a joy it is to me
 To know she's saved, O heartfelt thanks to man's im-
 mortal sire !

To judge or Dicast I owe none but indignation's fire ;
 Yet I must part, Aspasia dear, how hard it is to part !
 'Twere better most if Jove had made his creatures with
 no heart ;

But still they ought and should submit and trust in him
 the more :

The best but dimly can forsee what good may be in store.
 Come, come my love and list to me, fair news I have to
 tell :

I gained the cause and you are free, so far 'tis good and
 well,

But yet they nurse their hate and wrath to keep them
 surely warm,

Still they intend by ev'ry means to do thee further harm ;
 So you'll away to Elis say and make a pleasant stay
 Till calmer times return again or they have lost their
 sway.

" O yes ! my Pericles, I'll go wherever you may will
 Till calmer times return again which may be brighter
 still."

 " Farewell, my love—my light—my heart,
 Though we are doomed awhile to part,
 Aspasia still shall be with thee
 In mind and fancy ever free.

Through sunshine or in darkness dim
 Her heart will still be owned by him,

Though out of view and far away
 She'll sing good-bye from day to day,
 In hopes to greet thee when she may."

Aspasia dear, my life, my light,
 Thou ever, ever in my sight,
 Oft absence brings the light more bright :
 Where'er you be 'twill not be night.

Though we are parted for a while
 I'll try with thee to wear the smile ;
 Betimes in life the best must part,
 And so can we, my life, my heart :
 Death knocks at last at ev'ry door,
 And then the parting comes no more.

* * * * *

O thickly come the plagues of life, the sorrows one must
 bear
 Are but the contrasts to the joys that all the living
 share.
 There must be wisdom in the plan, unknown to mortal
 man :
 Good for its end the Mind divine alone can know or
 scan ;
 Then resignation let me show, his pleasure be my all,
 Prepared for death whene'er it comes, and manned to
 meet its call.
 The Spartans wield a solid power through one control-
 ling will,
 But yet despise the better things that are above it still :

Their life, their acts are but the ways that children
might display :

No progress in their modes of thought, the same from
day to day.

And this base war goes on apace, I did my best to stay,
But death before dishonour still is yet the better way.

The fleet has sailed for Sparta's coast, invasion is our
plan,

Thus we can best retaliate, and fight them man for man ;
Still they outnumber us by far, our best men are away,
Else they could not have come so near without a gory
fray.

O ! if they were our only foes we would not be afraid,
But yet a darker still has come, with fellest might
arrayed :

The people die like sheep, indeed, and sore their sufferings
are :

A horrid plague is raging now, surpassing bloody war ;
And all restraint, and hope, and cheer is overcome with
fear :

Licentious and riotous the reckless more appear.

O ! may it soon abate its power, else few will live to
tell

The tale of havoc it has made—how Athens by it fell.

* * * * *

My son, my son ! and thou art gone in all thy youthful
bloom :

You of bright promise snatched away—a dark untimely
doom.

My heart is sore, this garland here is all that's left me
now :

The hot tears flow ; O Jove ! O Jove ! they fall upon
his brow :

Fix, fix it light and deck the dead, a father sobs aloud :
His trembling hand must do it now before the silent
crowd.

Paralus, dear, beside thy bier a father mourns for thee ;
O ! surely there is still a hope, though life has ceased to
be.

Faint, faint I feel the blood is fired, and hot the clammy
skin ;

A burning chill runs through me strong, my head is like
to spin.

When Athens needs me most, indeed, in her dark, trying
plight,

To cheer her drooping citizens to hold to what is right.

But yet I wot it cannot be. Clisthenes, do come near
And aid me now to get to home I'll never leave, I fear.

" Here, here am I, good Pericles, I see you're faint and
ill :

Come, gently come, I'll bear thee home and fetch thee
instant skill ;

Where, with good care and watching rare, your health
may be restored,

For otherwise calamity must still be more deplored.

Now time is dark for everyone, and Athens feels it most :

The Spartans at our very gates, an all-destroying host.

Ye Gods, take pity on her state, and stay the fearful
pest,

Too many, far, have victims been, and some among the
best ;

While he, the greatest one of all, is fevered, stricken,
sore,

And ling'ring lies, oppressed with pain, a sorrow to us
more :

The spasms oft have worn his strength, though now his
mind is bright :

He hears what those around him say, but hope for life is
slight.

Hark how he speaks in calm response to what they truly
say :

Those round his bed that mournful stand, the friends of
many a day :"—

"You overpraise what I have done, it most was Fortune's
good.

But what gives comfort to my mind and soothes me as it
should,

*Is that I caused no citizen to feel, unjustly, shame,
Or ever to put mourning on—far better that than fame."*

He then relapsed into a sleep, and fainter still he grew :
His breathing hard, and less'ning fast, the end was near
they knew.

The peerless spirit of his age in peace thus passed away,
And Greece would see his like no more, nor Athens in
her sway.

'Twas autumn, when the rustling leaves were singing
their death-chime,

And Nature doffed her bright green robes to suit the
solemn time.

FORFEL'S SAGA.

FORFEL'S SAGA.

FAR in the stormy regions
Of the Baltic and the North,
So famed for song and story
And heroes there brought forth.

Those valiant men of Odin who sprung from mighty Thor,
Their God of Gods above all and blue-eyed maidens more,
Whose mothers were true heroines, for heroes such they bore,
The fame of whom still sparkles on many a distant shore :

Was born a manly creature
On the isle of lonely Fohr,
Ere Britain was proud England,
A Frisian name he bore.

His father was a Viking of valour real and true,
Renowned for deeds of prowess which ev'ry Viking knew :
The glory of the sea-kings, those rovers wild and free,
Whose home was on the ocean wide, the stormy open sea.

Soon as he reached his manhood,
That bubbling joyous time,
He swelled with wishes longing
To see a distant clime.

Which he had heard of often, a sunny fertile isle,
And maidens fair as any with the heart-bewitching smile :
A land his fancy fed on as fancy stronger grew
Till bright imagination its halo o'er them threw.

And as he wished the day came
 When glad he sailed away
 From lonely Fohr, his birth-place,
 Among Vikings bent on prey.

To battle and to plunder with all their utmost might,
 Regardless of the wrong and unconscious of the right,
 'Midst gory sights unheeded still fighting to the death
 And scorning all its terrors grim ev'n to their latest breath.

The rendezvous, a haven wide,
 Was upon the Schlesvig shore,
 Where rode strong ships in safety
 Away from the wild sea's roar.

Their land was bleak and barren where crops but scanty grew ;
 For moist and marsh the climate was as they all surely knew,
 With scrubby hills and meadows and lakes of purpled hue
 And forests thinly scattered from which their logs they drew.

The day came round in blustering March when they were bound
 to sail,
 And all were fully ready then to greet it strong and hale :
 With their hearts all joyous beating and spirits like the gale
 They marched in steady order from the town of Arnisgrail.

And oh ! it was a great, grand sight to see them then arrayed
 With gleaming shield and spear and sword, the weapons they
 displayed,
 And woolly caps upon their heads which by themselves were
 made,
 Where a plume of raven's feathers dark impressed each leader's
 grade.

Their parting shout the welkin rent, adieu to home and friends,
 While from the shore ten thousand throats re-echoed with
 amends ;
 And then a prayer was offered up to Woden, mighty, wise,
 That he might crown with sure success their daring enterprise.

The ships all set upon their course from out the spacious bay
 In double line and single style they grandly sailed away
 Through Sound and Skaw and Skager rack into the Northern
 Sea,

And by the lonely Helgoland and past the Zuider Zee :
 And through the Straits of Dover and by the Beachy Head,
 And far along the Channel where oft they heaved the lead,
 Until they passed the Selsey Bill and to fresh water came ;
 The water of Southampton broad which bore a Cymric name.

And when they reached a chosen spot with banks secure and
 low,
 Then near the land they anchored close, a strange, exciting
 show,
 No time was lost or passed in vain till landing was begun,
 Though yet another day would dawn ere it was wholly done.

The night was passed, as oft before, upon the dewy ground
 Where many found a welcome rest in slumber sweet and sound ;
 With storage bag for pillow and a cloak loose-fitting round,
 Their feet turned towards bright crackling fires whose glowing
 sparks upbound.

Where sentries chatted round them brisk and with a zest full
 fain
 Rehearsed their past adventures, fought their battles o'er again,
 Till the dawning of the morn, ere the rising of the sun
 When shrill the bugle sounded the call to every one.

Six thousand Jutes and Angles strong, three thousand Saxons
 true,
 And Frisians one thousand more, with Vikings dark of hue :
 All fighting men, their prowess tried in many a trying fray,
 Woe, wail to all who faced them then in battle's fierce array.

And when with ruddy hues the sun bedewed the eastern sky,
 All glorious rose the prospect—one beauty far and nigh ;

The soaring lark, high overhead, was singing sweet and clear
His melody, entrancing and bewitching to the ear.

And forests in their virgin bloom showed trees of bright green
hue,

And wild flowers on the meadows shone, all laved with glist'n-
ing dew :

While the harbinger of summer, the echo-voiced cuckoo,
Piped forth her quaint and cheering notes from where the
hawthorns grew.

They formed in marching order, the Frisians in the van,
Led by their leader, Forfel : while the Saxons to a man
Were on the right by Balder placed, head chief of all their clan
And headed by the stalwart Stuf, whose face was like the tan ;
While side by side, upon their left, the Jutes and Angles near,
In treble file were closely ranked—with Vikings in the rear.

'Twas thus they marched through forest, o'er hill and verdant
dale,

Until they came to fertile fields, and saw folks strangely pale,
Which to them was the very sight that they had longed to see :
All hailed them with a ringing shout that echoed far and free.

And now the word was passed along by chief, from man to man,
Prepare for battle order first, Frisians in the van :

Extend your lines, ye Saxons, look to your crooked swords
bright :

You Jutes and Angles point your spears, and grasp them sure
and tight :

See, Vikings see, and be prepared to front face to the rear,
For the foe is not far distant, and soon he will appear.

Not long they marched thus all arranged, till full before their
view

The enemy was sighted sure, drawn up for battle true ;
And oh ! they were a numerous host, some armoured to the
knee,

Whose helmets glittered in the sun—a phalanx strong to see.

These were the conquering Romans that in the van were placed,
 Whose legions ev'ry martial foe for long had vainly faced ;
 All flanked by lines extending far, of Cymri, swift of foot.
 And some in chariots in the rear, with many a noble brute :
 All armed with sword, and spear, and axe, and javelins which
 they threw
 Before the close encounter came, or they at other flew.

And then, on gently swelling hills, with level ground between,
 The combatants had time enough to scan the stirring scene.
 Quick beat the Teuton's pulses, while fire glanced from each eye:
 They felt the time was come once more for all to do or die.

Advance, ye Vikings, to the front, all bearded like the pard,
 And show those Roman warriors that they shall lick the sward.
 Ho ! Saxons, quick make both your lines in serried ranks
 extend,
 Let Forfel with his Frisians draw up at either end ;
 Ye Jutes and Angles as you were,—such was the Chief's com-
 mand,
 The hoary headed Balder, true, the famed of all Deutschland.

A shout then rent the air and sky, the Vikings forward flew
 To meet those Roman warriors, as none did ever do ;
 Whilst onward pressed the Frisians, with Forfel at their head,
 To greet the other levies ere they mingled with the dead ;
 And bravely charged the Cymri-men, by Britons nobly led,
 In whom too many Saxons found a cold and gory bed.

Terrific was the onset-shock, as awful grew the sounds
 Of clashing arms, and yells, and shouts of far exceeding bounds :
 They heaved and swayed and to and fro, and reeled with many
 a blow
 From battle-axe, and sword, and knife, till numbers smote lay
 low ;
 Till neither side could vantage claim, though hundreds strewed
 the plain,
 Until the Jutes and Angles flew and fought for Teutons' gain.

'Twas o'er—and swift the Britons fled, and all in utter rout,
 Bewildered and bewildering by many a cry and shout :
 Where, close behind, the Frisians first, with Forfel in pursuit :
 The hardy Saxons pressing near, and Vikings scenting loot.

The sun bright in the western sky shone o'er departing day,
 When far the trumpets sounded clear : cease, victors, from the
 fray
 And gather round thy ensigns all, that we may know our dead ;
 For many a gallant son this day sleeps in his gory bed.

Rich was the spoil, the booty great that fell into their hands,
 With many a captive taken ere he could reach his lands ;
 Or find repose and shelter in Wintonia's buttressed town :
 Too strong for Teutons' prowess then, so famed for its renown ;
 Ere Cerdic had, in after times, first pierced its strong built
 walls.
 Or reigned a Wessex-Saxon king among its stately halls.

They seized and held the fertile land, made forays far and near,
 And many a captive taken was ransomed with due fear ;
 While with the British damsels rare they claimed despotic sway,
 Though more undaunted in their keep they grew from day to
 day.

It happened, then, that there was one more beauteous than all,
 The daughter of Wintonia's chief, of high renown and call,
 Whom Forfel first saw bound with cords, a Viking's wretched
 deed,
 Which made his spirit flaming rage, and his strong heart to
 bleed.

He cut the cords that bound her and freed her from her fear,
 And brought her hither to his home to give her greater cheer ;
 But still her heart was sad and lone at pining for her friends,
 For which he sought a remedy for truly noble ends.

He chose six trusty Frisians all armed with sword and spear
 And horses of the swiftest foot with one for her, the peer ;

Then portioned them to ev'ry man who knew his duty clear :
 Soon mounted all they rode along till Wins' walls they drew
 near.

Then leaving steeds and men behind the damsel fair he took
 And with her walked on to its gates of strong and massive look;
 Where from its walls the watchmen sharp espied the charming
 pair,
 And knew the daughter of their chief, Isonde, with raven hair.

And on a swelling eminence it faced the setting sun ;
 Far famed for Roman glory then, from Britons hardly won :
 There, wealth and beauty mingled bright with learning great
 and free,
 The pride of all the Southern coast, the mistress of its sea.

The gates at once were opened wide to let her gladly in ;
 Then Forfel gave her parting kind and turned his back on Win' :
 " Adieu ! Isonde, we'll meet again ere many suns go down
 And may it be, I fondly hope, in your own buttressed town."

They rode as swift as they had done and soon were back again:
 'Twas then he felt tenderly his heart was on the strain :
 Two moons had hardly waned and waxed when news was to
 him brought
 Which filled his heart with pleasure pure, his head with noblest
 thought.

Soon mounted on his fav'rite steed and by the dawn of day
 He set out all alone for Win' and with the least display ;
 And when unto its gates he rode he shouted strong and free,
 Ho ! let me in, you watchmen sharp, I'm Forfel, chief of three."

They let him in with pleasure great and down upon the knee
 They greeted him like their own chief with modesty and glee ;
 And soon in Isonde's presence rare he found himself alone
 When she revealed what things she knew but one she might not
 own.

He pressed her to his bosom close and kissed her o'er and o'er,
 And then he spoke so tenderly as he ne'er did before,
 In accents sweet like music soft that trills the balmy air :
 "Thine, thine I am to day, for life, Isonde, my true love fair!"

She answered with a winning smile and eyes that softly pled—
 "I'm thine in heart and thine till death wherever be my bed :
 The pangs that I have suffered and the tears that I have shed
 Were known to none but me alone, I wished oft I were dead."

"This week, this week, no longer time shall o'er us pass away,
 I'll be thy bridegroom, thou my bride upon great Woden's day,
 And ere his feast is well begun we knit in one shall be,
 Delighted and delighting in our happy destiny."

And far and near and everywhere within a certain range
 Came chiefs of septs and Woden's men and others still more
 strange :

The bards that chanted roundelays and swelled their harps to
 praise

In honour of great, noble deeds and those heroic days.

And more young maidens in their best all charming in their
 teens,

Came not a few in number then to grace their nuptial scenes,
 And wedded be as well as she to Teutons brave and true
 Who treated them with that respect that none like Teuton's
 knew.

And Yule-time came and they were fain o'er festal rites began
 And by the moonlight through the night and on to brighter
 dawn ;

And all the day for seven gay reigned "Hertha" o'er each one:
 No tongue could tell or words record a tithe of what was done.



