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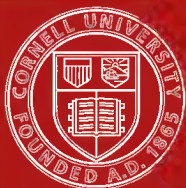
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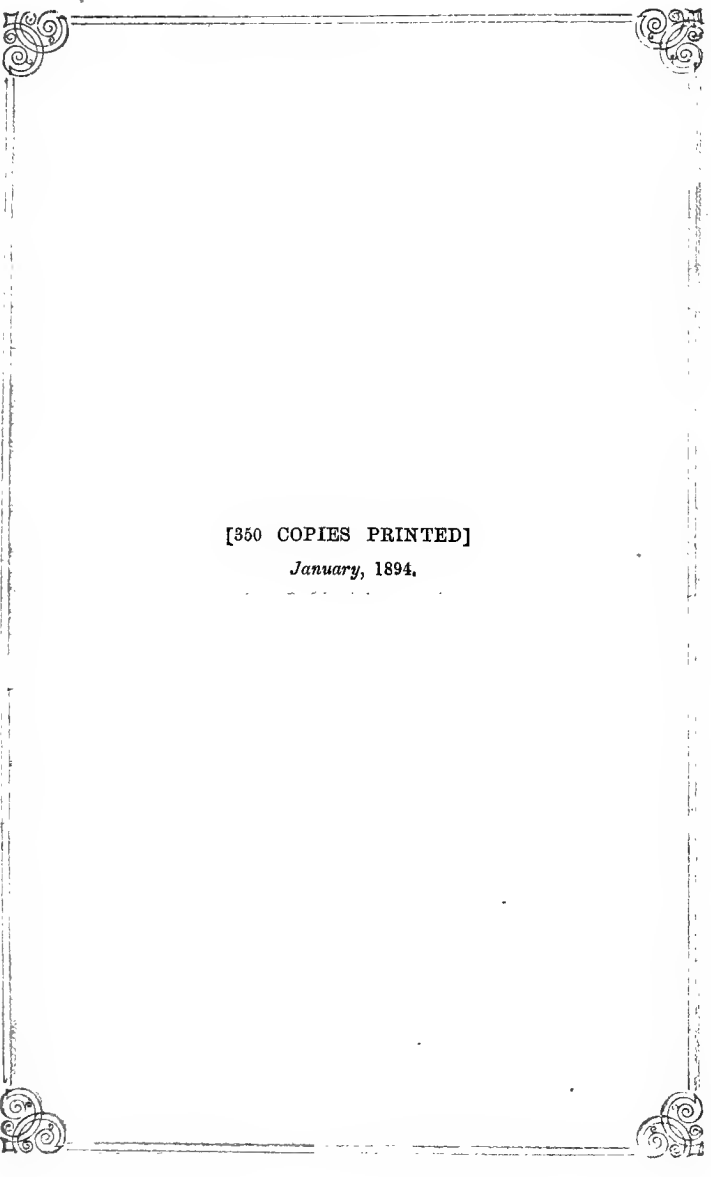
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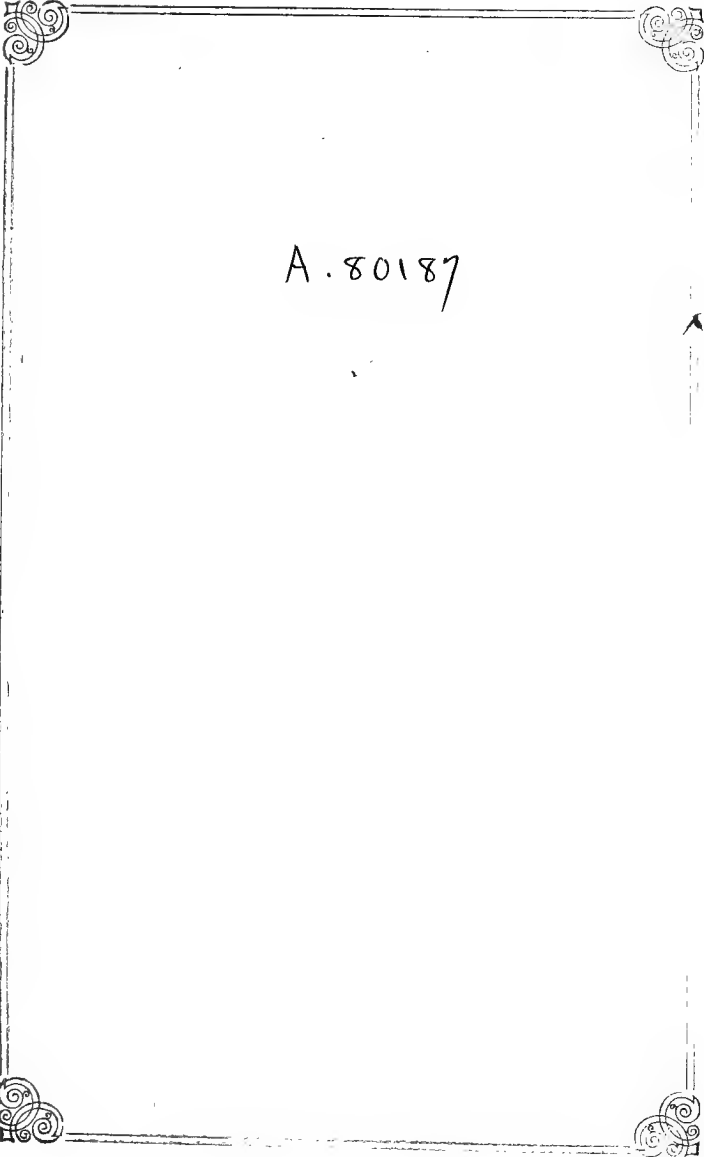
A COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF THE
ENGLISH POEMS

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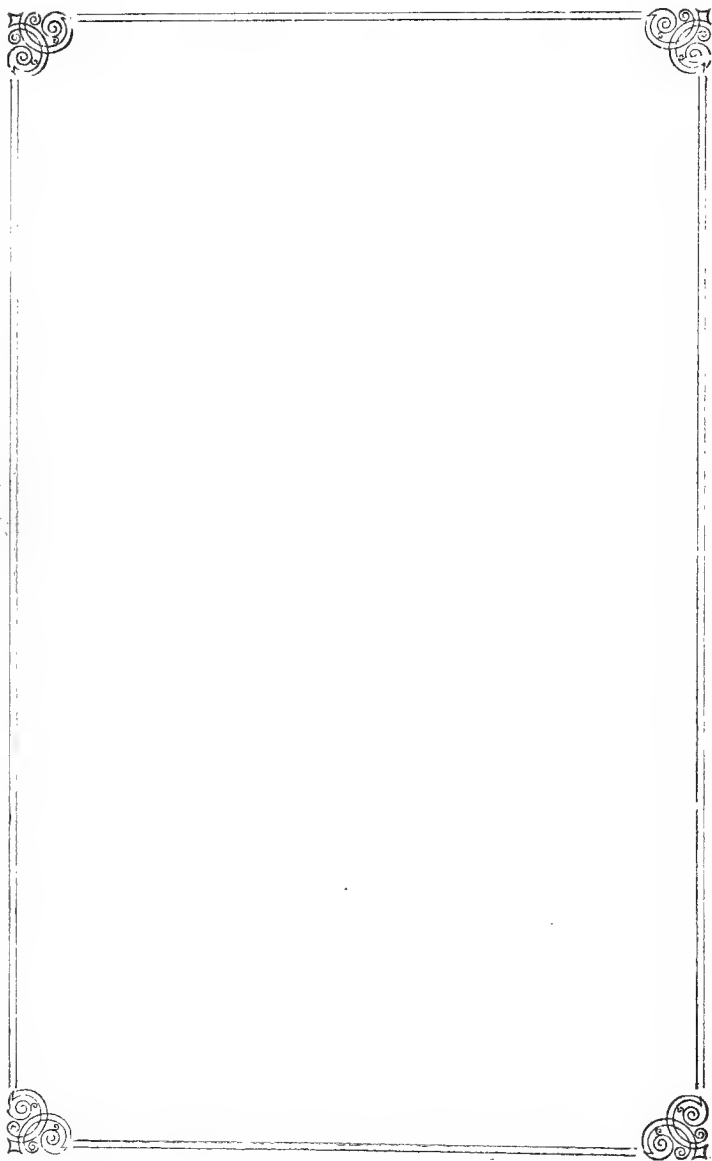
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LORD CLIVE,

BY

GEORGE ALDER,

OF QUEENS' COLLEGE.

1859.

"That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform
all my pleasure."—ISAIAH xlii. 28.

FATHER of Life! eternal Judge of Time!
At the calm threshold of thy courts sublime
Fain would a pilgrim of thy world appear,
And hush his listening heart, and feel Thee near!
Grant out of all thy heaven of light one ray
To lift his mind from darkness into day!
From dreams o'ershadowing only to distress
His thought with phantom shapes of nobleness:
The spectral pomp, the vacant crowd's acclaim,
That clothes success with virtue's specious name;
Whate'er of folly makes the falsehood, fame,—
That mist for ever rising from the tide
Of human passion, prejudice, and pride!
Ah, might the finite know thy boundless mind,
And search out all the wisdom which assigned
The varying measure of our mortal fates,
The golden dawning and the doom of states;
That sets one soul a regal star on high,
And one the lowliest thing beneath the sky!

GOD! temper to thy creature's sight the rays
That from his weakness veil Thy perfect ways!
Vouchsafe his faltering sense some token clear
To mark Thy presence when it draws most near:
So shall he prize the more each latent sign
That links life's meanness with a birth divine,
Where'er the nobler nature thro' the night
Of conflict wins to freedom and to light,
As Heaven's far Æther deeps reveal to view,
Through sweeping cloud and storm, the calm unsullied blue!

A youth is standing on a stately prow,
And watches, with a flushed impulsive brow,
The brave ship writhe strong-hearted in the breeze,
An athlete grappling with the stubborn seas!
Watches and proudly smiles, as if to find
A motion in his own imperious mind
Answer to that keen strife of wilful wave and wind!

Along Time's wastes how slow the days creep by,
Slow to the craving heart and sated eye!
Speed the boy's passionate will, and swifter fly,
Bird of the desert waters, to the rest
That waits on Indian shores thy laboured breast!
How sweet, Bengal, when Eve's returning wings
Awake thy gladdened bay, the gift she brings!
Like joy-spells answering from his native skies,
Her song breathes solace for the exile's sighs!
He starts, beguiled from fretting dreams of gain,
To hail afar that Angel of the Main:
With healing in her kiss she comes; the wave
Wakes to her footstep light, a loving slave;
Ships, from the silence of their anchored sleep,
Wake, as she stirs blithe memories of the deep;
And wakes above the trader's fort each fold
Of that proud flag whose blazon guards his gold!

Weird banner! mystic shadows on thy face,
Wondrous with looming change, I seem to trace.
The petty Mart, where Commerce craves to ply
Its patient task beneath a despot's eye,
No boon expecting from rapacious power
Save leave to live its brief precarious hour,
Grows as I gaze, till, lo! it hath become
A City vast, superb with tower and dome,
Where merchant lords hold high imperial state,
While subject kings are suppliants at their gate;
Of half the prostrate East the sceptre sway,
And rival race and creed one alien will obey!
Strikes the prophetic hour! the falchion blind
Leaps from its scabbard to the hand designed!
At Arcot thunders through the storm of fight
A voice, whose tones make every labour light;
Flashes an eye, in whose rebuking ray
Fears melt, like mists that kindle into day;
In youth's slight form, thro' English heart and brain
Burns all the conquering soul of Tamerlane!
What wonder if, outworn with watching, still
Brave hearts beat answer to that dauntless will;
If from the breach those famine-wasted men
Turn the strong tide of steel, each blade o'ermatching ten?
Full fifty days of weary battle-heat,
And fifty wearier nights, a deadly sleet
Ten thousand matchlocks hurled from trench and town;
Once more on that beleagured fort went down
The sullen sun—another moon waned out;
The storming-columns' rush—the frantic shout—
Cymbal and maddening drum, new dawn awake!
Thrice smitten back, they rally thrice; then break
Into a ruin wild, that seems the fall
Of billows beaten from some bluff sea-wall!
Flashed fitful rage through all that lingering day
The baffled guns; but when, with twilight grey,

Calm rose the second morrow, quick and clear
Burst from a hundred throats a British cheer,
Forth streamed their unstained flag, and foeman none
was near!

'Tis the first cast in that delirious game
Which madmen play for power, and fools for fame!
Which yet man, brute-like, evermore must play,
Or know his life's liege master, and obey!
Thyself be thy sole lord, and earth shall see,
Chained to his lot, no baser slave than thee!
Ne'er from thy path shall Hate's bleak shade depart,
Who reigns a native demon in thy heart,
Each cherished lust a living link to bind
In thralldom and in pain thy darkened mind!
Peace with thy lusts is war with human kind;
War with the power whose bounty from above
Thine all bestowed, and only asks thy love!
Yet Heaven decrees dominion to the strong,
And strength is given, that it may vanquish wrong:
First to the strong of hand, to battle down
Brute anarchy, and wear a blood-stained crown;
Then to the strong of brain, to guard the right
With subtlest rules of order, based on might;
At last, the strong of soul, the wise in heart,
Are bidden forth to do their blessed part,
And, with the spells of high celestial lore,
All right, all might, into the purest ore
Of golden goodness turn—that had small worth before!
Hark! strangely blended, from Time's solemn bell,
An empire's birth-peal and an empire's knell!
Stretched on the plain the yet warm quarry lies,
And ravening beast and bird have marked the prize:
Prone in his jungle deep, the tiger grin
His maw is fleshing on a severed limb;

Slow homeward to each wild Mahratta peak
Sweep vultures gorged, with red and dripping beak;
While one firm paw a mighty lion lays
Upon the carcase huge, his wistful gaze
Fixed on a screaming eagle in the air,—
Each loth with such proud mate that kingly meal to share!
Soldier of Arcot! spur thy pawing steed;
The broad noon burns of India's sorest need!
Smite—till the plague of fierce marauders cease!
Smite—that the bickering nations may have peace!
Smite, though it be in blindness, for the Lord
Of battles hath unsheathed and blessed thy sword!
Pales in the splendour of that stern advance
The meteor of thy fortunes, haughty France!
Wave after wave the crimson conquest flows
O'er fort, and field, and vainly mustering foes!
On! till a voice whose summons must be heard,
Speaks, and his sword-arm falters at the word;
The foam is cold upon his charger's rein;
Rest, fiery heart! rest, fever-throbbing brain!
Back to his island home's restoring air,
To the proud welcome that shall greet him there:
That unforgotten home—those haunting skies—
That welcome, sweeter far than Fortune's prize,
Read in the sober light of Love's rejoicing eyes!

What frenzy, born in cruelty's fell cave,
Smites with strange terror Hoogley's listening wave?
Heaven's heart has gathered up that fearful cry,
Loud-swelling to the sleepless ear on high!
Roll, trembling flood, thy burden to the main,
And hoarsely tell—thou shalt not tell in vain—
That tale of human crime, of human pain!
Swift fly the tidings of the giant guilt;
Clive's swifter hand is on his burning hilt!

They come, the race that knows not flight or fear;
Their tramp of doom is in the Tyrant's ear!
The pomp of marshalled myriads fails his trust;
Go down those vaunting ensigns in the dust:
From Hoogley's shore to Plassey's fatal plain,
His clouds of countless horsemen form in vain.
Proud Plassey! where in Glory's annals shine
Names linked with Old Renown more bright than thine?
Far o'er the land thy crimson shadows fell;
Thy thunders burst the Moslem's baleful spell;
Flashed sudden dawn on Anarchy's wild night
Thy star, stern herald of the newborn light!
The soil by valour ploughed, a calmer time
Sowed with a seed to grace and bless thy clime!
And patient hands o'er all the furrows bare
A vernal robe of living Faith prepare,
Which summer yet shall crown with increase meet,
Content's fair flowers, and Freedom's fruitage sweet!

Who shall mete out and fix a mortal's fate,
His soul's full worth—how little, or how great?
The wisdom only which that soul decreed
Some work of which the ripened hour had need!
Yet from life's every page some truth may glow,
Whose silent teaching man were wise to know;
Then pause—where yonder melancholy grave,
Self-sought, attests the doom of Passion's slave!
Mark the firm will no halting fears could stay,
That swayed all else, itself too weak to sway!
Strong with the strength that rules by right of steel,
And plants on stubborn necks the ruthless heel;
Strong with that subtler strength, which turns on guile
Guile's darling weapon, wile o'ermatching wile.
More blest, to whom the nobler powers belong,
Who feeling most his weakness, is most strong;

The chastened will, the patient spirit pure,
Waiting the call to triumph or endure,
That welcomes either lot, and knowa the victory sure!
Yet, England, Spartan mother! from the field
Joy that thy Soldier bore a spotless shield,
And in thy fame'a unclouded zenith burns
A star for ever! And when Virtue turns
Above the Statesman's rest to muse and weep,
Lest Envy's poisoned lip profane his sleep,
Star! from thy place of pride a guardian vigil keep!



THE GREAT COMET OF 1858,

AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER JAMES DONALD D'ORSEY,
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

"Be not dismayed at signs of heaven."—JEREMIAH.

AN Island rises in yon distant main,
One rugged summit of a mighty chain,
Which, stretching far beneath the Western wave,
Tells of the fabled Atalantis¹ grave;
Rears from the depths vast craggy piles upsent,
Inscribed by fire² each hoary monument.

And yet, like blossoms clust'ring o'er a tomb,
What beauties play amid this rocky gloom!
Bright flowers of every hue perfume the air,
Singing that spring-time is eternal there!
Bananas spread beneath the graceful palms,
Orange and citron breathe their fragrant balms,
A thousand creepers, with their floral gems,
Festoon the forests, twine around the stems,

¹ It is a tradition, partly confirmed by recent comparative researches in geology, botany and entomology, that the Madeiras and Azores are fragments of an island ("The Elysian Fields") that once existed in the Atlantic.

² The Madciras and Western Islands are of volcanic origin.

Mirror their glories in the glassy wave,¹
 Or drop their leaflets on the stranger's grave.
 And rising rapid from the tropic tide
 A hardier Flora claims the mountain side.
 At every step, the climbing pilgrim sees²
 New shrubs and plants and ever-varying trees,
 Till Arctic mosses crown yon distant pile,
 The cloud-capped monarch of this glorious Isle!
 'Twas early autumn. Up yon winding glen
 I bent my way, to shun the haunts of men;
 And found a cottage 'mid a sylvan scene,
 Where shadows cool chequered the glowing green.
 And patriarch chestnuts³ tossed their hoary limbs,
 And pine woods waving sang their stormy hymns;
 Where nature's embrasures⁴ stood in relief,
 Sharp-edged against the sky, and every chief
 Amongst the mountains reared his scarrèd brow
 O'er wild ravines in purple depths⁵ below.
 When blue-eyed night⁶ in that transparent sky
 Leads forth her hosts in dazzling majesty,
 When stars we know shine with unwonted light,
 And stars we know not burst upon our sight,
 Oh then, indeed, this solitude is dear—
 This hill-top station⁷, none but Science near!

¹ It is the custom of the country to decorate graves with flowers. The island is frequented by invalids, called "strangers" by the inhabitants.

² Humboldt remarks this in his "Cosmos."

³ The Achada at Campanario.

⁴ Many of the summits appear like fortresses, square-topped and embattled.

⁵ The bottoms of the ravines are often filled with a deep blue or violet haze, owing to their very great depth.

⁶ Even at night the southern skies are rather blue than black.

⁷ Professor Piazzzi Smyth has pointed out the advantage of having observatoria *above* the cloud line, and has well described the "sea of clouds" far below the spectator's feet.

And 'neath our feet, behold a marble floor—
 A sea of clouds—stretching from shore to shore.
Around, the silent hills, *above*, the spheres,
 Whose language¹ learning reads, devotion hears.

And there I watched; for, sounding from afar,
 Swift Rumour told of an approaching star,
 Not that predicted one, whose fiery frown
 Had made the Monarch² cast aside his crown.
 Unknown, unprophesied, *this* feeble light
 Had faintly dawned on telescopic sight,
 Scarcely perceptible to that keen eye,
 Which, science-guided, pierced the Tuscan³ sky.
 How little dreamed he, on that summer eve,
 The feeble speck would fill the heavens, and leave
 Stamped on a system's history its fame
 And shed its halo round Donati's name!

I saw it first, above the dark pine wood,
 The thinnest faintest streak. Entranced I stood,
 Lost in delight, while my poor peasant guide
 Transfixed with awe, crouched shuddering at my side.
 Smile we at *him*? If Chronicles are true⁴
 Earth's greatest, wisest ones have trembled too!

Evenings had passed; the calmly dying day
 Had tinged each autumn tint with sombre gray.
 Stars of the twilight⁵, one by one appear,
 Arcturus⁶ sparkling, golden, small and clear,

1 "For ever singing as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine.'"—Addison.

2 Charles V. of Germany, in 1558.

3 Donati discovered the comet at Florence, 2nd June, 1858, as a very feeble speck near λ in Leo, then 228 millions of miles from the earth.—Hind's Letter of 16th Oct., 1858.

4 Comet of 1556, by J. R. Hind, p. 8. *Belli msla signa cometen.*—Tibullus. *Cometæ prænuntii calamitatum.*—Cic. N. D. *Crinemque timendi sideris.*—Lucan. Pope Calixtus II. *exorcised* the comet of 1456!

5 Job iii. 9.

6 Arcturus is the brightest star in Bootes. Mentioned in Job ix. 9, and xxxviii. 32. Professor Nichol, in *Scottish Annual* for 1859, p. 390.

But by his side a form portentous lay,
 Pale as the Moon in garish light of day,
 Like falchion curved, or spectral scimitar,
 Roding destruction to the victim star;
 And nations gazed—waiting with open lips
 To see fulfilled the prophesied eclipse.
 See, they have touched! and lo, Arcturus shines
 Right through the centre of those meteor lines!¹

Then came the climax! Oh, that glorious hour!
 The mighty Comet in its pride of power!
 No sight like that had ever met my gaze!
 No sight like that will living man amaze!
 Beautiful vision! feathery, graceful, bright,
 A starry diamond in a veil of light!
 Tinged with mild radiance of phosphoric mist,
 Or like the silver cloud by moon-light kissed.
 In graceful curve, sweeps the resplendent train,
 (No paltry tail, or crest, or shaggy mane²),
 Trembling like sunbeam in a darkened room
 Waving like Bird of Paradise's plume!
 The filmy fan upspringing gleams on high,
 As if the Northern Lights checked suddenly
 By Boreal breath, amidst their dancing games³,
 Had lost their motion, but retained their flames;
 A meteor blush—so delicately rare,
 The gentle glory of that radiant hair,
 That through the densest of the photosphere,
 The faintest star undimmed shines ever clear!
 Oh matchless mystery! for an earth-born cloud—
 The merest haze—can brightest planets shroud—

¹ "Telescopic teachings," by Hon. Mrs. Ward, p. 150. The distance "through" is 60,000 miles!

² *Stella crinita*.—Pliny.

³ The comet's tail, or train, often seemed like a fragment of the Aurora Borealis, but without its motiou.

Yet through this nebulosity, so deep,
 That leagues in thousands fathom not its steep,
 Each starry ray not only shoots as bright,
 As if no medium interposed, but light
 Flashes intensified¹, while passing through
 That mystic chevelure, to human view.

Another change! no more the Hairy Star²
 Darts from Benétnash or the great Mizár³,
 No more like Ostrich feather⁴ waved on high,
 No more like palm-branch glittering in the sky—
 A heavenly lamp by viewless cords let down,
 Hanging in glory from "the Northern Crown⁵,"
 Its heauteous bulb so exquisitely clear,
 That fancy whispers it is coming near;
 And yet, how mildly glows th' ethereal robe,
 Like softened radiance from a crystal globe;
 White as a lunar rainbow's phantom ray,
 Bright as the star-dust of the milky way;
 A shining effluence straight upwards streams
 Like angels' pathway in the patriarch's dreams⁶.
 Not clouds of earthly incense, rolling high,
 Dense at the shrine, and darkening the sky,
 But radiant ether rising from that pyre,
 Celestial censer⁷, angel-filled with fire!

Thus far, unaided sight. Now, bring the glass,
 And solve the mysteries of the hazy mass!

¹ Piazzi observed this at Palermo in the comet of 1811.

² The Germans frequently called a comet "Haar Stern."

³ The two southernmost stars in the tail of Ursa Major.

⁴ Report of Astronomical Society's Council.

⁵ The constellation "Corona Borealis," from which the comet seemed to hang on 8th Oct., like a lamp, or illumined parachute.

⁶ Genesis xxviii. 12.

⁷ Rev. viii. 5: "And the angel took the censer and filled it with fire."

Pierce the clear centre, so intensely bright¹,
 Essence condensed of that chaotic light!
 A mist illumined girds the Comet's head,
 Like pictured halo of the sainted dead!
 From that white crescent, ever and anon
 Fantastic rays are flashing to the sun,
 But, swift retreating, seek their home again,
 And add their streamlets to the streaming train.
 Fountains of flame spring from the crystal urn,
 In floods of radiance, see they flow and burn!
 Gigantic fireworks circling seem to glide,
 In sparkling spirals, round the column's side².

Next rose to view, a startling change of scene:
 Round the bright nucleus waved a concave screen,
 And radiant hoods³, pure envelopes of light,
 In slow succession gleamed upon our sight;
 Volumes of lustre, from the star-disc came,
 Fold within fold, each marvellous coat of flame!
 Watch the sharp throes of that tremendous birth;
 As if the molten mass that fills our earth
 Had burst its boundaries—fired and flung on high
 The crust men call a continent—the sky
 Blazing with light from each strange hemisphere,
 Which sunward⁴ hurries in its swift career!

So in yon nucleus some explosive force
 Launches each concave on its fiery course,
 Arch above arch, aurora like they rise,
 Concentric canopies—cometic skies!

¹ Bond's account of Donati's comet.

² This description is justified by observation of Hind, Challis, Bond, Nichol, and others.

³ The words "hood" and "envelope" have been used by astronomers to designate those caps of dense nebulosity, which partially surround the nucleus. (See Bond's account.)

⁴ "The nucleus threw out rays of light towards the sun." The Hon. Mrs. Ward. Mr. Hind's letter to the *Times*, Sept. 13, 1858.

Fast as they form, they leave the parent spring,
 Soaring aloft, each fire-created ring:
 Dark bands alternating with zones of light¹,
 Till the last margin melteth into night.

Deem not the spectacle that shineth there
 A fire-ball passing through the evening air,
 A thing that *is* no larger than it *seems*,
 Born but to shed some transitory gleams.
 That giant form is mightier by far
 Than million meteors², each a falling star!
 That central light, the nucleus alone,
 A seeming star-point, could engulf the moon,
 Each tiny envelope³ within its robe
 Could fold the circuit of our pond'rous globe,
 While the vast tail⁴ so stretches into space,
 That, could a mortal ride the arduous race,
 Starting, a child, from yonder shining surge,
 And ceaseless journeying to the utmost verge,
 Like fleetest racehorse, he would barely gain
 The distant edges of the flickering train—
 That goal remote—ere four-score years had fled
 And left their impress on his hoary head!

Wondrous the magnitude, more wondrous far
 The flight prodigious of the "wandering star!"

¹ Nine alternations of light and shades of various grades of intensity. Bond's account, p. 14. See also the account of M. Charcornac of the Paris Observatory.

² The diameter of the nucleus was nearly 3000 miles (one calculation makes it 4660 miles); that of the moon is 2180.

³ "The tiny envelopes" varied from 6400 miles to 14000 miles in breadth; from the nucleus to the front outer rim 23000 miles; across the head through nucleus nearly 80000 miles! See tables and diagrams in Bond's account.

⁴ The tail varied from 14 millions of miles on 29th August to 51 millions on 10th October. During the first week of October the average length was about 40 millions; breadth seven to ten millions. When in perihelion, the comet's hourly velocity was 128000 miles, or 35 miles in a second!

In vast ellipse he flies through space profound,
 Twelve times as far as Neptune's outmost bound.
Ten leagues are sped, while *one* pulsation beats!
 When near the sun he wheels, or swift retreats.

"Be not dismayed at signs of heaven¹," nor dread
 A shock from yonder unsubstantial head²,
 Nor conflagration from that harmless blaze,
 Nor second deluge from a filmy haze!
 Dream not the march of that majestic star
 Is sent to harbinger some petty war!
 Oh! 'twere a libel on the Maker's laws
 To deem such grandeur either sign or cause
 Of plague or battle, human death or birth—
 Trifles that fill the annals of our earth!

For nobler ends God hath appointed man
 Lord and interpreter of nature's plan;
 Granting to mortals an immortal's power
 To read the future as the present hour³;
 To walk in regions thinly sown with light,
 Guided by faith⁴ in science, not by sight.
 A little lower than the angels made,
 To live, like them, when sun and star shall fade⁵!

¹ Jeremiah x. 2.

² From the calculations of Mr. Babinet it is clear that the density of the tail is twelve *trillionths* lighter than the greatest vacuum produced by the air-pump! while even the head is a mere nebulosity, or cloud; and therefore a collision of our earth with a comet would be as that of a *locomotive with a puff of steam*.

³ "Foreknowledge is eminently the privilege of the astronomer. He converts the hours as they roll into an ever-present miracle, in attestation of those laws, which the Creator through him has unfolded. The sun cannot rise, the moon cannot wane, a star cannot twinkle in the firmament, without bearing witness to the truth of his prophetic records."—Lardner's *Astron.* II. 503.

⁴ Illustrated by the researches and discoveries of Adams and Le Verrier, guided by the fact of a "*disturbing force*," to feel for a planet!

⁵ "The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth."—Addison.

“Glory to Him, who makes the wise to shine
Bright as the firmament with skill divine.”¹
Let every faculty His name adore!
Devote to Him our all; and when no more
Our trembling soul the falt’ring tongue obeys,
Silence be deepest eloquence and praise!

¹ Daniel xii. 3.

THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT THE
TOMB OF WASHINGTON,

BY
FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1861.

[Omitted by request of the Author.]

THE DEATH
OF THE
PRINCE CONSORT,

BY
JAMES RHOADES.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1862.

"Not Lancelot, nor another."

I.

CREATOR wise, we look for peace,
In grief thy creatures look to Thee;
Their tears Thou knowest, whence they be,
And Thou canst make their tears to cease.

II.

Thou troublest them; they are afraid:
Their breath Thou takest, and they die;
Thy breath Thou breathest from on high
Upon them, Lord, and they are made:

III.

And when at length they surely think,
'Our house shall stand for many years,'
Thou sendest them the bread of tears,
And plenteousness of tears to drink.

IV.

Thou gavest him whom we deplore;
Thou calledst, and he could not stay;
It seemed thou calledst him away
Ere yet his work of life was o'er.

V.

Of such and such who lived and died,
We say, 'Their works with them depart';
But he, though with Thee where Thou art,
Still surely helpeth at our side:

VI.

Still surely dwells his gracious light,
Albeit its course on earth be run,
As, after day, the fallen sun
Shines on us through the stars of night.

VII.

So when the waking world has found
Hereafter what it dreams not yet,
And every year some truth shall get,
To be for men a higher round

VIII.

Of that great ladder-stair that climbs
To heaven; and things, that darkly seem,
Shall be illumined in the beam
Of purer manners, nobler times;

IX.

When souls with larger motions move,
And minds to wiser wisdom rise,
In this shall he behold his prize,
In these the labours of his love.

X.

For not, where battled-clouds are curled,
Of victory had he drunk his fill,
Nor triumphed in his single will
To shake the nations of the world;

XI.

Nor sought at all the name of 'great,'
To trample those he moved among,
Nor with divinely-gifted tongue
Controlled the Council of the State:

XII.

But rather far from clique and clan
Ran separate, quit of blame or praise,
And gave himself to after days,
As perfect father, purest man.

XIII.

Who thought it more than any name
To open wider doors to truth,
And manners that ennoble youth,
And useful arts that lead to fame:

XIV.

And, such high hope before him still,
Did this his constant purpose make,
Nor suffered aught to storm and take
The fenced castle of the Will.

XV.

But when we looked, the man was gone!
And down to earth our hopes were hurled;
And round about the rolling world
One deadly message flashed alone;

XVI.

To many a fortress frowning far,
To many a shining capital,
To where their streams in thunder fall,
And all the land is waste with war;

XVII.

Where hues of all divinest flowers
Beneath an endless summer burn,
And far above them God doth turn
Another face of heaven than ours.

XVIII.

Oh bitter gain of many tears
To those he leaveth fatherless!
Oh loss of comfort in distress
That shall not change with changing years!

XIX.

No more to hear those words of truth,
Nor see the hand that loved to guide!
Remembering how they walked beside
The friend, the father of their youth;

XX.

Remembering how he led them still
So gently up the winding ways,
And set their feet in paths of praise,
And gladdened all the weary hill.

XXI.

And one there is—the nearest she
And dearest unto him that's gone;
Who grieving still must grieve alone,
Who may not yet consolèd be:

XXII.

Oh tossed about from ill to ill!
Oh twice bereaved, but not of all!
Thy people's tears for thee shall fall:
Thy children's love is left thee still.

XXIII.

Thy people's tears—But how should we,
In presence of so vast a grief,
Too vast for all but God's relief,
Speak comfortable words to thee?

XXIV.

For we, who know not what we know,
Must lean on Him where all is night,
If haply He will lend us light
To see the distant end of woe,

XXV.

And make the tears His sadness brings
Not all so idle as they seem;
That through them we may catch a gleam
Beyond ourselves of nobler things.—

XXVI.

For humanly we shrink from thee,
Oh Death, as by the barren sands
Some tender pine with outstretched hands
Shrinks from yon waste and bitter sea;

XXVII.

Where, leaving all it loved before,
Companion trees, and mossy home,
It shall at length be taught to roam
Those strange and stormy waters o'er.

XXVIII.

But thou, pure spirit, that dost abide
In that vast home we know not where,
If heaven to earth may minister,
Perchance art with her still to guide.

XXIX.

We cannot guess thee, perfect, whole ;
We know in part, we see not all :
Only through night's dark deep there fall
Some meteor-fragments of the soul.

XXX.

And what they were we cannot tell,
Or, reunited, what they are ;
How grandly rolled their primal star,
How high the height from which they fell.

XXXI.

Yet not the less, oh not the less,
We, nothing doubting, sweetly trust
The spirit slumbers not in dust,
Steeped in a blank forgetfulness.

XXXII.

Not quite forgetting, nor forgot,
But seeming more divinely near,
As how much more divinely dear
Than when we loved and missed them not!—

XXXIII.

Behold! he was not bowed with years,
Nor wearied of the ways of men,
Nor waxen old with labour. Then,
Even then were cause for all our tears.

XXXIV.

But now when youthful fire had burned
 Within him to a stiller strength,
 And hope seemed fullest, and at length
All jealous doubts were overturned ;

XXXV.

And he by noble life had won
 The praise of those who thought to blame,
 And stood a man of self-less aim
Amidst a people not his own ;

XXXVI.

Then suddenly he passed away ;
 Nor yet his loss we fully know,
 But this—that our great strength is low,
The man of men we mourn to-day.

XXXVII.

For surely we may well deplore,
 Whose loved abodes were known to him ;
 Beneath whose cloistered arches dim
Shall pass those silent feet no more :

XXXVIII.

Where greatly lived from ancient years
 The mighty men of thought sublime,
 With one who clomb where none could climb,
And read the wonders of the spheres ;

XXXIX.

And those great bards whose echoes ring
 Round rafters of each dusky hall,
 And he that shall out-sing them all,
The blameless bard of blameless king.

XL.

And some there are in high estate,
And they of lordliest powers possessed;
Whereof is one beyond the rest
At once so noble and so great,

XLI.

That who beside should think to stand
Above us where our Prince hath stood,
With head and heart to work us good,
And guard our honour through the land?

XLII.

But we shall think on him that's gone,
As on a saintly beam, that falls
Within some dim Cathedral-walls,
To one who lingers there alone,

XLIII.

Absorbed where yon reluctant day
Steals with last looks divinely down,
And lights the grim Crusader's frown
Beside him, on the marble way;

XLIV.

Fires half the arches rosy-red,
And lingers up the altar stair,
And faintly fading leaves him there
Alone with darkness and the dead.

XLV.

Oh Thou, on whom we build our trust
That, when the clay returns to clay,
The breath thou breathest soars away,
And is not holden of the dust;

XLVI.

We ask for one whom Thou hast grieved;
Forsake her not when most forlorn:
She knew to mourn with those that mourn;
Be near her when herself bereaved.

XLVII.

We ask for her that she may see
Thy comfort through the lonely years:
Be thou a sun to draw her tears
From this dark valley up to Thee.

XLVIII.

And for her People and her State,
This prayer her People sorrowing bring—
'Continue, Lord, from Queen to King,
The English heart that made her great.

XLIX.

And with such rulers keep us free
From foreign fear, from social stain;
And send us sunshine after rain,
That so thy flowers may bloom to Thee.*

THE
DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE,

BY

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1863.

[Omitted by request of the Author.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE
SOURCE OF THE NILE,

BY
WILLIAM JARDINE,

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

1864.

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."—VIRG.

O AFRIC, land of wonders and of dreams,
Of classic fable and tradition long,
Whose mystic mountains rise o'er ancient streams
Unknown except in song.

No traveller knew what regions lay beyond
The sunny borders of the purple sea
That laves Hispania's shores; whose soft breeze fanned
The vales of Sicily.

Ere science rose, old legend and romance
Held thought and reason in their gentle sway,
And lured along by syren Fancy's glance
Men wished themselves away

Where reedy streams wound slow through yellow sand
Sweet maidens danced beneath the golden shade
In calm Hesperian vale, and Zephyrs bland
Loitered along the glade,—

Where mild suns shone in faintly tinted skies,
The air was like a summer afternoon,
Life floated dimly past the half-closed eyes,
The river's languid tune,

Mixt with the murmur of incessant bees,
Soothed grief, drowned fears, and changed ev'n hope to calm,
Oblivious winds sighed sadly through the trees
And rained Lethean balm.

But where huge rocks frowned o'er the lonely glen,
And awful echoes startled the deep gloom
Of sea-girt forests where the bones of men
Bleach bare without a tomb,

'Twas said gigantic monsters held their court,
And pastured o'er the hills vast herds of sheep,
Fell dragons howled, and loathsome reptiles fought
To where the ocean deep

Spread from Atlantic mount, and venturous crew
Tracked the long coast, or losing the lode-star
That marks the pole, moored in strange waters blue
Of tropic Zanzibar.

But chief the wonderous Nile, whose early course
None knew, who rolled his vast mysterious wave
Through swart barbaric nations, while his source
Seemed hidden as the grave :

Whence sprang of ancient song the fable strange,
That darksome as the streams of Acheron
Beneath the desert wastes his waters range,
Till in a distant zone,

Exulting broadly through the blacker sands
Of Meroe, the o'erflowing river runs,
Whose citron thickets cool the thirsty lands
Of double-shading suns.

Great Memnon silent o'er the desert frowned,
Or sang his sunny hymns at dawn of day,
While rapt the travellers heard the magic sound
Of that mysterious lay.

The secret slept: nor reckless spirits dire,
Forsaking Syrtis' strand, and shipwrecked gold,
Nor priest that gazed on Krophis' double spire
And figured tablet old,

Nor sage Hellene, could trace the silver line
And to its urn the dual stream explore—
Thine was the virtue and the honour thine,
Thou snowy-fringed shore,

Ribbed round with rocks and fenced with guardian foam,
Mother of heroes! whom the baffling quest
With fiercer ardour fired; while glimpse of home
Gave but the keener zest

To weary marches through the heat of noon,
And cold winds drifting o'er the high plateau,
And mists of sand,—beneath malignant moon
And stars' disastrous glow.

As when the sun has set behind the hills
His beams refracted in calm splendour fall,
So thronged old memories, sweet as desert rills,
From lands receding all.

Sometimes athwart the melancholy years
In shadowy dreams from earth's remotest ends,
Powerless as in a nightmare, though in tears,
They saw their dying friends.

Soft hands on youthful brows, and gentle voice
Of lips long silent, with endearing praise
In blessed English speech, restored the joys
Of unreturning days.

Or Indian seemed the brake, and comrades tried
In manhood's years beneath the branding sun
Stood near them, who in cruel carnage died,
Or bloody triumph won.

But with their sleep the airy bliss decays;
They rise to toil from fond recurring dreams;
They mark the slimy trail the aspic lays
Beside the marshy streams.

The plashing lizards sported on the waves,
The careless lotus spread its snowy breast,
The beasts morose came wailing from their caves:—
Them, weary and opprest,

Dull languor seized, but eye with dauntless cheer
They sang, 'Perchance in other climes and days,
Remembrance of these perils will be dear,
And sweet the hard-won praise;

'For chance of glory comes in every whirl
Of the round earth, and to unending fame
The long steep pass stands open; laurels curl
About the deathless name

'Of those that die or do the task begun,
The sworn dilemma of the generous soul,
Whose staunchest purpose finds in duty done
Life's crown and only goal.'

At last to tired eyes the widening hills
In scenes of fairy-land disclosed the tide
Of rising Nilus' lake, whose crystal rills
Streamed from the sloping side.

The birds spread timid wings; N'yanza smiled
As on her maiden winds the banner swept:—
Downward they sailed to where the Hebrew child
In rushy cradle wept.

Then brighter visions dawned : fair freedom flown
To dark Uganda brought a glad release
From slavery : from distant shores unknown
Came countless arts of peace,

Till swamp and mud-hut vanished ; castle and shrine
Rose fair and stately, glistening with all
The wealth of lands from hoary Andes' mine
To China's climbing wall.

From brick-built towers of trade the curling smoke
Wound upward ; underneath, the city's sound
From crowded streets the dreary silence broke
In multiplied rebound.

And commerce flowed with steam or gallant mast
Through all the seven channels, while afar
Retreated in the weird and lurid past
The dying din of war,

The blond-stained shields, the blunted swords and spears
And helmets battered in the fights of yore
Rust-covered hung ; for in those peaceful years
Was strife on earth no more.

Justice sat throned, and near her sovereign Right,
Dictating laws : mercy, with dove-like wings
Of heavenly radiance, shed diviner light
On sable brows of kings.

Old Error fled : so from the gates of day
The bright orb mounting through the general gloom
Chases the charnel haloes whose foul ray
Gleams baleful o'er the tomb.

And loathsome vice, rotting disease, and crime,
Falsehood low-browed, and lust with leering eyes,
In shame retreated to their native slime,
While from the western skies

Bright light broke through the chaos—holy Light
And Life in death, and long eternity
Through Him who, leaving heaven's radiant height
And robes of Deity,

Showed in low forms His love; who died to save,
Whose path on earth shines like a glorious dream,
Who showed, what time he travelled through the grave,
Of heaven's gate the gleam.

Thus the worn soldiers through the vague expanse
Of coming ages gazed with prophet scan,
Till, strong in hope and will, they saw in trance
The destiny of man.

Oh could the muse adown the growing years
Gaze gladsome, and but catch the thrilling tone
Of Afric's bards around Uganda's peers,
Or wild Unyoro's throne,

In ringing music through the centuries
Of these bold captains chanting the acclaims,
While on full waves of lofty chorus rise
Their oft-repeated names!

Not the high mounds, nor obelisks, nor shades
Of Pharaohs whom the Theban spice embalms,
Not carved Rameses, nor the colonnades
Of Phylæ fringed with palms,

Endure as they: in every region sown,
Their labours flourish; every soil has trace
Of men who mark the planet as their own,
The proud imperial race.

From these still cloisters waft the widening lay
To court and camp and quiet English green,
Till all the happy peoples that obey
 Earth's best-beloved queen

Shall sound the echoes of a loftier lyre,
Where rosy streamers flush the arctic pine,
Or southern constellation's deeper fire
 Displays the Christian sign.

Nor we alone, but He that guides the storms,
Who gave the hopes, and ruled the happy fate,
Twines juster crowns of praise, whatever forms,
 Of sweet or sad await.

The will divine is wrought; their work survives,
Whether a living fame their glory tells,
Or solemn o'er the ashes of their lives
 The dirge immortal swells.

FLORENCE,

BY

SIDNEY COLVIN,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1865.

*ἰσλῶν γὰρ ὑπὸ χαρμάτων πῆμα θνάσκει
παλίγκοτον δαμασθέν,
ὅταν Θεοῦ μοῖρα πέμπη·
ἀνεκὰς δλβον ὑψηλόν.*

O ITALY, ITALY! best-belov'd of lands,
Supreme in beauty ever, and, alas!
Too long supreme in sorrow!—who shall tell
Of all thy brave-built cities old, that rise
From many a flat expanse of fruitful plain,
From many a mountain's sunward-shelving spur,
From many a headland and hill-guarded bay,
From many a stretch of pine-clad coast, or where
Neath cliffs of marble sleeps the azure flood?

But three there are of all, the foremost three,
Chief homes of memory, choice haunts of fame,
Whose mere names spoken stir the listening soul
Like snatches of a well-loved music heard;—

First she, whose stubborn legions far and wide
Girded for conquest o'er the world went forth,
Till regal with the richness of their spoils
Shone the Seven Hills, the pillar'd ranges rose
Of forum, bath, arcade, and theatre,
Temple, and high-piled palace, the white crown
And glory of her state. She sinn'd, she fell:
Her temples and her palaces are dust.
But from her ashes rose another Rome,
To be the guardian of God's truth, and wield
A wider empire o'er the souls of men,
Holding the keys of Heaven. She sinn'd, she fell:
Her power is past, her wisdom in men's mouths
A mock, and her supremacy a scorn.

Nor less a name is hers, who set her throne
On fields of barren ooze, blank isles of mire
Lapt by the salt wash of the green lagoon;
Born of despair and dread, yet doom'd to rise
A fairer city than the earth had seen,
To knit the East and West in golden bands,
To strengthen strength with blameless government,—
Bride of the Adrian sea, whose bounteous waves
Before her feet laid wealth, while o'er her head
The heavens breathed beauty, and the gracious hues
Of dawn and sunset fell on walls inlaid
With marbles, jasper, porphyry, and gold.
Her wealth is wasted too, her glory gone,
And in her halls the spoiler works his will.
Yet is the ancient charm not wholly fled,
Not all the beauty banish'd, and she stands
Like some choice-carv'n and delicate shrine of Greece,
Whose guardian grove that bosom'd it from storms
Rots ruinous and rank, whose frame is rent,
Statues o'erthrown, roof riv'n, and frieze defaced,
Yet still some grace of godhead lingers there,
That thrills men's hearts with awe, and seems to move

The very powers of air, that the wild winds
Are turn'd to sounds of melody, and make
Æolian music with the lonely shafts.

And last, nor aught less lovely, she who lies
Soft-nested 'neath the sheltering Apennine
In olive-clad Val d'Arno. Where is he,
Who knows not, loves not, ev'n though ne'er beheld,
The lavish'd beauties of that world-famed scene,—
The white town with its builded glories rare
Of slender-shafted tower and high-hung dome;
The river foaming 'neath its bridges four;
The glad green Eden of the laughing vale,
Profuse of vines and gourds; the hills o'er-bloom'd
With soft gray olive-woods, and here and there
The dark shafts of the soaring cypresses;
The encircling mountains thro' whose western gap
Far-glimmering 'neath a faint and luminous mist
The plain expands towards Pisa? Sweet it is,
Breathing the bliss of amber-lighted eve,
Or shelter'd from the burning noon, to gaze
From heights of Belosguardo; sweet it is
Fair Florence hence to view, but sweeter still,
Viewing, to ponder with a reverent mind
On the brave bead-roll of her citizens:—
For here abode a race of soul and limb
As lordly, as supreme in art, as they
Who on Ægean isles and promontories
Dwelt in old time, and on the world around
Gazing, saw godhead in the golden sun,
Life in the earth-shaking sea, and souls in stars,
In forests, cave, and fountain, field and grove,
Immortal life with forms divine ended.

Here first was Learning to the light restored,
Like some fair statue wrought in far-off days

From mounded ruins by long labour dug;
Here bloom'd a valiant Commonwealth; and here,
In sweet love-lispings of the Tuscan lute,
Were the first notes of those rich harmonies heard,
That fill'd 'ere long the answering air, when he,
The master, swept the chords so mightily,—
Dante, who trod secure the circling path
That leads from pit to direr pit of Hell;
Who felt, and blench'd not, on his brow serene,
Alike the fierce spray of that burning sea,
And flower-soft airs Elysian, as he moved
'Mid murmuring shades where Eunoë's waters flow,
Or lifted thro' the light of blissful spheres,
Tasted immortal joy, and found at last
The highest Heaven—and Beatrice there.
Needs not to tell how many a later mouth
Moulded that native music of sweet speech
To most melodious accents,—he who hymn'd
His saintly Laura's praise in fair Vancluse;
He who recorded how with Hundred Tales
The hours were wing'd by that gay company
In myrtle bowers of bosky shade withdrawn;
And many another; side by side with whom
There wrought and thought a noble brotherhood
Of men who figured forth in lucent hues
The things of earth and things of Heaven, and made
The walls of aisle and apse and cloister-walk
Live with limn'd semblances of suffering men
And pitying angels. Deathless be the fame
Of all!—thine, father Cimabue, and thine,
Oragna; Giotto, thine, who raised'st high
Yon arrowy campanile that o'ertops
The towers of Florence; and, Masaccio, thine;
Thine, Ghirlandajo; thine, Angelico,
Whose soul from convent-walls of Fiesole
Soar'd daily to high Heaven, and gather'd thence

Choice visions of all calm felicities
 To glad for aye the hearts of men; and thine,
 Sad Buonarroti, last and mightiest,
 Who, fall'n on evil days, in wranglings vain
 With prince and prelate wasted'st thy great heart.

But ah! for pity, Florence, that when thou
 Wert dower'd so richly with the gifts of Heaven,
 One gift of gifts was wanting, and thou hadst
 Genius, and power, and plenty, but not peace,—
 No peace for aye, but aye wert rack'd and wrung
 With feuds and factions, vext with rival hates
 Of Black and White, the Ghibelline and Guelf,—
 Thy noblest still in exile,—this day's gibe
 The next day's darling,—and the popular will
 Sway'd by the wind of the hour in wantonness,
 Till one great house* rose up and crown'd itself
 A dynasty of tyrants worse than kings.

Yet for long ages over all the earth
 Thy name was great, and thou a fiery heart
 Of Italy and Europe, and a nurse
 Of noble sons, till after many days
 On all the land of beauteous Italy
 Lighted a plague;— nor such a plague as that
 Which falling, Florence, on thy suns 'erewhile,
 Chill'd their hot life-blood with contagious Death,
 Made man a dread to man, and fill'd thy streets
 With wailings first, then stillness,—but a plague
 Of foreign war and inward rotteness,
 Of lawless tyranny and licensed wrong,
 Of unbelief, misrule, and treachery:
 For sapt with luxury and swoln with pride,

* *i.e.* the Medici.

Scoffers at God and slaves to their own lusts,
Her peoples waned in glory, while they grew
In madness of fierce feuds and wanton loves,—
They and their land a prey to rival hordes
Of Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and their life
A life-long revel in a falling house,
A banquet with hid poison in the bowl,
A masquerade with Death's-heads 'neath the masks.

Then came the listless hour of sad decay,
Then came the weary years of servitude,
And all men pointed with the finger, "Lo!
The land of Italy is dead, is dead."

But though the spark may fade in gloom, and though
The flame may faint and languish, and the sun
May let his splendour wane in sable night,
The fan shall wake the spark and stir the flame,
The sun shall fire at dawn the front of Heaven,
And gloom shall yield to glory. Thus, ev'n now,
The world in wonder looking on the while,
She that was dead is dead no more, her eyes
Are open'd from their long lethargic sleep,
Her bands are loosed, her cerements torn, and all
The ancient fire rekindled at her heart!
Yes, Italy is born anew, and now,
Now from those sunny plains no more shall rise
The cry of Filicaja, "Italy!
O thou by thine own loveliness undone!"
But she shall hold a glorious head to Heaven,
With beauty garlanded, and girt with strength,
The new-found strength of unity and love.

And, Florence, thou to whom a lot has fall'n
Should stir with gladness all the sacred dust
That lies 'neath Santa Croce's hallow'd mould,—

The lot to be thy country's citadel,
And guard awhile her sceptre and her throne;
See that thou shield her well and valiantly
Till thine imperial sister claim her due,
And Rome, triumphant as of old, array
Her ancient hills with sovereignty once more.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY

WILLIAM ELLIKER HART,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1866.

How venerable is the face of this old pile—
Looking tranquillity!

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king?

I stood beneath the Abbey when the day
Shed in its death its last, its brightest gleam,
A flood of splendour made the building gray
The palace of a dream.

So softly fair, so gloriously bright,
Down streamed the crimson shafts of sunset's fire,
And bathed the sombre walls in rosy light,
And flashed on every spire.

I stood without, and far away the sound
Where toiled and strove the world with ceaseless din,
Confused as dream-heard voices, surged around,
But all was peace within.

It seemed to me that old majestic pile
Stood up alone like some unworldly soul
Above life's seething current with a smile,
Content to let it roll.

Alone I entered, and in silence strayed
Among the silent dead, on every side
Bards, statesmen, warriors, princes lowly laid,
Stripped of their power and pride.

While through the western window, soft and bright
The golden sunbeams streaming slantwise down
Shewed many an imaged saint, and filled with light
Full many a martyr's crown.

High overhead the princely columns rise,
And far away they lose themselves from view,
As stretching into distance dimly dies
Some woodland avenue.

Nor tree nor flow'ret in the woodland fair
Blossoms to glad the weary traveller's eye,
But its soft leaves are twined in garlands there
In sculptured imagery.

The twilight gray scarce kissed each marble tomb,
Along the fretted ceiling faintly played,
And dying in the distance wrapped in gloom
Each pillared colonnade.

No voice to break the depth of solitude,
No glare to pierce the darkness overhead,
The awful stillness suited well the mood
Of one who watched the dead.

And dreaming there, I thought the misty veil
That shrouds forgotten mem'ries of the past
Was drawn by hands unseen, and phantoms pale
Around were flitting fast.

As one who stands upon an alien shore
And homeward fondly strains his longing eyes,
And thinks he sees his native land once more,
And distant bills descries,

E'en faintly thus in fancy I behold
The shadowy outline of the "Long-ago,"
While those who fought and sung and ruled of old
Are passing to and fro.

And looking up I saw one standing nigh
Who spoke aloud, and said "Draw near, O man,
For I am he who in the years gone by
This goodly work began,

Nor lived to see completion. Through the clouds*
Of future years my prophet soul looked forth,
And saw a vision of the fierce-eyed crowds
Of warriors from the north.

This holy pile was wreathed in clouds of smoke,
The land lay desolate 'neath sword and fire,
While crouched my sons to bear a stranger's yoke,
Unworthy of their sire.

More dim in distance than I faintly saw
The coming of a better, happier time,
And free-born men content to live by law,
In scorn of force and crime.

And last, the end of Anarchy and thrall,
And Britain rising empress of the seas,
Feared by the strong, and revered by all,
And so I passed in peace."

* Westminster Abbey was founded by Seburt, king of the Saxons, in 610; after his death it was burned by the Danes. Edward the Confessor rebuilt it, and added the chapel which still bears his name.

He spoke, and scarce the ling'ring echoes died
Through roof and cloister in faint whispering,
When softly said a low voice at my side,
"I too was once a king,

A king, but long and bitterly I rued
That royalty which others hold so high,
A mother's enmity, a kinsman's feud,*
Made life a misery."

After the deep tones of the warrior king
Sad, musical, and soft his accents fell
As whispering boughs wind-shaken by the spring,
Or murmurs in a shell.

"And who art thou, that knew such woe?" I cried.
"Men called me Saint," in bitterness he said,
"Lo, this my work around thee, at my side
A line of kings is laid.

The first and saddest of them all was I—"†
"Ah me!" a voice called sudden through the gloom,
"Who dares to speak of kings and misery
O'er murdered Richard's tomb‡?"

"O shame!" I heard one say, and turning spied,
In that mysterious twilight looming near,
A giant king stern-browed, who stood beside
An ancient sepulchre.

* Edward quarrelled with his mother and shut her up in a monastery. He was also much troubled by the overbearing conduct of his father-in-law, Earl Godwin.

† In Edward the Confessor's chapel there are buried, besides himself, Henry III., Henry V., Edward III. and his children, Richard II., Edward I., and several queens.

‡ Richard II. starved to death, or, according to another story, murdered, by his nobles in Pomfret Castle.

A massive sword he held and ponderous shield,*
 His stature stately and his large full eye,
 Whose glance was law that knew not how to yield,
 Shewed conscious majesty.

Then in a grand deep voice whose rolling tone
 Filled with a sea-like murmur that dim aisle,
 And passed in echoes on from stone to stone
 Through all the answering pile,

“Was it for this a boy I saw thy sire†
 Resistless in his princely might advance,
 And sudden as the flash of lightning’s fire
 Burst on affrighted France?”

He spoke, and with a look of scorn and pain
 Out of my sight into the darkness swept,
 And after him in silence passed the train
 Of kings who round him slept.

And he who forced the stubborn Scot at length‡
 To yield, came princeliest in that princely line,§
 Who Cambria won, and broke the Paynim’s strength,
 In conquered Palestine.

And leaning on him stepped the dauntless dame||
 Who drew the poison with her own sweet breath
 From him her stricken lord, and left a name
 By Love too strong for Death.

* Edward the Third’s sword, weighing 18 pounds and 7 feet in length, together with his shield, lies on his tomb.

† Edward the Black Prince.

‡ Edward I.

§ The body of Edward I. was exhumed in 1774. He was found clothed with two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the other of crimson velvet, he had a crown of gold on his head, a sceptre in each hand, and was besides adorned with many jewels.

|| Eleanor.

Then Monmouth's merry prince, and with him came
He of the sable armour, who had won
Ere manhood's years by manly deeds such fame,
The Edward's glorious son.

And while they faded slowly out of sight
As dies the ling'ring sunset on the sea,
I heard one calling through the silent night,
"Draw near, and look on me."

So passing onward through the twilight dull
The voice I followed, till a place I found*
Beyond all earthly beauty beautiful,
It seemed enchanted ground.

Above the massive ceiling hung in air,
Yet seems no summer cloud as light and frail,
And richly wreathed around in garlands fair
The red rose and the pale

Bloomed on the columns; one might well have thought
In heaps the woodland flow'rets had been thrown,
And fairy spells had sweet enchantment wrought,
And turned them into stone.

High overhead the stately banners hung,†
And to the night-winds sighing to and fro
Their heavy folds they ever slowly swung
O'er them that slept below.

And there I saw him sitting who had sent
Through the dim darkness that mysterious cry;
A queen stood near, whose brow in sternness bent ‡
And cruel narrow eye

* Chapel of Henry VII.

† Banners of the Knights of the Order of the Bath.

‡ Mary.

Declared the mind fanatic that had wrought
 Such bloody deeds of tyranny and shame;
 By her the Queen-maid,* who her people taught
 Their love for Freedom's name.

Majestic was her look, yet seemed to quail
 Before a silent dame of downcast mien,
 Of face divinely sweet, but sad and pale,
 Fair Scotland's hapless queen.

And then methought the graves gave up their dead,
 And countless thousands trooping through the gloom,
 Seem but a moment, sudden vanished,
 And made for others room.

There I beheld with reverential awe
 Shakespeare the myriad-minded bard sublime,
 The deep eyes and large brow of him I saw
 Whose verse shall conquer Time; †

With him the mild-eye Spenser, and behind
 The "morning-star of song," and at his right
 Him of the organ voice, the poet blind,
 Yet blest with more than sight.

And some in life but scarce allowed to live, ‡
 To whom (O satire on our heartless race!)
 At length a useless boon unasked we give,
 In death by Kings a place.

Is this the end? I thought with bitterness,
 Is such the recompence for life-long pain
 To those who wrought through labour and distress,
 Yet lab'ring wrought in vain?

* Elizabeth.

† And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Shak. *Sonnet LX.*

‡ e.g. Butler, the author of *Hudibras*; Oliver Goldsmith, Dryden, and others.

But ere the thought half formed hath utt'rance found,
The voice of one unseen I hear, that saith,
In tones that fill the echoing aisle with sound,
"O man of little faith!

Not yet, not here the end." E'en as he spoke
A dim array before me wound along,
And as they passed their voices sudden broke
Together into song.

Martyrs were there, and many a lovely form,
And guileless statesmen and large-hearted dames,*
With those who won in battle or in storm
By death undying names.

"Not yet, not here the end," their voices sung,
As they with music faded out of sight;
And while the echoes still around me wrung
I passed into the night.

The moon had risen, and in her beauty smiled
On the lone building through the stillness deep,
As smiles a mother bending o'er her child
That smileth back in sleep.

So through the slumb'ring city on I sped,
Still with my thoughts those notes mysterious blend
That taught the lesson of the buried dead,
"Not yet, not here the end."

* Frances, Countess of Sussex, who founded Sidney Sussex College, and left a sum of money to Clare Hall; Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who founded Christ's College and St. John's; and Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, who, among many other charities, largely endowed St. John's, are all buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE ATLANTIC CABLES

OF 1866,

BY

THOMAS MOSS,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1867.

“His lightnings enlightened the world.”

BEHOLD she sent her white-winged ministers
Bearing her latest offspring, and she struck
Their ocean-track before them into light,
Science, herself the people's beacon-light,
And standing on the margent of the sea,
A broad-browed goddess of imperial mien,
Thus from a passionate heart she prayed aloud:
“Ye heavens and all ye elements of power,
Ye changeful winds that sway the changeful deep,
Ye cycling hurricanes and tidal floods,
Grant me your peace, nor longer marshal ye
Your force against my purpose. Thrice the task,
The glorious task, have I essayed in vain,
In the eternal calm of watery deeps
To lay my latest-born, heir of my hopes,
Heir of the hopes of rival continents,
Heir of the promise of that fuller dawn
Which dimly yet its breaking lights doth shew
On Time's horizon, but anon shall shine
The noontide splendour of a perfect day.
Thrice baffled by your fierce antagonism,

Your strong confederate malice, I have wept
As weeps a mother for her fading flowers,
Which, fading one by one, wither and die,
Or by some heritage of fell disease
Cankered untimely, or for some dark sin
Of parents ravished from the parent tree,
And innocent for guilty immolate.
Wherefore disarm your legions, O ye winds,
Nor rouse, ye billows, your insurgent hosts,
Obedient but to madding hurricanes,
Nor let invisible spears of sunken rocks
Snap the frail thread of that entombèd life,
Entombèd there that it may live indeed,
And throb with the pulsations of a world."

So spake the goddess with uplifted hands,
A sovereign to her subjects suppliant;
And trusting half distrustfully the waves
That glassed propitious heavens at her feet,
Viewed the dark bulls sink with the westering day,
And mused a little space upon the tides
Of onward ages setting to the flood
When Time's high water mark shall be o'erclimbed
By the fierce billows, and Eternity
Shall roll a shoreless ocean over all.
Nor dwelt she on the fathomless to-be,
But with reverting thoughts recalled the years
Of labour, fruitless-seeming labour, past,
How with unerring magic she had drawn
The occult spark from the unwilling clouds,
And made it to her will subservient,
And taught it speech, the human voice divine,
That it should bear the nations' messages
With whirlwind-speeding feet from pole to pole;
Nor rested thus, but underbridged the straits
Of shallowing ocean, with its iron road,
And harmonized discordant elements,

That fire should live in water sepulchred;
Nor even there had paused: hers was the flash
Of inspiration, swifter than the flight
Of God's air-piercing instantaneous bolt,
That bade her fathom the Atlantic deeps
And speed her tidings through its secret caves.
And as the lark, sweet herald of the morn,
Trills a wild note when the first slanting beam
Strikes on the meadow, then to realms of joy
Ascending louder shouts his jubilee;
The cottar, hearing that first faint prelude,
Half hears, half weaves it into happy dreams,
Anon when clouds re-echo to the call
Of the aspiring minstrel, he awakes
And girds himself to toil with plough or scythe,
Or reap the autumnal increase of his field;
So haply one had heard, or dreamed he heard,
The voice of Science singing of the days
When the dumb waterfloods should learn the speech,
The clear articulate tones, of human kind:
But when the echoes of her clarion-call
Pealed through the startled world, two nations rose
And put forth willing hands unto the work,
And knew not fear of waves or hurricanes
Or unseen perils of the ocean-bed,
But to the music of her siren-voice
Obedient, gave their war-ships to her use.
They on the dark face of the waters moved,
As moved the quickening power upon the void
Of uncreated matter, ere the beam
Of that mysterious ante-solar light
Shone on the chaos of the elements,
A dim vicarious splendour:—so they moved
Four days with quickening influence on the deep,
The harbingers of life and light unborn,
Whose birth was not as yet: but when the year

Had orb'd revolving months, once more they stirred
The troubled surface of the heaving main,
And the decree went forth, Let there be light,
And there was light, a light that had its day,
That had its day and perished silently,
And none may know its history. It waned,
It flicker'd, ever waning, to its death,
Far other than the glory of that light
Which in the seventh summer, like a sun,
Dawning, was by the rallying powers of night
Reconquered, and sank back into the shade
For a brief moment only; then, assured
Of final victory, burst forth and crowned
The mountain-labours of nine weary years.

For now the time had come, nor all in vain
The prayer of Science, as the ships went forth
And pierced the heart of the far-glowing West,
Nor false the promise of the heaven that smiled
Above them and the amorous waves that kissed
The sliding keel of that Leviathan,
Of all the navies noblest name, and born
To noblest ends and mightiest destiny.
And now the day went down, and evening dropt
Her shadows, soft as slumber, on the main;
And still no tempest with discordant note
Jarred on the music of that charm'd wire
Whose serpent-coils slipt stedfast from their wheel
And flashed and whitened in the sternward wave.

And so through halcyon days the giant ship
With her attendant train swept o'er the deep,
And they, the giant minds, who trustfully
Had rolled the stone with labour up the steep—
Thrice had it broken from their hands and fled
In sheer, precipitate ruin to the plain:
But now the summit loomed through veiling mist,
Nearer and yet more near upon their view:—

They, tost from hope to fear, from fear to hope,
Cherished a growing gladness, as the chain
Grew into being, summer on the wave,
Summer above, bright summer in their hearts.
Even with such favour of the elements,
Sphered in cerulean calm of sea and air,
Columbus sailed the ocean-plains, and tracked
The purple sunsets as they fled before:
Nor with another joy descried the belt
Of emerald coast set in the sapphire sea,
Than those brave spirits hailed the iron shore,
The haven of their labours, shadowed forth
In mist-clad outline brightening hour by hour;
While yet the wizard spark with still small voice
Whispered the message of an unseen world,
And soon through all the breadth of those broad lands
Blazoned its tidings of glad augury,
"Lo the war-note is hushed, the flags are furled,
The drum is mute upon Bohemia's plain,
And Europe greets her sister-continent
With peace, she being at peace in all her realms."

But now the crowning triumph of thy fate
Summons thee, thou Leviathan, from thy rest
In land-locked harbour. Thou hast quelled the floods
And linked twin hemispheres in iron bands:
But will the imperious sea at thy command
Give up its silent dead? And wilt thou search
The darksome caves of ocean, till the cord
Be rendered up, the faithless cord, that erst
Fled from thy grasp and withered all thy hopes
Just flowering into promise of their prime?
Ah me! What magic art omnipotent,
What alchemy of fate will aid thee now?
Ah me, presumptuous in thy glorious might,
The might of genius, whose child thou art!
Yet shalt thou triumph: for thy natal star,

Shines on the greatest of the centuries,
Which on the silver wheels of silent change
Have rolled for evermore from strength' to strength.
And at thy bidding shall the severed cord
Start from its grave of sand, where myriad shells,
Minute beyond the reach of finest sense,
Shroud it in lap of ocean, all unwept
By battling billows and by warring winds.
And thou shalt bind the hearts of the hemispheres
With yet another nerve, whose voiceless pulse
Shall throb with their emotions evermore.

Henceforward through all time thy name shall ring
A current coinage on the lips of men,
A wonder and an awe; and if our isle,
Lapt in the apathy of silken ease,
Or dazzled by the golden streams that pour
The tribute of the nations at her feet,
Falls, as fell Carthage, from her pride of place,
Or dwindles to decrepit littleness;
Yet shall this deed which she by thee has wrought
Shed a last glory round her, as the sun
Steals in last crimson lustre softly down
Upon an Alpine summit, when below
Her loss has cast black shadow on the vale.
But if she, in the forefront of the strife,
Shall breathe defiance, as she breathed of yore,
'Gainst wrong and tyranny, and strike her stroke,
And shout her war-cry for the truth and right,
And conquering, as the truth *shall* conquer, wax
With an enduring greatness more and more,
Then shall the radiance of this deed shine forth
Amid the splendours of her crown of fame
A bright unfading jewel, till her days
Of labour all accomplished, she shall wake
To greet the Sabbath of eternal rest.

DANTE IN EXILE.

BY

EDWARD ANTHONY BECK,

TRINITY HALL.

1868.

“Sorrow is knowledge.”

MANFRÉD, Act I. Sc. I.

WHAT solemn stranger winds at dusky eve
Far down through old Ravenna's groves of pine
His slow unconscious way, on either side
Through twining trees and tangled underwood,
Weird whispers of night winds, and deepening gloom,
Pressing with sad sound to the autumn soil
Dead leaves of a dead summer? Through the land,
Exile from false fair Florence, had he strayed,
Oft o'er the sun-beat slopes of Apennine,
Broad Tiber's mellow stream, and snow-born Po,
And tuneful wave of horned Aufidus,—
Dante.

O master of the sweet sad lyre,
Bold traverser of space illimitable,
Far-visioned viewer of the invisible,
Whence came the breath that bade thy soul arise,
Draw back the curtains of the great Unknown,
And soar on wings adventurous to sing
High things of heaven, and sights ineffable,

And secrets from time's birth inviolate,
Fine fancies, and dire torments, and pure joys,
Wise words, and swan-like song celestial?

Not from the pure dew of clear Castaly,
Dirce, or Arethusa, founts divine,
Or muse-worn source of sparkling Hippocrene;
Nor yet from where amid the thick-sown seas
Godlike Alcæus with the golden quill
And sweetest Sappho sang; nor yet from where
The Bard, amid the mounded wrecks of war,
Drew breath sonorous, weaving in high verse
Great deeds for peerless Helen, and the ire
Of goddess-born Pelides: but from thee,
Thee, and thine eyes' dark fountains, Beatrice,
He drew the full stream of immortal song.

Thee soon, but not too soon, Heaven's favourite,
The cruel keen cold shaft of death laid low:
But still the retrospect of those dear days,
Fond memory's golden chain indissoluble,
Bright past with lowering future interlinked.
No hand of mortal maid should lead him more,
A wrapt adorer, to the land of dreams
Of all things noble; nor had charms for him
Sweet pouting half-averted lips of love,
And wildering dalliance with coy bashfulness,
And amorous tongue of eyes voluptuous,
And talismanic touch of tender hands,
And paradise of all dear blandishments,
And passionate language of love's imagery,
And bright ideals of bliss not for man.
Though Fate fast bound him to "that fatal She,"
Thee still he loved, dead, and not dead; for thou
Wert his life's guardian angel, his soul's queen,
And pole-star; on whom gazing evermore
He lost the sense of sublunary things,
Of dolorous poverty and dull despair,

Boorish brute stings of spiteful insolence,
Fierce taunts of that foul company of foes,
And injuries of exile worse than death:—
Yea, lost all care, save care for Italy;
Seeing in spiritual presentiments,
Shot down the vistas of the unborn time,
Refractions of one glory. Yea, he lost
All thought, save of the One God high in heaven,
And His irrevocable purposes,
And providence all-ruling. With a love
He loved thee, as the angels love in bliss;
Pure as cold moonlight on a windless sea,
When stars reflected prank the wave with stars,
And drowsy darkness haunts the cavernous shore,
And the sea, breathless, whispers to the night,
And bellowing blasts sleep still: a love of soul
To soul responding, from what land of light,
Teaching high mysteries, and glancing down
Through love and woe begotten waves of thought,
In undiscovered regions of the mind,
And unimaginable depths therein,

Ah sorrow, and death, and exile, and despair,
Keen mistresses corroding to the soul,
Ye made the spirit of Dante beautiful,
An undertone through all: without your aid
He had not dipped in the world's heart so deep
That feather from thy wing, O Beatrice,
Nor left a monument of memory
Imperishable as the eternal stars.

What lofty meditations went with thee,
A wanderer through the pine woods? Were they not
Dreams of the mountain and deep grove thereon,
Whence Beatrice and Lucia by the hand
Led thee along a road scarce trod by men,
And the mild Mantuan with thee? Where thou sawest,
Veiled in a quivering sheen of voiceful air,

The luminous land of bards; and farther on,
Francesca and her lover; and again
Dark tortures of the hot red city of Dis,
And thy foe Farinata; and the fierce
Slow pitiless ever-falling flakes of fire
On God-revilers; and the lowest gulf
Of Antenora and Caïna, where
Cocytus with dry burning frost congealed
Withers Iscariot in undying death;
And him who in the pit of nether hell
Wears on reprieveless and unnumbered years,
Of old the morning star,—black Lucifer.
Aye, on thee winding through the withered woods,
Weighing the woes of exile, came there not
Sweet dreams of Eden's lonely loveliness,
Where crystal Ennoë poured her clear cool wave,
And water-flowers bent o'er green banks to watch
The slow deep silent stream of Lethe glide
Hard by Matelda culling them; whose voice
Thou following heardest falling through the groves
Mysterious murmurs of rare melodies,
While Beatrice in rain of flowers came down
As heavenly wisdom fair? Didst thou not see,
When soaring on swift pinions to the Moon,
As through a lake of tranquil atmosphere,
Her blest inhabitants; and in the Sun,
A double rainbow of saints glorified,
A living rose of souls innumerable;
And all the stars, each bright as each adored;
And that high dance of warriors in Mars,
A phalanx cruciform; and the ninth heaven,
Where failed all utterance, and the spirit of man
Could but adore in tongue-tied impotence
The visible majesty of invisible God?
God! the Unseen Allseeing; absolute
In power; in knowledge wonderful; in love

Past angel comprehension: God, whose throne,
The void immensity of infinite space,
Was ever and shall be; God, from whose eye
Not darkness hides, nor hell; round whom revolve
All suns and systems; out of whom arose
All things; to whom shall all return; whose Name
Once alone filled with all-pervading might
Chaos and Heaven, and shall alone again.
O man, a worm of worms, a breath, a mist;
O clamorous Earth, and all the things therein;
O human life, and all the cares thereof;
O dread Creator inconceivable;—
O dear Redeemer who hast died for us.

Alas, for greatness! for the ignoble man
Is sheltered by his native littleness.
The viper envy bites not puny souls.
Dust in the dark they gloze and grope secure,
In labyrinths that end not. But the mind
Aspiring in pure manfulness to reach
The high goal of man's higher destiny,
Leading the nations with it, slips full oft
On stepping stones of popular esteem.
The bestial herd will not be led, forsooth,
By clambering dreamers. Therefore are they slaves.
Was he not banished? Did they not repent,
Grasped in the grip of that fierce aftertime,
With bootless raving of sad self-reproach,
Too late? And Dante, whom they would not hear,
Lived exiled; brooding on the years to come,
And years long past, when life seemed fair to him,
In Florence, with bright hopes, and Beatrice:
Exiled, but free; changing his sky perhaps,
But wearing well the same great soul unchanged.

So lived he, and so died. For could he not
See everywhere the same sun and same stars?
Died in Polenta's place, Guelph till death;

Died at Ravenna, far from the beloved
 Sweet bosom of the fairest child of Rome ;
 Died, as he lived, a patriot; though alone,
 Himself a party*; loving to the last
 The land that thrust him from her, to the last
 The land that destined her best son to flames.

But now he needed not to render back
 The rancorous hate of unremorseful foes
 With speechless eloquence of mute disdain,
 A life-long protest; nor again to thread
 The mazes of that solitary wood,
 Thinking on Beatrice: for now no more
 In his brain's fancy, but with present soul
 He walked with her through heaven, and could soar
 From star to star, with Virgil, and high bards
 Of all lands and all ages; and in time
 With that blind master of the Northern lyre,
 Kin spirit, as none other; and in time
 With others later born, full founts of song,
 With bay-bound brows; and those of his own land.

Nor shall the influence of example cease,
 Of slander and stern suffering nobly borne,
 Of beautiful thoughts gathered on wilds of woe,
 And the one purpose of life held in view,
 Through want and persecution, even till death;
 Nor throbless die the echoed chords he struck,
 Till the old world's dead pulse shall beat no more.

“Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar”
 By old Ravenna, on whose plashy marge
 The upbraiding waves of the disconsolate sea
 Mourn for their bard with immemorial plaint—
 The bard whose bones his risen Italy,

* “Si ch'a te fia bello averti fatta per te stesso.” *Parad.* xvii. 68.

One people now, holds in her own free soil,
As seeds of greater freedom that shall be;
Whose name is written in the nation's heart,
Whose thoughts live ever in her thoughts, whose soul
Pours from the height of now propitious heaven
Prosperity upon the Land he loved.

THE LAKE-DWELLINGS
OF SWITZERLAND.

BY
FRANCIS HENRY WOOD,
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1869.

“The Lake-dwellers were one people.”—KELLER.

ZURICH! how sweetly glows thy slumbering lake
Beneath the evening ray. The varying tide
Is lit with tints of opal crimson-streaked.
On yonder shore the purpling vineyard slopes
Down to the fragrant marge, where Nature's hand
Has crowned the scene with beauty. Branching pines
Have girt with shadowy zone yon pendent heights,
That stand like monarchs o'er the plain and guard
Their realms—a mimic Eden! Sheltering groves
And dew-washed meads and laden orchards, where
The ruddy fruit hangs luscious, golden corn,
And blooming gardens whence the hand of man
Culls Nature's scented offerings to adorn
His mountain-dwelling: such the scene.—Yet now
How altered from the time when near these shores,
On cloven pile of tall primæval fir
Or spreading oak, a race ancestral reared

Their watery home. Such as appeared where now
The towers of Constance from the western verge
Beam in the lake reflected, or where Bienne
Laves with cærulean wave the sloping sward,
Or classic Lemane in her stormy sea,
Receives the thundering Rhone, or where the grape
Ripens at Cortailod, or in the moor
The gathering peat, beneath the Glarus range,
Entombs the spoils of ages. Who were these,
That like the dwellers on the Prasian lake,
Or Colchian Phasia, or the marshy tract
Of Apamea reared their wild abode
Upon the waters, where the whispering sedge
Checks the slow ripple, or the lily floats
With snowy cup? Unknown, mysterious dead!
Whose relics Science from the shelly marl
Has gathered and with vague conjecture based
On fact essays to read, like some weird scroll,
Or dark enigma by Cadmean Sphinx
Propounded. These no deep-voiced bard has sung,
And weaving in the texture of his lay,
Though lost, has rendered deathless. These the lyre
Of sea-girt Chios, or the love-struck chord
Of Mitylene, or the hollow shell
That charmed Ægrian deserts and unlocked
The frost-bound Hebrus, ne'er in song deplored,
Nor atrain of Mantuan or Dircæan swan.
Their deeds no annal or historic page
Has chronicled, nor yet on sculptured stone
Have hands artistic cut with patient tool
A lasting record, such as deck the fane
Of columned Karnak, or the buried halls
Of Khorsabad. Whence came they, and what age
Saw the dark-foliaged pine with heavy crash
Yield to the cleaving celt; or later oak
Fall headlong, as the wielded bronze or iron pierced

The close-grained timber? From a hundred gates
Had Thebes begun against retreating foes
To pour the floods of war? With swelling note
Did vocal Memnon greet the earliest ray
That lit the Libyan sands; or Tigris lave
Upon his eastern bank the rising pile
Of ancient Ninus? Fain would fancy call
From the dark tomb of time the buried past,
And where Helvetia's lakes now kindly bear
The gliding pinnace, or to meshy toils
Confide their scaly tribute, rear again
Amid protecting hills, the lost abode
Of pre-historic Man—when native rocks
Of varied flint, Alpine or such as time
In Jura's chalky flank has hardened, first
Furnished a weapon, ere discovery taught
To blend the dark-hued bronze or make the ore
Yield its embedded iron. Stately deer
That ranged the solemn forest shed for man
Their branching antlers, and the leafy grove
Teemed with elastic life. Encircling hills
Reared their imperial brows, with verdant crown
Of fir coniferous or funereal yew
Endiademed, and where the yielding marsh
Now stagnates, cast in many a silvery lake
Their mirrored image. Frequent in the glade
The rough-barked maple decked the woodland slope,
With pliant ash and acorn-bearing oak
And sheltering beech commingled. On the plain
The blue-cupped flax beneath the murmuring breeze
Bowed like a wave of azure, whence the loom
Wove its fine sieve-like texture, not perchance
Such as Miletus or the Lydian craft
Wrought for the royal Mede, yet with neat stripe
Or plaited cord and overhanging fringe
Most cunningly contrived. Revolving years

Saw in these fields (if Science reads aright)
The long-eared barley hang its golden head,
And beardless wheat, and many a bending blade
The fostering East had nurtured, and the tide
Of progress floated on the westward wave
Past the Lavinian strand. How costly then
The glittering gems of oriental wealth
Shone in these early homes! Phœnicia's stores,
Perchance by barter from the southern shore,
Adorned the Helvetian savage, and the rocks
That rise beyond the lotus-bearing Nile,
At wild Syene, sent a scanty gift
Of emerald nephrite. Mareotic art
That early learnt in Thebes, with skilful breath,
To shape the glassy fabric, decked betimes
With punctured bead the neck of beauty, prone
In every age to adorn; while native skill
Furnished the bronze armilla, twisted pin
Or graven ring.

Unknown, mysterious dead!

Thus from this marshy grave your relics tell
Their wondrous tale. These unrecorded brave
Perchance might justly wreath their buried brows
With valour's guerdon, and with truer right
Than many whom in song the obsequious Muse
Delights to honour, on the lips of men
Live unforgotten. As the child with time
Clothes in Improvement's garb his nobler deeds
More perfect as he nears the ripe estate
Of toiling manhood, thus the industrious race
Grew from dull infancy, and side by side
Along the beaten pathway of their life
Marched on with Progress. But can daring thought
On eagle pinion pierce the sable gloom
That veils the distant past, to deeds entombed,
Guided by thread of evidence as frail

As that thin clue whereby through Cretan caves
Enamoured Ariadne led of old
Her Attic hero? In the surging breast
Of Time's unfathomed sea three ages roll
Their mingling current: stone and bronze first shone
In labour's swarthy hand, then later years
Brought the rich ore that on the Pontic coast,
With early art the naked Chalybes
Wrought on the ringing anvil, and beneath
Complaining Etna (thus have poets sung)
Cyclopiam hammers raised by sinewy arms
Struck with resounding blow.

In earlier days,
Fresh from the rosy East, the Celtic hordes
Or clans Iberian spread toward the ray
Of Hesperus, and in untutored youth
Dwelt with the mammoth and hyæna dire
And crafty cave-bear; then as years rolled on—
What time, 'mid Nature's changes, from the vale
Of Seine or reedy Thames the reindeer sought
'Mid Scandinavian pines a northern home—
Fixed among Alpine hills their frail abode
In lone security. No cowering dread
Of prowling bear or hunger-stricken wolf
Led them to raise upon the treacherous tide
Their pile-built dwelling. Ever man to man
Has proved a foe: the wonder-breathing page
Of history teems with slaughter; but secure
Here 'gainst the bold invader, many a time
The wave-washed fortress stood the vain assault;
And here, when war's alarms no longer spread
Dark fears around and heart-congealing woe,
Calm-eyed repose reigned placid, and sweet peace
For many a year sat brooding o'er the scene
With snowy wing, and in the sunny ray

Led forth her soft-plumed nestlings, and alone
The cheerful hum and sounds of busy life
Rose on the breeze and floated o'er the lake.
But ah! what chilling horror froze their blood
When round these homes the scorching Föhnwind wrapt
A sheet of flame? Then, like a molten shroud
The encircling blast enveloped in its folds
The fated race. Some in the reddening tide
Plunge headlong; others 'mid obscuring smoke
In hollowed punt with wild endeavour seek
The neighbouring shore. Destruction hotly feeds
With ruthless fang on many a structure raised
By patient toil; and on the southern blast
Rides fiery Death. Hark! how with rending crash
Yon blackening piles are yielding. Rose not then
Red Ruin's pæan, as the seething mass
Hissed in the lake?

There let it lie—the tide
Shall guard those ashes, till conjecturing eyes
Gaze on their wonders. Meanwhile on the stream
Industrious hands shall raise another home
O'er buried hearths. Time's busy care shall clothe
With varied hues these mossy banks and Change
Reign sceptred o'er the scene. From distant heights,
The Latian eagle sweeping o'er the plain,
With blood-stained talons and death-dealing pens,
Shall strike his prey. And here the patriot's zeal
Shall dash in bitter scorn from bleeding necks,
The oppressor's yoke and twine the living wreath
Of freedom round Helvetia's queenly brow!
Years have rolled on, yea, cycles, and in peace
The dead have slept. The fisher's evening song
Broke not their deep repose; the curling wave
Sighed o'er their couch, and the unrevealing tide
Guarded her trust. Now living feet have trod

'Mongst the departed, and no more entombed
These wonder-speaking relics have declared
The hands that wrought them. Thus hereafter deeds
That Time has buried in oblivion's marl
Shall shine revealed to man and judged by Heaven!

RUNNYMEDE.

BY

EDWARD ANTHONY BECK,

TRINITY HALL.

1870.

“Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow.”

TENNYSON.

RICHARD, the Troubadour, the Lion-heart,
Died arrow-slain at Chalus: and he lies
Low at his father's feet in Fontevrault.
Long with the nameless terror of his name
The mourning mothers of swart Saracens
Hushed all their children's prattle. On whose throne
John sat, and God's curse sat along with him.

For old Rouen that held the lion-heart*
All in a murky midnight shuddering saw
The vile king slay his nephew: moaning Seine
His heavy-sunken body slowly swept
Over her sands to sea. At such a deed
The knightly blood of all the realm ran cold,
The lightnings of God's curse were hurled at him,

* The heart of Richard was buried in the Cathedral of Rouen.

And the forlorn land fainted. Altar-shrines*
 Were bared of beauty, voice of prayer and praise
 Died, as the birds' songs die before a storm;
 No merry bells wakened the drooping hours,
 The dead were buried in the common fields.

Then he the king, when all the land was cowed,
 Hardened his heart and loosed the reins of wrong.
 Whereat the thunder of the Pontiff spake,
 From fealty of his subjects sundering him,
 And very presence of the priests of God,
 Till to that proxy Pandolf arrogant,
 He, crowned king, cringed and grovelled. Then again
 Came priests and prelates: but a murmur grew,
 (For now the people, scorning, feared him not,)
 To action clamorous of its rights and wrongs.
 For lords at Edmundsbury altar swore
 Defiance, choosing captains, knight and priest,
 Fitzwalter, "Mareschal of the host of God,"
 And Langton, true to England, false to Rome:
 Then raised one voice, a cry for Saxon laws
 And halcyon days of the Confessor king,
 And charter of the Norman.† Thereupon,
 Wavering weakness shrinking down to fear,
 The king would treat with them at Runnymede.

It was the early summer,‡ when the sweet
 Birthgiving breezes loosened flowery bloom
 Of fragrance over meadows newly mown,
 And all adown rich pastures flaked and starred
 With England's daisies; and Thames flowed between,
 Whose water murmured his remembered song
 Of mournful sweetness drawn from ancient days.

* The Pope first laid the kingdom under an interdict, and then excommunicated the king.

† Henry the First.

‡ Trinity Monday.

And summer influences unawares
Thrilled in the revel of the carolling lark
Cloud-hidden; and the sleek contented kine,
And white flocks on green hills slow-shepherded,
And serf that tilled the glebe, from jocund hours
Drew joyance down, and all the plain was glad.

Wheron encamping in the meadow broad
By bright and broadening Thames half-islanded,
Nor far from Windsor's giant tower that struck
A black blot on the dim horizon blue,
That glorious council met. And down on them
The sunlight raining flashed on burnished arms
And spangled armour lightening as they moved:
And all the field fluttered with gleam of tents
And blazonry of banners proud to flaunt
Devices marvellous of strange heraldry,
Emblems of mythic lore and old descent
And memories of chivalrous crusades.
And all day long was noise of moving men,
Busy as hiving bees, among the tents;
And all about the field steeds pasturing:
Midmost around the king a knightly throng
Day after day in eager council stern;
Over the hum whereof arose anon
A shouting, or anon some silence fell;
Till stealthy eve would quiet heated knights
With dewy airs and eastward-lengthening shades.
Then slept they, or from sleepless heads, alone,
Drew freedom's inspiration; rose at dawn
When westward shadows wooed the dews to stay.
So grey morn grew to glad day, day to eve
Drooped golden-clouded, evening into night
Deepened, that drew her hollow heaven of stars
Wide-wandering up that fitful path of space
And waning down her westering slopes, as dawn
Quickened the orient harbingers of day,

Streaks rosy-tinted vanward of the sun :
Such nights of star-strown calm, as when the moon
Looks at the dead that sleep beneath the sea.

And there, who knows, in forms sense wots not of,
Strong soula of dead men mingled in the field,
Aiding an alien race to strike again
For freedom; Cassivelaun, Caractacus,
Boadicea; and that noble heart
Of Arthur: hovered over them perchance
Spirits of Druids hoar, to guard the land,
Under whose deep oaks erst in mystic chant
They shadowed forth the eternal universe,
One God, and all men equal from His hand.

And so for those nine days, through sun and shower,
The council deepened on the council mead.
And atill the king would writhe and struggle, atill
The champions of Freedom staunch and stern
Tightened their hold, till faint resistance died.
Then on the ninth they signed, and sealing swore
Allegiance; and the better days began.
Then on a day, at Stamford in the East,
Knights worshipful and earls and mighty men,
The flower of England, held high tournament
Of triumph. But the king that space of daya
With ruin awept the realm, thereafter past,
With autumn waning, to the Shapeless land;
And all his ill deeds past along with him.

But the broad safety of our chartered rights
Grew slowly through a youth of storms to stand
The pillar of a glorious aftertime.
No more the royal forests choked the plains,
Nor deer on poor men's fields battened at will,
Nor tolls and taxes robbed without redress.
No more should dark unquestioned dungeons close
Capricious over freemen uncondemned;
But peer to peer adjudge an equal law,

The free voice of a nation's parliament,
Denied to no man nor delayed nor sold,
But twining Mercy in the hands of Right.
And trade and traffic on the land and sea
From that day shook their trammeling bonds; and now
High-roads of vassal ocean throng the ports
With rival produce of the whole round world.
And Runnymede beheld all this begun.

And we, the heirs of such an heritage,
The strong loud van of forward-fronting days,
Who turn to mount the dead still times, and thence,
With solemn Presences surrounded, scan
The plain of after years,—we seem to climb
The white arms of lone mountain-rangea cold,
And hear the Spirit of the Earth, among
The arching cataracts streaking down the steep,
The multitudinous rush and roar of streams
And sob of waters swooning far away;
Silence anear, and night: we watching calm
As sad Achilles, when aloof he looked
Adown that blown white line of tents, and far
Over the strown plain in dark air descried
Starlike the torches in beleaguered Troy;
And heard unheeded noises far-withdrawn,
Dim hum of war, all night,* till frore day dawned
Between the warden fires of sleepless heaven
And dun cloud-curtains of the folded hills.

Thus boldly of brave men was brought to birth
That pregnant germ of unborn liberties,
The marrow of our laws, heart of our lives,
Foundation-stone of Freedom's temple fair,
Vast as the rounded empire of our isle,
Parent of perfect systems that shall sway

* *Iliad*, VIII. 550.

Peoples in yet unpeopled continents.
For not a right that after ages won
From mightful tyranny's reluctant wrong,
But slept foreshadowed in that scroll of fame,
That first example to all times and lands
Of lordly and proud progress linked with law;
That fostered our imperial destinies
And cast the mould of government; wherein
The blended trinity of balanced power,
The lords, the commons and their crown the king,
In liberty not licence helm the state,
And rout the ranks of time-emboldened wrong.

Not as some proud ship foundered in waste seas,
Whose tidings aching hearts that scarcely breathe
Day after day despair for; no nor like
The showering meteors that on moony nights
Speed brokenly their arrowy fall; but as
Some fairest star that gems night's diadem
From vague beginnings of faint luminous mist
Slow to consistence wrapt and orb'd itself
In liquid fire, and, grown with gathering speed,
Whirled through her wheeling orbit, crowned in time
Her cycle-hardened iron-rifted rocks
Rich with innumershle forms of life:—
So, chaos-born, our glowing Freedom grew.

It grows a mighty tree of many boughs,
Under the shadow of whose guardisn arms
The tribes of men shall pluck the fruit of peace:
A many-pillared universal fane
Wherein free peoples shall do sacrifice
To liberty and law, Conscience and God:
A fane no fiery throes of fiercer lands,
Divisions and convulsions of her sons,
Nor quaking of the Indies, shook: for still
The soul of England in her children dwells,
The heart of England in their lifeblood beats.

And evermore from our fair island-home
The severing sea shall ward the flames of war;
A hidden influence in earth and air
Shall consecrate the cradle of our race,
Mother of mightier races yet to be;
And age-grown Freedom aye shall overbrood
The land's green fields, her grey cathedral towers,
Her waving space of gently sloping hills:
For all among them nestle warm in trees
Hamlets, the nurses of free hearts and hands,
Where, by the church that links the footless years,
God's acre holds in trust their fathers' sleep,
Who struck for freedom in the days of old.

SEDAN.

BY

HENRY ELLIOT MALDEN.

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY HALL.

1871.

ὕστερόποινον πέμπει παραβάσιν Ἐρινύν.

Woe to the man who reckless of the right,
Raised on a legend, pillared on a name,
All falsely glowing with another's light,
Can weakly strive too broad a sway to claim.
Woe to the land which stoops to be his game,
And all unmindful whence her strength began
Can barter all for glory's fleeting flame.
For such a people and for such a man
Henceforth shall Fate reserve one warning word—Sedan!

Adieu, then, France, adieu to each gay scene
Which late was thine, around we look in vain
For those gay village revels of the green,
Or listen sadly for the cheerful strain
Of peasant lips, that ne'er may sound again.
The desert homes, the broken hedge, and road
Trodden of armies, crushed beneath the train
Of swift artillery, all have sadly shewed,
Have shewn too well the stream in which the invader flowed.

Nor lingers now the sweet seductive grace
That crowned the halls where Pleasure chiefest reigned,
She too hath fled before war's iron face.
Ah! would that Pleasure lost were honour gained,
And nobler meed to Paris had remained,
As swift to raise yet firm to meet the strife.
But here too long the demon Discord deigned
To fix his throne, and stain his wearied knife
Fresh cleansed of foreign gore with many a kindred life.

—And she must fall, the city of the world,
The Siren ever dissolute and young;
Soon shall she see the bolt of Vengeance hurled
In righteous wrath of Heaven her towers among,
And 'mid the ruin her own children flung.
For scorning judgment, shameless in her sin,
She to the end to godless glory clung;
Where warnings tame not, sword and fire may win
Their way at length to bend the tiger soul within.

As peals athwart the startled summer day*
Down from the blue bright-burnished depth of sky
The angry thunder, spreading sad dismay
Among bad men who fear their summons nigh,
So came the note of war; none could descry
The doom to come; men recked not of his fate
Who saw the heights and depths of destiny,
And trod the path which leads to glory's gate
To fall—as they must fall with fall more basely great.

* Vid. Horace, Od. 1. 3. 4, and elsewhere for the omen of thunder in a clear sky.

His end they feared not, yet the mighty shade
Might well have bade the feeblèr despot stay,
Retold the wrecks his stern ambition made,
And checked the fatal rashness of his way.
For shalt *thou* conquer where *he* perished? Nay.
For thee no laurels shall Germania yield,
Nor fame immortal Fortune's slights repay;
But such a doom to thee shall be revealed
As Leipzig's night uncheered by light from Jena's field.

Now flies each fiery son of Gaul to arms,
Burning to tread across the German Rhine;
And sounds barbaric swell the war's alarms,
Where in the van Algerian standards shine
O'er warriors sprung from nigh Earth's central line.
Nor lacks the thunder of the Marseillaise—
Apt to inflame the soul with fire divine,
Such as in danger shines with brighter rays,
And led their sires of old through hundred glorious days.

Nor wants the German Rhine in danger's hour,
The dread protection of the German brand;
Skilled in the fiercest storms of battle's stoure,*
Baptized in Austria's gore they take their stand—
The giant offspring of a mighty land.
And sorely shall the Gallic foeman rue
When first he ventured on so stern a band;
Invoked the furies he might not subdue,
And from infernal shades called Ate's bloodstained crew.

* *Stoure*. Press of Battle. Spenser *passim*.

Dread sight, I ween, to view the embattled ground
 Where rival monarchs marshal their array.
 The wary horsemen sweeping deftly round
 To mark the foe, and every spot survey
 Which offers vantage for the ensuing day;
 The yawning cannon yet so grimly still,
 The long battalions weary of the way;
 The watchful chiefs on yonder central hill,
 Wielding the living mass by one o'er-mastering will.

Grant Heaven one moment of one gifted mind,
 To grasp the wary Prussian's fell design;
 A way for France from out the toils to find,
 Ere yet the circle of that iron line
 Hath bound her!—Nay, the fruitless hope resign:
 Within the princely hunter's snares held fast,
 Let the stag struggle vainly and repine,
 He ne'er can hope those stubborn bands to brast,*
 Nor save his latest hopes on this rash venture cast.

And is the star of Jena quenched for aye?
 And is the valour of the bravest vain?
 Think yet on those who conquered on that day,
 Their spirits bid you tempt the charge again,
 Close up your ranks and face the iron rain.
 More blest than those who live are they who fall,
 Their names are freed from that eternal stain
 That dims the honour of the recreant Gaul
 Cooped by the German steel behind yon mouldering wall.

* *Brast*. Burst. Spenser and Chaucer *passim*.

Oh! for the hearts that burned on Valmy's height,
 Or bore the tricolour to Russian snow!
 Oh for his arm who turned Marengo's fight,*
 Or his the "Bravest of the Brave†" to go
 'Gainst tenfold odds of the encircling foe.
 Oh! for one moment of the lightning glance
 Of him their chieftain! Rising from below
 These might avail to turn the sad mischance,
 Restore the failing fight and rescue sinking France.

Vain thought the while—Though still in spite of Heaven
 Full on the front of danger press the brave,
 Resign the life for honour freely given,
 And crowd the awe-struck portals of the grave,
 From fate fore-doomed that destined host to save.
 But onward still the stubborn victors flow
 Where to the triumph high their standards wave.
 Content if for the cause they strike one blow,
 How thick the valiant take the darksome way below!

And fair the prize for which those lives are spent
 As ever mocked the soldier's failing eye,
 Which to the last on phantom honour bent,
 Sees now the hollow fancy fleeting by,
 And wakes from dreams of glory but to die.
 For ventured here upon this desperate play,
 By this late boasted child of destiny,
 A crown Imperial is the stake to-day,
 Predestined meed for him who conquers in the fray.

* *Dessaix*, who retrieved Marengo when apparently lost to the French.
 † *Le Brave des Braves*, the *Nom de guerre* of Ney, who, on the retreat
 from Moscow with the rear guard of 9000 men, rejoined the main body
 though separated from it by 80,000 Russians.

But yield the fallen monarch justice due,
Not wholly he unworthy of his name;
When on the cast his all he rashly threw,
Say, that himself among the foremost came;
Say, his life too he placed upon the game,
And prayed to Heaven for one atoning shot.
Such prayer accomplished would have power to claim
His foeman's tears, and cleanse the darkest blot
That stained his course, and make all but the end forgot.

And thou, Germania, triumph in thy sons,
Call up the spirits of thy mighty dead,
Shew them how turbid Meuse's current runs
Swollen with slaughter, and with carnage red;
Tell them how bravely have their children sped
And chased the robber eagle to his nest,
And freed thy Rhineland from her ancient dread.
Full blithely will each warrior soul at rest
To thy Valhalla's halls receive each new-come guest.

Yes, and when time with all-effacing hand
Hath come the wide-spread ruin to restore;
When vine and harvest have re clothed the land
Which deepest traces of the ravage bore,
And e'en the thousand graves are seen no more,
Oft shall the grandsire when the day is done
Tell his long roll of youthful triumphs o'er;
Recall the field which made the Germans one,
And to the eager boys tell how Sedan was won.

THE DESTRUCTION OF
CHICAGO BY FIRE.

BY

THOMAS ETHELBERT PAGE,

SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND OF THE UNIVERSITY.

1872-

οὐκ οἴκοι ἀλλ' ἄνδρες πόλις.

PROUD sweeps St. Lawrence to the Atlantic main,
Or where beneath Quebec's high citadel
He undivided rolls a broadening flood,
Or where meandering mid a thousand islea
He quits Ontario's blue expanse, and proud
Rides o'er his bosom many a white-winged hark,
That to the over-peopled older world
Bears store of golden grain, far-harvested
Mid ancient forests dark with oak and pine,
Where eager men with ceaseless industry
And toilsome axe laboriously ringing
Had cleared the virgin acres, thence conveyed
Adown some stream o'er-arched with wreathing boughs,
Or over prairie plains, that undulate
Boundless as Ocean, to the distant town,
Chicago's central mart. There, by the shore
Of Michigan, from midst the encircling plain
Had risen, as by sudden magic reared,

A thronging hive with busy murmurings,
That told of fruitful toil and hoarded wealth,
By potent Commerce sudden raised, than whom,
When hand in hand she walks with Industry,
No goddess with more sure enchantment wields
The power that wills great works and works its will.
She with her clarion voice had loudly called
Her eager vassals, where the weary waves
But lately washed a solitary shore
Save when some Indian shot his fragile skiff
Swift o'er the waters, as in summer heat
A darting swallow skims the level lake.
She called; and at her voice the silent mere
Quickened with life, and straight a thousand keels
Furrowed its bosom, and the shore till then
Desolate and drear echoed with hurrying crowds,
Who traced the long-drawn street, or eager formed
Vast granary, harbour, house, pier, wharf, or dock,
Till, scarce a generation passed, arose
Growing with ceaseless growth the wondrous walls
By thrice ten myriads peopled. With such speed
Neath pine-clad Ida rose the Dardan towers
Reared for a faithless king by fabled gods;
Or with such power of old the Tyrian queen
Mid Libyan deserts planned her capital,
Imperial Carthage, long the chosen seat
Of Commerce, whence her laden argosies
Tempted the perilous sea, or to the East,
Or through the Western Gates to unknown lands
That border Ocean, and returning brought
The treasured wealth of distant emperies.
So grew she fostered by the arts of peace,
Till lust of conquest armed victorious Rome
Against her ramparts and self-kindled fire
Consumed alike her glory and her shame.
But not for her from forth the funeral pyre

Sprang with fresh force a newer nobler life,
Those queenly halls, those merchant palaces
No lasting fortune reared afresh, but now
The voyager skirting Afric's coast may view
A wind-swept* cape, where wandering Bedouins
By mouldering aqueduct or ruined arch
Encamp and reck not of the storied Past.

But thee, Chicago, brighter destinies
Snatch from such dark oblivion, for thy walls
Swift reared, swift ruined, and as swift restored
Shall throb once more with pulsing energy,
Once more through every coursing artery
The eager life-stream freely circulate
Till new-born vigour glow with healthier life.
What tho' Calamity with sudden stroke
Hath smitten to thy centre? Tho' her rage
Arming its utmost force and leagued with fire
Hath half consumed thee? Still remains unscathed
The nobler half, the unconquerable will,
That shining brightest in the darkest hour
Wrests tenfold splendour from adversity.
For neither hostile hand, nor dark despair
Kindled thy flames to mock a foeman's toil
And balk a hated victor of his prey;
Nor didst thou fall amid the maddening strife
Of civil discord red with kindred blood,
As when, but late, by Seine's empurpled stream
A furious mob more furious from despair,
Fired with unpitying hands the imperial halls,
Where ancient pomp and pride of peerless power
Had held their state, and to their splendid court

* Lamartine, *Voyage en Orient*. "L'œil ne voit rien qu'un promontoire nu, s'élevant sur une mer déserte...quelques aqueducs en ruines...une ville barbare auprès, où ces noms mêmes (Scipion, Annibal, Caton d'Utique) sont inconnus." 19 juillet 1832.

Amassed the choicest ornaments of art.
Not such thy ruin; not 'mid war and woe,
When men against their fellows league with Death,
Came thy destruction; but the twilight grey,
Was slowly waning into silent night;
Hushed was the busy hum of toilsome men,
Hushed was the city's roar, and all was peace,
Such peace as well befits a Sabbath eve,
When men should think on Him, whose sacrifice
Left peace to be with all, rich legacy
O'erlooked too often mid life's fitful storms,
Yet often valued on the day of rest; ;
And most of all, when darkness gathering slow
His shadowy mantle o'er the landscape draws,
And solemn silence with its wondrous charm
Steals o'er the senses, till the spirit feels
That, somewhere, after turmoil there is peace.

So lay the city in the lap of eve,
But overhead the brightening stare appeared
And glassed their sparkles in the crystal lake,
While silence reigned supreme; as, when a storm
Impends, the winds are hushed, the murmuring woods
Forget their whispers, and the tuneful choir
Astonished cease to shrill the wonted song.
Then sudden peals the thunder, marshalling
The clouds to battle, then the levin-bolt
Fires all the empyrean, dealing death
To man and heast, the rain in deluge vast
Down-rushing floods the foaming torrent's bank.
And with such contrast on that slumbering scene
Burst hideous ruin's wild uproar, for, hark!
On sudden clangs the loud alarum bell
Startling the night: on sudden tongues of fire
Spring from the dusky roofs and lick the sky,
Then forward darting leap from house to house
Still by destruction stronger to destroy;

While from his prison with tempestuous rage
The South wind bursts, and howling wings his way
To fan the unpitying flames to fiercer wrath ;
They at his chiding thrice exasperate
Uprear their blazing crests, and onward sweep
With irresistible overwhelming force
Right to the city's core, a fiery sea
That roars and rages as it swirls along,
Engulphing with insatiable waves
Whole streets, whole districts : 'gainst the advancing tide
Of flame, that billows neath the maddening wind,
Can naught avail, but still with unchecked rage
Spreads far and wide the desolating flood
Through the long watches of that woeful night.
Meanwhile Confusion reigns, and banished Sleep
Resigns her empire 'mid the tumult wild
Of hurrying multitudes who choke the streets,
And haste they scarce know whither, well content
So but with life they 'scape the deadly foe
That leaves them homeless ; some more venturous
Essay to curb the fire's impetuous course ;
Some, missing from their side a well-known form,
With desperate courage face the flames, to save
By daring death the life more loved than life :
Here flees a mother clasping to her breast
The babe that in such cradle knows no fear,
There stalwart youth upstays the tottering limbs
Of feeble age, and with kind care repays
The care that reared it ; some in mad alarm
Confusion worse confound and tumult spread,
While still the woeful night wears towards day.
Day comes, and wears to noon, and noon to night,
Yet coming brings no change : night, noon, and day
Are all alike ; paled by that hideous glare
Day's torch owns conquest, lighted by those flames
Darkness is brighter than the brightest noon.

And still the fire rolls onward unrestrained,
Still with fierce uproar cataracts of flame
Spout from the molten furnace: overhead
The smoke cloud piled in mass voluminous
Hangs like a pall; beneath, the lake's broad breast
Reflects unwonted splendour, lurid lights
That dart and quiver on the dancing waves.
Such is the sight when after stormy day
Low o'er the Western waters sinks the sun;
Then from the gathered night of clouds at length
In tenfold majesty the fiery orb
Kindles the sky with flame's unnumbered hues,
That into hues unnumbered melt and change,
Crimson to scarlet, scarlet into gold,
Swifter than sight; then blazes all the West,
Then all is light, save where some denser cloud
Looms doubly dark from out his fringe of fire:
Beneath, the ocean from his glassy bed
Mirrors the sky, his waves in restless rest
And ceaseless change that ever seems the same
Gleam glorious crested each with phantom fire.

Yet as the second night drew towards dawn
And hope had all but perished, came at length
From the moist South the much desired rain
And stayed the flames: but when the morning broke,
Lo, all the populous heart of that great town
Was smouldering ashes, blackness everywhere
And universal ruin met the eye,
Where life had been and busy energy
And happy homes. Now reft of home and hope
Thousands can find no shelter but the sky,
No refuge but despair. Yet hope still lives;
For Charity, that binds all men in one,
From furthest shores nutstretching bounteous hands,
Gives generous aid. And how shall they despair
Who still have life? Still living still they wield

The power again to do what they have done.
For men not houses are a city's strength,
And men tho' all be lost have manhood still,
The deathless dauntless indestructible power
By which Chicago with fresh life shall rise
To nobler destinies than from no fall.

THE THANKSGIVING

IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

FOR THE RECOVERY OF

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

BY

DOUGLAS SAMUEL BOUTFLOWER,

OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE.

1873.

*ἄνδρες, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος ἀσφαλῶς θεοὶ
πολλῶ σάλῳ σείσαντες ὤρθωσαν πάλιν.*

SOPH. *Ant.* 163.

I.

HAIL, sovereign power, that, when Despair's black cloud
Cast o'er our lands the darksome gloom of night,
And with the drapery of her sable shroud
Veiled the fair beams of heaven's own glorious light,
With Thy right-hand of majesty and might
Didst hold the course of wingèd Destiny,
Bad'st Life with Death maintain the unequal fight,
And from Thine everlasting throne on high
Didst lend a favouring ear, and heard'st Thy people's cry :

II.

'Tis meet that they, for whom in time of woe
Thou didst suspend the firm decree of fate,
Unto Thy courts with thankful hearts should go,
With songs of joy should enter at Thy gate,
And Thy great acts with anthems celebrate
Within the precincts of this ancient pile;
Where highborn peer and men of low estate
Beneath one roof together rest awhile,
And raise the voice of praise through nave and choir and aisle.

III.

Time was, when reared upon this holy ground
A different pile to heaven's blue either rose,
With many a lovely chantry girded round,
Where England's chieftains found their last repose,
That quelled the violence of their country's foes,
The pride of Spain, the valour of the Gaul:
No figured brass their place of burial shews,
No carvèd effigies their might recall,
Who vanquished many a host, yet felt Death's sovereign thrall.

IV.

Yet though the ruthless shafts of flame laid waste
The sacred monuments of ancient time,
And the fair temple with these trophies graced
In ruins tottered from her height sublime;
Heaven's justest judgement on an age of crime:
Yet rose she swift more glorious than of old,
As when fair Phœbus in the morning's prime
Shines forth resplendent, and his orb of gold
Which starry night had veiled to mortals doth unfold.

V.

For though in ages, that have winged their flight
Into the cloudland of antiquity,
Rose hence to heaven far through day and night
The silver voice of holy melody,
Waking sweet echoes through dim arches nigh;
Yet from the mazes of that ancient fane
Ne'er rose, as now, up to the throne on high
From myriad voices the thanksgiving strain,
How by Heaven's high decree the snares of Hell were vain.

VI.

For scarce three moons above the vaulted sphere
Had held with day's bright Lord alternate sway,
Since baleful Death's grim shadow, hovering near,
Lay darkly brooding o'er his helpless prey;
Whose dread approach no art of man can stay,
When, girt with sable panoply of gloom,
He bids his darts speed on their rapid way,
Dread harbingers of that last hour of doom,
And valour, beauty, strength, lie mouldering in the tomb.

VII.

Then from the golden citadel above,
Through the illimitable realms of space,
Came the bright ministers of heavenly love,
And angel-legions camped around the place,
To shield the hope of England's royal race
From that dread power that fain would take his life:
And with the weapons of celestial grace,
Wherewith the armories of Heaven are rife,
Repelled the approaching foe, and won the hard-fought strife.

VIII.

And so before the throne Heaven's high King
These countless throngs in adoration bend ;
And thus to Him their heartfelt tribute bring,
Who bade His messengers of grace descend,
That royal form from danger to defend
In the dark hour of his extremity :
And thousand tongues in loud thanksgiving blend,
And own His power who, when no aid is nigh,
Hears from His bright abode, and grants His people's cry.

IX.

And firstly they that round the altar wait,
That guide the flock of Christ with fostering hand,
Have turned to praise the prayers they uttered late
And in meet order near that altar stand,
In one great conclave met from all the land,
In the white robe of purity arrayed :
The holy followers of that faithful band,
That with the sainted Austin erst essayed
To bring heaven's light to lands deep wrapped in darkness'
shade.

X.

Barons and knights of high descent are here,
Sprung from the loins of valiant men of old,
Who, over hill and valley, far and near
Throughout the land their rights ancestral hold,
O'er fruitful cornland and 'mid upland wold :
The proud inheritance of noble sires,
Who in fierce conflict and adventure bold,
Won foreign realms or quenched rebellious fires,
And earned a fair reward 'mid England's fertile shires.

XI.

And those, who, standing at the Nation's helm,
With watchful hand the mighty vessel guide,
And guard the sacred fortunes of the realm
In wintry storms and through the dangerous tide :
And many a warrior in the battle tried,
With heart as trusty as his tempered sword,
Forgets awhile war's pageantry and pride,
And humbly hews before that sovereign Lord,
Whose love that knows no bound His wondrous acts record.

XII.

They too that see the marvels of the deep,
Far o'er the pathless wilderness of foam,
And their long watch among the billows keep,
To guard the frontiers of their island home,
In one great crowd to this vast temple come :
And learning's noble votaries draw nigh
Beneath the shadow of this mighty dome :
That search the book of nature's mystery,
And read the wonders writ in earth and sea and sky.

XIII.

And countless hosts without this holy shrine
With loud acclaim their royal Mistress greet,
In varying semblance stand, an endless line,
And wake the echoes of each ancient street,
Whose mimic tones their changeful cries repeat :
And the fair sheen of heaven's blue firmament,
Where the bright sun doth hold his noontide seat,
With the loud cry of myriad tongues is rent ;
Such vast triumphal shout to those far heights is sent.

XIV.

But 'tis no warrior from the battle-fray,
His sword and harness stained with mortal gore,
That bids his people keep high holyday,
The victory won, the toil and conflict o'er:
In peaceful guise beneath that western door
Those royal heads with humble reverence bow,
With peaceful step they tread this sacred floor;
No crested helmet shields that princely brow,
Where the pale hue of death is lingering even now.

XV.

In solemn silence move the band along,
And the grey wardens of the holy pile
Direct their path amid the boundless throng,
Far spread through nave and transept, dome and aisle;
And in meet honour due to royal style
Place in high selle that sov'reign form supreme,
Their youthful lord, and her that came erewhile
Across the billowy depths of Ocean's stream,
Where Heaven's refulgent rays on Danish waters beam.

XVI.

Then all is hushed in universal calm,
No murmuring sounds the reign of silence break;
Till bursts aloud the voice of holy psalm,
And far and wide the ringing echoes make
These mighty walls from their foundation shake:
While all around from highest and from least
The joyful strains of glad thanksgiving wake,
Which erst in Milan's shrine God's holy priest
Raised at the second birth of one from sin released.

XVII.

And as these sounds of glad rejoicing swell
To Him that sits on heaven's eternal throne,
The white-robed choirs in varying accents tell
Of the high triumph His right hand hath won;
And pray that He, who such great deeds hath done,
And burst the adamantine chains of death,
Would guard for aye souls that are His own,
Since by His will all things He ordereth,
Till in His Sovereign hands they yield their latest breath.

XVIII.

And thus in changeful strain of praise and prayer
These mighty numbers humble service pay:
Yet ere they seek the realm of outer air,
Ere yet they raise on high the new-born lay,
Ne'er hymned beneath this roof before to-day,
They list to fair discourse and counsel sage,
From him that guides their Church with gentle sway,
That holds in trust the glorious heritage,
Passed down from sires of old to each succeeding age.

XIX.

And then this host, that since the dawn had passed
To this vast pile, from out that pile depart;
Each to the place where erst his lot was cast,
To crowded thoroughfare or busy mart,
Or where the craftsman plies his various art:
Ne'er to forget that great and wondrous scene,
When England's sons with willing tongue and heart
Rejoic'd awhile with England's noble Queen,
Since God's right hand had stayed the ills that might
have been.

XX.

Yet long as Time shall speed his ceaseless flight
To the far regions of Eternity;
Long as the golden orbs of day and night
Alternate hold the empire of the sky;
May the high standard of fair loyalty
Shed its fair glory over hill and vale,
While the dread hosts of baleful anarchy
Before those glittering folds in terror pale,
And dark rebellious bands beneath its radiance quail.

XXI.

Long may'st thou, noble Prince, in years to come
Rule Britain's realms from distant East to West,
And sway the sceptre of thy sea-girt home,
Fair England's blessing by fair England bless'd:
Let not misfortune's evil form molest
The sacred hearth of Albion's glorious king,
And may life's summer-tide of peace and rest
Sink into Autumn's golden mellowing,
Ere death's dark wintry cloud its shadow o'er thee fling.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM THURSTAN,

SCHOLAR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

1874.

“ Post tenebras lux.”

Motto of Nassau.

'Tis thine, O poet, 'mid the sons of art,
Man's soul to picture forth in living words:
And pleasant is thy quest to range at will
Our other world, the boundless world of thought,
Where lie the pure and true and beautiful
Beyond the ken of sight, and, seeking such,
To give by magic of life-breathing song
Their fleeting influence reality.

'Tis thine to reach those unknown isles of life,
Where each a solitary hermit roves,
To scan the hidden mind, where winged thoughts
Pent, flutter ever restless to and fro,
And search the soul—the varied tenement
Of man's immortal spirit—now, a shrine
Sacred, majestic, where from turmoil hushed
Still burns the vestal flame of high resolve,
Now but a stately hall well stored, and now
A scanty cot or ruin desolate.

And thus to paint the soul of man I seek,
No soul ideal, such as Shakspeare loved
To picture cunningly, but one that lived,
And, foremost fighting, fell for Liberty.

For long had Europe lain enthralled, as one
Who, crushed and blasted, when the blood of youth
Courses with lustier freedom, pining groans
In gloomy prison, till his shackled limbs
Forget their strength, and dimmed by darkness long
His eyes shrink back from light; so listlessly
Had Europe lain. But, lo, across the gloom
There stole, at length, a timid light, and stirred
Her sluggish spirit.

Wafted on the wings
Of generous Art and Commerce liberal
Soon spread the dawn across the Flemish lands,
And, there, men spurned their bondage first and fought,
Fought dauntlessly, on that great battle-field,
Where erst had ranged the knights of chivalry
And leagued Crusaders, and where after marched
The martyr bands to death victorious—
A weary strife and fierce. For mighty pow'rs
Were clashing, day with night and heaven with hell,
And strong was Tyranny.

Amidst that band,
Graced by the mellow dawn, conspicuous
A champion fought—Heav'n-sent to serve his age
And thereto fashioned—one of Earth's great sons,
Noble in thought and deed, of him I sing,
Great William, Prince of Orange, whom men called
The Silent—oh, with such a name, how blest
To live for ever on the lips of fame.

For he had learnt the silence of the wise,
That prates not wisdom to the ear of fools.
For fools and marplots are the common herd,
That fight unconscious of their struggle's end,
That grope in mist, nor know the spirit's spell,
Which leagues each age to work its destined lot;—
'Tis thus this restless evershifting world
Is shaped to the established will of God.

But high above the battle's din and dust
 Stands the philosopher, and sees beneath
 The field range wide, and whither tends the fight.
 So this great silent prince, in whom were linked
 The sage's wisdom and the warrior's strength,
 Gazed on the under working of his age,
 Saw priestcraft's minions and a despot's slaves
 By bondage cowed, yet chafing to be free;
 And, while they lingered, urged their wilder'd steps,
 Patient, unblenching, tho' the world opposed,—
 For God, he knew, was with him, Truth must win.

Thoughtful to all but self, O silent prince,
 Thy sacred trust thou didst not flaunt, but toil'dst
 In lowly grandeur, moving to their rest
 The murmuring multitude, by men maligned,
 But by Jehovah counselled, honoured, loved.

For well thou knew'st the fickle minds of men,
 Who, cowed and fouled by grovelling bondage, spurn
 The hand that blessing brings: for heav'n's pure sun
 Their purblind folly seeing not, still deems
 The shadow substance and the darkness light.

And so, while friends were mazed, while foes maligned
 Thy purpose pure, thou stood'st like some lone rock
 'Mid wrathful roaring surges, firm and calm,
 Thy purpose in thy secret bosom pent.

Wherefore men called thee Silent. Not as one
 With mind self-wrapt and taciturn, for oft
 In hours of social ease thy laugh and wit
 Made care forget its gloom, and oft thy words
 With burning eloquence swayed crowds enrapt:
 Nor silent thou as one of Spartan mood;
 Nor in fell cunning, as thine enemy,
 Who, throned a potentate o'er half the world,
 With fiendish firmness and masked devilry
 Bound soul and body to his tyrant will.
 Arch-hypocrite of virtue counterfeit,

Gilt outward show with foulest inner dross,
Mean in high pride, in piety debauched,
A sage unlettered and a varlet crowned.
His vice was praised, thy virtue curst, O prince,
In humblest beggary, yet princely still.

No soul ideal I sing: yet ne'er, methinks,
Could fancy picture grander traits than his,
For e'en truth-loving Clio, History's Muse,
Scarce tells of him one blot to blur his name.
Threefold his beauty, body, mind and soul
Were linked like sister Graces, fairest each;
And o'er the ranges of his inner life
There reigned a silent grandeur, such as holds
Some lonely mountain lake, whose stilly waves
Keep silent converse with the watching stars:
But when above the snow-peaks peers the moon
And sheds her pure light o'er the lovely scene,
Then beams its beauty yet more beautiful:
So lovelier still his silent grandeur grew,
When rose the hallowed light of love sublime,
And lit his life where darkness reigned before,
The while God's brooding Spirit moulded him
A glorious creature to perform His will.

For see the hero, first, a simple child,
Mid dreams by rapt romance and fancy fed,
Ripening to genius: on his mother's knee
Learning the pure truths of her noble heart.
And next in boyhood's budding hour a prince
And royal page at court, his mind discreet
Winning the Emperor's love, he tends his liege
The youthful prop of tottering age, and stores
Amid the whispering cabinets of state
Knowledge, that mode of power to mighty minds.
Anon the scene is changed, the gay court left,
His home the tented field; and, there, he wins
With young experience a veteran's fame.

See then, his warfare o'er, in manhood's spring,
 Gallant and gay, a loving bride he weds,
 And rules his principedom praised and loved of all.
 There—showering generous gold in feast and chase,
 The world's ambition his and years of ease—
 But little deemed he, how to destined toils
 God's hand had moulded him from childhood thus;
 Had stirred his careless heart, had shown to him
 The oppression of his country; till he heard
 Their groans wax louder, then, all silently,
 The purpose grew to work his blissful task,
 And change a gilded earth for glorious Heav'n.

As when the darkness mellows into light
 From grey to rosy red, from red to gold,
 Till down the scented Heaven the sunbeams flit,
 And Earth refreshed speeds sparkling on her course,
 So dawned his purpose, and so flushed the love
 That moved his deeds.

First burned his generous heart
 To quell the murderous pow'rs that crushed his land.
 The shout he raised, and roused the Beggar Counts,
 Impetuous Egmont, Hoorne, bluff Brederode,
 The Good Knight Louis and St. Aldegonde,
 To strive 'gainst Granvelle's wiles and Alva's sword
 A weary warfare.

Long it were to tell
 How fought they—Freedom's few 'gainst caitiff hosts—
 Or how the voiceless plaints found utterance,
 And roused to busier stir the hive of men,
 Which swarmed rich cities and sea-rescued plains:—
 Meet theme for poesy's great art divine
 To stir the slumbering soul. So sang of yore
 Mæonides; or so the minstrel hard
 Flung from his harp a lay thro' raftered halls,
 While Knight and henchman, o'er their wassail hushed,
 Felt their roused bosom throb for fight and fame.

Faithful to death he loved his fatherland,
 A love that widened slowly, till it merged
 For ever in the ocean of God's love.
 When, wealth and ease foregone, self-sacrificed
 He bound him by a vow to free man's soul,
 Man's free-born soul, from priest-led tyranny.

Then brightest heamed the beauty of his mind,
 So rich with truth, so free, so pure and calm.
 Alone, 'gainst mightiest generals arrayed,
 Unthanked, unaided, persecuted, mocked,
 Of friend and wealth bereft, unfaltering
 He bore the battle's brunt long weary years.
 His trust, his solace was in God alone.
 Mid murmurs, treachery, obloquy he fought,
 Defeated yet unvanquished: toiling on
 Until triumphant, and the states were free!
 Their pæan of joy was all the meed he sought,
 Not praise, nor power.

In humblest state he lived
 His country's Father, but too nobly kind.
 His trust bred treach'ry—'neath the traitor's blow,
 Still gasping, O my country, O my God,
 The mighty spirit fell,—yet e'en in death
 Triumphant still. For o'er his murdered corpse
 The cry went up, yet fiercer waxed the strife,
 Till priest and despot felt the reeling shock,
 And in that wail of woe their death-note heard.

For now the fiends of vice and error flee,
 And Freedom's hosts shout loud. The dawn, the while,
 Is flushing into day, and rescued earth
 Drinks in the bright fresh sweets of life restored.

'Tis ever thus, O heav'nly Liberty,
 Thy votary loves thee with impassioned love,
 Content, so but he feel thy spirit's thrill.
 His worth unknown, he toils—but when, all curst,
 All crushed by base ingratitude, he dies,

Oh, then, the cloak, that veiled his virtue, falls,
And stands he forth resplendent, while men shout
"A saint, a hero, let his name be praised!"

ICELAND.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM ROWNTREE.

EXHIBITIONER OF CLARE COLLEGE.

1875.

“ζωῆς τελείας χάριν καὶ αὐτάρκους.”

ISLE of the Northmen, land of frost and flame,
Fire-opal that for centuries untold
Has glistened on the forehead of old Earth,
Be thou my theme!

By rock or rivulet,
By tith or tarn, by mountain or by mead,
A land of marvels terribly serene
And weirdly beauteous in its icy pride,
Or when, as evening draws, the air is mute
But for the sougning wave that laps the beach;
The plover ceases piping to the hills;
The sea-gull travels home on silent wing,
While the pale gloaming tremulously soft
Steals o'er the dales and roses every peak;
Or, later, midnight with a far-off ray
Tricks the cerulean starry-dimpled vault
In bands of golden green; or where subreme
Amid the trackless windy wilderness

The wizard Winter rides upon the blast,
And with his crystal wand relentlessly
Spell-binds the floods and fleecy cataracts
And silky rills down-sliding to the brooks;
Or where some dew-dark vale kissed by the dawn,
Stream-sundered, flings a fragrance to the breeze.
But round the sea-lulled shore, like sentinels,
Wide-shading summits scan the garish day
Veiled in a peaceful hoariness of snow,
Save where, with sudden roar precipitate,
The mass impending quits the polished crag,
And rushes to the plain; or lurking fires
From earth's deep-throated caverns hissing forth
Shoot molten rocks athwart the darkened skies,
And scorch the flats beneath: the torrent streams
Rave on, and rivers cease. Fit scene in sooth
To mark the labours of the grimy god—
His northern labours—when from Ætna's isle
He goes, or hilly Lemnos, where he fell,
Hurled from Olympus, as the lava falls.

Such is the land. A thousand years ago,
What time the ruddy Viking swept the main,
And stemmed the rivers in his puny craft,
And sacked the shorelands with the ruthless sword,
And fired the waving corn—bold Naddodd's crew
Stressed by the storms of those inclement seas
Hailed it, an isle unknown, that in the lap
Lay of its parent Ocean, like a babe.
Then, too, the Fair-haired despot of the North,
Proud fierce and faithless, reared aloft his head
And made it sovereign. Whom the fiery chiefs,
Not brooking, spurned, an upstart, and colleague
Left their sweet homes, and busked them for the deep
To banishment self-doomed. A lordly train,
Kings of the earth and sons of kings were they,
The flower of all the Volsungs whose great deeds

Clashed through the Northland in the days of old
When every son was braver than his sire.
Their fathers never to the yoke of Rome
Bent an obsequious neck, nor ever owned
That wide-compelling power, a Cæsar's sway:
But when the times were young, a restless horde
From Shinar and from Babel's citadel
Pressing to West and North with toilsome steps
Thro' long-drawn ages and slow lapse of years
To Norroway they came, swooping thence
On the besotted empire of the earth
Prevailed against it. So doth hardihood
O'ercome luxurious ease and manners soft
And pride of all but virtue. Thus of yore
With a brave few whom mountain gales had fed
The Persian won a realm, that in due time,
Snared in the meshes of silk-folded sloth,
Yielded in turn to that world-conqueror,
The youth of Pella. Thus did Rome herself
Raze the fair Punic city. But of these
The vaunt was high-born ancestry, the pride
Of nobleness that stoops to nought of base;
Better be tillers of the soil that's free
Than princes and enslaved. There was an isle
Far-off, untrodden by the feet of men
Save theirs who found it, and it seemed to say,
"Come; here is pride and purity, and here
Is Nature sympathetic." So they sailed
Across the dark uncertain waves, and found
A land in harmony with all they felt
And thought and said, a likeness to the life,
Congenial spirits in the stately hills,
And pureness in the snows. Not otherwise
It seemed than if their homeland in the East
Had, sudden-plunging as they left the strand,
Kept pace beneath the billows, and emerged

On Thule's kindred shore. O loyal band,
O noble and magnanimous and true,
How fared ye, when for Liberty's dear sake,
Dearer than life, ye saw the long-loved seats
Fade on the dim horizon? Did no voice
Of her ye suffered for, no whispered word
Speak consolation from the years to come?
Did no sweet murmur prodigal of hope
Calm the tossed spirits of the banished brave?
And ye too, sons of England's younger self,
Say, shades of exiles, for ye can: arise,
Ye weary pilgrims to the setting sun,
And tell us all ye bore.

Thus circumstanced,
Hemmed in by all fair auspices, they grew,
Till every sturdy virtue, crushed before,
Sprang unimpeded to full utterance
And glassed itself in action. History
The great remembrancer of human deeds
Waxed, like a woven garment, with the years;
For deeds and struggles are as threads that weave
The tissues of our lives. And what are lives
But portions of historic woof? The throes
Of nations are the steps to future fame;
And acts are fair that are most nobly done,
Passing from age to age, and form a rule
Whereby to gauge the valour of the time.
Now too divinest poesy's bright star
Rose o'er the glancing ice-hills, and full soon
Song, peerless nymph, in all her maiden May,
Was wedded to the Sword. How should it be
Other than that amid such scenes as these,
Reared in wild Nature's innermost recess,
Fed upon such a lore in such a spot
They bore a keenly spiritual race
Bold, watchful, eager with the Athenian's wit

And courage like a Spartan? Various toil,
Labour uncast, in spirit-warping grooves
That sap the soul with dull monotony,
But diverse, whatsoever things are done
By man's immortal mind in mortal frame,
These saved them from a torpor worse than death,
The brainless apathy of low desires
And intellects obscured. So then first
With laws unwritten lived they, saving thus
As Conscience writes them in the brave man's heart,
Owning a simple faith, a creed expressed
In Nature first; but soon, as Nature waned,
Or seemed to wane, before imperial Thought,
New gods they made them of their own device,
Rulers of Nature, passions deified,
Self and the powers of self in many modes
With essences divine. 'Tis thus that men
Feel after God, if haply they may find,
And, failing, worship men. But ere the suns
Had run to twice a hundred cycles more,
A still small voice, that was not in the wind
Nor fire nor earthquake, whispered, and they saw
Truth in its utter loveliness, and life—
That strange mysterious riddle without God—
Gained a full meaning.

With such lives to-day
The shores are peopled, tho' the flinty sod
Scarce yields reluctant to the delver's toil;
Yet the stout fisher careless of his lot
Trolls the blue wave, or angles in the mere
To find a scanty meal; or slung perchance
Hair-girdled from some beetling precipice,
The cautious fowler plies his dizzy task
Spoiling the midway nest; or pale by night
The patient scholar pores upon his page,
Nor deems his fortune hard. 'Tis thus he thrives,

The toil-strung native of an icy sphere,
This scion of dead monarchs of the main,
Rich in the tenure of precarious life,
Wresting it day by day from the stern clutch
Of niggard Nature. But his country's tale
Lives in his thoughts. No swift oblivion his;
He revels in the lore of long ago;
His heart is in the legendary past
Pulsing in concert with the living dead,
That live because remembered. Iceland's name
Blood-blazoned stains no world-historic page:
Hers is a glory of contented minds,
Of pure and simple lives and loyal hearts.
But self-dependent force, that inborn pride,
Which takes men scatheless thro' this work-day world,
Such is the God-gift of her sons. To this
All things have yielded and shall yield again.
'Twas this that made them spurn a tyrant's rule
And seek a foreign strand. 'Twas this alone
That pushed them forward thro' laborious years,
And sanctified by the Heaven-light vouchsafed
Lent tenfold vigour to the life, and last,
Wreathed with millennial splendour, from a king.
Received a royal tribute—counsels free—
Freedom of laws—self-government—a state
Threading alone the ways of polity.

And sure the dawning of a fairer day
Hath ushered freedom to the free before
In all but name—smile not in bitter scorn,
Ye lands that shimmer in the sunnier South,
Nor curl the writhing lip with hard disdain;
True merit, steady purpose, boundless will
Reck not of Nature's scowl—a dawn whose light
Paler perchance than where the tropic sun
Pours from the zenith with no slanting ray,
Paler perchance than where with dart inclined

He strikes the furrows of the tempered zone,
Yet bright with promise to the hopeful mind
(And hopeful minds are mighty for great ends),
And balmy with the breath of noble things,
Shall grow, and shed a lustre on the world.

THE CENTENARY
OF THE DECLARATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY
ALFRED WILLIAM WINTERSLOW DALE,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1876.

"E tenebris oritur lux."

NOT over violet seas that rise and fall
With whispering winds beneath an eastern sky,
Lay the mysterious Island of the Blest,
Nor in the limits of a pent-up lake
Where timid seamen crept from isle to isle
Scattered like stars in heaven, as a child
Through the wide field wanders with doubting foot
By daisies led that ever beckon on ;
But with the western sun, 'fore shifting gales
Of hope and doubt, full many a weary soul
Set sail upon the deep, and shot between
The twin tall pillars,— that sheer precipice
From known to mystery—then into a sea
Where wave and sky were blent with wreaths of cloud,
Without a guide to lead, or star to cheer.

And there he wandered, ere the storm came on
And whelmed his bark, yet in his darkest hour
Found—not the shore he sought amidst the gloom,
But life's eternal secret clear at last,
Life's inmost mystery all made bright in death.
And ages passed, and races rose and fell,
And from their ashes other nations sprang,
Like flowers that draw life from the past year's grave.
Last a strong soul, after long days of strife,
Foiling the fears within, the foes without,
Set sail from Spain, and groping in the gloom
After the flying shore, the fable land,
Stood bravely on in face of sea and storm.
And, ere he won his goal, full many a pledge
Of triumph long delayed came drifting on
Far o'er the darkening blue, as land grew near,
Lurking amid a mass of cloudy sky,
Low lying in the far off western wave;
Then year by year swept on, and as they ran,
Great forests rose and crumbled, and the lives
Of men passed with them, while a mighty race
Was gathering slowly, as the atoms meet
That go to form the framework of a star,
And 'mid the crash of kingdoms and of thrones
Rising like coral reefs from thundering seas.
And British speech and British laws were theirs
And British princes. Faithfully they served
For many a year, and rendered every due
As it beseemed them, till an evil day
Came on the rulers, and possessed their souls
With foul injustice working cruel wrong.
Then flamed our fathers' spirit, and they dared
A struggle all uneven, till they broke
The tyrant's chain and won their human right,
Earning their freedom with free heart and soul.

And now a century has passed, and we

Honour the day with deep and holy joy,
And all keep festival. Far o'er the plain
The tide of gladness flows, and on the hills
That rise far inland, breaks an echoing foam.
And over breezy seas, that swell in chime
With the hoarse chant, the murmur wanders on
Till lost amid a wilderness of wave.
Here is a people's gladness; on this day
A truce to envy, strife and jealousy.
Perish the selfish soul that will but make
A life so little that might be so great;
That creeps into a corner of the world,
With the deep heaven outspread so wide above,
And hugs its petty joys, and walls its woes,
Its petty woes, all careless of its kind.
This is the nation's triumph, and the heart
Must leap for gladness, thinking o'er the past,
But oftentimes in the calmer hours of life,
When passion's heat is cooled, and souls are still,
We turn a wistful eye to our old home
And our old kindred: as a son who left
His father's side in fit of restlessness,
Amid his manhood's struggle oft looks back
To the old haunts, home of his boyhood's days,
To the old fields and those that are no more,
While a strange mist steals up and dims his eye.
And now the sounds of strife have died away
Drooping like waves on Mississippi's breast,
When every breeze is slumbering, and the stream
Mirrors a second shore with hill and tree,
Shelving in softened beauty, while the lark
Links her sweet treble to the deeper bass
Of the broad stream that marches toward its home,
Calm in its strength, as the dim sea grows clear.
Now strife is o'er, we would not shed abroad
The idle breed of boastful taunts, as keen

As Indian arrows, rankling where they fall,
 To slay our children, when our lips are still
 And cold in death. Far nobler is the soul
 That leaves its deeds in silence, to be told
 By others lips, crowned with another's praise.
 Let others speak the worth of those who dared
 And who endured so nobly; lives like theirs
 Yield not to death. The harp will murmur on
 E'en when the hand that swept the chords is still.

A hundred years are past, and still we stand,
 A child among the nations: but our brow
 Is furrowed deep with wrinkle and with scar,
 Time's handiwork; stern power who would not spare
 Youth fresh as ours, but plunged us deep in sin
 And whelmed us in dark sorrow, yet still left
 Youth's one sweet blessing ours, the light of Hope,
 Hope for the chances of the years to come.
 Darkling our fathers toiled; they might not know
 The outcome of their toil; they might not see
 The bounteous harvest of their soul's deep soil*.
 So were a star kindled far up in heaven,
 Year after year its ray would travel on
 Sweeping through senseless space, ere it might reach
 This world of ours and pour new glory forth
 Too late to light the age with which it rose.
 And strange their harvest was, more good than soul
 Had ever dreamed of, evil heavier far
 Than deep despair e'er presaged; hoding ill
 In darkest moments of a dreary day.
 And had they seen the future of the land
 On which they lavished strength and life and love,
 Would they have toiled on still? Would they have borne

* v. 107. Cf. *Æschy., Sep. c. Theb.* 594:

βαθείαν ἄλοκα διὰ φρενὸς καρπούμενος.

The sullen season and the wintry storm?
Dark was the path of those who grasped the helm
And steered the state to safety, when the blast
Shrilled through the sky with rain of blood and tears.
And there were two, foremost in worth, whose fame
Burns ever brightly: passing storms may dim,
Through for a moment only, then the gleam
Bursts forth, as moonbeams flash far down the night
When winds are rippling all the clouds in heaven.
Lincoln and Washington—great souls that rose
In darkest hours, the one to rear the state,
The other, when grim war, escaped from Hell,
Was brooding o'er the gloom, to save the land,
And break her foes, and strengthen faltering friends—
I would not mar with this my stammering tongue
Glory like yours, but pass to other themes
In silent reverence as o'er holy ground,
Laying but this poor floweret on your graves.

Not ours the glories of the empires old,
Of those old kingdoms, rich in legend fame
Which ages mellow, as when moonbeams fall
And glance round hoary keep, while battlement
And stern grey tower are soft with silvery light.
No old nobility to link these days
To the dim past we claim, yet can we boast
Hearts noble with a wealth of nature's dower,
Rich in the manly grace of gentleness;
We boast no sacred minsters, old and grey,
All clustered round by sacred memories
Of saints of bygone days, as ivy leaves
And mosses cling about the aging elm,
Richer and fairer with the passing year.
But prayer and praise as deep and true ascend
From city and from solitude to heaven,
From throng of worshippers, or where but one
Sad solitary soul looks up to God,

Deep in the forest 'neath the tall pine's shade,
Or rocked upon the wave of some grey stream
Far from the sorrows and the joys of men.

Ah me! I fear the voice were all untrue
That claimed us brightest of the sons of men
In Freedom, Love, and Faith, and Purity.
For in the music of our nation's life
Lurks many a jarring discord, strong to mar
The sweet perfection of the harmony.
The sins of bygone ages stain us not,
For evil changes with the changing years
Of every soul, and clothes itself anew
In other garb. We also have our part
In that dark cup of which the whole world drinks.
So while one soul is led by ignorance
And wanders in paths of shame that sink to crime,
The boast is vain. No liberty is theirs
Who, free in body, still are slaves in soul.

The years of man are threescore years and ten,
And they themselves are not the life, but lead,
As porch to palace, prelude unto chant
Majestic—or to glory, or to shame;
Glory that shines on earth like dawn's blue rays,
Shame low as far-off mutterings of the storm.
But centuries and ages span the life
Of nations great as ours: and here on earth
The punishment of ill, though slow of foot,
O'ertakes the guilty race, and golden seed
Ripens to golden harvest full and fair.
And so for this our land may ages fall
Dragged down in Time's deep gulf: may ages rise,
And we still rise with them, as rose the earth
With each succeeding cycle, fairer still
And nobler, in its steadfast upward course
Following the Finger that still guideth all.
And then some distant day shall hear the chime

Of angels ringing in the golden year,
The perfect freedom, and the spotless love;
And the old legends shall at last prove true,
And the past's failure be atoned for here;
And after years of suffering and of sin
Light break athwart the gloom, and swift winds rise
And sweep away the clouds that hide the heaven,
And angel swords flash busy through the world
In the last triumph over Death and Sin.

HEROISM IN
ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON,

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1877.

“Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.”

A GOODLY land, a fair land and a large,
Beyond the North wind, and the North wind's home,
Rich in a wealth of fruit and gold, a land
Of odorous airs, ambrosial warmth and light,
Where maidens weave the merry-footed dance,
Through shine and shadow, all the long day through,
Where storms approach not, neither mist nor cold,
And evil days come never—kept secure
From all the sin and sorrow of the world.
So fondly sang the Greek* in olden days,
With yearning fancy, when the cold North-East
Lashed his Aegean into wave and foam,
And chased the sunshine from his happy hills.

And so men fabled in the after years
Of far Cathay, what time the Spanish fleet

* Pindar, *Pyth.* x. 55—65.

Without co-rival swept the Southern main,
And led her stately-sailing argosies
In triumph to the treasures of the West.

And in those days, three hundred years ago,
A pilot* bold there came to Bristol town
From Venice on the waters, bringing word
And promise of a journey far to North,
'Whereby,' said he, 'a passage ye may win,
Safe from the thunder of the Spanish guns,
Through ice and snow, until ye reach a land
Where sunlight laughs on summer-breathing palms,
Where islands lie like emeralds in the deep,
And ye may find such plenteous store of gold,
Jewels and pearls, that in the years to come
Ye and your sons shall never want for wealth.'

So spake he; and they answered, 'We will go.'
And many an English heart† beat true and high,
Merchant and sailor, knight and cavalier,
To get them wealth and honour in the voyage.
And on a morn of May three gallant ships,
Gay-dight with streamers, dropt from Greenwich quay,
Leaving astern the ripple-twinkling Thames,
Astern the loud salute‡ of booming guns,
Astern the last farewell from waving hands
And weeping eyes, and sailed perhaps for ever
Far to the Northward o'er the misty sea.

Two ships fast-frozen lie off Lapland's coast,
Ice-tasselled stay and spar, and wild the wind

* Sebastian Cabot, 1548.

† The attempt of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor to reach Cathay by the North-East passage, May 1548. Chancellor returned, but Willoughby was caught in the ice off Lapland.

‡ Hakluyt III. 10. "The common people flockt together standing very thicke upon the shoare: the shippes thereupon discharge their ordnance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre."

Howls o'er the steppes beneath the winter sky.
And in the cabins crouch the crews, foredone
With toil and sickness, and their hearts are sad
Musing of other scenes beyond the wave.
'O it is Christmas night in England now!
Past twelve o'clock, and round the grange at home
The snow falls thick, and through the snow the bells
Come fitfully, and at the window stand
The gleemen singing how the Christ was born.
And in the oaken hall the yule-log fire
Winks upon holly-wreath and panelled wall,
And plays in laughing eyes and silver hair.
O it is Christmas night in England now!'
And one says bravely, 'Courage yet, my mates,
Summer will come, God knows, and we will sail
Homewards, and see again the land we love.'
But frost and blast grew fiercer, and the floes
Grided and gnashed, and summer never came.

And there death took them in the same lone seas
Under the same grim peaks which years before
Had seen the Norsemen, lion-hearted men,
Ohther and Wulfstan,* force their fearless keels
Into the wonder of the Arctic world.
With eyes how wildered, think you, these beheld
The midnight-sun's long shimmer on the snow,
The wild Aurora's ghostly pageantry
Across the sky—the dreamy-looming bergs,
Huge magic-built imperial bastions
With spires of crystal pinnacles of pearl?
I deem they thought of Glitner's walls of gold
And silver roof, and Alfheim's faery caves,
And dreamt that they had reached the spacious halls
Where Odin's heroes rest for evermore.

* Ohther and Wulfstan doubled the North Cape (890 A.D.) and are believed to have entered the White Sea. Cf. Alfred's *Orosius*.

O for a tongue to sing the valiant deeds
Of all who ventured first to ope the gates,
And search the desolate chambers of the North.
How good Sir Humphrey* having faced and fought
Death, toil, and peril, under polar skies,
Was storm-o'ertaken in the Southern seas,
And how, while waves brake wildly, and the gale
Shrieked in the halyards, o'er and o'er again
Men heard him calling till the ship went down—
"God is as near by sea, as God by land!"
Next how that other knight,† Sir Humphrey's peer,
The flower of chivalry and courtliness,
Thrice sailed the pathway to the North and found,
Or thought he found, the long-sought land of gold.
Last, how that murtherous gang of mutineers
Laid cruel hands upon their Captain brave,‡
And envy-maddened bound him hand and foot,
Cut him adrift, and cast him forth to die.
These would I sing—Their day is past and gone,
But still the rumours of their deathless deeds
Ring in our ears like trumpet-notes, and stir
Heart-thrills of wonder, rivalry and praise.

There is a charm, believe it, in our isle,
A virtue in the winds that sweep its hills,
An effluence from the waves that wash its shores,
Which makes the pulse that beats in British veins
Leap with an eager rush, a quick rebound,
At sight of danger or the thought of it:
Which makes men count their lives as nothing worth,
If so be they achieve some puissant feat,
Or have some peril never braved before.

* Sir Humphery Gilbert, wrecked off the Azores, 1583.

† Sir Martin Frobisher, deceived by the discovery of golden ore,
which "glittered with a bright marcasite of gold."

‡ Henry Hudson, 1611.

'Twas this that lured the sons of England* forth
In quest of that far channel which should knit
The traffick of the Old World and the New.
'Twas this that braced them through a thousand ills,
Despair and hunger, jeopardy and death.

O stalwart souls! how bravely they endured.
Away! away! o'er blinding leagues of snow,
In vain the ice-pack reared its ridgēd front:
In vain the cold blast whipped them as with thongs,
They recked not of the ice-pack or the blast,
But ever journeyed, journeyed ever on.
Then came a time when Nature failed, and they
Waxed faint and weary, stricken with disease.
'Let us return,' they cried, 'our strength is spent:
Sick are our hearts, and we are like to die:
Let us return. Alas! 'tis not for us
To read the riddle of the Arctic World.'

So they returned, and fruitless was their quest.
But there was one among that gallant crew
Whose dauntless spirit, schooled at Trafalgar,†
Quailed not at terror, flagged not in despair,
But ever longed to venture forth once more,
And pluck the secret from the frozen seas.

And in the spring, ere many years were fled,
When English lanes were glad with leaf and song,‡
He and his shipmates gat them Northward Ho!
By Greenland's barren rocks and snowy peaks
They held their way. A whaler southward bound
Hailed them: 'All well!' 'All well!' they cried, and past
Into the white recesses of the North.

* Franklin and Richardson, 1819: first overland expedition. See *Life of Sir John Richardson* by McIlraith.

† Sir John Franklin fought at Trafalgar, 1805.

‡ May, 1845. See esp. *Once a Year*, vol. i. p. 338, 'Last Voyage of Sir John Franklin': Capt. Sherard Osborne.

The second winter comes; the birds wing south;
Gross darkness reigns; a heavy soundless hush
Broods on the land unbroken save at times
By long low thunders of a rending berg.
'Neath frowning cliffs* I see them sheltered close,
Warm-housed, safe-harboured, waiting patiently
Till summer shall return with jocund beams,
And bursting flocs, and whirr of countless wings.
And then or e'er the first bright shafts of light
Shot from the orient, forth they fare again.
Bear up brave hearts! yet but a little while.
Only a few more weary miles, and then
The long-sought channel flashes on your gaze.
They cheer! they cheer! The feeding reindeer starts,
The ice-caves ring, the sea-mews rise with screams:
They have found it, they have found it, it is theirs!

Then came a change: their noble leader died,†
Franklin the Good. And winter time drew on.
And even as when a shepherd leads his flock
Along a strange hill-side, and leaves them there,
And mists come on, and darkness, and the sheep,
For that the place is strange, do bleat, and run
This way and that, and know not where to go,
So they in that dark hour were left alone.
I see them yet. They strive and struggle on,
God shield them! how the ice-fields heave and strain!
The gloom comes down—I see them now no more.
Two years have past; and English homes are waiting
For those who never shall return again.
And one‡ there is, she giveth all she hath,

* Beechy Island in North Devon.

† Franklin died June 11, 1847.

‡ Lady Franklin sent out the yacht *Fox* in 1847.

And sendeth forth with prayers and many tears
Vessels and men to seek her absent lord.

Their winter-home* the cairn upon the snow,
The written record of their captain's death,
And then the last act of the tragedy,
How as they walked they died.† We know it all.
Brave sailor-heroes following in their steps
Have wrung the mystery from the cruel North.
Why mourn their loss? Like one of ancient days,
They saw the promised land before they died.
What fitter rest-place than the North they loved?
What fairer winding-sheet than God's white snow?

And say men that the spirit of emprise
Is growing colder in these latter days?
Say they that hearts are faint and hands are weak?
What, has not word gone forth through all the lands
Of Arctic exploits wrought by Austria's‡ sons?
Has not a handful of our countrymen§
Ventured in sunless tracts where human feet
Have walked not since the making of the world?
And think you these are idle deeds and vain,
A barren outcome of foolhardiness?
I tell you nay: these men are our ensamples.
Knight-errants were they in a golden cause,
Victors they were in bloodless battlefields.
And we ourselves, who find the task so hard
To stamp a mark and meaning on our lives,

* McClintock discovered a cairn containing a written record by Lieut. Gore, at Point Victory, on the N.W. coast of King William's Land, about 80 miles from the open sea.

† A Greenland woman, who was the last to see them, said, 'As they walked they died.'

‡ An Austrian Expedition under Lieut. Weyprecht, 1872: see *Edinburgh Review*, Jan 1877.

§ The highest latitude ever attained was reached by Markham and Parr in a sledging party, 1876.

Look on them as on men who left the world
With all its pomp and selfishness and sin,
Who set their faces like a flint, and strove
Toward one purpose, ever clave to that,
And ceased not till they found the bourne they sought,
Or failing found a fairer bourne in death.

CANADA.

BY

ALFRED WILLIAM WINTERSLOW DALE,

TRINITY HALL.

1878.

παῖς ἐὼν ἄθυρε μεγάλη ἥρκα.

ΠΙΝΔΑΡ.

HAIL, sons of Britain scattered through the world
In every land! For where have ye not come,
And coming conquered, wheresoever day
Follows the darkness, and the sun the stars?
Amid the ruins of great empires fallen,
With temples standing though the gods be dead;
Among new nations struggling into birth,
With the first wonder still fresh in their eyes;
From the vast ice-plains of the barren Pole
To the rich palm-groves of Pacific seas;
From desolation to earth's loveliest lands
We wander, and we make them all our own,
And give our flag to float on every breeze,
And leave our graves in every shore and sea.

But now from echoes of a lingering strife,
From mountain-ranges wreathed in cannon-mist,
Wide plains left desolate, and spread o'er all,—
Like a fierce storm-cloud darkening sunny skies,—
The shadow of an awful agony,

Let us turn westward, till the voice of war
Dies in the booming surges of the deep.
To thee we come; to thee, the latest left
And loveliest of our daughters—Canada!
Now ours, and ours alone. The powers of France
That held thee once is vanished all away;
And the fierce strifes are over, and the claims
Of angry nations balanced in the beam
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.

Long months the tide of battle ebb'd and flow'd
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire,
The midnight silence broken by the crash
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.
Till the steep crags above the city walls
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,
And saw the watch-fires of the foe before,
Islanded in by death on either side.
But now upon the heights in loneliness
Stands a grey pillar, telling all the world:—
"That here died Wolfe victorious"—nothing more;
A hero's simple tribute; for the words
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,
And echo into ages far away.
And thus we won the land, and year by year
The nations grew together into one;
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;
And the sad memories of the bygone strife
Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.

Then all the tides from the wide Northern world
Set towards these happy shores: from every clime
Men flocked o'er seas to find themselves a home,
Rest after suffering, after peril peace.

They came from that drear isle where Fire and Frost
Swear lasting truce and band their powers in one
To make the land no home for men,—fierce flame
In heaven and underfoot the barren snow.
Some came from Muscovy, when stern decrees
Had made life there no life for nobler souls,
That would not set a mortal on Heaven's throne
Or bow in fetters at the feet of God.
Some came from Britain, when the world went ill
And drove them far o'er seas to seek a home
Where the past's sins and sorrows all should fade,
Where Fortune might prove kind, and cloud and storm
Sink from their sight into the silent sea.
And there are some that dwell alone amid
The woodland wilderness and earn their bread
In solitude, but when the night comes down
Look up to heaven and see the selfsame stars
They watched in childhood on another shore.
And sometimes when the wind is wailing shrill
Among the canopy of pines, their life
Ebbs back again, and they are lads once more,
Some Sabbath-day within the little kirk
Built of grey stone half hidden in the mist,
Father and mother and the childish crew
About them, while without the ocean spray
Blown from the sea patters upon the panes,
And mingles with the music of the psalm.
But year by year these memories fade away:
They have no children in the far-off land,
And home for them lies where their dearest are.
Here they have kith and kin and wife and child,
And graves of loved ones in Canadian soil.

And who but needs must love a land like this,
Where every passing hour hath its own charm,
And every season its own loveliness?
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow

Down floating from the sky in noiseless folds ;
In spring the waking music of the air,
And the world wavering through a mist of green ;
Then in the heat of summer the full leaves
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell ;
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.

Here as we mount and leave the coast below,
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,
Great waters hidden in the land and linked
Together in a sounding labyrinth,
One river-chain still running through them all.
From Northern ice-crag's spired and pinnacled,
With gable and gargoyle arch and oriel
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fane
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales,—
From that cold clime they stretch into the south
By plain and forest under kindlier skies.
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines
Marshalled together to a solid front
Against the fury of all winds that blow.
League after league the stately line goes on,
With now and then a hollow over head
Through which the light steals trembling, now and then
Some sound amid the solitude,—the crash
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird,—
Westwards and westwards ever till the day
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers :
Vast hazy reaches sloping far away
To western mountains where a thousand peaks
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,
Or sparkle silver splendours to the moon.

There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam
Of falling waters lightens night and day;
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,
Lying like lilies on the river-bed,
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.

There do they dwell and labour; there the axe
Wakes with the warbling lark, and cheerily rings
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall
And float into the stream to make their way
By lake and river to the distant sea.
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,
While the wide acres glow with golden grain
To feed the multitudes of other lands.
Thrice happy souls! To whom the passing years
Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill.
Far from the troublous tumult and the storm,
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace
Watch the long days go down into their grave,
And catch the dying whisper of the world.
Ofttimes we long amid this jarring life
And cruel conflict of our eager age
To pass from tumult into calm like yours,
And steep our souls in silence once again.
For the very air we breathe is rank and foul,
Thrice moulded into words of shame, and loud
With sobs of children trampled in the press
Of men that rush to clutch the glittering gold.
We toil in vain, and our vast wilderness
For all our labour thickens hour by hour;
And what we fell by day the night restores,
Stouter and stronger rising from its fall.

And all our seed is scattered on the wind
Idly to drift about the sandy sky.
Or if some scattered grains have reached the soil,
The harvest lingers long, and centuries
Are seasons: others reap what we have sown.
But we are in the struggle, and must stand
Steadfast, undaunted at our post and bear
The growing storm. Did we fall, half the world
Would make one ruin with us and one wreck.
We cannot pass unmissed, as some lone star
That in unbroken silence slips away,
Or solitary swimmer in the sea,
While the calm waves scarce ripple as he sinks.

But seek not fame like ours; and go not forth
To tread the world's rough path of power alone;
Still rest contented with a humbler lot.
Thy thunder may not labour on the winds,
Thine eagles may not wing across the sea;
But still thou shalt be blessed throughout the earth,
When mighty empires be despised and fallen.
Go, gather in the nations unto Thee;
Call in the poor from every clime and coast;
Give work to idle hands, and happiness
To hearts that sorrow, rest to weary souls.
Send peace among the nations for a sword.

And leave us not, remembering all the ties
That bind us both in one, and bridge the sea.
Leave us not yet; and if dark days should come
And the shrill trumpet wake the world again,
Stand at our side against the haughty foe;
And send thy sturdy woodsmen to the fray,
Beneath our flag to face the iron hail;
And link thy name with ours on hard-won fields;
One camp for both the armies, and one grave,
One blazon on the crimson roll of Fame.

THE
OBELISK OF THOTHMES.

BY
WILLIAM JOHN SPARROW-SIMPSON,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

1879.

“Trabes ex Syenite marmore fecere reges,
Obeliscos vocantes, Solis numini sacratos.”
Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi. cap. 8.

O FASHIONED in Syene's* quarries old
By toiling slaves, a multitude untold—
O graved by many a mournful captive-hand,
A proud memorial, at a king's command†—
Break forth in speech, unfold the sacred Past,
Reveal the roll of years behind thee cast.

The eloquent power of still solemnity
Gives out the tale of ages long gone by;

* Our monolith is hewn from the quarries of rose-coloured granite at Syene.

† Thothmes the Great. The intense regard in which obelisks were held by those who erected them may be learned from the following anecdote related of Rameses:—

“Ipse rex, cum subrecturus esset, verereturque ne machinae ponderi non sufficerent, quo majus periculum curae artificum denuntiaret, filium suum adalligavit cacumini, ut salus ejus apud molientes prodesset lapidi.” Plin. *Hist. Nat.* lib. xxxvi. cap. 9.

And ancient grandeur from the days of yore
 Can touch the heart as ne'er 'twas touched before :
 So, standing wonder-lost in lonely hour,
 The musing spirit thrill'd beneath its power,
 And borne on Fancy's pinions fleet and strong,
 I dreamed the stone had life, and this the song :—

“ O proud the morn when, reared in noble height,
 At On we stood before the God of Light* !
 When countless thousands, filled with wondering awe,
 Sang praise to him that bears the mystic Tau.†
 When Zoan's thronging priests in robed array
 Responsive joined the solemn festal lay.

Yet pause we not so grand a sight to tell ;
 On other, sadder, scenes let memory dwell.

In after time I saw before me stand
 A fettered captive‡ bought in distant land.
 I saw him raise to Heaven a tearful eye,
 I marked the prayer of voiceless agony—
 I gazed upon his look of lone despair—
 The world had said a base born soul was there.
 Yet who could watch that weary captive's face
 And dream that ill within his heart had place?
 Nay—like the day-star—forth from gloom he came,
 No dungeon-captive *now* in bonds of shame,
 But Egypt's lord, in kingly robes attired,
 Great Zaphnath-Paaneah §! God inspired !

* The sun.

† The symbol of eternal life:

‡ Gen. xxxvii:

§ זַפְנַת פַּאנֵאָה. The Rabbins interpreted Zaphnath-Paaneah
 as Hebrew, and as signifying “revealer of a secret.” Gen. xli. 45.

In osier cradle o'er the reedy Nile
A little helpless babe was borne a while ;
Yet pity found a dwelling near the throne,
A Princess loved and reared him as her own.
When he became a man, I saw him stand
With kingly mien to brave a king's command ;
And with his rod stretched o'er the sacred flood
Change Nile's reverèd waters into blood.

'Twas then I felt the deep infernal gloom
That shrouded all the land, a living tomb.
And oh! 'twas then in lone and midnight hour
The gods revealed their everlasting power ;
When thro' the realm arose a piercing cry
Borne on the night-blast toward the stormy sky.
Ah me! what fearful wailings upward sped,
For every house that night bemoaned its dead !
That night an awful Spirit rode the blast,
I marked His gloomy form the while He past :
Black wings spread out upon the deep'ning sky,
And trembling earth proclaimed a God was nigh !
Oh! who might view those searching eyes of flame,
Or who shall breathe that dreadful Spirit's name* ?
And who shall tell the dead when sadly shone
The gray light dawning when the night was gone ?
When glorious beams in golden radiance fell
To greet the marching hosts of Israel,
Exulting hopes still urged their joyful throng ;
Their praise JEHOVAH, and their GOD their song.
Yet, ere the fleeting numbers viewed the shore,
The priestly sistrum† gave the notes of war ;
And forth to battle Egypt's armies poured,
With crested helm, and car, and gleaming sword.

* Exod. xii. 29.

† Heber.

A martial host in proud and brave array
 To Baal-Zephon* sped their death-doomed way.
 On, ever on, was proud Menephtah's† cry;
 Yet vain his dream of bloodless victory;
 For morn gave place to noon, and noon to eve,
 And night began her sleepy shroud to weave,
 Yet Egypt's gallant host and mighty throng
 Came not on car victorious borne along.
 By the lone waves on Pi-hahiroth's shore‡
 In silence lie the hosts that come no more!
 They will not hear tho' maddening tempests rave,
 In surging fury o'er the foam-crowned wave,
 The sea, the cruel sea! behold their grave!
 Oh ye who wait, and weep, and weep in vain,
 Mourn, mourn for them, dishonoured, baffled, slain.
 Wail, wail, for youthful strength, for Egypt's flower,
 The kingdom's glory ruined in an hour.
 Oh woe for gifts and labours oft bestow'd
 On mighty Horus' once-revered abode.
 Where, glorious Sun-God, was thine aid, ah where?
 When, all fulfilled with cries of wild despair,
 In vain the whelming waters echoed prayer?
 It is too deep a woe—for who shall tell
 How on that awful day the mighty fell;
 How desolation held its mournful sway
 And gloomy night but closed in lonesome day;
 How far and near that terrible deed was sped,
 And carrion vultures feasted on the dead!"
 Such was the record. Fancy's folded wing
 Of swift decaying power forbade to sing,

* Exod. xiv. 9.

† Menephtah III. The Pharaoh of the Exodus, v. Wilson *on the Obelisk*, p. 90.

‡ Exod. xiv. 9.

The distant vision fading left alone
 In solemn state Ramessu's princeless stone.*
 The measured march of ages passing by
 O'er-tramples throne and armèd galaxy;
 No more is heard the mighty Sun-God's name,
 For Roman legions far eclipse his fame;
 And priestly On, consigned to dire decay,
 With crumbling walls hath slowly passed away.
 But still the ray-like† monuments remain
 To deck a vaster seat,‡ a prouder fane;
 Till, ruin brooding o'er the Cæsar's throne,
 The signs of power departed stood alone.
 And then advanced than age a deadlier foe—
 The devastating ocean's mighty flow;
 And deep-engulphed beneath the hungry wave
 Caesarium finds, unknown, a watery grave.§
 And thro' the thousand years that came and went,
 The stern relentless power, unquelled, unspent,
 Rolled forth its curling billows 'gainst the shore,
 And Thothmes' pride points toward the heavens no more:
 And whirling sands upborne on Libyan blast,||
 Lie deeply o'er the form that decked the past.

* Rameses and Thothmes have both recorded on the obelisk their achievements.

+ The form of these monuments probably had reference to the sun's rays, and so was an appropriate offering to the god. See *Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi.

‡ Alexandria: where the two obelisks (of which ours was one) were erected before the Caesarium.

§ Wh enMr. Dixon's staff were prepared to roll the iron-plated cylinder containing the obelisk into the sea, they found evidence of a granite hed, which not unlikely was part of the foundation of the ancient Caesarium. *Wilson*, p. 16.

|| "In 1849," says Mr. MacGregor, the celebrated Canoe-traveller, "this neglected gift was only half buried; but in 1869 it was so completely hidden that not even the owner of the workshop where it lies could point out to me the exact spot of its sandy grave."

Pause not on faded glory, bygone power;
 For Albion's realm proclaims a brighter hour:
 Her sons that o'er the trackless watery way
 Unnumbered years have held unquestioned sway—
 Her sons, whose pride and glory 'tis to own
 They live, they die, to guard the island throne:—
 Her sons, through changeful seas and stormy skies,
 Have well wrought out the venturous enterprise.
 Though dark as midnight o'er the gloom-clad sea*
 The lowering tempest rode unfetter'd, free!

Tho' scattered gleams of deathful lightning fell
 As fiery meteors down the depths of hell;
 Tho' rolling thunders rung a deafening peal
 To fright the hearts that were not robed in steel!†
 Yet on they came the restless waters o'er,
 And gained the snowy cliffs of Albion's shore.

Now Thames upon his goodly margent rears
 The grand yet simple form of other years.

As erst the Latian chieftains journeying home
 Sent choicest spoils to deck imperial Rome;
 As forms of art and sculpture, rich and rare,
 The wreck of fallen gods, were gathered there;
 So England's isle can boast a loyal son,‡
 Renowned by laurels not in battle won,

* The storm of October 14, in the Bay of Biscay.

† Cf. Illi rohur et aes triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus...

Horat. *Od.* lib. i. Carmen iii. v. 9.

‡ Erasmus Wilson.

Who on the field of peace hath borne his part,
Right nobly honoured in the healer's art,
A worthy son of Albion's ancient race,
Bestowing gifts his native land to grace.
Be this his guerdon—in the lists of fame
A grateful country hath enrolled his name;
And this the theme that future age shall tell—
He loved his nation, and he loved her well.

Pride of the realms that were, the buried dead,
To gaze on thee the tribes of earth are led,
And awestruck thousands thronging draw anear
To trace the kingly records graven here.

And yet to us, nor skilled in ancient lore,
Nor versed in tongues whose little reign is o'er,
To us alas! the mystic symbols stand
As graven in strange device by aimless hand.
Yet Wisdom forth from seeming chaos brings
The pompous pride of Zoan's mighty kings:
And these the records, this the boastful strain;
In bitterest satire these alone remain:—

“Ramessu*, Friend of Truth renowned in might,
Child of the everlasting Lord of Light,
Monarch of Egypt's realms whom none outshine,
All-radiant scion from the Sun divine;
The scourge of nations, he whose conquering band
Victorious treads the world from land to land,
Whose glorious power, and whose eternal name
The age-enduring rocks delight to claim—

* Rameses II. of the 19th dynasty, the heroic Sesostris of the Greek legends. S. Birch.

Ramessu—source of peace and endless days—
Records his noble deeds, his lasting praise.*"

Such was the Monarch's boast: yet where is he?
Where now the puissant sun-born dynasty?
They are not: fate hath strewn their pomp, their pride,
As his who braved the God supreme and died.†
They are not: giant forms remain alone,
Sad memories of power for ever flown.
Yet thou, Syene's offspring, thou shalt stand
Through countless years to grace our native land.

On mightier realms upreared than his of old
Who crown'd thy heaven-aspiring height with gold.‡
Not Pharaoh's reign, not Cæsar's brilliant hour,
Outshine the lustrous beams of England's power;
No grander throne thy matchless form hath seen,
No nobler name than England's peerless Queen.
And hence the theme ascends, our voice we raise
To give thee welcome, Child of ancient days.
To thee, not doomed again the world to roam,
The cross-crowned city grants a lasting home.§
To thee henceforth belongs unending rest
Where troublous waters shall no more molest;
Where husy sounds of daily life shall range

* I have endeavoured to give this paraphrase as nearly as might be from the translation by Demetrius Mosconas:—"He is Horus...friend of truth...who governeth Egypt, and chastiseth foreign countries...Son of the Sun, Ramessu, whose name eternal the puissant of Assyria have graven on their rocks, the victorious, the King of Kings who like the sun giveth life for ever."

† Pharaoh of the Exodus.

‡ Cf. "The Kingly Horus...he erected two very great obelisks, capped with gold." Burton's *Excerpta Hieroglyphica*. Wilson, p. 76.

§ The Cross surmounting the Dome of S. Paul's Cathedral.

Unknown to Pharaoh's sons, to Zoan strange;
Where mystic beams shall light the watery way,
And night itself give place to seeming day.
There—firmly throned where rolling deep and wide
The far-famed river pours his constant tide—
Shalt thou remain to awe the passing throng,
Unscathed by age, while ages pass along.

[“These are some of the interesting associations which will crowd into the mind when we look upward at this colossal monolith, and of which it was once the silent spectator.

Ancient Egypt, Egyptian enlightenment and refinement, scenes and acts of Bible History, are as it were realised by the presence of this stately object of art in the midst of our ancient, although, compared with itself, very modern, city.”—ERASMUS WILSON, p. vi.]

RIENZI.

BY

HENRY FRANCIS WILSON.

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1880.

"Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava iubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida."

HOR. *Od.* III. 3.

*Avignon, A.D. 1351. A tower fronting the palace of Innocent VI.
Rienzi alone.*

THE lamp dies low ; but yonder climbing moon
Risen like a pure soul from those slanderers
The envious clouds, o'erturns her crystal vase
And floods the floor with silver. Years ago
On such a night as this, methinks, I stood
Gazing upon my brother, where he lay
So young, so innocent, and so foully slain,
And from the wound a coward thrust had dealt
Drank vengeance. From that hour my destiny
Shone clear before me, as in cloudless skies
A single star. That blood had cried aloud
Upon me from the red earth, night and day,
That death-shriek clamouring ever to be dumb
Had haunted all my dreams, those upturned eyes
With the blank eloquence had stared me mad
Had I been slow to strike, or swift to spare !

Yea, and from out the place of death arose
 A dismal chorus, making dark the air
 With tales of violent wrong: I heard the sobs
 Of sorrowful maidens stolen from their kin
 To feed a tyrant's lust, the wail of babes
 Orphaned by murder, and the deep-drawn curse
 Of frantic sires; and ever louder yet
 Grew the sad pæan* prevailing, till at length
 It fashioned forth itself in burning words:
 "Rienzi, Rome's avenger, 'tis thine hour!"

Through long years, as beneath the trellised vines
 Lives the abysmal fire, within my breast
 The purpose smouldered. To the eye of Rome
 I was a sallow student, drowned i' the dust
 Of antique volumes, or a crazy wit
 Whose wild mirth lit the sombre banquet-hall
 With its weird flickerings: so half-loved, half-mocked,
 Like some strange woodland creature tamed to tricks
 That in a sudden wrath may turn and bite,
 I bode my time.

As in the youngest days
 Ere the waves swept away a sinful world,
 The sick sun looked upon a weary waste
 Of festering crime. The land—my Italy—
 Groaned with her load of evil, while the feuds
 Of chief with chief, of house with haughty house,
 Flamed fiercely till the reeking streets ran blood.
 Fools! saying in their heart "There is no God,"
 Fortressed with fraud, and girt about with guile
 They worked their will, and knew no shame, nor heard
 The note of doom that sounded in their ears
 Relentless.

* *αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στυγνῶ.* Eur. *Tro.* 126.

I was young and eloquent ;
And 'twas a time to stir the soulless ; words
Leapt straight from heart to lip, one wist not how,
Aflame with fury: I—the nothing—I
Born of the bastard and the washing-wench,
The sickly scholar, sepulchred in books,
The quibbling fool, fantastical and strange,
Became a prophet fulminating death
To all oppressors. The dull gaping mob
Swept from their shallow cares, and, half in fear,
To the mid-ocean's undiscovered depth
Borne on the headlong surges of my speech,
Found tongue, and clamoured for their rights withheld
By rascal robbers. 'Twas a glorious hour :
Rome, that had sunk to very nothingness,
Upreared herself once more in royal state,
And all her Romans rose, and cried as one
"We will be free!" They would have made me King,
Dictator, Consul, Cæsar, an I would,
But such proud titles ever pleased me not ;
I chose instead the hard-won, hallowed style
Of 'People's Tribune.'

(*A clock strikes.*) Hark! What is the hour?
The solemn bell goes slow upon the night:
Can I forget what time the Capitol
Rang with its hoarse alarum, yet—O shame!—
The eager summons met with no response
Save frowning silence? Cravens were ye all,
Despite your early promise, recking more
Of meats and drinks, of pitiful merchandise
Than liberty and life! I gave you these,
Great gifts and worthy greater gratitude:
I trode down tyranny, lifting from the mire
The soiled and shattered frsgments of the State
To build her bulwarks lordlier than before.
I swept the seas of pirates, and the roads

Of cut-throat bandits: olive-branch in hand
 For sign of office, through the country-side
 My white-stolen envoys walked inviolate
 Bearing glad gospel: 'neath my charmèd rule
 Peace burgeoned bravely into buds and flowers
 A magic growth, and all the land was blest
 With the sweet sunshine of security.

Scarce could a dog die, scarce a sparrow fall
 But I was ware: to high and low alike
 My court stood ever open, fair and free
 As Solomon's of old; and distant kings
 Sent flattering embassy to Rienzi's halls
 And sought his just arbitrement—O those days!
 Faded as fade the purples of the sky
 Ere clouds can claim their kingship!

I was mad,

Men say, with power, as one intoxicate
 By draughts of new Falernian: hoped too much,
 And feared too little. Let mean minds deride
 Such madness! 'Twas the madness of the seer
 When all his being o'ermastered by the god
 Breaks out for very fervour of desire
 In nympholeptic utterance: or of those
 On whom the fire came down at Pentecost
 In mystic semblance, filling full their hearts
 With a new rapture. I was chosen of Heaven,
 For its high purpose destined and designed
 As though upon my head the holy oil
 Had shed its sacred influence. Even now
 Shut in this solitary tower, of nights
 The silence stirs about me, and the void
 Is thick with unseen presences, and I hear
 Afar the tramp of steeds and armèd men,
 And war-horns blowing for battle, while a voice
 Thrills through the dark into my inmost soul
 "Be of good cheer, thou servant of the Lord!"

* * * *

Then came the days of exile, and I fled
To the wild dwelling of the Eremites
Who cling, through storm and sunshine, to the crags
Of lone Maiella; they, good simple souls,
Marking my troubled eye and haggard mien,
Suffered me silently to dream my dream
And fashion my resolve. As a lorn eagle
Moved with a mighty yearning for her young
Sullenly meditates a sudden swoop
Of lightning vengeance, so among the rocks
I sate and brooded.

But my purpose veered,
And in a palmer's garb for weary miles
I wandered Northwards, like the saints of old
Fasting and footsore, sheltering for my life
In dens and caves, till at the last I came
To Prague. The Emperor gave me audience;
And I rehearsed my deeds and my deserts
And craved his succour, as a prince should pray
One of his kin*. He put me off with words,
And weeks grew months, and months were drawn to years,
He dallying, and I chafing. Who could brook
The flatteries and the follies of a court
That owed him no allegiance? Flashed a thought:
The Pope was generous—I had been his friend—
Perchance he might remember—I would seek
Avignon. There—alas for human hopes—
I found a dungeon!

(*Some rats creep out.*) Ha, my bed-fellows
And merry messmates, the moustachioed rats
(Like dainty Austrian coxcombs) peer and peep
And play i' the moonshine! What, afeared, good friend?
I would not harm thee by a single hair.

* Rienzi was illegitimately connected with the Imperial family.

How now? here's one is bolder,—eyes me o'er
And knows me not ungentle. White-faced rogue,
He rules the roast among them, leads them on
To bold adventures. Comrade, have a care!
The bravest spirits are the soonest trapped;
And, once their leader lost, the fearful herd
Will scamper scared, and leave thee to thy fate,
Aye, and forget thee, and thy greater heart
May break unheeded! Thus it has been with me.
I gave you all the love this great heart held,
My countrymen, my Romans: for your sakes
I laboured long with fasting and with prayer:
I would have given a thousand lives thrice told
To do you service; and ye left me, ye
The champions of freedom, at my need!
O, it was bitter! Yet I love you still
For ye are Romans, and the name ye bear
—So limitless the love I have toward Rome—
Is music to me, burying in sweet sound
Even the memory of your faith forsworn:
And oft-time, when the leaden-footed hours
Lag by me, laden with a dull despair,
And life seems but a stretch of salt and sand,
It rings out royally like a trumpet-blast,
And I grow brave once more. For this I know
Not yet complete my life-work, nor my star
Set: I have deeds to do, or ere I die
Whose fame shall ring through Christendom, and rouse
True hearts to equal daring. Prisoned here
I pierce the veil that shrouds the after years
And read their riddle. Yea, the day shall dawn
When yon proud barons, like foul carrion-birds
Startled from battenning on a field of blood
By one who scans the slain to find a friend,
Shall bear Rienzi's footfall, and thereat
Tremble and flee. Ah 'twere a goodly thing

To be avenged, but goodlier to behold
The lovely reign of peace on earth renewed,
The folded flocks, the sunny slopes of vines,
The crowded market-place, the busy wharf,
The valleys thick with corn, the violet sea
Winged with white sails like summer butterflies
That floats in dreamy slumber. Such a scene
Unfolds before me, and, the picture's crown,
I see my Rome appavelled as a queen,
Sitting sublime upon her seven hills!

The lamp is dead: yet on the sacred page
As though an angel's wing had brushed it, sleeps
A silver moonbeam: we have light from heaven
If earthly glimmerings fail.—A sign! a sign!
For where the midmost shaft strikes, blazoned bright
A promise stands: "*Thou shalt behold and see
The reward of the ungodly.*"—I am content.

TEMPLE BAR.

BY

ARTHUR REED ROPES.

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1881.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

Who shall give back the Past? Lo, as we strive
Faintly, amid a crowd of newer cares,
To keep its thought a little while alive,
Time, with strong hand that slackens not nor spares,
Has broken down our monuments of old,
And they are taken from us unawares.
Grey walls, the shrines of memories manifold,
The haunts of ancient holiness or song,
Great gates through which the tide of war has rolled—
All perish, for the strokes of years are strong,
And in their place for ever grow and spread
Dark dwellings of the new ignoble throng.
We raise no mightier buildings in their stead
That we destroy, or Time; we do but mar,
When we would save, the works of great men dead.
Yet while we mourn lost art in lands afar,
Shall we forget from its familiar place
The narrow sombre arch of Temple Bar?

Though void of Northern fancy, Grecian grace,
Its dark bulk lowered upon a London street;
And as a bridge, above the rushing race
Of yellow turbid torrent waters fleet,
Checks the fierce flow, and strongly stands astride
The narrowed foam with firmly planted feet.
So stood the Bar, and so from either side,
All day, the sound of moving wheels and men
Roared under it in one unceasing tide—
A gate at heart of London; not as when
From the burnt city, hardly yet defined,
* It rose in strength, fresh from the hand of Wren,
Nor yet as when a sculptor's thought designed
Its royal statues, that two hundred years
Have utterly worn featureless and blind.
How many unknown human hopes and fears
Its arch has shadowed in the days of yore!
Forgotten, with their laughter and their tears,
Even as the grass, and as the flower it bore,
Smitten and blasted by the wind of death,
The place thereof remembers them no more.
† Hardly an echo lingers of the breath
Of trumpets sounding their triumphal strain
For royal welcome to Elizabeth,
After the ruin of the ships of Spain;
No rustling whisper of blown banners stirs
From pageants that have halted here again
In later years and other reigns than her's;

* Temple Bar was built in 1670, only four years after the Fire, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The four statues representing Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Charles II. were from the hand of Bushell.

† Elizabeth passed through the *old* Temple Bar when going to return thanks at St. Paul's for the destruction of the Armada.

When heralds blew a summons at the gate
Closed as for siege, till the town's officers
Bore proudly forth the City sword in state,
Yielding a way by the free courtesy
Of those whose power could make the monarch wait,
The merchant princes of our polity;
The crownless kings of the world's capital,
Greater than Babylon or Nineveh,
Still mightier as the empires rise and fall—
Too vast to know its vastness, as it grows
Securely, with no girth of guarding wall.
Ah, we have pageants still, but not as those
That spoke of power, and were not sights alone,
Meaningless mummeries of civic shows,
But the bright signs of joy that would atone
For many weary days of common toil,
The gladness of a nation greatly shewn,
When the close throngs were no mere sombre foil
To back the tinsel glitter of a few,
But took the treasures of delight for spoil.
And this was merry England, ere the blue
Was blotted out with smoke above the earth.
What day shall make our nation glad anew?
What year regenerate with brighter birth?
The people still go sorrowful away,
For they have great possessions, lacking mirth.
Yet not of mirth alone, nor the array
Of royal state and all festivities,
Those dark mute mouths might have the power to say;
For sterner memories mix and blend with these,
While plots and cruel vengeance of the law,
And relics of the ghastly gallows-trees.
We might not see, but our forefathers saw
The blackening heads of traitors moulder high
Above the crowd, that felt not any awe,
Nor sickened at the sight, nor had a sigh

For those poor faces buffeted with hail
 Or scorched with fire of the un pitying sky.
 So in the lapse of years, the winter gale
 Thinned the grim ranks of the unflinching dead,
 And none came after to fulfil the tale
 And bear the tireless tempest in their stead,
 Till sun and wind had done their work at last,
 And all the band had fallen, head by head.
 Their names are now but names, their plotting past.
 * The first was his that sought a Stuart's life;
 Then when the nation's anger rose and cast
 The Stuart from our borders, in the strife
 And war of parties, other heads were set
 Aloft, dissevered by the hangman's knife;
 Heads whose grim brows seemed heavy with a threat
 Against the new possessors of the throne,
 A hope to work their ruin even yet.
 The callous crowd beheld without a groan,
 Save when some secret friend might breathe a prayer
 For vengeance, "when the King enjoys his own."
 Nay, careless passers-by would stop to stare,
 As on a seemly show of pleasant things,
 At those dry lips that cursed the murky air.
 Forget their crimes, conspirators and kings,
 The shades that make the dark arch gloomier;
 † Hear rather how its hollow passage rings
 With speech and laugh of famous men that were,
 The kindly surly giant, dear to all,

* Sir William Armstrong, Master of the Horse to Charles II., was implicated in the Rye House Plot, and was executed and quartered 1684.

† 'I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poet's Corner, I said to him,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

Dr. Johnson in Boswell's Life, c. xxvii.

And gentle Goldsmith; hear their words that stir
A genial mirth of echoes musical,
That might have almost grimly moved to smile
Those ghastly faces mouldering to their fall.
They pass, and others pass in endless file,
Millions on millions, perished without name,
Beneath the arches of the sombre pile;
And who shall tell hereafter whence they came,
And whither went, and by what ways withdrawn,
Countless as dewdrops in the morn aflame,
That shine a little while on field and lawn,
Till the sun draws them to himself again
In the unfathomed amber depths of dawn?
No records of such lives on earth remain,
No memories hang about the ancient Bar;
Only the sound as of a funeral strain,
* When he, who won us fame in lands afar,
Before whose steadfast might the Man of Fate
Reeled to his fall, and darkness veiled his star—
Passed to his rest in martial pomp of state,
And the dark Bar with sable pall was hung,
In sorrow for the dead, so truly great.
For not unwept he died, nor yet unsung;
But who shall sing the deeds of thousands more,
At whose high names the halls of fame have rung?
These too have passed the gloomy gate of yore,
None pass again; the bridge once strong to stand
Is fallen and lost, that spanned from side to side
The ceaseless current of the roaring Strand.
So one more record of the Past is gone,
And none would save it, none would raise a hand.
With wider stream the tide of wheels flows on,

* The Bar was hung with black for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

No longer narrowed by the archway old
Blazoned with memories of names that shone.
* Once only did the banners bright with gold
Hang round a semblance of the vanished stone,
Once more beneath the arch a pageant rolled,
Again were shoutings raised and blossoms thrown
In gladness for the end of war and fear;
The dead Bar seemed arisen, once alone.
No more let any ghost thereof appear;
Let the dull throng that care not for the Past
Forget its very being year by year;
Let feet and wheels hurry and whirl more fast:
Why should we seek to raise a monument
For that old darkened gateway fallen at last?
If men remember not the way they went,
Remember not dead days and bygone deeds,
So that their crowded streets be no more pent,
Let them forget; it is the Past that pleads
That its old glories be not now defaced
By our new monument, that no eye heeds
Save for its bulky shapelessness misplaced,
Unhallowed by the softening band of Time,
A hapless record of our civic taste.
Nay, let no newer janglings spoil the chime
Rung in the temple of our history,
Far bells that soften the harsh notes of crime,
And ring a blessing on the years to be,
A greeting for the cycles that begin,
Whose end not we, but some will surely see;
When the dark bars of ignorance and sin
Are broken, and the gates of glory lie
Wide open for the King to enter in.

* When Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbry returned after the signing of the Peace of Berlin, a temporary imitation of Temple Bar (then mostly removed) was put up.

See, as the ancient barriers fall and die,
The stately house of Law arises fair,
An emblem of the greater victory.
No gloomy gate shall frown and darken there,
Cramping the way of men; no ghastly head
Shall moulder slowly in the poisoned air;
But Freedom, mightier than the mighty dead,
And Justice, weighing with her equal hand
All doubtful deeds and all things thought and said,
Together in the highest place shall stand,
Sisters and queens, upon their ancient seat,
England, their best beloved and fairest land.
So shines the vision that we long to greet
In living truth, and know, and make it ours;
So may we dream, when in the dawn the street
Lies cold and still with sombre roofs and towers,
And the far East is lightened through the mist,
Quickened and lightened by the summer hours;
And ere the cross of gold aloft be kissed
By the first sunbeams, and the white cloud-flakes
Kindled to amber or to amethyst—
Faint, like the Past, above the city shakes
The fading silver of the latest star,
Then vanishes, and lo, the morning breaks
Above the empty place of Temple Bar.

PETER THE HERMIT.

BY

CLAUDE FAURE FIELD,

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

1882.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set :
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generation on.

SHELLEY.

I.

By art majestic the great Florentine*
Raised me with him the harp-led song to hear,
Sung in the martyrs' and crusaders' sphere,
Which Christ's five wounds with light incarnadine.

* Dante, Paradiso xiv. Beatrice and Dante are translated into the fifth heaven, which is that of Mars; and here behold the souls of those, who had died fighting for the true faith ranged in the sign of a cross, athwart which the spirits move to the sound of a melodious hymn. The spirit of Cacciaguida, our poet's ancestor, glides to the foot of the cross...Cacciaguida predicts to our Poet his exile and the calamities he had to suffer.

CART.

Comforted in his prospective sorrows by the love and bliss shining on him through the eyes of his Beloved, the future exile from among his fellow-citizens of Florence applied himself to learn from his progenitor some renowned names from among his fellow-citizens of Paradise; each name as it resounded being claimed by the owner's flashing in his place in one or other arm of the Cross.

MARIA ROSETTI, *A Shadow of Dante.*

Here visibly flashing soul by soul gave sign
 Of actual presence, as the flame-clad seer
 Told forth their names. Last, on the transc̄d ear
 Fell words from one who held a cup of wine,
 Which far and wide soft ruby splendours flung,
 Blent with the beams round His cross-pillowed head,
 Who there by seraphim surrounded hung:—
 “Peter the Eremite I am,” it said;
 “I bear the cup of gall which Christ out-wrung,
 And filled for men with œnomel instead.”

II.

The voice continued tremulous and low:
 “Mine the beatitude, for mine the shame,
 When, from the world’s, Christ’s soldier I became,
 And felt the breath of scorn against me blow.
 Bitter it is the world’s lusts to forego—
 Love’s subtle sweetness and ambition’s flame,
 But, bitterest of all, to choose men’s blame
 Above men’s praise,—this, poet thou shalt know,
 Ere through life’s wilderness thou shalt return
 Safe to eternal paradise of rest—
 This bitterest was mine: a mouldering urn
 Held all that once was wife; at love’s behest
 Ambition’s flame sank choked, no more to burn;
 And then my soul was empty, unpossesst.

III.

“Gaze on the sky when sunset storms are gone.
 Gaze long, gaze deep—’tis blankness everywhere;
 Until at last one faint sweet star shall dare
 To glimmer through the dusk with lustre wan;
 But lo! it brightens,—and now a second has shone;
 And now a third their tranquil bliss to share
 Comes forth engraven on the heavens bare;
 And soon the sky is lit by many a one.

Thus was it with my soul—first fiercely riven
By passion's flash, remorse's thunder-throes;
Till by a mighty wind the storm was driven
From off it, and the star of faith arose,
And that of hope, to shine with whom was given
The orb which risen once, no setting knows.

IV.

“I was alone till victory was mine:
And then I mused: ‘The stars within thy soul
Kindled by God, should not their courses roll
Idle, unheeded, but should strongly shine,
And beacon those for lack of light who pine,
And guide the storm-tossed to their heaven goal,’
Then, searched by suffering, purified, made whole,
I ministered and taught at many a shrine;
Till in a vision came my special hest:
I saw a woman sorrowful, alone,
In rasping sackcloth was her beauty drest,
And round her feet were jewelled fragments strown,
Of what had been a crown; close to her breast
She clasped a casket gemmed with richest stone.

V.

“And lo! an evil form, distort and fell,
Bent over her, and strove to wrench apart
Her tender arms that sheltered at her heart
The sacred treasure which she loved so well.
At last he seemed her fevered strength to quell,
To wrest the casket from her, to depart
Exultant,—but a swift fierce-hissing dart
Smote to the dust that swarthy son of hell,
And in his blood were dyed his victim's feet.
‘Be thou that dart,’ a small voice whispered me:

'Go forth, and travel no short path, nor sweet;
Go where the Spirit leadeth; thou shalt free
The city of God, her foe thou shalt defeat.
Arise, go forth! Have I not chosen thee?'

VI.

"So, then, to still the soul's depths inly shaken,
I journeyed to Jerusalem, and there
I saw the serpent issued from his lair
And coiled around the prey his guile had taken.
The bird of paradise had sunk forsaken;
The gemmed wing fluttered in the loathly snare;
The while that reptile's eyes with cruel glare
Compelled the sleep from which she should not waken.
Type of my weak-winged soul by sin ensnared,
Till at the cross's sign, sin far had flown!
With this thought in me, should I not have shared
The hapless victim's anguish mutely shown?
With this thought in me, should I not have dared
To aid a woe which was so like mine own?"

VII.

"This thought wrought in me, till my soul grew strong.
The hermit's weeds Elijah's garb became.
Who sets his face as flint against the shame,
To him the Spirit's cloven tongues belong.
That I might save my soul's true home from wrong
My lips were hallowed by the altar's flame.
I dreamed the cross should dim the crescent's fame
Another Moses lead an arméd throng—
Under God's guidance, to the sacred strand:
Before, the pillar of fire cruciform,
Behind, by day the screening cloud should stand.
And thus I passed and sang from land to land,
A living beacon, through each wilder storm
To clearer brightness by the Spirit fann'd.

VIII.

"I rode a mule, in sackcloth rough bedight;
 I raised the image on the holy rood;
 In great cathedrals thronged the multitude;
 Through blazoned panes the sun and moon shed light,
 The while there preached the coarse-clad cenobite.
 As men who feel an unseen Presence brood,
 Forgetting meat and drink entranced they stood;
 And hoped, yet feared to see some wondrous sight.
 Strangely upon mine own ear fell my cry:
 'Take up the cross, and earth's allurements spurn;
 Behold the signs! the end is drawing nigh.
 Soon shall the heavens unrolling reldy burn!
 Soon shall flame out upon the midnight sky
 The sign of the Son of Man with splendour stern!'

IX.

Clermont in Auvergne.

"What heart is his, whom upturned faces meet,
 Changed with his changing words, that, fast or slow,
 Smite hard like hail, or soft as falling snow,
 Sink deep into each heart with suasion sweet?
 Such heart was mine that day, when at my feet
 Thousands on thousands thronged, that they might know
 The Will Divine against the hellish foe,
 Who brought defilement on the holy seat.
 At last long pent-up thoughts fit form could take,
 An unseen Presence prompting every word.
 That day the thoughts of many hearts I spake,
 And those who heard not were as those who heard.
 That day the cause I lived for was at stake;
 And thus to speech my heart was deeply stirred:—

X.

"Shall it be nothing that the Nazarene
 Wrote His soul's tragedy in burning gold

On that dark scroll,—His life,—the more unrolled,
The darker,—till was writ the closing scene
In blood on blackness? Shall the silver sheen
Of the casket which that sacred scroll doth hold,
Be foully soiled by impious hands and bold
Striving to wrest it from the discrowned queen,
Whose hands cling fast, the treasure loved to shield
From that hot grasp which tarnishes and taints?
Even now her fevered strength is forced to yield;
Even now, for anguish sick, she sinks and faints;
Arise and help! unless your hearts be steeled
Against her sacred tears, her helpless plaints.

XI.

“Unearthly voices haunt each holy place
Where luminous foot-prints mark the heaving ground;
Of God’s great prophets still is left the trace;
And still breath of Christ sheds balm around.
Lo! where once thrilled the silver trumpet’s sound,
Summoning to jubilee the chosen race,
The cries of jackals startle empty space,
And spectral shapes the wanderer’s eyes confound.
Serpents and birds of night possess each wall
Decayed by time. Out of the windows peer
The brood of foxes. Where the bitterns call
Amid grey ruins stood the temple, dear
To God. From weed-fringed fragments, great and small,
Seems to distil the bitter brackish tear.

XII.

“Far other are your homes in pleasant France,
Where sinks still night, arises peaceful morn,
With holy vesper-bell, and jocund horn;
Not o’er red-running streets, red-footed dance.

News of the pilgrim's toil your joys enhance,
 To stately hall and humble hamlet borne
 Ye would be now where he is, 'though sore-worn,
 Arrived,' ye say? Lo! there by wanton lance
 Struck down, he hears his slayer's parting jest!
 It is for this, to all that life had dear
 He bade farewell, and earthly hopes repressed,
 And earthly fears,—to edge a Moslem sneer
 Slain at the goal? Shall all his patient quest
 Cost none of you a sigh, a passing tear?

XIII.

"I stood alone on Olivet, while fell
 The twilight down o'er lost Jerusalem:
 Already heaven glowed with many a gem;
 But from below ascended curse and yell!
 'City no more of Peace, but City of Hell!
 Thy prophets' burning words thou didst contemn,
 Thy Holy One to tears thou didst compel,
 But now thy tears of blood outnumber them:'
 That was the Master's voice!—with boding filled,
 I turned and heard: 'Go, ask men, is it nought
 That here the Son of Man His wonders wrought,
 That here for men their Victim's blood was spilled?
 By men then let the City of God be bought
 Back, though with blood!—Go, tell them what is willed!"

XIV.

"I raised the cross—the multitude fell prone,
 With bended forehead and beseeching knee;
 Thousands on thousands, far as eye could see
 Through all, in all, one spirit breathed alone.
 'O, Christians with the Cross your lot be thrown!
 'God willeth it!' I cried out suddenly;
 'God willeth it!' resounded back to me:

'God willeth it!' rose up to God's white throne,
And on far hills the echoes died away.
'Who on the Lord's side is, arise!' Each one
Arose, each youth and knight and warrior grey:
And when on each proud breast the red cross shone,
And red-cross banners caught the sunset ray,
The preacher knew at last his work was done."

THE
ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL.

1883.

(None adjudged.)

SAVONAROLA.

BY
GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON,
KING'S COLLEGE.

1884.

"Vitam impendere vero."

I.

HARD task to sing of heroes in such dearth
Of deeds heroic, hard to praise the dead,
Who loved and laboured truly, while the earth
Mourns sons degenerate; yet we fain would tread
Their arduous road, our lesser hearts have bled
For their great sufferings, even us some ray
Of heavenly light may kindle; therefore led
By such fond hope we linger by the way,
Seeking in barren song gleams of a brighter day.

II.

Great brother, who shall sing thine elegy?
Not ye, fair nymphs of Hellas, who did mourn
Young Adonais, o'er the murmurous sea
Speeding from weedy caverns, all forlorn;
Or leaving fragrant bowers, overgrown
With blushing creepers, where the honeyed bee
Hums drowsy music, and the rosy dawn
Is rich with spices, and sweet melody
Floats on the perfume-laden air incessantly.

III.

Not ye, young shepherds, who with oaten reed
Scattering fairy music o'er the plains
Of sunny Sicily, were wont to lead
Your flocks to pasture, where the mellow strains
Of woodland deities breathed low refrains
To list'ning breezes, and some golden gleam,
Some transient glory, seen beneath the lanes
Of trembling moonbeams, shadowy as a dream,
Told of the gods that haunted hill and wood and stream.

IV.

Not these, which were and are not, visions bright
Whose passing leaves the sad earth dosolate,
Not these, nor yet the all-pervading might
Of nature, call I here to mourn thy fate.
Ye crimson glories flung from the eastern gate
When day is breaking; ye cold starry eyes
Of silent midnight, ye but mock the weight
Of man's infirmity, nor heed his sighs,
His weary wanderings, his prayerful agonies.

V.

Breezes that scatter winter's sleep, and move
The frost-bound earth to gladness, wakening
In every creature dreams of life and love,
Birds of bright plumage, gathering on the wing,
Sun-smitten torrents making echoes ring
Far o'er the vaporous mountains, in your pride
What should ye reckon of sorrow? sing, aye sing,
In careless joyance! what though one hath cried
In mortal anguish, what though one more man hath died?

VI.

Brother must weep for brother, man for man
Sheds tears of rev'rent sorrow ; hither come,
Ye who have scorned the spirit-quelling ban
Of evil custom, burst the iron tomb
That binds us earthward, reached the larger room,
The clearer vision, where man meets with God
In silence, knowing his appointed home :—
Come hither, ye who tread where he bath trod,
And mourn the fairest flower of your bright brotherhood.

VII.

And ye who, kindled by the sacred fire
That falls from heaven, have touched a nation's heart,
And strong in noble love and noble ire
By stedfast virtue striven to impart
A living truth, and fallen ; come apart
And mourn a brother ; scatter on his bier
Your wreaths of cypress ; ye have braved the dart
Of scorn, as he did, quelled the thrill of fear
As he did, your's it is his monument to rear.

VIII.

Ye, who have trusted, and have lived to doubt,
To doubt yourselves, the cause for which ye fought,
The power which sent you, haunted by a rout
Of demon fancies, wandering distraught
Without a voice to guide you ; who have wrought
Great works, and seen them shattered, and have passed
Unblessed, unhonoured ; mourn for one who taught
God's truth, and God-forsaken at the last
Was slain at Mammon's shrine, a royal holocaust.

IX.

We weep that thou art fallen, child of truth,
God's well-loved prophet, nursed in hate of wrong,
In scorn of falsehood, through thy sorrowing youth,
When thou didst wander, charmed by the song
Of wind-swept rushes, sweetly borne along
The stream of languid breezes, and didst weep
For sin and suffering till thy passion, strong
As fire in stubble, drove thee forth to sweep
The lyre of prophecy, and hurst a nation's sleep.

X.

Thou spakest, and there came a solemn pause
In the long strife which rends the groaning earth,
And wealth no longer tore with hungry claws
The poor and helpless; those who scorned the worth
Of simple virtue, bound in iron dearth
Men's thirsty souls, and sat and mocked their Lord
Dressed in high office, nursing their foul birth
Of greed and lust,—they trembled when they heard
The message of their God, the thunders of His word.

XI.

To thee, for one brief season, it was given
To break the bondage of accustomed sin,
By thy strong voice the thunder-cloud was riven
That curtains earth from heaven, till within
That fair-built city all the murd'rous din
Of faction's strife grew silent, and the might
Of tyranny was shattered, and the reign
Of God established, while before men's sight
Thou movedst, minister and champion of right:

XII.

Fair then was Florence, when glad hymns of praise
Rang to the gate of heaven from white-robed choirs
Of children pacing joyous through the ways
That gleamed resplendent, girt by flaming pyres
Heaped up of the old loved idols; when, like lyres
Touched by some fair young deity, their souls
Made heavenly music, born of pure desires
And highest hopes, blent with the strain that rolls
Harmonious through creation, echoing to the poles.

XIII.

But all too brief thy triumph, all too soon
Thy heavenly kingdom perished, all in vain
Thou climbedst to the splendour of thy noon
To sink in night eternal; ah, the pain,
The sin, the loss we never may regain!
They took and slew thee, they that thou didst love,
They took and slew thee, e'en as He was slain,
Thy well-loved Master, and no angel strove
Against them, and no bolt fell from the heaven above.

XIV.

Searched with the torture, racked in every bone,
Twisted and bent and bloodless, thou didst stand
In the broad, staring, pitiless day, alone,
With wild white faces far on either hand
Upturned to curse thee; they did set the brand
Of infamy upon thee, thinking so
To shame a proven man; and all the land
Smiled in the white hot sunshine, and a glow
Fell on thy pallid brow, in mockery of thy woe.

XV.

And so they slew thee; yet methinks e'en there
Thou wert triumphant; Oh! 'tis better far
To fail in high endeavour, than to wear
Life through in mean successes; better war
Than peace ignoble, better some fair star
Of highest heaven should lead us, than the gleam
Of fickle fen-lights; though the goal be far,
What matter, so 'tis worthy; though the dream
Be unfulfilled, it still has power to redeem.

XVI.

We will not shame a royal soul with tears,
Wrongly we chid with nature; let the spring
Breathe fresh and joyous, fraught through all the years
With fuller meaning; let the echoes ring
O'er hill and valley, while sweet whispering
In wind-swept forests bears the happy strain
On to the sunlit ocean; we will bring
Tribute of joy, not sorrow, all the pain
Of loss eclipsed for ever in the greater gain.

XVII.

Shrined in our hearts, thou livest evermore
With all who followed to the bitter end
The faith that blessed them, and the love they bore;
Pagan, or Saint, what matter, so they lend
Humanity new lustre: low we bend
To poet, preacher, prophet, all that dare
To trust the unseen future, never penn'd
By grosser senses, laying heaven bare,
Searching the Universe, and finding God is there.

XVIII.

They stand as beacons on the shore of Time,
As marble columns in a ruined hall,
They sound through all the ages as a chime
Of distant bells, borne on the rise and fall
Of midnight breezes; those who hear their call
Walk wrapt in music, those who see their light
Press through the gloom unshrinking; no black wall
Curtains them from us, still before our sight
They live and love, and loving make the sad earth bright.

XIX.

And they and thou have taught us how that man
Is born for good, not evil; thou hast shown
A city ruled by God, thou in the van
Didst fight and conquer; we but sit and moan
The power of evil. O, from thy bright throne
Beyond the heavens bending, breathe on us
A portion of thy spirit! we are grown
Feeble and doubting; raise our feebleness,
Scatter our doubts, we cannot, cannot labour thus.

XX.

For still the poor are crying, and there come
No words of fire to bless them; evil still
Is mighty, faith so barren, and the tomb
Stares at us ghastly, and the sum of ill
Prevaileth. O, we need new breath to fill
Our languid sails, and bear us o'er the sea,
We need the power to quicken and to kill,
We need the gift divine of prophecy,
We need a hope, a faith, a truth, a certainty!

XXI.

Yet even so 'tis well; for could we rest
With all our work accomplished, and behold
The end we yearn for, yet we were not blest.
For as the harmonious tide of life is rolled
On through its ordered changes, 'twill unfold
Even a greater future; earth were drear
With no bright goal to strive for, Earth were cold
With no new love to quicken, no new fear
To conquer, no new shrine of holiness to rear.

XXII.

So trust we, so will labour, striving aye
To keep before us, in our toilsome life,
That which will raise us; though the gleam of day
Be dim, for us 'tis certain, and our strife
Shall be towards it; though the world be rife
With evil, hope we ever; and the dead
Shall come and bless us in the hour of grief;
By their sweet words our spirits shall be fed,
And their fair stars shall guide us watching overhead.

VASCO DI GAMA.

BY
JAMES HOPE MOULTON

SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE.

1885.

*πάγκαρπον ἐπὶ χθόνα καὶ διὰ πόντου βέβακεν
ἐργμάτων ἀκτὶς καλῶν ἄσβεστος αἰεὶ.*

PINDAR.

I.

STRANDED upon the rock-bound shores of Time
Lie thick the wrecks of greatness. Poets sing
The wealth they brought us,—thoughts and words sublime,
Or power's imperial secret; let the wing
Of song now hover o'er the offering
Won by forgotten splendour for mankind:—
A little folk, yet theirs it was to bring
A world to mightier Europe, then to find
Their life work done, their glory fleeting as the wind.

II.

There on a tongue of barren rock and sand
From whence the Old World gave the lingering Day
Her last farewell, as to the western land
Envied he sank, the ocean's mocking spray
Greeted a strange recluse, who far away
From human dwelling faced the untrodden sea,
And wrung its mystery from it, till the ray
Of hope and patience bade the shadow flee,
And oped the path of empire to futurity.

III.

A Prince he was, whose sire men loved to praise
The "King of Happy Memory:" in his veins
Flowed strong the blood of England's warrior race,
And oft the minstrel's rapt inspiring strains
Told of his prowess on the Afric plains
'Gainst Paynim foe; but dearer spoils he sought,
Unwarlike, from the Unknown, whose dark domains
Sent home his fleets with Mind's rich trophies fraught,
Like some weird planet tracked by the keen eye of thought.

IV.

So, glory-crowned, his spirit passed the portal
Whence heroes into higher triumphs rise;
But still his genius with a power immortal
Throbbled in the ever-wakening energies
Of fearless hearts. First Dias to the prize
Pressed hard, and soon should grasp it, but the morrow
That brought Good Hope frowned darkly on his eyes
Who left his fame for other names to borrow,
Half-won, and perished off the rock of storm and sorrow.

V.

The victim fell, and the wild wave content
Greeted the native of a happier star.
Chance-chosen to the mighty quest, he bent
His course round the fierce Cape, that ceased its war
And smiled in summer noontide from afar
Beneath its beetling brow; so on the shore
Of India stept the Western, and the bar
Of the corse-glutted sea forbade no more
The foreign voyager to spell its secret lore.

VI.

The grand old rite had vanished, but in truth
Such triumph as proud Rome had never seen
Waited the conqueror. Murder's bloody tooth
Hungered in vain o'er field and forest green
Made prize by peace: no hero's eye serene
Glazed in the prison for loving home too well;
No godlike vestiture of snowy sheen
And Tuscan crown required the whispered knell,
The temple stair, the victor's pride of heart to quell.

VII.

Nor earthly shrine was that wherein he trod,
When with the spoils of half a world he rose
And laid them lowly at the throne of God.
No bound of space or time the vast pomp knows
As he who spread Mind's empire o'er her foes
Comes in his right to found her city-wall
On broader base and broadening, till she grows
Fit queen to wear her new-won coronal.
Train men for freedom, and bestow it at their call.

VIII.

So when Night's car down the steep pole is coursing
Steal the fair Harits o'er the eastern sky,
The Dawn's fore-runners, through the dank shades forcing
Their dim grey paths that brighten till on high
From heaven's brow springs Morning. Wearily
Had crept the midnight's horror-haunted dream
Since Rome's fierce sunset, and a ringing cry
Burst from the sleepers as the herald beam
Scared their grim spectre foes to fly its deadly gleam.

IX.

And startled Europe heard the gladsome song
From the lark's watchtower hail the darkness past,
And waking rose in newborn vigour strong
For newborn duties. Lionlike at last
From her galled limbs the crushing chains she cast:
Thought sprang up free, and Song with quickening breath
Blossomed Edenic o'er the dreary waste;
And God's keen sword flashed sudden from its sheath,
And shore the mask of Falsehood 'neath the brows of Death.

X.

The mighty earthquake now was hushed, the flame
Whose fierce light beat on Truth's tempestuous birth
Sunk to its unblest ashes, when there came
A still small voice, behind the din of earth
Unheard for ages:—"Ye the Titan girth
Of the round world have compassed, do ye reign
As light o'er darkness, plenty over dearth,
And where the fiend-lit brand of sin and pain
Burnt deepest, do ye plant God's Paradise again."

XI.

Ay me! once more the call of Duty sounded
To dull and selfish hearts that would not hear:
Foul clogging mists the rising day surrounded,
The gloom was felt, but fled not. Greed and fear
Closed lips that held the words of heavenly cheer,
And on their guilty steps there pressed the storm,
The plague, the curse; Nature when they drew near
Shrank from their scorching breath, and droppings warm
Of captives' tears bedewed their victim's stiffened form.

XII.

Thus down Time's stream years with their freight accursed
Into the ocean of eternity
Passed to their doom, and Truth's strong radiance burst
Resistless forth, and bade the slave be free:
Hell's blackest fiend turned his seared back to flee
Down to the flames of torment whence he sprang,
And the hushed waters of the outraged sea
Bore the old message that the angels sang,
Till with the voice of peace Earth's gladdened echoes rang.

XIII.

And tropic valleys heard them, where the sun
Blazed in a sky of everlasting blue,
And the rich earth with plenty overrun
Brought no unlovely offering to the view
Of her Creator: man alone untrue
Marred the sweet concord of the grateful choir,
Living like beasts that nought above them knew,
Or trampling mind's found treasure in the mire,
To serve a Lie with human tears and gory fire.

XIV.

Thither brave souls, sped by no earthly love
To hazard life and all in life most sweet,
Sailed with their load of blessing from above,
And shook the grim World-ruler's chariot-seat
With heralding the Stronger. To his feet
He sprang, and shuddered, while the demon swine
That worked his will, themselves its emblems meet,
Plunged to the abyss, and reason's light 'gan shine
From man's wild eyes, bent grateful on a Form Divine.

XV.

So now the Star of Morning prints her kiss
Upon the lip of ocean, and the smile
Of heaven shines mirrored as a dream of bliss,
Rippling from shores of an Elysian isle
To lands where all was tempest Yet awhile
The Day doth tarry, but the wilderness
Is glad and blossoms: sin and shame and guile
Shrink from the dawn, and weary mortals bless
The radiant promise of the everlasting peace.

XVI.

In such bright hope we linger, 'recking naught
Whate'er the croaking birds of night may tell
Of terror, gloom and death: our eyes have sought
And known the star of morn, and we can quell
Unfaith's foreboding. Toll the passing bell
Of sin and suffering: pictured in the skies
Beams that supernal glory whence we fell,
And Wisdom in a lovelier Paradise
Ingrafted with Life-yields harvest that shall bring no sighs.

XVII.

Heroic Spirit! while our keen steps are pressing
Into the glories of that Promised Land,
Still let us stay, and hear thy voice of blessing
Borne us adown Time's breezes. Lo thy hand
From the dread Pisgah peak where thou dost stand
We see stretched forth against the hoary sky;
The world's dark secrets yield to thy command,
And thine own form before thy startled eye
Looms on the cloudy curtain of futurity.

XVIII.

For still thy mind is with us : still there sail
Brave hearts and fearless into seas unknown ;
Still into quests that bid the stoutest quail
Rush gallant souls, and to the unchallenged throne
Of Mystery press all-conquering and alone,
Till with their oil upon her sacred brow
Knowledge reign thence triumphant o'er her own,
A realm of joy: so man's fierce foes shall bow,
And the Hereafter glad our waiting spirits now.

XIX.

Thus hero, we have sung thee, we whose breath
Has never quickened on the mountain side,
Whose steps the dank dead mists of earth enwreath,
And the drear levels of our journey hide
From hearts that still aspire unsatisfied
To outsoar the throng, and in their quarrel brave
Perils that mortal venture ne'er has tried,
So to live shrined in human hearts, and save
Some meed of honour from the all-devouring grave.

XX.

Meanwhile fair Hope shall soothe us : though unreal
The enchantress' vision, yet the welcome light
Can guide and strengthen, and our soul's ideal
Shall change, but lose no glory, as the sight
Of riper knowledge penetrates the night,
And learns in God's own lustre to invest
Earth's lowly labours. Duty smiles most bright
In meanest guise, and they who love her best
Win, toilers high or low, one crown, one joy, one rest.

XXI.

So o'er the bosom of the unknown ocean
Youth spreads her sails before the springing wind,
Instinct with something of a heavenly motion
To seek the glory she has left behind,
And to a world of wandering men and blind
To bring the light of the supernal Day :
What though the dark clouds threaten ? there hath shined
On the wild waves a Star, whose kindly ray
Shall break the gloom and guide her onward in her way.

XXII.

Alas! and many in those black depths have ended
Their reckless course, from the wished haven far,
By the hoarse requiem of the storm attended,
While angels wept their ruin. But the war
Saw the sea stilled, and where the victors are
Flame yet the radiant trophies that they won
From their unstoried voyage, and the Star
Lit their path brightening till their toil was done,
Then rent the clouds and reigned, the One, the eternal Sun.

BRUGES.

BY
ALBERT ROMER MACKLIN,
SCHOLAR OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE.

1886.

“Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From Creation to decay.”

I.

Time, like a cancer that no power can heal,
Mars the fair works of man with foul decay,
And feeds on ruin. Mighty cities feel
The insatiate disease they cannot stay
Steal o'er their hearts of stone, and fall away;
But Bruges is still the Flemish town of yore,
Save that her walls are of a darker gray,
And now grass grows, where grass grew not before,
And silence is where once was traffic's deafening roar.

II.

Her soul has fled, and yet the fatal breath
Of Time, that robbed the city of her life,
Gave her the silent loveliness of death,
And left her form unscath'd by the fierce strife
Of rolling ages, with destruction rife.
Bruges she is still, though Bruges was doom'd to die,
And fell sedition and the traitor's knife
Have done their worst; her burghers shall not lie
Forgotten, while her towers unshaken stand on high.

III.

I saw the moving clouds like wreaths of smoke,
Chang'd by the sunset's alchemy to gold,
Float o'er the Flemish town, and there awoke
Within my soul the thought of days of old,
Till, as it seem'd, the ages backward roll'd,
And from the ancient Belfry went the sound
Of stirring chimes, which thrill'd the burghers bold
In the far past, when Freedom had been found,
Before the Spaniard* dash'd her bloodless to the ground.

IV.

Had they but speech, I knew those walls could tell
A tale of deeds heroic that would thrill
The coldest heart, and hold it in a spell
Entranc'd; and I, who griev'd they were so still,
Pray'd that the silence of those stones might fill
My soul with inspiration; and the past
Rose clear, as when the dawn o'er some dark hill,
Lifting the mist, a roseate hue has cast;
The walls had listen'd, and my prayer was heard at last.

V.

I saw the city peopled with a crowd
Of merchants, and the dead streets were alive
With sounds of toil. As rises long and lowd
The busy hum of bees that round a hive
Fly to and fro unceasingly and thrive
By labour, so with those that bought and sold
The town was ringing; and I saw arrive
Strange ships, that bore unvalued silks and gold,
From where the Ganges his majestic waters roll'd.

* Alva.

VI.

The silent desolation of the tomb
Hush'd not, as now, the city. Far and near
The weavers plied their shuttles, and the loom
Murmur'd soft music to my trancèd ear,
Which heard the voice of Peace, in accents clear,
Say that the Universe is never still,
But lives by motion, as the starry sphere
Night after night the lesson doth instil—
To labour is to do the wise Creator's will.

VII.

The scene was chang'd: I saw the dead and dying
Lie thick as autumn leaves upon the plain
Of Courtrai,* and the vanquish'd French were flying
With shatter'd spears, and spurr'd with might and main,
Leaving behind full twenty thousand slain.
Then fainter fell the battle's angry roar,
For the rude pikes they dar'd not face again;
And the triumphant weavers homeward bore
The spoils of such a fight as ne'er was fought before.

VIII.

Then heard I shouts of triumph fill the street
That drown'd the cries of woe; for Artevelde
Had forc'd the gates of Bruges, and at his feet
Lay all the city; then his bosom swell'd

* In 1302, under the walls of Courtrai, the Battle of the Golden Spurs was fought, and a victory gained by an army of 20,000 Flemings, principally weavers from Ghent and Bruges, over the French army, which was commanded by Robert, Count d'Artois. The Flemings were armed with rude pikes, but by drawing the French into a deep canal with level banks they gained a decisive victory, the Count d'Artois and two thousand noble-men being among the slain. Seven hundred gold spurs, hung up in the chapel of Notre Dame at Courtrai, gave to this battle its name.

With thoughts of Kingly power, that rebell'd
 Against the voice of Reason and defied
 The threats of Conscience, by Ambition quell'd;
 So through the shrinking crowds with regal stride
 A king he stalk'd, and in the king the patriot died.*

IX.

Nothing is certain in the world but change,
 That warns the present victor of defeat,
 Lest in his hour of triumph he estrange
 The love of Heav'n, and from his lofty seat
 Be hur'd to plead for mercy at the feet
 Of those he spar'd not: so by Heav'n's decree
 At Ypres in the shame of wild retreat
 Proud Philip fell, and on the fatal tree
 Unwept the tyrant paid the cost of tyranny.†

X.

But truest glory still is found in peace,
 If there be aught in glory but a name,
 And not in war, which is the world's decease
 And child of Ruin. Theirs the noblest fame

* Philip Van Artevelde, having been proclaimed by the people of Ghent defender of their liberties, led the stout-hearted men of Ghent, who were always ready to leave their peaceful crafts to fight for real or fancied grievances, against their sovereign, the Count of Flanders. He, unable to resist the onset of the gallant Flemish weavers, was overwhelmed with his army and sought shelter in a poor woman's house in the splendid city of Bruges. But the vast riches of the city became the prey of the conquerors. For a fortnight 200 carts were kept busy in transporting loads of gold and silver, jewels and precious stuffs to Ghent. Becoming almost undisputed master of Flanders, Artevelde assumed the style of a sovereign prince, and added to his name the title of Regard de Flandres. (*Young's History of the Netherlands.*)

† Unfortunately for Philip, the necessity of overawing his rebellious subject at home led Charles VI. to aid the Count of Flanders, his vassal, against the usurper. Philip prepared for war, and boldly resolved to risk an engagement. The conflict, which is known as the Battle of Rosbecque, took place near Ypres, November 27th, 1382. It was fatal to Artevelde, whose army was swept away in the space of half an hour, and he himself killed. His body was stripped by the enemy and left hanging to a tree. (*Young's History of the Netherlands.*)

Who make the good of all mankind their aim,
 And teach the law of universal Right,
 As Socrates, and He who set aflame
 The torch that floods the world with living light,
 Revealing Vice in hideous nakedness to sight.

XI.

Amongst this nobler train is he, whose mind
 Can read the thoughts of Nature, and whose heart
 Beats with the deep pulsation of mankind,
 To live and ever labour to impart
 Knowledge to all who seek it, not to thwart
 The path of progress: so we all must bless
 Memling, who made Religion breathe in Art,
 And on the living canvas did impress
 Madonnas golden-hair'd in saintly loveliness.

XII.

Had Bruges lov'd more the shuttle than the pike,
 Not toss'd upon a sea of discontent,
 But readier to forgive a friend than strike
 For seeming wrongs, where wrongs were never meant,
 She ne'er had felt her quivering bosom rent
 By the fell weapon that her pride had made,
 To perish by a self-forg'd punishment
 Striking the striker—that her shatter'd trade
 Vanish'd, and all her best were slain or fled dismay'd.

XIII.

The haughtiest Maximilian* bent his knee
 Before her burghers, and a suppliant swore,

* The German King Maximilian, having refused to concede the guardianship of his son Philip to the King of France, was imprisoned in a house called the Craenenburg, now a tavern. He was not liberated until he had sworn on bended knee to respect the privileges of the city, concede the guardianship of Philip, and pardon the affront offered to him. He was released from his oath at Malines by a Congress of Princes, and he took such vengeance on the city that its trade was transferred to Antwerp; and its ruin was completed by the atrocities of the Duke of Alva.

If from his prison they would set him free,
To pardon their offence, and wrong no more
The wronging city, that had op'd the door
To her destruction; for the tyrant lied,
And lying amote her with a wound so sore
That backward hurried Fortune's swelling tide,
Which long had wash'd her shores, and left her currents dried.

XIV.

But when Bruges perish'd, Flanders perish'd too,
Her life-blood drain'd by the unslaken thirst
Of fiendish Alva, 'neath whose tendance grew
The fiercest Inquisition and the worst
That ever blossom'd, and with weeds accurst
Strangled Religion's tender flower, and spread
O'er all the land; yet still revenge he nurs'd,
Though the red streets were piled with heaps of dead,
While Freedom languish'd and in sorrow bow'd her head.

XV.

The sun, who quickens all things with his light,
Tends ever westward his unwearied way
To the lone lands of solitary night,
Bringing the lustre of approaching day,
While in the hueless East the last red ray
Has vanish'd. So the nationa of the East
See their bright sun of glory fade away,
Feel that their power has for ever ceas'd,
And they, who once were greatest, now are counted least.

XVI.

The blue Ægean washes evermore
The land of Hellas 'neath a cloudless sky,
And marble ruins, stretch'd along the shore
In sunny olive groves, unheeded lie :

Hellas was fair, yet Hellas too must die ;
 Her Art still lives, and shall live unsurpass'd ;
 But she herself is dead, and now we sigh,—
 So fair a flower blossom'd not to last,
 And never will the future give us back the past !

XVII.

By fierce barbarians, Vandal, Goth, and Hun,
 Imperial Rome was laid low in the dust,
 Dragg'd down from her proud eminence, while none
 Remain'd to save her ; so her power was crush'd,
 And the sweet voice of Peace and Knowledge hush'd
 For ages, till from out the stormy West,
 Escaped from her long prison, Freedom rush'd,
 And France arose supreme at her behest,
 And, as she rose, the world, weary of war, had rest.

XVIII.

To England then the world's dominion pass'd,
 Who help'd the weak and never feared the strong,
 Bursting the bonds of slavery at last,
 And giving liberty, that doth belong
 To all by nature ; for the driver's thong
 Shall never scourge the backs of men with shame ;
 But for its hissing lash the stirring song
 Of universal freedom shall proclaim
 That men are brothers, and extol our island's name.

XIX.

Shall England ever the world's mistress reign ?
 Or shall her Empire vanish in the West
 Across the dim Atlantic's seething main
 (Where the sea sleeps not but in strange unrest
 Whitens with foam the sea-fowl's rocky nest),
 To grace her children in a distant land,
 Long-sever'd from the mother-country's breast,
 But lov'd and loving, though the parent's hand
 No longer guides, her voice no longer gives command ?

XX.

I turn'd in sadness, as the evening clouds
Were sweeping through the melancholy sky,
Over the city gathering in crowds,
And as I looked, weird towers arose on high,
And ever-moving mountains floated by,
Borne on Night's ocean. But my dreams had flown,
Wov'n in the magic web of Phantasy,
To bridge the gap of centuries unknown,
And in the dark unpeopled street I stood alone.

XXI.

The pavement echoed as I mov'd along
Beneath the pointed gables, grim and old,
Past the Cathedral, where the bended throng
The secrets that their bosom did enfold
In silence to the Unseen Power told,
Who knows what was, what is, and what shall be,
While from the organ solemn music roll'd,
That, as it rose and fell, recall'd to me
The ceaseless murmur of the everlasting sea.

* * * * *

XXII.

Another day is dead, and in the tomb
Of Night is shrouded with a sable pall;
The thoughtful moon broods o'er the scene of gloom,
Then hides her head and mourns, while over all
Deeper and faster yet the shadows fall,
And night-winds break the silence with a sigh
That speaks of ages gone beyond recall,
Of long-forgotten men and thoughts that lie
Dead in the endless deep of past Eternity.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE
OF ENGLAND.

1887.

(None adjudged.)

ISAAC NEWTON.

BY

OWEN THOMPSON,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1888.

I.

HE needs not praise, for mortal breath
To him is nought. The evening star
Through dark'ning blue looks down from far
On joy-lit birth, woe-clouded death.

Silent, unchanging, save that still
It brightens as the glories fade
From out the west, and deeper shade
Creeps up the heather-purpled hill;

So, ranging on through spheres of light,
And learning all the God-fram'd plan
Of starry systems, and of man,
Enwrapt in knowledge infinite.

He recks not that we tell his worth,
And speak with reverence his name;
His flight has outwing'd human fame,
And left the petty toys of earth.

Yet, as the thoughts take nobler shape
In gazing on the chasten'd face
Of some Madonna, or the grace
Of breathing marble, and escape

From earth awhile, so, as we gaze
On him who scorn'd the scanty store
Of knowledge, massing ever more,—
Rich heritage of future days,—

And talked with Nature as a friend,
We catch a beam of that great light
That fell on him, and through our night
We see less dimly to the end.

II.

The bells ring out, and in the court
The time-worn masonry around
Flings off the surging waves of sound,
While Echo makes the bells her sport.

Above, a fleet of cloudlets glide
Athwart the moon, like ships that pass
The lighthouse, on a sea of glass,
Borne in upon the flowing tide.

The radiance fills the silver'd square,
Strikes through the tinted panes, and strews
On floor and wall such soften'd hues
As Iris in the night should wear.

It rests upon that marble head;
About those brows it seems to paint
An aureole, as for a saint,
Meet tribute to that noblest dead.

III.

O would that we might talk a space
With those that long have passed away,
And shew them all our thoughts, while they
Would look upon us, face to face,

And, smiling on our littleness,
Would speak of all things good and great,
And we should learn to estimate
The heav'nly more, the earthly less.

Ah! could that giant soul come down
From deep communion with his peers,
And, passing through the order'd spheres,
Strike life throughout that glist'ring stone,

Then speak of all the world unseen,
And flash across the void a light
To chase the phantoms of the night,
And shew the cause for what has been;

So, in the compass of an hour
Enwrap a century of thought;
Then, passing, leave within us wrought
Great wonder at his heav'n-sent power.

IV.

If Genius in the tender brain
Have lit her lamp, forth shines the light
Straightway, as beacons, ere the night
Is fully come, glint o'er the main,

At first but palely, from afar,
Yet wax in lustre, till at length,
In deeper darkness gath'ring strength,
Each flashes like a low-fall'n star.

So, in the years that mould the man
In mind and stature, he was known
For quaint devices of his own
Contriv'd on some mechanic plan,—

Design in each;—without an aim
Things are but as the harmonies
Of one that fingers o'er the keys
And ever wanders to the same:—

Strange toy of Genius these,—for she
Has childhood too,—with which she plays
Till she is grown to sterner days,
And shapes the time that is to be.

V.

Those stately halls, those echoing courts,
Where England's rising manhood learns
To know itself, and toiling earns
Pre-eminence in books and sports,

Have seen a myriad spend their day,
But yet have known no loftier mind,
None worthier than his to find
A fame still young when Time is grey.

There, cloister'd from the rattling street,
He trod the paths that men with toil
Had hewn to knowledge, o'er a soil
Smooth-beaten by a thousand feet.

He learnt of Nature, and her laws;
Yet undiscover'd tracts remain'd,
And mighty motions, unexplain'd,
Left darkness resting on their cause.

VI.

Light dawns each day across the sky,
Floods wold and mead and shimm'ring sea,
And strikes its arrows through the tree,
Till in the west the colours die.

Fit type of One that came to men,
Eternal Beam; like Him, too bright
To fully yield to mortal sight,
Too great to suffer human ken.

Yet Nature gave to him we praise
A glimpse of glories unreveal'd;
For him she broke the bonds that seal'd
In casket white the varied rays.

She cast the dazzling jewels down,
Rubies and amethysts and gold
And emeralds, that men of old
Would prize to deck a monarch's crown.

He learnt that many make the one,
As when the glorious organ-voice
Bids all the rev'rent throng rejoice,
And, knit in one melodious tone,

Rings clearly through the glowing pane,
A harmony of blended sounds,
That stays the passing foot, and rounds
Out through the night a single strain.

VII.

Spring strews the tree with blossom'd snow
That, melting, leaves the harden'd core
To ripen to a ruddy store,
And tempt the lusting lips below.

The apple drops from off the tree;
'Tis nothing: nay, it gave that man
Who closest ponder'd Nature's plan
The master-key of mystery,

Fast clos'd till then; he enter'd there,
And what before was dark he knew;
He flung the fabled from the true,
And cast vain theories to the air.

He shew'd how all the wand'ring spheres
Are knit and fasten'd, each to each,
In chains of influence that reach
As far as star on star appears

To him that seeks to pierce the sky,
Yet ever sees a glinting light
Beyond, and shudders at the height
Of fathomless immensity.

VIII.

We think that genius sits apart,
Unlov'd, unloving, rapt from earth
In thought to things of nobler worth,
Mere intellect, with nought of heart.

We make mistake: the loftiest mind
Is nearest Heav'n, and takes the glow,
And cheers the darkling paths below
With deeds of kindness thrice refin'd;

Nor scorns the meanest thing that fears
The crushing foot of man, nor spurns
The dumb, unwitting beast, that burns
The hardly-garner'd fruit of years.

IX.

He toil'd for days that are to be;
He founded Science on a rock,
Fast fix'd, embedded deep, to mock
The battling waves of Theory.

He sought the Truth; he held it fast;
He fought with Ignorance, and gain'd
For Light the throne where Darkness reign'd
Through mould'ring ages of the past.

He slept: Death led him to that Light
Where Darkness is not, and he knew
The perfect measure of the True,
Dim-outlin'd through our lower night.

Enough: for Rev'ence bids us cease
Our halting praise of him, whose name
Stands graven on the rock of Fame,
And leave that noblest one in peace.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY

ARTHUR BERNARD COOK,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND CRAVEN SCHOLAR.

1889.

ἐπάμεροι τί δέ τις; τί δ' οὐ τις; σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου.
PIND. *Pyth.* VIII. 95.

Who hath not leant above the lingering light
Of yule-tide embers, when the children's glee
Is silenced, and the chambers of the night
Fill with a farness and a fantasy?
Lo such an one may find the wistful sight
Which in broad day he sought but could not see;
Faint figures start from memory's misty shore,
And once-dreamt voices are a dream no more.

So when we wander for a little while
From out the shift and stir of duty's stage
To gaze, it may be, on some pillared pile,—
Some gaunt stone-elegy of well-worn page,
Whose every line has power to beguile
With lore that laughs to scorn Time's levelling rage,—
There will a majesty of morn surprise
The calm clear twilight of the centuries.

R

Windsor, thy turrets bid the historic muse
Pluck flowers from her garden-treasury,—
Not such as blossomed when the early dews
Wept with the harper by the Thracian sea,
Or when Theocritus of Syracuse
Sang sunshine to the hills of Sicily,—
Rather a glimpse of splendour glanced away,
The royal lilies of a bygone day.

For thy lone hill was hallowed by the fame
Of one who drove the darkness from the land
With Truth's high torch, and to his princely name
Gathered the allegiance of a princely band
Sworn to eschew each deed of sin and shame,
Sworn loyally to love their lord's command:—
Long gleamed that legendary light on thee
From Arthur and his Round of Valiancy.

Nor vainly had they flung the seed of right,
For rich and ruddy was their harvesting;
Swordsmen that bore the steel of foremost fight
Would yet their tribute to Love's altar bring;
Ay, one who worked his wonders in thy sight
Knelt a Confessor and arose a King:
Till from such wedlock of the great and good
Sprang the full life of England's hardihood.

Strong in its strength past thy grey-lichened wall
The Lion-Heart rode forth to face the fray,
Nor backward bent his look on bower or hall,
But pressed to shock with Saladin's array:
No laggard he, when Christ's own clarion-call
To prominence of peril cheered the way;
For half the world had sailed the waters o'er,
Half wept and waited on the nearer shore.

Nor would we hymn thee only for the knell
 Which sped the passing of triumphant dead :
 Far other was the stillness and the spell,
 When in thy raftered rooms old Chaucer* read
 Tales that Boccaccio and Petrarch tell
 With wording quaint and earnest wisdom wed ;
 For, ever as his sweet voice linked the strain,
 The world was gone and boyhood bloomed again.

Oft, when the dim dawn quivered in the sky,
 He wandered out along thy winding stream
 To learn the touch of heaven's minstrelsy
 And mark the meaning of each pulse and gleam :
 For him the woods their unwrit whispers ply,
 For him the hills with nymph and satyr teem,
 For him soft echoes through the marish throng
 And sliding waters sing their water-song.

But ah, too brief the music of his lute ;—
 A sparkle that one joyous moment shone :
 The woods are whisperless, the mountains mute,
 And all the singing from the water gone.
 Loose brigandage must up the hillside hoot
 And mailed rebellion gird its armour on ;
 For sooth the storm has come, and Windsor's ways
 Shall know the shadowing of sombre days.

Hither they brought the child-queen Isabel, †
 One little star, soon whelmed amid the gloom
 That drove brave Burley ‡ from his prison-cell
 Unknighted to an ignominious doom,

* Chaucer lived many years at Windsor in the Service of Edward III. and Richard II.

† Isabel de Valois was barely nine when she came to Windsor.

‡ Simon de Burley, Constable of the Castle, beheaded in 1388.

And haunted faithless Mowbray⁴ till he fell,—
 Mowbray who wove such warp on Falsehood's loom
 That in its toils entangled Gloucester bled
 To swell the multitude of Treachery's dead.

But darker yet and drearier was the day
 When high-heaped faggots on the castle sod
 Wrung fiery fingers in a wild dismay,
 And Testwood⁵ as to certain triumph trod,
 Charioted upward by an unseen way
 To join the shining choristers of God.
 When hath a purer heart, a nobler name,
 Lit the red altar of his people's shame?

Nor yet was satiate men's mad desire
 To strip the land of her scant jewelry :
 Surrey must fall,—Surrey⁶ whose prisoned lyre
 Sounded the buoyant chorus of the free.
 And he too, fearless at the falchion's fire,
 Shook off the shackles of captivity.
 Fools,—fools to fancy that the singer sought
 A dominance o'er *their* insensate thought.

But slain and slayers went the selfsame road ;
 And others fill their portion and their place.
 Here Ascham laboured long at learning's code,
 Intent to thrust false wisdom from its base ;
 While Shakespeare at a queenly bidding showed
 The mystery of his genius and his grace ;—
 Master of merriment, thy matchless art
 Hath won a brother in each human heart.

• Mowbray planned his plot in the King's cabinet, 1397.

+ Robert Testwood, a singer in St. George's choir, burnt in 1543.

‡ Henry Howard, Knight of the Garter, was imprisoned at Windsor and put to death in 1547.

But many a drama of a deeper mood
Hath passed within this theatre of stone :
Here royal Charles in all the flush and flood
Of early kingship called the land his own ;
But lo a little' space, and now he stood
A scorn of fortune—fettered and alone.
Again a little space;—the sexton's spade
Shows where a monarch's memory is laid.

And still they move and melt and move again,
These phantoms of the fragmentary post,—
Voices and vows of scarce-remembered men
Like shadows on life's flickering curtain cast.
And with them comes a selfishness of pain
That our day, as the former, waneth fast :
We too must meet a failing and a fall,
And Time's dull midnight close about us all.

Ay, close about us all :—but as the earth
Around some strong foundation deeply laid,
Whose stones unseen have yet their several worth
To prop the ample palace on them stayed.
Then let us bear the burden of our birth
Unbroken, uncomplaining, undismayed,
Knowing that our far recompense shall be
The peerless portal of Eternity.

* * * * *

So throng the thoughts of him whose brow is bent
Where Windsor's walls with many an ivied stir
Rustle their secret to the firmament
And the soft night-winds of the summer year.
Yet thankless were he, if he turned and went
Breathing no breath of benison for her
Whose gentle influence hath graced his day
And sped the ripple of his onward lay.

What though a silence and a shade have strewn
The forest once so fresh, the sky so blue:
Though never more that gladness shall be known
Which in the glance of sunnier days she knew,—
Lives there one lesson from the quiet stone
Still buffeted by storm, still kissed by dew,
Bidding endurance triumph through despair,
'Strongest are they who strongest sorrow bear'.

IONA,

BY

J. H. B. MASTERMAN

NON-COLLEGIATE STUDENT.

1891.

de minimis maxima.

GREAT things from small, for God works ever so,
That so behind all causes He may stand
Revealed omnipotent. The least of seeds*
Brings forth the tree that bears the wild bird's nest
And fronts the tempest; from the scattered grain
The golden harvest rises, and through all
He only rules supreme and guides His world.
The river rolling past the haunts of men,
Bearing earth's commerce downward to the sea,
Still softly murmurs as it flows along
Of far-off springs among the purple hills,
Where the long brakes hang damply down the bank,
And in the sultry noon the plovers come
To dip their crested heads and slake their thirst;
And shall we, borne upon a wider stream,

* St. Matt. xiii. 32.

Swayed by vast tides and hurrying to the deep,
 Forget thee, parent of our faith of old,
 Iona, island of the western main?

The magic spell of mountains, seen afar,
 And mist-clad hills, is thine, and leaden skies,
 And sunsets heavy with their wealth of gold,
 And island-studded coasts, and sea-washed caves,
 Rocked in one slumber by the ceaseless swell,
 The restless cadence of the restless deep.
 Across the straits the silver waters gleam
 Far back among the mountains, and they rise,
 Peak topping peak, oppressive in the hush
 Of silence eloquent with wordless sound,
 The music of the mountains. In the west
 The long horizon of the Atlantic lies,
 And northward Scotland strews her granite rocks
 And dots the ocean with her island hills.
 Beyond, the clouds in wild fantastic forms
 Of mimic coast and crag, and over all
 Shrouds of white mist along the spell-bound shores,
 And voices of the mountains and the sea.*

Yet not for these we chiefly hold thee dear,
 But that the broken crosses on thy hill,†
 Late burial-place of kings, the ruined walls,
 The grassy mounds that slant towards the shore
 Speak to our hearts of days of long ago.
 O restless age that reels down slippery ways,
 Age that goes helpless o'er a troubled sea,

* "Two voices are there, one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains." WORDSWORTH.

† Originally 360, only a few now remaining. Tradition says that sixty
 kings were interred here from Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

Lured by false lights and dashed by sudden storms,
 Rest, if thou canst, one moment and be still,
 That so the message of the past may cheer
 The darkness of the present, and restore
 Our hope grown dim too soon and like to die.

Sin, in the infinite decrees of God,*
 May work through darkness even as He will
 Towards some goal of perfect good beyond;
 So that Columba through one sin might rise
 More nearly to that perfect sacrifice
 Which from the darkened cross looks ever down
 To claim life's self-surrender—Follow Me.
 His was the sin† that woke the sword of war,
 And him the Church held guilty; his the doom
 To wander exiled from his native shores,
 In some far land to purge his soul from stain
 By prayer and labour, and perchance at last
 Through exile here find Home secure beyond.
 So in its northward course his osier bark
 Fate-led drove o'er the sea. The steersman's hand
 Forsook its task; his grey eyes, blind with tears,
 Still sought the shores receding, and the hills
 Grown dim in twilight. When the morning broke,
 Seen from the island hill‡ across the sea,
 They lay like some low cloud; so northward still,
 Till naught remained to bound the southern view
 But sea and sky. Here might the exile rest,

• “ We trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill.” TENNYSON.

† A dispute as to a Psalter, which Columba secretly copied, led to the outbreak of civil war. For this Columba was censured by the Church, and condemned by Molaise to perpetual exile.

‡ Oronsay, where Columba first landed.

And home be only with him in his dreams,
 Not vex him in his daylight. Only here
 At evening, when the toils of day were done,
 And the waves broke among these rocks with sound,
 Small blame if he remembered how they roared
 Along his native coasts, and thinking wept.*

Men gathered round him; they who loathed the crimes,
 The strife and discord of that Godless age,
 Here built their wattle huts along the shore
 And shared his labours. † Simple hearts and true,
 That knew Heaven's smile a richer boon to gain
 Than all earth's glittering wealth of gathered gold.
 No frowning walls were theirs, no gates fast-barred
 Lest aught should break the silence of their cells,
 But homely toil by day brought rest by night,
 And rest brought strength for labour, and their love
 Made rest and labour sanctified by prayer
 And glorified by praise. Above them all,
 Father and friend, Columba, sternly kind,
 Ruled, and in ruling bound beneath his sway
 His children in one brotherhood of peace.
 So here he lived, and laboured, and found rest;
 And fearless, launching forth upon the deep, ‡
 Bore through strange lands § the message of the Cross,
 And triumphed. Royal gates that barred the way ||
 Swung open at the bidding of his hand,

* "I look over the sea, and great tears are in my grey eye as I turn to Erin."—Extract from a poem attributed to Columba.

† "In manuali laboratione cum aliis fratribus non secus ac cerum minimus collaborabat." (Adamnan.)

‡ Adamnan, i. 4.

§ Northern Scotland, hitherto unevangelized, and according to some traditions, Iceland and the Faroe Islands.

|| Brude, King of the Picts, closed his gates against Columba, but they opened of themselves when he knocked. Adamnan, i. 35.

And wondrous guards unseen were round his path.*
 Dark days they were, when midst the Cornish hills
 The heathen hordes pressed down the blameless King,
 And rude barbarians of the Northern sea
 Danced in wild tumult round the corpse of Rome,
 And God seemed sleeping, careless of His world.
 As when some rampart of opposing rock
 Confronts the sea, and checks the flowing tide
 Which with vain effort dashes white with foam;
 Far down the coast resistlessly the while,
 Along some creek and inlet of the deep,
 The tide comes surging in, till wave meets wave
 And the full sea lies level o'er the shore;
 So from this sea-girt island of the west
 The tide of faith swept in, broke, and bore down
 The shattered wrecks of many an ancient creed,
 And rolled life-giving o'er a buried world.

They tell how here among the woods by night
 The saint held conflict with the powers of Hell,
 Faced and hid fly the hideous demon crew,
 And turned at morning to his toils again.
 Much more they tell; how that last summons came—
 That voiceless whisper from beyond life's dream—
 With signs prophetic of angelic forms†
 And visions; and at last a voice that spoke,
 A light that gleamed,‡ then silence, and the end.

Dark years and discord followed. Far and wide
 The Norse marauders plundered, and the shrines

* Angels continually appeared to him and hovered over him. Montaigne.

† Adamnan, III. 16, 22, etc.

‡ "Fulguralis lux," Adamnan, III. 20.

Were spoiled by sacrilegious hands* and lay
Deserted, silent witnesses to Heaven.
Peace came at last, and consecrated spots,
Again held sacred, claimed from loving hands
The debt of care† a kindlier age held due,
And costlier offerings decked a costlier shrine;
Till these two crumbled; and the island home
Of God's Apostle of the North still sleeps
Girt round by silence and the silver sea;
Like some stern warrior, when the fight is done,
Who draws his cloak around him and so rests,
For he has done his part. Across the hills
In distant passes sounds the din of war,
Where others chase the foemen down the way.

Great things from small! Our faith, our liberty,
Our power to love and be by love made strong,
These are thy gift, Iona. We are grown
Too faint, too feeble in these latter days
To guard the hard-won trophies of the past.
One hand may grasp the sword of faith, but one
Must hang in idle impotence the while.
O for some new Apostle of the North
Whose voice might wake us into life again;
Some new Iona in this restless age,
Where men might pray, and labour, and be still!

It may not be. It is not good to stay
Too long upon the mountain, where He shines
Transfigured in His glory; for below
Faith has grown cold, and helpless hands are raised
In passionate petition:‡ and behold

* Iona plundered and burnt by the Danes in A.D. 801, 805, and 877.

† Rebuilt by Queen Margaret in the eleventh century.

‡ St. Mark ix. 18.

He hath compassion on the multitude,
And heals, and helps, and saves. The past is dead;
The present, clamouring through ten thousand tongues,
Breaks on our dreams, and will not let us rest.
Fade, visions of the past! Columba's grave
Is green amid the silence of the hills: *
The story of the Cross still lives to-day,
And still the tide rolls on, and yet shall roll
Sublime, resistless, till the morning break;
Till earth is linked with Heaven, and God descends
To walk at evening in His fields again.

* At first at Iona; subsequently his body was removed to Ireland.

RAPHAEL,

BY

J. H. B. MASTERMAN,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

1892.

*" Ille hic est Raphael timuit quo sospite vincti
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."*

DOME of Agrippa,* haunted by the shade,
Of buried generations, where there dwell
The shadowy forms of gods that mutely hear
The chant of worship in the shrine below,
Still in thy silence guard the honoured dead
Laid here to rest, where slanting sunshine falls
In one broad stream of light. Through sorrowing erowds,
That thronged the streets of Rome, they bore him here,
And then the echo of their footsteps died
Into the world of men, and silence fell
Soft through thy shadowy dome on Raphael's grave.

* The Pantheon, built by M. Vipsanius Agrippa about B.C. 27.

Guard thou the dead, for naught is sacred now;
 And sacrilegious hands have dared to break
 The silence of the tomb, that men might feed
 Their curious eyes with sight of whitened bones,
 And say "Lo, this was Raphael."* Fools and blind,
 Less wise than they who in his hour of death,
 In mockery of death's power, hung o'er the bed
 His yet unfinished picture.† He whose art
 Has been the message of his soul, attains
 One immortality on earth, and one
 In Heaven. Behold, he is not dead to-day,
 But stirs and softens the sad hearts of men,
 And brightens life with beauty.

Art had been

The inspiration of his earliest years,
 Smiling upon life's morning; he had served
 From childhood in her temple, till, like him
 Who from God's holy place went forth to men
 Bearing the glory mirrored on his face,
 So Raphael from the shrine of Art went forth
 Dowered with the fulness of her gift of joy.
 So childhood passed, where mid the Umbrian hills
 Urbino lay, the Athens of the West,
 The home of Art through those brief years of peace.
 Here Guidobaldo's fortress-palace rose,
 Like some enchanted castle of a dream,
 Rich with all varied forms of loveliness
 That lavish Art could frame.

Brief years of peace

That smiled upon the dying face of Art—
 Not wholly dead till Perugino passed
 From Umbria. Art had served the Church too well

* Raphael's tomb was opened in 1833, and his skeleton exhibited.

† The "Transfiguration."

To serve Truth wholly. Dreamy and unreal,
Her sad Madonnas, halo-crowned and pale,
Looked down from many an altar, where men paid
Reluctant worship to a soulless creed.

But fresher life and nobler purpose woke
In Florence, where the light of freedom glowed
On all men's faces, and Art walked unchained,
Guided by nature down the paths of truth.
Perugia, darkened by the cloud of war,
And Umbria, trampled by the Borgia's hosts,
Gave hospitable room to Art no more.
So Raphael passed to Florence,* gathered here
New lessons, mingled with the world of men,
Shook off the Umbrian yoke, and dared to gaze
On Nature's face unveiled, from which he drew
Fresh inspirations fuller than before.
Type of all human love, in many a scene
The Virgin-mother smiles, with love-lit eyes
Revealing that deep heart of motherhood
Which shall be strong to suffer in dark days
Whose shadow lies far-off, and scarce has power
To dim the sunshine of the present joy.

Urbino's palace welcomed his return
In happier days of peace. Perugia claimed
The service of his art.† So years went by
In ceaseless labour, till the summons came
That called to Rome.

* In 1502 with Perugino, his connexion with whom was soon after severed. (Springer.)

† He painted "The Entombment" for the Franciscan Church at Perugia.

For her the Cross had won
 The ancient empire of the sword: the world
 Still bowed before the magic of her name;
 Rome ruled the souls of men; their hearts should feel
 The spell of beauty, and new triumphs crown
 Her old dominion in the arts of peace.
 Here lavish Art should tax her utmost skill
 To deck bare walls* around the papal throne
 And many a stately chamber.

Age by age
 The Church had borne her message through the world.
 "This is the Truth, receive it or ye die."
 Men heard and trembled. Truth with leaden eyes,
 Sunk cheeks, dark brows, Truth that gazed heedlessly
 On all the sins and sorrows of the world,
 Truth that was like the phantom of a dream
 That faded as they followed—could such Truth
 Bring peace and healing to the troubled heart?
 They turned defiant. Truth should be no more
 The object of their search; like those of old
 They would find beauty, clothe earth's common things
 In mystic loveliness, and call again
 To that dark age the grace of ancient days.
 Oh fruitless quest! What God has joined in one
 Let no man dare to part. The flush of dawn,
 The smile of human faces, the soft light
 Of golden sunset glimmering on the sea—
 All beauty is Truth's image dimly seen,
 The glory shining through the robes, whose folds
 Conceal her from men's eyes.

So Raphael brought
 Art's truer message to the souls of men,

* Pope Julius II. began the decoration of a part of the Vatican previously unoccupied.

Revealing Truth through beauty; whether seen *
 In saints grouped round the altar, where they stand
 Beneath the smile of God, among them one, †
 The martyr-priest of Florence, who had died
 Cursed by a Church that loved him not; or shown
 In those who served a God they knew not, they
 Whose wisdom made the world more wise, and drew
 Man's wavering footsteps onward; or in those
 Who tread the unfrequented path, that leads
 To far Parnassus, where Heaven's music stills
 The jarring sounds of earth, and thence return,
 Healing earth's sadness with their gift of song.

More stately and diviner than of old
 The Virgin-mother smiles upon her Child
 In many a picture, till earth's human love
 Shines forth transfigured in the light of Heaven, ‡
 Where from a halo of angelic forms
 The Queen of Heaven looks down. The peace of God
 And God's great pity for the world of men,
 Dwell in those eyes. The Son of God finds rest
 Within those sheltering arms, not less divine
 Because so human in the loveliness
 Of childhood's morning. Oh sad heart of man
 To whom God's ways are dark, a human love
 Binds earth to Heaven, and links God's life to thine.

So the brief summer days of life went by:
 Rome's noblest owned him friend; new honours brought
 Congenial tasks; Art's labours should restore

* The frescoes in the Stanza della Segnatura of "Theology," "The School of Athens," and "Parnassus."

† Savonarola.

‡ The "Madonna di San Sisto," now in the Dresden Gallery.

The ruined splendour of the ancient days,
And make Rome worthy of herself again;*
So Raphael dreamed.

He loved the world of men,
The crowds, the busy streets through which the tide
Of energy and service ebbed and flowed.
In solitude and silence others find
A fuller inspiration, that awakes
Within the lonely splendour of deep hearts,
Where like the rocks around some mountain pool
The great world darkly lies reflected; these
Give sense of greatness to the things they do,
And awe men's souls. But Raphael's labours brought
A softer message; men looked up and smiled,
Knowing him one with them, for he had lived
A human life that loved the sunlight best.

Years passed. Bare walls transformed by Raphael's art
Glowed in all forms of beauty; other hands
Fulfilled his plans; men loved to share his toils,
And catch the inspiration that transformed,
As with the touch of some magician's wand,
Earth's common things to grace and loveliness.
He sought for beauty, as the miner seeks
His glittering treasures, caught from many a face
Its charm, and dreamed that Art might thus restore
Earth's lost ideal of beauty, gathering up
Broken half-lights into one perfect whole.†

Love smiled upon his labours. Days of toil
Were brightened by the glow of love-lit eyes,

* Raphael was made Architect of St. Peter's in 1514; he also superintended researches among the ruins of Rome.

† See letter of Raphael to Count Castiglione on "Galatea."

That woke within his heart a gift of song
 Unfelt before. Art grudged not to her child
 A human love that made life's service sweet,
 And crowned her gift of gladness with new joy.

Yet through the gladness of the world there sounds
 Life's undertone of sorrow, as man's need
 Cries to a silent Heaven, and cannot rest.
 So Art's last message in his hands should be
 Of Him Who heals the broken hearts of men,
 Calming life's sorrows with the peace of Heaven.*
 Below, the anguish of a father's love,
 The cries of many voices, mute appeal
 Of outstretched hands, weak hearts and faith grown dim—
 Oh faithless generation! though a cloud
 Conceal Him from dazed eyes upon the brow
 Of that lone hill, though jealous Heaven restore
 For this one hour earth's noblest Saints of old,
 Not less the cry of man's imperious need
 Can touch that heart, nor less His word hath power
 To comfort and to heal.

They have grown dim,
 The picture and the message; both are seen
 Spoiled of their beauty by unskilful hands
 That marred them by false zeal.† Can Art restore
 Its beauty to the darkened scene to-day,
 Or give to doubting hearts the power to read
 Raphael's last message to the souls of men?

His art's last message! Better thus to die,
 Before the vigour of full manhood feels

* His last picture, the "Transfiguration."

† Giulio Romano is said to have completed the picture, and injured it by the use of lampblack in his colours.

The chilling touch of age, or palsied hands
Forget their ancient skill, and they are gone
Whose love gave life its gladness, and the world
Hath crowned the art of others with its praise;
Before from sunlit summits life slopes down
Through gradual shade and silence to the grave.

Art still has power to move the hearts of men,
Revealing Truth through beauty. Let her serve
Not fickle fashions of the changing hour,
But that Eternal Truth that cannot change—
God manifested to the sons of men.

DELPHI.

BY

J. H. B. MASTERMAN,

Scholar of St. John's College.

1893.

“Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari
Jule, ceratis ope Daedalea
Nititur pennis vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.”

I. 1.

Lord of the golden glen
Where spotless victims smoke before thy shrine,
The music of the seven-tongued lyre is thine,
Thou givest wisdom to the sons of men.
By rushing streams, on far-seen hills
Our flocks feed safely in thy sight,
The shining of thy presence fills
The fruitful world with light.
Apollo, Lord of Pytho's rocky cave,
From fair Olympus' crest
Thy feet went forth to seek a place of rest,
By sandy Lesbos, washed by many a wave,

And ocean-kissed Cenaeum, and the vales
 Of fair Teumessus soft with beds of green,
 And lonely Thebes, in whose deep-wooded dales
 Nor waving corn nor home of man was seen.

By flowing stream and forest-girded mountain
 Through many an ancient land swift passed thy way,
 By fair Telphusa's fountain
 Where guileful arts forbad thy stay.
 Till where Castalia's crystal waters leap
 Thy wandering feet found rest on Delphi's wood-crowned
 steep.

I. 2.

Crouched in her lair of rest
 Beneath the shadow of the shining rocks,
 Gorged with the plundered spoils of Phocian flocks,
 The dragon-guard of Hera's seed unblest
 Starts at the strange unwelcome light
 That marks thy coming, King of day,
 Chasing the ghastly brood of night
 In headlong fear away.
 Smite, for the strength of Zeus is in thy heart,
 Lord of the silver bow!
 Behold the serpent trembles at thy blow
 And beats the rock, transfixed beneath thy dart.
 The hissing of her baffled fury wakes
 The frowning cliffs whose echo mocks her cries;
 The tremor of her last death-struggle shakes
 The double-crested mountain as she dies.
 Hark, with strange sounds the lonely valleys ring
 As earth proclaims the avenger of her wrong;
 To thee the nations bring
 The grateful tribute of their song;
 While o'er thy vanquished foe's dishonoured grave
 The darkened Pleistus rolls its purifying wave.

I. 3.

Thee the golden lyres proclaim
Swept with music at thy name,
While the consecrated throng
Fill thy temple courts with song,
Till around the sacred portal
Darkness falls on hill and plain,
And the Theban bard immortal
Shares thy midnight feast again.
Guided by thy power divine

The swift ship flies across the pathless sea,
And from far islands gathered at thy shrine
The sons of ocean are made priests to thee;
Their spoils, their home at thy command resigning,
Gladly they hymn thee in their choral strain,
And in thy temple keep the lamp still shining,
And slay the victims offered at thy fane.

II. 1.

Here springs Castalia's wave
To cleanse us in its silver waters clear,
That pure in heart we may at length draw near,
With rites propitious, to the sacred cave.

The Pythian priestess feels the spell
Of strange ecstatic madness rise,
Endowed by thee with power to tell
Truths hidden from the wise.

The victim trembles; thou wilt deign to bless
The suppliant crowds that wait
Expectant at thy temple gate,
Crowned with grey olive and in festal dress.
Rich gifts are heaped within this sacred shrine
From far-off cities washed by alien waves,
Above the portals of thy temple shine
The golden shields of Persia's vanquished slaves,

Borne here in triumph from the plundered foe
To deck thy sacred porch, an offering meet,
 When Marathon laid low
 The foes of Hellas at her feet;
Or by thy aid, along the Attic shore,
Athena's wooden walls drove back the Mede once more.

II. 2.

Hark to the muffled tread
As Persia's host steals up the sacred way,
Far off the waters of the tranquil bay
Reflect the blue sky shining overhead.
 They come to spoil the pleasant land,
 To trample down the fruitful vine,
 To plunder with relentless hand
 The treasures of thy shrine.
Lo as they come the heavens flash forth in flame;
 Thy voice is on the hills,
 It rolls down dark ravines, and fills
The lonely valleys, echoing back thy name.
They fly, they perish, while the Phocian spear,
Red with barbarian blood, drives on their flight,
Before their startled eyes strange forms appear,
And giant warriors mingle in the fight.
Vainly the Northern chief assails thy halls,
Drunk with wild hopes of plunder; at thy nod
 The cloven mountain falls
 And thundering rocks proclaim thee God,
While scattered far through many a gorge and glen
Fast from thy presence fly the trembling sons of men.

II. 3.

Guardian of the chosen race
Gathered in this sacred place

In thy presence to debate
 Great concerns of state with state,
 Though the seas or hills may sever
 Children of a common sire,
 We are bound in one for ever
 By thy consecrating fire.

Here the laurel wreath shall crown
 The charioteer still panting from the strain,
 Where hemmed by rocks the mountain side slopes down
 Into a green expanse of level plain,
 Here the swift steed, the racer's fast feet flying,
 The wrestler's skill, delight the gathered throng,
 While emulous bards in eager contest vying
 Unite to hymn thee in their choral song.

III. 1.

Lord of the golden glen,
 War and the sounds of strife are in thy halls,
 The treasures stored within these sacred walls
 Are plundered by the impious hands of men.
 Hast thou forgot the ancient might
 That Persis's host opposed in vain,
 Hurl'd by thy arm in headlong flight
 From Delphi's sacred fane?
 Wilt thou seek shelter from an alien's shields,
 And sweep the tuneful string
 To hail the Macedonian King
 Before whose arms reluctant Hellas yields?
 Or shall we deem that Pytho's shrine no more
 Breathes forth thy inspiration as of old,
 Though greedy priests heap up the sacred store
 And barter wisdom in their thirst for gold?
 The ravaged fields of Crissa's fruitful plain,
 The scattered exiles of the Phocian band,

These, these alone remain
A witness to the spoiler's hand,
Woe to the land whose sons unmoved can see
Another lord hold sway o'er tribes once dear to thee.

III. 2.

Here on the centre stone
Of this deep-murmuring earth the eagles stand,
Whose wings unwearied, at thy sire's command,
Bore them o'er land and ocean to thy throne.
But eagles not thine own are here,
The badge of conquest's ruthless might,
And shrinking from the foemen's spear
Thy children turn in flight.
Thy plundered spoils make rich an alien race,
Thy majesty divine
Deserts a desolated shrine
And death and silence fill the vacant place.
Thou wilt not hear though tardy worship calls,
Though strangers seek thee in thy ancient home;
A wail of sadness haunts thy crumbling walls
To mock the coming of the Lord of Rome—
A cry, as when the golden morning breaks
Above the carnage of some field of fight,
The wounded soldier wakes
To curse the new unwelcome light;
Hearing far off the lessening conflict roar
Among the native hills that he shall see no more.

III. 3.

Gods of Hellas, blest so long
With the tribute gift of song,
Sung by mountain, grove, or glen
By a race of godlike men;

Vainly now our songs are swelling,
Echoes of the songs of yore,
Round the desolated dwelling
Where your voices sound no more.
Temples where no victim bleeds,
Shrines where the choral chants of worship sleep,
Streams that are gathered in a silent deep,
Call back the memories of earth's vanished creeds.
Westward the cloud moves on by hill and hollow,
Guiding the host across the desert way,
Out of the dim half-light behold we follow
Into the fulness of the perfect day.

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