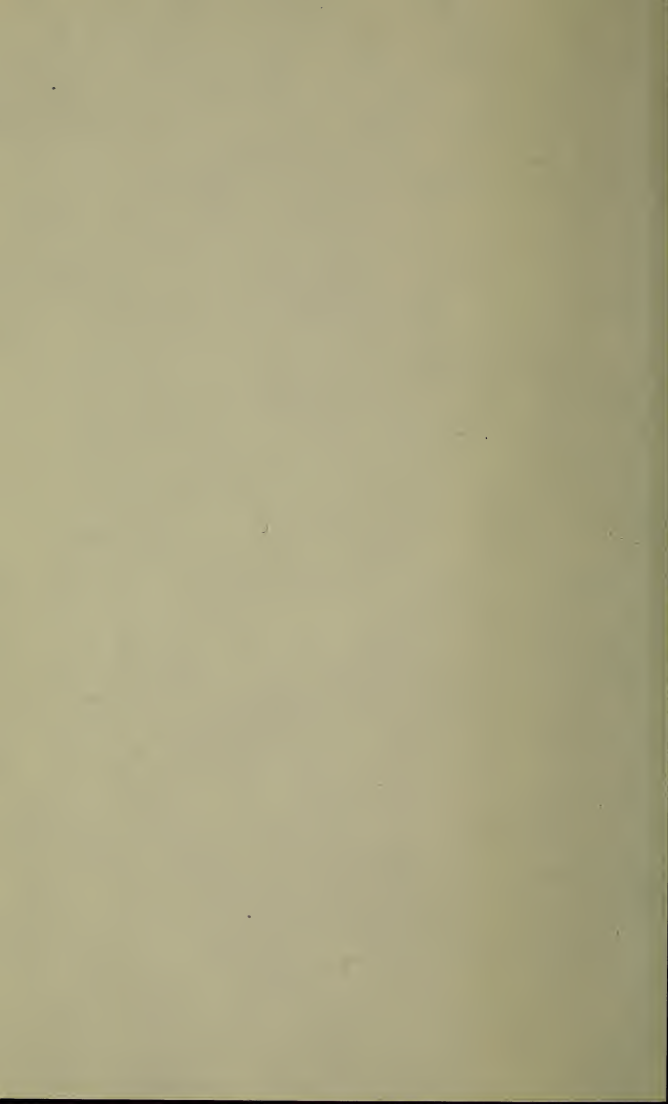


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ROSAMOND, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF

The World's Battle;" "The Life of Washington;" "History of the Great Rebellion;" "The Kimeliad," a poem in three cantos; "The Shepherd of the Wissahickon," a poem in three cantos; "Kilpatrick and our Cavalry;" "The Centennial," a poem; "The Triumph of Truth;" "The City of God;" "Our Redeemer's Kingdom;" "The Mansions in Heaven;" "Saint Paul;" "The Star in the East;" "Happiness;" "Divine Attributes;" "Divine Providence;" "Redeeming the Time;" "The Dream of Life;" "What is Man?" "The Necklace;" "Willard Glazier, the Cavalier;" "The Children of Pride;" "Redemption;" "The Rival Queens;" "Derry Delivered;" "The First Crusade;" "Maria Foster;" "Siege of Richmond," &c.

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ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT, PRINTERS,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1882.





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ROSAMOND.

IN every nation, every clime and age,
Like thoughts and acts the human kind engage;
Though circumstances vary on the whole,
The aim's the same, as needle seeks the pole.
If then we lay our scene in times long past
'Tis just as well, as long will moral last;
Hence we may confident the period fix
About the year five hundred sixty-six.

The struggling church, 'midst persecution's rage,
Had suffered much distress in every age,
Till freedom civil on her 'gan to shine,
And her bold champion, the great Constantine,
A noble city founding 'twixt two seas,
Endowed the Christians with wealth and ease;
The hierarchy raised to honors great,
And theirs became religion of the State.
The empire was divided, east and west,
A monarch's power and costly state expressed;
While barbarous tribes now here now there descend
In countless swarms, and bring to final end
The empire of the west; e'en sack great Rome,
And make fair Italy their prey and home;
Till Belisarius had the Goths subdued,
And Narses his successor boldly stood,
The guardian governor for years fifteen;
Till jealous courtiers his power had seen,
And waxing wealth, with hate and envious eyes;
Who urged the emperor to course unwise:
Which was to bring about his swift recall
To court; nor was this step so dubious all:

For empress Sophia, in her hate,
 By insults tempted, too, her country's fate.
 "Let men wield manly arms!" thus she said;
 "Let eunuch hold the distaff, spin the thread,
 As once he did 'midst palace maidens found!"
 Thus stung, the conqueror still kept his ground,
 And ireful made, they say, this brief reply:
 "I'll spin her such a thread, e'en should she try
 The same t' unravel, she will not with ease!"
 Then seeking Naples, 'gan his ire to please
 By calling on the Lombards to chastise
 A prince ungrateful, people too unwise.
 Whether through fear or passion changing views,
 The mediation of the Pope they use;
 Who went to Naples, and such means employed
 As made the general, so late annoyed,
 Adopt a milder method and consent
 His time should at the capital be spent;
 For he alone that error could repair
 In which he had himself such fatal share.
 But death ensued; Longinus him succeeds.
 The soldiers knew him not; nor he the needs
 They had; their state or their desire;
 Or what, in short, his province might require.
 Wasted at once by folly and from thence
 Crime, guilt, the famine, and dire pestilence,
 'Twas thus the Lombards came, as we shall see,
 They gained the soil of famous Italy,
 'Most which they held, and fertile Lombardy
 Was from them called and yet we name it so.
 Its mighty river, that great stream the Po,
 Where Phaeton, they say, that charioteer,
 Who aimed the horses of the sun to steer,
 Fell by the avenging bolts of thundering Jove,
 But his quenched life could not destroy the love
 His sorrowing sisters felt e'en in their woe:
 Their falling tears turned amber by the Po.

This beauteous land a barbarous nation vain
 Possessed till overcome by Charlemagne ;
 The Franks succeeded at a later day,
 And o'er Italia held their potent sway,
 By like resentment Africa was lost,
 When Vandal hordes invade her fertile coast ;
 And fierce Genseric shook the Roman world,
 When her supremacy to dust was hurled ;
 'Twas thus the misbelievers later gain,
 Through Julian's rage dominion over Spain.
 Thus great events from trivial causes flow,
 And from revenge is but the way to woe.

Justin succeeded to Justinian,
 And but seven days his royal reign began,
 When from the Avars an embassy came,
 In which that tribe of warlike Scythians claim
 Rich presents which their friendship might prolong,
 Which Justin's uncle gave that nation strong.
 The emperor denied their proud request ;
 And with contempt th' ambassadors addressed ;
 Whose firmness filled their minds with wonder, awe,
 And from the royal presence they withdraw.
 The Avars then to Germany march on,
 But in two battles were almost undone,
 And all their power might have dissolved away,
 In deserts of Sarmatia ; but a day,
 More fortunate was near in which they join,
 Their forces to the Lombard king Alboin.

The Gepidæ had on the Danube's banks
 Widely displayed their many warlike ranks :
 To check them there Justinian sent to call
 The Lombards to his aid ; what should befall
 Was unforeseen ; for in a battle day,
 That ensued, panic made them run away,
 And in the midst the kings and guards remain
 The only occupants through all the plain.

Thus sudden fear or panic may prevail,
 And has done so, ere now, at which will quail
 The stoutest courage of the prowest knight,
 E'en as the coward slave who dreads the fight.
 'Twas so with these, but truce and mutual shame
 Urged them again to do away the blame,
 To fight with fiercest rage they rush again,
 Decisive action strews with dead the plain.
 The Gepid power is broken on that day,
 And young Alboin the laurels bore away.

The Lombards the young hero's valor praise
 With loud acclaim, as proud they on him gaze ;
 They ask his father that the prince should be
 Who slew his rival prince, at feast of victory ;
 But this could not be granted—custom was
 Long sanctioned by hereditary laws.
 No youthful prince at table of his sire
 His seat could take till at his crowned desire
 A foreign king should proper arms bestow.
 Then, hearing this, Alboin got up to go,
 With forty in his company select,
 They to the Gepid king their steps direct ;
 And Turisund, although at heart he grieves,
 To see the murderer of his son, receives
 The young Alboin with entertainment free
 And acts of noble hospitality ;
 Restrains the passions hatred fanned to flame,
 And from his roof and honor wards off blame
 Which might have come, when each insulting word
 Provoked each side in haste to draw the sword.
 He saved his honor ; his guest's life he saved ;
 Soothed with sage counsel, and so well behaved,
 Though weeping for his dear departed son,
 Invests him with the arms by whom undone.
 He met his early death on field of strife ;
 He bears away the arms who took his life.

Alboin and Cunismund held mutual hate ;
 Their meeting had near fatal proved of late ;
 For Cunismund, in ire for brother slain,
 Would deem the bold Alboin's murder gain,
 Nor would have scrupled there and then to slay
 One whom he longed so much to make away.
 The other, too, no doubt would gladly see
 The sudden death of this his enemy.
 Such dire resentment and such deadly hate
 Draw human minds to the infernal gate ;
 And Satan laughs to see poor mortals driven
 By their own impulse far from hope of Heaven ;
 But what is passing strange, though to the sire
 The youth implacable with deadly ire,
 Felt quite the contrary when he surveyed
 His daughter's charms, a very beauteous maid,
 Who caught his gaze when he this visit paid ;
 And to possess her, called in every aid
 Which force and stratagem could make avail,
 But her consent to gain did ever fail ;
 Nor would she wed, but him did still reject,
 And spurned his suit ne'er treated with respect.
 A war ensued ; his strength did not avail ;
 And without aid he knew 'twas but to fail.
 Attempting Gepids with the Roman aid,
 Thus deep revolving in his mind he laid
 The plan by which the Avars might assist,
 Whose force united nothing could resist.
 Ambition and revenge, and yet more, love,
 The Lombard king by passion's conflict move ;
 His ardent breast revenge inflames, desire
 To gain the Gepid queen stirs up the fire,
 And swift impels him humbly to implore
 The Chagan's aid and forces, till once more,
 He might victorious attain his aim,
 And thus with policy sustain his claim.
 That urged the Gepid's forces to attack,
 He had of common good pursued the track,

Since joined with Rome, they were each nation's foe,
 Resolved on courses to procure the woe,
 Of all, not less the Chagan, who combined,
 With Lombard arms, would certain victory find,
 The Danube, Hebrus, Italy would be
 With fair Byzantium patulous and free.
 With cold indifference, ill-concealed disdain
 The Chagan heard the reasoning in vain,
 Th' ambassadors are in his camp retained,
 And on some pretexts further still detained,
 At last he said as price to join their battle,
 The Lombards should him give a tithe of cattle,
 And this at once, then half of all the spoil,
 And all the Lombard lands reward of Avar's toil.

These hard conditions Alboin glad receives,
 For such the web that foolish passion weaves :
 The Romans leave the Gepids without aid,
 And but short time th' allied hosts delayed ;
 And Cunismund soon learns the Avar bands
 Had entered on and ravaged his fair lands.
 He hoped, however, that the Lombards slain
 Or ill-defeated the Avars again,
 Would from his confines easily be thrust,
 Then fight designs, for fight indeed he must.
 To the encounter then he rushes on
 By wild despair and valor is undone.
 The Gepids yield, though valiant, all is vain,
 Their bravest troops but strew the bloody plain,
 Alboin's wild revenge his foe now dead,
 In savage wise, exultant o'er the head,
 A drinking-cup formed from the scull provides
 To grace high festival and other scenes besides.
 This one might say was done in cruelty,
 But things are not the same as now we see ;
 It was perhaps a custom of the land,
 The Persians cut the head off and right hand,

And Indians trophies of the scalps display,
 So Lombard Alboin too must have his way ;
 But had he here forborne there is no doubt
 It had been better—time will bear me out.
 At any rate the cup, as it appears,
 The Lombards showed after two hundred years.

The victory gained the treaty was in force,
 As nothing now could stop their onward course :
 Wallachian and Moldavian lands are given,
 Fair Transylvania, part of Hungary, even,
 Beyond the mighty Danube's swelling flood,
 All these fair lands to make the compact good,
 The Scythian Avars in full right enjoyed ;
 And while the Gepid name and tribe destroyed,
 Dissolved, made captive, the great Avar bands
 In splendor ruled two centuries the lands,
 Called Dacian, Trajan's conquest then overrun
 By active Goths, to whom ere all was done,
 Aurelian it resigned ; in our realities,
 And mode of speech we say, "The Principalities!"
 A tract be sure that has much history made,
 And will again when all that live are dead.

The Gepid kingdom now indeed no more
 Like Troy it might be said—"it was ;"—was o'er,
 But not so Rosamond fastidious fair :
 She lived resplendent yet in beauty rare.
 Persuasion or compulsion gave her lover
 Victorious arguments ; resistance over,
 She yields consent, forgiveness seems to show
 For crimes her charms caused the source of woe.
 If she forgave, 'twas not as Christian does :
 Surely her heart was not much in the cause.
 In person she was lovely ; in her heart,
 Dissembled with a more than woman's art.
 Some call the sea inconstant, but we see
 Rare cases of a woman's constancy,

But what the nature of the Lombard queen,
 As we proceed, will be more clearly seen,
 Although perhaps we may a little screen.
 The Gepid kingdom thus being overthrown,
 Alboin's praise by trump of fame was blown;
 Men wondered and fair women all admired,
 And youthful braves to manly deeds inspired,
 E'en after ages tribes Teutonic sung
 His prowess; valorous deeds and fortunes rung
 Through Frankish lands 'midst peers of Charlemagne,
 And all the regions of that noble reign.
 The hero's breast still warlike ardor fired,
 Ambition restless conquests new desired,
 And far from Danube's banks he longed to go,
 To the famed Tiber and the classic Po;
 His camp contained a remnant of the host,
 Who under Narses, on th' Italian coast,
 Had by experience the mild climate proved,
 Its mountains, plains and paths both knew and loved,
 Who fifteen years since could the story tell,
 Of wealth and plunder, which was pleasing well,
 To youthful emulation and emprise,
 Deeds daring, booty placed before their eyes.
 Alboin with eloquence their zeal improved,
 And artful words still with fresh impulse moved;
 And at the royal feast displayed in view
 Delicious fruits that all spontaneous grew,
 In these Hesperian gardens;—favored land,
 So fertile, rich, blest scene and prospect grand.

As this barbarian lived in so dark age,
 I do not think he e'er saw Virgil's page.
 The Bucolics had never charmed his mind;
 To pious Eneas he was also blind:
 No line of Georgics ever he could quote,
 Or if he could in getting them by rote,
 He might have something to the purpose said,
 In thoughts expressing which can never fade,

While nations value what a mint of money,
 Can never purchase—the true hyblan honey ;
 With Cæsar's Commentaries in his hand,
 He might have culled a vivid passage grand ;
 Or Horace might a lyric grand impart,
 To wake his ardor and improve his heart ;
 Or had he opened Livy's charming page
 What thrilling scenes must there his mind engage !
 Or if of Theodosius he had heard,
 Or for the sainted Ambrose aught had cared,
 What might have been the lessons they had taught,
 When faithful zeal and piety has wrought,
 And mighty monarchs to religion yield,
 The cross victorious o'er the spear and shield !

His standard he erects, and to it come
 A rising multitude from many a home :
 In German forest and in Scythian wild,
 Barbarous resort of nature's untaught child ;
 The varied tribes of Danube and of Don,
 Barbarians, Saxons, the last not alone,
 Their wives and children join the grand array,
 And mighty hosts swarm all on Alboin's way.
 It seems the king at least no bigot was :
 And to the nations who had joined his cause,
 Allowed religious freedom ; no restraint
 Gave any reason for the least complaint.
 An Arian in religion brought up, he,
 The orthodox permitted by scope free,
 In public prayers e'en for himself to pray
 That leaving the sad paths of heresy,
 He might the better, safer path pursue ;
 And it is said barbarians in his view,
 A she-goat or a human victim gave,
 In offering to their fathers' gods to save.
 The lands being to th' Avars now resigned,
 By solemn compact they this people bind,

That if to gain Italia no success,
 The efforts crown, and there ensue distress,
 Returning thus in expectation cheated,
 They should their lands possess being reinstated.
 All magazines and arms provided were
 For soldier's use, by Alboin's active care,
 And full of hope of future victory he
 His army led on way to Italy,
 Where, as related, Narses late had died,
 Whose place Longinus very ill supplied.

The king the Julian Alps in course ascends ;
 His numerous army on his steps attends,
 While clambering up the mountain's rugged side,
 The summit reached, the country he espied,
 That beauteous, fertile, highly favored land,
 Before his view stretched out, seemed to expand ;
 And if, as I conjecture, from that height
 Th' extensive plain entire met his sight,
 Oh ! what a glorious landscape met his view,
 How often might his ecstasies renew ;
 As here he casts his gaze, on these inclines,
 Between the bounding Alps and Apennines,
 Through which the Po its mighty waters rolls,
 Whose bank its volume scarcely well controls,
 As in the sea it rushes oft o'erflows,
 And fills the neighboring swains with dread and woes ;
 The level plain, well watered by Po's course,
 Has other streams ; in mountains are their source,
 The Adige, Adda, Ticino, Brenta, Olio,
 Which, with the lakes, so lovely would a folio
 Need to describe with what in many an age
 Has made them famous upon history's page.
 Venice in that age rising from the sea,
 Secret and silent hid in privacy,
 On her lagoons existed ; refuge sure,
 Where, as in sanctuary, freedom might endure ;

Pavia, Placentia, Verona, Milan,
 Great cities still ; around which the villan
 As in the days of Virgil might e'en still
 A prosperous country profitably till.
 Why should I Alboin's slight attacks describe ?
 To carelessness we his success ascribe ;
 No hostile army met him in the field,
 No patriot drew the sword and shook the shield,
 If they remained, and 'twas indeed no wonder
 With scarce a stroke he swiftly brought them under.
 Though Pavia, taken after three years' siege,
 He of the people then was the lord liege,
 And all this part of fruitful Italy
 Was his, and yet is known as Lombardy ;
 Though to Ravenna's gates and e'en to Rome,
 The barbarous tribes were e'en now hostile come ;
 Yet it remains not for my scanty page
 To tell what acts they do and wars they wage.
 Two hundred and six years endured their reign,
 Of several kings, till time of Charlemagne,
 Who, called in by the Pope, by him was blest,
 Invested with the Empire of the West.

At Pavia Alboin soon fixed his seat,
 And for his residence 'twas truly meet.
 The palace of Theodoric was there,
 And Rosamond herself graced scene so fair ;
 Fair was her face, but treacherous her heart,
 Which Alboin cruelly once caused to smart ;
 He sent to Rosamond, and well filled up
 Present he said unto the queen the cup
 With rich Falernian wine—her father's scull,
 She sipped and said,—“ Right is my lord's will ! ”
 But in her mind, so full of agony,
 She prayed in Alboin's blood it washed might be ;
 Resolved to pay him back in his own coin,
 And glut revenge by murder of Alboin.

She laid a plot so devilish and deep,
The thought is horrible—might make one weep ;
But in my page I would not dare to name
The circumstances of a woman's shame.
Revenge might prompt her in its fiery haste,
But with it too, alas ! she was unchaste.
Her lover, Helmachis, was soon incited
With Peradeus in like crime united
To slay her husband, as in heat of day,
Unarmed and soothed, he in his chamber lay.
They on him rush, and as she saw his fall
She grimly smiled—thought nothing of it all ;
Then in her favorite's name to reign aspires.
The Lombards rise and burn revenging fires ;
She flies with daughter and her lovers two,
And treasures great, accompanied by few ;
Reaches Ravenna, where the exarch still
The duties of his station tries to fill ;
And here Longinus has with pleasure seen
The treasures and the beauty of the queen,
Who favors him. Her lover in her way,
She gives a cup to Helmachis one day ;
He drinks the poison, dagger at her breast ;
He dies contented, she had quaff'd the rest ;
Their guilty souls in other regions join !
Thus die the murderers of King Alboin.

PAST AND PRESENT.

SOME people are not grateful for each blessing,
That crowns, so rich our age, and 'tis distressing
To hear their murmurs for each sad complaint ;
Would vex, if not make ireful, e'en a saint.
The good and bad indeed is yet well mixed,
Nor have we reached that happy period fixed,
When truth and peace, and perfect righteousness
One thousand years at least the world shall bless,
And Satan bound, amid the depths of hell,
Shall chained in darkness with his angels dwell.
A mystery is the origin of evil,
And some, instead of that dark prince, the devil,
Thought that two Gods existed, one all bad ;
And him by darkness represented had.
While the other was all good, and him the light,
They likewise called glorious for color's bright.
Thus Ahriman the bad, Ormuzd the good,
In nature differing opponents stood ;
Nor could, they deemed, the good the bad control,
But he must mix up matters, and disturb the whole.
Now we know better, for our God is good ;
Is goodness infinite, has understood
E'en from the first what was, and was to be,
'Through the whole circle of eternity.
And with all power rules, and boundless might ;
Who can and will, when it shall please him, right
Whate'er is wrong ; and into endless night
Banish forever those who 'gainst him fight,
But take with him to live the pure upright.
Meanwhile his Providence the world controls
In matters visible,—in unseen souls.
One God, the living, true, not as they deem,
Who fondly cling to the poor pagan dream,

Ineffable in glorious Deity,
 One only God revealed in persons three ;
 'Tis not man's part his essence to explore,
 Poor foolish insect ; but 'tis to adore,
 And trust above all time and change and fate :
 All things on God the Sovereign await ;
 And He immutable in his design,
 Rewards and penalties will just assign ;
 The wicked far from him and bliss shall sever,
 The good his presence shall enjoy forever.

Clovis, the king of Franks, it is well known,
 Th' Aleman Suabians—near Cologne—
 In battle overcame ; true to his vow
 The battle ended, becomes Christian now.
 For sorely pressed in fight, he solemn swore,
 Should he victorious prove, Christ to adore,
 Who was Clotilda's God, his consort queen.
 His vow was kept ; imperfect he I ween,
 For this fierce warrior with a new-born zeal,
 Resolved to make the Visigoth his steel
 Duly experience ; under this pretense,
 Prepares their lands to seize, and drive them hence.
 " These Goths are Arians ; it makes me grieve,
 That the best part of fertile Gaul they have.
 Let us with help of God these foes assail,
 Their lands possess when o'er them we prevail !"
 The clergy, doubtless, well versed in divinity,
 Said thus : " Clovis professed the Trinity,
 In Gaul his conquest furthered, rooted out
 The heretics, and Alaric, no doubt,
 His kingdom both and people to his cost,
 And e'en his life, by it denying lost !"
 Now here we see, sometimes the orthodox
 Will, in religious garb, give blows and knocks.
 But Providence his instruments selects
 In his own way, and not as man expects.

At Clovis' baptism good Remigius taught
 In his discourse our Saviour's passion ; wrought
 By ignorance, but true and valorous zeal,
 At what he thought were for the common weal,
 Clovis exclaimed, " That ne'er had been allowed
 Had I with my brave Franks but seen that crowd ! "

The tribes Burgundians, Vandals, Alans, Sueves,
 Of German origin and fierce receives
 Religion, as boon valued in that degree,
 In which their joyed prosperity they see.
 Clovis did one good thing when that nefarious
 Sect he subdued, uprooted, sprung from Arius.
 Thus Charlemagne himself for many a year
 Fought with the Saxons ; they refused to hear—
 These wild barbarians long his force withstand—
 The gospel that he preached with sword in hand.
 At last prevailing, this he quickly found
 A potent argument, " Be baptized or drowned ! "
 This baptism differs very much from John,
 But who it doubts it better was than none ?
 Let no one think that here I recommend ;
 No ! on the contrary I don't defend,
 And yet he was a valiant pious prince—
 How many wiser, greater had we since ?
 The Pope, he in the good year eight hundred
 Enacted play at which spectators wondered ;
 As Pepin helped the Pope so his good son
 Was willing too ; the thing was neatly done ;—
 Down went the Lombards, and a wider scope
 Of temporal dominion to the Pope,
 Was fair enough, in fact was very right ;
 They were accorded and each grew in might ;
 To one, sins pardoned, empire, and renown
 The name of Charlemagne, and of the west the crown.
 The other cities, lands, and princely sway ;—
 Though lost, he held them many a year and day.

Nor do I justify the modern blunder
 Which dared the holy father thus to plunder.
 "Who sent the gospel to the English?" "Oh!
 Good sir, don't think I'm ignorant, I *know*."
 "Who, then?" "Pope Gregory it was!" "'Tis right!
 Say who illumined *Erin's* gloomy night?"
 "Pope Celestine sent Patrick, in fifth age,
 The miseries of Ireland to assuage,
 And Scotland's prince and people in their home;
 Their native land all acknowledged Rome."
 You answer well! of Germany and the rest,
 The other States if we but make due quest,
 With some exceptions plainly it appears,
 Rome knew no dissent fifteen hundred years.

"Let me now show you what is no great mystery;
 It may be known by all who will read history,
 And as it is adapted to my rhyme,
 I'll just refer you to the learned Mosheim.
 The church from the first age was grown corrupt,
 The Christians often turned in paths abrupt,
 To many a grievous sin and growing evil,
 Instigated by man's foe, the devil;
 And while a few still followed their dear Lord,
 Too many tares sowed with good seed the word.
 The Gnostics, latter Platonists, and those
 Who of the church instead of friends were foes;
 Ere the fourth century obscured light's ray,
 Less simple were, perverting the right way;
 E'en then were seen some symptoms of decay.
 Pride, pomp, and wealth at Constantine's command
 Pervaded Christian churches through the land.
 Heretics rose and grievous errors taught,
 With baleful evils and damnation fraught.
 Constantinople, Rome, for many an age
 A contest for the mastery constant wage,
 And while they strive so vainly rises *quoque*,
 The difference of two words, *filio-que*;

Which caused a quarrel nought could reconcile.
 The bonds of peace were rent asunder; while
 The unbelievers came in for the spoil.
 And, to disgrace of Christendom, arose
 O'er Saint Sophia's fane, raised by the foes
 Of our great Saviour—the crescent for the cross,
 And many a schism besides declared our loss.
 Who will deny the clergy were to blame?
 Who not acknowledge the monks were the same?
 Or that the Popes infallible then proved
 Or acted out what them so much behooved?
 No! God forgive us sinners—every nation
 Required, demanded, obtained reformation;
 And in our day good morals so prevail,
 As to commend religion can not fail;
 The decency, the piety, and zeal,
 The learning and good efforts make us feel
 Great progress has been made by force of grace,
 And a new era opens on our race,
 And faith shall yet unite a common fold
 One fold, one shepherd, as it was of old!"

"In the tenth age, so very dark, pray tell
 Upon what pagan regions the light fell?"

"Danbrouska, daughter then of Boleslaus,
 Bohemia's duke, wedded to Micislaus,
 The Polish duke, nine hundred sixty-five;
 And by persuasion after did contrive
 To make him leave the gloomy pagan night,
 And choose instead the glorious gospel light.
 Bishop Egidius by the Pope was sent,
 And many priests their pious efforts lent,
 To teach the people, though they could not speak
 In their own language; and these heralds meek
 Would have had but indifferent success,
 But edicts, penal laws, and promises,

With threats by Micislaus frequent given,
 Aided these ghostly messengers of Heaven ;
 And the reluctant Poles by fear and hope,
 Embraced the gospel, submiss to the Pope ;
 Archbishops two, and likewise bishops seven
 Directed then the Poles the path of heaven.
 And soon profession rendered by the nation
 Gave evidence it had obtained salvation.

“ In this same century the Russian nation,
 Evangelized before, fallen from the station
 They had attained to, now the same regains,
 Though not without indeed a world of pains.
 For in the year nine hundred sixty-one,
 The Duke of Russia married Princess Anne,
 Sister of Basil, second of that name,
 Who rank of Grecian emperor might claim.
 The pious duchess Vlodimer persuades,
 To flee from pagan darkness dreadful shades ;
 And he, in six years, hearkened to her voice,
 Making the Christian faith his happy choice.
 Spontaneous then the example of their prince
 His subjects follow, and are Christians since.
 Thus 'twas by female means the gospel found
 Admission to the heathen countries round ;
 Th' Hungarians and Avars had received,
 Some rays in the eighth age, a few believed :
 In the tenth age, two Turks on Danube's banks,
 Received by baptism, joined the Christian ranks.
 One chief Bulosudes, Gylas another ;
 The first apostatized, but the brother
 Constant in faith remained, labored to spread
 The light of truth, obedient to its head.
 Sarolta his daughter, to Hungarian chief
 Became the wife, and came to his relief,
 As in the heathen dangerous gloom he lay ;
 Converted, he was yet inclined to stray,

But one good bishop was on the alert,
 From Prague he was, and by name Adalbert,
 Who kept him steady and his son baptized,
 A youth from the beginning well advised,
 Who grew in grace, on firm foundations placed
 The rising church and as a saint was graced.
 The Danes by the great Otho were overcome,
 Harold their prince, this sentence was their doom,
 Baptism and peace should be at once received,
 They were baptized, a few perhaps believed ;
 Sweyn, Harold's son, from faith apostatized,
 But chastened by the Lord, was well advised,
 A different course pursued, the gospel spread,
 Which brought down blessings rich upon his head ! ”

These are a few remarks upon the past,
 But we grow better—the best age this last ;
 Yet if submitted to a keen inspection,
 'Twould hardly yet claim quite due perfection.
 In arts, and arms, science, morals, all
 That elevates mankind, one may it call
 The very best ; at least the germ is there,
 Which shall prove fruitful with a little care.
 This too depends upon all-gracious Heaven,
 From whom are piety and virtue given,
 While such—the humblest—must do his part
 With active zeal—sincerity of heart,
 With faith and hope—with the tender love,
 That fits him here to join the choirs above.

COURTESY.

Few things more pleasant are to human mind,
Than kind reception, frank and free to find ;
Whether to rich or poor, it is but right,
None should another offer any slight ;
For even if another may prove rude,
To render back the same can do no good.
The mind it sullies, and corrodes the heart,
It leaves a sting or an empoisoned dart,
While words, and deeds, and looks, if they be kind,
Gentle, obliging, mark a generous mind,
And some in manners are so mild, polite,
They gain on us and all, and still seem right,
Such favorable impressions they impart,
They steal insensibly upon the heart,
Like you, dear Frederick, you, more dear Panilla,
Whose grace would charm the heart of a gorilla !

A valiant knight, great Spenser's Calidore,
Went hunting once, and the wild prey chased o'er
Full many a mountain, river, dale, and hill,
Then lost the track, pursuing hard until
He came to where he found a pastoral band
Tending their fleecy flock with pipes in hand ;
And asked them if it chanced such beast they saw ?
His courteous queries a like answer draw.
They offer meat and drink with word and look
Of hearty welcome, and he free partook.
A damsel fair he on a hillock spied,
With flowers crowned and silken ribbons tied,
Surrounded by a circle of fair maids,
That graced yet more those lovely sylvan shades ;
And near the shepherd lads in rustic lays
With joyful shout tell Pastorella's praise.
The maiden was so beautiful, her face
Was but surpassed by modesty and grace ;

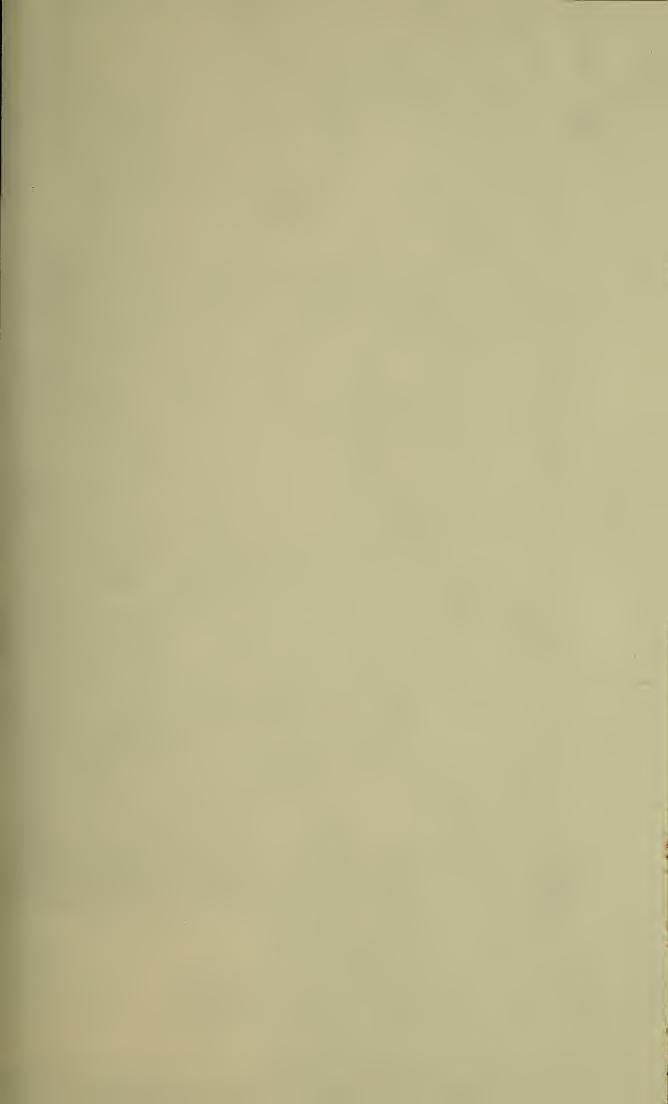
All loved her dearly, Corydon the most,
 Their friendship she received, their love was lost.
 As Calidore this paragon had sought,
 With wandering eyes, at once his heart was caught.
 He gazed and moved not, stayed till day was gone,
 Spoke to the herds what was for her alone,
 And when the flocks were now all duly fed,
 'Twas time to send them, ere the dew, to bed.
 This duty done, assisting Calidore,
 The venerable sire came to the door,
 And asked in, with hospitable grace,
 To share their shelter in that humble place.
 Explains the bliss that crowns their humble lot ;
 And Calidore requests that in their cot
 He might abide ; money and service proffers.
 The first the old man declines, but the offers
 Of service accepts kindly, and the knight
 Becomes a shepherd for this maiden bright ;
 But little for him cared, with all his pains,
 Till he wears shepherd's weeds, and then he gains
 A rising interest, growing every day,
 Which Corydon caused grief and melancholy,
 With hatred, envy, and with many a scowl,
 His heart devoured with jealousy so foul ;
 But when he presents brought to Pastorell,
 She still him fancied not however well,
 He tried to gain her grace ; and to his cost
 He found the courteous stranger had it most.

Once on a day, the flocks in pleasant shade,
 The pipes struck up, and merry sports were made.
 They 'gan to dance ; to pipe was Colin Clout,
 And Calidore to lead the ring, no doubt,
 As he was most in Pastorella's graces ;
 Corydon bit his lip thereat, frowned, and made faces ;
 But Calidore took and put him in his place,
 And when the fair one thought his head to grace

With garlands which she wore on her own head ;
He cheered poor Corydon, and on his laid.

Once in their games, with Pastorella judge,
This thought did in the darkening mind now lodge
Of envious Corydon ; that, wrestler, he
Would gain o'er Calidore the victory.
He found it different ; for he was thrown,
But lightly, or he'd broken his neck-bone.
Then Pastorella gave a crown of oak,
The victor's meed—when Calidore it took
And put it on the head of Corydon,
Generously saying that he well it won.

A long time there remained good Calidore
In happy state, by all beloved, and more
By the sweet Pastorella ; whom, we see,
Was gained by tenderness and courtesy.
Her heart was led a mutual flame to know,
And her affections all were his ; and so,
In this delightful, lovely, rural spot,
True courtesy enjoyed its happy lot ;
Which hope, still painting with fair colors bright,
Would whisper, hands as well as hearts unite,
And love the bond in wedlock's state-upright.





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