

And chafed his hands with mine  
And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed :  
" Let's try this bow of ours  
And string, if they be harmed,"  
Said he, " with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said, flying :  
" Adieu, mine host, adieu !  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

CUPID BENIGHTED. [ANACREON.]

THOMAS MOORE.

'Twas noon of night, and round the pole  
The sullen Bear was seen to roll ;  
And mortals wearied with the day,  
Were slumbering all their cares away ;  
An infant at that dreary hour,  
Came weeping to my silent bower,  
And waked me with a piteous prayer,  
To shield him from the midnight air.

" And who art thou," I waking cry,  
" That bid'st my blissful visions fly ?"  
" Ah, gentle sire," — the infant said, —  
" In pity take me to thy shed,  
Nor fear deceit ; a lonely child,  
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.



" 'Twas Love! the little, wandering sprite;  
His pinion sparkled through the night, —  
I knew him by his bow and dart."

Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
Illumes my drear and misty way."  
I heard the baby's tale of woe ;  
I heard the bitter night-winds blow ;  
And, sighing for his piteous fate,  
I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.  
'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,  
His pinion sparkled through the night.  
I knew him by his bow and dart ;  
I knew him by my fluttering heart.  
Fondly I take him in, and raise  
The dying embers' cheering blaze ;  
Press from his dank and clinging hair  
The crystals of the freezing air,  
And in my hand and bosom hold  
His little fingers' thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray  
Had warm'd his anxious fears away :  
" I pray thee," said the wanton child  
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd),  
" I pray thee, let me try my bow,  
For through the rain I've wandered so,  
That much I fear the midnight shower  
Has injured its elastic power."  
His fatal bow the urchin drew ;  
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;  
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,  
And to mine inmost spirit came !  
And " Fare thee well," I heard him say,  
As, laughing wild, he wing'd his way ;  
" Fare thee well, for now I know  
The rain has not relaxed my bow ;  
It still can send a thrilling dart,  
As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

## CUPID SWALLOWED.

LEIGH HUNT.

"Tother day as I was twining  
 Roses for a crown to dine in,  
 What, of all things, midst the heap,  
 Should I light on, fast asleep,  
 But the little desperate elf,  
 The tiny traitor — Love himself!  
 By the wings I pinched him up  
 Like a bee, and in a cup  
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him;  
 And what d'ye think I did? I drank him!  
 Faith I thought him dead. Not he!  
 There he lives with tenfold glee;  
 And now this moment with his wings  
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

## SIR CUPID.

FREDERICK R. WETHERLY.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,  
 Determined to discover  
 What kind of a man a maid preferred  
 Selecting for a lover.  
 So putting on a soldier's coat,  
 He talked of martial glory,  
 And from the way he talked, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the story.  
 Then with a smile sedate and grim,  
 He changed his style and station,  
 In shovel hat and gaiters trim  
 He made his visitation.

He talked of this, discoursed of that,  
 Of Palestine and Hermon;  
 And from the way he preached, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the sermon.

Then changed again, he came to her  
 A roaring, ranting sailor.  
 He cried "Yo ho! I love you so!"  
 And vowed he'd never fail her:  
 He talked of star and compass true,  
 The glories of the ocean,  
 And from the way he sang, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the notion.

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,  
 Discarded all disguises;  
 "That you no preference seem to find  
 My fancy much surprises."  
 "Why so?" she cried with roguish smile  
 "Why, prithee, why so stupid?  
 I do not care what garb you wear  
 So long as you are — Cupid."

## CUPID'S DECADENCE.

ELIOT STOCK.

In ancient days when all was young,  
 And Love and Hope were rife,  
 Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,  
 And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of day,  
 And round the country harried;  
 Upstirring hearts that were unwed,  
 And soothing down the married.

But then on wider mischief bent  
 He hied him to the city ;  
 And finding much to suit his taste,  
 He stayed there — more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,  
 Bedight with golden stars.  
 They feasted him on golden grain  
 And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness  
 In richest cloth of gold,  
 And set him up in business  
 Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,  
 Forgetting his nativity ;  
 Since then he's gone from bad to worse,  
 From Cupid to *Cupidity*.

## THE CYCLOPS: A PARAPHRASE ON THEOCRITUS.

MRS. BROWNING.

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,  
 The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth  
 Loved Galatea, while the manhood grew  
 Adown his cheeks and darkened round his mouth.  
 No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses ;  
 Love made him mad ; the whole world was neglected,  
 The very sheep went backward to their closes  
 From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.  
 And singing Galatea, thus, he wore  
 The sunrise down along the weedy shore,  
 And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound  
 Beneath his heart, which Cypris's arrow bore,

With a deep pang ; but so the cure was found ;  
 And sitting on a lofty rock he cast  
 His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last : —  
 “ O whitest Galatea, can it be  
 That thou shouldst spurn me, me, who love thee so ?  
 More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,  
 More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee  
 Than kids, and brighter than the early glow  
 On grapes that swell to ripen, — sour like thee !  
 Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,  
 And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me ;  
 Thou fliest, — fliest, as a frightened sheep  
 Flies the gray wolf ! yet Love did overcome me,  
 So long ; — I loved thee, maiden, first of all  
 When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)  
 I saw thee stray to pluck the summer-fall  
 Of hyacinth bells, and went myself to guide thee :  
 And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave thee  
 No more, from that day's light ! But thou — by Zeus,  
 Thou wilt not care for *that* to let it grieve thee !  
 I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose  
 From my arm round thee, Why ? I tell thee, dear !  
 One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road  
 Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear, —  
 One eye rolls underneath ; and yawning, broad  
 Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.  
 Yet — ho, ho ! — I, — whatever I appear, —  
 Do feed a thousand oxen ! When I have done  
 I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best !  
 I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun ;  
 And after, in the cold, it's ready prest !  
 And then I know to sing, as there is none  
 Of all the Cyclops can, — a song of thee,  
 Sweet apple of my soul on life's fair tree,  
 And of myself who love thee, till the West

Forgets the light and all but I have rest.

I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does  
And four tame whelps of bears.

Come to me, Sweet ! thou shalt have all of those  
In change for love ! I will not halve the shares.

Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended  
To the dry shore ; and in my cave's recess

Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight ended, —  
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,

Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold  
Most luscious grapes ; and here is water cold

That wooded Ætna pours down through the trees  
From the white snows, — which gods were scarce too bold

To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these  
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas ?

Nay, look on me ! If I am hairy and rough,  
I have an oak's heart in me ; there's a fire

In these gray ashes which burns hot enough.  
I grudge the flame no fuel, — not my soul,

Nor this one eye, — most precious thing I have, because  
thereby

I see thee, Fairest ! Out, alas ! I wish

My mother had borne me finned like a fish,  
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,

And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,  
If still thy face were turned ; and I would bear thee

Each lily white and poppy fair that bleeds  
Its red heart down its leaves ! — one gift for hours

Of summer, — one for winter ; since, to cheer thee,  
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.

Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,  
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis, —

That I may know how sweet a thing it is  
To live down with you in the Deep and Dim !

Come up, O Galatea ! from the ocean,

And having come, forget again to go !

As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion  
Could sit forever. Come up from below !

Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine, —  
Come, press my cheese, distrain my whey and curd !

Ah, mother ! she alone, — that mother of mine, —  
Did wrong me sore ! I blame her ! — Not a word

Of kindly intercession did she address  
Thine ear with, for my sake ; and ne'er the less

She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day !  
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,

All sick for grief, as I myself was sick !  
O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent

Thy soul on fluttering wings ? If thou wert bent  
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick

The sprouts to give thy lambkins — thou wouldst make thee  
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.

Milk dry the present ! Why pursue too quick  
That future which is fugitive aright ?

Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find, —  
Or else a maiden fairer and more kind ;

For many girls do call me through the night,  
And, as they call, do laugh out silverly.

I, too, am something in the world I see !"

\* \* \* \* \*

While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,  
Ease came with song, he could not buy with gold.

This story is the subject of Raphael's famous painting, — The Flight of Galatea.

## THE DRYADS.

LEIGH HUNT.

These are the tawny Dryads, who love nooks  
 In the dry depth of oaks ;  
 Or feel the air in groves, or pull green dresses  
 For their glad heads in rooty wildernesses ;  
 Or on the gold turf, o'er the dark lines  
 Which the sun makes when he declines,  
 Bend their linked dances in and out the pines.  
 They tend all forests old, and meeting trees,  
 Wood, copse, or queach, or slippery dell o'erhung  
 With firs, and with their dusty apples strewn ;  
 And let the visiting beams the boughs among.  
 And bless the trunks from clings of disease  
 And wasted hearts that to the night-wind groan.  
 They screen the cuckoo when he sings ; and teach  
 The mother blackbird how to lead astray  
 The unformed spirit of the foolish boy  
 From thick to thick, from hedge to bay or beach,  
 When he would steal the huddled nest away  
 Of yellow bills upgaping for their food,  
 And spoil the song of the free solitude.  
 And they, at sound of the brute, insolent horn,  
 Hurry the deer out of the dewy morn ;  
 And take into their sudden laps with joy  
 The startled hare that did but peep abroad ;  
 And from the trodden road  
 Help the bruised hedgehog. And at rest, they love  
 The back-turned pheasant, hanging from the tree  
 His sunny drapery ;  
 The handy squirrel, nibbling hastily ;  
 And fragrant hiving bee,  
 So happy that he will not move, not he,

Without a song ; and hidden, loving dove,  
 With his deep breath ; and bird of wakeful glen,  
 Whose louder song is like the voice of life,  
 Triumphant o'er death's image, but whose deep,  
 Low, lovelier note is like a gentle wife —  
 A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,  
 Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,  
 An hour for mother's work, and singing low  
 While her tired husband and her children sleep.

This poem by Leigh Hunt gives quite clearly and fully the services that the Dryads were supposed to render to the forests.

The subject is capable of very charming poetic treatment, as may be seen in the poem called "Rhœcus," by James Russell Lowell, and from which the following selection is taken.

\* \* \* \* \*

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,  
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,  
 And, feeling pity for so fair a tree,  
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,  
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.  
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind  
 That murmured "Rhœcus !" 'Twas as if the leaves,  
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,  
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again  
 It murmured "Rhœcus !" softer than a breeze.  
 He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes  
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream  
 Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow  
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.  
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair  
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek

For any that were wont to mate with gods.  
 But like a goddess stood she there,  
 And like a goddess all too beautiful  
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.  
 "Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree," —  
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words  
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew, —  
 "And with it I am doomed to live and die ;  
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,  
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;  
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,  
 And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,  
 Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,  
 Answered : "What is there that can satisfy  
 The endless craving of the soul but love?  
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of that  
 Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."  
 After a little pause she said again,  
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,  
 "I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift ;  
 An hour before the sunset meet me here."  
 And straightway there was nothing he could see  
 But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak.

\* \* \* \* \*



"When Bacchus first beheld the desolate  
 And sleeping Ariadne —"