

Who watch'd us pass ; and lower, and where the long
 Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the necks
 Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,
 Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers
 Fell as we past : and men and boys astride
 On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,
 At all the corners, named us each by name,
 Calling 'God speed !' but in the street below
 The knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor
 Wept, and the King himself could hardly speak for grier.

* * * * *

And then we reached the weirdly-sculptured gate,
 Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,
 And thence departed every one his way.

"And I was lifted up in heart, and thought
 Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,
 How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,
 So many and famous names ; and never yet
 Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor earth so green,
 For all my blood danced in me, and I knew
 That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

"Thereafter, the dark warning of our King,
 That most of us would follow wandering fires,
 Came like a driving gloom across my mind.
 Then every evil word I had spoken once,
 And every evil thought I had thought of old,
 And every evil deed I ever did,
 Awoke and cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'
 And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself
 Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns,
 And I was thirsty even unto death ;
 And I, too, cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'

"And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst
 Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook
 With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white
 Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave,
 And took both ear and eye ; and o'er the brook
 Were apple-trees, and apples by the brook fallen,
 And on the lawns. 'I will rest here,'
 I said, 'I am not worthy of the Quest' ;
 But even while I drank the brook, and ate
 The goodly apples, all these things at once
 Fell into dust, and I was left alone,
 And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.

* * * * *

"And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.
 Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,
 And where it smote the ploughshare in the field,
 The ploughman left his ploughing, and fell down
 Before it ; where it glitter'd on her pail,
 The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down
 Before it, and I knew not why, but thought
 'The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had risen.
 Then was I ware of one that on me moved
 In golden armor with a crown of gold
 About a casque all jewels ; and his horse
 In golden armor jewell'd everywhere :
 And on the splendor came, flashing me blind ;
 And seem'd to me the Lord of all the world,
 Being so huge. But when I thought he meant
 To crush me, moving on me, lo ! he, too,
 Opened his arms to embrace me as he came,
 And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,
 Fell into dust, and I was left alone
 And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.
 "And I rode on and found a mighty hill,
 And on the top a city wall'd : the spires

Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.
 And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd ; and these
 Cried to me climbing, ' Welcome, Percivale !
 Thou mightiest and thou purest among men !'
 And glad was I and clomb, but found at top
 No man nor any voice. And thence I past
 Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw
 That man had once dwelt there ; but there I found
 Only one man of an exceeding age.
 ' Where is that goodly company,' said I,
 ' That so cried out upon me ?' and he had
 Scarce any voice to answer, and yet gasp'd,
 ' Whence and what art thou ?' and even as he spoke
 Fell into dust and disappear'd, and I
 Was left alone once more, and cried in grief,
 ' Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself
 And touch it, it will crumble into dust.'

" And thence I dropt into a lowly vale,
 Low as the hill was high, and where the vale
 Was lowest, found a chapel and thereby
 A holy hermit in a hermitage,
 To whom I told my phantoms, and he said :

" ' O son, thou hast not true humility,
 The highest virtue, mother of them all ;
 For when the Lord of all things made Himself
 Naked of glory for His mortal change,
 " Take thou my robe," she said, " for all is thine,"
 And all her form shone forth with sudden light
 So that the angels were amazed, and she
 Follow'd him down, and like a flying star
 Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the East ;
 But her thou hast not known : for what is this
 Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins ?

Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself
 As Galahad.' When the hermit made an end,
 In silver armor suddenly Galahad shone
 Before us, and against the chapel door
 Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer.
 And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst
 And at the sacring of the mass I saw
 The holy elements alone ; but he :
 ' Saw ye no more ? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
 The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine :
 I saw the fiery face as of a child
 That smote itself into the bread, and went ;
 And hither am I come ; and never yet
 Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
 This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
 Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
 Fainter by day, but always in the night
 Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
 Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
 Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
 Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
 Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
 And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
 And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
 Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
 And hence I go ; and one will crown me king
 Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,
 For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

" While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
 Drew me with power upon me, till I grew
 One with him, to believe as he believed.
 Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

"There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
 Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-courses —
 Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm
 Round us and death ; for every moment glanced
 His silver arms and gloom'd : so quick and thick
 The lightnings here and there to left and right
 Struck ; till the dry old trunks about us, dead,
 Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,
 Sprang into fire : and at the base we found
 On either hand, as far as eye could see,
 A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
 Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,
 Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
 Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,
 A thousand piers ran into the great sea.
 And Galahad fled along their bridge by bridge,
 And every bridge as quickly as he crost
 Sprang into fire : and vanish'd, tho' I yearn'd
 To follow ; and thrice above him all the heavens
 Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
 Shoutings of all the sons of God : and first
 At once I saw him far on the great sea,
 In silver-shining armor starry-clear ;
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
 Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
 And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,
 If boat it were — I saw not whence it came.
 And when the heavens open'd and blazed again
 Roaring, I saw him like a silver star —
 And had he set the sail, or had the boat
 Become a living creature clad with wings?
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
 Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
 For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
 Then in a moment, when they blazed again

Opening, I saw the least of little stars
 Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
 I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
 And gateways in a glory like one pearl —
 No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints —
 Strike from the sea ; and from the star there shot
 A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
 Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
 Which never eyes on earth again shall see.
 Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep.
 And how my feet recross'd the deathful ridge
 No memory in me lives ; but that I touch'd
 The chapel-doors at dawn, I know ; and thence
 Taking my war-horse from the holy man,
 Glad that no phantom vex't me more, return'd
 To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars."

* * * * *

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

TENNYSON.

THE poet represents this poem as a fragment of an
 Epic in twelve books, which the author burnt for "a
 mint of reasons." "He thought that nothing new was
 said, or else

" 'Something so said 'twas nothing — that a truth
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.' "

In answer to these reasons mentioned by his friend,
 the poet adds by way of excuse, —

"Why take the style of those heroic times?
 For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
 Nor we those times ; and why should any man
 Remodel models? These twelve books of mine

Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,
 Mere chaff and druff, much better burnt."
 "But I," said his friend, "picked the eleventh from this hearth,
 And have it: keep a thing, its use will come."
 "Then at my request he brought it;
 And the poet, little urged,
 But with some prelude of disparagement,
 Read, mouthing out his oes and aes,
 Deep-chested music, and to this result."

In Tennyson's early poems the following appears under the title given above; in the "Idylls of the King" it is called the "Passing of Arthur."

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls,
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made, —
 Though Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm
 That without help, I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
 And wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There he drew forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth work
 Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "Hast thou performed the mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
 For surer sign had followed, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely it was chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud.
 "And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.
 Then spoke King Arthur, drawing quicker breath :
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard or seen?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not though I live three lives of mortal man,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
 "My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
 But as he walked Sir Arthur panted hard,
 Like one that felt a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him and a cry
 Before. His own thoughts drove him like a goad.
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels —
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.
 Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
 And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust ;
 Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 "Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?

For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Avilion. — Av'alon, in Middle-Age romance, is the name given to an ocean-island not far from the "terrestrial paradise." It is represented as the abode of King Arthur and his fairy sister, Morgan le Fay, and of Oberon, the king of the fairies, in mediæval mythology.

In the following sonnet the writer indicates that to him, at least, the poetry of the Old Testament is of a higher order than even "Homer's verse," and that the other famous Greek and Latin authors have not the power of the "hallowed bards" of Judah. He could hardly have come to this conclusion without a thorough knowledge of both the Hebrew Scriptures and the ancient classics. That he had explored this wide field of literature his writings show conclusively, and that he was a traveller in Greece and Italy is evident from the fact that many of his poems were written under the direct inspiration of scenes and sights connected with pagan history and religion.

A SONNET.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Let those who will, hang rapturously o'er
 The flowing eloquence of Plato's page, —

Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour
 From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage ;
 Let those who list, ask Tully to assuage
 Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and restore
 The reign of rhetoric ; or maxims sage
 Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.
 Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me
 Are dear : Isaiah's noble energy ;
 The temperate grief of Job ; the artless strain
 Of Ruth and pastoral Amos ; the high songs
 Of David ; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,
 Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.

To study literature profitably we must learn that a few subjects constantly reappear on the pages of the poet, the dramatist, the novelist. Among these are the joys and sorrows of human life, the personal relations of humanity. History is human life on a larger scale, — not merely personal, though that is included in it, but national, — and so Life, Death, and the Hereafter have been the great themes upon which the thoughts of men have labored, and they have given expression to these thoughts in a few lasting forms that constitute the grandeur and the glory of every civilized land.

What has man's desire to express his thoughts compelled him to do ? To invent language and the materials necessary for preserving the spoken words in written forms. And what is the result ? All nations have poets ; to carve his thoughts in stone, — sculptors ; to paint his thoughts on canvas, — artists ; to build his thoughts into architectural forms, — cathedral builders ; to invent musical instruments and a musical notation, — organ-

ists; "to speak with the tongues of angels," — orators. And the highest thought ever expressed in any of these forms — what is it but the worship of God? of Him who created us, redeemed us, sanctified us?

Man is a worshipping creature and he must fulfil the end for which he was created. The highest form of literature produced by any nation is the embodiment of its religion. Homer's writings, the Hebrew Scriptures, and the New Testament must, therefore, hold the foremost rank as literary models, the first embodying the religion of the Greeks, the second that of the Jews, and the third that of Christendom.

The farther we carry our studies in literature the more we shall be convinced

"How little inventiveness there is in man.
Grave copier of copies —"¹

But this very discovery is one of the best means of teaching us to discriminate between good literature and bad; between the great books and the little ones; between high art, low art, and *no* art, in writing; between the ideal and the real.

¹ James Russell Lowell, "The Cathedral."

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

- ÆSCHYLUS. Prometheus Bound (Plumptre's Trans.), 62.
ANACREON. Cupid Stung, 183; The Cheat of Cupid, 187; Cupid Benighted, 188.
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. Cupid Stung (Trans. from Anacreon), 183.
BACKUS, M. L. On Latmos, 38.
BARR, LILLIE E. A Legend of Ancient Greece, 23.
BENEDICT, E. T. The Origin of the Sonnet, 225.
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT. A Musical Instrument, 138; Cupid and Psyche (Paraphrases on Apuleius), 175; The Cyclops (Paraphrase on Theocritus), 192; How Bacchus finds Ariadne Sleeping (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 199; How Bacchus comforts Ariadne (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 202; The Dead Pan, 236.
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 147.
BYRON, LORD. Prometheus, 83.
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. The Manciple's Tale, 25.
COWPER, WILLIAM. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 146.
DE VERE, AUBREY. A Sonnet, 288.
DOMMÉT, ALFRED. A Christmas Hymn, 229.
EURIPIDES. Iphigenia in Aulis, 107; From the Troades, 19.
GOETHE. Prometheus, 81; Iphigenia in Tauris, 114.
HERRICK, ROBERT. The Cheat of Cupid, 187.
HESIOD. The Creation of Pandora, 88; Bacchus and Ariadne, 204.
HUNT, LEIGH. Cupid Swallowed, 190; The Dryads, 196.
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. The First Fan, 226.
HOMER. A Hymn to Ceres, 45; From the Iliad, Book VIII., 145.
INGELOW, JEAN. Persephone, 46.
JONSON, BEN. Hymn to Diana (from Cynthia's Revels), 35; Discourse with Cupid, 185.
KEATS, JOHN. Saturn and Thea (from Hyperion), 56; A Sonnet on Chapman's Homer, 143.