

CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined,
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seen,
And we the shadows of the dream.

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth, have never passed away;
'Tis we, 'tis ours are changed—not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death, nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

F IRED I am, I'll go to rest,
Safe folded in my little nest,
Heavenly Father, may Thine eye
Above my bed watch very nigh.

Forgive the wrong this day I've done
For Jesus' sake, Thine only Son;
And may His blood, once shed for me,
From all that's sinful make me free.

Bless father, mother, brother, dear—
 Each whom I love both far and near;
 Bless all Thy children, great and small,
 I pray Thee, Father of us all.

To wounded hearts, and eyes that weep,
 Give rest and peace and gentle sleep—
 And o'er the gloom of heathen skies
 May soon "The Star of Bethlehem rise."



—*HORATIUS.*—

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

ARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain,
 From many a stately market-place;
 From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools for fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Gazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given;
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;

Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome;
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman
 And many a stout ally;
 And with a mighty following
 To join the muster came
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latin name.

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright:
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
 And women great with child,
 And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves.

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of wagons
 That cracked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

Now from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
 In Crustumarium stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-gate;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town.

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear:
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
 Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come;
 And louder still, and still more loud
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud.
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to the left and far to the right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine;
 But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all,
 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 Each warlike Lucomo.
 There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen;
 And Astur of the four-fold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latin name;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed;
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
 “As thou sayest, so let it be.”
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state:
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great:
 Then lands were fairly portioned:
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold:
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe:

And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose:
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva’s mines;