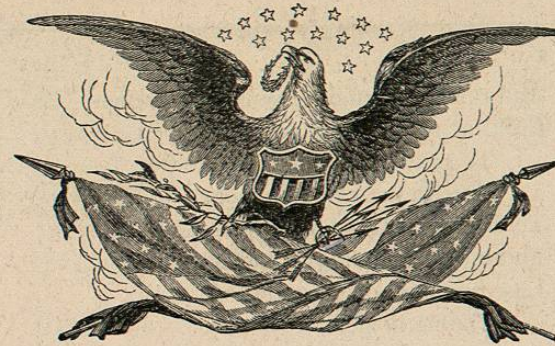


For of the noblest of the land
 Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;
 And central in the ring,
 By that dead pauper on the ground,
 Her ragged orphans clinging round,
*Knelt their anointed king.**

*George III.



→*THE+AMERICAN+FLAG.*←

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.



WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there!
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light,
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
 Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on,
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!





❖COLUMBIA❖

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,

Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star,
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more.
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

(172)

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."





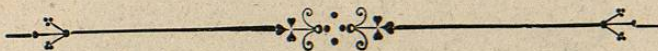
—*MY+COUNTRY.*—

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.



HERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:

(174)



In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
“Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?”
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.





—
A COURT LADY.
—

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



I.
HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with
purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red
and restless spark,

II.
Never was lady of Milan nobler in name
and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in
the face.

III.
Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

IV
She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens,
"Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

V.
"Bring me the clasps of diamonds, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the
throat.

(176)



VI.
"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the
sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from
the eaves."

VII.
Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in
a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital
came.

VIII.
In she went at the door, and gazing, from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a
friend."

IX.
Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young
man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his
head.

X.
"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy are thou!" she
cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and
died.

XI.
Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were
reckoned.

XII.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings
before her.

XIII.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the
cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the stroke of a
sword.

XIV.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the
past."

XV.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the
curls.

XVI.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming
in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the
slain?"

XVII.

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her
hands:
"Blessed is she who has born thee, although she should
weep as she stands."

XVIII.

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother! how shall I thank
thee for all?"

XIX.

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and
line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not
thine.

XX.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed.
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong
for the rest!"

XXI.

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where
pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of
mind.

XXII.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

XXIII.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were
kissing the cross.

XXIV.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my
brother?"



XXV.

Holding his hands in hers:—“Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to
die on.”

XXVI.

Holding his cold rough hands,—“Well, O, well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone.”

XXVII.

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a
spring—
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the
King.”



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.



LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks! pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over;
With envy *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

(181)