

2. Stränger, however great,
With holy reverence bow ;—
There's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.
3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! death doth keep his state ;
Enter,—no crowds attend ;
Enter,—no guards defend
This palace gate.
4. That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meager hands,
A dying head.
5. No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppress'd,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.
6. Oh, change !—oh, wondrous change !—
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars !
7. Oh, change !—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The Sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God !

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

183. WARREN'S ADDRESS.

1. **S**TAND ! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
Hope ye mercy still ?

What's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
Ask it, ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will ye to your homes retire ?
Look behind you ! they're a-fire !
And before you, see
Who have done it ! From the vale
On they come ! and will ye quail ?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be !

3. In the God of battles trust !
Die we may—and die we must ;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell ?

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

184. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua.¹ Len'tulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious² city. The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet ; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

2. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered

¹ Cap'ua, a fortified city of Naples. It was built out of the ruins of ancient Capua, the city here referred to, the remains of which, about two miles E., include a gate, and portions of a large amphitheater.—² Luxurious (lug zù' re ùs), delighting in the pleasures of the table ; devoted to pleasure.

the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus¹ with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of gladiators² were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus,³ starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

3. "Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

4. "And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

5. "One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my

¹ Vul tur' nus, now Volturno (vol tōr' no), a river of Naples.—
² Glād' i ā tor, a sword-player; a prize-fighter.—³ SPAR' TA CUS, a celebrated gladiator, a Thracian by birth, who having escaped from Capua along with some of his companions, was soon followed by other gladiators, and by slaves, robbers, pirates, and other desperate men. After having defeated four of the consular armies of Rome, he was met and completely routed by the pretor CRASSUS, having lost not less than 40,000 of his followers. SPARTACUS behaved with great valor; and when he fell, it was upon a heap of Romans whom he had sacrificed to his fury (B. C. 71).

grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon¹ and Leuctra;² and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

6. "To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

7. "O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint: taught him to drive the sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe:—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce

¹ Mār' a thon, a plain of Greece, not many miles from Athens, bounded S. by Mount Pentelicus, renowned for the victory of MILTIADES over the army of XERXES, B. C. 490.—² Leuctra (lūk' tra), a maritime village, now called Leftro, in Morea, a peninsula, the S. portion of the kingdom of Greece.—³ Ay (āc).

Numidiān lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yēllōw Tiber is red as frōthing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

8. "Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-mōrrōw some Roman Adōnis,¹ breathing sweet per'fume from his curly-locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sēster-ces² upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yōn lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-mōrrōw he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

9. "If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yōn guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ!³ Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O cōmrādes! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

E. KELLOGG.

185. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1. HALF a league,⁴ half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

¹ ADONIS, in mythology, a youth famed for his beauty, the son of CINYRAS.—² SĒS' TERCE, a Roman coin, about four cents.—³ Thermopylæ (ther mōp' e le), a famous pass of Greece, about five miles long, and originally from 50 to 60 yards in width. It is hemmed in on one side by precipitous rocks of from 400 to 600 feet in height, and on the other side by the sea and an impassable morass. Here LEONIDAS and his 300 Spartans died in defending Greece against the invasion of XERXES, B. C. 489.—⁴ Léague, a distance of three miles.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.
4. Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke
Cossack and Rūssian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.
5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,

Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glōry fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

186. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

1. **R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frōsty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, acrōss the snow:
The year is going—let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And āncient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the nārrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peacc.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

187. THE TWO ARMIES.

1. **A**S Life's unending column pōurs,
Two marshal'd hōsts are seen,—
Two armies on the trāmped shōres
That Death flows black between.
2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouth'd clārion's¹ bray,
And bears upon the crimson scrōll—
"OUR GLōRY IS TO SLAY."
3. One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.
4. Alōng its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."
5. For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brows and lifted blade,
In Glōry's arms they fall.
6. For these no clashing falchions² bright,
No stirring battle-cry;

¹ Clarion (klār'e on), a kind of trumpet, of a shrill, clear tone.² Falchion (fāl' chun), a short, crookèd sword.

The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers—"HERE AM I!"

7. For those the sculptor's marble bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.
8. For these the blossom-sprinkled turf,
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf,
In flowery, foaming waves.
9. Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.
10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew;
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—
11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

O. W. HOLMES.

188. DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

1. **F**ULL knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
And the winter-winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low;
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.
2. He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day:—

He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

3. He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.
4. He was full of joke and jest;
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friends,
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friends,
Comes up to take his own.
5. How hard he breathes! o'er the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flitter to and fro:
The cricket chirps—the light burns low—
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die!
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?—
Speak out before you die.
6. His face is growing sharp and thin;—
Alack! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
 Step from the corpse; and let him in
 That standeth there alōne,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friends,
 And a new face at the door, my friends,
 The new year's at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON

189. THE CLOSING SCENE.

- 1 **W**ITHIN this sober realm of leafless trees,
 The russet¹ year inhaled the dreamy air,
 Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
2. The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
 O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 On the dull thunder of alternate² flails.
3. All sights were mellow'd and all sounds subdued,
 The hills seem'd further and the streams sang low;
 As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd
 His winter lōg with many a muffled blow.
4. The embattled fōrests, erewhile arm'd in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.
5. On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
 And like a star slow drowning in the light,
 The village church-vane seem'd to pale and faint.
6. The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
 Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—

¹ Rūs' set, of a reddish-brown color.—² Al tērn' ate, by turns; one after another.

- Silent till some replying wanderer blew
 His āhen' horn, and then was heard no more.
- 7 Where erst the jay within the eln's tall crest,
 Made garrulous² trouble round the unfledged young;
 And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
 By every light wind like a censer swung:
 8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
 The busy swallows circling ever near,
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest and a plenteous year,
 9. Where every bird which charm'd the vernal feast
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
 To warn the reapers of the rosy east,—
 All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.
 10. Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
 And croak'd the crow through all the dreamy gloom,
 Alone the pheasant, drumming³ in the vale,
 Made echo to the distant cottage loom.
 11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
 The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
 The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
 Sail'd slowly by—pass'd noiseless out of sight.
 12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
 Firing the floor with his inverted⁴ torch—
 13. Amid all this, the center of the scene,
 The white-hair'd mātron, with monotonous tread,

¹ Alien (āl' yeh), foreign; distant; belonging to another country.—
² Gār' ru lōus, talkative; prating continually.—³ Drūm' ming, the pheasant is a bird similar to the partridge; and the latter bird, at certain seasons of the year, makes a drumming noise, which is heard at a great distance. In poetry, the partridge is frequently called a pheasant.—
⁴ In vērt' ed, turned upside down.

- Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watch'd the flying thread.
14. She had known sorrow,—he had walk'd with her,
Oft supp'd, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.
15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summon'd, and she gave her all;
And twice war bow'd to her his sable plume,—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.
16. Regave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.
17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.
18. At last the thread was snapp'd,—her head was bow'd;
Life droop'd the distaff through his hands serene,
And loving neighbors smooth'd her careful shroud,—
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE END.



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