

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

("O Soleil!")

[Bk. II. iv., Anniversary of the Coup d'État, 1852.]

O Sun! thou countenance divine!  
Wild flowers of the glen,  
Caves swoll'n with shadow, where sunshine  
Has pierced not, far from men;  
Ye sacred hills and antique rocks,  
Ye oaks that worsted time,  
Ye limpid lakes which snow-slide shocks  
Hurl up in storms sublime;  
And sky above, unruffled blue,  
Chaste rills that alway ran  
From stainless source a course still true,  
What think ye of this man?

NAPOLEON "THE LITTLE."

("Ah! tu finiras bien par hurler!")

[Bk. III. ii., Jersey, August, 1852.]

How well I knew this stealthy wolf would howl,  
When in the eagle talons ta'en in air!  
Aglow, I snatched thee from thy prey--thou fowl--  
I held thee, abject conqueror, just where  
All see the stigma of a fitting name  
As deeply red as deeply black thy shame!  
And though thy matchless impudence may frame  
Some mask of seeming courage--spite thy sneer,  
And thou assurest sloth and skunk: "It does not smart!"  
Thou feel'st it burning, in and in,--and fear  
None will forget it till shall fall the deadly dart!

FACT OR FABLE?

(BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON III.)

("Un jour, sentant un royal appétit.")

[Bk. III. iii., Jersey, September, 1852.]

One fasting day, itched by his appetite,  
A monkey took a fallen tiger's hide,  
And, where the wearer had been savage, tried  
To overpass his model. Scratch and bite  
Gave place, however, to mere gnash of teeth and screams,  
But, as he prowled, he made his hearers fly  
With crying often: "See the Terror of your dreams!"  
Till, for too long, none ventured thither nigh.  
Left undisturbed to snatch, and clog his brambled den,  
With sleepers' bones and plumes of daunted doves,  
And other spoil of beasts as timid as the men,  
Who shrank when he mock-roared, from glens and groves--  
He begged his fellows view the crannies crammed with pelf  
Sordid and tawdry, stained and tinselled things,  
As ample proof he was the Royal Tiger's self!  
Year in, year out, thus still he purrs and sings  
Till tramps a butcher by--he risks his head--

In darts the hand and crushes out the yell,  
And plucks the hide--as from a nut the shell--  
He holds him nude, and sneers: "An ape you dread!"

H.L.W.

A LAMENT.

("Sentiers où l'herbe se balance.")

[Bk. III. xi., July, 1853.]

O paths whereon wild grasses wave!

O valleys! hillsides! forests hoar!

Why are ye silent as the grave?

For One, who came, and comes no more!

Why is thy window closed of late?

And why thy garden in its sear?

O house! where doth thy master wait?

I only know he is not here.

Good dog! thou watchest; yet no hand

Will feed thee. In the house is none.

Whom weepest thou? child! My father. And

O wife! whom weepest thou? The Gone.

Where is he gone? Into the dark.--

O sad, and ever-plaining surge!

Whence art thou? From the convict-bark.

And why thy mournful voice? A dirge.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.