

A HOLY NATION

Let Liberty run onward with the years,
And circle with the seasons; let her break
The tyrant's harshness, the oppressor's spears;
Bring ripened recompenses that shall make
Supreme amends for sorrow's long arrears;
Drop holy benison on hearts that ache;
Put clearer radiance into human eyes,
And set the glad earth singing to the skies.

Clean natures coin pure statutes. Let us cleanse
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretence,
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow
Our bragart moods of puffed self-consequence,
Plough up our hideous thistles which do grow
Faster than maize in May time, and strike dead
The base infections our low greeds have bred.

RICHARD REALF

CATILINE TO THE ROMAN ARMY

Sound all to arms! (A flourish of trumpets.)
Call in the captains,— (To an officer)
I would speak with them!

(The officer goes.)

Now, Hope! away,—and welcome gallant Death!
Welcome the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—
Welcome the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil
Seem but a sport,—and welcome the cold bed,
Where soldiers with their upturned faces lie,—
And welcome wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,
That make their sepulchres! We fight to-night.

(The soldiery enter.)

Centurions! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
Ye all are free to go. What! no man stirs!
Not one! a soldier's spirit in you all?
Give me your hands! (This moisture in my eyes

Is womanish,—'twill pass.) My noble hearts!
We'll have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburdened life;
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues;
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
Than daily struggle against fortune's curse;
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.
Once more, I say,—are ye resolved?

(The soldiers shout, "All! All!")

Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
That he would love to die in,—for, this hour,
We storm the Consul's camp. A last farewell!

(He takes their hands.)

When next we meet,—we'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance.
Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
That shall shake Rome!
Now to your cohorts' heads;—the word's—Revenge!

GEORGE CROLY