

4.

Subrabet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
Me torquet mea mens conscia, pfallo, tremo ;
Atque Cupidineâ dixit Dea cincta coronâ,
Heu ! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

B O A D I C E A,

A N O D E.

1.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

2.

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke,
Full of rage and full of grief.

Princess !

3.

Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

4.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish hopeless and abhor'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

5.

Rome for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

6.

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a foldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

7.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

8.

Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

9.

Such the bards prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

10.

She with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians,

II.

Ruffians, pittiless as proud,
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due,
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

 H E R O I S M.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire,
 When conscious of no danger from below,
 She towr'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around,
 Her unctuous olives and her purple vines,
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.