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DRAMATIC SKETCH.

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LYSIMACHUS.

Enslaved by love!

Shall this be said of Macedon's dread king?
The world's proud conqueror! He, whose lofty soul
Basks in the effluence bright, of glory's rays,
As in its native element sublime?
Oh, will he stoop to Sybarite delights,
And in an earth-born passion drown high thoughts,
That like the fiery coursers of the sun,
Whose steps are tracked in light, have urged him on
To grasp the mighty empire of the world,
And bind its kings in fetters to his throne?

ALEXANDER.

That thou upbraid'st me with some shew of truth,
I'll not deny—and yet, Lysimachus,
Recall thy youth,—some touch of it, at least,
Which thou perchance may'st do, despite the frosts
That in thy wintry age, strive to enchain
Thy heart's slow creeping blood—if yet its tide
Leap at the mention of the pictured past.
For though no boy, I still am young in life,
And love its joys! True, since youth's early dawn
My swift career has been o'er conquered fields,
Reaping red garlands with my unsheathed sword,
Nor turning ever from my onward path,
To pluck the dowers of beauty and delight
That by the way-side wooed me, with such spells
Of potency, as only they can know,
Who have like me been tempted, and found strength,
In higher thoughts, in aids lent by the gods,
To pass unheeded by. But now reigns peace
With its serene and silken luxury,
Replacing war's stern thoughts with softer joys,
Its ringing mail with brodered robes, and gems,
And its harsh music with the liquid tones,
Of flute and hautboy,—and, diviner still,
Circling our steps with beauteous forms, whence
beam,
Smiles that enchant, and eyes, whose glances pierce
Our silent souls, and wake them to such bliss
As Sappho felt, when, with a touch inspired,
She struck her lyre, and sang in rapturous strains,
Love's joys and pains divine.

LYSIMACHUS.

Be thine, Oh king,
As it hath ever been, a nobler song.

The Lesbian hath her fame,—the myrtle wreath
Graces her tomb. Thy cenotaph must gleam
Through the undying laurel, whose green leaves,
The tears of holy pilgrims shall bedew,
Thronging to pay their homage at the shrine
Where rests the mighty heart that ruled the world.
Pardon, my royal pupil, that the voice
Which guided thy young years, still in thine ear
Utters its warning tones. I would not see
The splendour of thy sky obscured by clouds,
Nor list the tale, that he, whom not the wealth,
The heaped-up treasures of Darius' realm,—
Nor yet the beauty which their burning god
Sheds on the daughters of that orient clime,—
Could win from his stern virtue, his simplicity
Severe and pure,—should sink at last—how low!
I tremble while I whisper to the air,
Rumour's rife words—that the world's conqueror,
Wrapped in love's sweet dream, slumbers inglorious
In a slave's embrace, while o'er him hangs,
Shorn of its radiant beams, that star of glory
Whose effulgent orb rose up resplendent
O'er the Thracian hills, when his young hand
Unsheathed the virgin sword, and in the blood
Of the fierce Medii dyed its flashing blade.

ALEXANDER.

Not yet, not yet, a single ray is shorn,
No, nor the smallest point of glittering light,
From that ascending star. Still shine its beams,
Widening and brightening as it climbs the heavens,
To shed o'er Macedon a flood of light,
Ages shall never quench. Thou knowest well,
I care not for light love, nor am I e'er
An idler when war's blast, or duty's call,
Sound their reveillé in my wakeful ear.
Dian presided o'er my natal hour,
Leaving her shrine, her temple, to the flames,
That she might hail my birth, and it were ill,
Did I not render back chaste thoughts and life,
For her pure love. Seldom hath monarch
Stolen fewer hours for amorous joys,
Therefore, methinks, idly thy fears awake,
Because forsooth, it suits my mood at times,
To feast an eye that loves the beautiful,
On this bright slave, leaving each throbbing pulse,
Trained to accord with war's hoarse melodies,